

CUPID

By

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PREFACE

I express my appreciation to Professor
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direction this play became a thesis.

Laura Jepsen

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ACT I

ACT I

The workshop of Pygmalion, which is the scene of our opening Act, is at the top of a rather high cliff in the hills of Mount Parnassus. We have a right to place it where we will, and the reason Parnassus is chosen is that poets live there. So did we, in former days when Ovid's "Metamorphoses" was an exquisite flight for the imagination; and some desire to pay a little tribute to that poet's genius, as well as some compulsion to recapture the curious native spirit of the place, drags us back to those unforgettable heights known as Mount Parnassus. Pygmalion, therefore, lives on Parnassus.

To get there, some of the more sophisticated of us will have to turn back the time several decades and all of us will have to put on our winged sandals, for Parnassus is more than a question of geography.

That done, we are at the foot of a flight of stone steps leading to the workshop of Pygmalion.

It is an old house, one which must have started falling in the time of Homer and shows no signs of stopping. But that does not disturb its inhabitants who are two amiable human beings who could be happy anywhere and anyhow.

It is evening, or more precisely that time of day when the saffron light of the late afternoon fades rapidly into the blue of twilight. Dusk will soon drop down without our knowing it. A candle is burning in the window of the house. Its light falls into the obscurity of the room as though trying to read its secrets.

The workshop is conveniently small, but more is going on within than meets the eye. The room is filled with all manner of marble in rudimentary stages of completion: these pieces which Pygmalion always speaks of beginning but never of finishing, and which he has neglected in favor of another masterpiece which stands in one corner of the room and over which he is taking great pains to make the folds of the garment cover the feet.

There is a curious smile on the statue's lips, which comes, surely, of knowing what only Venus should know, but which Pygmalion has never noticed. Perhaps he should not be expected to notice, since he works so ardently that his beard, eyebrows, and hair are white with dust and his eyes are perpetually swollen and filled with tears.

This one duty he has imposed upon himself he performs conscientiously, but his greatest talent is for sitting still in the dark. His work over, his mind at ease, he sits thus watching his daughter play with moonbeams that come in at the open door. Or, tiring of this, he sits in front of the fireplace telling her stories she has heard so often that she is generally waiting at the end of the story before he has said five words. He does not know that he is peculiar and perhaps thinks that in some such way do people in general pass the evening hours.

Tonight Psyche has been dusting the cobwebs from the wineskins and trophies of the hunt suspended from the rafters. Now she dusts the table and benches with her skirt, shakes the skirt, and moonbeams play with the dust in the doorway. She catches a moonbeam. Now she is seated with a moonbeam in her lap.

Pygmalion is watching her out of the corner of his eye. Each night he seems to see her for the first time, such new charm does he discover in her upturned face.

PYGMALION

(fascinated) Psyche! Psyche!

PSYCHE

Did you call?

PYGMALION

No.

PSYCHE

(gently) I heard you.

PYGMALION

You hear everything a child should not hear. I guess I was looking at you through the moonbeams.

Psyche

(catching a moonbeam) Moonbeams are such lovely creatures. I suppose they are daughters of the Moon, and that she is looking at them tonight, too, father. (addressing the Moon) Old Moon, would you like me for a daughter? (The Moon winces.) You think I would make you seem too old? Never mind, I would rather be a star, one of those with the thin bright faces. Look! One is winking at me. (for Pygmalion's benefit) Now it is hiding its shamed face behind a cloud.

PYGMALION

(sternly) Psyche, sometimes I think you are all soul and sometimes I think you are utterly lacking.

PSYCHE

(pirouetting around the statue) You said you had my soul in that statue, but it comes out to play with me on such a night as this.

PYGMALION

Is not a father the keeper of his daughter's soul?

PSYCHE

(with sudden inspiration) I am not your daughter. You said I was a daughter of the bards.

PYGMALION

I still think so.

PSYCHE

What are they?

PYGMALION

Poets who lived thousands of years ago.

PSYCHE

Why am I their daughter?

PYGMALION

I meant that you are the kind of girl they sang about.

PSYCHE

(ineffably) O! (relenting) You are glad I am your daughter also?

PYGMALION

Rather.

PSYCHE

(persisting) I think men need daughters.

PYGMALION

They do.

PSYCHE

Especially sculptors.

PYGMALION

Especially sculptors.

PSYCHE

Statues are not everything.

PYGMALION

Statues are trifles. Daughters are the thing.

PSYCHE

Daughters are the thing!

PYGMALION

(seating himself near the table) Will you bring my sandals?

PSYCHE

(at a glance) They are not near the fire.

PYGMALION

I suppose you took them to the loft, (trying again) Please bring me my panpipes.

(She looks for them on the mantel, where she knows they are not.)

PSYCHE

They are not to be found.

(She often hides the pipes and forgets the hiding place and is suspicious if Pygmalion finds them.)

PYGMALION

I love you, Psyche, because you are such a bright cheerful creature who can put my pipes and sandals away in the morning so I can not find them at night.

PSYCHE

(removing a wineskin from the rafters) Be gay, father. I will fill your winecup.

(She approaches with prim step and fills the cup.)

Is there anything else I can do for Pygmalion?

PYGMALION

Sit beside me, Psyche.

(She sits on a bench facing the statue. Her lips tighten. She clutches the bench with both hands. She is doing her best for Pygmalion, but first comes a smothered laugh, then a gurgling sound, and her hold on herself relaxes. She shakes with mirth.)

That's a way to behave!

PSYCHE

I can not help it.

PYGMALION

There is nothing to laugh at.

PSYCHE

(unnecessarily) It's that woman.

PYGMALION

Maybe she's not the woman you think her.

PSYCHE

Maybe not. What is her name?

PYGMALION

(firmly) Her name is not Psyche.

PSYCHE

(rippling) I have so many names nowadays.

PYGMALION

(measuring the statue with his eyes) The statue is tall and majestic. Are you tall and majestic?

(She stretches herself with mock gravity.)

That should show you I can contrive without you.

PSYCHE

O?

(She bursts out again and is momentarily silenced.)

PYGMALION

The statue has the beauty of Venus. Have you the looks of a goddess?

PSYCHE

(holding her sides) It's the first time I ever heard it said of her.

PYGMALION

(his last thrust) Galatea is a lady.

PSYCHE

(in a fit of laughter) Galatea! I am a tall, majestic, remarkably goddesslike lady. This is more than I can bear. Pygmalion, bring me a drink of water.

(She takes a sip of his wine.)

PYGMALION

(doggedly) What are you then? A common wench?

PSYCHE

(briskly) I am far from common.

PYGMALION

Someday you will be famous.

(He touches the statue fondly.)

PSYCHE

O, father, I would rather be a happy unknown woman running along some sandy shore with a dozen little sea nymphs hanging onto my skirt.

PYGMALION

How strangely unlike other women you are!

PSYCHE

Are you sorry you made me? (apologetically) Why did you not leave me lifeless, like the rest?

(She brushes her hand along the budding statues.)

PYGMALION

I guess I craved the pleasure of watching a girl's face in the firelight,

PSYCHE

O, you do say the most terrible things. I think you are utterly heartless.

PYGMALION

(stroking his beard) I suppose I deserve this.

PSYCHE

Father, are you never serious?

PYGMALION

Only when I think of the future. Sometimes I wake at night wondering what is to become of us. Do you know we have only a few coins left in the cornucopia?

(The cornucopia is a goat's horn, generally empty, hanging on the wall.)

PSYCHE

(counting the coppers) They will buy—

PYGMALION

Bread and wine and perhaps a handful of gladness.

PSYCHE

(Her thoughts turn to the future.) When we sell Galatea we can buy artichokes and pomegranates and oysters (delicious words).

PYGMALION

(instantly) Sell Galatea!

PSYCHE

Have we anything else to sell?

PYGMALION

No.

PSYCHE

(conceiving a hopeful picture) Can't you think how exciting it will be when the money comes in.

We will dance around the table and then run out and buy oysters.

PYGMALION

Psyche!

PSYCHE

I am sorry, father.

PYGMALION

Always feel sorry for failures, those who are always failures, especially in my kind of calling. Wouldn't it be fun to turn them every new moon into glittering successes?

PSYCHE

Jovial!

PYGMALION

(who has an idea) By Jove!

PSYCHE

How could we do it?

PYGMALION

Simply, by message: "To Poor Old Pygmalion, Abject Figure, Attic Workshop, Topmost Parts of Parnassus," reading, "The museum of Athens has been pleased to purchase your exquisite statue of Galatea to stand in a separate room adjoining that of the immortal Hermes of Praxiteles"

PSYCHE

Afterthought, "We are sending the money in copper coins so you can see it glitter"

PYGMALION

No!

PSYCHE

Why not?

PYGMALION

Your mother would not be pleased.

PSYCHE

My mother!

PYGMALION

She begged me never to leave her statue to a museum lest her bones should shiver in the grave.

PSYCHE

The statue was for my mother. She must have been a remarkable woman.

PYGMALION

(musing) She had led the men a chase.

PSYCHE

You were clever enough to catch her (producing mementoes of the chase). Do you remember these lyrics you wrote her, before you gave her this wineskin?

PYGMALION

(fingering the skin) This wineskin came into the world with me and has worn so much better.

PSYCHE

(mirroring herself in a cup) Do you remember the happy way she had of brushing back her hair with one hand? Did I tell you that too?

PYGMALION

She had her little vanities.

PSYCHE

Do you remember this cloak? I suppose she wore it at a masque ball in the village. (She comes to him arrayed in a goatskin with horns attached, and looking very solemn.)

PYGMALION

You may take it off when we come to summer.

PSYCHE

Shall we come to summer?

PYGMALION

To many summers, for we are going far back to see your mother as she was in the days before there was you.

PSYCHE

(properly awed) It won't make me seem too dwindling?

PYGMALION

It may do away with you altogether.

PSYCHE

(slipping her hand in his) But I shall come again at the end of the story?

PYGMALION

You always do, you know.

(She draws him down by the fire and they sit. knees drawn up, hands clasped, like two children trying to see over the edge of the world. She begins the tale.)

PSYCHE

Once you were a wild man with windy hair running through the world with no place to lay your head at night. Then you began driving sheep up and down Parnassus and sleeping under the stars.

PYGMALION

And there I met your mother.

PSYCHE

She was tending sheep, too, when your paths crossed.

PYGMALION

After that our paths crossed more often.

PSYCHE

Especially when you sat on a knoll waiting for the mountain grasses to stir and sway and tell of her coming.

PYGMALION

(in a low monotone of reminiscence) Presently both of us shared one path. Our path ended in a little glade walled partly by high grass and partly by trees. I remember one night that we sat on a fallen tree trunk. I was playing panpipes while fireflies danced delightfully to the music. I had an arm around her waist. She was freshly crowned with flowers. We sat solemnly a long time. Finally a twig broke. Your mother started and cried. "The forest is full of voices, all manner of voices. They are the spirits of evil. The mountain devils work mischief." I quieted her, "It is a lie, a child's lie. I have lain out in the dew and under the dark, and I know. The forest is my home. Should a man fear his own roof, or a woman her man's heart?" A forest wooing goes quickly, and when the forest had taken us to her bosom there was no longer need of words.

PSYCHE

Then you built this hut.

PYGMALION

And before I had set the last stone in place your mother was standing in the doorway inviting me to come in.

PSYCHE

You entered and built a fire.

PYGMALION

I lit a fire -- my own fire. I had never had my own fire before. But this was mine. The earth beneath the fireplace belonged to me and the sky above. And when the smoke drifted to the stars that hung above the thatch, that was mine too because it came from the logs I had hewn on this mountain.

PSYCHE

You had a right to be proud of your possessions.

PYGMALION

Then I began working on the statue. And there followed days when we alone knew that the world that ended at the next village was the best of all worlds.

PSYCHE

(boasting) I have been beyond the village. I have been in Athens twice and up in the air once.

PYGMALION

Your mother never was. She seldom went even to the village. After I had worked all day on the statue, I would go at night for bread and wine to the village.

PSYCHE

(interrupting) You still do.

PYGMALION

Your mother was happy here. But one night she turned to me and said strangely, "Can't you lose yourself, Pygmalion?" "How?" I asked. "In your love for me. Can't you forget that there is anything but me in the world?" "The world is all about us," I told her, "the seen and the unseen world, and we

occupy our place in it, large or small. No man or woman is big enough to blot out the world." Then we went out in the night, and as we looked up at the stars we felt happy.

PSYCHE

I know.

PYGMALION

Next night I brought home a few olives and laid them in her lap. I thought the surprise would please her. But do you know what she did? She rose and threw them at me. I can smile at it now, but at the time I was a wretched creature. How was I to know that that was her way of telling me you were to be born?

PSYCHE

You should have guessed.

PYGMALION

I suppose I am an ignorant man, but any other woman would have hung her head on her husband's shoulder and whispered. I suppose different women have different ways.

PSYCHE

I suppose I was not wanted.

PYGMALION

That is not true.

PSYCHE

But you would have preferred a daughter who was more like other girls?

PYGMALION

(exulting) I had a feeling that when you were born the whole round world stood still with a finger to its lip to listen.

PSYCHE

(delighted) There was a sound?

PYGMALION

Your first cry was musical. I hadn't much time to listen then, because when you came your mother went. But I have listened many times since. I think panpipes were playing in you when you were born.

PSYCHE

You do love me, don't you father?

PYGMALION

I suppose I should love you twice as much as most men love their daughters because I was your father and mother both.

PSYCHE

I have felt that also.

(She lays her arm about his neck.) You have been good to me.

PYGMALION

(unassumingly) Tried to be.

PSYCHE

You let me sit out in the sun on a doe pelt, and sleep and eat and go to sleep again. And when I was old enough to walk you dragged me along at the end of a crook while you tended sheep.

PYGMALION

I taught you the name of every live thing on this mountain, until you thought you could see the grass grow and hear the insects crawling up and down inside the tree trunks. (proudly) And you grew and grew strong as a child should when she does know she is learning lessons.

PSYCHE

I had grown to quite a size before you realized I was nameless.

PYGMALION

It was when a butterfly with brilliant wings disappeared in the cup of a flower that I decided to call you Psyche. You were so much like a butterfly that had nothing to do but flit from flower to flower and be filled with juices and joy.

PSYCHE

(with a sigh) But that life did not last long. Then you opened school on these far heights.

PYGMALION

And you were my youngest pupil.

PSYCHE

I was your only pupil.

PYGMALION

Except for the century old crows in the treetops.

PSYCHE

(cheerily) One day they made so much noise that I mistook Sappho for Socrates. That disturbed you. So we flung the books to the breezes and went out to walk in the twilight.

PYGMALION

And I tried to bring you back to the belief in dryads for at least two minutes.

(Her mind goes adventuring.)

PSYCHE

Pan peeped round the corner of a rock—

PYGMALION

And vanished at our stare like a bursting soap bubble.

PSYCHE

We danced with the nymphs.

PYGMALION

And if we had not danced our feet would have abandoned us.

PSYCHE

O, father, am I sometimes too full of gladness?

PYGMALION

You are sometimes brimming over,

(Jauntily she refills his winecup.)

But there is something inside of you that never comes out to play.

PSYCHE

(artfully) Perhaps some phantom playmate.

PYGMALION

Because your mother died so early I thought you fell into the way of playing the pipes with no earthly listener. (suspiciously) You were playing to another?

PSYCHE

(impatiently) Please to empty your winecup. I will tidy the table.

PYGMALION

You might throw away these anemones.

(She takes the flowers to the door, tosses them out, and for a moment stands rapt. Then she turns superbly to Pygmalion.)

PSYCHE

I had no sooner flung them from the door, than a wind came rustling them away and a boy came running in the wind and caught them in his hands and fondled them. His dress was brown, his hair was of bright gold, his face was lit with fire from the moon.

PYGMALION

Whose child can this be?

PSYCHE

No one's child at all. I often dream that someone has gone by, and wake to find it's nothing but the wind.

PYGMALION

I think you are keeping a secret.

PSYCHE

(leaning toward him) I have told not a living soul. You will keep it a secret?

PYGMALION

I will keep all our secrets with Apollo's honor, which is the most loyal known, (an oath he swears solemnly and keeps frivolously)

PSYCHE

Then I shall tell you a story you can not believe.

PYGMALION

(expanding) There is not a story in the whole wide world that I can not believe.

PSYCHE

But you do not mean it. Then you would have to believe in Arcadia.

PYGMALION

(with a mimicry of youth in his eyes) I believe in Arcadia. Arcadia is on this mountain, Arcadia to us.

PSYCHE

No. Not In that Arcadia.

PYGMALION

Where then?

PSYCHE

I hardly know. But there come some times in my life when my heart like a dryad flies to its lair and my wild soul takes flight toward something which is far from this earth but which has always hovered there and which in truth is what I am.

PYGMALION

Is it true? Then you believe in Pan, the fauns, and the dryads?

(She nods assent.)

And tonight we are in our lair?

PSYCHE

I have not told you everything. I have memory of a place and of a magical time in which the moon was very much brighter than here and the sky was bluer and nearer the ground. The trees were alive and used to talk and the wind made me cry out for joy when it touched me. I remember, too, that the nights were ever so much softer than these, and every night there was a new wonder for me. All the land was ruled by one who thought only to make me happy. When the day was done and the hush of moonrise fell on the forest he would tell me stories that made me tingle from head to foot with rapture. I have never heard any other stories half so beautiful. And when the joy became too great he would play a weird little tune on his reed pipes that always brought sleep. At length, there came a parting and he took me to the Crossroad and told me of a charm that he had given me which I must never lose because it would keep me young and give me power to return.

PYGMALION

You did not return. The years went by and one day you discovered you had lost the charm and had become ridiculously old.

PSYCHE

How did you know, Pygmalion?

PYGMALION

My dear, you are so worldly wise. Some day you will be a woman.

PSYCHE

(gloriously) I think it will be an awfully important adventure.

PYGMALION

(his eyes on the door) Did you hear steps?

PSYCHE

(going to the door) A visitor to see us, father.

(He does not answer.)

You don't ask who it is.

PYGMALION

(casually) Walk in!

(In darts Cupid clad in a shepherd's cloak.)

CUPID

(Impulsively) There's a rascally moon out tonight. I wonder whether Psyche knows it.

PYGMALION

I was saving it as a surprise for her—

PSYCHE

But she discovered it first.

PYGMALION

(crumpled) I am poor, but I can give her the moon.

(He dismisses Psyche.)

Psyche, will you look for my pipes in the alcove? You may come when I call.

(She makes a brief bow in the direction of Cupid and vanishes.)

CUPID

(fumbling his staff) I am on my way to the village. I thought you might be going for bread tonight, too.

PYGMALION

(appraising his plump form) Do you need bread?

(He reaches for a loaf from the breadbox and proffers it to Cupid.)

CUPID

(hesitating) Maybe Psyche needs it more.

PYGMALION

Take it.

CUPID

(tucking it under his arm) I am richer this minute than I have been for many a day.

PYGMALION

When did you last eat, Cupid?

CUPID

Day before yesterday, I think.

PYGMALION

Boy, there is wild honey dripping from a bough of the first tree to the left on the road to Helicon. I set a cup under the tree to catch the drips. Eat the honey and return the cup.

CUPID

(eagerly) I will bring back the cup tonight.

PYGMALION

Tomorrow will be time enough. Come tomorrow before you leave Parnassus for the season. Tonight I am going to the village.

CUPID

Will Psyche be busy tonight?

PYGMALION

She will not be home.

CUPID

Not home!

PYGMALION

I feel there is something I ought to tell you about. Psyche, something that makes her a little different from other girls.

CUPID

(frowning) I shall believe nothing against Psyche.

PYGMALION

I have nothing to tell you against her. It is just something that happens, something that happens when I am away. She often goes for a jaunt in a forest.

CUPID

Have you ever seen her?

PYGMALION

I have never seen her leave this room without me. But I am not always watching.

CUPID

You seem so serious about it. She is hiding from you.

PYGMALION

Do you not think I have searched?

CUPID

(restless) Where does she go?

PYGMALION

It can not be told quite in a word; but she refers to the place as Arcadia.

CUPID

Does she go alone?

PYGMALION

I think she is accompanied by someone, someone she fancies plays exquisite music on reed pipes.

CUPID

A boy?

PYGMALION

Masterful boy! She meets him at a Crossroad at twilight; the two trip off hand in hand to Arcadia and there the adventures begin.

CUPID

I wish you would say quickly what happens.

PYGMALION

That is not known.

CUPID

Not known!

PYGMALION

Sometimes I catch a glimpse of her just before she is entangled in the wood and then I sit down at the Crossroad to wait. But she never comes back, that is, never the same way.

CUPID

She must have another exit. Have you ever looked?

PYGMALION

I once looked and looked until morning. Then I sat down weary and exhausted for a wink of sleep.

CUPID

I could not close my eyes until I found her. I would search night and day.

PYGMALION

You would never find her by daylight. In the morning the forest is gone too.

(At this moment Psyche bounds into the room playing the pipes.)

CUPID

(gravely) You should take good care of her. She may be easily lost.

PYGMALION

You are a thoughtful boy, Cupid. You will make some girl very happy someday,

CUPID

Hope so.

(He moves slowly toward the door.)

PYGMALION

Remember the honey I mentioned dripping from the bough.

PSYCHE

And, Cupid, if you find the Garden of Hesperides in the woods, bring me back an apple.

(Cupid goes out)

PYGMALION

How did you know they called him Cupid?

PSYCHE

They?

PYGMALION

The villagers.

PSYCHE

I just guessed.

PYGMALION

Do you know why they call him Cupid? In the inn once we were talking about names. I had just finished saying that people called me Pygmalion because I was what Pygmalion might have grown into if he had forgotten to die, whereupon Cupid remarked that his mother called him Cupid because she was fond of him. He seemed to know your name, too. He asked a dozen questions about you.

PSYCHE

(interested) Asked so many questions about me? Curious about me? That is strange. What did you tell him?

PYGMALION

I told him all I knew, and very much that I did not. Do you know him? Have you ever spoken?

PSYCHE

Never, except in dreams.

PYGMALION

What did you say to him in your dreams?

PSYCHE

I said, "Dear Cupid." (This surprises her.) Odd!

PYGMALION

Yes. Psyche, I gave him our last loaf of bread. Do you know why I gave him our last loaf? He is leaving tomorrow. I thought he might remember us pleasantly.

PSYCHE

Tomorrow? Where is he going?

PYGMALION

He is going to Olympus. He goes there every summer to help his father show people up the mountain.

PSYCHE

(reverently) Olympus!

PYGMALION

Cupid says people see the gods there. Once he saw a man take off his hat to Apollo as the sun rose.

PSYCHE

Do you believe his stories?

PYGMALION

It is not wise to disbelieve them when you are on Olympus. I believe them all when I am there. But I turn the relentless light of reason on them when I am home.

PSYCHE

You dear old soul, there is no reason in you.

(Pygmalion sits silent a moment staring at Psyche. Psyche examines the empty breadbox and returns to the table. Suddenly she touches his sleeve.)

Dreaming again, father?

PYGMALION

Wonderful dreams! I was thinking of Apollo, and of a girl with a dewy face, and of so many things that I seemed to think of nothing at all.

PSYCHE

I was thinking of our empty breadbox.

(She brings his cloak.)

Shall I help you on with your cloak?

PYGMALION

(feeling for a sleeve) What will you do when I am away?

PSYCHE

{customarily} I shall remain by the fire with the panpipes and a good book (evidently Ovid).

PYGMALION

(advancing toward the door) Goodbye, Psyche.

PSYCHE

Goodbye, father. (a soft kiss lights on his brow.) Don't speak to any proud ladies in the village, bring me something if it's only an anemone, love me much!

(Pygmalion draws his cloak closer about him and is gone. Psyche stands in the doorway waving and smiling to him until the door closes between them. Then she goes to the fireplace, wets her lips to the panpipes, and opens the book to amazing adventures in Arcadia.)

ACT II

Arcadia come true.

As the curtain rises we see two figures racing toward a goal at a Crossroad, the prize to be for the one who first finds the tree where the picture was carved last new moon. Psyche is sure to be the winner for she is less laden and Pygmalion loses time by whistling as he comes.

Pygmalion wears a cloak. Psyche wears a dress which might belong to any century but which will unmistakably belong to the forest before the evening is over, when a score of pieces of moss and leaves will be added as necessity compels. A shout of triumph brings Pygmalion to the spot.

PSYCHE

Father, father, I have won. Here is the tree.

PYGMALION

That is the tree, but where is the carving?

PSYCHE

Here, father. Marked with an arrow, (pulling the arrow from the tree trunk) There is little of the face left.

PYGMALION

I am glad someone thought enough of my carving to notice it.

(He throws a skin over a tree stump and sits.)

Now, Psyche, hold still while I look my fill.

(She stands against a tree and stamps her foot.)

Please, a pleasant expression.

(She tries not to smile, but she smiles and he smiles and the old Moon smiles sweetly on both of them. They make comic faces at each other. Presently Psyche sends the arrow after a squirrel that is not there and soon is following the arrow. Pygmalion does not miss her because by this time he is carving from memory. She runs from tree to tree until we begin to lose her among the shadows.)

When we next see Psyche she is farther from Pygmalion in every sense of the word than she was

a few minutes before. So much has befallen in this time that it would be hard to tell the half of it. For instance, she has tweaked a faun's nose when she met him returning from an orgy; she has frightened a wood nymph up a tree by imitating the burr of a satyr, and she has yanked a sea nymph's hair when she found it combing the tangles in the water. Then she hung her sandals on a willow and waded into a stream, and being unable to find her sandals when she emerged from the water, she now comes through the underbrush barefoot. Moreover, she is coming on all fours like an animal, and apparently losing her way in the rather complicated geography of Arcadia.

Arcadia on a map would look very much like a hemisphere surrounded at its outer edge by what Pan calls the Unknown and above by the vast indefinite expanse of clouds which Pan calls Where the Blue Begins. Running through the circle is the Stream Meander, which has never been traced to its source, and in a bend of the stream is Pan's Grotto, covered on the sides by moss and at the end by a wattle door. In front of the grotto is a Magic Circle which Pan has drawn in the dust with an arrow, and which he would challenge anyone to cross, for inside of the circle is safety. Behind the grotto is a semicircular grove of trees called the Dryads Row, since this is their exclusive neighborhood; and in the dense underbrush beyond the grove is the Unexplored.

The Unexplored is so named because it is traversed by only a narrow path, which Pan chooses to call the Orgy Road because it is the shortest way home for the fauns and satyrs after an all-night revelry with Bacchus. At the very edge of the hemisphere the Orgy Road meets a sandy path running into Arcadia from the Unknown, and the point of meeting is marked by a birch tree on which is carved the face of a woman. This point is called the Carved Crossroad.

Joining the Crossroad is the longest road in Arcadia. This road, the Olympian Way, leads across the Meander over stones at its narrowest part and then on through ravines, over hills and precipices, to the opposite rim of the horizon where Mount Olympus is lost in a blue haze.

(Much of this geography Psyche has traversed before she reappears at this moment. Her stealthy movements in the rushes near the stream startle the young fauns and dryads who have been dancing in a circle in front of Pan's grotto to the ecstatic tunes of his pipes. The fauns and dryads seek refuge behind the door of the grotto and for a moment all is quiet. In the great stillness that has come over the forest the rippling of the stream sounds almost thunderous. Pan stands motionless, arrow in one hand and pipes in the other. He is deeply stirred, but presently is ashamed of his uneasiness for it is as if he doubted the power of his Magic Circle. Bravely he lights a fire in the circle and sits down near the fire to wait. There is a red gleam on his face and a look that is almost sinister—the tricks of firelight are so many.)

PAN

(stretching himself on the ground] It is such fun to be alive!

(A buoyant sigh escapes him and floats off as soon as it is uttered.)

ECHO

(rushing from the Dryads row with acorns in her skirt) Pan! Pan! (panting) Pan, can anything harm us once we are inside the Magic Circle?

PAN

(confidently) Nothing. Why?

ECHO

Draw the circle closer. It's coming.

PAN

(calmly) What?

ECHO

(breathlessly) I saw it first standing upright in the clearing, there Where the Blue Begins. I saw it again walking on lily pads in the water where the reeds arch over.

PAN

Where is it now?

ECHO

I hardly know.

(She forgets her fears as she deposits the acorns.)

O, Pan, look what I found.

PAN

(pleased) Acorns!

(He begins roasting one in the flames.)

ECHO

They grow on trees with this at the bottom of them.

(She removes a cup from an acorn.)

PAN

Where did you think they grew?

ECHO

I thought that they grew in shells in the ocean and were washed in by the tide.

PAN

O Echo, Echo!

ECHO

Have I been hurting your feeling again, Pan?

PAN

A little.

ECHO

(forlornly) I know bow berries grow on bushes and rabbits grow in holes—but fauns usually gather the acorns.

PAN

And tonight the fauns have been reveling with Bacchus.

ECHO

So I tried to gather you these fruits.

PAN

Echo! Echo!

ECHO

Have I been offending the Keeper of Arcadia again, sir? (despairingly) I am full of ignorant ways and sayings and though I try to keep them inside of me when you are by, they sometimes rush out and then I begin to play the pipes to make you forget.

(She is playing now.)

PAN

That is sweet of you Echo.

ECHO

O, tell me it isn't just that, Pan. Tell me it isn't just the way I play the pipes.

(She brings dry grass which Pan puts under the sticks in the fire.)

You like me well enough to let the Boy from Olympus cast an arrow into me.

PAN

(wrinkling his brow) Who?

ECHO

(on her guard) O, Pan, I shall not be displeasing you again, sir, by saying his name. But I was thinking--

(There is a shrill cry from the grotto and a stirring in the underbrush)

What's that?

PAN

(nonchalantly) The fire crackling. I am blowing it with the pipes.

ECHO

Danger, Pan! A lioness!

PAN

Where?

ECHO

(sprinting toward the grotto) It is at your heels. It will be on you in a moment.

PAN

(seizing an arrow and advancing to the edge of the circle) Into the grotto, Echo!

ECHO

(in the grotto, subsiding a little) The grass is moving. It is coming!

(It comes. But it is no lioness. It is Psyche creeping along wondrously entangled in vines and leaves and very much exhausted. Echo sees her and rushes from the grotto with a glad cry,)

(throwing her arms about Psyche) Psyche! Psyche!

ECHO

My dear!

(She pats the fauns and dryads in turn as they come from the grotto to go their separate ways.)

My dears! My dears!

PAN

(giving Psyche both hands in the frankest way) Glad to see you. Echo thought you were a lioness.

PSYCHE

(stung) O, did you? I knew you by the way you ran.

ECHO

(smarting) You were smaller when you came yesterday.

PSYCHE

(with hauteur) It was not yesterday. It was last new moon. (without regretting her growth) My dress has increased by an acorn's length. (She measures.)

ECHO

(lifting a tear in dress) It needs patching.

PSYCHE

Will you help me?

(Echo brings moss and leaves and the two begin to stick them onto the skirt with tree gum.)

(unfortunately) If I grow much taller I shall have to walk on my hands and knees in Arcadia.

ECHO

That is what you were doing.

PSYCHE

(her dignity hurt) You might mistake me for an animal. I think I would rather leave Arcadia.

ECHO

Forever?

PSYCHE

(with determination) No! You know I can come back any time by playing a tune on the pipes.

ECHO

(horridly) Suppose you forgot how to play.

PSYCHE

O! Echo, you imp!

ECHO

Some do, you know.

PSYCHE

(grasping the awful import) Yes. (anxiously) Pan, I have something to tell you.

PAN

I am listening.

PSYCHE

You know other children?

PAN

Yes.

PSYCHE

Other children come to Arcadia?

PAN

Yes.

PSYCHE

(after a moment's thought) Of course they do. You have told me stories about them. Both boys and girls.

PAN

Both.

PSYCHE

(troubled with herself) Do you know any other girl who is like me?

PAN

I know hardly anyone who is not like you. You grow so much alike out there. (He points to beyond the forest.)

PSYCHE

(reflecting) Sometimes I think I am different.

PAN

(munching an acorn) I had not noticed.

PSYCHE

Someone thinks I am.

ECHO

How do you know?

PSYCHE

He told me.

ECHO

What did he say?

PSYCHE

Nothing in words. He talks with his eyes, in the loveliest of languages.

PAN

You know him well?

PSYCHE

Of very! Pan, I think there is something I ought to tell you. For several moons now I have been meeting him every time I came to Arcadia. He always comes by the same road that runs along the rim of the forest from there Where the Blue begins. And he comes at just the right moment. He came once when a faun was trying to throttle me with grape vines, and cuffed the impertinent's ears.

ECHO

Poor faun!

PSYCHE

He came again just after a sea nymph had thrown me into the water, when I was hanging to a lily pad and trying not to sink. He came again today, when I was lost on the Orgy Road, and showed me the way through the underbrush: he pointed the way with an arrow, and, Pan, the arrow was exactly like an arrow I found in a tree trunk before I came into the forest.

(She unfolds the arrow from her girdle.)

This arrow was lodged in my portrait carved at the Crossroad on a birch tree. I think it is made of gold.

(Pan nods, brown chin on brown hand, his big eyes still. Echo, anticipating danger, slaps her last piece of moss on the skirt and withdraws to her tree trunk.)

What are you thinking? Is it bad?

PAN

Beyond belief.

(He wags a reproving finger at her.)

PSYCHE

(pressing the arrow to her) I will be happy to hold this arrow always, but I would like, too, to play the pipes.

(Reluctantly she lays the arrow in her lap)

O, Pan, I am so happy it hurts.

(She plays a little tune.)

Do I play the pipes well? O, say you are pleased.

PAN

(his eyes on the arrow) If I touched this arrow, do you know what would happen?

PSYCHE

I would like to know.

(Swiftly she lays the arrow on his reaching palm. Immediately there comes a whistling of another arrow through the air.)

PAN

(defiantly) Arrows and bows, what knavery is this!

(Another arrow answers.)

Spirit that haunts this shadowy place tonight, do hear me?

CUPID

Quivers and darts, I hear you!

PAN

(tauntingly) Who are you, boy? Speak.

CUPID

But if you know?

(Drawing Psyche closer to the center of the circle, Pan delivers his challenge.)

PAN

I shall know before you set foot in this circle.

(There is a whirling in the air and an arrow skims low over the earth.)

CUPID

You know who I am!

PAN

Do you know who I am?

CUPID

I shall know when I mischief you.

PSYCHE

(uneasy) Ask him what he wants.

PAN

(who knows) What is your wish?

CUPID

I came for the lady.

PSYCHE

(on her knees) Pan, I appeal to you.

PAN

Boy, I appeal to you. Respect a lady's wishes. Had you ever a mother?

CUPID

(indomitably) Venus is my mother.

PAN

(cockily) I once had a real, live, lovely mother.

CUPID

The Moon is your mother.

PAN

Say that again and I'll cast arrow in you. (note; this sentence is exactly as appears in the text, the odd missing word is a mystery)

(Cupid springs from a tree trailing his feathery wings after him and sends an arrow through Pan. Psyche covers her face with her hands and turns her head away. For a few minutes all we see is the flash of golden arrows flying against the dusky arrows of wood, and at the end of that time you might expect both boys to be reeking with blood. This is true of Pan only, who having stepped outside the Magic Circle where his arrows are never so potent is almost covered with gore. He is dragged off the scene by Echo. Cupid at the end of the conflict is only scratched. Boldly he steps into the Circle where Psyche is sitting and bends over her. A big round tear splashes on Psyche's dress.)

CUPID

(Imitating the voice of Pan) What's this?

PSYCHE

(sobbing) A tear.

CUPID

Big tear?

PSYCHE

No. Child's size. O, Pan, I do not want to leave Arcadia and I do not know what this means.

CUPID

(lifting her arrow) What's this?

PSYCHE

(without looking up) An arrow. Pan, am I dying?

CUPID

(resuming his own inimitable voice) Whose arrow?

(She looks up. At first glance she is filled with mistrust. But at a second glance comes recognition. She is overjoyed.)

PSYCHE

Cupid, it is yours!

(She springs to her feet, snatches the arrow, stumbles in her haste, and dances through sheer joie de vivre. Cupid recovers the arrow, unbinds his quiver, replaces the old arrow and selects his sharpest new, spreads his wings, and the chase begins. In the pursuit Psyche is as elusive as a shadow. She is into his hands many times and out of them again. He could easily pierce her with a dart if he were not too busy enjoying the chase. She dances across the fire, and around the Circle, and is gone from him in another flight. They are as wayward as anemones in a wind. How the cunning fellow pretends he does not want her, and she is the pursuer. She rushes after him with a wild delight. She has seen the gleam of gold in his hand. It is the arrow. It is very entrancing. He tantalizes her by holding the arrow at arm's length. She falters, reaches, hesitates, snatches at the arrow and as she is about to pull down his hand he releases the bowstring and sends the arrow to her heart. She flings up her hands in mockery.)

You really thought I wanted you, you conceited boy!

(She withdraws the arrow from her breast)

I wanted only the arrow.

(Cupid folds his wings and sits dejectedly on a tree stump. Psyche slips down suddenly and tries to kiss his feet.)

CUPID

(grasping her hands) Rise, Psyche! Tell me you will never go on your knees to anyone again.

PSYCHE

Never! Not even to Jove.

(She sits beside him on the tree stump.)

Do you know Jove?

CUPID

Well.

PSYCHE

Then you must live on Olympus.

CUPID

I do. Would you like to see Jove?

PSYCHE

Then I would have to go to Olympus. O, Cupid, if I went with you--

CUPID

It would be like--

PSYCHE

Living on nectar and ambrosia? And I would take wings to that fabulous blue at the end of the Olympian Way? I must tell Pan.

(She bounds to the grotto and raps on the door with the arrow.)

Pan, I am leaving Arcadia.

(Two horns, a beard, and four hoofs emerge from the dimness, and in them the voice of Pan.)

PAN

I know.

PSYCHE

(straining her eyes) I can hardly see you in the shadow. Where are you Pan.

PAN

In the skin.

PSYCHE

(moving closer) Goatskin! (quivering) To cover the blood!

PAN

No!

PSYCHE

(in wonderment) You were pierced. You bled.

CUPID

Perhaps he will die.

PAN

(with awful serenity) I never die!

PSYCHE

Never?

PAN

To die would be to blow out the Moon. The Moon lives by my pipes. I will music her more.

(He plays and cuts capers as only goatfeet can.)

PSYCHE

How big the moon is getting. Look, Cupid, her face is laughing! I will play.

CUPID

(staying her hand) Sometimes I think I would like you to play the pipes and sometimes I would rather you did not.

PSYCHE

Tonight you would rather I did not?

(Pan's music is answered by Innumerable voices piping from the underbrush.)

CUPID

Listen! There are a thousand young voices in the forest. All of them answering Pan.

PSYCHE

(woefully) There are others, younger than I.

(Psyche takes six short steps forward very slowly and three long steps backward very quickly and the third step brings her to Pan's side again.)

Cupid, why did you come for me now? I was just beginning to play the pipes well.

CUPID

Perhaps that is why.

PAN

My song will go with you to the Crossroad.

(The Moon comes to full. Pan mounts the slope of his grotto and with rapturous face plays shrill on his pipes and the tunes are heard for a little after the Moon, his true mother, lights him in her dancing shadow.)

CUPID

(pulling up a fern root) Come!

(He holds out a pair of wings and helps her into her fine feathers in a manner which makes them worth possessing.)

PSYCHE

(beaming) Wing! Shall we fly?

CUPID

To Olympus.

PSYCHE

(trying her wings) We are moving. We are leaving the forest behind.

(It grows lighter.)

CUPID

We are leaving the shadows behind and are coming to day.

PSYCHE

I can see the blue haze where the broad shoulders of the Mountain of the Gods upholds that evening star.

CUPID

That is Olympus and what you thought was the evening star is the sun.

(The morning brightens.)

PSYCHE

O, Cupid, what shall I do when I see you in the light!

Act III

It is early morning and the scene is again the cosy workshop of Pygmalion, changed very little since we last saw it. Psyche is still by the fire with the book, though the pages have not been turned for an hour and the fire is burning low. The door swings open. Cupid tiptoes in and listens to the echoes.

CUPID

Anyone home?

PSYCHE

(from behind the book) No.

CUPID

Anyone not home?

PSYCHE

Yes.

CUPID

Anyone on a jaunt to Arcadia?

PSYCHE

(gasping) What? What do you mean?

CUPID

Don't you remember the Arcadian faun that was after you on the Orgy Road leading to the grotto, with the Stream Meander to the left?

PSYCHE

You mean—

CUPID

The Orgy Road and all the rest of it.

PSYCHE

I have never told you about it; I have not told you a word.

CUPID

You told someone about the Crossroad and the awful forest of Arcadia. It's the same country, you know. It's part of the same story. O, it's easy enough to see where you've been.

PSYCHE

By the gods, it is the same country! I have been—you have been—

CUPID

In Arcadia.

PSYCHE

Am I mad?

CUPID

It's all right—only it's true, you know.

PSYCHE

True!

CUPID

How could anyone possibly know anything about Arcadia unless he had been there too?

PSYCHE

But where? But where? It was all a dream, a daydream.

CUPID

Then there was always forest in our daydreams. Now tell it, because I know.

PSYCHE

I must think. We always entered the forest under the enchantment of moonlight and followed a narrow path through the underbrush until we came to a mosscovered grotto.

CUPID

In the grotto was a horrible beast—

PSYCHE

Who played exquisite music on reed pipes. In front of the wattle door of the grotto was a Magic Circle that Pan dared anyone to cross.

CUPID

But I crossed, by my magic arrow, and found you in the center.

PSYCHE

You! Then you're the Boy, my Olympian Boy, and I've looked for you all my life!

(Cupid goes on a knee and slides his proud arm about her and she makes no attempt to withdraw.)

Of course you're the Boy, and I did not know, I did not know!

CUPID

I knew you last night when I heard your father tell stories about you.

PSYCHE

O, that was why you came.

CUPID

I didn't speak before this—but tomorrow I am leaving Parnassus.

PSYCHE

Tomorrow? (She goes to the window.)

It is morning now. Father will be home soon.

CUPID

He will be surprised to see me.

PSYCHE

It's all right. But how was it I didn't know after all these days and days? I remember—so many things I remember.

CUPID

Tell me some.

PSYCHE

I remember the chase for the arrow, when you and I were together inside the Magic Circle.

CUPID

And I sent the arrow through your heart? Do you remember?

PSYCHE

I ought to because I pulled it out.

CUPID

And then you would have played the pipes if I had not stayed your hand.

PSYCHE

But I had something better than panpipes. Wings! And you held them for me like a cloak.

(Cupid takes her cloak from the wall and holds it out to her.)

CUPID

Will you come with me to Olympus?

PSYCHE

You hold my fine feathers just as you did then. You are You!

(She kisses his hand.)

O, I knew you would come someday, but I did not know you were You at all until you spoke.

CUPID

Then give me another.

(He takes her to him with mastership.)

PSYCHE

(thrusting him aside) Wait a second. I've thought of something you don't know. If you are You, my Olympian Boy, my Cupid, what will you do with this cup?

CUPID

It is the cup I brought back half full of honey for you.

PSYCHE

In this cup is Jove's nectar!

CUPID

(lifting it to her lips) Drink, Psyche, and be immortal!

PSYCHE

But Cupid, when we live on Olympus will you sometimes let me go back to Arcadia to play? Perhaps I shall slip back some night when your eyes are closed.

(There is heard the tread of massive sandals ascending the stairs.)

Father! I will get my sandals and walk with you to the village.

CUPID

(in consternation) What shall I tell your father?

PSYCHE

Tell him you came to say goodbye. Tell him I am going with you. Tell him what you like.

(She disappears. Pygmalion enters. If he is surprised to see Cupid he does not express it.)

PYGMALION

Good morning, Cupid. Come to say goodbye?

CUPID

To you, Pygmalion. Not to Psyche. Psyche is going with me.

PYGMALION

(in jest) That's an ingenious story. Did Psyche tell you to say that?

CUPID

(in earnest) She is walking with me to the village this morning, and sometime she is going with me to Olympus to stay.

PYGMALION

(incredulous) Did Psyche tell you say that, too?

CUPID

She has gone for her sandals.

(Psyche bounds into the room carrying her sandals. This is proof enough. Pygmalion glides to a bench. His only answer is silence.)

Are you angry with me, Pygmalion?

PYGMALION

Why?

CUPID

For daring.

PSYCHE

(her arms about Pygmalion's neck) O, father, if you are going to be angry with me I wish you would speak in Latin.

PYGMALION

I am not angry. I was only going to say: Hodie mihi, cras tibi.

(He stretches out his hand to Cupid)

To wish you every dear happiness:

(He draws Psyche to him.)

I had not known childhood in tis sweetness but for you.

PSYCHE

Father, I am not going this morning to stay. I will be back in a few hours to see that you put your cloak on right side fore and keep your wineskins filled.

(She fills Pygmalion's winecup and places things in order about the room. Pygmalion goes to his statue.)

PYGMALION

(at the base of the statue) I have loved one woman in my life, and I have lost her twice.

(There is a parting, and a turning back on the stair, and setting off again. As Pygmalion is returning to his work a cry from Psyche brings him to the door.)

PSYCHE

Wave your hand and smile, because you know I like it so.

(Pygmalion returns to his winecup, his bench, and the dreams they bring him.)

We are dreaming now of Arcadia several years later. Rushing into view are two disheveled figures, the taller apparently leading the other and both losing their way.

PSYCHE

(stopping near a birch tree) I think—I think this is the entrance to Arcadia.

GALATEA

It was not the place, mother, when you came before. You always went in at the Crossroad.

PSYCHE

(rubbing her scratched limbs) At any rate, I can go no further. We have now been half way around the forest and this going-in-place is no good as any other.

GALATEA

Lissten! What do we hear in the distance?

PSYCHE

I don't think I hear anything.

GALATEA

Yes, you do. You hear the call of Arcadia. Aren't the pipes of Pan as clear as they were when you heard them for the first time?

PSYCHE

That was a long time ago, dear. I have almost forgotten the sound. Do you know, Galatea, I sometimes wonder whether I ever really did hear panpipes.

GALATEA

Do you see that something in the shadow?

PSYCHE

A squirrel, I suppose. Let me throw an acorn.

GALATEA

No! Maybe it will eat from my hand.

(Galatea approaches with extended hand.)

Just as I expected, it is not a squirrel. O, mother, look what I found. Pan sitting on a tree stump with his feet off the ground!

(Pan, the sly creature who so dislikes being tracked, darts from tree trunk to tree trunk and swings among the branches until we begin to lose him in the forest. Galatea, at first cautious, soon abandons herself to the sport and Psyche follows to the edge of the forest calling vainly for Galatea, though not altogether in vain for her call is answered by a voice echoing the name several trees away.)

PSYCHE

(arriving at the echo issuing from a man near a tree trunk) Father! It was you mocking me, you dear old soul.

(She kisses him several times.)

Here is one for every year I have been away.

(He continues carving.)

We have been looking for hours for this spot where you used to carve my portrait.

(Still he carves. She squdges his cheek, then tries a new approach. Drawing herself to her full height she raps on the tree trunk.)

A stranger to see you, Pygmalion.

(He pauses in his work for a moment.)

PYGMALION

(vaguely) Walk in!

PSYCHE

(on her knees before him) O, father, you are not in your workshop. (feeling his feet) Your sandals are soaked. Your feet are wet. Why did you come to the forest in this dew?

PYGMALION

(brushing a troubled hand over his head) I guess I just came in the old way, without thinking.

PSYCHE

(imploring) Try to think who I am. I am Psyche, the woman on the tree trunk.

PYGMALION

(placing his hand over the face on the tree as though he thought it might escape) Was there ever such a woman!

PSYCHE

(ruefully) You do not remember me.

(A winged sigh escapes her. Suddenly she looks up and sees Cupid bending over her, holding out her wings)

CUPID

It is chilly down here, my child. Put on this cloak at once.

PSYCHE

Nonsense!

CUPID

Psyche, you are in my care. I command you to put on this cloak.

PSYCHE

Command! Cupid, you do say the tenderest things, I shall put it on at once.

(She slips into the wings.)

CUPID

Where's Galatea?

PSYCHE

In the forest. Those are her pipes.

(She takes the pipes from her girdle.)

Blow, and out she will come.

(He blows and she comes out still enthralled by her adventures in Arcadia.)

Take her home with you and I will follow.

(Cupid and Galatea set out for Olympus. Psyche again turns to Pygmalion.)

Listen to me, father. I have something to tell you—one of the sweetest secrets in the world. The one who came out of Arcadia was my daughter. And we have named her Galatea!

PYGMALION

Galatea!

(He repeats the name again and again as if it were the most exquisite music.)

The name is like a woman I remember a great while since, a long, long time ago. I thought you might be the one.

PSYCHE

(hopefully) The one?

PYGMALION

The one who stole her from me.

PSYCHE

I see. By the gods, in a way I suppose I am.

PYGMALION

Give her back to me.

PSYCHE

I only wish I could.

PYGMALION

(stretching out a greedy hand) Please do.

PSYCHE

But I dare say she is gone beyond recall.

PYGMALION

Naughty woman!

PSYCHE

But I might give you an echo of her. If I did, would you promise to stop carving faces and go home out of the chill?

(He holds out his hands complacently.)

PYGMALION

Yes.

PSYCHE

Then I give you these pipes.

PYGMALION

O!

(He fingers them affectionately, then touches them to his lips and blows.)

Galatea!

(The pipes fall to the ground. His arms go out to Psyche, then drop to his sides.)

Goddess!

PSYCHE

And now that you have what you want you are too tired to care.

PYGMALION

Yes.

PSYCHE

I must go now. The night is almost over. Cupid is sending the arrows of the sun from Olympus.

(She presses her lips against his hands, then spreads her wings and floats off into the empyrean, calling)

Coming, Cupid! Olympus!

The End

