

HUBRIS - ROUND 6

“OK Loomers”

By Nathan Comstock

Last edited May 21, 2023

CHARACTERS

LARISSA HARGRAVE (she/her)

RECEPTIONIST (he/him)

LACHESIS “*LA-KUH-SUHS*” (any pronouns)

ATROPOS “*UH-TRAA-POWZ*” (any pronouns)

CLOTHO “*KLAA-THOW*” (any pronouns)

ZEUS (he/him)

NESSA LULINA (she/her)

SOUND: Hubris theme music.

HUBRIS: Round 6, Group 3.

This episode is titled *OK Loomers*. Content Warnings include strong language, violence, character death and death mentions.

SOUND: Hubris theme music fades out.

SCENE ONE

MUSIC: Upbeat “elevator music” plays in the lift until the doors open. A worn cassette tape of Fur Elise by Beethoven is heard playing quietly in the reception area.

SOUND: An old elevator dings, old elevator doors slide open. Footsteps.

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to Olymp-

LARISSA

Where are the fucking Fates!?

RECEPTIONIST

How did you get-

LARISSA

I am here to see the Fates. You know, three women who weave the tapestries with the lives of mortals? Ring any bells?

RECEPTIONIST

They’re actually not all - Wait a minute, you’re a mortal!

LARISSA

Damn straight I am. A seriously pissed off mortal.

RECEPTIONIST

How did you even get here?

LARISSA

It’s a long story, and I really don’t feel like telling it right now.

RECEPTIONIST

Look, lady, you shouldn't even have been able to get this far without the direct invitation of one of the gods-

LARISSA

Yeah I had that. Irish chick, very angry, turned into a large bird-

RECEPTIONIST

Morrigan?

SOUND: Footsteps pacing, sliding of fabric and fiddling with a zipper during monologue.

LARISSA

Yeah, that was her. Apparently I accidentally summoned her with the power of my rage? See, there was this customer and she was complaining about literally everything, and I was holding it together, dammit, but then - ok, the restaurant where I was working my SECOND job, like this is my side-gig, not even my main job, which I wouldn't even need if my stupid little brother could get his shit together and get a real job I mean for godsake, the kid is 22, he's not a fucking baby- anyway, I had to get this second job at this stupid, fancy, cheese-themed restaurant called *La Fromage*. And at *La Fromage* you have to do this stupid bullshit thing where you very performatively peel strips off a giant string cheese - don't ask - apparently this stupid woman lives for this bullshit and she was INCENSED that I was doing it wrong and that was the last straw, okay? I went off on her, I got fired, outside the restaurant I saw this giant bird which turned into an Irish lady who said she was impressed with my rage and I should come up here to register a complaint, so I did. It wasn't easy, by the way, that bouncer y'all have is no joke.

RECEPTIONIST

You mean Heimdall?

LARISSA

Yeah, that guy. He doesn't look anything like Idris Elba though, the MCU was way off on that one.

RECEPTIONIST

How did you defeat Heimdall?

LARISSA

Eh, defeat is a strong word. He's fine. Look, can we get back to the issue at hand, please? I am here to talk to the Fates and, if necessary, kick their asses.

RECEPTIONIST

Look, you're obviously a highly... motivated... young woman. But this just isn't how we do things here. If Morrigan wanted you to have an audience with the gods, she should have filed Form 26B - Notice of Mortal Visitation - and gotten it approved by a supervisor. You can't just-

LARISSA

Oh, but I can. Look, do you really want to wait around and find out how I got past Mr. Not-Ildris-Elba out there, or do you want to tell me what I need to know?

RECEPTIONIST

(flustered)

Look, uh - this - this is... highly irregular. Maybe if you tell me a little bit more about why you want to, uh-

LARISSA

Beat up the Fates. Mmhmm.

RECEPTIONIST

Right, why you want to beat up the Fates - uh, I might be able to find my way to getting you an appointment.

LARISSA

Alright. Sure. Um... where do I start... uh, look, I'm 35 years old, ok? I'm smart. I'm capable. I should be pretty much well on my way to a good, normal, relatively happy life. But every time I get close to something approaching financial stability, the Fates decide to slap me around. So I'm here to return the favor.

RECEPTIONIST

Lots of people don't have their shit together in their 30s, miss-

LARISSA

Hargrave. Larissa Hargrave.

RECEPTIONIST

Ms. Hargrave, you've described a condition afflicting millions if not billions of mortals, and none of whom have walked up to my desk wanting to punch a god.

SOUND: Footsteps.

LARISSA

Strictly speaking, the Fates aren't gods, they're demigods at best, but yeah. Ok. I see where you're coming from. So I'll elaborate.

SOUND: Typing on keyboard and pacing footsteps interspersed throughout monologue.

My dad left us when I was 16, my brother was 3, my sister was 7. My mom was a total disaster, like, couldn't hold down a job, and she also kept adopting these fucking cats which we could not remotely afford and for some reason these stray cats were more important to her than her freaking kids, so basically I became mom as a sophomore in high school while trying to

graduate and juggle everything else. And I couldn't go to college like a normal person because I couldn't leave Aiden and Steph in that situation, so I started working retail at this little mom and pop gift shop while going to night school for computer science, cause - well, I figured that would be the best way to make a lot of money quickly, not because I was any good at it - and I got burnt out, okay? I screwed up my final project and every string I wrote in Python kept interpreting into 'Hello Fuckin' World' no matter what I coded. Eventually I tanked my grades, and then I couldn't get a good internship and no way in hell I was affording an unpaid one, at the same time my retail job shuttered because apparently it had actually been a money-laundering scheme for the Armenian mafia? Or... Estonian mafia? Something like that.

RECEPTIONIST

Look, I get it. You've had a hard life. But put yourself in my shoes. If I sent every mortal who'd had a few bad breaks straight up to Zeus, how long do you think I'd last before I got fired and also cursed with, like, I don't know, a goat head or something? I don't want horns! How would I wear hats?

LARISSA

You just gotta let me get through my story and then you'll see how ridiculous my life has been. I'm telling you, it's beyond normal mortal stuff.

RECEPTIONIST

Look, uh... Oh! Maybe if there was something specifically supernatural that had messed up your life-

LARISSA

What about a flying elephant?

SOUND: Typing on a keyboard.

RECEPTIONIST

Hm. A flying elephant might make this worth escalating.

LARISSA

Okay, so technically it was attached to a helicopter, but that's still a weird thing right?

RECEPTIONIST

Hah, let's uh. Let's just... pretend you didn't mention the helicopter. Anything else you can think of that might make your story god-worthy?

LARISSA

I don't know, there was a cult! A giant cat-worshipping cult!

SOUND: Typing on a keyboard.

RECEPTIONIST

Uh-huh. Sure. Uh... Like a cult that worshipped a giant cat or a giant cult that worshipped a regular cat?

LARISSA

Does it matter?

RECEPTIONIST

Yup, it certainly does. If it's a giant cat, then that, along with the flying elephant, would qualify you for a special exemption under Regulation 114V - that's Mortal Seeking Restitution for Damage by Mythological Creature - and that should - y'know - let me cover my ass if I let you through.

LARISSA

Fine. Let's say it was a giant cat then.

RECEPTION

Okay. Um, here we go. I'll be honest with you, a lot of this is just boilerplate human late-stage capitalism trauma. But I guess there's enough red flags here that I think I can squeeze you in with the Fates. Can you just promise me you won't be violent?

LARISSA

I cannot.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, ma'am, I tried. Go take the elevator just past me to floor 6, turn left and it'll be the fourth door. Here's your guest pass. Enjoy

SCENE TWO

MUSIC: Arpeggiating harp music plays.

SOUND: Looms weaving thread.

LACHESIS

So, then she finds out that Ju Wen's father was her landlord this whole time. So when he passes way-

ATROPOS

Snip snip.

LACHESIS

Yes, exactly, when you cut his thread, she inherits the apartment building, and when they get married Laticia now owns half of it. And it turns out that the corgi Ju Wen found was actually Laticia's childhood dog who had run away three years ago, so it all comes full circle.

ATROPOS

This is seriously impressive work, Lacy. Love how you've weaved in all those plot threads from the beginning of their lives.

LACHESIS

Thanks! I'm really happy with how this one came out.

ATROPOS

The life thread on that Corgi looks a little long though.

LACHESIS

Well, I had to do that to make the ending work! But it's okay, small dogs can live like sixteen years in rare circumstances.

ATROPOS

Okay. Just remember who is in charge of lifespans.

CLOTHO

Oh My God. We all know you're in charge of killing them, Addie. It's not that complicated. Also, you have, like, by far the easiest job of the three of us. Snip, snip, that's it. You cut the thread, the mortal dies. Big whoop. Meanwhile, Lacy is over here writing a freaking novel about a crappy apartment building in Philly, and I'm spinning up mortals so she actually has something to work with.

LACHESIS

Clo, it's fine. Addie's job is super important. Let's not fight, okay.

SOUND: A door slamming open.

LARISSA

Hey! I got a bone to pick with you.

LACHESIS

Which one of us?

LARISSA

All of you! You control the fates of mortals, right?

CLOTHOS

Yup! That's our thing.

LARISSA

Well, I'm a mortal, and my fate has been seriously fucked up for my entire life. Now show me my string so you can fucking untangle it.

CLOTHOS

That's not how things work here. I don't know who told you you could just waltz in here without an appointment and interrupt us-

LARISSA

I have a guest pass! See?

LACHESIS

She does have a guest pass.

LARISSA

Look, just, hear me out, okay? Now my life has been seriously screwed up by one twist of fate after another. You guys fucked up!

CLOTHOS

I highly doubt that. But ok. Let's hear your story.

LARISSA

You want me to start over at the beginning?

ATROPOS

No, that's okay. I just saw the email from Carl.

LACHESIS

Who's Carl?

LARISSA

Y'all use email?

ATROPOS

Carl at the front desk? Seriously? He's been there for centuries. And of course we use email, just because we're thousands of years old doesn't mean we're trapped in the past. Anyway, Carl filled us in on some of the details - deadbeat dad, unstable mom, Russian mob-

LARISSA

Latvian or something but yeah. Ugh. Ok. So, picking up where I left off. It turned out the little mom and pop was a front for some kind of Eastern European crime syndicate. I didn't get arrested, exactly, but I was brought in for questioning several times which was hella stressful. Meanwhile, turns out Steph - that's my little sister - is, like, a world-class violinist. Well, actually,

maybe world-class is a stretch, but she's good, y'know, like, she's like winning competitions and stuff and my mom and I are realizing 1: this could be our ticket out, and 2: the world of classical music is not made for people with no money. Okay - lessons are expensive, she needs a better violin, she needs tuition for this and that and my mom is like, y'know - "do we gamble everything on Steph becoming a famous violinist?" and I'm like, "Mom are you crazy? Even symphony musicians don't make that much money! We can't afford to go broke for this." And Aiden is all "why don't you support my art like you support her art?" and I'm like, "Aiden, your art is bad anime drawings of fast food mascots, it's not the same thing." Sorry, I'm getting ahead of myself.

CLOTHOS

I think I'm following the general thread.

LARISSA

Okay, so all this family shit is going down, right, I can't get a programming job, the store went under, I get a job working at a jigsaw puzzle company, which is nuts, by the way, 'cause basically my job is to take calls from people with missing pieces but there's actually fuck-all we can do for them because what am I gonna do, take a brand new 1000 piece puzzle and sift through it for exactly the piece they need, which they've somehow managed to describe to me, and then mail it to them and then it doesn't fit anyway because the factory changes the die when then the blade wears out - also, 9 times out of 10 the only reason the piece is missing in the first place is because it was eaten by their fucking cat-

LACHESIS

You seem to have a bit of a problem with cats.

LARISSA

Can you fucking blame me? Disgusting creatures.

LACHESIS

Word of advice, don't say that around any of the Egyptian deities.

LARISSA

Oh... Noted. Anyway, I end up getting fired from that job because I snapped on a customer and told her that we'd already sent her eight puzzles and we weren't going to "keep sending her fucking puzzles so her cat could keep eating them" and then my references were fucked, so I couldn't get any jobs until I finally found this mysterious data entry job, which was boring but, like, the hours were good and I didn't really have to deal with people, so. I had no idea what the company did or what the data was for. Some of the emails were in languages I didn't even speak but my boss told me, y'know, that was okay, I just had to count the number of times certain words showed up and put them in a spreadsheet. So one day I take the elevator to the third floor to talk to my boss and when I get off the elevator there's a row of people in dark robes chanting, so being curious, I follow them, and they're like, sacrificing a goat? And there's this, like, giant house cat sitting on a pedestal watching over everything like he's some kind of god or whatever. And my boss is all "you weren't supposed to see that." So anyway, I noped the hell

out of there, tried to join the Coast Guard, failed my physical, tried to drive a truck, failed my exam for my CDL because, I shit you not, a flying elephant distracted me and made me crash the truck into a signpost - apparently it was being airlifted out of the zoo - anyway, I sold solar panels door-to-door for a while, that company also ended up being a front for an Eastern European crime organization, and, y'know, twice looks like a pattern, having an increasingly difficult time convincing the police I'm not involved, even though, y'know, I thought about getting involved cause why not at this point, ended up getting a job delivering pastries and the string cheese job on the side, which brings us to the giant bird and subsequently, after a truly stupid quest, here.

LACHESIS

I... don't remember weaving anything like that.

ATROPOS

Well, you weave a lot of these.

LACHESIS

Yeah, but I think I'd remember the cat cult.

CLOTHOS

Hang on. Just a minute. We do keep records of this stuff. What's your name?

LARISSA

Hargrave. Larissa Hargrave.

CLOTHOS

Date of birth?

LARISSA

October 8th, 1988.

CLOTHOS

Okay, let's see...

SOUND: Sifting through files.

It should be - that's funny, where did it go?

LARISSA

You lost my life?

ATROPOS

There's like 8 billion of you mortals and that's just the humans. It's a miracle we keep track of you as well as we do. Did you try the other cabinet? The one behind the loom?

CLOTHOS

No, that's 1990 - 2000.

ATROPOS

It's only a year off, it could have been misfiled.

LACHESIS

Wait a minute. Did you say Hargrave? With an H?

LARISSA

What else would it be spelled with.

LACHESIS

Ummm...

CLOTHOS

What kind of "umm" is that, Lacy?

LACHESIS

Well, I've got some good news and some bad news.

LARISSA

Spill it.

LACHESIS

The good news is I know where your life string is.

ATROPOS

And the bad news?

SOUND: A drawer opening.

LACHESIS

(sheepishly)

Ta-da!

LARISSA

Why are you holding up an unfinished shawl?

LACHESIS

I crochet as a hobby, okay? It helps with my anxiety.

LARISSA

You what?

LACHESIS

And one day, I wanted to start a new project but I didn't have any yarn and then I was like, wait a minute, I've got all these nifty threads right here-

LARISSA

You made my life into a shawl?!

LACHESIS

In retrospect, I probably should have considered the consequences for the mortal in question. But there's so many of you, I mean look around this place.

SOUND: Footsteps.

LARISSA

Give me that!

ATROPOS

I really don't think that's a good idea - for a mortal to handle their own life thread-

LARISSA

Give. Me. The Shawl.

LACHESIS

Clothos....

CLOTHOS

Addie is right, dear. It's not right for a mortal to handle their own fate. That being said, Lacy, what were you thinking?

LACHESIS

I was thinking the colors in it are very pretty...?

CLOTHOS

Oh, for this place's sake- can you unravel it?

LACHESIS

I've been working on it for 35 years! That's not fair!

CLOTHOS

It's not fair to this mortal that you've woven her life thread in on itself in ways it was never meant to be woven.

LARISSA

I can't believe this. I hate that I am saying this, like really hate it because I have been on the other end of Karens so many times, but I need to speak to your manager.

ATROPOS

Our what?

LARISSA

Your manager! You know, person above you on the chain of command?

CLOTHOS

(an uneasy laugh)

He doesn't speak to mortals.

LACHESIS

Well, he does, but-

ATROPOS

On his own terms.

LACHESIS

Exactly. On his own terms. You can't just summon him like-

SOUND: Crack of thunder.

ZEUS

Who summons me?

THE FATES

Dad!?!?

LARISSA

You can't be serious.

MUSIC: Dark orchestral strings rumble underneath Zeus, with pounding drums and a synth arp.

ZEUS

I am always serious, young mortal. I am Zeus, father of the Fates, king of the gods, and general manager of this branch of Olympus Incorporated. State your business, for I am a busy man!

LARISSA

Fine, yes. My business. One of your daughters crocheted the thread of my life into a shawl.

ZEUS

Oh yes, I see. Very pretty. I love the colors.

LARISSA

But I have to live that life! And it's tangled up beyond recognition.

ZEUS

Hmmm, I see. And daughter? What do you have to say for yourself?

LACHESIS

Well, she's just one mortal. I mean look how many we have around here? I spent years on this shawl, I can't just unravel the whole thing and start over.

ZEUS

Quite right, Quite right. Hmmm. Well. This is quite the pickled olive, isn't it?

LARISSA

How is it a pickled anything? It's my life vs. a shawl! You can't possibly be siding with the shawl!

ZEUS

I think you might be confusing me with the Judeo-Christian God, or some other deity who actually cares about mortals. I'm Zeus. I consider you to be like... ants. But more entertaining. Incredibly amusing ants. I guess that's where the metaphor breaks down.

LARISSA

Grrrrr.... Give it!

SOUND: Scuffling between Larissa and Lachesi

ZEUS

(big booming voice)

STOP, MORTAL. Heimdall! Come up to the third floor right away. There's a mortal who needs to be removed.

SOUND: A door slams open.

(offended)

Wait a minute? Who are you, you're not Heimdall! Heimdall isn't black! Well, he is in the MCU, but not here. Are you someone new who was hired in security?

NESSA

My name is Nessa Lulina. And I am here on a sacred mission for the Holy Order of Mrs. Snuffles.

LARISSA

The what now?

SOUND: A ball being thrown and impacting the floor.

LARISSA

Holy crap, why do you have so many balls?!

SOUND: More balls hitting the floor and Larissa.

(huffing and dodging)

Ouch!

NESSA

(huffing in between throwing balls)

We worship a regular sized cat! Or at least we did until someone made a TRANSLATION ERROR and ordered her the wrong kind of SACRED CAT FOOD!

LARISSA

Oh fuck is she dead?

NESSA

(still huffing in exertion)

No, she's just. Really. Annoyed! You. Know. How. Cats. Get!

LARISSA

Hold up, that wasn't me! I was just a-

SOUND: Sneakers scuffling on the ground.

(charging)

ARRRGGGH!

NESSA

(shocked)

AHHHH!

SOUND: Punches and balls being thrown.

THE FATES & ZEUS

Stop! I command you to stop!

NESSA

(huffing while in combat)

MAYBE. YOU. SHOULD NOT. HAVE. TAKEN. A JOB. AWAY. FROM. COMPETENT
TRANSLATORS. THE KANJI FOR TUNA LOOKS REALLY DIFFERENT THAN THE ONE FOR
CHICKEN!

LARISSA

(huffing while in combat)

I SAID. THAT. WASN'T ME. I'M. NOT. A. TRANSLATOR! !! DID. DATA ENTRY. All I did was
read emails and count the words and put them in a spreadsheet, I swear!

NESSA

(heavy breathing)

What? You're not Lisa Harcourt?

LARISSA

Larissa. Hargraves.

NESSA

Oh I'm sorry. Oh wow. Now I'm embarrassed. You did work for the Belarusian mafia though?

LARISSA

I never did!

(under her breath)

Not directly anyway.

LACHESIS

Ohhhh I see what happened. Nessa's thread was in the drawer and it got tangled with Larissa's
while we were fighting over the shawl. This is why mortals shouldn't handle their own life
threads.

LARISSA

Heyheyheyhey, you want to take some of this aggressive energy and turn it towards the real bad
guys here?

NESSA

ごめんなさい、おばあちゃん。 / *Gomenasai, Oba-san.*

SOUND: Balls being thrown and hitting the Fates

LACHESIS

STOP STOP STOP! I'll give you the shawl!

(beat)

I can see now that your life is way more complicated than anyone's should be.

LARISSA

Thank you for seeing reason. Okay, now to unravel-

LACHESIS

No! My work!

NESSA

Don't come near us unless you want a ball to your face.

LARISSA

Ha ha! Ha ha ha! Finally my life is starting to make - shit.

ATROPOS

What?

LARISSA

I think I unraveled it too fast and now there's a big... snarl.

MUSIC: Harp music from earlier swells back underneath conversation.

CLOTHOS

Ueugh. A snarl is never good. Have you started having complicated feelings about your mother?

LARISSA

I've always had those.

CLOTHOS

These would be a different kind of complicated.

LACHESIS

Ohh, let me try, I'm good at this.

LARISSA

No, you're not getting anywhere near my life! Just got to tease this apart-

(exertion noises)

Ugh! Dammit. It's no use. I can't get the knot out, and if I can't get the knot out, I can't unravel the rest and have a normal life. Oh no, wait - wait! I've got it. Can I borrow those scissors?

ZEUS

You really don't want to-

LARISSA

I'm not going to cut it, I'm just gonna use the tip to widen this hole here and then-

SOUND: A pair of scissors snip and Larissa tumbles to the ground.

MUSIC: Harp music stops suddenly.

(beat)

NESSA

Well, shit.

LACHESIS

Is she-

ATROPOS

She did my job! Cutting the strings is my job! Mine! Dammit.

ZEUS

Oof. Well. My brother is going to have fun with her. I'd better give him a ring and let him know she's on her way.

MUSIC: A pop ballad in 6/8 timing about life plays us out.

THAT'S LIFE

by Aemyn Connolly

*Well that's life, babe
How long is a lone piece of yarn,
You say that you wanted more time, but
We start and we end
Like the snap of a finger
Or snip of a string
[sound of scissors snipping]*

*That's life, babe
How long is a stray bit of wool
You complain that there was nothing good
But you hesitated while everyone danced
and you waited so long just to sing*

*Oh, Mister Hubris, let me start again
I'll get it right, just a little more thread
Sew me back into the fabric*

We start and we end

*Like we never began
Like a flash in a pan
Or the snip of a string*

SOUND: Hubris outro music plays.

This episode was written by Nathan Comstock and edited by Resa. It was directed by Nzingha Primus, with dialogue editing by Tris Oaten and sound design by Nathan Comstock. Music was made by Aemyn Connolly. The transcript was done by Noelle Saul. The production of this episode was coordinated by Nzingha Primus.

Larissa Hargrave was played by Khalila Marie
The Receptionist was played by Resa
Lachesis and Nessa were played by Noelle Saul
Atropos was played by Nzingha Primus
Clotho was played by Aemyn Connolly
Zeus was played by Nathan Comstock