

7. Jaxson's Dad

MS. ROBIN. Let's go from the chorus's first lines please.

KHALEESI. So we're saying these in unison?

MS. ROBIN. Yes.

Start

(JAXSON'S DAD enters.)

JAXSON'S DAD. All right! How's it going?

MS. ROBIN. No parents please no parents please for all that is holy no parents.

JAXSON'S DAD. Oh I get that but how about a parent who is a playwright?! What-what.

(He raises the roof for himself.)

Is raising the roof not a thing anymore? Gotta keep up with the young people so I can be hip to the 411. Is that the lingo?

(Takes out phone.)

Note to self: the 411 is no longer a thing.

MS. ROBIN. Are you Jaxson's Dad?

JAXSON'S DAD. I see my reputation precedes me. You might not know this, but I'm kind of a big deal. I can sign autographs later, but no photos because I'm having a bad face day. Gotta maintain my public persona. Check out these guns.

(He flexes a little bit.)

MS. ROBIN. All right um—

JAXSON'S DAD. No worries no worries I have written some new lines for this part of the play— Euripides, by the way, is totally dead and this play is public domain so we can do whatever we want with it. What-what.

(Raises the roof. Then hands out new scripts to the kids onstage.)

MS. ROBIN. I don't think we need extra lines.

JAXSON'S DAD. I'm not even charging don't worry. Let's go from O Zeus and Earth and Sun—

CHORUS. *(Including JAXSON:)*

O Zeus and Earth and Sun—

(JAXSON steps forward with his own script.)

END

JAXSON. Medea is taking getting dumped super rough.