

*Bacchae* 1259-1284

C: [talking to himself more than his daughter] Oh no, no no no! You are going to be so miserable when you find out what you've done... But if you were to always remain in this state... as bad as that would be for you, (would it even be you?) at least you would never know how unhappy the you that you really are should be...

A: [laughing] Father! What are you talking about, everything is lovely! What is there to be miserable about?

C: I must do it. I can't leave her this way, lost in this world of her own making, blind to reality, however terrible reality may be.

[turns to her] Agave, dearest daughter, take your medicine.

A: Ok daddy [takes her pill]. Why did you tell me to take that? There's nothing wrong with me, is there?

C: How do you feel? Sometimes it takes a little time to work, and there may be side effects.

A: I.. everything is brighter, and clearer, somehow. What did you give me?

C: Do you still feel like all the world inside of you is in pieces?

A: Dad? What? I couldn't understand what you were saying for a second there, I felt so strange before and I didn't even realize it until feeling better now.

C: Are you able to hear and reply now, is your mind up to it? [to himself] Can I really show her what she has done?

A: Yes of course, but what were we talking about before?

C: Who did you marry, dearest one?

A: Echion! Remember the day you walked me down the aisle and all the children threw flower petals and I was dressed all in white?

C: Who is the son you bore to him in this house?

A: Pentheus, Pentheus is the child of my marriage. That rocking chair over there is where I lulled him to sleep every night, those stairs are the steps he played upon.

C: Agave, whose head are you holding in your hands?

A: [not looking] A doll's head. It fell off of the doll, I think. Well, I took it off. I was going to fix it. They all told me it was a doll's head.

C: Look at it straightly! It is not hard to see what it is.

A: [moaning] no, no! What do I see? What am I carrying in my hands? What was that pill that you gave me??

C: You know what you are holding, dearest daughter. I had to let you know.

A: No! No! I see something so terrible, it can't be so... I am so miserable, why did you give me that pill? Everything was fine before!

C: Do you still think it is a doll's head?

A: No! If only it were, I would not feel so terrible, so hollow, I think I might throw up. I am holding the head of my son, my Pentheus.