

Offenbach's ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD

Dialogue by Thomas Petiet Copyright 1977

#1 OVERTURE

Melodrama

P.O. *I greet you. Who am I? They call me Public Opinion.
I am many things
And am seen in many forms.
I'm the enemy of kings
For it is I who brings
The established social norms.*

*You know me from the stage antique;
The chorus of the ancient Greek.
But all of history is made
Through what I wreak-
You'll find I know whereof I speak.*

*Take care, Mankind,
Offend me not!*

*I wince at indiscretion
And at foolish pride
Self-serving aggression
And often homicide.
Whatever the transgression,
Woe betide!*

*Beware, unfaithful spouses all,
I shall design your fall-
Dear audience, relax;
I only speak to those who occupy
The next two acts!*

*There's nothing you need fear from me
If you practice secrecy.
Oh--Here is our Eurydice...*

SCENE: An Arcadian field

#1 BIS Eurydice Solo**EURYDICE**

1.

*The happy woman's never sleeping
Whose love is reborn
With evening hours slowly creeping,
She welcomes the morn.*

*Then she goes to gather flowers,
The fairest that bloom,
From the meadows and the bowers,
Can you guess for whom?*

*Would you know for whom?
Ah hah, ah, ah, ah, ah...*

*Say nothing to my husband, pray,
I'll tell you why:
There soon will be a tête-à-tête
Here on the sly.*

*My lover will be by,
If he's not, I'll surely die.
Say nothing to my husband, pray,
You now know why,
You now know why!*

2.

*This pattern ev'ry day I follow,
My lover to see.
He lives in this Arcadian hollow,
A shepherd is he.*

*When at last he comes to greet me,
It is clear, I presume,
That my heart I give completely
And you know to whom,*

*There's no doubt to whom.
Ah hah, ah, ah, ah, ah...*

*Say nothing to my husband, pray,
I'll tell you why:*

*There soon will be a tête-à-tête
Here on the sly.*

*My lover will be by,
If he's not, I'll surely die.
Say nothing to my husband, pray,
You now know why,
You now know why!*

EUR: *(aside)* Oh, it's my husband?

OR: *(aside)* It's my wife!

EUR: *(aside)* He's caught me

OR: *(aside)* Why did I come this way?

EUR: *(aside)* I'll have to brave it out.

OR: *(aside)* The best defense is a good offense. *(aloud)* Ah, my adored wife! And where are you going with the lovely bouquet?

EUR: I prepare daily for your funeral. And what has lured the Great One away from his rooms?

OR: Why, I thought I might inspire myself to write a pastorate.

EUR. Really? I would have thought the last four dozen should have been sufficient.

OR: Very clever. But do not think that clever words can put me off. I know why you come out every day to pick flowers and yet never bring any home. J'accuse!

EUR: I beg your pardon?

OR: I accuse you of adultery!

EUR: Oho! The Great Man is on his Great Horse! Let's be fair, shall we?
Music is not the only thing you practice in the hills, my friend.

OR. What?

EUR. I will be frank with you. Charm as many creatures in the hills as you like, and my charms shall I use likewise.

OR. Madame, your proposition is less than frank and in poor taste as well.

EUR: Is it? Well then, try this on, my musical mountebank- I can't stand you, I never could. You were bearable when all you did was pluck a lyre, but then you had to take up that thing... I need love and romance, not appogiatura. I'm young... I'm the daughter of a nymph and a demigod... I can't be content with a fiddle scraper! Every moment I'm with you is like a night with a cat in heat. In short: you're a bore, a brute, a pompous ass and a national disaster!

OR: Is that all that stands between us?

EUR: Oh, no. I have a lover.

#2. ORPHEUS & EURYDICE DUET

ORPHEUS

This is the end!

EURYDICE

That's right, my friend

ORPHEUS

Let's settle this sad affair!

EURYDICE

Let's clear the air. That's only fair.

ORPHEUS

When playing violin, you hate me?

EURYDICE

You don't compare, you don't compare!

ORPHEUS

On my technique congratulate me?

EURYDICE

I couldn't bear.

Your raspy tone is like a groan.

This is alone the meanest moan I've ever known,

I can't begin to bear the din,

I just can stand the violin!

ORPHEUS

*Your answer is insulting.
A lawyer I'm consulting.*

EURYDICE

*That move you will be ruing,
For cash I will be suing!*

ORPHEUS

*But then, again, my darling, we mustn't have a spat.
I'll play for you my latest concerto in E-flat!*

EURYDICE

Mercy! No! This is my undoing.

ORPHEUS

*It's such a clever score,
It's written in 3/4
And lasts an hour or more.*

EURYDICE

*Oh, what a bore!
An hour or more?*

ORPHEUS

*An hour or more...
Not counting the encore.*

EURYDICE

I'm passing out, I fear.

ORPHEUS

The coda you must hear!

EURYDICE

I wish you'd disappear!

ORPHEUS

Repeats from here to here...

EURYDICE

No, no, no, etc.

ORPHEUS

(plays a run)

EURYDICE

Spare me!

ORPHEUS

(plays a run)

EURYDICE

Spare me!

ORPHEUS

(plays a cadenza)

EURYDICE

Ah...

ORPHEUS

(plays a longer section while she grimaces in pain)

EURYDICE

*It's irritating, debilitating
That nasty noise he so enjoys, ah...*

*That ghastly grating, reverberating
Within my brain fills me with pain, ah...*

EURYDICE

That nasty noise he so enjoys, ah...

ORPHEUS

I see it cloy her and annoys.

EURYDICE

Filling my brain with such a pain, ah...

ORPHEUS

Let her complain, I won't refrain!

EURYDICE

I'll go insane, I'll go insane, ah...insane!

ORPHEUS

*What I'm creating is captivating
Altho' it cloy her and annoys, ah...*

*It's stimulating, exhilarating
Let her complain, I won't refrain, ah...*

ORPHEUS

*To convey your expressions of grief
Listen now to this new leitmotif
(plays a section)*

EURYDICE

*La, la, la, la, la! (mocking his music)
Take it away, it's so passe!
La, la, la, la, la! (mocking his music)
Stop this absurd caterwauling!*

ORPHEUS

Your taste is appalling!

EURYDICE

No, no, no, no, no no, make an end, make an end!

ORPHEUS

(Plays) Quel tremolo!

EURYDICE

Ah! (in pain)

ORPHEUS

(Plays) Presto, presto!

EURYDICE

Ah! (in pain)

ORPHEUS

(Plays) Largo, largo!

EURYDICE

Ah! (in pain)

ORPHEUS

*(Plays) Pizzicato, pizzicato,
presto, presto, amoroso, agitato...*

EURYDICE

*Oh, my brain fills with pain
Ah...*

EURYDICE

*Gods above, I seek your aid,
Free me from this life of misery.
Venus, hear this suff'ring maid
And send my lover now to me.*

*Send him to me...
Set me free from this misery.
Send my lover now to me, ah...
Ah, to me.*

*Oh, send my love, my love to me!
Ah... to me!*

I am afraid, my love, that I can never let you go. How would it look? He who could seduce the very stones loses his wife to an illiterate shepherd? No, no, it would harm my reputation, and to a musician reputation comes before even talent. No, I'm afraid we must carry on for the sake of legend, painful though that may be. Death alone shall part us, and preferably while I'm still alive... Oh. by the way, tell your amorous shepherd to be more discreet, will you? I have placed little surprises in your favorite haystacks if he's not. Pick the pretty flowers, darling. *(exit)*

EUR: The brute! Oh, it's hopeless. I can't stand sneaking around back valleys any more. The nymph in me cries out to be free! Oh, my! Aristeus is coming to meet me. I must warn him. I'm off! *(exit)*

CHANSON PASTORALE - Pluto (as Aristeus)

PLUTO

*Well, hello, here I am,
Tho' I look a little funny...
Aristeus is my name
And I work at making honey.*

*I'm contented with a life
Of simplicity and love,
Far removed from worldly strife
That I've grown weary of.*

*1.
How lovely it is to dally,
Living on nature's wonders.
And wandering through my valley
Far from mortal blunders.*

*Ah, happiness shines upon me,
I'm a happy man...
My thoughts are not alarming,
They, in fact, are rare, thin as air,
Nothing there, a blank.*

*And that is the measure
Of absolute pleasure and total leisure,
You'll find it's so, wherever you go,
Believe me, I know,
Ah...*

2.
*Then one day I saw a vision
That no word expresses.
Of a maiden with form Elysian
And sweet golden* tresses. *auburn, raven*

*Ah, Eurydice smiled upon me
And my heart was won...
She's married, but that's no problem,
I don't want a wife, household strife,
Just a life of fun.*

And that is the measure, etc.

PLU: Ah me-- I'm simply the perfect Arcadian. I am in harmony with everything and everything in in harmony with me. I'm especially in harmony with Eurydice. What beauty! What grace! What... *(pause)* Ah, together we will pass a pleasant afternoon amid the asphodel. Life is so grand that I can scarcely express the utter contentment and pleasure that I... *(spying something offstage, he suddenly unsheathes a bow and shoots an arrow offstage- a scream is heard)*

Ha, ha, ha! None of you saw that! It really is becoming difficult to carry out my ordained duties in this costume. Yesterday I was almost arrested. But when I see one whose time has come I... I must dally no longer! I will act today! Ah- - she is here.

EUR: Oh, I hope I can find him. Oh there he is. Aristeus!

PLU: My adored one! Loveliest of flowers-

EUR: Aristeus, we can't meet meet here any longer. My husband knows!

PLU: More radiant than the rosy-fingered dawn...*(coaxing her toward a haystack)*

EUR: Aristeus! What are you doing? My husband warned me...

PLU: Softer than the new-mown hay... HEY! What is this?

EUR: My husband's well-orchestrated wit. You must take care. There may be more.

PLU: Enough of dallying then! Do you love me?

EUR: Madly!

PLU: A fig, then, for your violent violinist! I will carry you off!

EUR: But he said he would kill you.

PLU: There is no danger of that.

EUR: But he might kill me!

PLU: No... I will do that.

EUR: Aristeus, you're not funny.

PLU: My dear, you have known me a month. Have you never suspected that beneath this homely shepherd's guise there lurks something magnificent?

EUR: No... I wouldn't have said that.

PLU: You shall now see him whom you love! I will reorganize my elements. *(Thunder and lightning)* Oh, Stygian blackness--run once more through my veins! One, two, three.

#7 bis, Melodrama

(A flash. .When the smoke clears, Aristeus appears as Pluto. He poses, but discovers that he still has the shepherd's crook. He embarrassedly throws it offstage)

PLU: *(aside)* Element reorganizing is not yet an exact science.

EUR: *(seeing him)* Oh my god!

PLU: Exactly.

EUR: Who are you?

PLU: Pluto, god of the Underworld--at your service.

EUR: Oh—

PLU: Don't be afraid. Death is really a very nice place. You will be happy there - -with me. Come!

EUR: *(thinking)* I won't have to have a gray complexion, will I? Or be eaten by worms? I don't like worms.

PLU: Old wives tales. It really is very pleasant. Just a little prick of this adder...

EUR: Oh, don't come near me with that!

PLU: Well, I suppose I could strangle you.

EUR: Oh, no. Such a stuffy death.

PLU: Come, come, my dear you really must try.

EUR: Perhaps I could die of a broken heart?

PLU: No--you're not the type. I must insist you hurry.

EUR: Well, it's not exactly the sort of thing one prepares before a date, you know. I know--consumption! I will be consumed by passion.

PLU: No... the death scene would be far too long. I will kill you with.. kindness!

EUR: Does that hurt?

PLU: I don't know. I've never tried it.

EUR: Be gentle...

PLU: Mademoiselle, apres vous.

EUR: Oh!

PLU: If you please.

EUR: I feel faint. I think it's working.

NO. 4 COUPLETS—Eurydice***EURYDICE***

*'Tis smiling death that draws me near you
 His clammy hand I seem to feel.
 And yet, grim Death, I do not fear you,
 My love you shall do naught but seal.*

*And yet I do not fear you
 For death undying love shall heal.*

(Pluto hold her close)

*Death's pallid form is close upon me,
 His ghastly breath is on my face,
 But, strange to say, his chill does warm me
 I welcome now his cold embrace.*

*How strangely he does charm me
 And draws me from this place.*

EUR: *(During tag) I die... I die...*

PLU: In a moment. First we will defy your faithful fiddler. Here is pen and paper. Write him a note. Tell him who has taken his wife and what he can do about it. Ha, ha, ha!

EUR: I will write him an undying verse. I studied with an Epic poet:

#4bis MELODRAMA

*“Well, here I am dead
 And that's on the level.
 Aristeus was Pluto,
 And I have gone to the devil.”*

PLU: Hmmm. The rhyme's not rich, but wealth doesn't bring happiness. And now to the gloomy banks! I know a shortcut. *Lasciate Ogni Speranza!*
 Ha, ha, ha... *(exeunt)*

OR: *(entering)* I'm sure she came this way. How delicious it will be to see them jump into one of these haystacks! What is this? A letter from my wife?

#4bis MELODRAMA

“Well, here I am dead
and that’s on the level!
Aristeus was Pluto!
and I have gone to the devil.”

Yes, I’m sure this is from my wife. But, this is wonderful! She’s dead! Yes, she says so herself. Oh, this is divine intervention. Thank you, Jupiter, great god of miserable husbands! Ha, ha! No divorce--no scandal. I’m a merry widower.

(FANFARE)

P.O. Not so fast, young man!

OR: My god, the dreaded voice of Public Opinion!

P.O. The same.

OR: What do you want with me?

P.O. This flippant rejoicing will not do. The public has been expecting a myth from you for some time. Well, that time has come.

OR: Just in time! I am now prepared to be a lover of mythological proportions.

P.O. I’m sorry. You are set down for a tragic myth.

OR: Oh.

P.O. You must rescue your wife from Hades.

OR: My god, that is tragic. But that’s absurd! I can’t do that.

P.O. Of course you can. This is mythology. Anything is possible.

OR: Well, then, perhaps I can carry off a Sabine woman or something...

P.O. That’s been done to death. No, you will save Eurydice--then the gods will do something foul to you--it is expected-- and it will all be tragic and beautiful!

OR: Now wait a minute! Why do I have to go into Hades after my dead wife? Nobody does that! I wouldn’t cross the street to see her.

P.O. The public expects it of you. You are a mythological character.

- OR: But why?
- P.O. Look-- who is your mother?
- OR: Calliope.
- P.O. Exactly. Now I don't see how you can expect to be treated any differently. Anyone with a muse for a mother is bound to be a mythological character!
- OR: So I'm being discriminated against because of an accident of birth?
- P.O. I don't know why you complain. You will be famous. Operas will be written about you. Your name will live forever.
- OR: Forget my name. Let me live forever. I'm too young and talented to die.
- P.O. I really don't see the problem with your dying.
- OR: You immortals never do.
- P.O. Well, I can't stand around here wasting good ancient history. If you really insist on surviving this myth, you must go to Olympus and ask Jupiter to intercede for you.
- OR: Will he do that?
- P.O. He'll do what I tell him.
- OR: Either way I lose. I end up with a hateful prize or an early demise. I think I'm going to refuse.
- P.O. Refuse? Do you know what I'll do to you if you refuse?
- OR: Couldn't be worse.
- P.O. I'll let it be known that you use color-coded violin strings!
- OR: You wouldn't! My reputation!
- P.O. You leave me no other choice
- OR: Very well then-- I yield. What is life if one can never again hold up one's head? When doors once open are forever closed? Even this myth is better. I am ready.

NO. 5 DUETTINO Public Opinion, Orpheus***PUBLIC OPINION***

*Come! Come! Come! Come!
 Come, the immortals are waiting,
 So you must be on your way.
 I am delighted that you have decided to save her.
 For Eurydice's life you must bargain
 And I will guide and stand beside you
 Should the need occur.*

ORPHEUS

*Come, an alternative to this adventure
 We'll surely find!
 I'd have to be utterly out of my mind.
 But the public demands it
 And therefore I will obey,
 Have your way.
 Tho' I can't endure her, I'll secure her,
 I'm now resigned.*

PUBLIC OPINION

*I will be beside you to guide you
 Toward a tragic destiny.*

March on!

ORPHEUS

Lead on! Etc,

PUBLIC OPINION

March on! Etc.

ORPHEUS

Ah!

*Come, the immortals are waiting,
 So we must be on our way.
 It's been decided
 That I am delighted to save her.
 For Eurydice's life I must bargain
 And there I'll be
 Eternally.*

PUBLIC OPINION

Ah!

*Come, the immortals are waiting,
 So we must be on our way.
 I am delighted
 That you have decided to save her.
 For Eurydice's life you must bargain
 And I, and I will be,
 And I will be*

*Woe betide, betide, betide
How sad my destiny.
Eternally! Oh, woe betide,
I'll beg for my bride, my bride,
Oh yes, and there I'll be...
Eternally! Oh, woe betide,
I'll beg for my bride, my bride,
Oh yes, and there I'll be!*

*Sad my destiny, my destiny,
How sad my destiny.*

*Beside you to guide you
To destiny.
And by your side
Your steps I will guide, will guide
To your destiny.
And by your side
Your steps I will guide, will guide
To your destiny.*

*To your destiny, to destiny,
March on to destiny!*

SCENE 2 OLYMPUS

ENTR'ACTE AND #6, CHORUS, COUPLETS, SCENE, AND DIANA'S SONG

GODDESSES

*The sun, the sun, this day halcyon
Has not yet his journey begun.*

GODS

Ou.....

GODDESSES

*The night, the night will yield to his might
And morning mists hide from his sight.*

GODS

Ou.....

GODDESSES

*O orb of day, do stay yet thy ray
Our dreams we would savor alway.*

GODS

Ou.....

COUPLETS

CUPID

*Tis Cupid who now reappears,
Returning from a night exciting.*

*Now I must face a day austere,
It's not a thought I find inviting.*

*You'd think a kid my age
Would play with other children,
But I'm a great deal older
Than I appear to be.*

*That's a secret you must keep.
But for now I will sleep
And dream on in slumber deep.*

CHOR.

Ah...

VENUS

*Tis Venus who now reappears,
Returning from a night exciting.
Now I must face a day austere,
It's not a thought I find inviting.*

*My appetite for love
Is almost universal
Yet a taste for Vulcan
Don't appeal to me.*

*When you're married to a creep
All you really do is sleep
And dream on in slumber deep.*

CHOR.

Ah...

JUNO

*Tis Juno who now reappears,
Returning from a night exciting.
Now I must face a day austere,
It's not a thought I find inviting.
I'm married to my brother
Who prefers my sisters
And my daughters.
What is left for me?*

*A nightly rendezvous I keep.
When I return, I need to sleep
And dream on in slumber deep.*

CHOR.

Ah...

(A hunting horn is heard)

JUPITER

*By my beard, what the hell is this noise?
Who wishes to forfeit the life he enjoys?*

*Tis Diana, my darling daughter
Who is blowing upon her horn.
Up! Greet Diana and the dawn.*

CHOR.

Ah...

JUPITER

*Now enthusiasm you will show
And cries of joy you will offer to her
Give my daughter all the credit due her
I do not want to hear a "no".*

CHOR

*Salute to Diana, the daring huntress
Salute to fair Diana*

VENUS

But tell us, why this look of despair?

VENUS, CUPID, JUNO, HEBE, CYBELE

Yes, tell us, why this look of despair?

DIANA

*There is no equal to my woe!
Such sadness never did you know.
Oh, no! Oh, woe!*

1. *The goddess Diana went a-hunting,
Ton ton, ton taine ton ton
And ev'ry morn she sought her prey,
Ton ton, ton taine ton ton
Standing beside a crystal fountain,
Ton ton, ton taine ton ton
Acteon felt her dart each day!
Ton ton, ton taine ton ton
Ton taine ton ton
Ton taine ton ton, ton taine ton ton.*

CHOR.

Acteon felt her dart each day, etc.

DIANA

2. *Today when Diana came a-bounding,
Ton ton, ton taine ton ton
Hoping to make a rendezvous,
Ton ton, ton taine ton ton
There stood a stag with rack astounding
Ton ton, ton taine ton ton
So for the horns that beast I slew,
Ton ton, ton taine ton ton
Ton taine ton ton
Ton taine ton ton, ton taine ton ton.*

CHOR.

So for the horns that beast she slew, etc.

DIANA

3. *Hours and hours I stood waiting,
Ton ton, ton taine ton ton
Never did my true love arrive,
Ton ton, ton taine ton ton
Certainly someone else he's dating,
Ton ton, ton taine ton ton
And I will skin that man alive!
Ton ton, ton taine ton ton
Ton taine ton ton
Ton taine ton ton, ton taine ton ton.*

CHOR.

And she will skin that man alive, etc.

- JUP: Ha,ha,ha-- marvelous, my dear. What a funny song!
- DI: Funny? That song is as close to true despair as the unfeeling goddess of the hunt can come! I'm nearly miserable!
- JUP: But, my dear, don't you see the humor of it? The whimsical thrust of the whole thing?
- DI: Frankly, I don't.
- JUN: Really, husband, I think you are displaying very poor taste.
- CHOR: Very poor.
- JUP: Would you have us entirely without sport? Come my dear-- I will explain it to you. There, there now. You shot a stag while waiting for your lover, didn't you?
- DI: Yes.
- JUP: And you slew him for his horns?
- DI: Yes...
- JUP: Well, it was your lover whom you slew. I changed him into a stag because of his horns. Ha, ha, ha!
- DI: *Acteon? (looking at horns)*
(the gods laugh) I suppose the joke's on me... Ha, ha, ha!
- JUP: It really is our sort of fun. Besides, I simply must put my foot down on the amorous adventures that some of you are having. Especially with mortals. Fooling around with your own kind is one thing, but in this you must show restraint. Some of them even I don't find attractive.
- HEBE: *(as she is serving nectar)* Oh!
- JUP: Come here, you! *(grabs Cupid, who has pinched Hebe)* You have been making obscene suggestions to every goddess on Olympus and god knows what you've been doing on Earth...what?... oh, yes, I do know what you've been doing on Earth~
- CUP: Really, Grandpa, you're such a bore.
- JUP: Don't call me Grandpa!

- CUP: Well, it's true. *(he starts to lift Juno's skirt)*
- JUP: Stop that! Now if you don't behave, I'll take those arrows away and make you the god of virginity. Now go sit down. By yourself! Where is Venus?
- VE: Coming, Dads. *(the Graces accompany her and surround Jup.)*
- JUP: Don't call me that! Now my dear, I tried to look the other way when you were caught in the net with Mars, but...
- MA: I was helping her turn her mattress.
- JUP: *(stares at Mars, who sits down)* But this business with Adonis is a bit shabby.
- VE: But, darling, he is so good-looking.
- JUP: Well, your husband doesn't like having him around the house.
- VUL: That's right! Them two, always lookin' at each other--it's enough to make you sick.
- VE: It is if you're there, my pet.
- VUL: That's it-- make small o' me! Always tellin' metalworker jokes... It's not funny! You're my wife...
- MA: Who's this Adonis?
- VUL: Leave my wife alone!
- MA: Go bite your stump! She's mine!! *(pulling her to him)*
- VUL: Go sit on your sword! She's mine!! *(pulling her back)*
- DI: Stop it, you two! If you keep this up, she won't have any arms left! *(they grumble and turn opposite ways)*
- JUP: Apollo! Come here! *(flirtingly, to Muses)* You too, girls... *(the Fates, who are rather creepy, are waved over instead by Juno)*
- JUP: Agh! *(the Fates cuddle with Jupiter, who cringes)* Go back to your spinning! Now, my boy, I will not permit you to chase any more wood nymphs. That episode with Daphne cost me another botanical classification! Girls would rather be changed into a tree or a bush than have you catch them. You've singlehandedly created a whole forest. You might try introducing yourself first! It won't hurt you.

Now, children, I want all of you to control yourselves. Cupid, Venus, Apollo, Diana, Vesta... okay, not Vesta... all the rest of you. Decorum! Try to be divinities mortals can look up to! Try to be to them what a god should be! Try to be like me-- um, and my wife! That is all. *(after a pause)* Ah, Prometheus-- how's your liver trouble?

CUP: *(apart from Jupiter)* Try to be like him--hmph!

VE: I couldn't keep it up.

MI: Why should we have to put up with this? We're divine. We must have some rights.

CUP: We shouldn't have to stand such tyranny.

MI: Even the French are better off~

VE: Who?

DI: As for me, I'm bored silly here. Olympus smothers me with its implacable azure.

CU: I'm sick of that awful ambrosia. It's sweet enough to make you gag. Give me some good raw meat!

VE: What if we were to rebel?

CU: Yes, we will...

MI: Quiet! Let's get everyone together and discuss it.

(trumpet offstage)

JUP: Who arrives?

JUN: Oh, dear--it's that tedious Mercury. If you'll excuse me, husband...

JUP: Won't you receive him?

JUN: A pair such as you is more than any delicate sensibility can endure. *(exit)*

MER. All hail Jupiter Stator, master of the earth, master of the sky, master of the...

JUP: Yes, yes, I know all that. What have you to report?

MER: Ah, sire, I have reams of the naughty stories that you love to hear: Rape in Thessaly, Maenads and Fauns in Ionia, Abduction in Arcadia, A Centaur and a Nymph in Ecstasy...

JUP: Plenty of choice.

MER: Does it behoove you to hear of the centaur? (*chuckles*)

JUP: Later. Tell me of the Abduction.

MER: Oh, an exciting tale, sire. A woolly shepherd named Aristeus bounded off with Eurydice, the wife of Orpheus.

JUP: The musician?

MER: So some say. Ah, but the best is yet to come. The shepherd is none other than Pluto in disguise- - so the lamb is really a shade. A lamb-shade? (*laughs uproariously*)

JUP: Continue, continue.

MER: Ah. Well, the infernal one did the maid in and has set her up down under. Proserpina does not know, you see, for it is her six months on the Earth.

JUP: The dog! But at least no one will learn what goes on in that gloomy crypt.

MER: When were you last there? He has redecorated. And he's rented Tartarus to Bacchus for his wine orgies. I've spent a jolly hour there myself, now and again.

JUP: Incredible!

MER: Indeed. But I fear the mortals suspect. Suicides have doubled. They've had to put another ferryman on at the Styx.

JUP: Disgraceful. It can't go on. Send for him at once!

MER: I've taken the liberty in advance, sire. (*fanfare*)

JUP: Then he shall feel my wrath. Say, is this Eurydice good-looking?

MER: Sire, he comes... and with his Furies!

#10 FIRST SECTION OF ENTR'ACTE- FURIES THEME

(Pluto enters with Furies)

PLU: All hail, Jupiter Stator, master of the Earth, master...

JUP: Get on with it.

PLU: *(aside)* Why is he so hostile? I wonder if he knows? I'd better be effusive... *(aloud)* Ah, with what delight I once again breath the intoxicating vapors of Olympus! What sweet fragrances Zephyrus bears in his arms—the perfumes of Day, the perfumes of Night, the perfumes of earth and those of the Sky, the perfumes of the Graces, the perfumes of the Muses and the perfumes in each goddess's embraces.

JUP: Are you opening a shop?

PLU: It's just that as I must dwell in a gloomy vault reeking of souls and asphodel, when I come up here...

JUP: Balderdash! You live in a pit of pleasure, a dungeon of delight and a tomb of temptation!

PLU: I?

JUP: You. And you abducted a mortal beauty named Eurydice to share it with you.

PLU: I deny it... I...

JUP: Silence! I have it from an unimpeachable source. *(Pluto glares at Mercury, who smiles)* Now I shall punish you.

PLU: Sire! Allow me to speak!

JUP: Silence when I am speaking! Stand there silently as the others are doing.

PLU: What others? *(they have by now all been spirited off by the revolutionaries)*

JUP: All of these... oh. That's odd--I could have sworn... that is, like all the others who are standing where only I, master of the earth and sky, can see them. *(to Mercury)* Where have they...

MAR. Listen!

JUP: What is that?

PLU: It doesn't sound like the sounds of silence to me._

NO. 7 REVOLUTIONARY CHORUS- Venus, Cupid, Diana and Chorus

*To arms, Olympian divinities!
To arms, you gods from all vicinities!
Overthrow this tyranny!
Freedom from this villainy!*

*Life up here is too absurd,
Raise your voices and be heard!
To arms, etc.*

*To battle! To battle!
Revolution of the gods!*

JUPITER

*A revolution? How very odd.
It's even done in rhyme.*

PLUTO (aside)

*A revolution? Among the gods?
Things are getting better all the time!*

CUPID

This wretched nectar is too sweet!

CHOR.

Yes, it's too sweet!

DIANA

And this ambrosia is no treat!

CHOR.

It is no treat!

VENUS

The wretched stuff's not fit to eat!

CHOR.

Not fit to eat!

PLUTO

*My comrades unite, this bourgeois food is awful.
Join me in making table fare like this unlawful.*

CHOR.

To arms, etc.

*To arms, Olympian divinities!
To arms, gods from all vicinities!
Overthrow this tyranny!
Freedom from this villainy!*

*Life up here is too absurd,
Raise your voices and be heard!
To arms, etc.*

*No more ambrosia, it is vile!
And nectar does not suit our style!
We're putting Jupiter on trial!
To battle! To battle!
To battle, then, my comrades all!*

JUP: So, this is a revolt, Eh!

ALL: Yes! Down with the tyrant!

JUP: Now, there's no reason to be personal.

CUP: We want a change!

VEN: More freedom!

DI: More excitement!

MIN: All power to the pantheon!

PLU: If I may act as spokesman for my comrades, their demands are for better working conditions— fewer hours and no nectar or ambrosia.

JUP: This is an outrage! It will cause inflation!

PLU: Nonsense. You simply pass the costs along to the mortals. A few more sacrifices per week... they'll never notice.

MER: You had better bargain closely, Sire. Mortals are likely to import some cheap foreign religion.

JUP: This is what all of you want?

ALL: Yes!

JUP: And you aren't ashamed to have a bandit like Pluto as your spokesman?

JUN: A bandit?

JUP: Oh, of the deepest die. He steals wives.

PLU: You are flagrantly avoiding arbitration.

CUP: Who did he steal?

MIN: Whom, child.

VEN: Tell us about it.

ALL: Tell us, tell us.

JUP: He seduced the beautiful Eurydice, wife of Orpheus the musician.

ALL: Tsk, tsk.

PLU: My friends, I do not say that I have done this thing, but if I had, I would only hope that my punishment might be as severe as that which another god has received for the same crime...

JUP: Who was that?

PLU: You, your grace.

JUP: What? Me? Never. I am a paragon of virtue. A paragon of...

DI: I know one story.

MIN: I know a better one.

CUP: So do I!

VE: And I!

ALL: So do we!

JUP: I just remembered, I left a constellation burning. I must rush off...

JUN: Stay, husband. I should like you to hear this.

JUP: But, my dear...

JUN: You will hear it!

No. 8 COUPLETS — Minerva, Diana, Cupid, Venus, Pluto

MINERVA

*To capture Alcmena's affection,
You did assume her husband's form.
I can't believe she found attraction
In such a boring uniform!*

*Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
When she became accessible,
Your thoughts were inexpressible
Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
Yet you're irrepressible,
Incestuous Papa!*

CHOR.

*Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
When she became accessible,
Your thoughts were inexpressible
Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
Yet you're irrepressible,
Incestuous Papa!*

DIANA

*Though you believed you'd tricked Europa
Because a bull's disguise you'd worn,
She quickly knew this interloper
From all the times she's seen his horns!*

*Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
He challenged her frigidity
With eminent stupidity!
Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
Study with rapidity
Your errors, dear Papa!*

CHOR.

*Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
 He challenged her frigidity
 With eminent stupidity!
 Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
 Study with rapidity
 Your errors, dear Papa!*

CUPID

*Poor Danae, shut up in a tower;
 Excited you with noble zeal.
 She saw you as a golden shower,
 What you beheld we can't reveal!*

*Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
 Into her bath intruded he
 And reveled in her nudity.
 Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
 It shows a certain crudity,
 Indelicate Papa!*

CHOR.

*Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
 Into her bath intruded he
 And reveled in her nudity.
 Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
 It shows a certain crudity,
 Indelicate Papa!*

VENUS

*While Leda strolled down by the river,
 She was accosted by a swan.
 And though she made his feathers quiver,
 I do not think he turned her on!*

*Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
 He sought to make biology
 By using ornithology
 Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
 You owe her an apology,
 Ridiculous Papa!*

CHOR.

*Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
 He sought to make biology*

*By using ornithology
Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
You owe her an apology,
Ridiculous Papa!*

PLUTO

*Now what do we from these disguises
Determine with regard to you?
The maiden who your looks despises
Will get a caller from the zoo!*

*Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
Altho' he has some merit, he
Lacks genuine sincerity,
Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
I fear for our posterity
If this is our Papa!*

CHOR

*Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
Altho' he has some merit, he
Lacks genuine sincerity,
Ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, ah!
I fear for our posterity
If this is our Papa!*

MER: Sire...

JUP: NO! Not your story!

MER: Oh, certainly not, sire.

JUN: Shall you deliver the coup de grace, Mercury?

MER: Oh, I know nothing of these things, Madame.

JUN: Two of a kind. Very well, then, we shall decide your punishment,
husband.

JUP: What a disgusting position.

MER: Sire...

- JUP: What is it now? Can't you see I'm in immortal agony?
- MER: There are two strangers at the gate.
- JUP: Tell them to go away.
- MER: I don't believe that would have the desired effect, sire.
- JUP: Then I will give them a thunderbolt!
- MER: I'm afraid that would only serve to infuriate them, my lord. One of them is rather strenuous.
- JUP: Well, who is it?
- MER: The musician Orpheus and a personification named Public Opinion.
- JUP: Public Opinion? Here? By my beard, this is serious! With the musician, you say?
- MER: So some say.
- JUP: This is my chance to lose the hounds... *(aloud)* Children! A truce to our internal squabbling. Public Opinion has come to Olympus.
(the chorus screams)
She is here, it seems, on behalf of the musician named Orpheus.
(they all sigh)
- PLU: Keep them out!
- JUP: I will let them in. As the Great Judge, I can do nothing else. Now, quickly, assemble in the standard pose. *(all scurry)* Where is my scepter?? My lightning? I can't see them without my lightning. Thank you! Juno, beside me! Diana, over there.! Venus, there!
- PLU: What about me?
- JUP: You go sit over there by the orchestra and keep out of trouble!

NO. 9 FINALE, ACT 1

PLUTO

*He's approaching, he's advancing,
To confront me he will try;*

*For my poaching wives entrancing
In my closet he will pry.*

*He's approaching, he's advancing,
To confront me he will try;
For my poaching wives entrancing
In my closet he will pry.*

GODS and PUBLIC OPINION

*He's approaching, he's advancing,
See the vengeance in his eyes;
Now at Pluto he is glancing
He'll see through his laughable disguise.*

PLUTO, JUPITER, MERCURY, MARS

There's no doubt...

DIANA, CUPID, VENUS, JUNO

Not a one...

PLUTO, JUPITER, MERCURY, MARS

It is he!

DIANA, CUPID, VENUS, JUNO

Phoebus' son!

PUB. OPINION (to Orpheus)

Come on, come on, don't falter now!

PLUTO, JUPITER, MERCURY, MARS

There's no doubt...

DIANA, CUPID, VENUS, JUNO

Not a one...

PLUTO, JUPITER, MERCURY, MARS

It is he!

DIANA, CUPID, VENUS, JUNO

What's been done?

PUB. OPINION

No wavering will I allow. Go on!

ORPHEUS

*How I wish I weren't advancing,
I don't want to save my wife.
Fear before my eyes is dancing
I'll be lucky if they spare my life!*

MARS, JUPITER, MERCURY

*He's approaching, he's advancing, etc.
For some odd reason you have come here,
He insists you tell him why!*

PLUTO

*He's approaching, he's advancing, etc.
Yes, for my poaching wives entrancing,
In my closet he will pry.*

GODDESSES, CHOR.

*Yes, he's the one, 'tis Phoebus' son
Yes, he's the one, what has been done?
For some odd reason you have come here,
We insist you tell us why!*

ORPHEUS

*Ah, spare my life!
Fear before my eyes is dancing,
Hopefully, they'll spare my life!*

PUB. OPINION

*You must obey!
You cannot fail in your demand.
Do not fail in this endeavor,
Tell him to return your wife!*

JUPITER

Why have you come upon this sacred ground?

PUB. OPINION

*We've come to the moment profound.
Now speak with a voice that is quaking,
While bending a suppliant knee.
And ask for the right to set free
Your wife from the clutches of hell!*

ORPHEUS

That tale I'll tell.

PUB. OPINION

Go on!

ORPHEUS (a la Gluck)

Someone has ravished Eurydice!

DIANE, CUPID, VENUS

There's no equal to his sorrow!

There's no comfort for his woe!

ORPHEUS

And who is to blame?

JUPITER

Who?

ORPHEUS

It is he! (indicates Pluto)

ALL

It is he! It is he!

JUPITER

It is he!

This crime has no defense,

It borders on vulgarity.

So your wife I return

As a token of my charity!

ORPHEUS

Oh, no! Oh, no!

She's mine once more!

PLUTO

Oh, no! Oh, no!

This makes me sore!

JUPITER

To ensure my command is carried out completely,

I will go with you to Hades and

See for myself.

ALL

He will go

Down below!

PUB. OPINION

He'll go to hell!

DIANA, CUPID, VENUS, MINERVA, MERCURY, MARS

Oh, please, Jove, let us go

Down to Hades with you!

Oh, please, Jove, let us go,

It would be oh, so new!

Oh, take us too,

Please do,

We want to go, too,

Call it "chacun a son gout."

JUPITER

'Tis done, so now to hell with you,

The whole damn crew!

GODS

Great Jupiter our king,

Your praises now we sing!

MERCURY, MARS

Down we go, down we go!

GODS

Glory to this great divinity

None since Hyperion so kind.

Take us from this bland vicinity

To regions where some life we'll find.

Let's go, let's go let's go, ah!

La, la, la, la, la, la, let's go, let's go below.

La, la, la, la, la, la, we go, we go below, ah!

We're through with mountains,

Through with azure skies

We'll not return until we die.

We'll go to Hades, that is,

Down into infernal regions

Singing bawdy songs on high!

La, la, la, la, la, la, let's go, let's go below.

La, la, la, la, la, la, we go, we go below, ah!

PUB. OPINION

Glory to this great divinity

None since Hyperion so kind.

Why desert this bland vicinity

Why leave your morals far behind?

JUPITER

Let's go and see what we...

ALL

What we shall see!

JUPITER

There will be gaiety...

ALL

*Eternally!
We will be fast and free
Most certainly.
There will be gaiety
Eternally!*

MERCURY, MARS,

*We go, we go, we go below
Let's go, let's go!*

PUB. OPINION

*They go, they go, they go below
Don't go! Don't go!*

ALL (except Public Opinion)

*La, la, la, la, la, la, let's go, let's go below.
La, la, la, la, la, la, we go, we go below, ah!
Yes, it's so, it's so, we go below,
No lofty mountains, no blue sky.
Down into Hades we will go,
Our song on high,
Our song on high!*

(dance)

*La, la, la, la, la, la, let's go, let's go below.
La, la, la, la, la, la, we go, we go below, ah!
La, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la!*

(all descend to Hades)

End of Act 1

ACT TWO

37.

#10. Entr'acte.

EUR: Oh! This is intolerable! For two whole days I've been locked in this imitation apartment with imitation windows, eating imitation chocolates and reading imitation Greek tabloids. I'm so bored, I could kill myself! No, it's too late for that. Ugh! And look at this furniture... Trojan! It's too horrible! That Pluto makes me so mad! Why did he have to reorganize his elements? He's just not the same. I never see him. I suppose he's busy making the rounds of the funeral parlors, and I imagine someone has to do it, but I don't care! I've got half a mind to fall in love with the next man I see...

JO: Lovely Madame...

EUR: Starting right after this one...

JO: Madame, I must speak with you.

EUR: Well, well--it is my imitation jailer. Are you really there?

JO: Oh, yes, Madame. Touch me and see!

EUR: *(quickly)* I believe you! What is it you want?

JO: Well, since you seem interested in me, I'll tell you. I am in love!

EUR: Really? I congratulate you.

JO: My body may be dead, Madame, but my spirit is alive and filled with emotion.

EUR: *(bored)* You don't say.

JO: I imagine I would make the perfect husband: A weak head but a generous soul. The woman who married me would be very happy.

EUR: Yes, I'm sure. Would you bring me some wine? *(sits on couch)*

JO: *(bringing wine and sitting next to her)* I love you, my darling! *(he makes her spill the wine)*

EUR: You clumsy idiot!

JO: A thousand pardons, my love. *(he starts to clean it up)* I am afraid that I am not very good at being a servant. You see, there was a time... when I was alive.

No. 11 COUPLETS OF THE KING OF BEOTIA— John Styx

STYX

1.
*When I was ruler of the nation
 All Macedonia did I own,
 Then I was run through by a relation
 And I arrived here all alone.*

*Since then I've suffered such privation;
 I've had to work here like a slave.
 But now you'll be my great salvation
 And you will raise me from my grave.*

*Please pardon my profound elation,
 I've never known such agitation.*

2.
*If I again could rule my nation,
 As my queen I would have you reign.
 But then, we're stuck here in this location
 And we may never return again.*

*Among the dead souls in damnation
 So very choosy we cannot be.
 Why not accept with no hesitation
 The love of him whose remains you see?*

*Accept the love and adoration
 Of the late ruler of the nation.*

JO: My love, let me hold you!

EUR: Stop that! I don't want you? You're ugly and you're dead!

JO: I'm no more dead than anyone else down here

EUR: That's not so. I died a metaphorical death. I'm only poetically dead.

JO: Is that why you're so warm? *(tries to hug her)*

EUR: (*holding him off*) Perhaps I can use his ardor to my advantage. (*aloud*) Oh, your highness, you are too impatient. All good things are worth waiting for. Why don't you pour us some more wine?

JO: Of course, my empress. (*toasting*) To our kingdom!

EUR: To our kingdom! (*she empties her glass in nearby amphora and pours another*)
To our friendship!

JO: To our love!

EUR: To life!

JO: To life after death! (*he tries to kiss her--she puts the empty decanter between their lips*)

EUR: Oh, your grace, we are out of wine. We must have more!

JO: Yes, yes... more wine! That is what we need. I will be back soon. Don't go away. (*exits and locks the door*)

EUR: Soon he will be an unconscious king, as well as a dead one, and then I will slip out of here! I will join the party I keep hearing. Then death will be worth living!

(*Pluto enters with Jupiter*)

PLU: As you can see, she's not here. You have searched my entire kingdom.

JUP: But Public Opinion said...that is, I say she is here. What is this?

PLU: A door.

JUP: I have heard of them. And what is behind the door?

PLU: Um...it is ...um...a storage closet.

JUP: What is in the storage closet?.

PLU:shrouds! They come down with the dead, you know, before they become shades. And once they are shades they are not easy to wear—keep falling through them, you see—so they go in here.

JUP: Let me see.

PLU: I don't have a key.

JUP: Well, get it!

PLU: Proserpine has it! She makes drapery and tablecloths out of them. But it is now her time on earth.

JUP: Hmmm.

JO: Here I come, my love!

PLU: *(stopping him)* John!

JO: Oh!

JUP: Does he always address you like that?

PLU: He's just a nice Greek boy...*(to John)* Where are you going, John?

JO: I was just bringing...

PLU: Me some wine. How thoughtful. Come, let us go off and drink it. Will you join us?

JUP: *(disparagingly)* No, thank you. I must rejoin my party. I'll see you before I leave.

JO: But this is for...

PLU: *(putting the jug in Styx' mouth)* Yes! We'll meet you later. After you, John.
(he drags him out forcibly, covering his mouth)

JUP: He's been here too long. I wonder what is in here. *(putting his eye to the keyhole)*
AHA! She is here! Oh, but she's lovely. What a dream.

EUR: Where is he? What's keeping my stupid king?

JUP: Can she mean me? How did she know I was coming?

EUR: If that ridiculous ruler doesn't get here in a minute, I'll scream!

JUP: She must mean me. I wasn't told she had such a delightful personality. Ah, well, I will settle for her body. How can I approach her? *(thinks)* Oh, Omniscient One, this is worthy of you—I will once again assume a clever disguise.. .one that can go through the keyhole! One, two, three--*(a flash, then Jupiter is revealed as a fly)* Is this clever enough? As a tiny fly I can now go through the keyhole.

FUR: Where are you, my feeble-minded lover?

JUP: I'm coming, my love! (*he appears to go through the door, and lands on his stomach in the room*)

No. 12 FLY DUET— Eurydice and Jupiter

EURYDICE

*There is something that's humming,
It seems to be coming
From right over there...*

JUPTITER

*In the part I'll be playing
No syllable saying
I'll fly through the air.*

*Just the sound of a golden wing;
A pleasant buzz, listen to me sing:
Zzzz, zzz, etc.*

EURYDICE

*Ah! It's a fly I'm hearing.
He's come through the door,
My misfortune cheering,
How my heart does soar!*

JUPITER

*I'd say it is appearing
That Jupiter has made a score!*

EURYDICE

My heart he's cheering!

JUPITER

*My foot's adhering!
I'm stuck to the floor!*

EURYDICE

*Closer I am nearing,
Stay there, I implore!
Oh, lovely iridescent creature,
Won't you stay with me forevermore?*

JUPITER

Zzz.

EURYDICE

*Oh, let me gaze upon your features,
For this place is really such a bore.*

JUPITER

Zzz.

EURYDICE

*Do not leave, I beg and implore you
Stay with me and be my own,
Ah, Stay, then, with me and be my own
For I cannot live all alone.
Please stay with me and be my own,
Ah!*

JUPITER

*This is better than playing the Swan
For I can strike with a kiss and be gone!*

EURYDICE

Lovely bug, do not fly away!

JUPITER

Cannot stay, cannot stay...

EURYDICE

Do not taunt and tease me so, I pray!

JUPITER

That's the way that I play...

EURYDICE

Oh, you're so absolutely maddening and cruel...

JUPITER

It's just a clever way of courting you, my jewel..

EURYDICE

Why won't you let me pinch your body, oh, so slightly?

JUPITER

*I'd rather wear you out so later you won't fight me.
I'll fly around a while my dear.*

EURYDICE

He's gone forever now I fear.

*I've got a marvelous idea.
This drape should be quite effective as an insect snare...*

JUPITER

You wouldn't dare!

EURYDICE

*Ah! Ah, now I've got you,
You are mine forever!
Ah, now I've got you,
We will live together!*

JUPITER

*Though I'm captured, it's true,
I've got you too, my treasure.
You have gotten a fly
But I'll soon have my pleasure!*

EURYDICE

Sing, my jewel.

JUPITER

Zzz.

EURYDICE

Sing, you fool.

JUPITER

Zzz.

BOTH

*Zzz, etc.
Ah, pretty thing! Ah, pretty thing!
Ah, you pretty, pretty thing.
Ah, pretty thing, ah, pretty thing!
I have got a pretty thing.
Ah! Let us sing!*

FUR: Oh, what a lovely pet! Such beautiful color! Such splendid wings!
Such funny legs!

JUP: Buzz.

EUR: Come sit here with me.

JUP: Oh, my adored one!

EUR: It talks! Help? Help!

JUP: No, no--don't be afraid. I'm not really a fly.

EUR: You're not?

JUP: *(laughing)* No...

EUR: Are you a bug? I hate bugs.

JUP: Of course not! I'm Jupiter Stator, god of gods, master of the earth
and sky.

EUR: You're a talking bird?

JUP: No, no, no! I am Jupiter Stator! I am in disguise.

EUR: You are?

JUP: Yes.

EUR: But why are you here?

JUP: I desire you.

EUR: "That which the gods desire shall all desire."

JUP: That's very accommodating of you.

EUR: I learned that as a child and it has been my guiding inspiration
through life.

JUP: Smart girl.

EUR: But you will take me away from here, won't you?

JUP: Of course, my sweet.

EUR: I think it is only fair to tell you that I am dead.

JUP: Don't worry your pretty head about that, my dear. After all, I am a fly.

EUR: Then I am yours!

JUP: My darling? *(he pulls her down on the couch)*

JO: My beloved, I have returned!

EUR: Oh, no.

JO: My god! That fly! Don't be afraid, dear, I will kill it for you. *(picks up large fly swatter, chases Jup.)*

EUR: No, you fool! Stop him, master of the earth and sky!

JUP: I left my thunderbolt in my other suit.

EUR: Quickly- -the keyhole!

JUP: Right! *(He goes through the keyhole as before, but gets stuck halfway. Styx smacks him with swatter, which sends him through the rest of the way)*

EUR: You've killed him?

JUP: *(Through keyhole)* Buzz, buzz.

EUR: He's alive. Thank heavens. I'm coming...

JO: I'm waiting—

EUR: *(as before)* Oh, of course you are, dearest. You're so brave.
Where were we?

JO: A toast to us.

EUR: To us! Another... *(she fishes for his keys)*

JO: To amour!

FUR: To amour. Another.

JO: To kissing?

EUR: Too much! *(she removes the keys)* I will be back, sweetheart, as soon as I change into something more comfortable. Now don't look!
(she unlocks the door and leaves)

JO: Don't worry, my royal beauty, I can't see too well at the moment. Don't be long, sweet lips. I feel my powers returning! I am shaking off the dust of centuries. The king has returned! *(falls asleep)*

PLU:\ *(entering)* Well, the Olympians have been distracted by the Bacchanale, and Public Opinion is being held up at the ferry for not having exact change. I may yet have time to get rid of her! But where has Jupiter gone? *(sees sleeping form)* John!

JO: Darling! *(hugs Pluto)*

PLU: Agh!. Get away! Where is Eurydice?

JO: "When I was ruler of the nation..."

PLU: No, no! Where is...

EURYDICE *(offstage)*

*Oh, lovely iridescent creature,
Won't you stay with me forevermore?*

PLU: Eurydice!! She is there! *(he runs to the door, opens it to see Jupiter, now undisguised, leading Eurydice away)* Jupiter! All is lost!

JO: But we still have the wine.

*When I was ruler of the nation,
All Macedonia did I own.
Then I was run through by a relation
And I arrived here all alone.*

WITH PLUTO

*We both have suffered such privation
Until she came and our hearts we gave.
Now we have lost our great salvation,
And we remain here in the grave.*

*The god whose duty is damnation
And the late ruler of the nation.*

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

ACT 2, SCENE 2**No. 14— INFERNAL CHORUS*****GODS AND GODDESSES***

*To wine we now resign
Our soul, Great Bacchus, we are thine.
(for good, clean air
We have no care)*

*Although we are divine,
To base design we now incline
(This sodden state
Is really great.)*

*Come, drink to Bacchus, do
And then to Pluto, too.
These regions shall become our shrine.*

*Now pleasure is our king
Eternally we sing
Hail to Bacchus, god of wine!*

Evohe! Evohe! etc.

*Such mythological transgression
Will bring chaos to the land.
But overpowering obsession
Has consumed this godly band.*

*So on with drunken orgies,
Begin without delay the Bacchanal.
All hail the god of wine!*

*Goodbye to thee, sobriety.
And to our former high society,
We pity thee.*

*To wine we now resign
Our soul, Great Bacchus, we are thine.
(for good, clean air
We have no care)*

Although we are divine,

*To base design we now incline
(This sodden state Is really...)*

*Great king we sing inebriated praise to you,
King, we are thine.
These regions shall become our shrine,
All hail to Bacchus, god of wine!
Hail, god of wine, hail, god of wine,
Our souls are thine, our souls are thine!*

Oh, god of wine!

CUPID

*Come forth, my pretty embodiment of joy:
Bacchante with face and form divine.
Art and grace must your voice now employ
In a hymn to the great god of wine.*

GODS AND GODDESSES

*Beauty, beauty, do now your duty.
Sing a hymn to the great god of wine.*

No. 14 bis — HYMN TO BACCHUS

EURYDICE

*I.
Upon his fertile rock,
Rosy Bacchus reclining,
Instructs his faithful flock
In his lessons so gay.*

*The satyr and the faun
In a chorus combining
Did sing his song this way:
Evohe! etc. Evohe! etc.*

*Evohe, 'tis Bacchus inspires me.
Evohe, I'm lost in a trance,
Evohe, Terpsichore fires me,
Evohe, I'm ready to dance.*

EURYDICE, GODS AND GODDESSES

Evohe, great god of wine, etc.

DIANA, VENUS, CUPID

Did sing his song this way:

*'Tis he inspires me.
I'm lost in trance
'Tis she who fires me,
I'm set to dance.*

2.

*'Tis easy to explain
His poetic suggestion:
From industry refrain,
Only live for today.*

*The wine all care dispels
And improves the digestion
While leading us astray.
Evohe! etc. Evohe! etc.*

*Evohe, 'tis Bacchus inspires me.
Evohe, I'm lost in a trance,
Evohe, Terpsichore fires me,
Evohe, I'm ready to dance.*

DIANA, VENUS, CUPID

While leading us astray.

*'Tis he inspires me.
I'm lost in trance
'Tis she who fires me,
I'm set to dance.*

EURYDICE, GODS AND GODDESSES

Evohe, great god of wine, etc.

NO. 15 MINUET, INFERNAL GALOP AND CHORUS

JUPITER

*This is a charming dance,
But not a step that suits the dead.
So now good taste must have a chance,
So join me in a minuet.*

GODS AND GODDESSES

*Ah! La, la, la, etc.
Dance a minuet with the King of Gods
See how gracefully he dances.
Proper etiquette we seldom display
Nowadays one has few chances.
Etc.*

*Yet, beneath this measured joy
Do the primal passions seem to call.
Soon we'll yield to pleasure's ploy
And the Bacchanale.*

(dance)

*The ball is at once infernal,
Normally nocturnal,
We could keep it up for good and all.*

*Form a line fraternal
With the gods eternal,
But take care to see that you don't fall.*

*Oh, come and join the free-for-all
Come join the ball.*

EUR: What wonderful fun! I've never been so happy? I want to drink wine and dance forever.

JUP: And so you shall, my dear. We shall create you the Muse of the Dance when we return to Olympus.

JUN: We already have a muse of the dance, husband.

JUP: Oh. I didn't know you were there, divine wife. Well, we will find something for you; perhaps first chair Bacchante. Come! To Olympus!

JUN: One moment, husband. Why are you so partial to this person?

JUP: Oh, my dear, this is an extreme hardship case--unjustly treated throughout her short life. As the supreme judge, I have decided to suspend her death and rehabilitate her.

JUN: I see. What is your name, child?

PLU: Eurydice!

JUN: Eurydice? *(the gods react)*

JUP: Damn.

PLU: It is she, your majesty. And I believe your husband has also forgotten that someone is here to see her. *(to Jup.)* If I can't have her, neither of us will *(aloud)* Orpheus has come to claim his wife!

EUR. My husband?

JUP: I had forgotten him.

JUN: This is very absent-minded of you, husband.

PLU: They are here!

(they appear, P.O. obviously annoyed)

P.O. No thanks to you! Damned ferry! *(to Pluto)* I'll speak to you later *(tweaks his nose)*. I'm ashamed of you gods! I've been here long enough to see that dance. The world won't be ready for that for at least 2000 years! *(Orpheus taps her on the shoulder—she ignores him)* In a minute... Where is Bacchus? You've lost support by fooling around down here. You will go on a ten week tour of the banquet circuit to gain it back. *(Orpheus taps again)* Keep your tunic on! Jupiter, you must... *(taps)* Oh, what is it?

OR: Oh, nothing important. *(starts to leave)*

P.O. Stop! I remember. Has Eurydice been found?

PLU: *(bringing her forward)* She has!

P.O. Then I call upon the gods to restore her to her husband.
(to Orph.) Play!

#15 BIS. MELODRAMA

P.O. I demand of you, master of the earth and sky, to maintain your reputation--restore this wife! Hear the husband's grief...

OR: Actually, I'm only sight-reading...

P.O. Hush!

EUR: Save me, Jupiter!

PLU: No one will save you, my sweet. Would they risk a loss at the temples?
Do you remember that melody?

EUR: That groan? Where have I heard that groan?

PLU: From your valiant violinist, my love. Look at those faces; they are enchanted by him. You shall be returned to earth as the musician's wife and he shall be your Tartarus! You should have stayed true to me.

FUR: Jupiter!

JUP: My darling, do not give way! They do not call me Jove for nothing. Trust me. Your husband doesn't have you yet. Children! Let us gather round and hear the plea of the musician. You will be his jury. Olympian justice will be done! Be fair, and, above all, remember who gave you this holiday.

(music ends)

JUP: Step forward, mortal. What have you to say?

OR: "Someone has ravished Eurydice..."

P.O. He knows that! Tell him—

OR: I... I want my wife back.

EUR: Wretch!

OR: Bitch!

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(music ends)

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OR: "Someone has ravished Eurydice..."

P.O. He knows that! Tell him—

OR: I... I want my wife back.

EUR: Wretch!

OR: Bitch!

JUP: Well, what say you, my loyal children? Shall I give her back to Orpheus to live on the miserable Earth, or shall I raise her to the environs of happy Olympus, where working conditions could get better, fewer hours might be forthcoming, and where nectar and ambrosia ought never to appear on the menu? *(the gods vacillate)*

JUN: Give her back!

JUP: Uh... how say the rest of you?

MER.: *(after polling the gods individually)* My lord, the gods have spoken.

JUP: And?

MER: They abstain.

JUP: Hmm. One vote to none. Very well, I give her to Orpheus!

FUR: Oh!

OR: Oh!

P.O. Jupiter and the gods could not be wiser.

JUP: On one condition... *(aside)* I'm not done yet. *(aloud)* Orpheus, you shall make your way solemnly toward the Styx. Your wife shall follow ten paces behind. You must

thus proceed back to Earth and never look back. Should you become impatient to behold her, and disobey this whim, she will be lost to you forever.

PLU: This isn't a game!

JUP: (*looking directly at Pluto*) Did someone speak? Go! Eurydice will follow. I have spoken.

No. 16 — FINALE

PUBLIC OPINION

*Now begin your return to the earth
But don't look back, I'm warning you.
Your reputation won't be worth
A single drachma if you do.*

GODS AND GODDESSES

*Oh, what a marital dilemma,
He mustn't look upon his wife, upon his wife,
And if he does, it will condemn her
To a happy, happy death instead of life.*

JUPITER

That woman wields a power over him I fight in vain!

PUBLIC OPINION

We will attain a victory, a victory!

JUPITER

*He won't look at her!
This thunderbolt will set her free!*

GODS AND GODDESSES

Ah!

PUBLIC OPINION

Stupid one! He was only bluffing!

ORPHEUS

That hurt a lot more than nothing!

PLUTO

*She must remain a soul in hell!
She's mine forevermore!*

JUPITER

I say she's mine!

PLUTO

No!

JUPITER

Yes! Over her we'll have a civil war.

GODS AND GODDESSES

A civil war!

(at end of page 143)

P.O. Hold! Civil wars are not popular. I won't permit it!

JUP: Then I'll make her a constellation!

FUR: No!

P.O. No, the only one you have left is Virgo and she'll not do for that. No, there is only one solution. We'll give her to.... John Styx!

(Styx comes forward between Jupiter and Pluto. He smiles at one, then the other. They smile to each other)

JUP & PLU: Some wine, John?

#16 TO END**EURYDICE**

Ah, ah, ah!

I thank you for this intervention

Now it's my intention

Soon to be a queen

And favors glean from these two gods.

A war would be exciting,

But celestial lighting

Would have made my social life too hard.

GODS AND GODDESSES

La, la, la etc.

END