



Edward de Grazia

MYRTILUS
A Play in One Act
by
Edward de Grazia

Characters:
MYRTILUS
HIPPODAMEIA
OENOMAUUS
PELOPS

SCENE I —

By a stream. A red royal chariot of Pisa, unhitched. HIPPODAMEIA is lolling against the chariot as MYRTILUS finishes bathing his face and neck from the stream. Afternoon.

HIPPO Oh Myrt! What a ride!
MYRT Did you like it?
HIPPO Oh Myrt, it was divine!
MYRT I'm glad you liked it!
HIPPO You drove like the . . . wind.
MYRT My lady,
HIPPO Like Boreas! The great north wind . . .
MYRT My lady!
HIPPO Myrt! Remember the story of how the world began?
MYRT (Approaching, but dissembling toward the chariot) It *is* a fine chariot, isn't it?
HIPPO (Gesturing with her hands) In the beginning, Eurynome, the Goddess of All Things . . .
MYRT Feel this grain! (He feels it)
HIPPO (Pantomining) . . . rose naked from Chaos. But finding nothing substantial for her feet to rest upon . . .
MYRT Look at these joints! (He fingers some)
HIPPO (Pantomining) . . . she divided the sea from the sky, dancing lonely upon the waves . . .
MYRT See these spokes! (He handles them)
HIPPO (Pantomiming) Then dancing toward the South she set the wind in motion behind her . . .

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MYRT And look at this wheel! (He lifts the chariot and spins the wheel)

HIPPO (Pantomiming) . . . when, wheeling about, she caught hold of this north wind . . . and stroked it with her hands. Behold! The great serpent Ophion!

MYRT It's the wheel that lets a chariot go . . . (Spinning it)

HIPPO (Pantomiming with agitation) . . . Eurynome danced to warm herself. Wildly . . . and more wildly until . . .

MYRT There's an axle that lets the wheel go round . . . (Setting down the chariot and pointing)

HIPPO (As before) . . . Ophion, grown lustful, coiled about those divine limbs . . . and . . .

MYRT But it's a pin that holds the wheel fast on . . . (Pointing)

HIPPO (Slowing to stare at his action) . . . was moved . . . to couple . . . with . . . (pause) . . . say . . . ?

MYRT (Withdrawing the pin) Look at this pin! (The wheel falls off and the chariot sags; Myrt sprawls on the ground, trying to save it from collapse; Hippo sprawls atop him.)
Myrt!

HIPPO (As always, averting his eyes) My lady!

MYRT You weren't listening!

HIPPO Listening?

MYRT To the story of Eurynome, Goddess of All Things . . .

MYRT Oh my lady! I know who is the Goddess of All Things . . .

HIPPO Myrt!

MYRT My lady!

(Pause)

HIPPO Myrt? In the story, Eurynome was got with child by the north wind . . .

MYRT Mares do it, my lady!

HIPPO Mares! Myrt!

MYRT The Queen's own mares . . . my lady.

HIPPO My pretty mares! Myrt?

MYRT They'll turn their hind quarters to the wind . . .

HIPPO Myrt!

MYRT . . . and drop foals without aid of any stallion!

HIPPO Oh Myrt! (Hugging him)

MYRT My lady . . .

HIPPO You drove like the wind; didn't you!

(Pause)

MYRT I've driven all my . . . life.

HIPPO Like Boreas, the great north wind . . .

(Pause)

MYRT I'm the King's charioteer.

HIPPO But oh Myrt! Look what you've done to our poor chariot!

MYRT Oh my lady! Have no fear . . . (Making to rise)

HIPPO (Restraining him) Wait, Myrt! I don't mind . . .

MYRT Don't mind . . . ?
 HIPPO . . . the way it looks.
 MYRT The way it looks?
 HIPPO You made it all fall down.
 MYRT I was showing my lady what lets a chariot go.
 HIPPO How was it you made it all fall down?
 MYRT I drew this pin.
 HIPPO That pin?
 MYRT It holds the wheel fast on.
 HIPPO That pin!
 MYRT When you draw out the pin . . .
 HIPPO It all falls down!
 MYRT For the wheel does not stay on.
 HIPPO Oh Myrt! You're a genius!
 MYRT My lady.
 HIPPO Wouldn't you like to rest your head?
 MYRT My head?
 HIPPO On your lady's lap?
 MYRT Her lap?
 HIPPO Don't be ashamed!
 MYRT I . . .
 HIPPO You're the King's own charioteer!
 MYRT I . . .
 HIPPO Trusted beyond all others.
 MYRT I . . .
 HIPPO Strong! (She releases him) Brave! (He stands) Tall! (He stiffens) Ever loyal! (He salutes) Oh, MYRT! If *only* you had . . . blue blood.
 MYRT I . . .
 HIPPO Come back down and put your head on my lap!
 MYRT (Dropping on his knees) My lady!
 HIPPO Come on! (Taking his head in her hands and rolling him onto his side) There's a boy! Father's loyal charioteer! Put your head on mother's big soft lap . . .
 MYRT I . . .
 HIPPO (Caressing his hair) There, there, little Myrt! There, there, good old Myrt! Close your eyes, dear sweet Myrt . . . and answer me . . . these questions . . .
 MYRT My . . . lady . . .
 HIPPO Have you *never* dreamed of being King?
 MYRT Being . . . (He convulses)
 HIPPO There, there, little Myrt! Close your eyes! Think of me!
 MYRT Being . . . (He twitches once more and grows still)
 HIPPO *Everyone* dreams of being King! Except the Queen. And I'm the Queen.
 MYRT You're the . . .
 HIPPO Have you looked at the King lately? Father's grown old.

(Pause) Don't you think? (He only trembles) Close your eyes! Dear, sweet Myrt. (Pause) You know what's a King? A King's a big man. He's the Queen's big man. You know what's the Queen? The Queen's Mother of All Things. She's mother of the King. *She's* everlasting. It's the Queen takes a King. (She caresses him and he trembles) Lie still, little Myrt! (He lies still) A King is magic . . . while he's King. Everyone who sees the King, better watch out! to keep him safe and sound. When the King grows old . . . you take a new King. It's the Queen gives life to all living things. It's the King gives all things health. When a King's foot passes, the grass springs up for joy. He fructifies. You could fructify . . . Myrt?

MYRT
HIPPO

I . . .
Lie still, little Myrt! (Pause) You'd be sacred if you were King. It's the Queen makes you sacred. So you can fertilize the fields. And make the rain fall. So the corn will grow tall, And the rivers run. (Pause) A King's a very great man. But Myrt, it's the Queen makes a King . . .

MYRT
HIPPO

I . . .
Hush, little Myrt! (Pause) Think of me, the Queen! Now dream you are the King! Lie still and close your eyes! Now, how could you be King? You'd have to grow so high! You could almost touch the sky. Your arms would be so strong. They could heave a big bull down. Your eyes would see so far. They'd tell the mystery in every star. You'd be sacred! Myrt! And you would live with the Queen! (Pause) Myrt? (Pause) Little Myrt? Why should you tremble? (Pause) Say how you feel!

MYRT
HIPPO

I . . . I . . . never could be King!

OENOMAUS

Poor, dear, Myrt! Yes! Yes, you could! (She kisses him on the lips and they roll behind the chariot)

(Entering on foot, dragging a great bronze spear) He spots the chariot but seems not to notice the lovers who seem not to notice him) Look at that wagon! (He approaches it)

HIPPO
(Pause)

Oh Myrt!

OENOMAUS
HIPPO

Feel that grain! (He feels it)

Oh Myrt!

(Pause)

OENOMAUS
HIPPO

How do you like those joints! (Fingering them)

Myrt! Myrt!

(Pause)

OENOMAUS
HIPPO

See those spokes! (Handling them)

Myrt!

(Pause)

OENOMAUS And look at this wheel!

(Pause)

HIPPO Dear, sweet, Myrt!

(Pause)

OENOMAUS It's the wheel that let's a chariot go . . .

(Pause)

HIPPO Please listen to my plan!

OENOMAUS There's an axle that lets the wheel go round . . .

HIPPO You know how with the next full moon, another great sun
goes down . . .

OENOMAUS But it's a pin that holds the wheel fast on . . .

HIPPO When Father must challenge whoever seeks . . . my hand.

OENOMAUS Someone went and drew this pin!

HIPPO And give him a lovely swift chariot . . . ?

OENOMAUS Which before always held the wheel fast on . . .

HIPPO And a brace of strong horses . . . ?

OENOMAUS For when you draw out the pin . . .

HIPPO And a long head start?

OENOMAUS The wheel does not stay on . . .

HIPPO But Father has never lost!

OENOMAUS What do you think of that!

HIPPO He always catches my sweet young lovers. From behind.
With his spear.

OENOMAUS It all falls down . . .

HIPPO Father has a dreadful spear! It's half-a-mile long!

OENOMAUS (Noticing her with Myrt) Say!

HIPPO (Noticing him) Father! (MYRT crawls like a snake into
the grass beneath the chariot)

OENOMAUS Yes.

HIPPO What are you . . . ?

OENOMAUS Where did you . . . ?

HIPPO (Rising) Father!

OENOMAUS Yes.

HIPPO Oh. (She fastens her tunic)

OENOMAUS Yes.

HIPPO It isn't broken. I'm quite sure.

OENOMAUS Not broken.

HIPPO I'm quite sure.

(Pause)

OENOMAUS Yes.

HIPPO Father?

OENOMAUS Yes.

HIPPO What are you thinking of?

OENOMAUS Thinking of.

HIPPO Not anything bad . . . ?

OENOMAUS (Walking to MYRT and resting his spear's point against
his back) Bad?

HIPPO	Father!!!!!!!
OENOMAUS	Who is it?
HIPPO	Father!
MYRT	My Lord?
OENOMAUS	It's Myrtilus.
MYRT	My Lord.
HIPPO	Father?
OENOMAUS	I thought it was someone else.
MYRT	My Lord.
(Pause)	
HIPPO	Who? Father?
OENOMAUS	I've been worried of someone else.
MYRT	It's only your lordship's loyal charioteer . . .
HIPPO	Father! Who?
OENOMAUS	What's-his-name?
MYRT	It's only Myrtilus, your Lordship.
OENOMAUS	I was about to spear you, Myrt.
MYRT	Were you, my Lord?
OENOMAUS	Yes.
MYRT	Spear me, my Lord?
HIPPO	Father! Were you?
OENOMAUS	Yes.
HIPPO	Spear Myrt, Father?
OENOMAUS	Yes.
MYRT	I see.
OENOMAUS	Do you see, Myrt?
MYRT	Yes, I see, my Lord.
OENOMAUS	I'm glad you see, Myrt.
(Pause)	
MYRT	My Lord?
OENOMAUS	Yes, Myrt.
(Pause)	
MYRT	Just my Lord.
OENOMAUS	Yes.
MYRT	My Lord?
OENOMAUS	Yes, Myrt?
MYRT	I wouldn't dream . . . of . . .
HIPPO	Myrt!!!!
OENOMAUS	Myrt?
MYRT	. . . dream of . . .
HIPPO	Myrt!
(Pause)	
OENOMAUS	Never mind, poor Myrt.
MYRT	Never mind, my Lord?
HIPPO	Never mind, you Myrt!
MYRT	Never mind, my lady . . .
OENOMAUS	You'd better get up, Myrt.

MYRT (Rising quickly) And put the wheel back on?
 OENOMAUS And put the wheel back on.
 MYRT (Straightening his clothing) And stick the pin back in?
 OENOMAUS And stick the pin back in.
 MYRT (Doing it swiftly) Yours is a very long spear, my Lord . . .
 HIPPO Oh, Myrt! (She makes to run off)
 OENOMAUS (Restraining her) Stay, my little sweetheart!
 MYRT I'll go, my Lord. (But he dallies)
 HIPPO I'm not your little sweetheart!
 MYRT Shall I go, my Lord?
 OENOMAUS You're not my little sweetheart?
 HIPPO You're too old for me!
 OENOMAUS Go, Myrt (MYRT goes behind the chariot and then be-
 neath it) Hippo, baby!
 HIPPO I'm not a baby, anymore.
 OENOMAUS Not a baby anymore?
 HIPPO I'm not a baby, anymore.
 OENOMAUS You're . . .
 HIPPO The Queen!
 OENOMAUS You're . . . ?
 HIPPO The Queen!
 (Pause)
 OENOMAUS Go, find your mother!
 HIPPO My mother!
 OENOMAUS Where is she? Find her, now!
 HIPPO My mother!
 OENOMAUS Isn't she at home?
 HIPPO (Fiercely) She's been gone since the last great sun!
 OENOMAUS She's been . . . gone . . .
 HIPPO And so I've been Queen for . . . one great sun . . .
 OENOMAUS And so you've been . . . Queen . . .
 HIPPO Oh, Father! Can't you see! (She poses, tentatively)
 OENOMAUS See . . . ?
 HIPPO (As before) How I am the Queen?
 OENOMAUS How you are . . .
 HIPPO (Abandoning it) Oh, Father! You're so old!
 OENOMAUS Old.
 HIPPO I don't know why you won't die!
 OENOMAUS Die.
 HIPPO You're doing no one good!
 OENOMAUS Good.
 HIPPO The people all are talking . . .
 OENOMAUS Talking.
 HIPPO They say, "What a shame the King won't die."
 OENOMAUS Won't die.
 HIPPO They say, "We should have a fine young King, instead."
 OENOMAUS Instead.

HIPPO "For all the rivers are running dry."
 OENOMAUS Dry.
 HIPPO "And even the corn refuses to grow."
 OENOMAUS Grow.
 HIPPO They say, "Seven great suns is long enough."
 OENOMAUS Enough. Enough.
 HIPPO They say, "Every King should take his turn and die."
 OENOMAUS And die. (Pause) And die. (With sudden fury) Damn what they say! This King won't die! They say! They say! Damn what they say!

HIPPO Father! Poor father! (Pause) Mustn't the King die?
 OENOMAUS (Calmly) My child. Come here!
 HIPPO (Approaching and letting him embrace her) Mother always taught me the King must die. She said, "It's the Queen makes a King, and the King always dies."
 OENOMAUS Your mother . . . talked too much.
 HIPPO She said long ago we had no kings, and then she said we had many. She said every great sun brought a new King. For the Queen. A young King. Young.
 OENOMAUS (Caressing her) Young.
 HIPPO A strong King. Strong!
 OENOMAUS (Caressing her) Strong.
 HIPPO A tall King. Tall. (Staring at him)
 OENOMAUS (Caressing her) Tall.
 HIPPO A handsome King! (Freeing herself) Handsome!!!
 OENOMAUS Handsome . . .
 HIPPO And one great Queen *everlasting!*
 OENOMAUS Everlasting.
 HIPPO Mother!
 OENOMAUS Everlasting . . .
 HIPPO But then she went and made *you* King.
 OENOMAUS Me, King . . .
 HIPPO And you took *more* than your turn.
 OENOMAUS My turn.
 HIPPO They made you run the chariot race. But you wouldn't let him win. And take his turn. You speared him and took his turn. You!

OENOMAUS Me.
 HIPPO And then you speared the next and took *another* turn. You!

OENOMAUS Me.
 HIPPO And another! And another! And another! (Pause) And another!!

OENOMAUS I know.
 HIPPO Even Mother said that one *had* to be the last. People were talking . . . louder . . .
 OENOMAUS . . . louder . . .

HIPPO And you said yes, the next one could win.
 OENOMAUS Win.
 HIPPO How happy I was, Father! How I danced for joy. I couldn't wait to spill the blood of my two sweetest lambs. On your alter, Father! *Yours!*
 OENOMAUS I . . .
 HIPPO But you didn't let him win, You only spilled his blood for us! At the close of the chariot's course. My poor lamb. He was so . . . young! Strong! Tall!
 OENOMAUS Handsome.
 HIPPO *Very* handsome! More even than the rest! And they'd been each more handsome than another!
 OENOMAUS Yes, yes!
 HIPPO Oh, Father! Why couldn't you let him win! I adored him so! His breath like nectar! His skin like alabaster! His eyes like shooting stars!
 OENOMAUS He couldn't drive.
 HIPPO When he took the reins in his sweet hands . . .
 OENOMAUS Lost his nerve. At every turn! I caught up . . .
 (Pause)
 HIPPO Caught up! (Pause) You sent your spear in so hard from behind . . .
 OENOMAUS Hippo!
 HIPPO Everyone laughed to see it stick out in front! How I cried!
 OENOMAUS Aw, Hippo . . . he wasn't the King for you!
 HIPPO Wasn't the . . . King . . . for me! Oh, Father! (Striking him) You're a horrid old bull! Where *is* the King for me? Tell me! Where! You've killed them all! And nailed their heads up on the wall! All of them! Seven! I count their heads each night in my dreams! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! Seven! Horrid! Horrid! Father! How I hate you! Hate you! (Striking him as before)
 OENOMAUS Did you love that last one so?
 (Pause)
 HIPPO Did I?
 OENOMAUS *What* was his name?
 HIPPO What was his name?
 OENOMAUS Yes.
 HIPPO Yes,
 (Pause)
 OENOMAUS You've forgotten.
 HIPPO Father, how could I have forgotten?
 OENOMAUS Never mind.
 HIPPO Oh, Father! Last night I dreamt a new one came!
 OENOMAUS Never mind.
 HIPPO In his own lovely, golden chariot!
 OENOMAUS Never mind.

HIPPO With his own lovely, long white spear!
 OENOMAUS Never . . . mi . . .
 HIPPO - His name was . . .
 (Pause)
 OENOMAUS His own . . . lovely, long . . . ?
 HIPPO His name was . . .
 OENOMAUS So you dreamt you found a new one.
 HIPPO Father? I don't . . . remember . . .
 OENOMAUS Was he young and strong and tall, too? Was he handsome?
 Like the rest?
 HIPPO Father? (Pause) No . . .
 OENOMAUS Or could he drive? *That's* the question. They never seem
 to understand . . .
 HIPPO Oh, Father! *Who* can drive? Against you? Tell me who!
 OENOMAUS There should be one. I know the track, that's true. But I
 give a good head start. Don't I? And a pair of the finest
 horses. Don't I? And a swift strong chariot. Don't I? If
 he can't win, does he deserve to be your King?
 HIPPO Father! Father! You have the spear! Don't you see!
 OENOMAUS See?
 HIPPO Without a spear, what's a man?
 OENOMAUS What's a man?
 HIPPO Look at me!
 OENOMAUS Look at you?
 HIPPO Don't you see?
 OENOMAUS See?
 (Pause)
 HIPPO How I need a man.
 OENOMAUS Need a man.
 (Pause)
 HIPPO How I need a King.
 OENOMAUS Need a King.
 (Pause)
 HIPPO Can't you see?
 (Long pause)
 OENOMAUS I see.
 HIPPO You *see*?
 (Pause)
 OENOMAUS You'll . . . have your King.
 HIPPO Have my . . . King?
 OENOMAUS You need a King.
 HIPPO Need . . . a King.
 OENOMAUS I see.
 HIPPO Father!
 OENOMAUS Yes, my dear.
 HIPPO Oh, Father! (Throwing herself at his feet)
 OENOMAUS There, there.

HIPPO I'm so *sorry* you must die.
 OENOMAUS There, there.
 HIPPO But you *have* grown *very* old.
 OENOMAUS There, there.
 HIPPO And every King must die.
 OENOMAUS Of course, my dear.
 HIPPO To nourish the land.
 OENOMAUS Yes, my dear.
 HIPPO And other things.
 OENOMAUS Of course.
 HIPPO (Rising) Father? Let me hold your spear?
 OENOMAUS My spear?
 HIPPO I'll give it back to you.
 OENOMAUS Back to me. (He hands it to her)
 HIPPO It's so awfully long! (Caressing it)
 OENOMAUS (Watching her) Long.
 HIPPO And sharp. (Touching its point)
 OENOMAUS Sharp.
 HIPPO Handsome, even.
 OENOMAUS Handsome?
 HIPPO I wonder how it feels being driven in from behind . . .
 OENOMAUS Behind.
 HIPPO Driven in so hard . . . it comes out in front.
 OENOMAUS In front.
 (Pause)
 HIPPO Would it make you scream?
 OENOMAUS Me scream? Me . . . ?
 HIPPO Father?
 OENOMAUS Yes. (Reaching for his spear)
 HIPPO (Withholding it) You *will* die, won't you? With the old great sun?
 OENOMAUS (Reaching again) yes, of course.
 HIPPO (Withholding again) This *coming* old great sun?
 OENOMAUS Yes, of course.
 (Pause)
 HIPPO Oh, Father! (She kisses his hand)
 OENOMAUS This coming, old great sun . . . (He takes back his spear)
 HIPPO Oh . . . Father . . . (Rising)
 OENOMAUS Well, if not this one, then perhaps the next. (Examining his spear)
 HIPPO Father!
 OENOMAUS I don't see why I should die.
 HIPPO Father! Think of me!
 (Pause)
 OENOMAUS Yes. (He stands his spear against the chariot)
 HIPPO Look at me!
 OENOMAUS . . . yes . . .

HIPPO Father! Don't you see? *Why* you must die?
 OENOMAUS I see. (Pause) I see. (Approaching her) My dear?
 HIPPO Father? Will you?
 OENOMAUS Come here, my dear.
 HIPPO Father . . . ?
 OENOMAUS You're lovely . . . (Touching her with his hands)
 HIPPO Will you . . . ?
 OENOMAUS Lovelier than your mother . . .
 HIPPO Father?
 OENOMAUS Younger . . . (Enfolding her in his arms)
 HIPPO Father?
 OENOMAUS You should be Queen . . .
 HIPPO Father . . . ? (Struggling)
 OENOMAUS And have your King . . .
 HIPPO Father! (Struggling)
 OENOMAUS *I'm the King!*
 HIPPO *FATHER!* (He stills this scream with his mouth)
 PELOPS enters. He observes the embrace for a moment, then, as OENOMAUS lowers HIPPO to the ground, approaches to tap him on the back:
 Sire!
 OENOMAUS (Fearfully) Uhhh!?
 PELOPS Beg pardon, Sire . . .
 OENOMAUS (Springing about and grasping for his spear) Uhh?
 PELOPS (Accidentally knocking it to the ground) Sorry, Sire! (He retrieves it and unwittingly points it at OENOMAUS' groin) Was this yours?
 OENOMAUS (Backing away) Unhh!
 PELOPS No? Anyhow! (He leans on the spear) Sire?
 OENOMAUS (Backing away) Unhh?
 HIPPO (On the ground, recovering) Ooooh . . .
 PELOPS I am a foreigner.
 HIPPO Ooh . . .
 OENOMAUS Unhhh?
 PELOPS I come from a different land.
 OENOMAUS Uhhh?
 HIPPO Ooooh . . .
 PELOPS Yet, by the same sea.
 HIPPO Ooh . . .
 OENOMAUS Unhh?
 PELOPS Since we are Greeks, too.
 OENOMAUS Unhh!
 HIPPO Ooh . . .
 PELOPS As are, I believe, you.
 HIPPO Ooh . . .
 OENOMAUS Unhh!
 PELOPS Yes. (Pause) Our tongue is the same.

OENOMAUS Unhh?
HIPPO Ooh . . .
PELOPS Or so my people told me.
HIPPO Oooh . . .
OENOMAUS Unhh?
PELOPS (Stretching out a hand) Well, how are you?
OENOMAUS (Backing away) Unhh!
PELOPS I see, (Pause) Well . . . (He examines the spear)
OENOMAUS Give back my spear!
PELOPS What? Oh! (Witlessly handing it over, point first)
OENOMAUS (Drawing back) Owwow!
PELOPS (Following him with spear) Sire!
HIPPO (Rising and following them) Father!
OENOMAUS (Dancing away from the point) Owwow! Myrt!
PELOPS (Following him) Sire!
HIPPO (Following them) Stranger!
OENOMAUS (Retreating behind the chariot) Myrt! Owoow!
PELOPS (Following close) Sire!
HIPPO (Following them) Father! Stranger! You!
MYRT (Springing up from beneath the chariot, and interposing himself between the two men, he seizes the spear's shaft)
Foreigner! Stand! Good day, my Lord!
OENOMAUS Myrt! You came!
HIPPO Myrt! That's you!
PELOPS (Tugging) Unhh! Oooh . . .
MYRT Foreigner! Stand! Yes, my Lord! Yes, my lady!
PELOPS Who are you? Leave off my spear!
HIPPO *Your* spear!
PELOPS My spear!
OENOMAUS You were hiding in the grass all the time, Myrt?
HIPPO That's *Father's* spear! Give it here! (She grasps the shaft)
MYRT Oh no, my Lord! Just a short while.
PELOPS I saw it first. That made it mine.
OENOMAUS Then you didn't see what I . . . what we . . .
HIPPO I said, give it here! (She tugs)
MYRT Yes, my Lord. (To PELOPS) Take your hands off!
PELOPS (To HIPPO) You heard him. Take your hands off!
HIPPO I will not.
OENOMAUS You *did* see what I . . . what we . . . were doing . . .
PELOPS You will so! (He removes her hand but she bites onto his wrist) Owwow! (Releasing the spear)
OENOMAUS Hippo!
MYRT My lady! (He captures the spear)
PELOPS Owwow!
HIPPO (Releasing his wrist) There!
OENOMAUS How do you like that!
PELOPS That's no way to treat a foreigner.

HIPPO Where do you think you are?
 OENOMAUS Good work, Myrt!
 PELOPS Especially not a brother Greek.
 MYRT Greek?
 HIPPO This is Pisa.
 OENOMAUS Never trust a Greek!
 PELOPS Sire!
 MYRT Shall I finish him, my Lord?
 OENOMAUS I would never trust a Greek.
 MYRT I should finish him, my Lord.
 PELOPS Sire! I'm a Northern Greek.
 HIPPO (Examining PELOPS) Still he seems *young*. Doesn't he?
 Myrt?
 OENOMAUS Where'd you say you came from, boy?
 HIPPO He seems almost *handsome*. Doesn't he, Myrt?
 PELOPS I'm on my way to Pisa.
 MYRT Pisa! Ha!
 HIPPO I wonder is he . . . well . . . *kingly*?
 OENOMAUS Did you say Pisa?
 MYRT Since he's confessed to being only a Northern Greek, my
 Lord, we could spear him without breaching the law.
 HIPPO I mean . . . how's his . . . wind and things?
 OENOMAUS Could we?
 PELOPS Sire!
 MYRT Sure!
 HIPPO (Studying PELOPS) On a still day, even a little wind, can
 take you a long way.
 OENOMAUS Could we?
 PELOPS Sire!
 MYRT Sure! (He readies himself to deliver the blow)
 HIPPO And then where do you suppose he keeps his spear?
 (Pause) Father?
 PELOPS Sire! Spear me and you'll spill blue blood.
 HIPPO Myrt!! Don't finish him! (Staving off the spear)
 MYRT My lady!
 OENOMAUS Hippodameia!
 PELOPS (Falling to his knees before her) My lady!
 MYRT Ha! (Thrusting the spear savagely at PELOPS' bowed
 back)
 OENOMAUS Myrt!
 PELOPS Owow . . . (Brushing at the spear as at a fly)
 HIPPO Myrtilus! You should be ashamed!
 PELOPS Sire!
 OENOMAUS Hold! Myrtilus!
 MYRT (Examining the spear's point) He's got no blood at all,
 my Lord.
 HIPPO Myrt!

PELOPS Course I do!
 OENOMAUS None at all, Myrt!
 PELOPS Course I do!
 MYRT Look at the spear, my Lord!
 PELOPS Course I do!
 OENOMAUS There's no blood at all.
 MYRT He's got no blood at all, my Lady!
 HIPPO Course he does!
 PELOPS My lady! (He grasps her hands and covers them with kisses)
 OENOMAUS Sire! Hands off!
 HIPPO Oooh . . .
 PELOPS (Smothering her hands with kisses) My lady!
 HIPPO Oooh . . .
 OENOMAUS *Myrt!*
 MYRT My Lord . . . ? (Re-aiming the spear)
 OENOMAUS Now!
 HIPPO Ooooooh . . .
 PELOPS (As before) My lady!
 MYRT Foreign Greek! (Driving the spear into his back)
 OENOMAUS (Averting his eyes) Good work, Myrt!
 PELOPS (Brushing at the spear as at a fly) Ohoh . . . my lady . . .
 HIPPO Enough! I've had enough! (Tugging at her hands)
 MYRT Sire!
 OENOMAUS (Keeping his eyes averted) What color is it, Myrt?
 PELOPS But I can't worship my lady enough! (Renewing his attack on her hands)
 HIPPO Ooooooh . . .
 MYRT Sire! (He drops to his knees before PELOPS)
 OENOMAUS (As before) It can't be *blue*. How could it be *blue*?
 HIPPO Ooooooh . . .
 PELOPS (Now kissing along her arms) My lady!
 MYRT (Kneeling with bowed head before PELOPS) Sire! My Lord!
 OENOMAUS (As before) What? Myrt? Speak up, damn you! What color was it? Red? Black?
 HIPPO Oooooooo . . .
 MYRT (As before) My Lord! Sire!
 OENOMAUS *Not blue*, Myrt! *Don't* tell me it was blue! Like mine . . . ? (He peeks) Myrt! What are you . . . ? Hippodameia! What is he . . . ? Unfaithful dog! (Grabs the spear and prepares to drive it through Myrt's back) That how you carry out my orders?
 HIPPO Oooh . . . my Lord . . .
 MYRT (As before) My Lord . . . Sire.
 PELOPS My lady . . . (Without removing his attention from HIPPO, he deflects the spear thrust at Myrt)
 OENOMAUS Damn! (Preparing it this time for Pelops) We'll see!

HIPPO Father! Don't spear him! He's a royal Northern Greek . . .
 Ooooh . . .
 PELOPS (Working back down to her hands, again) My lady!
 MYRT (Rising) My Lord! His soft skin is hard as armour . . . (He
 moves to deflect Oenomaus' spear thrust)
 OENOMAUS (Restraining his thrust) What? (Scrutinizing PELOPS) A
 A royal Northern Greek . . . ?
 HIPPO (Raising PELOPS) Look, Father!
 PELOPS Sire?
 OENOMAUS Let me get a better look at you!
 PELOPS Sire!
 OENOMAUS (Circling him) You've got thick legs.
 PELOPS Sire!
 HIPPO Thick legs . . . ?
 OENOMAUS (Circling him) But a big chest. Broad shoulders. Narrow
 hips. Stomach flat. A solid neck. Not too much hair.
 HIPPO Not too much hair . . . ?
 OENOMAUS But best of all, boy, is your head! That's a head!
 HIPPO Father!
 OENOMAUS Not too round. Not too flat. Not too narrow. Not too wide.
 PELOPS My head?
 HIPPO Father!
 OENOMAUS It has the stuff to go after Hippodameia's hand!
 PELOPS My head?
 MYRT Her hand? My Lord!
 HIPPO Oh, Father! How could you, could you!
 PELOPS My head?
 OENOMAUS Tell me, boy! Can you . . . drive?
 PELOPS Drive?
 MYRT Drive . . .
 HIPPO Oh, Father! How could you, could you, could you!
 MYRT But my Lord . . .
 OENOMAUS Myrt! Take a walk!
 PELOPS Drive . . . ?
 MYRT A walk, my Lord?
 OENOMAUS Not too far, though!
 PELOPS (To HIPPO) What's your name?
 HIPPO My name?!
 MYRT But my Lord . . . Oh, my lady!
 PELOPS Mine's Pelops.
 OENOMAUS What I mean, Myrt, is stay a bit close to hand!
 HIPPO Pelops!
 MYRT Close to hand, my Lord? Oh, my lady!
 PELOPS P - E - Lops. Pelops.
 OENOMAUS In case anything goes astray, Myrt!
 HIPPO Oh, P - E - Lops. Pelops.
 PELOPS Yes.

MYRT But my Lord . . . Oh, my lady!
 PELOPS What's yours?
 HIPPO Mine? Mine!
 OENOMAUS Just go and hide beneath the chariot again!
 MYRT (Going) But my Lord . . . Save my lady!
 OENOMAUS Go on! (MYRT snakes into the grass beneath the chariot, taking the spear with) Save your lady?
 HIPPO You should know.
 PELOPS What's your name?
 HIPPO Yes. Don't you know?
 OENOMAUS Go on! Go on! (Pause) Save your lady?
 PELOPS No.
 HIPPO No?
 PELOPS No.
 HIPPO I see.
 OENOMAUS Good! Stay there!
 PELOPS You see?
 HIPPO Certainly I see, Father?
 OENOMAUS As I was saying, son . . .
 HIPPO He doesn't know my name.
 PELOPS Mine's Pelops, Sire! (Extending his hand)
 OENOMAUS What? Good? (Shaking hands) How do you spell that?
 HIPPO P - E - Lops, Pelops.
 PELOPS Yes.
 OENOMAUS I see.
 PELOPS What's yours?
 OENOMAUS What's my what?
 HIPPO Aren't foreigners something!
 PELOPS What's your name? You're Greek too?
 OENOMAUS I'm Greek, too!
 HIPPO We must try hard to understand foreigners.
 PELOPS I knew it from the start. It tells in your nose.
 OENOMAUS It tells in my nose!
 HIPPO So as not to go and spear them straight off.
 PELOPS It's a true Greek nose. Didn't you know?
 OENOMAUS (Feeling his nose, despite himself) No . . .
 HIPPO Though spearing them straight off might save a lot of questions. Like, what's your name?
 PELOPS Sure! I'm a Greek too. So's my nose. But what's your name?
 HIPPO Only . . . it spills so much . . . blood!
 OENOMAUS (Roaring) King Oenomaus!!!
 HIPPO You, Myrt! Hide Father's spear!
 PELOPS King . . . Oeno . . . maus . . . (Dropping to his knees) Sire . . . ? (Lowering his head) My Lord!
 OENOMAUS Damnation! Greeks these days can't tell a King before their nose! (Feeling his again) Er . . .

PELOPS Beg pardon, Sire! It's because I'm a Northern Gree . . .

OENOMAUS Boy? Can you truly tell my Greekness from my nose?

HIPPO Oh Father! Who cares!

PELOPS Oh Sire! Certainly! That's a *royal* Greek nose, to boot.

OENOMAUS To boot!

HIPPO Oh, Father!

OENOMAUS To boot?

PELOPS (To HIPPO) What's your name?

HIPPO Hippodameia.

PELOPS Hippodameia.

OENOMAUS To boot . . . (He feels his nose)

HIPPO Yes.

PELOPS Yes. (Taking her hands in his)

HIPPO Yours is Pelops.

PELOPS Yes.

HIPPO Yes.

PELOPS Yes.

HIPPO And mine's Hippodameia.

PELOPS Yes.

HIPPO Yes.

OENOMAUS (As before) A royal Greek nose. To boot.

PELOPS Yes.

HIPPO That's my Father.

PELOPS Yes.

HIPPO The King of Pisa.

PELOPS Yes.

OENOMAUS Myrt? Where'd I put Myrt?

HIPPO He's been King of Pisa for an awful long time.

PELOPS Yes?

HIPPO Yes.

OENOMAUS (Spotting him under the chariot) There you are! Myrt?

HIPPO Almost too long . . . the people say . . .

PELOPS Yes?

HIPPO Yes.

OENOMAUS (To Myrt beneath the chariot) Listen, Myrt! Take a look at my nose!

HIPPO The people say seven great suns is long enough,

PELOPS Is that what they say?

HIPPO Yes.

OENOMAUS Does it strike you a royal Greek nose? To boot?

HIPPO They say every King must take his turn to die.

MYRT My Lord?

PELOPS Is that what they say?

HIPPO Otherwise the rivers run dry. And the corn refuses to grow.

OENOMAUS Take a look at this nose!

PELOPS Do they?

MYRT Yes,
 HIPPO Yes!
 OENOMAUS How does it strike you?
 PELOPS I see.
 MYRT My Lord's nose?
 HIPPO Do you see?
 OENOMAUS Yes. How does it strike you, Myrt?
 PELOPS I see.
 HIPPO So the chariots will race, *soon!* And bring the dawn of the new great sun! *You see?*
 MYRT It's lovely, Sire,
 PELOPS I see.
 OENOMAUS My nose?
 HIPPO Oh, *do* you see?
 OENOMAUS *My nose?*
 MYRT Is *isn't* lovely, Sire?
 PELOPS I see,
 OENOMAUS My nose! How could my nose be lovely, Myrt! You're a damn fool! Even if you are my loyal charioteer!
 HIPPO I'm *glad* you see! Er . . . can you lay your hands on a spear, anywhere?
 PELOPS A spear?
 OENOMAUS Give me my spear! (Taking it from Myrt)
 HIPPO Like a lovely, long white spear?
 MYRT Sire?
 OENOMAUS Here! Boy?
 PELOPS And, Pelops darling, can you *drive*?
 OENOMAUS I've decided. You'll be my guest. Until the chariots race.
 MYRT Sire! Be your guest?
 PELOPS Until the chariots race?
 HIPPO Oh, please! Say! Can you drive?
 OENOMAUS Come along Hippo! (Prodding her gently in the rear with his spear)
 HIPPO Father!!
 PELOPS Sire?
 MYRT My Lord?
 OENOMAUS We'll walk. You, Myrt! Teach him a thing or two! Come on Hippo! (He exits behind Hippo, prodding her as before)
 OENOMAUS (OFF) Hell of a head on that one, my dear.
 HIPPO (OFF) Oh, Father! I don't think he has a spear!
 MYRT (Moving to the chariot) Sire?
 PELOPS (Watching the others leave) Hmmm?
 MYRT Sire?
 PELOPS Myrt, what would I want with a lovely, long, white spear?
 MYRT I'm sure I wouldn't know, Sire. But you'd better learn to drive.
 PELOPS Drive?

MYRT	Feel the grain! (Feeling it)
PELOPS	Feel the grain? (Feeling it)
MYRT	Look at these joints! (Fingering them)
PELOPS	Look at these joints? (Fingering some)
MYRT	See those spokes! (Raising the chariot)
PELOPS	Yes, I see these spokes! (Handling them)
MYRT	And look at that wheel!
PELOPS	Look at this wheel! (Spinning it)
MYRT	It's the wheel that let's a chariot go.
PELOPS	Isn't it! (Spinning it)
MYRT	Yes. And that axel which lets the wheel go round. (Setting down the chariot)
PELOPS	Is it?
MYRT	Yes, but its this pin that holds the wheel fast on . . . (Pointing)
PELOPS	Oh.
MYRT	So that if you draw this pin, it all falls down. (He doesn't draw it)
PELOPS	I see . . . (Touching it)
MYRT	Do you see . . . my Lord . . . ?
PELOPS	(Embracing him) Good old Myrt!

DIM OUT

SCENE II — The desert isle of Helene, not far from the island of Euboea. A blue royal chariot, unhitched. OENOMAUS' spear leans against it. Dusk.

PELOPS	Good Lord, what a day!
HIPPO	Wasn't it!
MYRT	Yes.
HIPPO	Wasn't it!
PELOPS	Yes.
HIPPO	You were so brave!
PELOPS	Was I?
MYRT	Was I?
HIPPO	Ha, ha.
MYRT	Forgive me.
PELOPS	Yes.
HIPPO	(Embracing Myrt) Forgive me!
PELOPS	Yes.
HIPPO	I can see him still.
PELOPS	Can you?
HIPPO	Yes.
MYRT	Don't remind me.
HIPPO	Oh?
PELOPS	Don't remind you?
MYRT	No.

(Pause)
PELOPS You'll be well repaid.
HIPPO Will he?
MYRT Will I?
PELOPS Very well repaid.
HIPPO Very well repaid!

(Pause)
MYRT I'm afraid of that.
PELOPS Afraid of that?
MYRT Yes.
HIPPO Why?
MYRT I'm just afraid of that.
HIPPO Myrt's afraid of that.

(Pause)
PELOPS (To MYRT) I've not forgotten!
MYRT The way he looked.
PELOPS The King must die.
HIPPO (To PELOPS) Have a drink, my King!
MYRT The blood in his beard.
PELOPS I'll have a little drink. (He does)
HIPPO In his beer?
MYRT The reins around his neck!
PELOPS You'd better have a drink. (He drinks)
HIPPO It's a lovely night!
PELOPS (Thrusting the flask on MYRT) Here!
MYRT I'd better have a drink. (He drinks)
HIPPO Such a lovely moon!
PELOPS It was him or . . . me. (Pause) And he knew how to drive.
MYRT I'd better have a drink. (He does)
HIPPO You're trembling, my Lord.
PELOPS Everything was fair and square.
HIPPO My Lord!
PELOPS He would have got me . . . from behind.
MYRT I'd better have a drink. (He does)
PELOPS Good old Myrt! (Claps MYRT on the back)
MYRT My Lord.
PELOPS You sure fixed his wagon!
HIPPO When his wheel came off . . .
MYRT I can't forget.
HIPPO Down he went!
MYRT The blood in his beard.
HIPPO The reins around his neck!
PELOPS Good old Myrt! (He claps him on the back)
HIPPO Yes. Good old Myrt. (She embraces him)
MYRT My Lord?
PELOPS What?
HIPPO May I have another drink? (MYRT hands it to her and she

(drinks)
 MYRT (Gazing at HIPPO) I've remembered, my Lord.
 HIPPO Look at that moon! (She goes to look closer)
 PELOPS Have you Myrt? Good old Myrt!
 MYRT The bargain, my Lord.
 PELOPS The bargain, Myrt?
 MYRT (Looking at HIPPO) You remember, my Lord.
 PELOPS (Looking at HIPPO) I remember, my Lord? (Pause) Oh.
 HIPPO (Loosening her tunic) She's summoning another great sun.
 How I'm so warm!
 MYRT Are you warm, my lady?
 HIPPO Aren't you warm, Myrt? (Loosening her tunic)
 MYRT Er . . . yes, my lady. (He looks at PELOPS)
 PELOPS Er . . . it was a hard ride, wasn't it!
 MYRT I'm warm, too, my Lord . . . ?
 HIPPO Look at that moon!
 MYRT Do you suppose, my Lord . . . ?
 PELOPS Er . . . would someone like a drink?
 HIPPO Bringing a new great sun! Here my Lord. (Giving him the flask)
 MYRT I think it's empty, my Lord.
 PELOPS You think it's empty? (He shakes it; it gurgles audibly)
 MYRT Yes, my Lord.
 HIPPO The moon is so full. Can our flask be empty, dear?
 MYRT Yes, my lady!
 HIPPO And I'm so warm!
 MYRT Perhaps my Lord would . . .
 PELOPS Run and fetch some water, Myrt!
 MYRT Me, my Lord?
 HIPPO Look at that moon!
 PELOPS *Not* you, Myrt?
 MYRT Don't you remember, my Lord!
 (Pause)
 PELOPS I remember, Myrt.
 MYRT Do you remember, Sire?
 PELOPS The bargain.
 MYRT The bargain. (He looks at HIPPO)
 HIPPO (Loosening her tunic) Goodness, it's warm!
 PELOPS I'll go fetch some water, Myrt . . . (Takes the flask and exits)
 HIPPO Isn't it warm!
 MYRT It's the ride, my lady. And too much wine.
 HIPPO What a day! Another great sun! (She moves to OENO-
 MAUS' spear)
 MYRT I'll never live it . . . down.
 HIPPO Oh, Myrt! It was a brave thing you did!
 MYRT I drew the pin that held his Lordship's wheel fast on.

HIPPO He never suspected a thing!
 MYRT He was about to spear my Lord,
 HIPPO Yes. Before, he always speared them, good. With this
 dreadful long spear. (Touching it)
 MYRT Squarely in the back.
 HIPPO Isn't it dreadful, Myrt?
 MYRT It's very long and hard, my lady.
 HIPPO How it always came out in front!
 MYRT He liked to spear from behind . . .
 HIPPO Father was so jealous.
 MYRT Anyone daring to seek your hand.
 HIPPO My hand! Oh Myrt. They weren't after my hand.
 MYRT My lady! (Rising)
 HIPPO What's wrong, Myrt? (Grasping the spear)
 MYRT I want to kiss your hand.
 HIPPO You want to kiss my hand? (She glances around)
 MYRT Yes, my lady. (Reaching for her empty left hand)
 HIPPO What in the world for? (Hiding the hand behind her)
 MYRT I never dreamed I might kiss your hand!
 HIPPO My hand, Myrt? What in the world for? (Stretching the
 hand to him)
 MYRT (Covering it with kisses) Oh, my lady!
 HIPPO Oh, Myrt?
 MYRT If only I weren't a common charioteer!
 HIPPO You were *Father's* charioteer, Myrt!
 MYRT Or you weren't the daughter of a King.
 HIPPO *Ex-King!* Myrt, you can be Lops' charioteer.
 MYRT I'd have challenged even the King, if I could have had
 your hand.
 HIPPO Father would have beat you, Myrt.
 MYRT Oh, my lady! (Kissing her hand)
 HIPPO He'd have caught up with you from behind with this
 dreadful long spear!
 MYRT Oh, my lady!
 HIPPO He'd have done the same with Lops if . . .
 MYRT Oh, my lady!
 HIPPO . . . you hadn't been so disloyal to Father,
 MYRT I drew out his pin, my lady.
 HIPPO That was noble, Myrt.
 MYRT Let me draw off your tunic, my lady. (He fumbles at it)
 HIPPO And his Lordship will reward you.
 MYRT (As before) Isn't it warm!
 HIPPO You can be *his* charioteer, now, can't you?
 MYRT (As before) Look at the moon!
 HIPPO He's very grateful, Myrt.
 MYRT I want to kiss your feet. (He kneels)
 HIPPO Even I feel grateful.

MYRT I'm kissing them. (He does)
 HIPPO And Lops will feel more grateful, still.
 MYRT I love you, my lady.
 HIPPO He was so frightened Father would fasten his head, over
 the palace gates. Alongside all my other lovers. You
 know, Myrt? There were seven heads already over the
 palace gates!
 MYRT Oh, my lady!
 HIPPO It wouldn't have looked nice. (Pause) Lop's head. (Pause)
 Not over the palace gates.
 MYRT The other foot, my lady?
 HIPPO It isn't the right type. (Pause) Not for over gates. It's too
 round. Or too flat. Or too narrow. Or too wide. It's not
 made of the right stuff. (Pause) What are you doing down
 there, Myrt?
 MYRT Oh, my lady!
 HIPPO Why are you kissing my foot?
 MYRT Oh, my lady!
 HIPPO You seem a bit drunk!
 MYRT (Rising and embracing her) My lady!
 HIPPO Why are you squeezing me this way, Myrt?
 MYRT My Lord promised, my lady!
 HIPPO What, Myrt? What do you say!
 MYRT My lady promised also, my lady!
 HIPPO What, Myrt? What do you say!
 MYRT (Trying more energetically to remove her tunic) Isn't it
 warm?
 HIPPO Myrt! Are you dreaming?
 MYRT (As before) Look at that moon!
 HIPPO Lops!
 MYRT My lady!
 HIPPO Lops!
 MYRT My lady.
 HIPPO *Lops!*
 (Pause)
 MYRT He went to fetch us water.
 HIPPO Lo . . . Myrt! I'm a lady!
 MYRT (Crushing her in his arms) Oh yes, my lady!
 HIPPO (Struggling a bit) You can't have me . . . *this way!*
 MYRT Oh please, my lady!
 HIPPO His Lordship will return.
 MYRT Oh no, my lady! (Kissing her neck)
 HIPPO . . . Lops?
 (PELOPS bounds on stage, looking back into the darkness)
 MYRT My Lord!
 HIPPO Lops!
 PELOPS I couldn't stand it any longer.

MYRT My Lord. The bargain! (He falls on his knees and hugs the legs of HIPPO)
 HIPPO Myrt!
 PELOPS The old buzzard's ghost shot right up out of the ground.
 HIPPO Lops! Not Father's? Already?
 PELOPS His beard all bloody and the reins hanging round his neck!
 MYRT My Lord!
 PELOPS Myrt! What the hell are you doing down there?
 HIPPO He wants to kiss my feet.
 PELOPS Kiss your feet?
 MYRT My Lord, you promised! On your oath!
 PELOPS On my wedding night? Myrt?
 MYRT If I loosed the King's wheel . . . I might have half the kingdom and all of . . . her ladyship . . .
 HIPPO Myrt!
 MYRT Just on your wedding night, my lady.
 HIPPO Lops!
 PELOPS Did I, Myrt?
 HIPPO Lops!
 MYRT Oh yes, my Lord. On your oath, my Lord..
 PELOPS Well.
 HIPPO Well? (She notices the spear in her hand)
 MYRT My Lord?
 PELOPS Well.
 HIPPO Well?
 MYRT My Lord!
 PELOPS Faithful charioteer!
 MYRT My Lord!
 HIPPO He was *Father's* faithful charioteer! (She moves away from MYRT to LOPS)
 PELOPS And on my wedding night.
 MYRT (Bowing his head) My Lord,
 HIPPO He would have been *your* faithful charioteer.
 PELOPS Well.
 HIPPO Well?
 MYRT (Raising his head) My Lord? My Queen?
 (Long pause)
 PELOPS Kiss her feet, Myrt!
 MYRT Her feet, my Lord?
 HIPPO My feet, my Lord?
 PELOPS Yes, Myrt. (He takes the spear from HIPPO's hand)
 MYRT Yes, my Lord. (He does)
 PELOPS Zeus take you! (Runs the spear into his back)
 MYRT (Expiring) My Lord . . . and lady . . .
 HIPPO My Lord!
 PELOPS There. (Handing her back the spear)
 HIPPO You've killed him, my Lord. With Father's dreadful long

PELOPS spear. (She examines the point)
 Well . . .
 HIPPO Look, Lops! It's Myrt's blood . . .
 PELOPS Yes.
 HIPPO It's not . . .
 PELOPS The same color, no.
 HIPPO It's just . . .
 PELOPS Red, yes.
 HIPPO Poor Myrt!
 PELOPS Well . . .
 (Pause)
 HIPPO Did you fetch some water?
 PELOPS No. But there's some wine left. (He sits beside the chariot
 and opens the flask)
 HIPPO Is there, my Lord? (She stands the spear upright against
 the chariot)
 PELOPS Of course.
 HIPPO I'm not thirsty any more.
 PELOPS Of course. (He drinks)
 HIPPO (Loosening and dropping her tunic) It's so warm, Lops . . .
 PELOPS What a day! (He drinks)
 HIPPO Look at that moon, Lops! (Moving onto his lap)
 PELOPS (He drinks) What a night!
 HIPPO (Looking at the spear) Lops, I'm glad you killed Father.
 Before he got *too old*.
 PELOPS The King must die, darling.
 HIPPO I know, dear Lops! (Pause) Poor Myrt!
 PELOPS Charioteers, too.
 HIPPO Yes, dear Lops! (Pause) Poor Myrt!
 PELOPS (He sets down the flask) Darling?
 HIPPO Dear?
 PELOPS Shall we fasten his head over the palace gates?
 HIPPO Myrt's, my Lord?
 PELOPS Your father's too.
 HIPPO Oh *yes*, dear Lops! Won't *his* look divine!
 (They embrace and recline)

DIM OUT