

**CADMUS/TIERESIAS SIDE – 2 Men**

CADMUS

Dear friend! I knew you were here by the sound of your voice,  
The voice of wisdom that makes a wise man welcome,  
I come to you ready, dressed to please God,  
As indeed I should, for is not Dionysus  
My own daughter's son? Now that mankind has seen his light  
We must do our very best to exalt him. So!  
Where should we dance? Where do we fling a leg  
And toss our grizzly heads? It is for you  
To guide me, Teiresias, though you be as ancient as I.  
Initiation is your job. I'll never tire night or day,  
Of thumping the ground with my thyrsus. Oh, what bliss  
To forget how very old one is!

TEIRESIAS

You speak the way I feel. Young again  
And just as tempted to try a little dance.

CADMUS

You don't think that a carriage – for the mountains –  
Would be more sensible?

TEIRESIAS

Indeed no.  
That would diminish our respect for the God.

CADMUS

Then let me, being older, be your nursemaid, old man.

TEIRESIAS

We'll let the God lead us. No need to exert ourselves.

CADMUS

Are we the only men in Thebes to dance to Bacchus?

TEIRESIAS

The only ones with healthy minds. The rest are sick.

CADMUS

We are wasting time. Here, take my hand.

TEIRESIAS

And you take mine. There, get a good grip.

CADMUS

After all, who am I, a mortal, to put down the Gods?

TEIRESIAS

Only fools play speculative games with the Gods,  
But we, we cling to what we learned from our fathers,  
Beliefs that are as old as time and as immune  
To the onslaught of words, no matter how clever the theory,  
How complex the argument, the human mind can invent.  
No doubt people will say it's a disgrace –  
An old man like me, dancing, with ivy in my hair.  
Well, let them! Who ever heard of God  
Segregating the young from the old,  
Saying these should dance and these should not?  
He expects to be honored by one and all,  
Not by degrees or in sections.