

GREEK PLAY – The Bacchae

By: Courtney Monahan and Emily Bergbower

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

DIONYSUS: An international rock sensation; also swoonworthy	Emily Bergbower
PENTHEUS: the world's youngest stodgy old man	Courtney Monahan
TIRESIAS: prescient enough to know that if Dionysus wants you to dance, you dance	Rachel Carter
CADMUS: wants to enjoy retirement with his BFF Tiresias	Annalee Garrity
HERDSMAN: pathologically paranoid	
SERVANT: Has a low tolerance for bad singing	
AGAVE: Never rip a man's clothes off if there's a chance he's your son...	Erin Washburn
CHORUS: Would have been great extras for A Hard Day's Night	Kathryn Azizo, Amy Chen, Sophie Mankins, Marianne Wald, Erin Washburn, Diane Amoroso-O'Connor, Zoe Fox, Gaia Brusasco, Amelia Eichengreen, Iolanthe Good, Katherine Sepulveda

PROLOGUE:

Now in this merry month of May
We gather here to see a play!

This tale we tell is not a game
For this Bacchic mess we're not to blame

Our story begins in a Theban land
Where Dionysus plays his hand

Dionysus steps through the curtains

DIONYSUS: (*Poses. Elvis Voice*) Thank you. Thank you very much.

Removes glasses and settles at the top of the steps.

I am Dionysus. But you probably already knew that. Wine, revels, and rock and roll...

I've just finished a massive tour of Lydia and the East, but nothing says you're a star like finally rocking out in your hometown.

There's only one problem: my hometown doesn't know that I exist. It's as though they wouldn't recognize a god if he walked up to them and waved a thyrsus around in their faces. (*Waves thyrsus around obnoxiously.*) CHORUS *cue.*

There are supposed to be perks to this whole divinity thing, but let me tell you the best part of being a god: spending four months sewn up in your father's thigh after your mother gets struck by lightning. (*Realizing how confusing the story is.*) I'm sorry, this is way too complicated to explain myself. I think I need a little back-up for this number:

CHORUS enters.

BACK IN CITY OF THEBES (To the tune of Back in the USSR – The Beatles)

DIONYSUS:

Sailed my sturdy boat on the Aegean Sea
Didn't get to bed last night
Came to prove that Zeus is in my family tree
Olympus is within my sight.

DIONYSUS AND CHORUS:

I'm back in the City of Thebes
It would be crazy to leave, boy.
Back in the City of Thebes

DIONYSUS:

Been away so long I hardly knew the place
Gee, it's good to be back home
People on the streets don't recognize my face.
Honey quick pick up the Phone

DIONYSUS AND CHORUS:

I'm back in the City of Thebes
It would be crazy to leave, boy.
Back in the City
Back in the City
Back in the City of Thebes

But the Thracian girls really knock me out
They leave the west behind

And Lydian girls make me sing and shout

And Persia's always on my my my my my my my my my mind

DIONYSUS:

Oh, show me round your seven-gated place down south.

Cadmus filled this state with charm.

Let me hear your double *auloi* ringing out.

Come keep your *betairos* warm

DIONYSUS AND CHORUS:

I'm back in the City of Thebes

Hey, it would be crazy to leave, boy.

Back in the City of Thebes

CM5:

Oh, let me tell you honey!

DIONYSUS Exits Center as the chorus is finishing.

CHORUS gathers, sitting on the stairs.

CM1: Good to see that the party's back in town.

CM2: Heck yeah. Last night I frolicked through so many fields, I don't even know how I ended up back at home.

CM3: Yeah, everyone's been pretty wound up lately. Setting fires, eating flowers, pretending to be unicorns...

CM4: Well, have you seen the cover of Rolling *Λιθος* magazine? Dionysus is back in Thebes!

CM5: We we we so excited! We so excited!

CM1: Are you still listening to your Western pop music? It's all about Ishtar and the Gates, man. Anything from across the pond, really...

CM3: You know, Agave? It's so refreshing to have you on our side. I really didn't think that you'd be interested in hanging out with us, what, with your son Pentheus trying to shut everything down...

AGAVE: I know. I mean, I tried with the boy. I really did, but once we sent him to the Center for Sophistic Youth for a couple of terms, nothing was ever the same. Who knows what happened there...

CM3: And Dionysus? He's your nephew, right?

CM4 and 5: Squeeee!

AGAVE: Yes, my sister's kid. You know my sister, right? Excuse me. *Knew* my sister. That was quite a mess to clean up... Literally. You always know that affairs with the gods are going to end badly, but I think the bolt of lightning took us all by surprise...

CM2: Uhhh...guys? What's going on over there?

CHORUS turns to look at TIRESLAS, who is groping around in the background, obviously trying to get somewhere.

TIRESIAS: *feeling a column* Oh, Helene, it's so good to see you!

CM3: Oh, it's just your friendly neighborhood blind prophet going out for his daily walk.

CM1: He looks pretty dressed up for a daily walk.

CM5: (*Admiring his outfit*) By Apollo, he's so ready for spring this year.

TIRESIAS: What was that?

CM2: (*making a motion toward TIRESLAS*) Uhhh...sir? Do you need any help?

TIRESIAS: Could one of you point me toward the palace? I'm trying to find Cadmus.

Shouting out directions one after another

CM4: A little over to your right.

CM5: To the left.

CM1: Almost. To the right!

CM2: Warmer, warmer...

CM3: You're burning up!

CM4: No, wait! To your left! Ohhhh...colder.

CM5: Turn around! Turn around!

CM3 gets frustrated and places him in front of the curtain.

CM3: Right there.

TIRESIAS: Thank you, young lady.

(Yelling into the palace) Cadmus! Cadmus are you ready?!?

CADMUS: (*offstage*) I'll be out in a minute!

TIRESIAS: Hurry up! We have a date to go frolic in the fields.

CADMUS dramatically enters and strikes a pose.

CADMUS: So, what do you think?

TIRESIAS: (*walks over to Cadmus and starts touching his face, hair, dress: Cadmus looks mildly uncomfortable*) You look great.

CADMUS: So are we really the only ones going?

TIRESIAS: I think so. For one reason or another, the men just aren't feeling the Dionysus love.

CADMUS: I have no idea why. Have you heard the new album?

TIRESIAS: "General Achilles' Lonely Myrmidon Amy"?

Yeah...it's pretty great.

CHORUS cheers.

CADMUS: Seriously, could anyone but a god do this?

Tries to imitate DIONYSUS' dancing. Falls over.

Ow!

CM4: Obviously not...

CM1: Hey, here comes Pentheus!

CM2: Oh man. He does NOT look happy.

CM3: Quick! Put the magazines away!

CM4: But! But...! *Reaches for the magazines as CM3 tears them away.*

PENTHEUS enters in a rush. Not happy.

PENTHEUS: I came as soon as I could.

(Stops and looks at the two old men.) What on earth are you two wearing?

CADMUS: Haven't you heard? Fawn skin is back in for spring this year.

TIRESIAS: Bring on the leopard print!

PENTHEUS: Not you, too! Is this about Dionysus? I've heard some stories and I have to tell you: I'm not happy about it. The women are staying out late, cavorting in the woods, dancing, waving around their magic wands or whatever they are. Showing bare ankles... It's scandalous! The indecency! The immorality!

(Shaking a fist) NEFAS!

CM3: *(Loud aside)* Was that Latin?

She gets hushed by other chorus members.

CADMUS: Pentheus, I know that I put a lot of pressure on you when I retired, but just because you're the king doesn't mean you have to be such a party-pooper. Lighten up!

TIRESIAS: You know you want to... Come on, Pentheus.

Everyone's doing it.

PENTHEUS: I will NOT be a party to this nonsense. What is it with this guy? He has some hits over in Phrygia and thinks that he can waltz on over to Thebes and call himself a god! Not on my watch!

YOU SHOULD FOLLOW ME – (to the tune of “You Belong With Me – Taylor Swift)

I'm on the phone with my mother, she's upset
She's going off about something that I said
She doesn't see the danger like I do

You're in your room, it's a typical Tuesday night
You listen to the kind of music I just don't like.

And you'll never see things clearly like I do

But he wears fawn skin, I wear chitons
He's in the spotlight and I'm clipping coupons
Dreaming 'bout the day when you wake up and find
That this new god of yours exists just in your minds.

If you could see that I'm the one who understands you
Been here all along so why can't you see?
You should follow me.
You should follow me.

This is a man that is clearly full of schemes.
I keep on thinking this is how it shouldn't be.
Sitting on the stoa steps crying to myself
It's making me queasy!

And you've got the sense that once built up this whole town
I haven't seen it in awhile, since he brought you down
You say you're fine, I know you better than that
Hey, whatcha doing with a “god” like that?

He rides panthers, I have allergies.
He's causing riots and I'm signing treaties.
Dreaming about the day when you wake up and find
That this new god of yours exists just in your minds.

If you could see that I'm the one who understands you
Been here all along so why can't you see?

You should follow me.

Sacrificing only to the real gods,

All this time how could you not know, baby?

This is blasphemy.

This is blasphemy.

This is blasphemy.

Have you ever thought just maybe,

You should follow me?

You should follow me.

CADMUS: Pentheus, we appreciate the effort. We really do, but do you see the smoking pile of cinders over there? Where his mother got struck by lightning? It's STILL burning. Years later! I'm sorry, but he's a god!

PENTHEUS: This coming from the man that planted a bunch of dragon's teeth in his garden...

CADMUS: It WORKED, didn't it?

PENTHEUS: I mean, it seems like a bit of a roundabout way to get people to help you out with manual labor, but...I'm getting off topic! Tiresias, you usually give such...mediocre...advice. But this is just crazy!

TIRESIAS: I just want to dance...dance...dance...

CM2: Uh try not to spin around too fast, you're going to get sick.

PENTHEUS: (annoyed) Anyway, I plan to take an absolutely aggressive stance on pursuing justice for this fraud of a god. We should be having good, clean fun. These rock concerts are disrupting everything and I am in charge. Do you hear me? IN CHARGE.

CADMUS: Everyone already knows you're in charge, P. Letting us frolic with the greatest god ever, isn't going to change anything. We just want some new music, and credit to go where it deserves.

TIRESIAS: I JUST WANT TO DANCE.

CADMUS: Exactly, so give the man a break and get on the party train.

PENTHEUS: You...you...you...you Trojan horses! Now listen here, and listen well young'uns...

CM3: Young'uns? How old are YOU? 12?

PENTHEUS: (*buffy*) I have already caught several of these (*air-quotes*) "nature-loving" women frolicking around in the fields like this is Harry Potter or something. Every single one that I catch goes straight to jail. My command from here on is this: Every woman seen following this stranger and cavorting outside of their homes goes straight to prison. PRISON.

TIRESIAS: (pauses) Whoa.

CADMUS: Double whoa.

CM2: Harry Potter?

CM3: It's just our token anachronistic pop culture reference...

CM2: Oh...

PENTHEUS: Furthermore, this man is not a god. Just because you wear leopard print, doesn't mean that you're a god. Is fiddlesticks over there a god? No. That there is some air-tight logic. If I see this stranger myself, I'll...I'll kill him just to end this madness.

TIRESIAS: Harsh.

PENTHEUS: You old fraud. Stop pretending. I know you're just trying to upset me. Probably being bribed with new fashions just to do so.

CM3: You disrespect your elders, sir!

TIRESIAS: We know your sensitive, but you're wrong, most def.
One day, the great rockstar god Dionysus will build it, and you
will come...well...he'll put on one heck of a music number and
you won't be able to stay away! Group hug?

CHORUS starts to rise off stairs.

PENTHEUS: Don't touch me! Why on earth should I believe
that Dionysus is worth all of this brazen debauchery?

TIRESIAS: Well, I could give you some vague and cryptic
prophecies or we could have a rousing song and dance number.

PENTHEUS: I have a feeling which one you're going to
choose...

PENTHEUS sulks on a column.

TIRESIAS – “Save a Horse Ride a Cowboy” (Authors' Note:
Don't ask. Rachel will make it work. And it will be AWESOME.)

SAVE A HORSE, RIDE A COWBOY – Big and Rich

CHORUS: *(Intro)*

DUM-DE-DE-DUM, DE-DE-DUM-DE-DE-DUM, DE-DAA-
DAAAAA

DUM-DE-DE-DUM, DE-DE-DUM-DE-DE-DUM, DE-DAA-
DAA-DAA-DAA-DAAAA!

TIRESIAS:

Well, he walks into the room

Passing out hundred drachma bills

And it kills and it thrills like the gates on my Mycenaean hill

And he buys the bar a double round

And everybody's getting down

An' this town ain't never gonna be the same.

CHORUS and TIRESIAS:

'Cause he saddles up his panther

And he rides into the city

The girls make a lot of noise

Cause that god

He is so pretty

Riding around the agora

On his old stud Satyr

And the girls say

Save a distaff, Grab a thyrsus.

Everybody says

Save a distaff, Grab a thyrsus

TIRESIAS:

Well I don't give a dang about nothing

And he's singing; pipes are ringing

While the girls are drinking

ALL:

Unmixed wine!!

TIRESIAS:

And I wouldn't trade ol' Bacchus

For your Phoebus or your Artemis

Or Asclepius

He's the only Achilles left in this town

CHORUS and TIRESIAS:

'Cause he saddles up his panther

And he rides into the city

The girls make a lot of noise

Cause that god

He is so pretty
Riding around the agora
On his old stud satyr
And the girls say
Save a distaff, grab a thyrsus.
Everybody says
Save a distaff, Grab a thyrsus
What? What?
Save a distaff, Grab a thyrsus
Everybody says
Save a distaff, grab a thyrsus.

PENTHEUS: (*apostrophe to the audience*) I hate musicals. Good Zeus, how did I end up here? Anyone who finds this stranger, stone him!

PENTHEUS *shoos them offstage in disgust.*

CADMUS: (*as he's being dragged along*) That ended well...
(*CADMUS and TIRESLAS exit*)

PENTHEUS: (*Distraught*) Just because I'm not frolicking over there on a Wednesday night, people think that I don't know how to have fun. I mean, I occasionally indulge in a plate of roasted lamb (sauce on the side), and I've been know to throw a discus around on some weekends. Hey, when I'm feeling a little crazy, I break out some lyric poetry on my antique *kithara*, but this Dionysus nonsense? Back in my day we sacrificed to real gods. Okay, so "back in my day" was, like, yesterday, but the point still stands! This new cult could undermine the hierarchy and life as we know it! Not to mention the fact that the guitar solos are a little hard on my ears...

(*Enter SERVANT with a tied up DIONYSUS, disguised as the STRANGER. CHORUS comes in excitedly stalking the STRANGER. STRANGER dances in.*)

SERVANT: (*dragging Dionysus and kind of tired*). Ugh, I've got one of them. Calls himself the "Manager." I found him out in the hills surrounded by screaming women. It was a mess getting him out of there. Saw my life flash before my eyes.

PENTHEUS: Excellent, excellent! (*To the STRANGER*) You would make the worst dressed list in King's Business Monthly, every week! By Apollo, what's with all the leopard print?!

STRANGER: It's very flattering isn't it?

PENTHEUS: For an Athenian, maybe... What are you doing here?

CM5: (*whisper scream*) Being awesome!

SERVANT: Being a pain in the *pugos*...

STRANGER: I have been initiated into these rights, the rights of rock, by the great god Dionysus. We're on our tour of Hellas, spreading joy where we go.

PENTHEUS: You're undermining all our women with this music cult thing. All of a sudden, they think there's some kind of world outside of the house. The weaving is not getting done. I'm going to get you, I'm I'm I'm going to cut off your hair.

PENTHEUS/DIONYSUS SONG – "DREAM ON"

SERVANT: (*Desperately launches at them to break them apart*)

Enough! I'm sorry, but that REALLY needed to stop.

CM1: For someone that hates musicals, he sure sings a lot.

CM2: Good observation, Sherlock.

CM3: I'm also pretty sure that was a lame rip off of "Glee"

CM4: Glee?

CM3: (*patronizingly patting her on the shoulder*) Just another one of those anachronistic pop culture references... You'll get the hang of it eventually...

PENTHEUS: Chain him up, I have women to arrest.

PENTHEUS leads them offstage. SERVANT drags off the STRANGER.

STRANGER: (*as he's being lead offstage*) Not a good idea, my friend.

CM4: Obvi

CM2: He's a weird one isn't he?

CM3: But he comes from a great family though and you need that in a leader, or history just decides to forget you.

CM5: Like the Doodles of Bobunk.

CM1: Who?

CM5: Exactly.

CM4: (*wistfully*) I wish Dionysus was here.

CM3: *Were*. You wish Dionysus *were* here. Optative of Impossible Wish... (*starts to cry*)

CM2: (*offers CM3 wine*) Wine?

CM3: Only if it comes in a *kylix*.

DIONYSUS/STRANGER enters from the center.

STRANGER: 'Sup guys.

CM1: You're back!

CM2: Did they tie you up?

CM3: Was it horrible?

CM4: How did you escape?

CM5: (*whisper scream*) I love you!

STRANGER: Uh, yeah. Well, Pentheus is a little exhausted right now. His nurse just put him down for a nap. You see, Bacchus created this decoy for me so I could escape and Pentheus, in a fit of childish tears tried to take it down. If he were trying out for

football, he'd be a defensive linemen. It was actually pretty impressive. Stupid, but impressive.

CM2: You've got style.

CM3: I feel like we should honor that with something

CM5: With an interpretive dance?

CM2: No! With an ode.

CM1: With esoteric vocabulary and complex sentence structure.

CM3: With the passive periphrastic?

CM4: With the future subjunctive!

CM1: (*Slaps CM4*) Dishonor!

CM5: Maybe we should just stick to song...

CHORUS NUMBER: "Zero to Hero"

Bless my soul

That god was on a roll

Person of the week in ev'ry Theban voting poll

What a pro

Bacchus stops the show

Put him up on a stage and you're talking SRO

He was a no one

A zero, zero

Back from the Near East

He's a hero

Here's a guy with his lyre down pat

From zero to hero in no time flat

Zero to hero just like that

When he smiled

The girls went wild with

oohs and aahs

And they slapped his face
On ev'ry vase
(on ev'ry "vase")

From wine-filled days and smoldering ways
Our Bacc caused women to burn
Now concert rich and famous
He could tell you
What the leopards spurn.

Say amen
There he goes again
Smart and really awesome
And a total 10 for 10
Folks line up
Just to watch him sing
And this perfect package
partied better than the king.

Bacchus, he comes
He sees, he conquers
Honey, the crowds were
Going bonkers
He showed the moxie, brains, and spunk
From zero to hero a major hunk
Zero to hero and who'da thunk?

Who put the rock in total rockstar?
Dionysus!
Whose daring deeds are great theater?

Dionysus!
Isn't he bold?
No one braver
Isn't he sweet?
Our fav'rite flavor!
Dionysus, Dionysus,
Dionysus, Dionysus
Dionysus, Dionysus

PENTHEUS enters as the chorus is finishing the song.

PENTHEUS: (*raging*) By Zeus, why can't you just stay locked in a closet?

CM4: You can't lock the dude in a closet. The dude locks closets in closets.

CM2: That didn't really work.

CM4: No it didn't, did it?

Herdsman (comes running in pathologically paranoid): The horrors!! THE HORRORS!!!

CM2: The horrors?!?!?

CM3: HIDE!

(Everyone except CMs 4 and 5 duck and cover; they get grabbed by CM3)

PENTHEUS: What on earth has gone wrong now?

HERDMAN: (out of breath, bending over to recover): Just give me a second.

PENTHEUS: (tapping his foot): Hurry up...

HERDMAN: (recovering) Could I get a glass of water or something? I mean, I just ran a mile and I'm pretty sure I'm dehydrated. And that can kill you! The world is spinning...

PENTHEUS: Get on with it.

HERDSMAN: Okay, okay. But if I pass out and die, you'll have to answer to my mom.

THIS BACCHIC COMPANY – (to the tune of the “Virginia Company” from Disney’s Pocahontas)

HERDSMAN:

In the ancient land Thebes
They frolic wild and free
All foaming at the mouth
They do not seem good Company

For their New World is not heaven
And those deer aren’t rich and free
They grabbed themselves a hold
and tore apart the poor bambis.

So you have been told by me
of this weird Company

PENTHEUS: Wait, what?!?!

HERDSMAN (*repeats*):

All foaming at the mouth
They do not seem good Company!

CM4: Torn apart? Does that mean they’re...dead?

CM1: Are there any boats leaving for the Cyclades in the next few hours?

CM2: Those deer always did eat all the flowers.

PENTHEUS: Wait, wait, I need to know more!

HERDSMAN:

In the forests of dear Thebie
They frolic like crazy
There they dance around a tree
Eating flowers, way too free
CM3: Isn’t that a little dangerous

CM5: No, delicious

HERDSMAN:

With this story for my Kingie
And sanity intact for me
And all the rest’ll go

To that poor bacchic Company
It’s magic wands and music

That poor Bacchic Company

CM4: Dude, that’s awesome.

PENTHEUS: That’s it! Shut it down! Bring in the SWAT team.

STRANGER: Seriously, chill.

PENTHEUS: I will not!

STRANGER: Yes, you will, because we can fix this.

CHORUS (all together): We can?

CM4: YES WE CAN!

CM4 high-fives CM 5

PENTHEUS: What do you mean, “we can?”

STRANGER: Look, I’ll bring all the frolicking women here and we’ll put on a big show. You’ll see how harmless it is, how awesome Dionysus is, and after we rock out, we’ll just send the women home to make sure the children haven’t run away yet.

CM2: I like it.

CM3: He has the best ideas doesn’t he?

PENTHEUS: (talking to himself) this is probably a trap...

CM1: Uh, Dionysus is a god. Why would he need to trap you?

PENTHEUS: I'm just not comfortable with a big show. But I do need to see exactly what's going on.

CM3: Just like Oedipus. He always has to know...

CM2: Yeah...I feel like Tiresias should have kept the lid on that one...

STRANGER: You really want to see this? You're sure?

PENTHEUS: Bring it.

CM1: Oh, it's already been brought!

The rest of the CHORUS gives her a dirty look.

STRANGER: Well, you're going to have to look the part...

CHORUS: *(clapping and jumping in the air)* Fashion show! Fashion show! Fashion show at lunch!

(TIRESIUS AND CADMUS enter, running and waving all sorts of fabric and ribbons in the air!)

I FEEL PRETTY (To the tune of "I Feel Pretty" from WSS)

CHORUS

I feel pretty

Oh so pretty

I feel pretty and witty and gay

And I pity

Any king who isn't you today

I feel cunning

Oh so cunning

It's alarming how cunning I feel

And so pretty

That I hardly can believe I'm real

See the pretty king in that mirror there?

Who can that attractive king be?

TIRESIAS AND CADMUS

Such a pretty face

Such a pretty cloak

Such a pretty smile

Such a pretty you!

PENTHEUS:

I feel stunning

And so cunning

Feel like running

right into the woods

For I'm coming

To spy on them not as a boy

ALL:

He feels stunning

And so cunning

Feels like running

right into the woods

For he's coming

To spy on them not as a boy!

PENTHEUS ends up going behind the curtain to get dressed.

STRANGER: *(evil laugh)* Ladies, we've got this in the bag. He looks ridiculous, and I'm going to make it so much worse. Worse than changing the major on his liberal arts degree from political science to underwater glass blowing. Ladies, it's time to go set some fires.

Exit STRANGER

CM3: I don't know about you, but I'm excited.

CM1: We're going to put on a better show than the one done by Charon and the Styx.

CM5: Go find some grapes and flowers. It's pre-gaming time.

THIS! IS! THEBES! *(epic kick at CM4. Fail.)*

CM4: TOGA. TOGA.

CHORUS: TOGA! TOGA! TOGA!

CM3: Guys. What do you think this is? Rome?

CM2: (*stating slowly*) PEPLOS. PEPLOS.

CHORUS: PEPLOS! PEPLOS! PEPLOS!

CHORUS exits, running.

Enter STRANGER

STRANGER: (*leans over toward the curtain*) Hey, Pentheus, are you almost done in there?

PENTHEUS: *from behind the curtain* I am NOT coming out.

STRANGER: Oh, come on. I'm sure you look fine.

PENTHEUS: I look ridiculous! No, this is just...this is not happening.

STRANGER: Oh come on, you're never going to infiltrate the cesspool of depravity and sin like that. Remember? Restoring decency? Moral superiority? Proving yourself right? Doesn't that sound nice?

PENTHEUS: *poking his head out of the curtain* Well, I do like feeling morally superior... If you're sure that taking them down from the inside will work, I *suppose* I could come out.

STRANGER: That's it. Come on out.

PENTHEUS shyly slips out from behind the curtain. The Stranger looks delighted and tried to stifle a laugh.

PENTHEUS: *self-consciously* Does this *peplos* make me look fat?

STRANGER: You look fine! You just need a little more ivy going on over here... And maybe a little more fawn skin over here... Perfect! I think you're ready!

PENTHEUS: Are you sure this is going to work?

STRANGER: What could possibly go wrong? You know you want to see what they're doing down there.

PENTHEUS: Yeah...

STRANGER: And what did I tell you?

PENTHEUS: *meekly* I will not be afraid of women.

STRANGER: I can't hear you!

PENTHEUS: I WILL NOT BE afraid of women!

STRANGER: I still think you can do better...

PENTHEUS: *singing* I will not be afraid of women. I WILL NOT BE AFRAID OF WOMEN!

STRANGER: Well, I think you're ready. Shall we?

PENTHEUS: I've got a bad feeling about this...

The STRANGER grabs PENTHEUS' hand and leads him offstage. Once they're gone, the CHORUS rushes in, excited and dressed up. They gather and wait, excitedly for the show.

CM4: Oh my goodness! Can you believe it? Dionysus is going to be here! Here!

CM5: I know! I had to break out my good thyrsus for this one.

CM1: Look! It's starting! It's starting!

DIONYSUS enters through the curtain. The CHORUS screams and waves their thyrses around.

DIONYSUS starts his performance. The CHORUS goes crazy.

DIONYSUS – “Hound Dog” Elvis

You ain't nothin' but gorgon

Starin' all the time

You ain't nothin' but a gorgon

Starin' all the time

Well, you ain't never caught a hero

And you ain't no friend of mine

Homer said you was high-classed

Well, that was just a lie

Homer said you was high-classed

Well, that was just a lie
Well, you ain't never caught a hero
And you ain't no friend of mine

You ain't nothin' but gorgon
Starin' all the time
You ain't nothin' but a gorgon
Starin' all the time
Well, you ain't never caught a hero
And you ain't no friend of mine

PENTHEUS sneaks into the crowd in the middle of the song, careful not to be noticed.

DIONYSUS finishes; the CHORUS goes wild

DIONYSUS: Thank you! Thank you! And I want to say we've got a special guest in our audience tonight. He's Athens hottest new artist: Solon the Musicmaker! And he's right over there, ladies!

CHORUS screams and chases PENTHEUS out of his hiding spot.

PENTHEUS: No! No! I AM afraid of women! I AM afraid of women!

PENTHEUS gets chased/carried(?) offstage by the CHORUS

DIONYSUS: Well, that went well. Anyone out there still think that I'm not a god? Yeah...I didn't think so.

DIONYSUS proudly saunters offstage

Half of the CHORUS enters, tired and a little sick.

CM1: Ughhh... I think I accidentally ate a deer last night. I don't feel so good...

CM2: Hey, where's Agave? I haven't seen her in a while.

CM3: I think we lost her somewhere in between crowd surfing and chasing down that group of shepherds.

CM4: *Tired and nursing a headache, weakly* Partying, partying. Yeah...

CM5: Yeah...I feel like there are a lot fewer people here than normal...

AGAVE and the rest of the CHORUS enters, excitedly. AGAVE is waving around something that looks like the robe that PENTHEUS was wearing.

CM1: There you are! We've been looking for you everywhere since we split up last night. What happened to you guys?

CM4: (*Shrinking at the noise*) Hey, can you guys keep it down a little bit?

AGAVE: Well, we finally got Solon cornered by the oath stone at the agora. You would NOT believe the number of souvenirs we got off of him.

CM3: I'm sort of afraid to ask...

AGAVE: (*Waving the robe*) Look what I got!

CM2: Umm....Agave? You might want to take a look at that nametag.

CM5: P-P-Pen...Pent. No. Penf...Ugh. Greek looks so weird in all capital letters.

CM3: Agave? I'm pretty sure you just ripped off your son's clothes.

AGAVE: Ai! Ai! Oimoi! Woe! Woe is me!

CM1: Oh no! And there was all that blood this morning. You don't think? Do you?

CM2: (*Puzzled*) I don't know. I distinctly remember limbs flying everywhere, but I just can't place it...

AGAVE: OIMOI! Ai! AI!

CHORUS looks horrified. Laments.

PENTHEUS: (*Poking his head out from behind the curtain, careful to stay covered up*) Ummm... guys? A little help here?

CHORUS: PENTHEUS! Oh my Zeus! You're alive! And not in pieces!

AGAVE throws him the sheet and he changes behind the curtain.

CM3: (*While they're waiting*) Well, this is awkward...

After a few seconds, PENTHEUS comes out, fully dressed, but quite disheveled.

PENTHEUS: I got away right before they started on the deer!

CM3: That explains all the blood...

CM5: I literally have nooooo memory of that...

AGAVE: Pentheus! My son! I'm so glad to see you! I'm so sorry about that...

PENTHEUS: (*Backing away uncomfortably*) Yeah, mom...I don't think I'm ready for hugs just yet. (*pointing at the CHORUS*) You!

You are going to have such bad reputations after all of this.

AGAVE:

Us? What about you?

PENTHEUS:

Well, I mean... I'm the king. I'll shake this off. But, you... aren't you supposed to be weaving or something?

AGAVE:

(*Pushing him out of the way*) Excuse me! Want to know what I think?
Chorus!

CHORUS gathers behind AGAVE.

BAD REPUTATION (To the tune of Bad Reputation by Joan Jett)

AGAVE:

I don't give a damn 'bout my reputation
You're living in the past it's a new generation

A girl can do what she wants to do and that's
What I'm gonna do
An' I don't give a damn 'bout my bad reputation

CHORUS:

Oh no not me
No no no no no
Not her her her her

AGAVE:

An' I don't give a damn 'bout your loser sedation
said I'm all about this Bacchic revelation
An' I'm only doin' good
When I'm havin' fun
I won't stop the frolic for none
An' I don't give a damn
'Bout my bad reputation

CHORUS: Oh no, not me
Oh no, not me

AGAVE AND CHORUS:

I don't give a damn
'Bout my bad reputation
I've never been afraid of godly deviation
An' I don't really care
If ya think I'm strange
Thebes is gonna change
An' I'm never gonna care
'Bout my bad reputation

Oh no, not me

Oh no, not me

AGAVE:

Pedal girls!

AGAVE: *(to PENTHEUS)* Do you really want to send us back to the weaving?

The CHORUS gathers around PENTHEUS looking threatening.

PENTHEUS shrinks back.

PENTHEUS: No, mom!

CM2: OH my goodness! Here comes Dionysus!

(DIONYSUS enters crowded by the CHORUS)

DIONYSUS: Well, well. Looks like you had a good night...

PENTHEUS: I spent most of it hiding in a ditch naked, trying to avoid women and deer limbs!

CM5: *(perplexed)* I STILL have no memory of the deer...

DIONYSUS: Well maybe if you had just listened to me from the beginning...

CM5: *(Fawning)* Yeah, he's a GOD!

PENTHEUS: I get it. I get it. You're good. We're good! No more undercover experiments.

AGAVE: *(intervening)* Now, now. You two are cousins. You can work something out.

PENTHEUS and DIONYSUS: *(reaching out to touch, perplexed)*

Cousins...?

DIONYSUS: You know, I don't have the whole market cornered on this whole rock star thing...

PENTHEUS: *(bashfully flattered)* I don't know... Do you think it will work?

DIONYSUS: *(Sticks a Beatles wig on PENTHEUS)* We'll make it work!

PENTHEUS and CHORUS – “Twist and Shout” The Beatles

Well, shake it up, chorus, now, (shake it up, chorus)

Dithyramb. (Dithyramb)

Cmon cmon, cmon, cmon, chorus, now, (come on chorus)

Don't have any Bacchic doubts. (Bacchic doubts)

Well, work it on out, honey. (work it on out)

You know you know it looks so good. (looks so good)

You know you got me goin, now, (got me goin)

Just like you knew you would. (like you knew you would, oooh!)

Well, shake it up, chorus, now, (shake it up, chorus)

Dithyramb. (Dithyramb)

Cmon, cmon, cmon, cmon, chorus, now, (come on chorus)

Don't have any Bacchic doubts. (Bacchic doubts, oooh!)

You know you wanna go to Delos, (wanna go to Delos)

Honor the god of wine. (god of wine)

Come on and dance a little closer, now, (dance a little closer)

And let me know that you're mine. (let me know you're mine oooh)

Well, shake it, shake it, shake it, chorus, now. (shake it up chorus)

Well, shake it, shake it, shake it, chorus, now. (shake it up chorus)

Well, shake it, shake it, shake it, chorus, now. (shake it up chorus)

Ahhhhhhhhhh(low) Ahhhhhhhhhhh(higher)

Ahhhhhhhhhh(higher) Ah!(high)

