



A GIFT UNDER WRAPS

by Jeff Dunne

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CHARACTERS

PROMETHEUS	The titan who stole fire from the gods.
PETRINA	A by-the-rules seasonal worker in the agora.

SETTING

A stall in the great Greek market in ancient times.

SCENE

(It is a gift-wrapping station in the corner of the central agora. A weary woman, PETRINA, stands behind a counter covered in different papers, ribbons, bows, etc. PROMETHEUS walks up to the counter with what might just be a bunch of small logs awkwardly and poorly wrapped in gift paper. Through the scene he gets increasingly nervous, thinking Zeus is going to find him soon.)

PROMETHEUS

Excuse me?

PETRINA

Take a number.

PROMETHEUS

But I'm the only one here.

(Petrina just stares at him. He picks up a number out of a little basket. He reads it, then shows it to her.)

Nine.

PETRINA

Serving six.

(Prometheus looks around. There's no one else there. He waits nervously.)

Six. Serving six.

(His patience wanes.)

Seven. Now serving seven.

PROMETHEUS

Can we just—

(She glares at him.)

PETRINA
Seven? Last call for seven.

PROMETHEUS
Do you know who I am?

PETRINA
I know you're not number seven.

PROMETHEUS
My name is Prometh—

PETRINA
Eight! Serving number eight.

PROME
Look, I'm in a bit of a rush, actually.

PETRINA
Eight?

(Prometheus struggles to control his frustration.)

Last call for eight. Eight?

(She finally looks at Prometheus and waves him over.)

PROMETHEUS
Thank you. Alright, so I just picked this up, and—

PETRINA
It's already wrapped.

PROMETHEUS
I know. I tried wrapping it myself, but I—

PETRINA
We *wrap* presents here. We don't unwrap them.

PROMETHEUS
I know that. I am aware of how this works. You see, I *tried* wrapping—

PETRINA
Then you know that we *wrap* presents, not unwrap them.

PROMETHEUS

Can I finish, please? I *know* you wrap presents. I've got that. Truly. You see, I *tried* wrapping this one, but—

PETRINA

Well you did a really awful job of it. I swear, men are so helpless when it comes to—

PROMETHEUS

(Taking a calming breath.)

Yes. I agree... this is clearly not my forte. Which is why I was hoping *you* could maybe... help patch it up a bit.

PETRINA

Tsk tsk tsk. *(She considers it, then...)* Did you purchase it here in the agora?

PROMETHEUS

Ahhh ummm....

PETRINA

This is a simple yes or no question.

PROMETHEUS

I did acquire it... nearby.

PETRINA

Nearby?

PROMETHEUS

On... Olympus.

PETRINA

Olympus. Like... Mount Olympus?

PROMETHEUS

Maybe.

PETRINA

Well, you really did do a terrible wrapping job here. Did I mention that? What is this anyway?

PROMETHEUS

I'd rather not say just yet.

PETRINA

Listen, Mr. Pro-meeth.