

Tales of Doomed Love  
(or is it ever worth it?)

by  
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**Setting:**

The underworld of love. A place covered in sand where the lost objects of past relationships are housed. A place filled with the memories of how it could have been. A place where it always rains.

**Characters:**

Two actors (1 male, 1 female) will be needed to play the six roles below:

Romeo and Juliet

Lisé: Cinderella's step-sister.

Agamemnon: Commander of the Greeks in the Trojan War. Father to Iphigenia.

Glauce: Princess of Corinth, fiancé to Jason. Medea's rival.

King Mark: Friend of Tristan, Husband of Isolde.

**Running Time:** 70 Minutes

TALES OF DOOMED LOVE premiered in Washington, DC at The Studio Theater as part of the 2008 Fringe Festival where it was called "one of the finest entries in the Capital Fringe" by DC Theater Scene. The production was then remounted at DC's Spooky Action Theater. The play was also workshopped at the StreetSigns Center for Literature and Performance (Chapel Hill, NC) where it was named "best new script" by the Triangle Independent. Additional development occurred at The Artists of Tomorrow Festival (NYC).

*It is drizzling. No moon. Just a street lamp. A teenage boy sits in the sand and dials the receiver of an old car radio. Snippets of music pass by. He finishes looking for stations and the radio grows silent.*

BOY

I should leave. Just drive away now.

*(Across the stage a teenage girl alone in her sandy room brushes her hair.)*

GIRL

I hope he comes. He said he'd come.

BOY

Going. Going. Gone.

*(Girl brushes her hair. Boy delays. He takes out a coin, preparing to flip it.)*

Heads I stay, Tails I leave.

*(He flips a coin high, catches it, places it on his arm covered by his other hand, and waits.)*

GIRL

I mean we made plans, but still, you never know what could happen. When I ran into him yesterday after swim practice he said it in that voice of his. He said, "See you tomorrow".

*(BOY looks at the coin and then tosses it, disgusted, into the sand. )*

GIRL

So it's like this. I'd seen him around for a while and I always thought he was really cute, but my parents have this thing about him.

## BOY

Oh they'll be mad when they find out. My father will look at me, shake his head, and ask me why, just why, I can never do what he asks.

## GIRL

When he transferred to my school they sat me down and they were like, "We don't want you to be friends with him." And I was like, "why not, he's just a kid like everyone else". And my father got really upset, which I could tell because he started doing that banging thing with the coins in his pocket which my mother hates, and while he was doing the coin thing my mother uttered one of her more dorky statements which was, "Juliet dear, you'll just have to trust us here." They are so irritating.

## BOY

I first saw her in the cafeteria and I didn't even know who she was then. She was just sitting there, talking to some of her friends, and she just, I don't know, she just kind of glowed. It's not even like she was the most beautiful one there; it was just, something...I mean sometimes there are just certain people, and it's like you know, you're kind of compelled, you just want to be near them. You look at them and you know, you feel it: they're the one.

*The rain intensifies and the scene shifts. The girl becomes an old woman hobbling with a tea cup towards a small table, center stage. She sets her tea cup down and then looks around. She walks, limping and arthritic, to pick a sugar bowl up out of the sand. She returns to her table, sets down the bowl, and maneuvers herself into the chair. She fixes her tea and then takes a sip.*

### LISÉ

I thought he liked me. I thought he liked me. For two years and a summer we had played this smiling game. I would see him around and pretend not to notice, and then act surprised when he saw me, and then we would smile. And a few times, a few times we even spoke. And one time we spoke a lot.

I had gone into town to buy some groceries for my mother and I failed to notice that it was about to rain. I was just heading home when I heard a tremendous crack. And then a flash.

Then suddenly, the next thing I knew, he was there, alone, standing right in front of me. He smiled and said, "You're going to get wet. Come". He pointed to a group of trees off the side of the road. And so we stood there, under the trees, talking of this and that. He told me he wanted to go off into the world and see many many things. And then maybe write about them. I told him I wanted to go to Greece and live in one of those lovely white houses with the blue blue rooves which overlooks the sea. And we waited. And still the rain did not stop.

I pulled out some bread and jam and we stood there, ripping off hunks of bread and dipping them in the jam. We drank the milk. And we talked of times to come. And I knew that we would have very different lives because of who he was. And while we stood there the rain stopped. And we both waited there long after it was really necessary to wait. And then finally he asked me where I was headed and I told him I was going home. He paused. And then he did, he did actually say it. "I could walk you home." And like an idiot, I said no. I said no because my sister would have teased me, and my mother would never have let the issue drop and well, I was afraid we'd have nothing to say to each other. So I told him, I'd be fine. And we smiled. And then before I knew what was happening, he leaned in and kissed me.

*(She takes sip of tea)*

Now at this time, it was uncommen for women to remarry, and it really never occurred to me that my mother would. My sister was the one who told me. She asked me if I wanted to have a step-sister. I stared at her. And then she said, "how about a father, do you want one of those?" I didn't know what to say, but the idea of both seemed awfully unappealing. "Where would they live"? "

(CONT'D)

Where do you think you dimwit, he'll sleep with mother and she'll be in our room with us. Or maybe, I'll get the room in the attic and you'll have to share with her."

They moved in that fall. And it was just as my sister said, she moved to the attic and the girl and I shared a room. She was OK. She was a year younger than me and in my opinion, she was awfully spoiled. She didn't like housework and didn't like to get dirty. She was sort of prissy in a way. I mean, there was this job, and yes it was a terrible job, but both my sister and I had always done it. And I had been doing it for years already so it wasn't like because she was younger she couldn't do it. And it was only once a week. But she just refused. One day my mother and step-father went out and left my sister in charge. Well my sister could be bossy, and she just told her, "get in the fireplace and clean out the ash". The girl just stared at her. My sister grabbed the girl by the hair and told her that if she didn't get in there and clean out the fireplace now, she would cut off all her hair. The girl shrieked. My sister barked at me to grab the scissors. By this time the girl was sobbing, and I was sorry for her, but my sister had had enough. "Get in there and clean it out". And then she sort of shoved her in. The girl just stood there and sobbed, and as she wiped away her tears she got ash all over her cheeks. My sister told me to watch her and then went up to her room in the attic.

(CONT'D)

The girl just stood there and sobbed. I tried to offer some advice about the various techniques one could use to clean the fireplace. I picked up the dust pan and gave it to her. The whole thing could have been over in twenty minutes, but she just stood there sobbing. Finally I just started to clean it out. And what was annoying was that she didn't even move to help me. I cleaned out the whole fireplace and she just stood there sniffing.

And the other thing that bothered me was her hair. It was beautiful. I mean she was beautiful. But it was her hair that bothered me because that was my feature, the one thing that I had that was beautiful, but hers was even better.

And now comes the part of the story that is well known to everyone.

So it was winter already and I hadn't seen him since the rain. I thought about how my lips felt when he kissed them and how I would like to stand there in the rain with him again.

And then one day the letter came. An invitation to attend a party. For him. For his birthday. And the whole town was invited. It was three days long. At first I was afraid I wouldn't be allowed to go.



(CONT'D)

I knew if I asked to go they would notice my desperation, question me, and then surely say no. So I pretended that I didn't want to go to the ball. My mother and step-father looked worried. They were beginning to think they were raising a man-hater who would never get married and live out her days with her cats on a farm. The more I protested, the more they insisted until my mother finally put her foot down and demanded that I go.

And that was when I made my mistake. Or maybe it wasn't my mistake to make. Maybe it was simply fate. I told HER. One day while we were in our room, I was feeling kind of sad and I told her about him. She didn't say much, she only smiled and said he sounded divine. What a stupid word I thought. Divine. But I guess I talked a little too long or too much because the next day all she wanted was to attend the ball. Maybe it was her hair, or the fact that I had just told her about him, but I could feel in my bones that it was a bad idea. But again, I kept silent. I knew if I said anything against her coming, they would send us together. For days I worried, but then one night my mother gave her the chore; she told her to clean out the fireplace. Missy Prissy started to whine and stomp about, saying she couldn't do that job and my mother for a reason I still don't really understand, gave her a slap right across the face. The girl stopped moving, didn't cry, and looked dead-on at my mother. “

(CONT'D)

You” she said, “are simply a pretty piece of nothing for my father to play with. My mother was the only one he truly loved.” My mother decided against letting her go to the ball.

*(She takes a sip of tea)*

I waited and waited and finally the first night of the ball arrived. I didn't talk to him that night but I saw him.

The next night he and I actually spoke. Or rather I spoke to him. I asked him how his time away had been. Then just as he started talking and I thought maybe he would even ask me to dance, his sister pulled him away to dance with one of her friends.

So there it was. The third and final night. A costumed ball. I knew it would be now or never so as soon as I got there I looked around for him. And I quickly found him talking with a beautiful girl in a silk face mask, dressed like a princess. And with her he stayed the whole night. At first I just thought if I waited, she would leave and then I could casually stop by and talk to him. I watched them drink champagne together and grow tipsy and happy in each others presence. As I drank I got sloppy. My sister came by to see if I was all right. I was not all right. He had kissed me. He started it. I pushed my sister away and dashed outside. I ran over to one of the trees and stood there sobbing. Everything was spinning. I stumbled home and went straight to bed.

(CONT'D)

In retrospect, I think I realized that she was not in the room when I went to bed,. The next morning my mother came and knocked on our door and said that I should get dressed and go downstairs immediately. It seems everyone else was already awake. My head was pounding and above everything else I felt really sad. Sad because I knew then that I loved him. And then I went downstairs. And there he was. He smiled at all of us. I thought his eyes lingered on me but I didn't smile. My mother explained the situation: He wanted to marry the girl he met at the ball last night, but he didn't know who she was. The only clue he had was her perfect glass slipper. The girl who fit the slipper would live with him happily ever after. We were to try on the slipper in age order. I knew it wasn't me, but here was my chance. My sister sat down and tried on the slipper. Now my sister and I have exactly the same sized feet. As soon as she started to put on the slipper, I saw that it would be too small on her, that her toes were too long. I don't know how or why I came up with this, but at the time it made sense. If I could fit that slipper I could have him. All I could think about was how it could all so easily be solved, and how if I didn't do something he would marry someone else. My sister was making a big effort with the slipper. She was spending a lot of time talking to him in between pushes. I went into the kitchen and I took out the sharpest knife we had.

(CONT'D)

I brought out bandages and tape and slowly, as I listened to my sister still trying on the slipper in the other room, I began to cut. I should clarify.

I began to slice off my toes. And the strangest thing is I didn't even notice the pain. All I did was slice and bandage. My mother called me from the other room and I yelled back that I would be right there. And I don't know how I did this, but I put my black stockings back on my feet and I WALKED, with no pain, back into the room. I smiled at him. His face seemed a bit blurred. I sat down and slipped my foot into the shoe. It fit. Everyone in the room gasped. He lifted me up. I began to feel my foot throbbing. Suddenly everyone was talking and he was smiling at me, looking into my eyes. He held me there and I felt his arms tight around me. He looked at me, with such love, as if I were a treasure. Suddenly, someone started shrieking. It was her. She was crying and saying something about how this was all wrong, a mistake. I let myself fall back into his arms. He smelled like the forest. The room was starting to get darker, closer and I held on to him tighter. I felt myself being lowered down. I held out my hand to him; he didn't take it. She was standing there in my place. They had taken the shoe off my foot and everyone started talking at once.

Her foot fit perfectly in the slipper, although she refused, I'm told, to try it on until every speck of blood was rinsed out . She spread a lot of stories about us. About me. About how we were cruel to her, but then, as everyone began to hate us, she let up and publicly forgave us. It made her seem very very kind.

Sometimes when it rains I walk on that road and stop under the tree and imagine him there again, and for that moment I am back there with him, his lips on mine, the smell of wet leaves around us.

*(It rains. She rises and returns her tea cup  
and sugar bowl to their place in the sand.  
She slowly returns to the character of GIRL.)*

## BOY

When she first told me her name I didn't make the connection. It took like a week or so before I realized that she was...I should've just stopped sitting with her immediately, and every time I came into the cafeteria I told myself I would, but I always found myself at her table.

GIRL

I started to think he might ask me out. I mean he kind of mentioned things he was doing outside of school and I would say that whatever it was sounded really cool. I know my parents would kill me. I just don't care.

BOY

I'm feel like I'm going crazy. I can't even do my school work. It's like all I do is think about her which is bad, because I know I'm not even supposed to talk to her. So then I vow to never talk to her, but then I run into her and talk to her. I've got to-

GIRL

I know he likes me. He's just got to. We were sitting in the cafeteria and my arm accidentally brushed his and then his brushed mine and then we were kind of leaning against each other.

BOY

I've got to do something about this. It is totally not rational. I don't even really know her. If I can't even control my own feelings, how am I supposed to run my father's business some day. No. This is what my father's always talking to me about. Growing up and becoming responsible.

## GIRL

It's stupid I know but I wonder what he's doing when I don't see him. I wonder if he's thinking about me.

## BOY

My father's making me go to one of his business parties tonight. I'm supposed to wear a tux. Today he winked at me and said he was inviting someone just for me. I wish I could take her with me. The girls my father sets me up with, well, they're certainly...there is certainly some thing fun about them. But still, I wish I could take her. At least my father's parties always have a lot of drinks.

## GIRL

I wonder where he is tonight. I wonder if he is thinking about me.

## BOY

I am not going to think about her. I am going to go to this party and do what my father wants. I am going to do what is expected of me.

*The boy walks upstage and pulls a flask and a glass out of the sand. He becomes a middle-aged man, war weary, tired. Sounds of rain and then guns and blasts are heard. He sits at the center stage table, pours a drink, and downs it.*

## AGAMEMNON

We've won. We've won and now I can go home.

*(Shelling is heard.)*

Home. And when I get there, I will beg for forgiveness and pray for peace.

Perhaps this, this war, these ten blood-soaked years, perhaps they were my punishment. Perhaps now that it is over I can go home with a free heart. But I don't really imagine so. I believe I will be plagued there by the memory of how it all started and how I chose to be a great leader, which was in fact, what was demanded of me.

The numbers. We can only approximate. 345,000 dead. Plus 1.

Some men, some men wish for a son for their first born. But I had it in my head that it would be a girl. As soon as I could feel that soft little kick on my wife's belly, I knew. I smiled and I said, and now I can't believe I said it, were the Gods playing with me even then? I said, "I will be her protector and she will live out her days in happiness".

At the birth, in the chaos of the moment, it was I who caught her as she fell into the world.



(CONT'D)

I cradled her tiny head, looked into her grey eyes, and then placed her bloody cheek against mine.

*(He drinks)*

Duty? What is it anyway? Duty not to self, not to family, but to country. Or maybe it was my own fear of death. But I don't think so; I've never been afraid to die and in fact there were times here that I would have even welcomed it. Were the Gods right I wonder, did she get spirited off and delivered from sacrifice or is her body just another one of those 345,000 which grows cold in the ground? It is a curse to be a man. I say it again. It is a curse to be a man. From a man the world demands death.

So the story, the story. My brother was married to Helen. Helen was stolen by Paris. An army was raised and people were obligated, they had sworn to defend my brother's right to marry and remain with Helen, so people, men, were obliged to take arms against the unjust suitor. And as in any war, spirits were fanned by love of country and emotions ran high. The rallying cry became one of consequence. If this could happen, if a man could be robbed of his queen and his property by one man in our great land, then would not all our properties and wives be in danger? If this act were not punished, our entire way of life would be in jeopardy. It became a principle. This kind of thing can not happen here.

(CONT'D)

A massive army was raised and from all over Greece men came assembling in Aulis.

There was of course no question that I would go to war. He was my brother, she my sister-in-law. So you see, it was not ever just a threatened way of life for me, it was an attack on my family. The day before I traveled to Aulis she sat on my lap and asked me when I would be home. I told her it would last a few months. Maybe six months. And then I would be back. She stared at me and told me not to be sad. She said that she understood duty. And then she slid off my lap and walked away. And the next morning I left for Aulis.

We traveled overland for several days until we reached the Boeotian harbour where Aulis stood. There were already 12,000 men gathered. I was, as made sense because of my position and duty, made commander of all the troops. There were preparations and talks of strategies with my generals. There was a rush of excitement. The men were ready and spirits were high. But the gods, they were not with us. We needed the wind. We needed to sail strongly, swiftly from Aulis around Delos and upwards to Troy. But all that week there was no wind. And the men beat the drums, and readied the armor and plans were talked over and over. And the second week there was no wind. A sort of fevered frenzy attacked the men.

(CONT'D)

They believed a god was angry, that something was not right. The generals began to suggest that I do something, that I get to the bottom of this. I counseled to wait, the wind would change course. And one more week past. The men began to demand that I meet with a man they claimed was a seer, Colchas was his name. I agreed. Colchas said he had spoken with the goddess Artemis and that he thought it wise to tell me, as he had already told the men, that the lack of wind was my fault, my fault because I had offended Artemis. He looked at my generals and said that until I delivered to Artemis what she wanted, we would have no wind. I should have had him killed right then. Before he became too dangerous. But instead of killing him, I dismissed him as a fraud. What would this twitchy oily man know about the desires of Artemis?

*(He drinks)*

That was my mistake. I did not realize the sway he had over the men and over my generals. One night in the fourth week of no wind my generals came to me and told me that if I did not meet again with this Colchas and do as he said, the men would rise up and perhaps kill all of us. So I met with him and this time he brought several men. Colchas told me of the vision he had just had. He said he could bring the wind back, or better yet, that I could.

“Kill her”, he hissed. “Sacrifice your first born, your daughter, your Iphigenia, to Artemis. Then and only then will we get wind”. My generals stared. Colchas said again, “I promise you, it is only through this deed that we will have wind. And only with this sacrifice are we guaranteed a victory at Troy”.

The generals stared at me. Odysseus turned to me and said, “Brother, we have a duty, we swore an oath, we must go to this war. We must go to this war and we must win and you must lead us. We will wait three days. If after three days have passed and the wind is not restored you will have to take action in the manner and course prescribed by Colchas”.

“That man, that man...That man is the worst sort, gaining power on the fears of a mass of men about to go to war. That man is a liar and a charlatan. That he can speak to the Gods? This I should believe?”

“Brother they will kill us all and choose Colchas if we do not act. You have three days”.

“You could have left”, I hear all of you say. “

(CONT'D)

Why didn't you step down from your position, assign someone else the charge of leading the army? Why Agamemnon did you feel your only choice was to follow orders?" You who say this have never lived in a state where rules of war are stronger than rules of justice. They would have torn me to bits, subjected her to the worst sorts of indignities, and then sacrificed her anyway. The war rested on the death of my daughter and either I could die in opposition with no good result or I could live and carry out this fetid task with some honor and dignity for her, my daughter, who was to sacrifice her life. The choice was clear, you kill her or we will do it our way.

*(Agamemnon pours more alcohol from his  
bottle into the glass and drinks)*

I made plans. Plans of ways for me to call on her and her mother and to impart upon them the need to travel slowly. I put a letter in the Generals' hands and said, "When this is delivered, they will come". The men were quieter; they were waiting. The letter you see, asked them to come because I wished that she, my daughter, should be married to my finest general. It may seem cruel to you to mask her death in the lie of a marriage proposal, but it was the only way I knew to delay their journey.

(CONT'D)

My wife would make elaborate preparations for the wedding of her first born and perhaps in that delay the wind would finally come.

We waited. And during this time I prayed for wind. I begged for wind. I dreamt of a wind so great that it swept the whole army away. But still there was no wind.

And then, after two weeks, they came. My wife walked through the camp full of men with her head held high. And my daughter, ever modest, strode purposely forward, marching to her future husband, her future life. She trusted me with her heart and I sold it for the wind.

The details are boring and the rumors are useless. Some say that my daughter didn't really die that day but was spirited away to safety by Artemis. Others say she gave herself willingly to the cause. But what comfort is this to my wife who wept at my feet and to myself who will return home to a house empty of the joy I had once known?

When I close my eyes, I see her head falling down on my shoulder as my blade slices her neck. I cradle her head as her neck goes limp and I place my cheek next to hers. We stand there like this long after she's stopped moving.

The next day after the deed was done the wind started up with a force that would bring us all to Troy in fewer than ten days. And here we have remained for the last 10 years. Until today. Because today this dreaded cursed war is over and now we can all return home, return to a life we once knew if only we could recognize it.

*(We shift to the girl as she speaks. After a sentence or so the boy gets up and re-enters his space.)*

GIRL

He's not at lunch.

BOY

I've screwed everything up. I mean Rosa's nice, well maybe not nice. Nice is probably the wrong word...I definitely did not intend to end up at her house. Her mother was there in the morning when we woke up and she insisted that we all have breakfast together. My father is thrilled. Why did I do that?

GIRL

Maybe he's sick. I hope he's OK. I miss him.

BOY

School is the worst. Rosa kisses me a lot and I just don't want anyone to see us.

## BOY (CONT'D)

I've been taking her off campus for lunch so we don't have to deal and luckily she thinks it's romantic. She always brings a joint. We smoke in my car and then we go back to her house. I might be failing math.

## GIRL

Last night I had this weird dream that I was in the shower, but not at my house, at the pool and he was down there in the girls' locker room with me and we were both wearing swimsuits, but I was really worried that we would get caught, and then before I knew what happened, in the dream we started kissing.

## BOY

She saw us. I know she did because she was walking towards me and then she suddenly ran off. I wanted to go after her but I couldn't unwrap myself from Rosa and when I finally did she was gone.

## GIRL

I am such a stupid idiot. If he had ever even wanted to date me he could have. He clearly had no problem asking her out. I guess you don't know everything about a person from just eating lunch with them.



## BOY

My parents, all three of them, had dinner with Rosa's parents and they all had a great time and toasted their happy children. Rosa wants to spend every second with me and I've started being mean. I never tell her she looks good and I go out without saying where I am going. Once she even cried and I just stood there watching until she stopped. Whenever I am not with her I practice telling her we're done but then she calls and invites me to sleep over. And I go. And then afterwards I'm angry and mean.

## GIRL

I see Rosa at yearbook meetings and I'm always very friendly. When she leans over you can see right down her shirt.

## BOY

I'm definitely failing math and getting a D in history. I even told my parents and they just laughed and made comments about young love. My mother said she would get me a tutor.

## GIRL

It's freaking New Year's Eve and even my parents have plans. My mother's worried because I told her I just want to stay home.

## GIRL (CONT'D)

She's actually making me go to Suzie's stupid party and even driving me there and giving me cab fare for the ride home. I hate them.

## BOY

I told Rosa I'm spending New Year's with my mother upstate. It's not true. My mother's not even going to be there. I'm just gonna drive up there and spend the weekend alone in the house.

She's probably got a ton of great plans.

## GIRL

Mark and I made out at Suzie's party and now we're a couple. My parents like him because he's a quarterback and they think this shows he has good decision making skills.

## BOY

I can't believe she'd date him. Do they even have a conversation? Can he even have a conversation?

## GIRL

School started up again and everyone knows about me and Mark. I suddenly have 25 new guy friends who are all on the football team. And the best thing is he finally saw us. I guess Rosa must have allowed him a few minutes off. I smiled and gave him a big hello as I slid my hand onto Mark's thigh.

## GIRL (CONT'D)

He looked really surprised and then muttered something and walked off. Why should he care anyway? He's got Ms. Rosa-who-doesn't-own-a-bra to spend time with.

## BOY

She looked happy. Great. I've really screwed everything up. I've got to find a way to talk to her.

## GIRL

Today I saw him. I knew this would happen sooner or later and I had made up my mind just to ignore him if Mark wasn't there, but then it happened and I couldn't. He just walked up to me and said "hey", and before I remembered to ignore him I had already said "hey" back. And then the bell rang and we just stood there.

## BOY

She has French next to my math class. I see her every Tuesday and Thursday. Just me and her. No Mark, no Rosa.

*GIRL picks up a hairbrush out of the sand  
and arrives center stage. She is now a small,  
frail, 16 year old.*

GLAUCE

I am Glauce, princess of Corinth, daughter of Creon.  
and tomorrow I will be the wife of Jason.

I am Glauce the sickly, the lame. I am Glauce whose mother  
died trying to push me into this world.

I remember when they arrived here in Corinth. He, Jason,  
walked next to her. He held her hand as he asked my father  
for refuge in Corinth.

Probably we shouldn't have taken them in. There were  
rumors. They said she had killed her own brother in order to  
save Jason. She was an expert in the art of poison, and many  
considered her a witch. But my father dismissed these  
accusations as senseless. What woman could really be  
capable of so much destruction? My father saw something  
wonderful in their arrival; namely, the ability to make money.  
Often in those early days she was with him, holding her  
infant son to her breast as she walked.

(CONT'D)

Jason would touch her and caress her, unable to keep his hands off her even when someone stopped them to talk.

For one year I watched them like this. My father was pleased that my health seemed better and my tutor was pleased that I seemed content to gaze out the window and didn't bother him. Glauce the sickly wasn't any trouble for anyone.

I don't think they ever saw me during that time and I don't think either of them would have known who I was if they had. They certainly had no idea I was Princess of Corinth.

One day I caught sight of them coming toward the castle. I watched them walk closer and closer until I was certain; they were coming inside. I don't know how I had the courage, but I crept around to the front of the entrance and hid in a corner as they entered so that I could see them up-close. She was as tall as him with thick legs and muscled arms. I followed them through the castle as they were brought into audience with my father.

Again, I don't know how I got the courage, all I can say is that I had been feeling very much better of late. I hadn't felt short of breath or had dizzy spells in more than a month, so it must have been this health which gave me the courage. I went to my room and changed my dress into something which showed off my arms and my skin.

(CONT'D)

I knew I would never look powerful like her, but I had always been told that my skin was nice. That it shone with its own kind of light. I crept down to where they and my father were in counsel. They were talking about trade and boats and I heard Jason offer to help my father and I heard my father accept. I peaked in to the room and I saw the both of them, Jason and my father, ignoring her. And I saw the expression on her face and I knew that she had been slighted. I saw Jason's foot tapping hers, telling her to cool it, to relax, to play along with these foreign customs, but she was cross and she wasn't going to hide it. Jason continued on, negotiating trade deals and smiling at my father. I saw my chance. I knocked on the door lightly. My father looked up, at first he was annoyed, but then I think his mood got the best of him and he invited me into the room. "Father, I am sorry to interrupt. I just ran down here for the cook." I was lying and I didn't know what I was going to say next. "The cook wants to know if there will be others for lunch today." Jason was looking at me, a playful smile on his lips. He interrupted and spoke to my father, and for these words I could have kissed him right there. "Why King Creon, why ever have you been hiding a daughter as beautiful as yours away? Do you want to keep her beauty only for yourself?" I could see my father's confusion.

(CONT'D)

He never saw me as anything more than Glauce the lame, Glauce the sickly, but here I was to him, a new person, Glauce the beautiful as proclaimed by Jason. And for the first time ever, I felt it. My hair hung softly on my shoulders, and my skin glowed and my lips were shiny. Medea watched what was going on. She knew how I felt. She knew my whole plan. She stared at me and then slowly smiled. I smiled back at her and gave a little curtsy. She laughed out loud and then stood up. She announced that she had some important matters to attend to. Jason glared at her. My father, finally remembering the lunch, invited them to stay. She laughed again and said she had to go. Jason hesitated and my father saw this and jumped on it. "Just you then", he asked Jason. Jason looked at Medea and she turned to go, ignoring him. He looked at my father again and then said that he would be most delighted. Nothing was the same for me after that. I looked for him constantly, trying to run into him accidentally. I became an expert on his habits. He now came every Thursday to spend the afternoon with my father. And she was never with him.

I began to think that maybe he really, really could, like me.

Like Glauce. Maybe he could even love me more than her.

My father began to look at him as the heir to Corinth.

Now some may say that I am an idiot. That I am naive. But I am not. I know full well about men and power.

(CONT'D)

I mean I have had my father to watch my whole life. Some will say that Jason's interest in me lay, or even now lies, in his interest in my crown. I am the heir to Corinth after all. And I am not naive enough to deny this. Can he not want to be king and still, at the same time, love me, Glauce? When we are on our walks together, he is attentive, cautious, polite, and most of all he wants to touch me. I can tell by the way he looks at my arms and my skin and by the way he stands. And sometimes, when I am playing the child, I pretend not to notice how nervous I can make him. So this is how I know, that although he wants the crown, he also, for the time being wants me.

Last week he made it official and asked my father for my hand in marriage. My father who never looked at me, actually smiled, he actually seemed pleased for the first time since my mother died, he was going to get the son he never had through the daughter he always despised. I am sorry for her. She did do one nice thing; she just sent me a beautiful dress for the wedding.

*(She motions towards a box on the floor. She starts to take the dress out of the box. Glauce holds the dress up to herself and closes her eyes and smiles.)*



# **THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER**

In order to protect against copyright fraud only the first thirty pages of the play are available electronically.

If you would like to receive a full copy of the script please contact the author's agent

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