Side #1 Hermes and Cupid

HERMES: Yo, Cupid! How’s it flying?

CUPID: Hey, Hermes.

HERMES: Broken any hearts lately?

CUPID: Only my own.

HERMES: Man, you’re not still pining over Psyche, are you?

CUPID: I can’t help it. My eyes shall never see another as I see her.

HERMES: Dude, this has gone on long enough. Why don’t you just stab her with one of your magic darts and get it over with.

CUPID: I can’t. Rules of the job. I can use my powers to help anyone but myself. I could probably make you fall in love with that cloud if I wanted to. But as far as I am concerned, these are useless. (Throws arrow over shoulder)

HERMES: Are you serious? You could make someone fall in love with a cloud? Man, you are wasting your abilities! Do you know how much fun you could be having?

CUPID: Some of us are in the business of making love not war.

HERMES: Hey, Ares is the god of war. I just like to have a good time.

CUPID: I just don’t get it. Sometimes I think Psyche likes me too but every time I get a chance to talk to her, some catastrophic event interrupts us. Like last week, I was sitting next to her in the great hall and I got hit in the face with a flyaway ambrosia pie!

HERMES: Oh, yeah! That was hilari... I mean awful. That was awful, man!

CUPID: It’s like someone is intentionally trying to make me look bad in front of her. Speaking of which, do you know who’s been chiseling pictures everywhere of me in a diaper?! Do you have any idea how difficult it is to cover up carved graffiti? I mean, that stuff doesn’t exactly wash off!

HERMES: (Trying to stifle a laugh) No, I don’t know who’s behind it. But I’ll let you know if I hear anything.

CUPID: Some of the mortals are starting to believe that I am actually a fat baby flying around shooting people. Are they serious? Who would give a bow and arrow to a baby?!

HERMES: Dude, that’s rough. But, hey, I have something that might cheer you up. Special delivery! (Pulls out a package)

CUPID: It’s probably from my mom. More souvenirs from her vacation to the Isles of the Blessed. How many Zeus bobble-heads could I possibly need? Would you do me a favor and take it back up to Olympus with you?

HERMES: Sure, where are you going?

CUPID: To the park. It’s one of the hot spots in my line of work.

HERMES: You’re going to make it back for the wedding, aren’t you?

CUPID: Yeah, I’ll be there. Just what I need, another reminder that the whole world is happy in love except for me.

HERMES: You might even have fun at this one, bro! I have a feeling it will be unforgettable. Uh oh! Here comes Eris. I gotta run. Don’t be late or you might miss the fun! Later, Dude! (Exit)