

## Dramatic Interpretation

Boys

OJCL 2020

**Source:** Adapted from *The Odyssey* by Homer translated by Robert Fagles

**Speaker:** Eurylochus

**Audience:** Odysseus's Crew

**Scene:** Just after the ordeals of Scylla and Charybdis, Odysseus and his crew land on the island of the sun. The crew has eaten all of their food, but have been warned by multiple prophets not to harm the cattle sacred to Helios. While Odysseus is napping, Eurylochus convinces the rest of the crew to eat the cattle rather than starve.

Listen to me, my comrades, brothers in hardship.  
All ways of dying are hateful to us poor mortals,  
True, but to die of hunger, starve to death-  
That's the worst of all. So up with you now,  
Let's drive off the pick of Helios' sleek herds,  
Slaughter them to the gods who rule the skies up there.  
If we ever make it home to Ithaca, native ground,  
Erect at once a glorious temple to the Sungod,  
Line the walls with hoards of dazzling gifts!  
But if the Sun, inflamed for his longhorn cattle,  
Means wreck our ship and the other gods pitch in-  
I'd rather die at sea, with one deep gulp of death,  
Than die by inches on this desolate island here!  
See how close at hand they graze to our blue-prowed ship.  
Once we burn the bones and taste the organs-  
Let us hack the rest into pieces, piercing them on spits  
Let us feast, my comrades, for days on the cattle of the Sun.

## Dramatic Interpretation

Girls

OJCL 2020

**Source:** Adapted from *Bacchae* by Euripides translated by Robin Robertson

**Speaker:** Agave

**Audience:** Agave's father Cadmus

**Scene:** Agave, in a Dionysic transe, has just killed her son, Pentheus. She presents the kill to her father and slowly gains realization of just what she has done and who she has killed. Agave is holding the severed head of Pentheus while speaking.

Look at this, men of Thebes,  
Citizens of this towered city,  
Look at this prize!  
The beasts brought down by the daughters of Cadmus-  
Not with nets or spears  
But the pale delicate hands of women.  
You armed hunters should look,  
Think hard, and then stay silent,  
Because we caught our prey and tore it to pieces  
With nothing but these hands, these fleshy blades.

I... I feel...I feel something slowing down.  
This head I hold? A lion's... The huntresses...They said...  
I turn it. Yes, I see-  
O god! It is the head- O god!  
His head, it's drenched in blood!  
Who murdered him? Why am I holding this-  
My son's-? My son's-?  
Answer me! My heart beats with terror.

I! I and my sisters killed my son!  
Pentheus! Misery!  
Betrayed Dionysus murdered him!  
I see it. Now I see it.  
With his mother's arm!