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PROMETHEUS

Prometheus Bound
By Aeschylus
Adapted by Sophy Burnham¹

Prometheus Released
Written by Sophy Burnham
(imagining the lost conclusion)

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ACT I: Prometheus Bound

SCENE 1: PROLOGUE, THE FRAME

HEPHAISTOS, POWER, VIOLENCE on stage

POWER

So here, we've come to the edge of the world,
this howling waste,
this desert no one passes through.

All right, Hephaistos, God of forge and fire,
What Zeus wants done, you've got to do.
On these remote reaches
you're commanded:
lash this rebel bastard to the rock
 in chains that no one ever breaks.

After all, Hephaistos, it was your red, glowing beauty
 that he stole – FIRE!
The power behind all handiwork.
 He gave it away to human beings.
That's his crime, and the Gods demand
 he pay for it.
He must submit to the rule of Zeus
...and like it too.

He'll learn.
He's got to give up his feeling for these human... insects.

HEPHAISTOS

Violence... Power ... you've already carried out
 your orders from Zeus
 you're free to go now,
But me, I've little heart for chaining this god, my brother,
to a stark cliff.
And yet I must.
It's dangerous to disobey the Father's word. . . .

Against my will, I'll spike him to this rock.
 No human will he see, no human voice will reach his ear.

When his skin is burnt to blisters
 by the sun

he'll be glad when night draws her starry cloak across
the glare --
and glad again at day when the sun's warmth melts the glittering
frost that's left behind.
And always he'll be crushed by the load of each, every moment,
for nobody yet born can set him free.

POWER

That's what he gets for loving humankind
A god like him should know enough to fear the gods.

HEPHAISTOS

No, and Zeus is not about to mellow.

POWER

Now Prometheus will never rest nor sleep.
He'll sigh and howl -- and not a soul around to hear his cries.

HEPHAISTOS

All new dictators are harsh..

POWER

All this pity for a traitor!
Why don't you hate the god who betrayed you?

HEPHAISTOS

We're family, friends.

POWER

So you're refusing the Father's orders?
You know what Zeus is like.

HEPHAISTOS

You're pitiless . . . insulting.

POWER

Yes, I'll waste no pity on the likes of him
Don't sweat over a lost cause, I say.

HEPHAISTOS

It's this work I hate, these --- [*hands*]

POWER

The craft you work at wasn't to blame for this.
Why hate your skill?

HEPHAISTOS

I wish the work weren't mine, that's all.

POWER

WELL, MOVE, DAMMIT!
Chain him up before Zeus sees you loafing, and you better do it right.

HEPHAISTOS

I know my job.

POWER

He's so sly that where there's no way out,
he'll still find some method to escape.

HEPHAISTOS

No one will fault my work, except maybe poor Prometheus.

POWER

I think you have cold feet.
Watch out, or you'll be mourning for yourself.

HEPHAISTOS

It's his agony I mourn.

POWER

Why? The bastard is getting what he deserves.
We'd like to see him bound.

HEPHAISTOS

My eyes should not look upon such sights.

POWER

So be a bleeding heart! Me, I'm thick-skinned.
GET TO... WORK!

HEPHAISTOS

Don't push me.

POWER

I'll push you, all right. The way a hunter sics his dogs.

HEPHAISTOS

I can't tell which is worse, your tongue or your looks.

Exit HEPHAISTOS

POWER

Prometheus: That cocky bastard, stealing powers from the gods.
And for what? These pathetic people that live and die –
snuffed out in the blink of an eye.

Does he think humans are going to drain off
one drop of his torture? His name means "foresight."
Well, he'll need foresight to squirm out of this.

Exit VIOLENCE & POWER

SCENE 2: PROMETHEUS SOLILOQUY: "OH AIR OF HEAVEN"

(PROMETHEUS appears. He is bound to a rock at the edge of the world.)

O air of heaven and swift-wing'd winds,
O running river waters,
O never-numbered laughter of sea waves,
Earth, mother of all, Eye of the sun, all seeing,
 on you I call.
Behold what I, a god, endure from gods.
See in what tortures I must struggle
through countless years of time.

This shame, these bonds, are put upon me
by the new ruler of the gods.
Sorrow enough in what is here and what is still to come.
It wrings moans from me.
When shall the end be, the appointed end?

And yet why ask?
All, all I knew before,
 all that will be.
No one wins against the weight of harsh Necessity.

I am fast bound. I must endure.
I gave to mankind gifts.
I hunted out the secret source of fire. I hid the spark
in a fennel stalk and brought it to poor human beings—
 Fire, the teacher of all arts. The great way through.
This is the crime that I must pay for,
pinned to a rock beneath the open sky.

But what is here? What comes?
What sound, what scent just brushed me with faint wings?
 I can't see what flies at me!
Is it a God, a human—or some half-mortal mingling of the two
that's found a way to this far peak
to view my agony.

Look at me then, in chains, a god who failed!
the enemy of Zeus, hated by all those gods that strut
through the Master's palace halls,
 hated because I loved mankind
 too much.
Oh, the birds are moving near me. The air whispers
with swift and sweeping wings.
Whatever comes to me is terrible.
 I am afraid.

SCENE 3: PARADOS, THE CHORUS' ENTRANCE

(THE CHORUS, THE DAUGHTERS OF THE OCEAN enter)

CHORUS

We are the Daughters of Ocean,
We are the children of Ocean who never sleeps
but forever streams and coils
unresting round the earth.

Don't be afraid

We have come, we have come.

Deep in our sea-caves
we heard the hammering,
the pounding of irons, noise of ringing brass --
What was it? It startled us alert, Prometheus, wailing.
We went wild.
For all a maiden's modesty,
it drove us forth
so fast we did not even lash our sandals on.

Don't be afraid
We have come, we have come.

We raced each other here,
each eager to be first,
on swift wings flying to your rock
because of poignant love.
We gained our Father's consent.
Hardly had our Father, the Ocean,
groaning, let us go
than the high winds began to blow,
lifting and bearing us along.

Don't be afraid
We have come, we have come.

Our father Ocean follows close behind,
But terror pushes us on, we could not wait.
We come, we come.

SCENE 4: PROMETHEUS AND THE CHORUS: "O BE NOT TERRIFIED"

PROMETHEUS

O Daughters of Ocean
you come to see this sight.
Look then, look at me,
chained in the rockpeaks of this ravine
 keeping my painful watch.

CHORUS

Prometheus

CHORAGUS

We see you, but through a mist of fear
and tears.
We see your body withering on this cliff
in shameful bonds.

CHORUS

A new captain steers Olympus.

PROMETHEUS

Oh better to be dead!
Oh, if only I'd been hurled deep, deep into the earth
to that black boundless cave,
to be held forever by cruel chains.
Still, that would be better than this!

CHORAGUS

What god so harsh would laugh at this?
Who wouldn't grieve with you?

CHORUS

Only Zeus.

CHORAGUS

His will won't bend.
He yokes all the sons of heaven—
and won't relent
Unless someone
Against all odds

CHORUS

Shall overthrow him.

PROMETHEUS

My day will come: though this
Lord of Heaven, forever blessed,
chains me tortured here,
yet will my day come.
He'll need me. He'll need me to tell him

How a new conspiracy
(I see it even now)
comes striding down the road to strip him of his throne
and all his privileges.

And never will he charm
Me with a sweet, honeyed tongue.
No, and I'll never cower
beneath his threats
Or tell him what the future holds—
Not till he frees me from these chains
and pays me all I'm owed
for this, my pain.

CHORUS

Oh, Don't be so bold!

CHORAGUS

In bitter agony
You won't give in to pain.
Your speech is far too free—
Words only free men speak.
Sharp terror stabs our hearts:
Whatever will become of you

CHORUS

Sailing on this sea of pain?

CHORAGUS

And when will you arrive

CHORUS

Safely on the sheltered shore?
Your words can't touch a tyrant's brutal heart.

PROMETHEUS

I know he's savage. He clutches
Justice in his fist. But one day,
when something that I know and he does not
has come to pass,
when he's broken by that hammerblow,
He'll soften. His stubborn rage will calm

and he'll come to me as a friend.
Then peace will reign between us two.
I'll have my friend once more

CHORUS

Wait, wait, start from the beginning.

CHORAGUS

On what charge does Zeus
Torture and dishonor you?
Tell us the story, if you will,
or if it's not too painful to speak.

PROMETHEUS

It is painful to speak,
and painful not to.
When first the Gods broke into factions
and started quarreling among themselves,
Some wished to throw the high king of the Titans,
Kronos, out of heaven.
So that Zeus, his son, should rule.
Others opposed the idea of Zeus
Lording it over them.
Then I went to the Titans
the children of Sky and Earth—
offering them good advice to win by guile.
I went for nothing.
 They wouldn't listen.
They scorned my subtle strategies, my schemes.
They thought to conquer by sheer will power and brute force,
and dreamt they'd win with ease.

My mother, who is also known as Earth—
She told me many times how fate would weave the future out—
how a war is won
not by violence and brute strength
but by cunning and sly craft.
I told the Titans.
They wouldn't so much as look at me.
The only course left me was to join Zeus.

In all good will, my mother with me,
I linked my fate with Zeus.
 and he welcomed my support.
And thanks to my advice and through the plans I made,

he won his war.
But Zeus, this tyrant of the gods,
for all the help I gave
has paid me back with evil.
 All tyranny is infected with this disease:
 A tyrant never trusts his friends.

CHORAGUS

But tell us, why does Zeus torment you?

PROMETHEUS

I'll tell you—
The war was no sooner over—
He took his father's throne,
and right away assigned to the gods their privileges
and gave them their various powers; but to humans,
that unhappy race, he paid no heed,
for he planned to blot them out and install
another, new race to replace them.
And no one dared stand up against him
But I!!!
I alone dared it. I saved humanity from utter destruction.
For this
I'm wracked by torture
 Painful to suffer
 Pitiable to see
I pitied mortals but no one pities me.
Instead I'm mercilessly punished—
An infamy in the name of Zeus.

CHORAGUS

What iron heart, what breast hacked out of rock
Would not suffer at your plight?
We wish we'd never seen this . . .

CHORUS

But we have looked
And now we're sick at heart.

PROMETHEUS

Yes, to my friends I'm a pitiful sight.

CHORAGUS

Did you, perhaps, do more than you've just said?

PROMETHEUS

I gave them FIRE!

CHORAGUS

These creatures of a day have flaming fire?

PROMETHEUS

Yes, and from Fire they learn many skills.
What's more, Humans used to be crippled
By the fear of death

CHORAGUS

What cure did you find?

PROMETHEUS

I placed in them blind hope.

CHORAGUS

And these are the charges for which Zeus—

PROMETHEUS

TORTURES ME!
--and no surcease in sight.

CHORAGUS

Oh, is there no end to your anguish?

PROMETHEUS

None. It will end only when HE sees fit.

CHORAGUS

When HE sees fit! What hope is there for that?
But don't you see that you've done wrong?

CHORUS

It gives us no pleasure to say it,
and it's painful for you to hear.

CHORAGUS

Enough. Let's talk of it no more.
How can you break free of your agony?

PROMETHEUS

It's easy for one whose feet are free
To advise and warn the sufferer
Of what is right and wrong.
I knew what I was doing from the beginning,
And knew it wrong, and don't deny it.
I helped mankind and doing so
Heaped misery on myself.

CHORUS

Prometheus

CHORAGUS

You cry to willing ears.
We come, and gladly,
To hear your troubles.

SCENE 5: OCEANUS / PROMETHEUS

(OCEAN enters.)

OCEAN

Well, here at last, nephew, the end to a long journey.
I've made my way to you, Prometheus.
Never even touched the reins either.
I can guide this bird by thought and will alone.
Now, you must know, I'm grieved at your misfortunes.
Of course I must be, I'm your kinsman.
And that apart, there's no one I think more of.
And you'll find out the truth of what I'm saying.
It isn't in me to talk flattery.
Come: tell me just what must be done to help you,
And never say that you've a firmer friend

Than you'll find in me.

PROMETHEUS

What's this? You? Come to see my troubles?
How did you dare to leave the rock arches of the sea-caves,
hollowed by the waves,
and stand upon the iron mother earth?
Was it to see what's happened to me,
To howl with feeling for me?
Then mark this sight: here stands the friend of Zeus,
Who helped to make him master of all worlds.
This twisted body is His handiwork.

OCEAN

I do see, Prometheus. And what I wish to give you
Is the best advice of all:

Know thyself.

New fashions have come in with this new ruler.
Why can't you change your own to suit?
Don't talk like that – so rude and insolent.
Zeus isn't so far off that he can't hear.
and what would happen then would make these troubles
seem child's play.
You're miserable. So control your temper
and find some remedy.

The braggart gets more than he bargained for.

The problem is that you're not humbled yet. You won't give in.
You're looking for more trouble
Just learn one thing from me:

Don't pick a fight you can't win

I'll go now and try to have you
Freed from these agonies.
Meanwhile, keep still, no more of this rash talking.
Clever as you are, you should know by now:

A loose tongue attracts its own punishment.

PROMETHEUS

How I envy you:
Having been such a great help in my struggle,
You're beyond blame!
Forget it! Leave me alone.

OCEAN

But I won't let you turn me away.

I really want to help you.
And I'm proud to say, yes, proud:
I'm sure that Zeus will let you go
simply as a favor to me.

PROMETHEUS

One thing I admire in you, and always will:
You're not at a loss for good intentions, Uncle.
But spare your pains. Your trouble would be wasted.
Your effort, if indeed you wish to make it,
could never help me.
Right now you are out of harm's way. Stay there.
I've my misfortune, but that's no reason for me to wish
that onto others, too.
Pity fills my heart when I think of my
brother, Typhon.
A child of Earth he was, who lived
in caves in the Sicilian land,
a flaming monster with a hundred heads,
who rose up against all the gods.
He had no cause,
He had no reason for rebellion.
Death whistled from his fearful jaws.
His eyes flashed glaring fire.
I thought he would have wrecked God's sovereignty.
But to him came the sleepless bolt of Zeus,
down from the sky, thunder with breath of flame,
and all his high boasts were struck dumb.
Into his very heart the fire burned.
His strength was turned to ashes.
and now he lies,
a sprawling body, near the narrow sea-way
by Mt. Etna, underneath the volcano's roots.

But you are no man's fool;
Keep yourself safe,
as you know how to do.
And I will drain my cup of misery to the last.

OCEAN

Don't you know, Prometheus:
that a sick mind may be healed by soft words.

PROMETHEUS

Yes, if the time's right. But when that mind is still

infected with rage, you can't force the swelling down.

OCEAN

All right then, teach me this: what harm in trying
if daring is mixed with good intentions?

PROMETHEUS

Useless nonsense!

OCEAN

Then let me suffer that disease.
When one is wise, it's wisest to seem foolish.

PROMETHEUS

As will be seen: that's my condition, Uncle, not yours.

OCEAN

Your drift is obvious: you want to send me home.

PROMETHEUS

Yes. If you feel sorry for me, you'll only draw hatred on yourself.

OCEAN

By Him?

PROMETHEUS

Yes. Watch out, or His heart will turn against you.

OCEAN

I learn that, Prometheus, just by looking at you.

PROMETHEUS

THEN LEAVE, GO! YOU'VE GOT THE
POINT! REMEMBER IT!

OCEAN

You urge one who is eager to be gone!
For my four-footed bird is restless
 to skim with his wings the level ways of air.
He'll be well-pleased to rest in his home stable.

(Exit OCEAN)

SCENE 6: 2ND CHORUS : "I MOURN FOR YOU, PROMETHEUS."

CHORUS

I mourn for you, Prometheus,
The whole world mourns.
My cheeks are wet with weeping.
Tears fall like running rivers,
in overflowing floods.
Terrible are the deeds of Zeus.
He rules by laws he makes himself.
High is his spear above the others,
 turned proud against the gods of old.

All the land now groans aloud,
mourning for the honor of the heroes of your race.
The whole earth, everything, laments
the bold, emblazoned
glory that was yours, Prometheus,
and that of your family, before this fall.

And those peoples who have settled
in the plains of nearby Asia's holy ground --
they howl your pain,

As do the Amazon girls of Colchis
who never tremble in battle;
And the Scythian hordes
who live where Earth ends --
camping by Lake Maiotis
where the marsh grass grows;

And, too, the flower of
Arabia: the wild
warriors who guard the steep
fortress high on a cliff by Kaukasos
a thunderhead bristling with sharp spears:

All anguish for you now.

The waves break,
the surf moans,
the depths sound and sound;
the black
bottomless deep
hollows back,
And the pure springs of river waters
all for you

are sorrowing.

SCENE 7: PROMETHEUS / CHORUS: "I SAY NOTHING"

PROMETHEUS

I say nothing, but don't think that means I'm
arrogant or stubborn.

It is thought that eats my heart away.

I see myself abused.

Who else but I, but I myself,

gave these new gods their honors?

Enough of that. I speak to you who know.

Once men were fools.

I gave them intelligence,

I made them masters of their own thought.

I tell this

not against humankind, but only to show

how loving were my gifts. . .

Men and women looking

saw nothing.

They listened

and could not hear.

Like dreams they led a random life.

They had no brick houses built to face the sun,

homes made of stone or well-wrought wood,

but like the tiny ants who dig

in sunless crannies deep down in the earth,

they lived in caves.

The signs that speak of winter's coming,

of flower-faced spring, of summer's heat

with mellowing fruits,

were all unknown to them.

From me they learned the stars that tell the seasons,

Their risings and their settings difficult to mark.

And numbers, that most excellent device,
I taught to them. And letters joined in words.
I gave to them the mother of all arts,
Hard-working memory.

I, too, first brought beneath the yoke
great beasts to serve the plow, so that
they could take the heaviest burdens off the backs of human beings.
Horses I broke and
harnessed to the chariot shaft
so that they loved their reins.
Mane-tossed, they showed off the glory of the rich man in his pride.
I alone first found
the sailor's carrier, linen-winged, sea-driven.
All these devices, I invented for human beings,
I, who have no way to help myself.

CHORUS

You suffer shame as a physician must
who cannot heal himself.
Like a bad doctor fallen sick
you grope, desperate
for what you cannot find:
The balm to soothe your pain.

PROMETHEUS

Listen and you shall find more cause for wonder.
Best of all the gifts I gave them was the gift of healing.
I showed them how to use
the soothing herbs that keep us from disease.
The ways of divination, too, I marked out for them,
and they are many: how to know
the waking vision from the idle dream;
to read the sounds hard to discern;
snatches of speech caught in passion
and chance meetings on the road;
the flight of birds --
eagles and vultures --
and which bring good or ill luck in their path,
and the way each kind lives. Its hates, its loves,
and what others it takes counsel with.
I looked into the silky entrails, those inward parts that tell the future,
the smoothness and the color and fair shape
that please the gods.

And how to wrap the flesh in fat
and the long thigh bone, for the altar fire
in honor of the gods.
So I led them on to knowledge
of the dark and riddling arts.
Deep within the earth are hidden precious things for men,
 copper and iron, gold and silver.
Could any say he brought these forth to light
until I showed the way?
All arts, all goods, have come to men from me.

CHORUS

Enough, Prometheus!

CHORAGUS

Why help human-kind
At your own expense?
We hope that once you're freed
You'll be powerful as Zeus.

PROMETHEUS

That's not the way it will happen,
not yet, not this way.
I must be bowed by age-long pain
 and grief before
 I am freed.
All arts, all skills and guile are
crushed by cruel Necessity.

CHORAGUS

But who is at the helm?
 Who brings Necessity about?

PROMETHEUS

It's fate.

CHORAGUS

Then, Zeus is not so powerful?

PROMETHEUS

Not even He can change His fate.

CHORAGUS

But what is His fate?

PROMETHEUS

You're not to learn that yet.

CHORAGUS

This secret must be awesome, you keep it so close . . .

PROMETHEUS

Talk of something else!
It's not time to speak, not yet.
Whatever happens
the secret must be kept,
 it's my only hope for escaping
this shame, this torture, these chains.

SCENE 8: 3RD CHORUS: "ZEUS ORDERS ALL THINGS"

CHORUS

Zeus orders all things.
May he never set his might against my mind.
May we never
hesitate
to approach the Gods
with holy feasts
of blood drenched bulls
burnt on the beaches
where Ocean, our father, flows.

Zeus orders all things.

May we never say a sinful word.
 May this be ever
engravéd in our minds
and not depart like melting snow.
Long life is sweet when there is hope
 and hope is confident.
And it is sweet when glad thoughts make the heart
 grow strong,
and filled with joy.

Zeus orders all things.

But O our blood runs cold, we're cold, seeing you
raked over with

ten thousand tortures.

You stubbornly refuse to bow to Zeus;
And you honor humans too much!

Zeus orders all things.

CHORAGUS

Once we spoke words different
From those now on our lips.
A song flew to us.
We stood beside your bridal bed,
We sang the wedding hymn,
Glad in your marriage, and glad that
With fair gifts persuading her,
You led Hesione,
 our dear sister,
 child of the sea,
to your own marriage bed.

SCENE 9: IO / PROMETHEUS

(IO enters)

IO

What land – what creatures here?
This, that I see –
a form storm-beaten,
 bound to the rock.
Did you do wrong?
Is this your punishment?
You perish here.
Where am I?
Speak to a wretched wanderer.
Oh! Oh! He stings again - the gadfly – oh, miserable!
Ah, but you must know he's not a gadfly.
He has a thousand eyes.
I see him. Off! Keep him away!
No, he comes on.
His eyes can see all ways at once.
He's dead but no grave holds him.

He comes straight up from hell.
He is the huntsman,
 and I his wretched quarry.
He drives me all along the long sea strand.
I may not stop for food or drink.
He has a shepherd's pipe.
It is a reed with beeswax joined.
Its sound is like the locust's shrilling,
A drowsy note – that will not let me sleep.
Oh! Oh! No!
Where is it leading me,
my wandering – far wandering.
Whatever did I do,
How ever did I sin,
That you have yoked me to calamity,
O son of Kronos, Zeus,
That you madden a wretched woman
 driven mad by a gadfly of fear?

Oh, burn me in fire or hide me in earth
or fling me as food to the beasts of the sea!
Master, grant me my prayer.
Enough – I have been tried enough –
My wandering – how long wandering.
Yet I have found no place
To leave my misery.
 I am a girl who speaks to you,
 But horns are on my head.

PROMETHEUS

Like one caught in an eddy, whirling round and
round,
the gadfly drives you.
I know you, girl. You are Inachus' daughter.
You made the god's heart hot with love,
 And Hera hates you. She is the one
Who drives you on this flight that never stops.

IO

How is it that you speak my father's name?
Who are you? Speak to an unhappy girl.
Who are you, sufferer, that speaks the truth
 to one who suffers?
You know the sickness God has put upon me,
that stings and maddens me and drives me on
and wastes my life away.

I am a beast, a starving beast,
that, frenzied, runs with clumsy leaps and bounds.
Oh, shame,

 mastered by Hera's malice.

Who among the wretched
suffer as I do?

Give me a sign, you there.

Tell to me clearly
the pain that still approaches.

Is help to be found?

A healing herb to cure me?

Speak, if you know.

PROMETHEUS

I will and in plain words,
as friend should talk to friend.
You see Prometheus, who gave fire to human-kind.

IO

You, he who saved the whole race of men?
You, that Prometheus, the daring, the enduring one?
Why do you suffer here?

PROMETHEUS

Just now I told the tale –

IO

Well, then won't you grant me this other favor?

PROMETHEUS

Ask what you wish, I know everything.

IO

Then tell me who has bound you to this rock.

PROMETHEUS

Zeus was the mind that planned it.
The hand that did the deed, the god of fire.

IO

What was the wrong that you are punished for?

PROMETHEUS

No more. Enough of me.

IO

Tell more! At what point
Does my wandering end, how long must I suffer?

PROMETHEUS

Here, not to know is best.

IO

I ask you not to hide what I must suffer.

PROMETHEUS

It's not that I grudge this gift.

IO

Why then delay to tell me at all?

PROMETHEUS

Not through ill will. I would not terrify you.

IO

Don't be kinder to me than I myself would be.

PROMETHEUS

If you insist, then I must speak. Hear then –

CHORUS

Wait, not yet!

Let us

have our share of pleasure.

Let's hear from her own lips

what fate she suffers.
After that, she can learn from you
The trials to come.

PROMETHEUS

It's up to you, Io, to do them this favor,
they are your father's sisters,
And when the heart is sorrowful,
to speak to those who will let fall a tear
is time well spent.

IO

I don't know how to refuse you.
You shall hear all. And yet –
I am ashamed to speak,
to tell of that god-driven storm
 that struck me, changed me, ruined me.
How shall I tell you who it was?
How to my maiden chamber visions came by night,
Persuading me with gentle words:
“Oh, happy, happy girl,
why are you so long a maid
 when you might marry with the highest?”
Thus it said:
“The arrow of desire has pierced the heart of Zeus.
For you is he on fire.
With you he longs to capture love.
Would you, child, fly from Zeus' bed?
Go forth to Lerna, to the meadows deep in grass.
There is a sheep-fold there,
an ox-stall, too, that holds your father's oxen –
There shall Zeus find release from his desire.”

Always, each night, such dreams possessed me.
I was unhappy and at last I dared
 to tell my father of these visions.
He sent to Delphi and far Dodona
Man after man to ask the oracle
What he must do or say to please the gods.
But all brought answers back of shifting meaning
hard to discern, like golden coins unmarked.
At last a clear word came. It fell upon him
like lightening from the sky. It told him
to thrust me from his house and from his country,
to wander to the farthest bounds of earth
like some poor dumb beast set apart

for sacrifice, whom no man will restrain.
And if my father would not, Zeus would send
His thunderbolt with eyes of flame to end
our race— all, everyone.

My father could not but obey such words
from the dark oracle. He drove me out.

Against his own will
as certainly against my own, he locked me out.
Straightway I was distorted, mind and body.
A beast – with horns – look at me –
Stung by a fly; Who madly leaps and bounds.

And so I ran and found myself beside
the waters, sweet to drink of Kerchneia
and Lerna's well-spring.
Plagued by a gadfly then, the scourge of God,
I am driven on from land to land.

So much for what has been. But what still remains
of anguish, tell me.
do not in pity soothe me with false tales.
Words strung together by a lie are like a foul disease.

CHORUS

No, no—
Never would we have believed that our ears
Would hear words such as these, of strange meaning,
Evil to see and evil to hear,
Defilement, pain and terror.
They pierce our hearts with a two-edged sword.
A fate like that –
We shudder to look upon you, Io.

PROMETHEUS

You are too ready with your tears and fears.
Wait till you've heard what's yet to come.

CHORUS

Speak. When you're sick it helps
to know beforehand what pain awaits you.

PROMETHEUS

Your first appeal was not –for me – difficult to grant.
You wanted to hear the child

recite with her own lips
her agony.
Now hear the rest, what suffering
She's in for –
this young girl, hated and hounded by Hera

You, too, Io, daughter of Inachos,
take my words to heart.
Then you will know
at what point your journey ends.

To begin: from here you must turn east
towards where the sun comes up.
and walk on, across unplowed meadows,
till you come to the roving Scythians
who live in air, inside reed huts
set on wagons with sturdy wheels.
They're armed with long range bows
so don't go near them
Keep by the sea, let your feet
trail through the surf
where the waves moan
And so, pass through that country.

To your left there'll be
the Chalybes: those who
work iron.
Watch out for them, they're savages.
Strangers can't approach.

Next

You'll come to the Arrogangos River, one
that lives up to its name.
Don't cross though. It won't be crossed
until you come to Kaukasos itself,
the highest of mountains: from whose very brow
the river in all its fury
gushes out.
Those peaks
stand high among the stars, and those peaks
you must also cross.

Head south then
till you find the man-hating
army of Amazons.
One day they'll settle by the Thermodon River in Themiskyra,
where Salmydessos,
that haggard rockmouth of the sea, that
stepmother of ships, welcomes

sailors to their death.

On your way, though, the Amazons will help you
and help you gladly:

You'll come to the Crimea,
the isthmus
by the narrow gates of the lake.
But leave this behind: for with a strong heart
you must cross that channel.
It's called the Channel of Maiotis now, but ever after
men and women will speak of your crossing:
In honor of you they'll call it Bosporos,
Place Where the Heifer Girl Crossed.

By now you
have long left Europe, you move on
into Asia, the great continent.

(to the CHORUS)

Now do you see? Now does this ruler of the gods,
show himself evil, to all, in all things?

Toward everyone!
A god desired a human girl –
drove her forth to wander.
A bitter lover you have found, O girl,
For all that I have told you is no more
than prelude.

(IO cries out)

You cry aloud for this? What then
when you have heard the rest?

CHORUS

You will not tell her of more trouble?

PROMETHEUS

A wintry sea of sorrow.

IO

What good is life? Why haven't I
thrown myself off this harsh rock,
smashed myself against the earth
and so
freed myself from *all* suffering?

PROMETHEUS

To speak like that:

 You'd be hard put
to bear this agony of mine.

My fate is
 that I cannot die.

Death would be
freedom from sorrow, but now . . .

there's no end
 to my misery, none
until Zeus falls from power.

IO

Can Zeus ever, ever fall from power?

PROMETHEUS

I suspect . . . you'd be glad to see that come about.

IO

Of course I would, why not? He's my oppressor.

PROMETHEUS

Then you should know that He will fall.

IO

Who'll rob Him of His power?

PROMETHEUS

He'll do it Himself, through His own ignorance.

IO

But how? Tell me, if there's no harm in asking.

PROMETHEUS

He'll marry, and that marriage will someday bring Him down.

IO

Marry a human being? A God? Tell me, if you may.

PROMETHEUS

What difference does it make? It's not to be told.

IO

Who drives Him from His throne? His wife?

PROMETHEUS

His wife. This woman will bear a child greater than its father.

IO

And there's no way He can avoid this?

PROMETHEUS

None . . . unless I were freed from these chains.

IO

But who's to free you against the will of Zeus?

PROMETHEUS

A son of yours – so fate decrees.

IO

What words are these? A child of mine shall set you free?

PROMETHEUS

Ten generations first must pass, and then three more.

IO

You sound like an oracle: I can no longer follow you!

PROMETHEUS

So let it be. Seek not to know your trials.

IO

Please! Don't reach out a helping hand
then take it back again!

PROMETHEUS

I have two stories – I'll give you only one of them.

IO

What are they? Tell me, let me choose between them.

PROMETHEUS

Then choose. Shall I tell you
what more you'll have to suffer, or do you want to hear who'll set me free?

CHORUS

Give her the benefit of one, please, and give
us the other.
You can't grudge us our fair share of the story.

CHORAGUS

Tell Io
how far she still has to go.

CHORUS

Tell us
who will set you free
That's what we want to hear . . .

PROMETHEUS

Since you're so anxious, I won't refuse to tell you
all.
Inscribe this, Io, on the tablets of your heart.

Having crossed the stream between Europe and Asia—
towards that dawn world where the sun
walks, hot and white,
You'll move on
over the swells of an unsurging sea—the desert sands.
You'll reach the Gorgonian flatlands, in Kisthene,
where the daughters of Phorkys live:

all maidens, very old
and shaped like swans.
Between the three, they have one eye alone
and just one tooth.
No ray of sun looks ever on that country.

And their three sisters live nearby:
the winged GORGONS! with hair of snakes,
whom no man shall ever look upon and stay alive.
They garrison that place.
Far off there is a land where black men live,
close to the sources of the sun, whence springs
a sun-scorched river. When you reach it,
go with all care along the banks up to
the great descent, where from the mountains
The holy Nile pours forth its waters
pleasant to drink from. It will be your guide
to the Delta of the Nile.
A long exile is fated for you and your children here.

If what I say seems dark and hard to know,
Ask me again until the sense is clear:
I've more spare time than I could wish for.

CHORUS

Remember your promise, and tell us
What we asked

PROMETHEUS

(to IO)

. . . there's such a crowd of words
I'll skip most of them, and push through
to the endpoint of your wanderings.

Earlier, after you had moved on
to the Molossian meadows
then to the sheer ridges
ranged around Dodona
you came upon
something incredible: oak trees
that spoke to you.
without riddles, in luminous words
they saluted you:
*Greetings! you who are to be the glorious
wife of Zeus!*
You plunged along the coastal road

to the great Gulf of Rhea –
 where suddenly the waters
 stormed upon you in a blind rush.
Now and for all time,
that inlet of the sea will be called
 Ionian,
and all humankind will recall your passage there.

(to the CHORUS)

Now – ending the story – I'll tell
you, and her as well,
what lies ahead.

Where Egypt ends, where silt
 bars the mouth of the Nile
there's a city called Kanobos.
There I see
 Zeus . . .
He's stroking you
With a gentle hand that you no longer fear.
He merely
 touches you. Yet that's enough
to father your black child
Epaphos. He will
 harvest
 as much of the land
as is watered by the broad flooding Nile.

Five generations later, a family of fifty
 girls will flee to Greece,
to escape a hated marriage to their cousins.
One will bear a kingly child.
Know this, that from that seed will spring
 an archer glorious with the bow,
and he shall set me free.

This is the oracle my mother gave me,

But how and where would be too long a tale,
And of no use for you to know.

IO

Ooh, Ooooh.
A frenzy tears me.
A madness strikes my mind.
I burn. A frantic sting –

An arrow never forged with fire.
My heart is beating at its walls in terror.
My eyes are whirling wheels.
Away. Away. A raging wind of fury
Sweeps howling through me.
My tongue has lost its power.
My words are like a thrashing stream,
wild waves that dash against a surging sea,
Oh! The black sea of madness.

(IO exits)

SCENE 10: 4TH CHORUS: “WISE, WISE WAS HE”

CHORUS

Wise, wise was he,
Who first weighed this in his mind
And then declared:
*Marriage at one's own level is best
not with one whom wealth has spoiled,
nor yet with one made proud by virtue of his birth.*

Such as these you must not seek, you
who live upon the labor of your hands.
Fate, great fate,
may you never, oh, never behold me
sharing the bed of Zeus.
May none of the dwellers in heaven
draw near to me ever.

Terrors take hold of me
on seeing her maidenhood, Io
turning from love of man,
torn by Hera's hate,
driven in misery.
For myself, I would not shun marriage nor fear it,
were it with my equal.
But the love of the greater gods,
from whose eyes none can hide—
may that never be mine.
That starts a war that none can win,
It brings despair.
For what could I do,
where could I fly
from the sight of God?

SCENE 11: PROMETHEUS / CHORUS: “ZEUS’ HEART IS STUBBORN”

PROMETHEUS

As for Zeus, His heart
is stubborn.
But take my word for it, He’ll be humbled yet.
For soon a marriage He will make. It
will cast him from
His throne and tyranny.

None of the gods can show Him the way
out of these troubles, save I.
I alone know these things
and how they shall come to pass.

So. Let Him sit there, dreaming that he’s safe,
trusting in his heavenly thunder and rattling
his fistful of fire.
Surely these shall serve as no defense,
for he will fall, in shame unbearable.
Even now He is bringing on his own disaster:
An enemy who shall wrestle with him and prevail,
a wonder of wonders, who will find
a flame that is swifter than lightning,
a crash to silence the thunder,
who will break into pieces the sea-god’s spear.

Stumbling up against this terror, Zeus will learn
how different are a ruler and a slave.

CHORAGUS

This curse on Zeus – it’s what you would have happen.

PROMETHEUS

Yes it’s my wish, but I promise it shall come to pass.

CHORAGUS

You mean, someone will conquer Zeus?

PROMETHEUS

Yes.

CHORAGUS

Why are you not afraid to fling such taunts?

PROMETHEUS

I am immortal, and I have no fear.

CHORAGUS

He could make you suffer worse than this.

PROMETHEUS

So let Him! I know what to expect. I'm ready.

CHORAGUS

Those who are wise
 bow down to the Inevitable.

PROMETHEUS

Pray! Wheedle! Fawn! Go crawling before
whatever ruler rules
 today.

I care nothing for your god.
Let him work his will, show forth his power
for his brief day, his little moment
of lording it in heaven.

SCENE 12: HERMES / PROMETHEUS

(HERMES appears)

PROMETHEUS

But see. Here comes a courier from Zeus
a lackey in his new lord's livery.

HERMES

You there!
 Yes,
you . . .are, I presume, the bitter, the-oh, so-bitter, clever one
who committed crimes against the Gods,
who gave away their glory,

man-lover, fire-thief.

The Father has commanded you:
 reveal what you boast of,
 that says he shall be hurled from power.
A detailed explanation, please, and no doubletalk.
Don't make me come back a second time.
Everyone knows, Zeus does not
incline toward mercy.

PROMETHEUS

Big words and arrogant. They well become you,
You pawn of the gods.
Young – young – your thrones just won,
you think you live in citadels that sorrow cannot touch.
Two dynasties have I seen fall from heaven,
and I shall see the third fall fastest,
most shamefully of all.

Do I seem afraid? Do I cringe
before the new gods?
 Not one bit.

HERMES

Once before, just such willfulness
Anchored you in these waters.

PROMETHEUS

And yet I would not change my lot
with yours, you lackey.

HERMES

No doubt it's better to be a slave to a rock
than the Father's trusted herald.

PROMETHEUS

That's the insult you're reduced to in your insolence.

HERMES

You seem to glory in your present situation.

PROMETHEUS

Glory in it? I wish my enemies such glory!
Including you.

HERMES

Me? You blame me for this disaster?

PROMETHEUS

In brief: all gods are my enemies.
They had good from me. They have given me evil in return.

HERMES

I heard you were quite mad.

PROMETHEUS

Agreed . . . if it's madness to hate one's enemies.

HERMES

You would be insufferable, Prometheus, if you were
not so wretched.

PROMETHEUS

Aie!

HERMES

"Aie . . . ?" That's one word Zeus doesn't understand.

PROMETHEUS

Time, gray time, as it grows old, will teach all things.

HERMES

Really? But you still haven't learned to be sensible.

PROMETHEUS

No, or I wouldn't be arguing with you!

HERMES

Then you won't, I gather, tell the Father
what he wants to know.

PROMETHEUS

Paying the debt of kindness that I owe him?

HERMES

You mock me as though I were a child.

PROMETHEUS

But aren't you childish, I mean
sillier than any child -- expecting me to tell you
anything?

Let Him hurl His blazing
bolts
and white wings of snow,
with storm and
Thunder,

Let Him heave together everything there is
in one confusion!
None of this will make me stoop to tell
who's fated to drive
Him from His tyranny.

HERMES

Think now: will any of this benefit your cause?

PROMETHEUS

I thought this out, and came to my decision, long ago.

HERMES

Give in, you fool! Consider what
pain you've been through: come to your senses!

PROMETHEUS

Go and persuade the sea wave not to break.
You will move me no more easily.
I am no frightened woman, cringing
At the command of Zeus. Do you think to see me

ape their ways, stretch out my hands
To him I hate, and pray for my release?
A world apart am I from prayer for pity.

HERMES

Then all I say is said in vain.
Nothing will move you, no entreaty
soften your heart.
Like a young colt new-bridled,
you have the bit between your teeth,
and rear and buck against the reins.
But all this vehemence is feeble bombast.
A fool, bankrupt of all but willfulness,
is the poorest thing on earth.
Or, if you will not hear me, yet consider
the storm that threatens you, from which
you cannot fly, a great third wave of evil.
Thunder and flame of lightning will rend
this jagged peak. You shall be buried deep,
held by a splintered rock.
After long lengths of time you will return
to see the light, but then the winged hound of Zeus,
 an eagle red with blood,
shall come, a guest unbidden, to your banquet.
All day long he will tear your flesh into flapping rags
feasting in fury on the blackened liver.
Look for no end to this agony
until a god will freely choose to suffer for you,
will take upon himself your pain, and in your stead
descend to where the sun is turned to darkness,
the black hole of death.
Think: this is no empty boast
But utter truth. Zeus does not lie.
Each word shall come to pass
Pause and consider.
Don't imagine it's better
To be stubborn, than just sensible.

CHORUS

To us the words he speaks are not amiss.
He bids you let your self-will go, and take
Good Counsel.

CHORAGUS

Listen to him.

It's shameful for one so wise to be so wrong.

PROMETHEUS

Before he said one word
I knew what he would say!
Yet when an enemy is
 hurt by an enemy
 Why, there's no shame in that!

Let forked lightning flash and coil
upon my head.
Let sky shudder. Let thunder roll
and spasms of wild winds.

Let hurricane shake
earth from its roots

Let waves surge and moan
like savages.

 overwhelming the tracks
 that the high stars leave

Let Him hurl my body
utterly down into

 the black pit
 of Hell, down into

 the stiff whirlpool of
 Necessity . . .

Come what may: He will not
put me to death.

HERMES

Why, these are ravings you may hear from madmen,
His case is clear. Frenzy can go no further.
You maids who pity him, depart, be swift.
The thunder peals and it is merciless.
Would you be struck down too?

CHORUS

Say something else, give us advice
That we can listen to!

HERMES

Remember that I warned you,
When you are flung into the utter dark.
Blame yourselves, not Fate. Don't ever claim
that Zeus crushed you
in claws you had not thought to feel.
You fall by your own folly,
with open eyes,
not suddenly, not secretly--
 into the doom of devastation.

(HERMES exits.)

SCENE 13: 5TH CHORUS

CHORAGUS

To urge us to act as cowards is intolerable.
We choose to suffer with him what must come.

CHORUS

No more words.
It comes, it comes.

The world is shaken.
Fiery wreaths of lightning flash.
Whirlwinds toss the swirling dust.

Earth staggers.
Rolling thunder
Hollowing up
Bangs at rock.
Lightning coils
Flood and flash!

Whirling winds suck
Clouds of dust,
Winds war winds!
Burning blue air
Swirls up with
The heavy seas.

Out in the open
It's God, it's God

Come down on me,
Howling terror!

sky sky sky sky

Wheeling your light over us all,
Watching all of
us, in common,
 ahh!

SCENE 14: PROMETHEUS ALONE

PROMETHEUS

So let the jagged fork of fire be hurled at me,
Let turmoil loose
The blasts of all the winds are battling in the air
And turn the sea and sky with savage roar to one.

On me the tempest falls
I will stand firm!
O holy Mother Earth, O air and sun,
Behold me, I am wronged.

(Blackout)

Act II: Prometheus Released

Millennia have passed. We are in a modern wasteland. Not a living thing in sight. Harsh violent lights. HEPHAISTOS, POWER and VIOLENCE onstage as before.

POWER

So we come again to the edge of the world,
This howling waste,
 this desert, this forlorn forgotten reach.
Time has done nothing to make it happier.
So, Hephaistos, we wait
 for the prisoner. Prometheus.

Now we'll see how he's survived sun, snow, ice, rain
Day after timeless day --
And always Zeus's eagle
 eating out his guts.
Hephaistos, you were the one who hammered in the shackles --
And now you've had them out.
I suppose you're pleased.

HEPHAISTOS

I like it better than chaining him there ...

But it was Herakles who killed the eagle --
The hero, descended from Io of long ago;
His coming was ordained,
but who could imagine his twisted road
Or how he'd earn the hatred of Queen Hera.

She sent the evil spirit, Madness, to drive the young man wild,
and in his fit he murdered his own wife and little children --
stabbed the babies, his own little ones; and their blood poured out,
hot over his hands, even as his wife cried out...
When he came to from the dementia and saw what he had done
he let loose wails so loud
the very winds of heaven were torn from their moorings,
sails shredded, and streamed howling across the sky.
And Herakles .. he's so good.
He was condemned to perform 12 labors impossible to ordinary men.

POWER

Hera should have been the one condemned.
One more instance of the Old Man going soft.

HEPHAISTOS

Let Zeus hear you, and you'll see how soft he's gone.

POWER

Think what will happen when he meets Prometheus.
I want to see Zeus torture him, find even newer ways to punish him

HEPHAISTOS

You're both disgusting. Common thugs.

POWER

Not so, times change.
I've learned where power rests and how to use it.

HEPHAISTOS

How's that?

POWER

With subtlety and hidden strategems
With sabotage and underhanded stealth.

HEPHAISTOS

Violence and Power: Two fingers of the same hand.

POWER

I'm ashamed of what I was in youth
When my work can be twice as satisfying in the name of doing good.

HEPHAISTOS

And Violence?

POWER

Yes, Violence still enjoys the tools of hate
But things change there as well.

HEPHAISTOS

Like what?

POWER

Inflicting pain: It was once the province of the gods
And now a mere pathetic human act-- all credit due to him.

HEPHAISTOS

An ugly thing to take credit for.

POWER

You never get it, do you? MOVE! Your work is done.
There's no more use for you here.

HEPHAISTOS

I'm here to report to Zeus.

POWER

To tell him of your work?
How at His orders you've unchained Prometheus?

HEPHAISTOS

Yes,. And then I'll gladly leave your company

POWER

Are you sure he's free? you didn't leave a clamp on him?
He better get here fast, or you'll be--

Enter HERAKLES

HEPHAISTOS

Herakles is bringing him

HERAKLES

No, he's trailing along behind

HEPHAISTOS

You left him there alone?

HERAKLES

I didn't expect you two--
Where is Zeus ? Not yet arrived?

POWER

You should always expect Power and Violence.
We're everywhere these days.

HEPHAISTOS

You shouldn't have left him there alone.

HERAKLES

(to HEPHAISTOS)

Are you all right?

HEPHAISTOS

I'm going to help Prometheus. ... and pleased to get away from you.

Exit HEPHAISTOS

HERAKLES

He's weak.
He can hardly hobble, after eons of being chained up on that cliff . . .

POWER

So here's our hero. You helped Prometheus, did you?

HERAKLES

I did, I killed the eagle.
I came on Prometheus, moored fast to the choppy rock
The way toward night that sailors in the howling narrows,
Panicking, secure their ship. And always on the third day, for him
The Light of day was black
When Zeus' horrible pet slid in at him
The EAGLE
That dug with her crooked claws

Gouging out her feast, until her crop was
Bloated, rich with liver.
Then screaming
Wheeling skyward, her tail feathers would
Drag through blood, his blood,
And once again his rag of a liver would swell up again like new,
And again the bloodthirsty banqueter would come back for more.

It was soaring toward us, enormous
I prayed – “Now may my hand be steady”
and shot it dead.
It dropped, wings folded, and plummeted into the sea.

POWER

Go on.

HERAKLES

The eagle killed, Prometheus shouted out triumphantly:
“I have won! I’ve won against our Father, Zeus
I beat him at the game!” and in the ecstasy of his release
He stepped forward, only to be caught short by his manacles.
Then you should have seen the struggle that crossed his face,
The passions loosed and held back in reserve,
Defiance, comprehension, agony,
And finally defeat. He broke down weeping
“I am still chained!” he cried.
“I’m helpless before the hand of God!
And utterly without resort!”
At that moment as suddenly as the hot sun shoots out from behind a storm cloud
Hephaistos himself appeared and immediately began to hammer out the nails.
“What happened?” asked Prometheus, unable to believe his eyes.
“The prophecy fulfilled,” said Hephaistos curtly. A man of few words, he:
No other explanation.

POWER

Here they come.
Now we’ll see what Zeus will do!

Enter HEPHAISTOS with PROMETHEUS hanging on his arm.

HEPHAISTOS

Steady on there.

PROMETHEUS

Where is he then, the Master of High Authority?

(PROMETHEUS doubles over with a fit of coughing; he is weaker than he thinks, and even his belligerence takes a toll. He sits down. Catches his breath. If broken physically, his spirit is not bent.)

I expected Him. And also Hermes,
the forehead knuckler, boot licker, apple-polisher.
the spaniel, pickthank parasite –
or Oceanus, the two-faced politician
Why aren't they here to watch the circus
Now I'm free?

HEPHAISTOS

Calm down.

PROMETHEUS

Calm down, he says.
The Titans came to see me
 blood brothers
 children of the sky
Look at me! – I cried!
Look at me here and every third day
 I feast my prison warden:
who in turn, by deathless outrage,
tortures my live body--
Look! Zeus's chains
 clench me, I can't
protect my chest from that
 filthy thing.
Only, myself
 gutted, take what
agony comes, hope for an end to pain
and burn, like sex, for death.

HERAKLES

He's ranting.

POWER

He thinks he's still on his rock.

HEPHAISTOS

Speak to him, Herakles.

HERAKLES

What can I say?

PROMETHEUS

Nothing more to me
Herakles, you have traveled all around the world,
You rounded up the man-eating mares of Diomedes
and carried them to Greece, where they were all slain,
poor mares, poor foals – poor fools –
Yet all they wanted, the beautiful running horses,
was to be left in peace to graze upon their fields.
You came upon a horde of fighters, the Ligyes,
who didn't know the word for fear --

POWER

Are we going to hear each one of his labours?

HERAKLES

I still have the worst to perform. I have to go.

HEPHAISTOS

I wish you well. You helped my brother.
And may the gods be with you in your work.

Exit HERAKLES

POWER

Your work... your work. That's all Hephaistos thinks of, work.
(*turning on him*) Well? I thought you'd leave to put away your chains
You want to make them into something else?
A silver net to fish for your wife again?

*PROMETHEUS turns away at HEPHAISTOS' distress,
and HEPHAISTOS stands helplessly, the butt of the bully's joke.*

Remember how he caught his wife
pleasuring herself with another man?
He was so angry

that he tossed a tender golden net across the two in bed,
leaving them still wrapped in one another's arms,
enjoying kisses sweet as the breath of kittens
and passionate as blood,
Then he called us all, the entire family, into the bedroom—

HEPHAISTOS

Stop—

POWER

--to see the horns he'd placed on his own head—

PROMETHEUS

Stop it, don't—

POWER

--and to see the naked woman caught in his golden net.
We'd have all changed places with that man
for a moment in her golden arms, her breasts, her *-(gesturing)*

PROMETHEUS

If you could die, I'd kill you now.

POWER

You've lost your sense of humor on that rock.

PROMETHEUS

Yes, it taught me much about suffering,
and compassion for another's hurt.
And that is what I want to take up with your Master!
Where is he? Eh? I have charges to bring against him!
Let him stand trial for what he's done!
The things I've seen hanging on my cliff—Blood splatters the earth,
Blood fertilizes it.
Blood of mankind shed by man.
And where is the Zeus in all of this?

HEPHAISTOS

It's only the mortals who die.

PROMETHEUS

The lucky ones. Many times I wished I could have had
that dark mysterious gift, that blissful fall into release,
Forgive poor humans, who don't know what they do!
BUT GOD!!!?

HEPHAISTOS

What did you see?

PROMETHEUS

When?

HEPHAISTOS

When hanging on that lonely cliff. No one around,
And the only view giving out toward the endless empty, rolling seas
That encircle the earth.

PROMETHEUS

I saw the anguish of every living creature on the earth,
how all are suffering.
A mother gave birth to her unwanted babe
She was no more than a child herself, a little girl,
(the rooster-father had enjoyed his moment and already flown responsibility).
She had it alone, hiding in a hovel,
and when it had come out in a gush of blood and fear,
it was she herself who slashed through the umbilical cord with a dull knife,
tied it off, brave foolish frightened girl.
She held the squawling baby to her breast.
She felt its little hands and trembling feet,
kissed it – she could not stop herself –
and then proceeded to smother the baby with a bag!
I saw men slaughter others out of greed
for just a field, an unplowed wood.

POWER

For power. Lust.

PROMETHEUS

For greed. And terror at their own inadequacy.
Or worse for an *idea!*
I saw them bury bombs into the ground

to take an enemy by surprise and tear away an unlucky arm or leg,
many of them children, I might add, walking happy as the larks that fly
until an arm or leg flew off.

And do the others care? You'd think they were proud of it.

LIKE ZEUS!

I saw both men and women tortured by remorse or grief;
or by the loss of one they loved.

I saw that everyone on earth is suffering,
and some pretend they're not,
and others go numb, in order not to feel the pain.

But take just the little children, because they are so innocent --
as pure as angels--

What harm have they done anyone?

Take one little boy I saw whose father locked him a closet --
starved, beaten—until he lost his hearing
and then was beaten more because he could not hear;

And thus they learn to bestow on others suffering
just as had been done to them.

And where, I ask you, were the gods?

A blinding light! We can see nothing! From the Light--

THE DISTANT VOICE OF ZEUS

Here!

POWER

He's here!

HEPHAISTOS

He's Come!

POWER

All Powerful!

PROMETHEUS

(throwing the challenge, though he cannot see Zeus yet)

Ah, There you are!

HEPHAISTOS

Prometheus, be careful.

PROMETHEUS

Don't worry. This is between him and me

Beat

DISTANT VOICE

What would you have with me?

PROMETHEUS

Go, Hephaistos.
I thank you for all you've done.
No need for you to make report.

HEPHAISTOS

No, I'll see you later. Take care.

Exit HEPHAISTOS

PROMETHEUS

ZEUS! Stand forth, you coward! You call yourself a God,
Hiding there in clouds of light:
You stand accused!

DISTANT VOICE

Who dares to sit as the peer of Zeus?

PROMETHEUS

I charge you with tyranny and persecution
abuse of power,
I charge you with unjust imprisonment,
 with torture of all humanity—
and if that is not enough, then add
 rape, plunder, war, and loss on loss, lost loves, lost dreams.
I charge you with fickle faithless lack of reckoning,
 Authority abused -- abusive --
 a god to be reviled, rebelled against,
 not worshipped cravenly
STAND FORTH. Don't Hide!

*A clap of thunder, blinding light--When the light clears we see ZEUS,
modest and self-effacing. Stunned silence.*

ZEUS

Hello everyone.

Beat

PROMETHEUS

My god what's happened to you?

ZEUS

Hello Prometheus.

PROMETHEUS

Don't tell me. You come in this disguise
hoping for my pity. It won't work. Defend yourself!

ZEUS

Old friend, old friend. Hushhhhhhh.
Won't someone take and clean you up?
They've brought you here without a rag to wear
A cool cloth to wash the scum and dirt -- ?

PROMETHEUS

NO! I'll prosecute you in this honored garb,
of scum and scabs, the filth of persecution.
My very presence a violation –

ZEUS

(softly, caressingly) Prometheus...my boy...

PROMETHEUS

Coward! You refuse?!
Let it be writ! He—

ZEUS lifts one hands Another blinding Light! Zeus disappears.

DISTANT VOICE OF ZEUS

Who is this that darkens me

by words without knowledge?
Where were you when the foundations of the earth were laid?

Can you bind the stars in orbit?
Did you give the horse his strength?
Have you clothed his neck with thunder?
Does the eagle mount up at your command?

Scam of an eagle, a rumbling earthquake and out of the R O A R

PROMETHEUS

NO! You used that bullying argument before!
And yes! The eagle flies at your command

Her eyes behold her prey from afar
Her young ones also suck up blood—
My blood— mine!
And where the slain are, there is she.

It's **that** with which you're charged!
You slithering serpent—it's no argument at all.

I suffered your eagle for centuries,
I know who sent it. You!

ZEUS

In a flash of fire, reappearing

I forgot about the eagle.
I should have used Leviathan.

Silence

PROMETHEUS

Why do you look like that?
What's happened to you? You used to have majesty,
Command-Presence. You used to be somebody.

ZEUS

A lot has happened since you saw me last.
It's not easy to be the one on Top.
It's a lonely life, Prometheus, alone, without a friend.
(*playing the victim*) You were once my friend –
I imagined us together, hand in hand,
and you betrayed me –

PROMETHEUS

Never. You clapped me –

ZEUS

You can't imagine the changes –
gods popping up here, there – I'm called by a thousand names these days:
Brahma, Allah, Yahweh, Christ, Avola'kitesh'vara –
everything but Zeus.

So I amuse myself (*plucking at his clothes*) with these. (*childishly pleased*)
Don't you like them? Besides—

(changing mood--majestic even in his shabbiness)

If I come in my real aspect, it would blind even the gods!
(*seeing POWER and VIOLENCE*) And you BEGONE!
OUT! OUT!
This is between the two of us!

Not that way Power! Go there... You stay away from Violence, do you hear?
Violence without Power cannot utterly destroy.

Exit POWER and VIOLENCE

Silence.

ZEUS

O Prometheus. Now let the Air and Sky and Earth herself
Be witness to my words:
You ask me to address your cause.
Self-pitying wretch!
Have I not watched you on that crag
Century piled on century, for millennia,
Never willing to change your mind or ways –
I know all, Prometheus, I see the constant flow of Time
Like a river moving toward its fate.
Who dares charge Zeus with impropriety?
Proud creature, who thinks you know it all!

The crime you charge me with is actually a Question:
Is the Universe a friendly place?
Is God on my side?

PROMETHEUS

I know he's not. A god who doesn't even know his friend.

ZEUS

What friend? A friend to me?

PROMETHEUS

A friend to *everyone!*

ZEUS

Many times when going to and fro in the earth,
or resting from walking up and down in it,
I've dreamt of you, Prometheus,
and thought of this moment, when I'd tell you
the causes of your suffering.

PROMETHEUS

Why didn't you? I was there!
In all those years you never came to me!

ZEUS

What, you think I never saw you? Blind creature!
Say, rather, you never set your eyes on me.

PROMETHEUS

Not a moment's comfort in my distress—
Only cold indifference. Or was it hate?

ZEUS

Now listen! There's only one thing you should know:

**That I am God and you are not
and I will do with you as I will**

Because I am God, and you are less.

You don't need an explanation,

You aren't entitled to it,

You don't deserve it,

And I don't have to defend anything

Beat

But out of love for you – I'll do it now.

You've had your say, Prometheus, I'm tired of it.
You've spent generations in wild lament
abusing those who came to offer help (at my direction I might add)
and in so doing, your mind shut -- *click!*
to any ways besides your stubborn own,
and thus increased your suffering a thousand-fold.

PROMETHEUS

I won't be bullied!

ZEUS

Listen then.
First, you claim you were unjustly jailed.
I say that you were not.
You betrayed your own brothers, the Titans,
 You came of your own volition to my palace halls
To whisper to me how to win the war,
 gain victory
 by guile and trickery,
when brute power would not prevail.
And you were right: we won!
We banished the powers of Chaos --

We brought Order out of anarchy.
But then began another game, for who can ever trust the traitor?
You stood before me as I was crowned.
 You smiled your clever grin,
and pledged eternal brotherhood.
But hadn't I just witnessed your view of that relationship?
I was newly crowned,
my power still not firm in hand.
That night when all the feasts and ceremonies ceased,
I sat alone and sifted through the facts:
My friend ... who had betrayed his kin

What recourse did I have but to
 throw you on that cliff before you did the same to me?
 Just as the man who has seduced another's wife
can never fully trust his faithless bride,
but now is eaten by the worm of doubt,
lest what she did once to her husband she do this time to him,
so it is with politics.
 The coronation was hardly over,
when I was planning how to guard my back.
You should understand: we always choose Order over Anarchy.

PROMETHEUS

I was your *friend!* I would not have stooped to treason!

ZEUS

Did I know that?

PROMETHEUS

You didn't trust.

ZEUS

I claimed my power, that was all.

PROMETHEUS

And friendship meant nothing to you, then?
You have your priorities wrong.

ZEUS

We all have different tasks. Mine is to hold Authority.

PROMETHEUS

But at what price? For what?

ZEUS

For Order, decency and peace. It's no small thing.

PROMETHEUS

I'm not opposed to order, but I claim my freedom, too.

ZEUS

What freedom? Anarchy!

PROMETHEUS

No, just room to hunch my shoulders, spread my elbows out,
Have space to breathe and think.

ZEUS

Or make rebellion

PROMETHEUS

Eliminate rebellion, and you remove all progress, creativity,
All movement, change, all possibility of trying anything new or better,
a fresher, finer world...

The reason I gave the crown to you was simply this:
The Titans ruled by force, where I saw love might do a better job.
Instead I found the same brutality I'd tried to overcome.
I was impaled on your own paranoia.

ZEUS

It's only wise for a new leader to walk with wariness,
consolidate his position,
banish enemies and those he cannot trust—

PROMETHEUS

Like me.

ZEUS

To make examples for the others of what their fate will be
if they, too, try to claim the throne.

PROMETHEUS

I didn't want the throne.

ZEUS

Moreover I was right. You could not take direction.
Rebellious, irrational. You say I didn't trust: I say the same of you.
Not only were you untrustworthy, but you could not trust me.

PROMETHEUS

What do you mean?

ZEUS

It's ever the way, isn't it?
We see only as much as we have understanding.

PROMETHEUS

Explain yourself.

ZEUS

I gave a firm directive that no one was to help
this new-formed humankind,
Fresh out of their cocoon,
still crawling naked and soft-skinned as they learned their way.

PROMETHEUS

You mean the people?
I felt sorry for them, poor frightened things
They were wet and cold, huddled in their caves, defenseless,
without the tools to live,
without sharp teeth or claws or stinging tail.
I gave them FIRE! Yes!
At risk of my own ease,
I brought the gift to mortal humankind
I taught them beauty.
I took away their fear of death,
while, *you*, the Lord of all!
You didn't even care...
I heard the whispers in the palace halls,
how you were ready to wipe them out, poor souls.
So where was your compassion then?

ZEUS

How dare you think you know what's best
without first asking ME?
Look at him! He dares prescribe for eternity
on his own authority,
dares to act for ME, to speak for ME,
to pose as ME in his own mind!
As if he were a human.
What do any of you know of me?
I am Order and Intelligence
I am pure and unadulterated love
And frankly these humans make me sick!

PROMETHEUS

A bit adulterated, aren't you, Love?

ZEUS

Only out of my great love, Prometheus
did you experience that suffering --

PROMETHEUS

Not love. A punishment.

ZEUS

Not punishment. A lesson.

PROMETHEUS

Not lesson. Vengeance.

ZEUS

Not Vengeance, love.

(Beat: action or silence)

What makes you think, Prometheus, I would not have taught them arts?
In time.

I wanted them to have another way,
more blessings in their lives. I thought perhaps
I'd give them a horror of hurting their own kind --
 or laughter as an antidote to fear,
or less ambition, greed, false honor, hate.
Perhaps I'd give them foresight for their deeds.
or extra thumbs ... or ears as sensitive as those of certain insects,
or greater ability to overcome disease.
You interrupted that with your rebelliousness --
 the chance to offer joy, and freedom from their suffering.

PROMETHEUS

(desperately) I pitied them!

ZEUS

And see what you have done!

PROMETHEUS

I gave them arts!

ZEUS

You gave them fire. Look what they have done with it?
Fields of fire and flaming waste,
Smoke and ashes rising on the air of war,
Charred towns and cities crumbling into dust:
Lawlessness is in command and excess at the helm.

You gave them fire.
You took away their fear of death...
Now see: the people love to kill.
They kill each other all the time.
In ways more imaginative than I could give them credit for.

You gave them fire.
See how they destroy the very earth. My jewel of earth.
In war they uproot orchards
that could give them food, so little sense have they.
They want to deprive the so-called enemy of goods and food
without a thought to the fact it takes ten years or more
to grow an orchard, build fertile fields,
dig channels with which to draw up water from the earth.
Or that if they win they'll
need those broken acres for themselves.
In peace they saw down forests
that took a thousand years to grow.
They build cities on my most fertile land,
and roar around destroying the very air
I've given them to breathe.
They kill each other without the blink of an eye.

You gave them fire! Now look at what you have wrought.
You gave them chaos with all your arts and talk of creativity.

PROMETHEUS

I gave them freedom of movement,
Freedom of Thought.
Freedom to make their own mistakes.

ZEUS

They think that they are Gods!
because they have the power to destroy.
They never stop to think they can't create a world.

PROMETHEUS

So that's my crime?

ZEUS

You didn't believe in me.

PROMETHEUS

Now you're slithering in your debate. You have power,
And you refuse to use it for the good.

ZEUS

There is a Divine Order, Prometheus,
and even I, the greatest of the Gods, am subject to its rules.
After we banished Chaos to the depths,
I spun the world in space and wove the orbit of the stars,
created seasons hot and cold with which to mark off Time.
I carved mountains, rivers, seas and deserts to draw the limits
by which each people should expand.

I set it all in motion, and sat back to watch,
And now we can do no more than let it swing in its inexorable slow path,
evolving as it can.
Violence, chaos, anarchy. . .
See what you have done, Prometheus!
Does it make you glad?

PROMETHEUS

And I did that?

ZEUS

Unseeing, caught in his own thoughts

They breed and breed.
I won't need to exterminate them; they'll do it for me.
I think that at the end of the world
there will be only three things left:
 Starlings, cockroaches, and humanity.

PROMETHEUS

No! I will not hear you!

ZEUS

You don't like the truth.

PROMETHEUS

I didn't cling to that cold cliff
for all those years
only to learn that it wasn't worth it.
that men are now destroyers of the earth!
I staked my Time on it.
AIIIEEEE !! Don't tell me that.

ZEUS

They've been a disappointment to me too.

PROMETHEUS

They have discovered medicines, built hospitals,
found cures for disease.

ZEUS

They lack generosity.

PROMETHEUS

For each one who tears out another's orchards
Or steals a house, or knifes another in the throat,
Strides unheeding over someone's holy ground
Or mutilates a dream,
Another plants trees out of tender amity,
Or builds a monument to honor his lost love
Collects the injured animals, and cares for them.
Others try to stop the wars.
They dream. They fashion beauty in their hearts.

ZEUS

Hmmph.

PROMETHEUS

And they're only still evolving -- you've made the argument yourself.

ZEUS

So?

PROMETHEUS

I gave them possibilities; and that always, Zeus,
involves the Mysterious, what's still unknown.
Uncertainty – that's what you can't tolerate.

ZEUS

Can't tolerate the Mystery?
You fool, I AM the Mystery!

PROMETHEUS

But what of uncertainty? Are you that as well?

ZEUS

I have no uncertainty!

PROMETHEUS

No, you reduce all actions to bare simplicities:
Black, white - good, bad – either, or.
How sure you are of everything!

ZEUS

Yes! I have standard by which to act.

PROMETHEUS

If some take up the standard of your cruel Authority
and twist it for pernicious ends
they're only acting as they've seen you do,
in arrogance, and never giving in to doubt.

ZEUS

How dare you!
Without standards, how can there be civilization?

How can any people come together, if each is doing what he wants,
and acting out of selfish ignorance?
Go on. What answer do you have?...speechless, are you?

PROMETHEUS

They're only little beings, Zeus. Afraid.

ZEUS

You said it earlier: they're driven by greed and fear.
And you know what's most ridiculous?
They claim to know my references!
Either that, or else they're blaming me
for the consequences of their own acts.

PROMETHEUS

While **you** are never at fault.
How easy it is all is for you,
blinded by your glory and by the sycophants
that surround you with adoring praise!
God keep us from faithless praising friends!

ZEUS

You're back to that old argument?

PROMETHEUS

I tell you this: I'm not ashamed of helping humans.
There are heroes who have done less hopeful deeds.

ZEUS

Your argument is all passion and fire without the current of cool intellect.
Heroism can be quiet, too, a slow persistent plodding
toward the just and right. There's beauty in that too.
We need the moral guidelines of authority.

PROMETHEUS

Oh Zeus, have you never felt the quivering of doubt?
Can you honestly say you have never made a mistake?

Beat

Enough. I've tried to tell my side. There's nothing more to say.

Beat

I loathe you.

PROMETHEUS turns to leave—Falls—struggling to his feet

ZEUS

Prometheus!

PROMETHEUS

Don't touch me!

ZEUS

Wait...

Wait, don't go. Don't be rash, *(attempting joke)* rebellious...

(the joke falls flat, PROMETHEUS turns away offended)

All right, perhaps I sometimes overstep.

...

So I haven't always done things perfectly.

PROMETHEUS

What are you saying?

ZEUS

Mistakes.

PROMETHEUS

Go on.

ZEUS

Missteps...

With humans -- of course, with them.

Believe me, I know why you wanted to help.

Believe me, of course...

One knows...it's easy to see...

Remember when all was fresh and new
and we thought we were making something good
in the half-light before the dawn of Time?
And now I tell you, Prometheus, I'm discouraged.

But wait, don't go. There's more.

PROMETHEUS

What more?

ZEUS

I should not have put you to so much suffering.
I was wrong in that.
You charge me with rigidity, a tin tyrant --
You ask why I wouldn't help them more.
They have free will, Prometheus – as you do, too.
Either I leave them alone to learn
Or else I interfere. What am I to do?

But I repeat: whatever I did was out of good intentions.

PROMETHEUS

(with scorn) Your good intentions!

ZEUS

I was trying to lead them toward happiness.

PROMETHEUS

How? By putting them to suffering?

ZEUS

What else can I do?
Many times I've tried to teach them
Some degree of humility
With flood, fire, famine, quakes and other terrors --
They ignore it all, rebuild in the same dangerous places
That I was warning them away from.
And they won't ask for help.
They just don't learn. Like you.

PROMETHEUS

What, that I don't learn?

ZEUS

Why do you think the chains fell off you now?

PROMETHEUS

(triumphantly) Because you finally understood that you were wrong!

ZEUS

No, because for one moment, you asked for help.
And instantly you could be released.
Until then I could do nothing.
(affectionately) You're very like humans, you know. Stubborn.

PROMETHEUS *(with a winning smile)*

I'm very like you—righteous... I want my way.

ZEUS

That's it! Oh Prometheus,
Look at us now, aged and weathered, both of us the worse for wear.

beat

PROMETHEUS

Zeus, listen.

ZEUS

What?

PROMETHEUS

All these years, I've kept a secret from you.

ZEUS

The warning you refused to tell.

PROMETHEUS

The secret that would bring about your fall.

But I'll tell you now.

There's a young woman, a maid, the purest girl –
don't set your eyes on her,

Don't even think of making love to her.

ZEUS

No? [*meaning why?*]

PROMETHEUS

Because the son of that union

Will be greater than the Father.

No one will remember you,

or sacrifice black bulls on the beaches by the sea

No one will even know the name of Zeus.

ZEUS

Um. Prometheus.

PROMETHEUS

What?

ZEUS

It's already happened.

PROMETHEUS

What has?

ZEUS

They've already forgotten me.

PROMETHEUS

You're not in power anymore?

ZEUS

No one worships Zeus. I haven't been Zeus for ages.

PROMETHEUS

And the marriage?

ZEUS

She was lovely.
And the son... yes..
So you see, it's just you and me now.
[I want you at my side.]

PROMETHEUS

And all my suffering for naught?
Is any anguish worse than that?

ZEUS

No, You were suffering for *them*.
It's not for naught.
Now I'll give you honor for your constancy –

Whenever any man is recognized as having helped another
or lived through unprecedented distress,
He will honor Prometheus
who was bound upon the Caucasus cliff
for eons
and would not tell his secret to give himself release.

Whenever anyone wants to honor another,
An athlete or a poet, he will be covered with laurels
In memory of your chains.

PROMETHEUS

Laurels.

ZEUS

But look, Prometheus, think with me a bit.
What are we to do for
these frightened people going wrong?
I tell you, I want them to succeed.

And if we don't help them, somehow,
they'll tear this pretty world apart,
the earth, the air, the swelling seas.
I need your wiles, Prometheus.
Will you take this task as yours?

PROMETHEUS

I will.

ZEUS

Then come. First to the baths to clean away
your years of grime,
and then we must make plans
to cheat these humans and force some sense on them.

PROMETHEUS

I'm afraid they won't like it.

ZEUS

No. If only they would trust that Good is on their side.

PROMETHEUS

And how do you propose to do that?

ZEUS

I suppose we have to let them know the rules.

PROMETHEUS

Oh, Zeus! Well, keep the freedom to create.

ZEUS

We need a plan.

PROMETHEUS

Your plans.

ZEUS

Just watch!

PROMETHEUS

I have been!

ZEUS

But you know what?

PROMETHEUS

What?

*ZEUS & PROMETHEUS leaving, ZEUS with one arm around
PROMETHEUS' shoulder*

ZEUS

About the humans: the fact is, I love their stories,
madness and mayhem, heroism and hope.
Still, it's curious, don't you think?
Why don't they know I'm on their side?

PROMETHEUS

Zeus, listen...

they exit together, arguing...

CHORUS

Rejoice when amity replaces enmity
And friends are friends again.

Rejoice when we pull out the poison of mistrust
And bitterness and anger fade.
Each side lets go of stubborn pride

Shifts gently towards the other,
Decides to give up warring ways
And slowly moves toward common ground.

Rejoice when amity replaces enmity
And friends are friends again

Now we have seen.
Now we have witnessed.
Our open eyes have suffered and endure
And all will be well.
All harmony.
Rejoice when hate and vengeance soften and dissolve.

as they exit

Rejoice when amity replaces enmity
And friends are friends again.

POWER and VIOLENCE re-enter and remain on stage

End of Play

I meant no harm.

ZEUS

I know you didn't.
Look at us now, aged and weathered, both of us the worse for wear.
Prometheus, I need you. I want you at my side.

PROMETHEUS

And all my suffering for naught?
Is any anguish worse than that?

ZEUS

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I tell you, I want them to succeed.

And if we don't help them, somehow,
they'll tear this pretty world apart,
the earth, the air, the swelling seas.
I need your wiles, Prometheus.
Will you take this task as yours?

PROMETHEUS

I will.

ZEUS

Then come. First to the baths to clean away
your years of grime,
and then we must make plans
to cheat these humans and force some sense on them.

PROMETHEUS

I'm afraid they won't like it.

ZEUS

No. If only they would trust that Good is on their side.

PROMETHEUS

And how do you propose to do that?

ZEUS

I don't know. We have to let them know the rules.

PROMETHEUS

Oh, Zeus! Well, keep the freedom to create.

ZEUS

We need a plan.

PROMETHEUS

Your plans.

ZEUS

Just watch me!

PROMETHEUS

I have been!

ZEUS

But you know what?

PROMETHEUS

What?

*ZEUS & PROMETHEUS leaving, ZEUS with one arm around
PROMETHEUS' shoulder*

ZEUS

About the humans: the fact is, I love their stories,
madness and mayhem, heroism and hope.

Still, it's curious, don't you think?

Why don't they know I'm on their side?

PROMETHEUS

Zeus, listen...

they exit together, arguing...

CHORUS

Rejoice when amity replaces enmity
And friends are friends again.

Rejoice when we pull out the poison of mistrust
And bitterness and anger fade.
Each side lets go of stubborn pride
 Shifts gently towards the other,
Decides to give up warring ways
And slowly moves toward common ground.

Rejoice when amity replaces enmity
And friends are friends again

Now we have seen.
Now we have witnessed.
Our open eyes have suffered and endure
And all will be well.
All harmony.
Rejoice when hate and vengeance soften and dissolve.

as they exit

Rejoice when amity replaces enmity
And friends are friends again.

POWER and VIOLENCE re-enter and remain on stage

End of Play