

PERCY. All this time I thought my dad was some dead-beat. Turns out...

LUKE. ...he's a dead-beat god. I get how you feel. I was your age when I found out my dad was Hermes, the messenger god. You know, Old Wings-On-His-Shoes?

PERCY. Have you ever met him?

LUKE. Once.

PERCY. And?

LUKE. We're not playing catch anytime soon. Look, the gods are busy. They have a lot of kids, and they don't always care. If you're one of the lucky ones...

THEY'LL SEND A SIGN

IF THEY WANT TO CLAIM YOU,

A SIGN TO ADMIT YOU'RE THEIR OWN.

PERCY.

AND IF THEY DON'T?

LUKE.

THEN NO ONE CAN BLAME YOU

FOR HOLDING A GRUDGE,

SO, HEY,

(Laughs.)

YOU'RE NOT ALONE.

I'm Luke. I'm gonna be your counselor. The Hermes cabin takes anyone who hasn't been claimed. You know what that means? We're literally the reject cabin. Welcome to the dysfunctional family.

PERCY. Thanks, Luke.

LUKE. Rejects stick together. Besides, there's someone who's been waiting to see you.

(LUKE leads PERCY to GROVER, pacing anxiously.)

GROVER. I'm sorry. Satyrs are supposed to be protectors. I'm the worst satyr in the world -

PERCY. Grover. I'm glad you're here.

(The three of them share a moment.)

LUKE.

WHEN PARENTS ARE DISTANT,

OR SEEM NON-EXISTENT,

HANG ON, CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA BE FINE.

I KNOW IT'S A LOT TO BE THINKING ABOUT:

ALL OF THIS AWKWARD-ASS DARKNESS AND DOUBT.

IF YOU NEED A FRIEND TO HELP FIGURE IT OUT -

LUKE.

PERCY.

TOGETHER WE'LL SEARCH

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FOR YOUR SIGN!

FOR MY SIGN!

GROVER. Come on! I'll show you the amphitheater... The armory... The cafeteria...

(PERCY and GROVER go off. LUKE lingers, as ANNABETH enters.)

LUKE. Poor guy. He really fought a minotaur?

ANNABETH. More like barely survived a minotaur.

LUKE. You don't believe him?

ANNABETH. He shows up out of nowhere, says he doesn't know anything about us - but he's strong enough to fight a minotaur? Something doesn't add up. I just can't figure out what.

LUKE. *(Teasing.)* Well, if Annabeth Chase can't figure it out...

ANNABETH. Admit it, I'm the smartest person you know.

LUKE. Also the toughest, so I'd admit it either way.

ANNABETH. (*Flattered.*) You think I'm tough? (*Beat.*) How do you think he is at Capture the Flag?

(*A whistle blows. It's now the next day. LUKE and GROVER drag PERCY onto the stage.*)

CLARISSE.

CAPTURE THE FLAG!

PERCY. What's going on? And are you ever going to wear pants again?

GROVER. Nope!

LUKE. (*Hands PERCY a sword.*) You're going to need this.

PERCY. It's a sword.

LUKE. Haven't you played Capture the Flag before?

PERCY. Not with swords.

(*PERCY swooshes the sword Star Wars style.*)

ANNABETH. It's not a lightsaber.

PERCY. You're my dream girl! I mean...the girl I saw... when I was dreaming...

ANNABETH. (*To GROVER.*) Are you sure he doesn't have a concussion?

LUKE. This is Annabeth. Our cabins are on the same team. See, cabins are grouped by parent. And each cabin has certain...gifts. I figure, if we find what you're good at, maybe that'll give us a clue about your dad.

PERCY. I don't have any gifts.

ANNABETH. You have ADHD, right? Dyslexia too?

PERCY. Yeah, but -

ANNABETH. Letters float off the page when you read because your mind is hardwired for ancient Greek. And the ADHD - you're impulsive, you can't sit still in class. Those are your battlefield reflexes.

PERCY. So who's your dad?

ANNABETH. He's a history professor.

PERCY. He's human? But I thought...

ANNABETH. My mom is Athena. Goddess of wisdom. Sexist much?

PERCY. No! I mean, I love girls! I mean... I think they're really...nice!

ANNABETH. Capture the Flag isn't about being nice. It's about proving to the gods that we're tough, powerful and victorious in battle!

PERCY. She's kind of intense.

GROVER. You should see the captain of the other team.

PERCY. Who's the captain of the other team?

(*CLARISSE appears.*)

CLARISSE. *I am.*

[MUSIC 06: PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE]

PERCY. Ahh!

LUKE. Meet Clarisse, the daughter of Ares, god of war.

CLARISSE. You got a problem with that? Prepare to be pulverized - *now!*

(*To PERCY.*)

YOU WANNA KNOW WHOSE HOUSE YOU'RE FIGHTING

FOR:

THE GOD OF STRATEGY, THE GOD OF WAR,

THE GOD OF WATER, OR THE GOD OF DEATH

BEFORE YOU TAKE YOUR FINAL BREATH.

(*To LUKE.*)

GOD OF MESSENGERS, GO TAKE A NOTE: