

AGAVE'S Speech, on returning from the Bacchic revelry. It will give me an idea of your voice and acting style.

AGAVE: [addressing everyone] All of you here,
all you living in the land of Thebes,
in this city with its splendid walls,
come see this wild beast we hunted down—
daughters of Cadmus—not with thonged spears,
Thessalian javelins, or by using nets,
but with our own white hands, our finger tips.
After this, why should huntsmen boast aloud,
when no one needs the implements they use?
We caught this beast by hand, tore it apart—
with our own hands. But where's my father?
He should come here. And where's Pentheus?
Where is my son? He should take a ladder,
set it against the house, fix this lion's head
way up there, high on the palace front.
I've captured it and brought it home with me.
Father, now you can be truly proud.
Among all living men you've produced
by far the finest daughters. I'm talking
of all of us, but especially of myself.
I've left behind my shuttle and my loom,
and risen to great things, catching wild beasts
with my bare hands. Now I've captured him,
I'm holding in my arms the finest trophy,
as you can see, bringing it back home to you,
so it may hang here.

[offering him Pentheus' head]

Take this, father
let your hands welcome it. Be proud of it,
of what I've caught. Summon all your friends—
have a banquet, for you are blessed indeed,
blessed your daughters have achieved these things.
Why such scowling eyes?
How sorrowful and solemn old men become.
As for my son, I hope he's a fine hunter,
who copies his mother's hunting style,
when he rides out with young men of Thebes
chasing after creatures in the wild.
The only thing he seems capable of doing
is fighting with the gods. It's up to you,
father, to reprimand him for it.
Who'll call him here into my sight,
so he can see my good luck for himself?