

JASON: Medea, even though thou art banished by Creon to foreign shores, the two innocent children of our Joins, Ly and Erik, should remain with me. I will enroll them at the Dalton School. And there they will flourish as citizens of Corinth under the watchful eye of Zeus and his lovely and talented wife Hera.

MEDEA: Fine, walk on me some more! I was born unlucky and a woman.

CHORUS (*in unison*):

Men are from Mars, women are from Venus.

JASON: Well, whatever. I call the gods to witness that I have done my best to help you and the children.

MEDEA: Go! You have spent too long out here. You are consumed with craving for your newly-won bride, Debbie. Go, enjoy Debbie! (*Jason shrugs, exits*) O woe, o woe, I am in pain for I know what I must do, Debbie, kill for sure.

CHORUS (*in unison*):

Debbie's done, ding dong, Debbie's done.

Done deal, Debbie dead.

Dopey Debbie, Debbie dead.

MEDEA: But also my sons. Never shall their father see them again. I shall kill my children. (*Ferociously, to the Chorus*) How do you like that???

CHORUS (*in unison*):

Aaaaaagghghghghghghh!

O smart women, foolish choices.

Stop the insanity! Stop the insanity!

You can eat one slice of cheese, or sixteen baked potatoes!

Make up your mind.

MEDEA: Why is there so little Trojan Women in this, and so much of me?

CHORUS (*in unison*):

We don't know *The Trojan Women* as well as we know *Medea*. (*Spoken, not sung*)

Medea, we just met a girl named Medea.

And suddenly that name

Will never be the same.

MEDEA: Bring my children hither.

CHORUS (*in unison*):

O miserable mother, to destroy your own increase, murder the babes of your body. The number you have reached is not in service at this time. Call 777-FILM.

MEDEA (*in a boiling fury*): I want to kill my children. I want to sleep with my brother. I want to pluck out the eyes of my father. I want to blow up the Parthenon. I need a creative outlet for all this anger. (*Enter the Messenger, carrying a head. He kneels before Medea.*)

MESSENGER: I am a messenger. Caesar is dead.

CHORUS: (*in unison*):

Caesar is dead. How interesting. Who is Caesar?

MESSENGER: I am sorry. Wrong message. (*Reads from piece of paper*) Lady Teazle wishes you to know that Lady Windermere and Lady Bracknell are inviting you and Lady The-Scottish-Play to tea with her cousin Ernest, if he's not visiting Mr. Bunbury.

MEDEA: Mr. Bunbury? I do not need a messenger. I need a deus ex machina. (*Elaborate music. Enter an Angel with great big wings. Descending from the ceiling or revealed on a balcony. Or dragging a step ladder that he stands on. Very dramatic whatever he does.*)

ANGEL: O Medea, O Medea.

I am a deus ex machina.

In a bigger production, I would come down from the sky in an angel's outfit, but just use your imagination. Theatre is greatly about imagination, is it not.