

From *Persephone* by Julia Donaldson

Scene 7: Apollo

[Enter Demeter and Hecate.]

Demeter: It's Apollo, the sun god.

Hecate: Oh horrible brightness! Oh hideous light!

Apollo: Good morning, ladies. What can I do for you? Would you like a suntan or a few freckles, or have you just come to admire me?

Demeter: No, Apollo, I have come to seek news of my daughter, Persephone.

Hecate: I keep *telling* you, she's probably fallen off a cliff.

Demeter: Do be quiet, Hecate. Apollo, you see everything that happens by day.

Tell me, what has happened to Persephone?

Hecate: She's been pecked by vultures.

Apollo: No such thing.

Demeter: So you *have* seen her! Is she alive?

Apollo: Certainly, madam, and doing very well for herself. Congratulations.

Demeter: What do you mean?

Apollo: Your daughter is seated on a throne beside the ruler of the Underworld.

Demeter: Pluto!

Hecate: I knew it!

Apollo: An excellent match. Allow me to congratulate you in verse.

Oh what a conquest! Oh what a catch!

Oh what a fortunate, fabulous match!

Oh what a triumph! Oh what –

Demeter: Do stop making up poetry and tell me what *happened* exactly

Apollo: Your daughter was picking flowers in the meadow...

Pretty maiden

Making posies,

Picking poppies,

Plucking roses...

Demeter: GET ON WITH IT!

Apollo: Pluto spotted her and ... er, whisked her off to the Underworld.

Demeter: In other words, he's stolen her. We'll see what the king of the gods has to say about that! Come, Hecate, let's go and complain to Zeus.