

Whole Food Market, or How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Realized Athenians Make
The Finest Cheeseburgers

By
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(Whole Foods Market, 525 N Lamar Blvd. Austin, TX 78703. Daedalus is at the sushi bar, drunk on rice wine, smoking a cigarette. He is dressed in a business suit, complete with power tie. Chorus 1 and Chorus 2 are standing side by side with their back turned to the audience. They are dressed in mute colored costumes. The song "Back In The Saddle Again" can be heard softly over the loudspeaker.)

DAEDALUS

(To the audience.) A Trojan walks into a bar with an Athenian under his arm. A Minotaur turns to the Trojan and says, "You gonna eat that?"

CHORUS (1 and 2)

Ha, ha!

DAEDALUS

It's not a funny joke. It's not a joke one should laugh at. Funny jokes revolve around chickens and Spartans, baklava and shit like that. Minotaur's are not funny. Sure, a cow head is pretty damned amusing, but when that cow is sinkin' it's pearly whites into the soft tan skin of little boys and girls just lookin' for a bargain on prepackaged feta, it's enough to make a man drink like a fish and pray to Zeus for a quick and merciful death. Sure, hungry cow-people are a bucket of monkeys when you take your first glance at them, but when it's time to confront 'em in the labyrinth of unbelievable savings and reasonable priced olive oil, which is a rarity, the creatures just aren't as cute as they first seemed. It's enough to make a man howl at the moon.

CHORUS (1and2)

Howl!

DAEDALUS

It all started in Crete...

(The music fades. The song "For What It's Worth" by Buffalo Springfield, begins to play. The Chorus members begin mime a scene behind Daedalus, describing the story he is telling.)

DAEDALUS

...King Minos dropped me a line. He needed an A-1 thinker to design a trap for the Athenians. Zeus, the King hated the Athenians more than a bloodfart. Minos wanted a Super A And P like market, the kind you find in the 'burbs that has all you're shopping needs. Canned Food. Fresh Food. Virgins running the cash registers. King Minos wanted a store with unbeatable prices, and some horse crap about "living green." A place where women could feel like first class citizens, but with one catch. Zig-zagging isles. *(He*

points the isles of Whole Foods.) People will never find the exit. Athenians won't find the exit. They'll be stuck between the freeze dried humans and bean dip...while *HE* stalks them all, and eats their flesh like fresh tomatoes. The Athenians would become sacrificial lambs to the Minotaur, a half man, half cow that works the meat grinder in the butcher shop. The butcher shop.

CHORUS (1 and 2)

(Like lambs.) Bah!

DAEDALUS

What was I to do? I've got a family. Slaves. If I didn't design the slaughter house, if I didn't build the damn thing, I'm sure I would have meet my end, just like all those poor Athenians. We built the Whole Foods on the isle of Crete, to insure that the Athenians would never escape...even if they did find the exit just past the impulse buy rack.

CHORUS 1

Xena: Warrior Princess!

CHORUS 2

Aristotle's Poetics!

DAEDALUS

But I couldn't handle it all! The screaming.

CHORUS 1

MOOOOOOOOO!

CHORUS 2

AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!

(The sound of chewing can be heard.)

DAEDALUS

I started drinking. First just to get to sleep. Then, to forget...to forget Crete.

CHORUS 1

MOOOOOOOOO!

CHORUS 2

AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!

(The sound of chewing can be heard again.)

DAEDALUS

My guilty heart was as heavy as a horse. I couldn't sit by and listen to the insanity any longer. So, I showed Theseus how to escape.

(Chorus members continue to mime the narrative.)

DAEDALUS

But, I had killed myself. As punishment, King Minos put me in the giant Whole foods, with my no-good-worthless-son, Icarus.

(Icarus enters. He is dressed in a t-shirt, bell bottom blue jeans and carries a bong with him.)

ICARUS

Dude. True.

DAEDALUS

Would it have killed him to get a hair cut?

CHORUS 1

MOOOOOOOOOOO!

CHORUS 2

AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!

(Once again, the sound of chewing.)

DAEDALUS

The sound chewing and chopping on human flesh and bone was close. The monster must have been in the pita bread isle. I had to think on my feet. I wasn't about to let the vicious beast kill me...or my no-good-worthless-son....but what to do? We can't escape by land or sea.

CHORUS 1

MOOOOOOOOOOO!

DAEDALUS

Just then, my no-good-worthless-son inspired a plan in me worthy of the Gods!

ICARUS

Dude. I got the munchies. True.

DAEDALUS

That's it! We can build wings of food and escape the clutches of the evil Minotaur-Butcher by air!

ICARUS

Dude. True.

DAEDALUS

With no time to spare, I fashioned two sets of wings, made from frozen eggplant and tomato moussaka. We could fly over the entrapping walls of the grocery labyrinth to safety. But with one hitch. (*Speaking to Icarus for the first time.*) Son, don't fly to high. The lights will thaw your wings, and you shall certainly plummet to your death. Son...

ICARUS

Dude. True.

DAEDALUS

I just wanted to let you know, I've never been proud of you...and you embearace the shit out of me. But, I've always believed that maybe someday you would make a fine member of society. Maybe even...a slave.

ICARUS

Dude. True.

(Icarus and Daedalus embrace. The two Chorus members stand behind Daedalus and Icarus, using their arms to form wings.)

DAEDALUS

Remember, Icarus, don't fly too high. (*To the audience again.*) And those were the last words I said to my no-good-worthless-son. In his stoned stupor and a desire to constantly seek out what was "true", Icarus flew too high and his moussaka wings melted under the bright Whole food lights. Icarus crashed head first into the Xena display. There was eggplant and tomato sauce everywhere. He almost made it out. I heard the monster made a cheeseburger out of him.

(Then, the song "Back In The Saddle Again" can be heard softly on the loud speaker.)

DAEDALUS

It took me years to get over the death of my no-good-worthless-son. But you really don't get over something like that. If he had just listened to his old man he would probably still be around to sacrifice today. I've started designing again. Agamemnon wants me to build some wooden horse. But I'll never design another grocery labyrinth.

(Daedalus stumbles off. The music gets louder.)

THE END