

MEDEA!

The scene opens with the Prologue giving a short explanation before rejoining the chorus.

You lovely people here today,
Are here to hail the month of May.
A month quite free of storm and strife
but full of strawberries and life
And, like earlier plays, full of cheer,
But that's not we will show this year.
Our play is written, as the poet said,
To end with two small children dead.
Their monstrous mother flees the scene
And never again in this town is seen.
Yes, Medea's story is rather dark,
Full of murder, blood, and snark.
Yet we have tried to crack a smile,
To sing a tune that will beguile,
To lift your minds from things perverse,
For this goal alone we have rehearsed.
So forgive the heavy, darker tone,
We try to laugh as much as groan,
And if we fail to amuse
It's Claire's fault, her you should abuse.

At the end of the prologue all the chorus members come out on stage and begin talking.

CM1: Did you hear?

CM2: The Prologue? Yeah, it wasn't that great.

CM3: *(formerly the prologue)* Hey! I liked the Prologue.

CM1: Not the prologue. About Jason!

CM4: Jason? The brave, handsome Jason?

CM5: Jason, the captain of the famous Argonauts, who won the Golden Fleece?

CM6: Jason who now lives in Corinth with us? That Jason?

CM1: Yes!

Everyone Else: No!

CM1: I learned in the last issue of 'ANTHROPOI'! (*Takes out a copy of People Magazine with a cover announcing 'Jason and Medea – SPLIT!*) Jason has left Medea and is going to marry the princess, the daughter of King Creon.

Everyone: Oh My Gods!

CM2: He's finally leaving the witch!

CM3: They were not a good couple. The princess will be a much better wife for Jason.

CM4: How does a woman like her land a man like him?

CM2: Witchcraft, that's how!

CM5: I hope she leaves. I don't want a vengeful barbarian sorceress hanging around the royal children.

CM6: But what could she do?

Everyone Else: *Gasps*

CM1: Haven't you heard the stories?

SONG: How do you solve a problem like Medea?

C1: She casts a spell, it goes to well
She killed her father's son

C2: She says the nicest things
And it's a web of lies she's spun.

C3: If Jason isn't careful, she'll kill him when she's done
I don't think that she should be here in Corinth.

C4: She got the golden fleece for him.

C6: Yes, she saved Jason's life.

C5: Do you think she'll be so helpful

When he takes another wife?
If we want to be careful and avoid years of strife,
Medea needs to be expelled from Corinth

C4: I think this is a fruitless endeavor,
Medea's very clever.

C1: How do you solve a problem like Medea?
How do you force a witch to leave your town?
How to describe a woman like Medea?
She knows enough witchcraft to bring our walls down

C2: Many a thing you know that she is thinking.
Many a thing you'll never understand.
But if you should mock her pain,
All defenses would be in vain,
Her magics are like a wave upon the sand.

C3: Oh, how do you solve a problem like Medea?
How do you make a witch leave on command?

C6: When I meet her I'm confused
I feel privileged and used.
And I never know exactly what she wants.

C5: She is always finding loopholes.
And she's missing all her scruples.
And her powers are as scary as her aunt's.

C4: Was she seduced by wealth and fame?
Or was Eros all to blame?
Can she ever be trusted to do what's right?

C1: Is she crazy?

C2: Is she wrong?

C3: Is she a feminist icon?

C4: Is she tragic?

C5: Is she heroic?

C6: Will she fight?

All: How do you solve a problem like Medea?
How do you force a witch to leave your town?
How to describe a woman like Medea?

She lassos the moon, with magic she calls it down.

Many a thing you know that she is thinking.
Many a thing you'll never understand.
But if you should mock her pain,
Defenses would be in vain.
Her magics are like a wave upon the sand.

Oh, how do you solve a problem like Medea?
How do you make a witch leave on command?

(During this song, MEDEA and the NURSE have come out the house and watch. The NURSE and MEDEA are both dressed in peploi, but Medea wears a black peplos and is mourning.)

CM1: Medea, she's bad news!

CM2: I hear that she knows all sorts of evil spells from her aunt, Circe.

All: *Gasp*

CM3: I hear that she has exotic poisons that can add years to a person's life.

All: *Gasp!*

CM4: I hear that she is such a barbarian that she wears PANTS!

All: *GASP!!!!*

Medea: I hear that she lives right here.

All: Huh?

Medea: And that she's standing right behind you.

All: *(Turn around and see her) AAAAH! (They huddle on the other side of the stage)*

Medea: Women of Corinth! I know I've incurred your displeasure by always minding my own business, but I reach out to you now. I'm not the pants-wearing trollop that the tabloids make me out to be, nor the psychotic, spell-casting, barbarian that my husband keeps telling people that I am. I am a woman, a poor unfortunate soul, just like you

all and I hope that you never have to feel the pain I feel now.
(*Throughout the speech the chorus has been placated by her soothing tone and pleasant words.*)

Nurse: Oh, mistress, I wish the Argo had never made it to the shores of your father, nor that Jason, was such a babe that you lost all of your good judgment and ran after his muscular -

Medea: Thanks for the support. No seriously, it means a lot to me. You need to stand by me while I convince these women to root for me.

Nurse: Can you do that?

Medea: Nurse. To get people to believe you, you have to give them exactly what they want. Make them feel like innocent victims. (*Medea walks over to the women and throws her arms around their shoulders.*) Just poor unfortunate souls with no one else to turn to. (*Once again the chorus agrees with Medea*)

Song: POOR UNFORTUNATE SOULS

I admit that in the past I've been a nasty.

They weren't kidding when they called me, well a witch.

But everybody makes mistakes,

And for my husband my heart aches,

I thought we'd settle down and found our niche.

CM1: True?

Medea: Yes!

Medea: And the lot of every woman is quite tragic,

We must buy ourselves a husband with our charm,

But if our masters break their vows,

A new girl they may espouse,

Yet we can never free ourselves from harm

(Nurse sing!)

Nurse and Medea: We're Poor Unfortunate Souls
Women!

Unite!

Nurse: She is just another woman
Who's been put down by the Man.

CM2: Can we help her?

Nurse: You must fight!

CM3: Poor Unfortunate Soul

CM4: Alone

CM5: Abused

CM6: I don't know what Jason's thinking,
But this women needs our help,
We are all hurt,
If she's been bruised.

CM1: (*Spoken*) We promise to help you Medea.
You were in the right all along.

Men have been trying to keep us all down,
And we can't be victims anymore.

Everyone: They like our looks. A pretty face.

Medea: But should we submit to the desires of the patriarchy? Ah?

Everyone: Come on you Poor Unfortunate Soul
Go ahead!

Make your choice!

Men don't think that we have value,

And that we just get in the way,

Disagree?

Let's hear your voice.

We're Poor Unfortunate Souls,

Men don't

Respect.

They think that battle is more scary

Than your first time giving birth,

Let them push and let them scream,

And let them see just what we're worth!

Medea: Jason, Creon, can you hear the noise?

Everyone: Soon we will be in control,

For this Poor Unfortunate Soul!

Creon enters stage left, inching towards Medea's house, mumbling to himself. He's obviously wary of Medea. He keeps on changing his mind, turning away, and then turning back.

Medea: Here comes Creon, king of Corinth and I don't think he's selling Girl Scout Cookies.

Nurse: Mmm...Thin Mints

Medea: He's going to exile me and my children.

Nurse: What will you do?

Medea: With public opinion on my side I can buy more time so I can complete my plans.

Nurse: Plans? *(gets really scared)* You're not going to kill anyone again?

Medea: *(offended)* Why does everyone always assume that I'm going to kill them?

Nurse: You do have a pattern.

Creon (to himself): She's just a woman. I'm the King. I'm not afraid. I am the King. I don't have to be afraid of her. (*to a chorus member*)
What can she do to me?

CM1: Kill you horribly.

Creon: Thanks.
Medea!

Medea (*again changing personality*): Creon, blessings to you on this happy day!

Creon: Now Med- What?

Medea: Today is the day of your daughter's wedding?

Creon: Yes. To your husband.

Medea: Isn't that big o' me?

Creon: Don't play games with me, Medea. I order you, as King of Corinth, to take your two children now and leave this city forever.

Medea: But-

Creon: You're expelled from Corinth, Medea! I know that if I let you talk to me, you'll bespell me into letting you stay and that's too dangerous. You've been spreading ill will against your husband all day, against the man who will soon become my son.

Medea: But what have I done to you?

Creon: I'm more worried about what you will do to me and my daughter. Leave now, and you may go peacefully.

Medea: Once again my reputation has destroyed me. Have I ever challenged your authority before, King Creon? Just let me live here, quietly, with my children.

Creon: Your words sound soothing, but I know you are plotting something.

Medea: (*falls to her knees, and grasps Creon's knees in supplication, she begins to wail*) I beg you as a supplicant!

Creon: Don't touch me! Don't touch me! In a moment, I'll call for my servants to throw you out of the city!

Medea: I entreat you, King Creon, no!

Creon: You must leave!

Medea: (*pausing*) I accept that, King Creon, and I understand your motives are in no way like that of a tyrant!

Creon: (*confused*) Then, what are you begging for?

SONG: Bohemian Rhapsody

Medea: I want a day to prepare for my exile,

Creon: That might do, that might do, you can stay here for a while!

By the thunderbolt's of Zeus, We shall declare a truce today!

Ch: Oh great Creon

I'm great Creon

Ch: Oh great Creon

I'm great Creon

Ch: Oh great Creon, tyrant no (Tyrant – no!)

I'm not a tyrant and everybody loves me!

Ch: He' not a tyrant to this poor family,

Ch: He spared a girl who will leave this city!

Medea: One more day, can I stay? Will you let me stay?

By Great Zeus! Stay- I promise you can stay-let her stay-

By Great Zeus! He says that she can stay-let her stay

By Great Zeus! We say that she can stay-let her stay

He will not let her stay-let her stay

He will not let her stay- let her stay

Day, Day, Day, Day, Day, Day, Day

Oh Medea!, Oh Medea!, Oh Medea you can stay-

Though you must go, a day has been put aside to stay, to stay, to stay!

As the chorus and Medea sing the instrumental, badly, and with that Creon goes off stage right, happy with himself.

Nurse: So you have one more day to pack. Where are you going to go?

Medea: Well, I can't go back to Kolchis . . .

Nurse: Because you killed your brother.

Medea: I can't go to Crete . . .

Nurse: Because you killed Talos.

Medea: I can't go to Iolcus . . .

Nurse: Because you killed Pelias.

(From offstage we hear a sound like hoof-beats, or coconuts)

Medea: Do you hear something?

Nurse: Because you killed – What?

The hoof-beats get louder until we see Aegeus, King of Athens riding in.

Nurse: Is that the deus ex machina?

Medea: No, that's Latin. This is the Greek Play. Plus, we are still in the middle.

Nurse: So, then what is he?

Medea: Convenient! Aegeus!

Aegeus: Medea? Is that you?

Medea: The one and only. What's a nice king like you doing in a town like this?

Aegeus: My life is miserable. I'll bet that there isn't anyone out there whose life is more miserable than mine.

Medea: I'll take that bet. If you win, I have to help you out with your problem. If I win, you have to help me out with my problem.

Aegeus: You can't possibly win, so okay! I . . . I . . . I . . . My wife can't give me any children.

Medea: 'Your wife' can't give you any children. Got it.

Aegeus: And when we went to the Pythia, no one was able to understand the answer. Something about a hanging foot of a wine-skin. So I will never have any children, never have any sons to carry on my name or my rule, never have any future.

Medea: Having no children, no future? I can't top that. It's the worst thing in the world.

Aegeus: Hah!

Medea: I can't top it, but I can add to it. What if along with having no children and no future, you had no homeland, no loving companion to help you through the years, and no means of supporting yourself except through the scraps of strangers' tables.

Aegeus: Medea? What's going on?

Medea: Jason has taken the princess of this city to be his wife, while my children and I are to be expelled tomorrow and we have nowhere to go.

Aegeus: That's . . . you win! What do you need?

Medea: A place to stay.

Aegeus: I'm king of a town called Athens. You, my dear, are welcome anytime.

Medea: Thank you, King Aegeus. (*she turns to go*) Oh, and one more thing. I can help you 'loose' your 'hanging wine-skin' at the proper time. I am a witch, as well as a woman, and I can give you children. Think about it. (*she goes inside with Nurse*)

Aegeus: Medea.

The most exciting sound I ever heard.

Medea, Medea, Medea, Medea.

All my problems are solved with a single word,

Medea, Medea, Medea, Medea,
Medea!

I just met a girl named Medea,

And I'm sure that her name,

Will one day bring great fame,

To me!

Medea!

I'll harbor a witch named Medea!

And I would bet my life, my problem is my wife

Not me!

Medea!

Say it loud and the Muses are screaming

Say it soft and the moonlight is gleaming

Medea

I'll never stop dreaming of Medea.

(Aegeus rides off, into the sunset, completely ignorant of the fact that some day he's going to have a son named Theseus)

Nurse: *(comes out of the house)* Mistress, he's coming!

Medea: *(comes out)* Who's coming?

Chorus: *Squealing with delight, they welcome their hero Jason to the stage with the traditional hero worshipping hymn.*

Oh Jason, you're so fine! You're the hero of our time, oh Jason! Oh-Oh-Oh Jason! *(repeat)*

Jason: *(He strides magnificently onto stage left and cuts a dashing figure with his tunic and sword. Jason is that guy, the guy in your gym class who is either dumb as a post or pretending he is dumb as a post to fit in, but is so hot and so good at basketball/football/soccer/everything that you can't help falling in love with him a little bit. He has a great laugh, great hair, and when he looks at you, you swoon a little bit inside even though he definitely doesn't know your name.)* Hello, ladies. Who's a rock star?

Chorus: You're a rock star!

Jason: I'm a rock star! I'm going to go down in history as the greatest hero ever! Everyone will remember my name and know that I did great deeds.

CM5: *(They are on Medea's side of the stage, where, thanks to the conventions of musical theater, they are not seen by Jason's side of the stage.)* I can see why you married him. Even if he did turn out to be a jerk.

Medea: He wasn't a jerk in the beginning, at least I didn't think he was.

CM1: Jason? Why did you marry Medea anyway? Is it true that she saved your life during the quest?

Jason: No way! It was the gods who saved me, the gods, totally the gods.

CM4: Was he really that different back then?

Medea: It was a long time ago, and it's hard to remember.

Jason: Let me set the story straight.

Jason: Kolkhis Lovin', it's in the past

Medea: Kolkhis Lovin', Happened so fast

Jason: I met a girl crazy for me

Medea: Met a boy, brave as can be

[Both]:Kolkhis Days drifting away to uh- , oh the Kolkhis Nights

[Everyone]:Uh Well-a well-a well-a huh
Tell me more, tell me more

Jason: She loved me at first sight

Tell me more, tell me more

Medea: I helped him win the fight

[Everyone]:Uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh

Jason: I yoked the bulls so the Fleece I would earn

Medea: I gave him a salve, so he wouldn't get burned

Jason: I sowed the teeth, she was on the sidelines

Medea: I murmured spells, chanted magic rhymes

Both: Kolkhis fun, something's begun, but uh-oh those Kolkhis nights

Everyone: Uh well-a well-a well-a huh

Tell me more, tell me more

Chorus Member: Is she really that mighty?

Everyone: Tell me more, tell me more

Jason: It was all Aphrodite

[Everyone]

Uh-huh-uh-huh-uh-huh-uh-huh

Jason: The men sprang up, I threw a stone

Medea: He couldn't think of ideas on his own

Jason:

They killed themselves, till I had won

Medea: Without me, he would have been done

[Both]

Kolkhis quest, challenged the best, but uh-oh those Kolkhis nights

Everyone: Whoa Whoa Whoa

Tell me more, tell me more

Chorus Member: He doesn't sound really brave.

Everyone: Tell me more, tell me more

Nurse: She pitied the knave!

[Everyone]

shoo-bop bop, shoo-bop bop, shoo-bop bop, shoo-bop bop, shoo-bop
bop, shoo-bop bop, shoo-bop bop, YEH

Jason: I faced a dragon, so the fleece I could keep

Medea: You couldn't fight it, so I sang it to sleep

Jason: When I won, she showed me a good time

Medea: I was young, and mmm he was fine!

[Both]

Kolkhis heat, boy and girl meet, but uh-oh those Kolkhis nights

Everyone: Whoa Whoa Whoa

Tell me more, tell me more

Chorus Member: You got the Golden Fleece!

Everyone: Tell me more, tell me more

Nurse: He brought you back to Greece!

Jason: The king got angry, we had to flee

Medea: I killed my brother, so they wouldn't chase me

Jason: And then we swore our marriage vow

Medea: It hurts so much that he hates me now

[Both]

Kolkhis dreams ripped at the seams,
bu-ut oh, those Kolkhis nights....

[Everyone]

Tell me more, tell me more! (*At this point the two singers finally see each other*)

Medea: Hello Jason.

Jason: Hello Medea.

There is a pause. The chorus and the nurse watch with baited breath. The Nurse holds up her hand and counts down from five. The chorus scrambles for cover, getting off the stage. When she reaches zero, the fight begins.

Medea: You two-timing, glory-
Hounding man whore!

Jason: You shrewish, scary
Bad-mouthing harpie!

Medea: Traitor!

Jason: Psycho!

Medea: I gave up everything for you. My homeland, my family, my good name, I gave it all up to save your life. Because I love you. How can you betray me and your children?

Jason: I was marrying again to take care of you and the children. Creon is a good man and a good king. If you had just kept quiet, he would have allowed you and the children to stay and live in peace. Why did you challenge his great rule?

Medea: You seem to be more in love with the King, than with his daughter! Are you sure you're marrying the right person?

Jason: Laugh all you want, Medea. But first look at these. *(He holds up a set of papers)* Custody papers. When you leave tomorrow, our children will stay with me. If you try to take them, you'll be killed. Creon signed the orders himself.

Medea: No –

Jason: Stop telling lies about me, witch. You're just a jealous monster. It will be my name that will live forever. I will be in all the history books. When people talk about me, they will say I was the greatest hero who ever lived. The name Medea will never be remembered.

He gets really close to her during this speech, looking like he is going to kiss her. She is helpless, because for all his abuses, she still loves him. At the very last minute he shoves the set of papers in her face. She takes them and he storms off.

Medea: Jason!!!

I wish I knew how to quit you!

By Hekate, the glorious goddess of the ebony moon – I wish that I could hurt that man as much as he has hurt me.

Hekate: *She comes out from center stage, dressed in a slinky black dress and smoking a cigarette. If she's wearing some sort of fur, that would be cool too. Her voice is throaty and sexual.*
You called, sugar?

Medea: Hekate?

Hekate: The one, the only.
What is going on with you, Medea?

Medea: I'm –

Hekate: No, let me guess. You've got man troubles.

Medea: How did you-?

Hekate: Your family is a bit famous for it, darling, and you really had no chance. It was Aphrodite who set the poison of love running through your veins. Jason has some serious allies on Mt. Olympus.

Medea: Even the gods forsake me. I've called down curses on the head of that man, Jason and on the head of his new bride, prayed to all the gods of sacred vows or marriage beds, but it is now their wedding day and they will be happy. Whereas I, who for once am in the right and have done no wrong here, am to be punished. My anger burns away all tears that I could shed!

Hekate: There is at least one god who has not forsaken you. Medea, I am your ally in this

Medea: My ally?

Hekate: Precisely. And I will help you destroy Jason completely.

Medea: Whoa! I not going to kill anybody. That would just prove him right, that I'm some sort of monster.

Hekate: Stop being so squeamish.

Song: You've got to kill a little, die a little
and sometimes even cry a little.

These are the rules of, these are the tools of, revenge.

Medea: I do want revenge, but I've never killed out of anger before. Every other time it was love that drove me to murder. One day Jason will realize that and remember how much he loved me.

Hekate: Honey, you're thinking about this the wrong way. Jason isn't capable of loving anyone other than himself. To kill him would be to save him in his moment of triumph.

Song: He never tries, he won't be wise,
And he will never compromise,
And thus you must learn too, that you must turn to, revenge.

Medea: Wait, it's those history books that Jason keeps on talking about. The glory of his name lasting forever. A bright and shiny future. Jason, the great hero.

Hekate: You have the power to destroy Jason's image forever. Which will destroy Jason.

Song: You've got to pine a little, snark a little,
And lurk around in the dark a little,
Though you leave the light, the time will soon be right, for revenge.

Medea, you have a choice to make. (*Hands her a knife*)

Medea: It's not a very good choice.

Hekate: No it's not. But at least you have one.

Medea: I don't want to go out powerless. I don't want to fade away. If it's a choice between being the victim and being the villain, I'm going to be the villain.

Both: You've got to win a little, lose a little,
yes, and always have the blues a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of revenge.
That's the story of, that's the glory of revenge.

Hekate: Do you know what you are going to do?

Medea: I need to get my poisons. (*She runs off stage calling for her children*) Children! You're going to visit the palace! You have bring gifts for the new bride.

Hekate: (*The women are taken from the chorus with the exception of Medea, Medea returns to the stage in the dance like the rest of the women*)

Clytemnestra (Cly) Axe

Deineira: (D) Bottle

Circe (Cir) Wand

Phaedra (P) Noose

Medea (M) Knife

Olympias (O) Snake

Hekate: And now ladies and gentlemen, the six most dangerous women in Ancient Greece, in my rendition of, Nemesis's Tango!

Cly: (Axe)

D: (Trust)

Cir: (Oink)
P: (Oxi)
M: (Argonaut)
O: (Pausanias)

Cly: (Axe)
D: (Trust)
Cir: (Oink)
P: (Oxi)
M: (Argonaut)
O: (Pausanias)

Cly: (Axe)
D: (Trust)
Cir: (Oink)
P: (Oxi)
M: (Argonaut)
O: (Pausanias)

Cly: (Axe)
D: (Trust)
Cir: (Oink)
P: (Oxi)
M: (Argonaut)
O: (Pausanias)

All: He had it coming.
He had it coming.
He only had himself to blame.
If you'd have been there.
If you'd have lived it.
H: I betcha you would have done the same.

Cly: (Axe)
D: (Trust)
Cir: (Oink)
P: (Oxi)
M: (Argonaut)
O: (Pausanias)

Cly: (Axe)
D: (Trust)
Cir: (Oink)
P: (Oxi)

M: (Argonaut)

O: (Pausanias)

Cly: You know how people let you down sometimes.

Like Agamemnon,

my husband,

he sacrificed our eldest daughter to Artemis so he and his buddies
could run off to war.

And then he came home, dragging a Trojan strumpet behind him,
expecting me to be happy and welcoming.

So I took the double-headed axe off the wall and
had mine own little sacrificial ritual

. . .while he was in the bath.

All: He had it coming.

He had it coming.

He only had himself to blame.

If you'd have been there.

If you'd have lived it.

I betcha you would have done the same.

D: When Herakles and I got married,

he promised that I would be the only woman that he would ever love
again.

But as I grew older,

I saw his attention wandering until one day

I got word that he had impregnated the princess of the latest kingdom
he had conquered.

So that night, when he came home from battle

I took out a little wedding gift a friend had made me . . .

Ooops!

Never trust a dying centaur.

All: He had it coming.

He had it coming.

He loved his way into your trust,

And so he got you,

And he forgot you.

It was a murder, but it was just!

Cir:

I was walking on the Aventine hill,

Minding my own business,

When Picus, my lover Picus, comes up to me

Surrounded by his friends
And starts screaming, "I don't love you!
I don't love you!"
So I turned twice to the east
And twice to the west
And put him and his friends where they belong
In the barnyard.

If you'd have been there.
If you'd have lived it.
I betcha you would have done the same

P: It's not fair, is it?
I honored my husband, and respected him.
Theseus, ah!
It was Aphrodite who caused my poisonous love for his son,
Hippolytus, to run through my veins, as punishment for the boy's
reverence of Artemis above her.
I did what I had to, to avoid eternal shame on my name and on my
children.

Cir: So did you kill him?

P: No! I killed myself.

M: Jason and I fled my homeland
With the Golden Fleece
On his ship, the Argonaut.
After learning that his uncle Pelias would never give him his rightfully-
won throne,
I connived and contrived and deceived the daughters of Pelias,
Convincing them to kill their father
With an artfully placed lamb and some magic herbs.
Still he never got his throne,
And we were expelled to Corinth
But then, seeing the young princess of the city
He decided to save his future,
To snatch his chance at kingship,
Betray our vows, take my children,
And leave me homeless.
A strange madness took me,
A cold, calculating insanity
And soon blood will stain my hands,
His new wife,

The old King,
And . . .
Our children. Our future.
His future.

M: He has it coming.

All: He had it coming.

M: He has it coming.

All: He had it coming.

M: It was easy once I knew how.

All: It was easy once she knew how.

M: I had to do it.

All: She had to do it.

M: And if I hadn't,

All: And if she hadn't,

M: I would be worse off than I am now!

O: I met Philip at the Mysteries of the Great Gods at Samothrace,
and we hit it off right away.

We wanted to rule the world together

And he had a great plan about how to get there.

But on the way he found Cleopatra,

Cleopatra,

Cleopatra,

and Pausanias.

We split up because of religious differences.

He saw himself as a god and I saw him as dead.

All: That wretched man, man, man, man, man!

That wretched man, man, man, man, man!

Half: He had it comin'

Half: He had it comin'

Half: He had it comin'

Half: He had it comin'

Half: He had it comin'

Half: He had it comin'

Half: all along!

Half: all along!

Half: 'Cause they betrayed us,

Half: 'Cause they betrayed us.

Half: And now they hate us!

Half: And now they hate us!

All: How could you tell us that we were wrong?

Half: He had it comin'

Half: He had it comin'

Half: He had it comin'

Half: He had it comin'

Half: He had it comin'

Half: He had it comin'

Half: He only had himself to blame.

Half: He only had himself to blame.

Half: If you'd have been there.

Half: If you'd have lived it.

All: I betcha you would have done. The. Same!

Cly: My own human sacrifice . . .
D: Never trust a dying centaur.
C: Where he belongs.
P: I killed myself.
M: I took his future.
O: Religious differences

Cly: (Axe)
D: (Trust)
Cir: (Oink)
P: (Oxi)
M: (Argonaut)
O: (Pausanias)

After the song, Medea and the Nurse disappears into the house. The rest of the characters join the chorus, and Jason comes back on stage. But he is hardly the man we have seen before. His hair is messed, just as angry as Medea was at the beginning of the play.

Jason: MEDEA!!!!!! Where is she? The murderess! The witch!

CM1: What happened?

Jason: She ruined my wedding day!! My future!

CM1: How?

Jason: She sent my two children to the palace, bearing wedding gifts for the princess. They were a golden crown and a beautiful dress. As soon as the children left, my bride tried them on. But the gifts were as deadly as they were beautiful. No sooner had she put them on then they began to smoke and burn, and when she tried to pull them away from her, she took chunks of her flesh with it. The King, her father, threw herself on her body and tried to save her but the poisoned crown and the burning cloak consumed him as well. Oh, this is not going to look good in the history books.

Nurse: *(from within)* AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!
(She runs onto the stage) The children!!!!

Jason: What about the children?

Nurse: Medea has killed her children. I saw their bodies on the floor, I saw the wounds and the blood.

Everyone gets really quiet and looks at Jason. He is standing alone.

Jason: (Medea! Reprise)

MEDEA!

Say it loud and there are children screaming

Say it soft and their blood keeps on streaming.

Medea,

I'll never stop dreaming of

Medea.

Where are you , MEDEA!!!!

Medea: (Comes on stage, dressed as a barbarian, in her chariot (little red wagon, Acme shopping cart)with a dragon (Henry!)

First I was afraid, I was petrified

And I know that's no excuse for my infanticide.

But I got so sick and tired of letting you do me wrong

That I grew strong

And now I've got to move along.

But you're so sad, you're life is woe

That I thought I should remind you that you reap what you sow.

I could have burned your stupid ship

I could have left you there to drown

But it's much more fun to watch you as your world turns upside down!

And now I'll go, spit in your face

You're all alone now,

Cause you're not welcome anyplace

Weren't you the jerk who tried to break me with goodbye

Think I'd crumble?

Think I'd lay down and die?

Oh no, not I, I will survive

Oh as long as I know magic spells I know I'll stay alive

I know I'll be the one still livin',

I know I'll never be forgiven, but I'll survive

I will survive. Hey, Hey.

Jason: You murderess! You killed our children!

Medea: Whups!

Jason: Whups?

Medea: We barbarian sorceresses get carried away sometimes. There's just so much evil I can't keep track of it anymore. Hey, I've got a question.

Jason: What?

Medea: Can you name our children?

Jason: What?

Medea: What are the names of our children?

Jason: . . .

Medea: That's what I thought. Come on Henry, lets blow this popsicle stand!

(She is wheeled across the stage in her chariot as the chorus sings around her)

Chorus: How do you solve a problem like Medea?
How do you force a witch to leave your town?
How to describe a woman like Medea?
She knows enough witchcraft to bring our walls down.

Many a thing you know that she is thinking.
Many a thing you'll never understand.
But if you should mock her pain,
All defenses would be in vain.
Her magics are like a wave upon the sand.

Oh, how do you solve a problem like Medea?
How do you make a witch leave on command?

THE END (finally)