

THE SPIS

by Phil Darg

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THESPIS

Cast of Characters:

THESPIS (male, 25-40) – the irreverent, questioning, expressive (but inexperienced), and most recently recruited member of the chorus.

CORYPHEUS* (male or female, 30-50) – the temperamental, pretentious, and often condescending leader of the chorus, bound by tradition.

POLYBIA (female, 25-30) – a patient and encouraging member of the chorus who eventually comes to appreciate the creativity of THESPIS.

DIOCLES (male, 25-30) – the somewhat sycophantic assistant to CORYPHEUS, admiring friend of THESPIS, and a member of the chorus.

CHORUS (male or female) – another two-four members who participate in the rehearsal and performance as a chorus (but have no individual lines, and are thus **optional characters**). Ideally, the chorus as a whole (including the four major characters listed above) would be even in number, and evenly divided between male and female members.

Setting:

An ancient Greek *theatron* in Athens – likely the Theatre of Dionysus at the southeast base of the Acropolis.

Time:

The year 566 BCE.

Running Time:

About 50 minutes.

Synopsis:

As an Athenian chorus group prepares for its annual performance in the Festival of Dionysus, the predictable nature of its production is upset by the inquisitive Thespis, who suggests that their show would be much more interesting if they thought of a new script instead of just repeating the well-established chant.

*If the role of CORYPHEUS is played by a female actor, the character's name should be changed to CORYPHEA, and any stage directions that refer to the character's male gender (e.g. "he" or "himself") etc., should be changed to the appropriate gender form (e.g., "she" or "herself"), etc.

THESPIS

The setting is an ancient Greek orchestra – or the front part of an ancient stage facing out towards the audience. Behind the front stage area are a series of pillars or columns (or the suggestion thereof), and off to the sides there may also be a few steps or blocks, etc. As the lights come up, the male and female CHORUS members (which include DIOCLES and POLYBIA) are casually mingling, talking, and practicing their various poses they use in the chant. A moment or two passes, and then CORYPHEAEUS – the leader of the chorus – enters and addresses them.

CORYPHEAEUS

People!

(beat, the CHORUS members fall silent)

The hour is short, and our labors are great.

(beat, the CHORUS members begin to assemble themselves into an evenly-spaced line across the stage – from left to right and facing out)

Athenians, our time to perform is almost nigh . . .

(CORYPHEAEUS joins the chorus line at one end)

Ours will be the first performance that the citizens will see and hear at the festivities . . .

Our presentation *must* be strong!

(there is some murmuring amongst the CHORUS members, then silence)

Are we ready?

Beat. THEY all strike a similar pose, then speak, move, and pose in sync with each other, delivering the chant below – together as one voice.

CHORUS (including CORYPHEAEUS)

Who dares to question the will of the gods?

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

What man could be so bold? Tell us his name.

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

For he who shows his hubris shall suffer.

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

He who does not bend to their will is crushed.

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

Mortals – know your place! Accept your station.

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

Think not of ambition – speak not your will.

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

For we are but meek souls upon the earth –

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

Soon to be shadows in the underworld –

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

Give praise and sacrifice to all the gods!

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

CHORUS (CONTINUED)

For they have given us our life and breath.
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
And so we consecrate this harvest now.
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
We give thanks for our weather and bounty.
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
We sing your honor! We dance in your name!
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
Bow your heads – cease your thoughts – offer your praise . . .

THEY begin to sing a brief bit of modal music [“aahing” etc. – see appendix] with no clear words or lyrics. THEY then cease their singing. Beat.

CORYPHEUS

(turning and looking at them)
Well, it’s not . . . *horrible* . . . it isn’t very good, but it isn’t horrible.
(beat, looking at the CHORUS)
Wait . . .
(counting them silently, turning to DIOCLES)
Diocles – someone’s missing.

DIOCLES

Uh – he isn’t here yet.

CORYPHEUS

What . . .?! A chorus member is late for rehearsal?

POLYBIA

Who’s missing?

DIOCLES

The new member. He said that he would be here –

CORYPHEUS

We need to have at least one more. Without him, we won’t have the necessary minimum number.

DIOCLES

I’m sure he’ll show up.

CORYPHEUS

I gave you this one task – to recruit one more member.

DIOCLES

Yes.

CORYPHEUS

Does he know the chant?

DIOCLES

Of course! Everyone knows the chant . . .

THESPIS suddenly enters. POLYBIA sees him.

POLYBIA

He's here.

CORYPHEUS

You there – what's your name?

THESPIS

I am Thespis.

POLYBIA

I am Polybia.

CORYPHEUS

Thespis – you're late!

THESPIS

Sorry . . .

CORYPHEUS

No excuses!

(beat as HE looks at THESPIS condescendingly)

I am Coryphaeus – the leader of this chorus. We are here to publicly proclaim the glory of the gods and begin the Festival of Dionysus. Our role is very important.

Beat.

THESPIS

Uh – yes . . .

Beat.

CORYPHEUS

Well . . . *get in line!*

(beat as THESPIS quickly takes his place in line – on the end opposite to CORYPHEUS)

Are we ready?

Beat. THEY all strike their initial pose, then speak, move, and pose in sync with each other, delivering the chant together. However, THESPIS is not quite in sync; neither his words nor his movement/gestures match the others very well.

CHORUS (including THESPIS and CORYPHEAEUS)

Who dares to question the will of the gods?
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
What man could be so bold? Tell us his name.
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
For he who shows his hubris shall suffer.
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
He who does not bend to their will is crushed.
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
Mortals – know your place! Accept your station.
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
Think not of ambition – speak not your will.
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
For we are but meek souls upon the earth –
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
Soon to be shadows in the underworld –
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
Give praise and sacrifice to all the gods!
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
For they have given us our life and breath.
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
And so we consecrate this harvest now.
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
We give thanks for our weather and bounty.
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
We sing your honor! We dance in your name!
(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)
Bow your heads – cease your thoughts – offer your praise –

THEY begin to sing a brief bit of modal music [“aahing” etc. – see appendix] with no clear words or lyrics. THEY then cease their singing. Beat.

CORYPHEAEUS

That was horrible . . . We’re getting worse. Let’s try the first part again . . .

THEY all start chanting/moving once again. This time, THESPIS is even more out of sync than HE was before.

CHORUS

Who dares to question the will of the gods?

THESPIS

– will of the gods –

Beat. THEY assume a different pose or gesture. THESPIS tilts awkwardly.

CHORUS

What man could be so bold? Tell us his name.

THESPIS

– his name . . .

Beat. THEY assume a different pose or gesture. THESPIS teeters in position.

CORYPHEUS

Stop.

Beat as CORYPHEUS looks over at THESPIS – who is still teetering.

THESPIS

[. . .]

CORYPHEUS

I think I've found the problem . . .

(THESPIS humorously loses his balance and almost falls over, beat)

You there – Thespis . . .

THESPIS

. . . yes?

CORYPHEUS

You've seen the chorus perform before, haven't you?

THESPIS

Yes – many times. Every year since I was a small child.

CORYPHEUS

Good.

(beat)

So then, you know how the chant is *supposed* to be performed, yes?

THESPIS

Uh, well . . .

DIOCLES

Of course he knows! Thespis is a true Athenian. He understands our art well.

The other CHORUS members – except for THESPIS – murmur in approval.

THESPIS

I understand it well enough, but . . .

CORYPHEUS

Yes?

THESPIS

Well, I've been thinking . . .

CORYPHEUS

Thinking . . . ? About what?

THESPIS

About the chorus, the performance.

CORYPHEUS

Oh?

THESPIS

We talk about it sometimes in the agora – the marketplace.

CORYPHEUS

The marketplace . . . ?

THESPIS

Yes – there's a discussion after every festival.

CORYPHEUS

I see . . .

THESPIS

It's been going on for years.

Beat.

CORYPHEUS

And what is the nature of this discussion?

Beat. THEY all look at THESPIS.

THESPIS

Well . . . the discussion is mostly . . . critical . . .

CORYPHEUS

Critical?

THESPIS

Yes.

CORYPHEUS

The people are *critical* of the chorus?

THESPIS

As I say, it's a matter of discussion . . . Some like it the way it is, but others – well, most actually – do not.

Beat.

CORYPHEUS

Did you all hear that? This is how important we are . . . The eyes of Athens are upon us. They will see and hear every detail . . . that is why we must perform with utter perfection.

DIOCLES

Perfection!

The CHORUS members – except for THESPIS – respond in agreement.

CORYPHEUS

If we do not, we will earn the scorn of all Athenians.

DIOCLES

Scorn!

The CHORUS members – except for THESPIS – mutter fearfully.

CORYPHEUS

This is the only performance given to honor the entire pantheon. Everything else at the festival honors only Dionysus.

DIOCLES

Only Dionysus!

The CHORUS members – except for THESPIS – murmur with concern.

CORYPHEUS

Therefore, it is the will of the gods that we perform well.

DIOCLES

. . . yes!

CORYPHEUS

Our voices must be one, our movements must be together.

Beat. THEY all look at DIOCLES.

DIOCLES

Yes . . .

CORYPHEUS

There is a right way to perform, and a wrong way to perform.

(beat, looking at THESPIS)

Currently, some of you are choosing the latter . . .

DIOCLES

. . .the latter . . .

CORYPHEUS

Now, let's try it again . . .

THEY all assume their places in the chorus line. Once again, THEY all begin the chant and posing/movement. However, THESPIS continues to be out of sync with his words and awkward in his poses/movement.

CHORUS (ALL)

Who dares to question the will of the gods?

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

What man could be so bold? Tell us his name.

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

For he who shows his hubris shall suffer.

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

He who does not bend to their will is crushed.

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

Mortals – know your place! Accept your station.

(beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture)

Think not of ambition – speak not your will.

Beat, THEY assume a different pose or gesture. Once again, THESPIS teeters in his position, and then falls over.

CORYPHEUS

No no NO . . .

(beat)

Diocles – a word . . .

DIOCLES

Of course . . .

CORYPHEUS ushers DIOCLES off to one side of the stage.

CORYPHEUS

The rest of you – continue to practice – *quietly* . . .

The other CHORUS members continue to chant and move almost silently as CORYPHEUS and DIOCLES speak to each other. THESPIS does his best to emulate the other CHORUS members, but remains hopelessly – even humorously – out of sync with the rest of the group. POLYBIA then takes an interest in helping THESPIS, and instructs him personally.

DIOCLES

Yes?

CORYPHEUS

This . . . Thespis . . . He's not very good. He's likely to embarrass all of us.

DIOCLES

I apologize.

CORYPHEUS

Why on earth did you choose him?

DIOCLES

Well . . . he's a very expressive person.

CORYPHEUS

How so?

DIOCLES

In the market – every day. I can't explain it, he . . . proclaims things . . . pretends to be other people – or even animals . . . The crowds love to watch him.

CORYPHEUS

(disgusted)
. . . uh . . .

DIOCLES

He's quite loud – and he can sing too.

CORYPHEUS

Perhaps, but his clothes are shabby . . . and he looks . . . well, suffice it to say that anyone who performs on the stage should be beautiful to look at.

DIOCLES

He was very enthusiastic to join us –

CORYPHEUS

But he is not staying in time with the rest of us. His movement is . . . awkward. He's not doing what he's supposed to do.

DIOCLES

He's still learning.

CORYPHEUS

Is there anyone else you can get?

Beat.

DIOCLES

Well, no . . .

CORYPHEUS

No one?

DIOCLES

Not with all of the trouble that's happening right now, with Peisistratos on the rise –

CORYPHEUS

(loudly, smiling nervously)

Peisistratos – the generous patron of our festival?

Beat as CORYPHEUS and DIOCLES look around furtively.

DIOCLES

(quietly)

The political tensions are very high right now . . .

CORYPHEUS

Politics . . . politicians know nothing of conflict until they have taken the stage . . .

DIOCLES

The upper classes are upset – most don't want to perform. The rest either just want to watch the games or . . . get drunk. Thespis was the only person I could get . . .

CORYPHEUS

I don't like him . . . I don't like working with amateurs.

DIOCLES

I'm sorry – he's the best I could do.

CORYPHEUS

(quietly)

Hmm . . . I suppose – given the rise of Peisistratos – that it's appropriate for someone from the lower classes to join our ranks.

(beat, DIOCLES looks at CORYPHEUS sheepishly)

Very well . . . we must make it work . . .

CORYPHEUS and DIOCLES approach the CHORUS.

POLYBIA

(instructing THESPIS on the positioning of his arms for a pose)

Higher . . . higher . . .

(THESPIS raises his arms higher)

Yes, that's better . . .

CORYPHEUS

People! We must continue to practice . . .

(beat)

Are we ready?

THESPIS

Excuse me?

Beat.

CORYPHEUS

Yes?

THESPIS

How many times are we to practice the chant?

CORYPHEUS

As many times as it takes – though, the hour is short.

THESPIS

Oh . . . Seems like a lot of practice.

A few CHORUS members snicker. Beat.

CORYPHEUS

(dramatically)

In my youth, we used to practice the chant until our throats were parched.

THESPIS

Really?

CORYPHEUS

And we would move and pose until our bodies ached . . . and we were grateful!

THESPIS

You were grateful your bodies ached?

CORYPHEUS

No –

THESPIS

Why would you be grateful for something like that?

CORYPHEUS

We were grateful to carry the honor of performing in the chorus!

Beat.

THESPIS

Oh.

CORYPHEUS

An experienced performer would know that.

THESPIS

I guess I'm not an experienced performer.

CORYPHEUS

Indeed not.

THESPIS

But, I do like to joke and move about.

DIOCLES

Yes – he's very good at that –

CORYPHEUS gives DIOCLES a disapproving look.

THESPIS

I can make people laugh . . . and pay attention to me. I guess I . . . just don't perform well with others.

Beat.

CORYPHAEUS

So I see.

(beat, somewhat patronizingly)

Well . . . this, then, is your chance to prove yourself, Thespis . . . You are now a member of the Chorus of Athens at the Festival of Dionysus. This isn't just some . . . fooling around in front of a market crowd – it's a grand performance.

THESPIS

Oh . . .

CORYPHAEUS

The most renowned presentation of all!

Beat.

THESPIS

It is grand, yes, but . . . every year the chorus does the same exact thing.

CORYPHAEUS

The same, yes . . . that's what theatre is: doing the same thing over and over, year after year . . . attempting to do it better each time.

Beat.

THESPIS

I'm used to doing different things – all the time – every day.

(beat)

What about doing something new?

CORYPHAEUS

Something new?

THESPIS

A variation, perhaps . . . ?

CORYPHAEUS

There *are* variations. Five years ago, the costumes were a splendid shade of lavender. We were going to keep using them every year but . . . the seamstress died and the moths had their way with the fabric . . .

THESPIS

I don't mean the costumes. I mean . . . what we say.

CORYPHAEUS

(proudly)

The chant is always the same. It has been the same for hundreds of years.

Beat as the other CHORUS members react with approval.

THESPIS

Really? How do you know? Have you seen the chant performed for hundreds of years?

CORYPHEAEUS

What – ?! Thespis – you need to get back in line.

CORYPHEAEUS gestures to THESPIS to rejoin the chorus line, but THESPIS ignores the gesture.

THESPIS

And . . . what came before the chant we have now? How did the chant originate?

CORYPHEAEUS

How should I know?

THESPIS

I know . . . someone said – “let’s do a chant” – and then that’s what we’ve done ever since.

CORYPHEAEUS

Yes . . . so?

THESPIS

So . . . at one time, the chant was an *innovation*. It was something new.

CORYPHEAEUS

And?

THESPIS

Someone thought of the idea, and then they created it.

CORYPHEAEUS

Obviously.

THESPIS

But now, every year – the chant is always the same.

CORYPHEAEUS

Yes – that is our task . . .

THESPIS

Then, perhaps we should undertake a *different* task – a new chant.

CORYPHEUS

Why on earth would we need a new chant?

THESPIS

Perhaps . . . to tell a story . . .

CORYPHEUS

A story . . .? There is another group reciting Homer. There's your story.

THESPIS

The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*?

CORYPHEUS

Yes.

THESPIS

Those stories are old, too. They recite them every year.

CORYPHEUS

Yes . . .

THESPIS

But we could really . . . grab the attention of the audience by telling them something that they haven't heard before.

CORYPHEUS

What do you mean?

THESPIS

We could depict a battle, or . . . the feat of a great hero –

CORYPHEUS

Rubbish . . .

THESPIS

Or tell a story of love and honor –

CORYPHEUS

Absurd . . .

THESPIS

We could each portray a different figure . . .

Beat.

CORYPHEAEUS

Are you suggesting that we pretend to be persons that we are not?

Beat.

THESPIS

Yes.

Beat.

CORYPHEAEUS

But that's deceitful. It is a lie. We should be ashamed to act in such a manner.

THESPIS

(in deep thought)
... *act* ...

CORYPHEAEUS

We are here to proclaim the truth.

THESPIS

We would create a new truth.

CORYPHEAEUS

Through lies? Through deception?

THESPIS

Through a *story*. . . A *new* story.

CORYPHEAEUS

A new story?

THESPIS

Yes.

CORYPHEAEUS

On the stage?

THESPIS

Yes.

Beat. THEY all look at CORYPHEAEUS.

CORYPHEAEUS

I think not.

THESPIS

If you would indulge me . . .

CORYPHEUS

Clearly, you have no intention of letting this go . . .

THESPIS

Just listen to me for moment . . . I think you may find this interesting.

CORYPHEUS

I doubt it.

(beat, THEY all look at CORYPHEUS with expectation)

Very well . . .

THESPIS

We have so many stories that we tell . . . we could present one on the stage.

DIOCLES

Like . . . the *Illiad*? The *Odyssey*?

THESPIS

No . . . I mean, yes – those are stories, but . . . they're told and re-told over and over again . . . Besides, they're already reciting those at the festival.

POLYBIA

What story then?

THESPIS

Something that hasn't been presented on the stage before. Something new.

DIOCLES

Like what?

THESPIS

Well . . . what about the twelve labors of Hercules?

CORYPHEUS

There isn't that much time –

POLYBIA

What would be the mood of this story?

THESPIS

It could be something funny . . . or something sad . . .

*THESPIS mugs at CORYPHEUS, alternately grimacing and frowning.
CORYPHEUS just scowls back at THESPIS.*

CORYPHEUS

(disgusted, scowling at THESPIS)

. . . uh . . .

THESPIS

Very well – something sad, then . . . what about the tale of King Agamedes?

CORYPHEUS

Who?

THESPIS

King Agamedes – the evil king who was so suspicious, that he executed all of his potential rivals without mercy.

POLYBIA

Oh – I’ve heard of him.

THESPIS

I could be the dutiful advisor to the king, a man shocked by the carnage he sees, but who never shows his horror at the king’s actions . . . he does so in order to keep the throne safe for the virtuous princess . . . until one day, in a fit of rage, the king slays his own daughter – the only hope . . .

(pretending to choke up and grieve)

That the kingdom had left . . .

THESPIS continues to grieve rather convincingly.

POLYBIA

(concerned by his emotional display)

Thespis . . .

CORYPHEUS

(unmoved)

Do you really think that such a display of emotion is appropriate for a performer?

Beat. THESPIS ceases his “grieving.”

THESPIS

Yes.

CORYPHEUS

. . . bah . . .

THESPIS

Or . . . what about Orpheus and Eurydice? Such a tragic tale!

CORYPHEUS

That's just a common myth.

THESPIS

Yes – but we would . . . *enact* it . . . Make it come to life!

CORYPHEUS

. . . uh . . .

THESPIS

I will be Orpheus – the golden-voiced lad whose song tames Cerberus, demon dog of the underworld . . . singer extraordinaire and master of the lyre . . .

(THESPIS strums an imaginary lute, and a lute sound is heard)

Hmm . . . not bad . . .

POLYBIA

Who would I be?

THESPIS

Why . . . you would be Eurydice, of course. Beautiful . . . graceful . . . feminine . . .

POLYBIA

(flattered)

Oh . . .

DIOCLES

Would the rest of us chant the story? Would you have verses for us?

THESPIS

No, no . . . you would be another – person . . . a –

CORYPHEUS

No one of good character would ever participate in such a spectacle.

THESPIS

(thinking)

. . . *character* . . .

DIOCLES

You would have us portray other persons, then?

THESPIS

Yes. We would all be other people.

POLYBIA

Kings? Heroes?

THESPIS

Well . . . yes.

(beat)

Typically, it isn't very heroic for us to just . . . speak our *own* thoughts.

Beat. DIOCLES thinks.

DIOCLES

Perhaps I could be Hades . . . god of the underworld . . .

(as Hades, woodenly, indicating POLYBIA)

"Who is this fair maiden who has entered my realm?"

THESPIS

Yes! Brilliant! Now you've got it.

POLYBIA

But . . . what about Coryphaeus? Who would he be?

Pause. THEY all look at CORYPHEUS, who stands there scowling.

THESPIS

The snake . . .

CORYPHEUS

What?

THESPIS

The evil serpent who bites the heel of the unwitting Eurydice . . . the snake in the grass whose poisonous bite sends the fair maiden off to the underworld.

CORYPHEUS

. . . uh . . .

THESPIS

Come now – let's enact it.

DIOCLES

It should make for quite a scene.

THESPIS

(thinking)

. . . *scene* . . .

CORYPHAEUS

This is absurd.

THESPIS

Come now – we can do this . . .

(assuming a dramatic pose, acting like Orpheus)

It is morning . . . Apollo's chariot rises in the east, the song of birds everywhere sweetens my ears . . . the fresh dew nourishes every plant and flower . . .

THESPIS strums his "lyre" and the strummed sound is heard again. Then, HE looks at POLYBIA, expecting her to say something in return, but SHE just looks back at him blankly).

POLYBIA

What?

THESPIS

(out of character)

Well . . . if you were Eurydice . . . what would you say?

Beat.

POLYBIA

Oh . . .

(beat, SHE thinks, then acts and speaks woodenly)

Orpheus, dear husband . . . singer of songs . . . player of lyres . . .

Beat. THEY all look at THESPIS to see if HE approves of her dialogue.

THESPIS

. . . it's a start . . .

(back in character)

Happy are we, sweet Eurydice . . . the gods have smiled upon our love, the joyful sight of your radiant countenance makes my voice rise ever higher.

THESPIS sings a bit – and then holds – a ridiculously high note. Beat.

POLYBIA

Yes . . . you are . . . a singer of songs . . . player of lyres . . .

THESPIS

Come, dear love of mine, let us traipse through the meadow in our bare feet . . .

THESPIS takes POLYBIA's hand, and THEY start to "traipse."

CORYPHEUS

Ridiculous . . .

THESPIS and POLYBIA cease traipsing.

THESPIS

(out of character, to CORYPHEUS)

This is where you would come in and bite her.

Beat.

CORYPHEUS

I'm sorry . . . what?

THESPIS

Bite her . . . bite her on the foot . . . like the snake did . . . in the story.

Beat. THESPIS mimes "biting" POLYBIA's leg several times.

CORYPHEUS

I am not going to do that . . .

(beat, with sudden, renewed authority)

We have wasted enough time –

THESPIS

But –

CORYPHEUS

People! We are here to do the chant. That is our sole purpose.

THESPIS

But . . . it's been done before – many times.

CORYPHEUS

It is what's expected of us . . . not some . . . *story* . . .

THESPIS

It wouldn't have to be a story. It could be just a different chant . . . perhaps a lesson . . . or we could even just proclaim something intelligent about some aspect of life.

CORYPHEUS

Something intelligent . . . ?

THESPIS

You should hear the sophists debate in the agora . . .

CORYPHEUS

Good theatre is not just a lot of philosophical rambling.

THESPIS

Not rambling – reason! *Logos!* Focused, intelligent words with purpose . . .

CORYPHEUS

And what about praising the gods?

Beat.

THESPIS

What about it? They seem to get their due.

CORYPHEUS

(offended)

. . . uh . . .

(the CHORUS members snicker a bit. Beat)

We are here to do the chant.

THESPIS

But, everyone already knows what we're going to say. It's always the same.

Beat.

CORYPHEUS

(barely containing his impatience)

Very well . . . if you insist on pursuing this . . .

(beat, patronizing)

The performances are never really quite the same. Every year, we have some different persons doing the chant. Sometimes, the movement is slightly altered. There are also variations in . . . interpretation. One year, a chorus member was hoarse, and he chanted with a ghostly whisper – quite different indeed.

THESPIS

But the chant itself – what is spoken – always remains the same.

CORYPHEUS

Why would we need something new?! Do we speak a new language since last year?

(beat, some of the CHORUS members find this comment amusing)

Has some great new prophecy been bestowed upon us from the gods?

THESPIS

I just thought –

CORYPHEUS

Thought . . .? You thought?!
(*beat*)
Thespis, what is your profession?

THESPIS

I'm a baker.

CORYPHEUS

A baker . . .?
(*beat*)
Being a baker doesn't require much thinking, does it?

THESPIS

. . . no . . .

CORYPHEUS

Tell me, did you learn how to bake at the academy?

The other CHORUS members snicker, except for POLYBIA.

THESPIS

Uh . . . no . . .

CORYPHEUS

(*condescendingly*)
Well, I *did* go to the academy. So perhaps you should leave the thinking to me.
(*beat*)
Performing on stage doesn't require thinking . . . It is a matter of execution. In other words, *just do what I tell you to do* . . .

THESPIS

But . . . we could put some thought into it . . .

CORYPHEUS

Thespis, what if you *thought* about baking your bread, and you decided to bake it differently – perhaps use dirt instead of flour? That would certainly be *different*, wouldn't it?

THESPIS

. . . wouldn't taste very good . . .

CORYPHEUS

No. It would not. Which is why we do things the *right way*, and only the right way.

THESPIS

But . . . bread just feeds the body. The mind is hungrier – it needs more. If we could think of a new chant –

CORYPHEUS

There's that word again – “think.” I don't like that word. Stop saying that word.

(beat)

If we Athenians spent less time thinking, and more time just doing what we're supposed to do, all of our problems would disappear.

THESPIS

Thinking is good . . . It creates new things. The wheel . . . the sailboat – they existed in someone's mind before they were ever actually created.

CORYPHEUS

Yes . . . well . . . those accomplishments are quite laudable.

THESPIS

Once an achievement exists, its value is obvious . . . But before it exists, its value is unknown . . . What else could our minds conceive of that is of such value? Think of the possibilities!

Beat.

CORYPHEUS

Are you suggesting that a stage performance could somehow advance society?

Beat.

THESPIS

Why not?

Beat.

CORYPHEUS

I am not about to engage in sophistry with you, Thespis. My patience is ended.

(beat)

Diocles . . .

(DIOCLES appears at CORYPHEUS's side)

I charge you with the task of instructing Thespis in the finer points of choral performance. The rest of us may take a break . . .

(sternly, to DIOCLES)

Time is short – make your efforts count . . .

Beat as CORYPHEUS, POLYBIA, and the rest of the CHORUS members exit, leaving THESPIS and DIOCLES alone on the stage.

THESPIS

I thought he might like my ideas . . .

DIOCLES

It was a fun diversion, but now we need to focus on the chant. You need to get it right.

THESPIS

. . . I'm trying, Diocles.

DIOCLES

Yes. You're very trying . . .

THESPIS

It's hard for me to do what everyone else is doing.

Beat.

DIOCLES

Watch me . . .

(beat, posing)

Who dares to question the will of the gods?

THESPIS

I don't know . . . who?

DIOCLES

Watch . . .

(assuming a different pose or gesture)

What man could be so bold? Tell us his name.

THESPIS

Apparently, no one is that bold. No one questions the will of the gods –

DIOCLES

Thespis –

THESPIS

And, how do we even know what the will of the gods is?

DIOCLES

What?

THESPIS

What is the will of the gods?

DIOCLES

What is . . . ? What do you mean?

Beat.

THESPIS

What is the will of the gods? Can you tell me?

DIOCLES

It's . . . what happens to us – all of us.

THESPIS

Really?

DIOCLES

Yes. The lives we lead – that is the will of the gods.

THESPIS

What if we want to lead different lives?

DIOCLES

I don't understand. How can we lead different lives than the ones that we have?

Beat.

THESPIS

By *thinking* . . . by striving to improve our lives – and the lives of those around us.

DIOCLES

That is hubris . . . Any person who tries to rise above his station will be swatted down by the gods.

THESPIS

You've seen this happen?

DIOCLES

Well . . . there's the story of Sisyphus, the evil king who – when he died – was condemned to roll a boulder up a hill in hades for eternity –

THESPIS

You've seen Sisyphus? You've been to hades?

DIOCLES

No . . . No one can visit hades. If you go to the underworld, you can never return.

How convenient.

THESPIS

What?

DIOCLES

Never mind.

THESPIS

Beat.

We need to get on with this . . .

DIOCLES

THESPIS
Have you ever witnessed hubris yourself? Someone who tries to rise above their station and is then punished for it by the gods?

Beat as DIOCLES thinks.

DIOCLES
There was that one merchant – what was his name?

THESPIS
I don't know . . .

DIOCLES
It was said that he was cheating all who did business with him.

THESPIS
And what happened to him?

DIOCLES
He died.

THESPIS
How? Was he struck by lightning? Did the earth open up and swallow him?

DIOCLES
No. He lived to a ripe old age and then passed away in his sleep.

Beat.

THESPIS
Not exactly punishment for hubris.

DIOCLES

No – but in the underworld –

THESPIS

Which none of us can see –

DIOCLES

I'm sure he was condemned to an awful fate.

THESPIS

Hmm . . .

Beat.

DIOCLES

Thespis, we are all tools of the gods . . . We must acknowledge their power through our praise – our chant. It is they who determine our lives. We must accept that.

THESPIS

Why?

DIOCLES

Why . . . ?

THESPIS

Why must we accept that?

DIOCLES

Because . . . if we don't, we are questioning the will of the gods.

Beat. THESPIS thinks.

THESPIS

Yes . . . I question the will of the gods. So, what is their answer to that?

(beat, looking upward, louder)

What is your answer, gods?!

DIOCLES

Stop it!

THESPIS

I've heard the sophists talk about this . . . If we simply accept that which exists, we have failed as thinking beings. We have not used our minds, our wills – and I agree.

DIOCLES

Hubris . . .

THESPIS

No . . . it is not hubris. It's . . . just making things better.

(beat)

Look at me – who am I?

DIOCLES

You're Thespis – the baker.

THESPIS

But today, I am Thespis – the chanter, the singer.

DIOCLES

Well, yes, but –

THESPIS

Who was I years ago?

Beat.

DIOCLES

What?

THESPIS

Who was I . . . many years ago?

DIOCLES

Many years ago . . . you were Thespis, the baker's son.

THESPIS

Ah – but that's where you're wrong! I am *not* the baker's son.

Beat.

DIOCLES

What do you mean?

THESPIS

You're too young to know. I was Thespis – the street urchin. Thespis – the hopeless orphan. Thespis – the destitute beggar . . .

DIOCLES

You're not the baker's son?

THESPIS

No. My mother brought me here from Icaria when I was a little boy – but she died soon after we arrived . . . then I was an orphan, wandering about the agora . . .

DIOCLES

I didn't know that . . .

THESPIS

I began to loiter around the baker's stall. At first, he and his wife gave me leftover scraps to eat. Then, in gratitude, I started to help them out. Soon, it was like I was their son, and then, I became a baker myself. When they passed away, I inherited their profession. I wasn't their son . . . but I *became* their son.

(beat)

So you see, their kindness – and my efforts . . . changed my fate – and theirs. It made things *better*.

Beat.

DIOCLES

I suppose that true kindness makes the world a better place for all.

THESPIS

Yes – and such action was not hubris . . . It was thought . . . It was effort . . . It was . . . change.

Pause.

DIOCLES

That is all well and good, Thespis, but . . . you still have not learned the chant and the movements very well yet.

(beat)

Now, watch me . . .

Beat as DIOCLES poses. THESPIS quickly joins him in the chorus line.

THESPIS

(suddenly imitating CORYPHAEUS)

People! Are we ready?

(beat, THESPIS poses in a ridiculous manner, DIOCLES laughs)

That was horrible . . . we're getting worse.

DIOCLES

(pointing at THESPIS)

You're . . . you're Coryphaeus!

THESPIS

(still imitating CORYPHAEUS)

In my youth, we used to practice the chant until we died of thirst –

(THESPIS pretends to expire. DIOCLES laughs. THESPIS rises)

I think I've found the problem . . .

DIOCLES

(still laughing a bit)

Do you always make such jokes when you're in front of people?

Beat.

THESPIS

No . . . Sometimes I tell stories of woe . . . or even tales of fright . . .

DIOCLES

I recall you once told a story about a cat stalking a mouse.

THESPIS

Yes! I remember! The little ones listened with fear –

DIOCLES

It was very . . . engaging . . .

THESPIS

(acting like a cat)

I shall sneak up upon this mouse – and it will never even hear me . . . Then – when I am close – I will *pounce!*

THESPIS pounces like a cat, but then acts as if the mouse escaped his grasp.

DIOCLES

(laughing)

Yes – that's the one.

THESPIS

(as himself)

They all cheered because the mouse got away . . . but . . . whenever the mouse gets away, the cat goes hungry . . . so the next day, I told a story about how the cat found a magic bowl of milk –

THESPIS – acting like a cat – pretends to lap milk from an imaginary bowl.

DIOCLES

I only seem to be distracting you, Thespis.

Beat.

THESPIS

(as himself, a bit ruefully)

Yes . . . perhaps I should spend some time rehearsing alone.

DIOCLES

Please do. Coryphaeus will have my head if you mess up the choral performance.

DIOCLES exits. THESPIS poses and begins to rehearse half-heartedly.

THESPIS

Who dares question the will of the gods?

(beat, breaking his pose, softly)

I do . . .

(beat, posing, louder)

Who dares question the will of the gods?

(beat, HE looks down at the ground and sees an ant)

What about you, little ant?

(shifting his stance, behaving like an ant – looking up, talking in a funny voice)

Are you talking to me?

(as himself, looking down)

Yes, I am talking to you . . .

(as the ant, looking up)

Are you . . . a god?

(as himself, looking down)

I can hold you in the palm of my hand . . .

(HE gestures as if to scoop up the ant)

I have the power of life and death over you . . .

(as the ant, looking up)

Then you must be a god!

(as himself, looking down)

No . . . I am not a god . . .

(HE gestures as if to release the ant)

You are free, little one . . .

(as the ant)

Free! I am free! I – oh no – someone is about to step on me – freedom is so cruel – agh!

(HE feigns “dying” as the ant. Beat, as himself, dramatically)

Poor tragic creature . . . his fate was death no matter what path he chose . . .

(Beat. A bird caw is heard. HE looks towards offstage and sees the bird)

And what about you, little bird?

(shifting his stance, behaving like a bird, flapping his arms, squawking)

Caw! What about me?

(as himself)

Do you dare question the will of the gods?

(as the bird)

Yes! I do – caw! Caw!

(as himself, dramatically)

Impudent avian! I will punish you for your hubris.

(as the bird)

You can't catch me – I will fly away!

THESPIS flaps his arms, runs about, and caws. As HE does, POLYBIA enters and sees him acting like a bird. SHE laughs a little. HE sees her and stops.

POLYBIA

That's very . . . amusing.

THESPIS

What?

POLYBIA

Your . . . bird.

POLYBIA flaps her arms a bit and laughs.

THESPIS

(embarrassed)

Oh . . .

POLYBIA

Don't be embarrassed. It's clever. It's . . . creative.

THESPIS

Thank you.

POLYBIA

(smiling)

It's fun to watch you – acting like a bird.

THESPIS

(thinking)

. . . *acting* . . .

Beat. SHE approaches him.

POLYBIA

Are you ready for the performance?

THESPIS

Oh . . . I've been rehearsing but . . . I'm easily distracted.

POLYBIA

So I see . . .

(beat, with a stern expression)

I suggest that you practice until the very last minute.

THESPIS

Your face . . .

POLYBIA

What?

THESPIS

You were laughing a moment ago . . . now you're sad.

POLYBIA

I'm not sad. I'm just serious.

THESPIS

Being serious is just another version of being sad.

Beat.

POLYBIA

You are a most mysterious man, Thespis.

SHE turns and starts to leave.

THESPIS

It's as if . . .

SHE stops and turns around. Beat.

POLYBIA

Yes?

THESPIS

It's as if humanity always wears two masks, one happy . . . the other sad.

Beat.

POLYBIA

We don't wear masks for the chant –

THESPIS

I'm not talking about the chant . . .

Beat as THEY look at each other.

POLYBIA

Yes . . . well . . .

SHE turns again and starts to leave.

THESPIS

Polybia, do you believe in fate?

SHE stops and turns around once more. Beat.

POLYBIA

Of course.

THESPIS

Do you believe that our fate is determined by the gods?

Beat.

POLYBIA

It is the gods who rule our fates. It is they who decide our lives.

THESPIS

Yes, but . . . how do you actually know that's really true?

POLYBIA

Everyone knows that. It is unquestioned.

THESPIS

Yes . . . it is unquestioned – which is part of my point . . . But you still have not answered my question . . . How do you actually *know* that the gods rule our fates?

POLYBIA

You wish me to engage in idle sophistry?

THESPIS

No . . . I wish you to engage in reasoning – *logos!*

POLYBIA

That is still sophistry . . .

THESPIS

But not *idle* sophistry.

Beat.

POLYBIA

Very well . . . we know that the gods exist –

THESPIS

Do we? Prove to me that the gods exist. We do not see them. We do not hear them.

POLYBIA

No, but . . . we feel their presence in the elements . . . the wind . . . the lightning.

THESPIS

Perhaps . . . or perhaps that is something else.

POLYBIA

You don't believe that the gods exist?

THESPIS

I didn't say that. But I'm asking you to *prove* that they exist.

POLYBIA

You are most confusing . . .

Beat.

THESPIS

Let's try another example. Take mathematics instead.

POLYBIA

Fine . . . Mathematics . . .

THESPIS

What is two plus two?

POLYBIA

The answer is four.

Beat.

THESPIS

Prove it.

POLYBIA

Everyone knows that two plus two is four.

THESPIS

Yes. Everyone knows it . . . But *prove* it.

Beat.

POLYBIA

Very well . . .

(beat as SHE looks on the ground and finds some small stones)

Here are some pebbles . . .

THESPIS

Yes . . .

POLYBIA

(placing two pebbles in her hand)

I place two of them here. Two – correct?

THESPIS

Correct.

POLYBIA

(placing two more pebbles in her hand)

I then add these two pebbles as well. Now, how many pebbles are there?

THESPIS

Four. You have four pebbles. I can count them.

(counting the stones in her hand)

One-two-three-four.

POLYBIA

And there you are: two plus two . . . equals four.

POLYBIA releases the pebbles from her hand.

THESPIS

Very good. You have proven your mathematical equation.

POLYBIA

A child could do it . . .

THESPIS

Now, prove that the gods rule our fate – or even that they exist.

Beat.

POLYBIA

Well, there is . . . lightning, the wind . . . the sun. Those are from the gods –

THESPIS

Those are forces of nature, yes. But we do not know for certain if they are connected to the gods.

POLYBIA

Our stories tell us that they are –

THESPIS

Yes – but it is *we* who tell stories of the gods . . . and I suspect that it was *we* who created them.

(beat)

But even if we accept the idea that the gods exist, *prove* that they rule our fate.

Beat as POLYBIA thinks.

POLYBIA

Everyone knows that . . .

THESPIS

No. That is not proof. I cannot use that to verify the conclusion.

Beat.

POLYBIA

Uh . . .

THESPIS

Prove to me that the gods rule our fates.

Beat.

POLYBIA

I . . . I do not believe that I can do so.

THESPIS

No – and that is my point.

POLYBIA

But . . . everyone *knows* it.

THESPIS

Everyone *thinks* it . . . *believes* it . . . But they do not *know* it.

Beat.

POLYBIA

You are impossible, Thespis.

THESPIS

Not at all. If you can prove your point – like the four pebbles – I will agree. But if you cannot . . .

Beat.

POLYBIA

For a baker, you certainly do think a lot . . .

THESPIS

Yes, I certainly do . . . but then, maybe I'm not just a baker.

Beat.

POLYBIA

You would choose another profession?

THESPIS

If that is my fate – or . . . my will.

POLYBIA

A profession where you can act like a bird?

THESPIS

Yes, act like a bird – or a hero . . . or a king.

POLYBIA

Your thoughts are quite entertaining.

THESPIS

I think so.

POLYBIA

So my question to you is: are you going to share these thoughts with others, or just keep them to yourself?

Beat.

THESPIS

I've shared them with you . . .

POLYBIA

Yes – but that is practically still keeping them a secret . . .

(beat, SHE starts to walk away)

There is more to you than just being a baker, Thespis . . .

POLYBIA exits. Beat.

THESPIS

You have proven your point . . .

(beat, suddenly sounding rhetorical)

Of course, in the current climate under the rise of Peisistratos, anything seems possible!

(imitating Peisistratos, quite dramatically)

Hear me, Athenians! The oligarchs have kept you down for too long. It is time for us to join together and rise as one! We will end the trade embargo – the streets of Athens will brim with food . . . we will end the slavery of debt . . . it is not tyranny to dispel with such cruel masters . . . if the will of the gods is compliance with such existing evil, then I question the will of the gods . . .

(as himself)

Not bad, if I do say so myself . . . in fact, I might even be a little bit better . . .

DIOCLES enters.

DIOCLES

Are you ready? The time is nigh. The citizens will be entering the *theatron* any moment.

THESPIS

Uh . . . I don't know . . .

DIOCLES

Thespis, this is important –

CORYPHEUS enters.

CORYPHEUS

Is he improved?

DIOCLES

He been trying –

THESPIS

Coryphaeus –

CORYPHEUS

Thespis, I don't expect perfection from you –

THESPIS

Well –

CORYPHEUS

But you need to keep up with us as best you can. The food shortages have made the people unruly, and I don't want to antagonize them any further.

THESPIS

Perhaps we could address that –

CORYPHEUS

(ignoring THESPIS)

And all this business with Peisistratos . . . it makes everyone nervous . . . I see the people's faces in the streets. Their smiles have disappeared. They need something to bolster their morale – they need to know that Athens is still the grand city that it has always been.

THESPIS

But . . . Athens is changing . . .

CORYPHEUS

Perhaps so – but we don't need to emphasize that . . .

THESPIS

I –

DIOCLES

Thespis –

POLYBIA and the rest of the CHORUS members enter.

CORYPHEUS

People! Our time has come . . .

DIOCLES, POLYBIA, and the rest of the CHORUS murmur in agreement.

POLYBIA

May the gods bless us all and make our voices soar . . .

The rising sound of a crowd entering the theatron is heard.

CORYPHEUS

They're coming in now . . . We must take our positions –

THESPIS

(to CORYPHEUS)

There's so much more we could do –

CORYPHEUS

There isn't time for any changes – even if I agreed to make them.

THESPIS

But –

CORYPHAEUS

(harshly)

Thespis, so far, I have put up with your insufferable ways – but no longer!

(threateningly, but softly)

You have a choice to make. You can either be part of this performance – or not.

(beat)

Do you want to perform?

THESPIS

Yes.

CORYPHAEUS

Then . . . your choice is clear . . .

CORYPHAEUS points THESPIS towards the other end of the chorus line. Beat.

THESPIS

. . . choice . . .

(beat, to CORYPHAEUS)

Yes. Quite clear . . .

THESPIS joins the chorus line at one end, while CORYPHAEUS joins the line at the opposite end. The growing sound of an audience assembling is heard. A moment or two passes as CORYPHAEUS quickly and nervously arranges all of the CHORUS members one last time and THEY hold their positions. The sound of a low drum beating several times is heard. The sound of the crowd hushes to silence, and CORYPHAEUS approaches the front edge of the stage. Beat.

CORYPHAEUS

(loudly, as if making an announcement out to the audience)

Athenians, I bid you welcome to our festivities . . . On this day, we honor Dionysus, but we also honor *all* the gods of the pantheon . . . We thus begin our festivities with an ode to them . . .

CORYPHAEUS repositions himself back in the chorus line. HE then gives a signal, and the CHORUS begins to pose and chant.

CHORUS

Who dares to question the will of the gods?

THESPIS

(suddenly stepping away from the CHORUS and standing apart on the stage)

I do!

Beat. Several expressions of shock are heard from the CHORUS and from the audience. The CHORUS, confused, looks first at THESPIS and then at CORYPHEAEUS. CORYPHEAEUS then quickly urges them to continue.

CHORUS

What man could be so bold? Tell us his name.

THESPIS

(loudly)

I am Thespis . . .

The sound of murmuring is heard coming from the audience as CORYPHEAEUS looks on angrily. The CHORUS then continues their chant.

CHORUS

For he who shows his hubris shall suffer.

THESPIS

I may suffer – but I will make my own fate.

CHORUS

He who does not bend to their will is crushed.

Beat. THEY all awkwardly look at THESPIS.

THESPIS

As you can see, I am still here.

A few laughs are heard coming from the audience.

CHORUS

Mortals – know your place! Accept your station.

THESPIS

I . . . will . . . not.

CHORUS

Think not of ambition – speak not your will.

THESPIS

It is my choice. I choose to speak!

CHORUS

For we are but meek souls upon the earth –

THESPIS

Not me –

THESPIS dances around a bit. More laughter is heard.

CHORUS

Soon to be shadows in the underworld –

THESPIS

I'll believe it when I see it.

More laughter is heard. CORYPHEUS is by now visibly frustrated.

CHORUS

Give praise and sacrifice to all the gods!

THESPIS

Why should I do so?

CHORUS

For they have given us our life and breath.

THESPIS

Have they indeed?

CHORUS

And so we consecrate this harvest now.

THESPIS

It's *our* food – we grew it.

A few more laughs are heard.

CHORUS

We give thanks for our weather and bounty.

THESPIS

Thank you forces of nature – if you can hear me –

More laughing is heard.

CHORUS

We sing your honor! We dance in your name!

THESPIS

I sing for pleasure – I dance for joy!

CHORUS

Bow your heads – cease your thoughts – offer your praise –

THESPIS

(serious, dramatic, as if in response to the CHORUS)

Hear me, Athenians!

(utter silence, beat, then THESPIS starts to freely move about the stage)

I am Thespis . . . and I will *never* cease my thoughts . . . I will pursue reason. For *logos* is my praise – it is *my* worship.

(beat)

I say, lift *up* your heads! Nurture your thoughts! Seek the truth. The truth is only that which can be proven . . .

A great commotion is heard coming from the audience.

CORYPHEUS

Hubris . . .

THESPIS

If the gods disapprove of my thoughts, may they strike me down . . .

(THESPIS reaches upward dramatically with both of his arms as a few gasps are heard, etc. Pause. Nothing happens. THESPIS slowly lowers his arms)

You see? The gods do *not* disapprove!

CORYPHEUS

Hubris!

THESPIS

It is *not* hubris . . .

(beat, to the CHORUS)

I have proven to you that the gods do not disapprove of reason . . . of willful action.

(out to the audience)

We must all think for ourselves, determine the truth using our minds, strive for improvement!

More excited murmuring is heard coming from the audience. The CHORUS starts murmuring as well.

CORYPHEUS

(furious, approaching THESPIS)

You will get back in line with the others – now!

Beat. The excited murmuring increases.

THESPIS

I will never get back in line . . . and neither will they . . .

THESPIS gestures towards the other CHORUS members, who now seem to be quite excited and approving of THESPIS. DIOCLES and POLYBIA quickly step forward, and proclaim their own brief bits of dialogue.

DIOCLES

I am Diocles!

POLYBIA

I am Polybia!

DIOCLES

Are we but merely tools of the gods?

POLYBIA

Or do we have the will to shape our own lives?

The sound of the audience stirring rises even more. THESPIS then gestures out to indicate the audience – as if to include them in his proclamation and invite them to speak. The excited murmuring continues to build – loudly – all around him. There are improvised statements heard coming from the audience, such as “Speak! More!” or “I am Demetrius” or “I believe what you’re saying” or “I am Penelope” or “I am Jason” or “You speak the truth, Thespis!” or “Yes, tell us more” or “Hail to Thespis!” etc. As the lights start to fade, THESPIS smiles as the excited murmuring continues and CORYPHEAUS looks on – flabbergasted. The commotion then swiftly fades to silence as the stage goes dark.

END OF PLAY

Chorus Chant

from *Thespis*

Tempo = ca. 100 bpm

Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah! _____ Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah! _____