

NARRATOR 3

This story got Vertumnus nowhere.

POMONA

(to Vertumnus)

Why are you wearing that ridiculous wig?

VERTUMNUS

I don't know. I thought--

POMONA

Take it off.

He does.

And take off that idiotic dress.

VERTUMNUS

I'm embarrassed--

POMONA

Take it off.

NARRATOR 3

When at last the god revealed himself just as he was, much to his surprise, he had no need of words. Little Pomona was happy with what she saw, unadorned and undisguised. Soon enough, the vine was clinging to the tree.

Scene 8 (PHAETON): Phaeton,

Therapist, Apollo

Music. Transition. The stage is cleared. PHAETON enters, wearing sun glasses and carrying a yellow rubber raft. He tests the water with his toe, then launches his raft and goes to lie on it. The THERAPIST enters with her notepad and sits in a chair on the deck of the pool. Music ends. Throughout the following, Phaeton floats on his yellow raft. He does not exactly hear the Therapist when she speaks to the audience, or perhaps he just isn't paying attention.

PHAETON'S MONOLOGUE

PHAETON

Well, my parents were separated when I was really little. Before I was even born. It was a sort of a one-night sort of thing-- except it was in the day, in a meadow, where my mother went to watch my father pass by every day. Anyway, I always knew who he was, and I would see him pass by every day-- of course-- who

(MORE)

PHAETON (cont'd)

doesn't? But I never knew him, and, he wasn't really around. I mean, not *around* around.

PHAETON

I went to an expensive school and there were a lot of boys there who were, you know, sons of the rich and famous. And one day we're all on the playground and this one kid, Epaphus, he goes to me, "So Phaeton blah blah who's your father, what does he do? Blah blah blah." So I tell him my father's the sun and he says, "Tell me another," and I say, "He's the sun, he's Phoebus Apollo." And he just basically trampled me, Just basically beat the shit out of me. Like I was lying.

PHAETON

So I go home and I say, Mom this happened, you know at school. And she gets all upset, crying and everything, because she still loves him and it's an insult to her as well. And I'm like, well, if it's true how come there's no proof of it? It's unfair to us, you know, that there's no proof. And she gets more upset and she says: "Hear me, my child. In all his glory, your father looks down upon us. By his splendor, I swear that you are his truly begotten. son. That fiery orb you see crossing the sky each day whose heat enlivens and enables the world and orders our days and nights is indeed your sire. Believe me, my darling!" Blah, blah, blah.