

ICARUS  
Or WAX WINGS

by

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## Characters

*\* Effort should be made to cast a racially-diverse group of actors. No dramaturgical aspect of the script restricts any character to only white actors, and Icarus and Daedalus' familial relation does not imply the actors portraying both roles need to look related.*

ICARUS - [ɪkərəs] Young, brash, nostalgic, and romantic at heart - currently, however, forgetful and struggling to trust. A male anywhere between teenage years and late twenties.

DIODORUS - [daɪədó:rəs] "The librarian" or "Libra," she's gentle yet commanding, creative yet analytical. Written for a female of any age but easily altered to be played by a male, nonbinary, etc.

ARIADNE - [æri'ædni] Icarus' best friend, similar in age to him. Bombastic and adventurous, moreso analytical than creative. A female anywhere between teenage years and early thirties.

DAEDALUS - [dædələs] Icarus' dad. A welcoming aura befitting a rural farmer/gardener. He takes pride in everything he has and does. A male around twenty or more years older than Icarus.

## Setting

A single room with one door in and out. It feels welcoming and accommodating; simply furnished, perhaps a couch, a coffee table, a writing desk and chair... The walls are lined as best they can be with shelves of books; books of modern time and books centuries upon centuries old. Well-tended flowers and plants can also be found throughout. If possible, a painting hangs in prominent display: a large yet simple painting, some sort of abstract representation of the sun shining bright over an ocean, reflected into bits and pieces of light. The room has representations of everything Icarus cares about - or, at least, what the people he loves care about.

### Text Markings

A forwardslash / in the middle of a line accompanied by a forwardslash / at the start of the next character's line indicates a point in which the second character interrupts the first. A dash at the end of the line- indicates the same, simply an end-of-thought interjection.

For Ariadne, a triple dash - - - indicates that the word she was about to speak contained the letter K, S, or G and she catches herself before saying it, taking a moment to find a new word.

### Magical Realism

This play presents the magic of storytelling and the magic of creation. The scenery, soundscape, and every other aspect of the production represent not just Icarus' journey, but every other character's as well. The room breathes with the characters. It is encouraged to find moments to show that this room is helping Icarus just as much as the characters are: Perhaps the painting changes, the plants shrivel and grow, otherworldly sounds and music waft in and out, hidden things shine in unexpected places. Moments of possibility are left unspecified in directions: is encouraged to add magical realism to the design wherever production and design crew see fit.

### History

Scholars can speak at length concerning the entire pantheon of Greek Gods and heroes. The shortest summation of context relevant for this script is that between 60 and 30 B.C.E., Diodorus of Sicily wrote *Bibliotecha historica*, the "Library" that spanned 40 books of various mythologies. In one book he pulled from the life of Daedalus, a famous inventor; a figure present nearly 100 years earlier in stories from Apollodorus, also appearing in tales from Ovid, Virgil, and other Greco-Roman historians and poets. This book gave solidified the character of Icarus and actually presented us with two versions of the tale of *Daedalus and Icarus*.

The first of Diodorus' stories details a father and son who escaped Crete by a boat provided to them by the Queen. In this tale, Daedalus' invented the sail, but the uncertainty of the

ride and speed of the invention caused Icarus to fall overboard, drowning. The second shapes the tale many know today: Daedalus, a famous inventor, crafted a labyrinth at the behest of King Minos of Crete: Minos' wife Pasiphae (the daughter of Helios, the sun god!) was deigned to fall in love with a bull given to Minos by the gods' favor. She gave birth to the Minotaur, a half-man half-bull. Minos imprisoned the Minotaur in Daedalus' labyrinth. It came to pass that Theseus, an Athenian Hero, is offered to the labyrinth, but he seeks to kill the minotaur. Ariadne (Liberia, in Roman etymology), the daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, aims to help him. Learning the inner workings of the labyrinth from Daedalus, she crafts "Ariadne's Thread" which will guide Theseus out.

After the success of Theseus, Daedalus is punished and sentenced to imprisonment in the labyrinth along with his son. Crafting wings of feather and wax, he makes a plan to escape Crete, flying to Sicily. Should they fly too low, the ocean's mist would clog the wings, and should they fly too high, the sun would melt them. Flying past Samos, Delos, Lebynthos, and then an unnamed island, Icarus finally gave way to the feeling of freedom and flew too high, melting his wings and plummeting to the water below. His body washed up on that nearest island and, as he was buried there, it came to be known as Ikaria.

A tangential note on Ariadne - From Helios, she has deity in her bloodline. She did marry Theseus, causing her to have to leave Crete. From there, there are more versions of her story than there are of Daedalus', but a distinct through-line is that Theseus abandons her. Dionysus, god of fertility, festivity, harvest, and much more, married her. It is likely, though, that she had to leave her mortal body for this to happen, and so Artemis - goddess of the hunt and the moon, twin sister to Apollo, the god of music, poetry, truth, and light, both related to Dionysus in a large family tree - killed her at request of Dionysus.

There is far more information, numerous other accounts, and a multitude of attributions for the tale of *Daedalus and Icarus*, so for more information and assistance bringing historical context into your performance, it is recommended you consult with a dramaturge.

START OF PLAY

*In the dark: the sounds of water, gentle waves at first, lapping against the side of a boat. There is wind but also... the sounds of pages turning? The waves increase as someone - several people call out ICARUS' name. Faintly, overlapped, and drowned out by the growingly tumultuous waves, the voices struggle to break through. Books begin glowing to life, a sound comparable to what sun looks like reflecting on an ocean surface from below. The symphony quickly climaxes, immediately dissipating, leaving behind only one last perceptible call of ICARUS' name, perhaps from a voice that doesn't belong to anyone in the cast; a voice only ICARUS recognizes. The full room is illuminated revealing ICARUS asleep. He immediately bolts upright, gasping for air.*

ICARUS: Who...? Where... where am I?

*He adjusts himself to look around the room. It isn't long before DIODORUS enters, shutting the door behind themself.*

DIODORUS: You're a/wake-

ICARUS: / Water.

DIODORUS: I'm sorry?

ICARUS: Water.

DIODORUS: Would you like some water?

ICARUS: No! No.

*DIODORUS places a few books on the shelf.*

DIODORUS: Sorry I didn't make it in before you woke up. I usually try to be here before that part, but there was some stuff to organize with the / person before you.

ICARUS: / Where am I? I don't recognize this room at all. Is this a library?

DIODORUS: If you'd like. You can think of me as a librarian, then.

ICARUS: That— I've got a lot of questions, that's a good next one. Who are you?

DIODORUS: We'll get there, how about you start with some of the other questions.

ICARUS: No, your name would be a good starting place, thank you.

DIODORUS: If I were to give you my name, I'd expect you to give me yours.

ICARUS: Right...

DIODORUS: So?

ICARUS: My... name...

DIODORUS: Yes.

ICARUS: Did I hit my head, or something? This is a library, what, did I fall off a ladder? Or—

DIODORUS: You don't have a concussion.

ICARUS: Do you know who I am?

DIODORUS: No. I'm here to find that / out

ICARUS: / How did I get here?

DIODORUS: I'm here to find that out too.

ICARUS: What are you talking about?

DIODORUS: I'm here to help you. The collective you.

ICARUS: Collective?

DIODORUS: You. Humans.

ICARUS: Backup. What?

DIODORUS: Don't worry. Take it slow, we're getting out of order, there's steps to this.

ICARUS: "Humans"?

DIODORUS: Yes.

ICARUS: Are you... not?

DIODORUS: For now I'm your librarian, I like that.

ICARUS: Libraries don't have couches. Or this many plants. Who water's these? Don't they need sunlight? This feels like a home but there's no window, how do they...

DIODORUS: Don't worry about the plants, they've only been here as long as you. The books and shelves lining these walls, those are the only constant, they never leave.

ICARUS: OK, another point, people can take books out of libraries.

DIODORUS: Oh, they each have a copy. These are all the original but each has a copy or two placed somewhere in history. It depends.

ICARUS: You're talking nonsense. What do you mean the plants have been here as long as me— how long have I been here?

DIODORUS: Not long. And you probably won't have to stay long.

ICARUS: Good. Kidnapping still hasn't been crossed off my list of possible situations I'm in, though.

DIODORUS: A lot of people jump to that.

ICARUS: Listen, "librarian," we know different types of people if that's—

DIODORUS: Is that so? Who do you know?

ICARUS: Stop it! What is this!

DIODORUS: Right, like I said, we're out of sorts, you started with different questions than I'm used to.

ICARUS: How many people have... been here?

DIODORUS: A lot more than the number of books here, not everyone has their story written.

ICARUS: This is a room for writers, then?

DIODORUS: Inspiration.

ICARUS: This feels real. I know I'm not dreaming, so-

DIODORUS: You seem certain of that.

ICARUS: I dream a lot, and none of my dreams are like this.

DIODORUS: Your first memory! Hold on to that.

*DIODORUS opens a blank book on the desk and starts writing.*

ICARUS: What are you doing?

DIODORUS: Writing.

ICARUS: No, what- are you a psychiatrist or something?

DIODORUS: What do you remember of your dreams?

ICARUS: Are all of these books your... patients?

DIODORUS: There are a lot of books, aren't there? So many, and yet history is still so cyclical.

ICARUS: You're not a very good psychiatrist.

DIODORUS: You said I was a librarian.

ICARUS: Well I'm changing my mind.

DIODORUS: It doesn't really matter what I am, this is your story, after all.

ICARUS: Are you a god?

DIODORUS: Hold on to that, there's something important there, but the dreams came first.

*DIODORUS continues to write intermittently throughout.*

ICARUS: The dreams... I don't know, I guess... lands that didn't exist; I would usually be outside, I think. Animals that weren't real, like a lion-lizard hybrid. Different terrains, places I shouldn't be, places I couldn't get to. Dreams like that.

DIODORUS: Isn't it funny the order things return to us? All of that, yet you still haven't remembered your name.

ICARUS: "Return to us"? Am I dead?



DIODORUS: You came to terms with that a lot faster than most people.

ICARUS: So it's true?

DIODORUS: Yes. I'm sorry.

ICARUS: Don't apologize, I don't really care, it happens. Only once, I guess. Is this the age I died at?

DIODORUS: Possibly. Likely. Maybe not. I can't say.

ICARUS: So you don't know?

DIODORUS: It's for you to find out.

ICARUS: Why? Whatever, so you're not a god?

DIODORUS: Right, let's revisit that. You said "a god."

ICARUS: Yeah?

DIODORUS: Not "God," not a specific name, but "a god," one among many.

ICARUS: I didn't put any thought into it, that's just what... sounded right.

DIODORUS: Trust your instinct.

ICARUS: Do I still have instinct? Being dead, and all?

DIODORUS: Yes. Instinct, memories, thoughts, they're all still there.

ICARUS: All I've got are unspecific details about my dreams and beliefs, that's it.

DIODORUS: "That's it"? Dreams and beliefs... so many of these stories are nothing *but* dreams and beliefs. You said "a god". A lot of the people in these stories believed in pantheons, groups of gods, thousands of different stories in and of themselves. It doesn't just give us your belief, but also possibly where, even when you're from.

ICARUS: Slow down—

DIODORUS: These types of stories are some of the best I've written. They have such clear morals and they live and breathe so far outside of their text. This gives us a perfect setting.

ICARUS: OK. All of these books were other people that died... and you wrote their stories down... why?

DIODORUS: You really are a breath of fresh air, most people are still stuck on the questions of "can I go back," "how do I get out," "did I do good," and everything like that.

ICARUS: I've got too many other questions. Honestly, I'm getting tired of asking questions.

DIODORUS: The "why," it's because humans are so cyclical.

ICARUS: Humans. That makes sense now.

DIODORUS: All these stories and I still have yet to change a damn thing.

ICARUS: Cyclical in what way?

DIODORUS: Always making the same mistakes. Every other year, every hundred years

ICARUS: So... divine intervention, or something.

DIODORUS: I didn't answer your questions earlier, no, I'm not a god. They're all stories.

ICARUS: They aren't real?

DIODORUS: The opposite, they're all real, they all have morals, lessons, some of the strongest that there are.

ICARUS: OK... You're trying to use stories to convince humans to change?

DIODORUS: To break the cycle.

ICARUS: I still don't understand what you mean by-

DIODORUS: Letting the same evil take over time and time again. Dying from the same things— medicine advances, yet every hundred years, a plague, a disease. They invented the wheel and it could spin forever, but they keep trying to make it better, never looking back, never learning from the people that tried before. They only respond to what they can see.

ICARUS: Stories aren't any different than memories.

DIODORUS: They are. They can be. I know they can break the cycle. I don't have all the answers.

ICARUS: Clearly.

DIODORUS: I'm sorry, I can't see the future, I'm not...

ICARUS: Then there's nothing I can do for you.

DIODORUS: There is! Every life is a potential story.

ICARUS: OK, well, I don't know my past, you won't explain the present, and you can't tell the future. We have nothing right now.

DIODORUS: Which is why I need your help.

ICARUS: No.

DIODORUS: You want to remember.

ICARUS: I do.

DIODORUS: And I can help you.

ICARUS: You want me to remember so that you can write a book.

DIODORUS: To help everyone.

ICARUS: What if I remember that I hated my life?

DIODORUS: We can turn it into something grand.

ICARUS: There! Exactly! How do you expect me to trust my memories if I'm trying to make a neat little story out of them?

DIODORUS: It's about asking the right questions—

ICARUS: All I've done since you walked in that door was ask questions.

DIODORUS: Exactly!

ICARUS: I'm tired of it.

DIODORUS: Asking questions is the only way to... to...

ICARUS: You're pretending to be the psychiatrist; you should be asking the questions.

DIODORUS: It's not my story. And that's why I preferred "librarian".

ICARUS: So you can keep my story forever.

DIODORUS: I know this is hard.

ICARUS: Really? Have you died?

DIODORUS: No—

ICARUS: Here's a question for you then: Have you thought about asking what it's like?

DIODORUS: You were handling it well.

ICARUS: You don't know what's happening in my head.

DIODORUS: I do. The plants are wilting.

ICARUS: Then water them. Get some light.

DIODORUS: That's up to you to do.

ICARUS: No! They're not mine. I'm not a gardener.

DIODORUS: You said this place felt like home.

ICARUS: A home. My home didn't have millions of strangers' lives in it.

*DIODORUS pushes the book further back on the desk.*

DIODORUS: I'll put the story aside, OK? Let's work on remembering your life.

ICARUS: No. I'm done asking questions.

*This is a PDF Preview.  
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and liscening information,  
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DAEDALUS: Maybe they were! Maybe that's where you got such great ideas from.

ICARUS: Right. But you were saying "see the world" and I had dreams about travelling, too. Or, I have memories of... a version of me... that had dreams about travelling. It kind of blends together, I guess.

DAEDALUS: Listen, I'm just your papa, by no means your "old man," yet, but I've faced the fact that some years ahead of me I'm going to start forgetting the simple things. It's alright for some things not to make sense.

ARIADNE: Here, Ic, let me tell you how it went for me. I started with a lot of the questions you'd expect, you know, "where am I," "how do I get out of here,"

ICARUS: Yeah, / actually the libra-

DIODORUS: / See, told you.

ARIADNE: Right, nothing special there. But I started to realize, all of those books, I should say, all those people. These are their best selves.

DIODORUS: Some are their worst selves; I can attest that.

ARIADNE: I- oh, really?

DIODORUS: It's not just good morals that change people. Everyone is different, and some people only respond to the worst or the macabre. I've had all of the time - no time, whichever side of the coin - to try, to see what would land. Everything resonates with different people. I have yet to find the one story that resonates with everyone, the true wake up call.

DAEDALUS: What is it your trying to do, if you don't mind my asking. I'm missing a lot of key / elements, I know.

ICARUS: / We all are. Missing parts of... yeah.

DIODORUS: In your lifespan, whatever is going to come, the days you specifically have left; it's going to seem like everything is new. Everything you've experienced is new. But a hundred years before you, multiple hundreds, people were making the same daily discoveries and going through the same problems. But humans just keep making them.

DAEDALUS: Ah. Sure, that may be true. I certainly wish I could have been born with gardening knowledge, I could have just cut to the, you know, main event.

DIODORUS: I don't mean necessarily like that. More in a sense... being set in your ways.

ICARUS: Here, papa, I have an example. Arianna died and / had her-

DAEDALUS: / right...

ICARUS: -story written down, but I bet I could read through the entire book without learning her favorite color, favorite meal / her mother made-

ARIADNE: / I'm sure it's in there / somewhere...

ICARUS: / -the details of her favorite vacation. I see that. She went through the process. And I see the result. And I know that I don't want to do it. Learning from those that came before us.

ARIADNE: Well, hold on...

ICARUS: You're trying to boil us down to a single moral, a whole life condensed in-

DIODORUS: How else will you be remembered?

ICARUS: By the people who love me, then the memory of me will fade away.

DIODORUS: But deep down, don't you want to be remembered, the smallest bit?

ICARUS: You're trying to put words in my mouth again! Believe me when I say no, I'm fine with moving past it all!

DAEDALUS: But... it is something to— my last memory of you was you leaving. I can't replace that. Not that I would give up the memory, but if the best days of your life came to my mind before I remember the day we said goodbye—

ICARUS: Said goodbye... Hold on...

ARIADNE: Yeah, it's alright, sit down bud.

ICARUS: I just want to remember.

DIODORUS: Go back to the labyrinth.

ICARUS: My mind feels like it's still there.

DAEDALUS: The maze? Right.

DIODORUS: And your... "topiaries," the animals, like the bull in the labyrinth.

DAEDALUS: I don't know if— I mean I made a bull, you're right. It might have just been out in the garden, though, somewhere.

ICARUS: You'd always change up the maze, let it grow new paths.

DAEDALUS: That sounds like an authentic memory!

ICARUS: We'd play in it.

ARIADNE: Yeah.

ICARUS: You were better at figuring it out than me.

ARIADNE: Only took us both dying for you to admit it.

ICARUS: Stop it.

ARIADNE: I guess it's only fair I tell you—

ICARUS: --No, let me.

ARIADNE: No, this isn't a memory you'd have, it was a secret I never admitted. I'd tie string to the entrance. Big ol' ball of yarn. Just follow that back out once we got to the center.

ICARUS: No! That's why there was the stake... flagpole... thing. The thing with the loop! By the entrance!



DAEDALUS: I may have helped, yeah.

ICARUS: You cheaters!

DAEDALUS: I'm glad the garden stuck with me.

ICARUS: I think... it's what made me want to see the world. If that's what I wanted to do.

DAEDALUS: It is. You even told me that exact thing when you were older.

ICARUS: You said we said goodbye.

DAEDALUS: I don't know how much I should say.

ICARUS: Nothing, just in case, for now.

ARIADNE: Ic...

ICARUS: I'm sorry. I'm making you guys sad. Stop being said. Listen. Let's look at the story. Let's write again.

DIODORUS: I have been. I'm sorry.

ICARUS: Sure, I'm not surprised.

DIODORUS: You realize how strong a metaphor a labyrinth is, right? With a monster inside, trying to escape.

ICARUS: No one said anything about a monster.

ARIADNE: I don't know, you could get pretty angry in there sometimes—

ICARUS: That's not true.

ARIADNE: Oh we're just choosing willy-nilly now what's true and—?

ICARUS: No, hold on, back to the— the labyrinth. That's just a small memory from my childhood. There's something bigger here about me, I guess, travelling.

DIODORUS: Yeah? OK. Pick it apart, analyze that; try to grow the seed.

DAEDALUS: That's a good metaphor. The seed is the first day you came to me and said...

ICARUS: Papa, I want to see the world. All of it. Oh. I don't even remember- the memory is just the garden, I don't even see our house, yet, in my mind. There's no city outside of the garden, nothing bigger, no connection to the world for me to explore. I...

ARIADNE: Build the bigger, I don't know, structure? Picture? Just think... out.

ICARUS: I mean, I guess I see the sun.

ARIADNE: OK, a little too far "out," there some stuff in-between.

DIODORUS: How did you travel?

ICARUS: You all are-

DIODORUS: Maybe you don't need to focus on the "where". You can't remember it, maybe it wasn't important.

ICARUS: Arianna's right, we can't just pick "willy-nilly." A bird.

DIODORUS: What?

ICARUS: I see it...

DIODORUS: Flying? You travelled by / flight?

ICARUS: / Not how I travelled, I can't fly. A bird... Dad, there's a cardinal.

DAEDALUS: Yes!

ICARUS: Red roses. Once a year.

DAEDALUS: Yes!

ICARUS: It was always so expensive, but you always made it. It was my favorite and... we worked for someone. You worked for someone. It was an expensive topiary but we worked for... someone rich.

DAEDALUS: And you believe all of that?

ICARUS: Don't ask me that. Don't put any doubt in my mind.

DAEDALUS: I'm sorry, I just wanted to—

ICARUS: Gosh, stop, no, I'm sorry. Yes. I believe all of that.

DAEDALUS: It's all true. A tough boss, but it was lucrative. We made enough money to get by.

ICARUS: Oh. Papa.

DAEDALUS: Yes? You can ask me anything.

ICARUS: No, it's just that... I told you I wanted to see the world. I think there was another reason...

ARIADNE: Ic.

DAEDALUS: What was the other reason?

ARIADNE: Ic.

ICARUS: I think—

ARIADNE: Uh, I think. Hey, Ic, sorry, not to interrupt. I'm a princess, right?

DAEDALUS: A princess...

ICARUS: Right.

DAEDALUS: I'll admit I'm fuzzy on the specifics, but...

ICARUS: I remember you told Libra you didn't like your dad.

ARIADNE: Right, what if you guys worked for my dad?

ICARUS: The king...

DIODORUS: King Minos.

ICARUS: Oh, I don't think you said his name before.

DIODORUS: I did.

ICARUS: Wait, don't tell me something like that, I'm sure—

ARIADNE: No, I'm only saying it because I don't know myself. Hell, for all I care, Daedalus was my real dad.

DAEDALUS: Daedalus...

ICARUS: Sure. Makes sense. I'm kind of picturing, like, a royal area, not a castle but... just, you know, fancy people's stuff around our house now.

DAEDALUS: Wait...

ICARUS: Right, I had a thought that... we were talking about money and me leaving.

DIODORUS: Leaving the labyrinth.

ICARUS: No, leaving my dad.

DIODORUS: I'm sorry, I'm not used to this many people in the room while going through this process, I keep bouncing us back and forth. I was sidetracked by the idea of "flying."

ICARUS: You keep picking the small things, it was just - not "just" - it was a topiary.

DIODORUS: But, still, it gave use another strong symbol; flying. And since your dad is an inventor-

DAEDALUS: Everyone, wait. I thought we clarified that I was a gardener.

DIODORUS: Sorry, right, Icarus wanted me / to wait to change it, I still haven't.

DAEDALUS: / Icarus?

ARIADNE: Listen, if you're gonna let Ic fly in his story, I'm gonna need some revisions to mine.

DIODORUS: It's just too perfect with the labyrinth, the danger: overcoming it and flying to freedom.

ARIADNE: OK, yep, so at the very least I'm going to need a sword or something in my story now.

DIODORUS: One thing at a time, I'm not even sure / I could do anything about-

ICARUS: That "one thing" should be my memories, not my story. We've already kept my dad here so long that—

DAEDALUS: Can we take a step back, everyone? I... I'm lost, here. I thought we were trying to... I'm sorry, hold on, my head's spinning a little bit. You're trying to write— no. You're trying to help my boy remember his life, and I thought it was *all* of his life, and you'd write it down, emphasizing something important for... for people to learn from. But so they'd all remember him.

DIODORUS: Yes. That's correct. We've gotten very off track, I'll admit.

DAEDALUS: No, more than that. You said you did the same thing with Ariadne's life; memories; stories.

ARIADNE: Yup.

DAEDALUS: She wasn't...

ICARUS: Papa...

DAEDALUS: You were a carpenter's apprentice.

*A long beat.*

DAEDALUS: Something must have gotten mixed up, or...

ICARUS: Or I don't know her.

ARIADNE: Of course you do, Ic.

ICARUS: Yes, you look familiar, but, the name...

DAEDALUS: No, your name, Ariadne is correct, and you look the way I remember you. You're you, there's no doubt about that.

ICARUS: Then...

ARIADNE: Hold on... You were saying you worked for—

DAEDALUS: I don't think I worked for whoever you think I did. But there's no doubt about it. Where's the Libra— you kept saying I was an inventor. If anyone was, it was her.

ARIADNE: There's no way.

DAEDALUS: What's going on here?

DIODORUS: I'm not omnipotent.

DAEDALUS: These are people's entire lives, the two most important children to me.

DIODORUS: I'm not— I have no way of knowing what's right or wrong. It's up to them, they ask the questions and they make the answers.

DAEDALUS: Well that's not entirely true now is it?

DIODORUS: I ask questions, but I haven't given any answers.

DAEDALUS: But you pick and choose which answers you listen to.

DIODORUS: I'm only—

DAEDALUS: What, "human"?

DIODORUS: There's years and years of life to remember, and—

DAEDALUS: You have — you said it yourself — all the time, none of the time, pick your side of the coin.

DIODORUS: I do, but mankind doesn't.

ICARUS: I thought you couldn't see where mankind was headed.

DIODORUS: I can infer.

ICARUS: But you don't see everything.

DIODORUS: But I hear so much. So many bad stories, so many bad memories.

DAEDALUS: Yeah, you're talking to people, kids, right after they died.

DIODORUS: There are so many pains that happen before that, and so many are avoidable.

DAEDALUS: You want to wipe away human pain? All of it?

DIODORUS: It's not impossible, with the right—

DAEDALUS: You think that would be a selfless act? Benefiting people?

ICARUS: Papa...

DAEDALUS: Our best moments are made even better *by* our worst. Am I going to give up on my work, my passion, these days to come because I lost my son? Would I take him back in a heartbeat? Yes. But that pain fuels my passion.

DIODORUS: I'm sorry, but you're still seeing things from not even a full single century's look.

DAEDALUS: I don't need to see any further than that! My financial hardship; I think constantly every day about how it may have been what pushed my boy out of my home, but if it hadn't been for that struggle, he may not have seen what he saw of the world!

ARIADNE: I think that's what I was afraid Ic was trying to tell you earlier.

ICARUS: Wait...

ARIADNE: Would— would stories have prevented me dying in my accident?

DIODORUS: That's not how it went...

ARIADNE: No but I'm remembering it now.

DAEDALUS: What was written in your story? About how you died?

ARIADNE: That I was murdered.

DAEDALUS: By who?

ARIADNE: I don't think... I don't think anyone specific, because I couldn't remember. Or, I thought I couldn't remember. But... I think I was trying to forget. I was embarrassed.

DIODORUS: By what?

ARIADNE: It was just a simple accident. You said I was a carpenter's apprentice?

DIODORUS: Yes.

ARIADNE: We were building, just, a house, or something. I fell. It fell. Something like that.

ICARUS: You were embarrassed.

DIODORUS: So you made up... how much?

ICARUS: You seem genuinely surprised.

ARIADNE: I don't know. You ever tell a lie with so much conviction that you believe it yourself?

DIODORUS: Of course you do, you're living out a future based on that version of that I wrote.

DAEDALUS: Which, good point, where is my boy headed from here? What did they tell you?

ICARUS: I didn't ask.

DAEDALUS: Surely this is only a limbo.

ICARUS: Everyone.

ARIADNE: Where's my book?

ICARUS: I dropped it, I'm not sure. Guys—

DIODORUS: I'm sure we can do something about it.

ARIADNE: It was a good story, though. / Just a story.

ICARUS: / We need to, just for a second...

DAEDALUS: What is it?

ICARUS: This isn't... Listen. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have brought you here, Arian— Ariadne. And dad, I just wanted to make sure you were OK, but I stressed you out. Listen, let's... I don't care what's written about me. I just want to make sure we're all alright. Let's finish the story. Ariadne, maybe we can remember things together. And let's... let's get papa home.

DAEDALUS: I can't leave, not now.

ICARUS: That's what I'm worried about. The longer you stay, the less you're going to want to leave.



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DAEDALUS: I'm sorry. I... I don't know how I did this. I rushed it thinking it wasn't...

ICARUS: It's ok, papa, I wanted to just finish it anyway.

DIODORUS: Daedalus.

DAEDALUS: That's not my name—

DIODORUS: I know.

DAEDALUS: It's—

DIODORUS: Don't tell me; it's not time to write your story yet. Listen. You were right.

DAEDALUS: I wasn't, I forgot my own sons name.

DIODORUS: About me. I need to actually be selfless.

DAEDALUS: Is that what I said? I... I thought—

DIODORUS: I can't hope to change everyone at once. At best I can change one at a time, but the only sure thing is that I can change myself. You have my word that I'm not going to send that story anywhere. I'll tear it apart, I'll do it now, if you want.

DAEDALUS: No, no.

DIODORUS: Next time we meet you'll be able to see a slightly - hopefully marginally - improved me. I wonder if you'll believe me when I tell you that you're to thank?

DAEDALUS: Good question.

DIODORUS: I'm going to find Ariadne. You'll be able to find your way home without a problem and, well... you know what happens.

*DIODORUS exits through the door, shutting it.*

ICARUS: See dad, everything is fine.

DAEDALUS: I can't leave now, how will you forgive me.

ICARUS: It's just a name, papa.

DAEDALUS: But I still don't understand.

ICARUS: I'm learning there's some things you just have to let go of.

DAEDALUS: Maybe you'll forget.

ICARUS: Don't say that. I would never want anyone to forget. The good, the bad, all of it. When it's gone, you're lost. Which is why you need to go now; it's going to be hard.

DAEDALUS: Icaru...s. Icarus.

ICARUS: Think of it like this, papa. I left home to see the world knowing that it wouldn't be just me on my own, I'd be leaving you on your own too, and I knew there was a chance my life with you would slip away. Now you're doing the same. We know it's likely you'll forget, but there's still things to do on your own.

DAEDALUS: I feel bad about that, too.

ICARUS: Me leaving home had nothing to do—

DAEDALUS: If we had more money... You grew up without much, and with what happened to your mother, I know you were worried.

ICARUS: Papa.

DAEDALUS: You always tried to find ways to be independent so I could focus on taking care of myself instead of both of us.

ICARUS: Papa...

DAEDALUS: I don't know how you grew up so fast.

ICARUS: The thought never crossed my mind, I did it for me. I'm fine with admitting that I was selfish about it.

DAEDALUS: Earlier you said there was a second reason you left.

ICARUS: Yeah. I never revisited that thought... it wasn't the money.

DAEDALUS: Is there anything I can say to help you remember?

ICARUS: Nothing to say, but you can sit here with me. Just for a moment longer.

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*Icarus, or Wax Wings*

*"Everyone wants to fly. We all have different ways of making it happen."*

A full-length play for four performers, 2m, 2f  
Few have read the original text depicting Icarus' famous flight but many have heard of it. Century after century people have retained the moral wrapped in Icarus' hubris. Some have focused on their own escape from a metaphorical labyrinth. Others, still, harken to the importance of Daedalus' wisdom. The story undoubtedly makes us ask questions, but what questions did the story's author intend us to ask? If Icarus were to read his own story, would he recognize the boy he saw? Memories fade but stories persist. What does it mean, then, when the stories we have aren't necessarily the memories that were?