

But most of the time they should act their lines as if they are the words from genuine Greek tragedy, full of intonation and emotional feeling. Don't send them up or wink at the audience. Let the juxtaposition of Greek tragedy acting style and the sometimes silly line be what creates the humor.

CHORUS (in unison):

So pitiful, so pitiful
your shame and lamentation.
No more shall I move the shifting pace
of the shuttle at the looms of Ida.

CHORUS MEMBER #3 (echoes):

Looms of Ida.

CHORUS:

Can you not, Queen Hecuba, stop this Bacchanal before her light
feet whirl her away into the Argive camp?

CHORUS MEMBER #3 (echoes):

Argive camp.

CHORUS (in unison):

O woe, o woe, o woe,
We are so upset we speak in unison,
So pitiful, so wretched, so doomed,
Women who run with wolves
Women who love too much,
Whitewater rapids, how did she turn \$1000 into \$100,000?
O woe, o woe, o woe.
Here she comes now.
Wooga, wooga, wooga.

(Enter Medea in a dramatic, bloodred toga. She is in high, excessive grief and fury.)

MEDEA:

Come, flame of the sky,
Pierce through my head!
What do I, Medea, gain from living any longer?

Oh I hate living! I want
to end my life, leave it behind, and die.

CHORUS (in unison; *chanted seriously*):

But tell us how you're really feeling.

MEDEA: My husband Jason—the Argonaut—has left me for
another woman. Debbie.

CHORUS (in unison):

Dreaded Debbie, dreaded Debbie.
Debutante from hell.

MEDEA: She is the daughter of King Creon, who owns a diner
on Fifty-fifth Street and Jamaica Avenue. Fie on her! And
the House of Creon! And the four brothers of the Acropolis.

I am banished from my husband's bed, and from the
country. A bad predicament all around. But I am skilled in
poison. Today three of my enemies I will strike down dead:
Debbie and Debbie's father and my husband.

CHORUS (in unison):

Speaking of your husband, here he comes.

(Enter Jason, dressed in a toga but also with an armored breastplate and wearing a soldier's helmet with a nice little red adornment on top. Sort of like a costume from either Ben Hur or Cleopatra. He perhaps is not in the grand style, but sounds more normal and conversational.)

JASON: Hello, Medea.

MEDEA: Hello, Jason.

JASON: I hear you've been banished to China.

MEDEA (suddenly Noel Coward brittle): Very large, China.

JASON: And Japan?

MEDEA: Very small, Japan. And Debbie?

JASON: She's very striking.

MEDEA: Some women should be struck regularly like gongs.