

(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). Bloood 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

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