

(suddenly falls weeping on an unsuspecting
's shoulder- she pats awkwardly on the shoulder
with a "there, there", etc.)

: None! 'Cause there aren't any Trojans left! (Uproarious
laughter that is suddenly cut off) That wasn't all that funny, was
it?

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: Oh woe is me. My life is utterly bleak and all my friends
have deserted me. Alas, I am the daughter of a murderess and her
murderee (exchanges confused glances at her word
choice). Blooood stains my house and it will never wash away- I
wish Orestes were here!

: Why, so he can be miserable, too? (Gets glares and
sympathetic glances from fellow)

(has snuck in and mingled with the while
stages her scene): So, why *d* you want Orestes to come
back?

: So he can kill Aegisthus and our mother, of course- my
therapist suggested it, he thinks that catharsis can be very good in
cases like mine.

: And then the murderee's murderer will be a murderee with a
murderer of her own. . .Didn't we just sing a song about why this
is bad?

: I'm getting really depressed by all this talk of bloody murder-
it's time to insert some humor into this situation.

: Yeah! So. . .how many Trojans does it take to screw in a light
bulb?

I had to let it happen, I had to change
Couldn't stay under my mother's heel
Looking out of the palace, staying out of the light
So I chose revenge
Biding my time, trying everything new
But no one helped me at all
I never expected them to

Don't cry for Tf[(t)ight

: Is that what their publicists are calling it these days?

: I never understood why he decided to take that axe into the bathroom with him. Or the net. (Everyone looks at her in disbelief. Another whispers in her ear.) Ohh! Wait. Isn't that illegal? (General groan)

(Enter with papers- headline reads 'Electra spills
shockshock

shockshock

: Look out, here comes Queen Clytemnestra and King Aegisthus!

(to): Go away, shoo, they'll recognize you for sure. I'll stay here and listen to what they have to say.

(exits while hides among the behind a newspaper; the has also reappeared and is also hidden among the)

(Enter the with the headline: "Orestes and Friend Sighted: Orestes probably not seeking Reconciliation with Family"; and see this as they enter and each get a copy)

: O woe is us! I have just glimpsed some horrible news!

(repressively/ absently?): Yes dear (he has just turned to the sports section)

: My son Orestes has returned to Mycenae! He has come to avenge his father's death!

: Really? How'd you find that out?

: It's right here on the front page! In black and white! With color pictures! And the *Dail Me e ge* never lies!

: I never read the news anymore, not after Homer stopped being the war correspondent. Besides, the Panhellenic Cup is going on, and I need to check the scores. So, what are we going to do about your son?

: Alas, there is nothing that I can do! I cannot raise a hand against my owf()

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