

Plot: A greek hero visits the mystical Oracle of Delphi. He wants to hear the fate of his upcoming quest (time pressing), but has to wait through advertisements the oracle works into her prophecies. As the oracle descends into absurd advertisements, Perseus is the straight man, staying in character the whole time.

Opening Shot: Dark ominous woods with intense music playing. Perseus walks through the woods searching for something as a narrator speaks

NARRATOR: Three long weeks have passed since our hero Perseus awoke in the night to shouting, and stepped outside to see his son Heleus dragged away by dark creatures. The great warrior looked far and wide for his beloved son, but after many weeks of searching his desperation was beginning to mount. With nowhere else to look, Perseus turned to his last resort: seeking the prophecies of Pythia, the great Oracle of Delphi. After a harrowing journey across stormy waters and dark forests, our hero finally reaches the temple of the Oracle.

Opening Temple Shot: shot of Perseus walking through the door, looking exhausted but resolved, slow pan around to oracle sitting on a chair in the dark room.

ORACLE: what is it you seek, young Perseus.

Alternating shots of Perseus/Oracle

PERSEUS: I need to find my son. He was taken away in the night 3 weeks ago by --

O: Say no more. I know what it is that you seek.

P: What? Tell me! My son is in danger - I don't have much time!!

O: SILENCE. I will tell you where your son is, and who took him.

P: thank you, thank --

O: BUT FIRST I will spin you the tale of your son's fate, and how it is woven together with that of yourself and his captors. This wisdom is channeled through me, yet it originates in sources much more ancient and sacred than myself. This tale of fate and destiny is brought to you by the gods of yore..... and by our sponsors at ---

P: what.--

O still *in a mystical voice and waving her hands at each one:* Ford Motor Company.. (pause) Blackwater Security Contractors.. (pause) L.L Bean, --

P: WHAT are you talking about--

O: ... Ciroc Ultra Premium Vodka.. (pause) and Arby's, We Have The Meats.

P confused then pleading: I... please - just tell me where my son is.

O: Your son is far away by now. Beyond the treacherous mountains and across the great barren desert. Even the best horseman would be a fool to attempt a crossing alone...

P with confidence: AH, well no other horseman has the---

O in a manly Ford Commercial voice: WITHOUT THE 2021 FORD RAPTOR. Why go with one horse when you could take 450 - all under the hood of this 3.5-liter twin-turbo BEAST of an engine. Go farther, see faster, explore HARDER with the FORD RAPTOR.

P confused again: uhh.. Im.. going to ride my trusty steed Alastor. I fight better on horseback, and I know I'll be facing worthy adversaries.

O mystical voice: That is correct, young one. The creatures who took your son are powerful beings. Demons, from the underworld, and the dark men who do their bidding. To defeat these deadly foes you will need more than brute strength - you will need cunning, a keen eye, and a fast hand. Even then, your chances of success are slim.

P confident: my swordsmanship is unmatched, and my cunning earned me the head of Medusa. These foes will be no match for --

O in a military tone: Blackwater Security Contractors provides cutting edge executive protection, physical security, and high-threat counter-attack services. Our armed teams respond quickly and effectively against all threats human or otherwise. With extensive experience in war crimes and public relations, our clients can rest assured that any unfortunate accidents involving civilians or innocent demi-gods are quickly covered up.

P: what?...covered up? Nevermind - I will travel alone; light on my feet and swift as Apollo.

O now shamelessly: And for that you'll want to wear L.L. Bean's signature bean boots! Handcrafted in Maine since 1912 bean boots have a patented rubber sole stitched into a genuine leather upper for ideal weather resistance AND comfort.

P: Your prophetic vision extends to the absurd. These bean sandals from the distant future mean nothing to me - I must be on my way to find my son.

O: BUT WAIT

P now frustrated: what?

O *billy mays*: THERE MORE! When you defeat these dark creatures you'll want to celebrate success like DJ KHALED with CIROC RASPBERRY - the only way to celebrate success.

Shot of Perseus

P *totally done*: My patience has worn thin, Oracle. The gods have clearly poisoned your mind, and I must depart for my son in haste. Farewell.

perseus walks out and slams door behind him

Pan back to oracle

Eating a burger, mouth full and mumbling: oh and make sure you stop at Arby's! Arbys! We have the Meats. **coughs**

END