

Complex Electra: An Exposé
Being a Thrilling Tale of Revenge and Investigative Journalism

Dramatis Personae

Electra: A drama queen	Rachel Carter
Orestes: professionally paranoid	Courtney Monahan
Clytemnestra: let's just say that Electra comes by it honestly	Jennifer Cook
Aegisthus: rather long-suffering	Becky Brendel
Pylades: definitely a main character	Catharine Judson
Agamemnon: a master of disguise	Annalee Garrity
Reporter: a muckraker of the tabloid variety	Emily Bergbower
Chorus of Women, Furies, and various other Shady Characters	Jillian Barndt, Allyson Bunch, Gaia Brusasco, Amelia Eichengreen, Annalee Garrity, Catrina Mueller, Amanda Pester, Emily Strong
Newspaper Boy: hawker of the <i>Daily Messenger</i>	Prof. Edmonds

Reporter:

We are met here on this first day of May
For the purpose of viewing a play
A Greek play, to be precise. . .
Oh now, isn't that just so. . .nice?

Oh ye gods, my poetry sucks. No wonder no one wants to watch my plays, not when they can go see something by Euripides. And here I am, stuck working for the *Daily Messenger* just to make ends meet. Yesterday, my editor told me to write a story about the royal family and their newest high jinks. What fun! Five hundred words about where Clytemnestra went shopping last week and how Electra fired her latest therapist. What a waste of a liberal arts education. Oh well, I suppose I'd better get started. I'll start with the Chorus. They always know what's happening in the town, even if they do tend to focus on the past. . .

(Enter the **Chorus** as little old Mycenaean women)

(Song: history of the house of Atreus to the tune of "Guys and Dolls"; Chorus sings and acts out story)

Solo: What's playing at the Dionysia?
I'll tell you what's playing at the Dionysia!
A play about a Theban man so in love with his wife/mother that he sacrifices everything and moves way beyond myopia.
That's what's playing at the Dionysia!

Solo: What's in the Daily News?
I'll tell you what's in the Daily News!
A story about a guy who ditched his wife for another and got exactly what she thought were his just dues.
That's what's in the Daily News!

Solo: What's happening all over?
I'll tell you what's happening all over!
Guy being torn to pieces by maenads and a god who's known as something of a rover.
That's what's happening all over!

All: Fate is the thing that has licked ‘em,
And it looks like this town’s just another victim!
Yes sir,

When you see a guy reach for stars in the sky
You can bet that he is riding for a fall
When you spot a king plotting for some little gain
Chances are the gods are concocting a plot to see that
he’s slain

First we meet this gent planning something that’s bent
He cooks up some kids and feeds them to their dad
Call it sad, call it funny
But it’s better than even money
That this guy is really riding for a fall

Then you see his son will not be outdone
You can bet there’s a kink in it ‘fore he’s won

First he kills the wrong deer and pays dear for that wrong
It’s a fact that he’s going to regret shooting the deer
before long

‘Cause when Artemis sets the price way too high
He finds he’s willing to pay it anyway
Call it hell, call it heaven
But it’s probable twelve to seven
That this guy is really riding for a fall.

So he kills his girl- there’ll be trouble for sure
And that’s why he’s really riding for that fall.
But after the war he comes home to his wife

But all that greets him when she meets him is a hot bath
and a knife

Although his baby son, being still far too young,
Cannot yet continue in the family curse,
Call it dumb, call it clever,
Ah, but you can get odds forever
That the guy is really riding for a fall
A fall, a fall
This guy is really riding for a fall!

(End Song)

C1: Well, that cut a long story very short. No less depressing,
though.

C2: I wonder what would have happened if Agamemnon had
decided to stage a musical instead of attacking Troy. . .

C3: Everyone knows that Greek heroes are a bunch of saps, but I
don’t think they’re generally Koumbaya types.

C4: I think that might make things even worse than they are
now- can you imagine an entire culture based on “You are my
sunshine” instead of war?

(Collective shudder)

(Enter **Electra**, looking despondent, dramatic, and vaguely emo)

C5: Speaking of which- look, our own little ray of sunshine.

C1: Sh. . .you’ll set her off.

C2: Hey, I happen to like “Nobody Knows the Sorrows I’ve
seen”

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

Electra: 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 murderess (**Chorus** exchanges confused glances at her word choice). Blood stains my house and it will never wash away- I wish Orestes were here!

C3: Why, so he can be miserable, too? (Gets glares and sympathetic glances from fellow **Chorus members**)

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

Electra: 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.

C4: And then the murderess's murderer will be a murderess with a murderer of her own. . .Didn't we just sing a song about why this is bad?

C3: I'm getting really depressed by all this talk of bloody murder- it's time to insert some humor into this situation.

C4: Yeah! So. . .how many Trojans does it take to screw in a light bulb?

C5: None! 'Cause there aren't any Trojans left! (Uproarious laughter that is suddenly cut off) That wasn't all that funny, was it?

Electra: How can you joke about such things!? My sister was killed so that we could find out how many Trojans it takes to screw in a light bulb! (bursts into tears on unsuspecting **Chorus member**'s shoulder)

C2 (to neighboring **Chorus members** in a loud stage whisper): What's a light bulb?

C1 (in an equally loud whisper): It's a humorous anachronism. (Collective looks of understanding)

Reporter (to **Electra**): So what is your relationship with your mother like these days?

(At this point the **Chorus** realizes who he is- they move away with remarks like "ew, a reporter"; **Electra**, feeling that she is no longer the center/ gaping black hole of attention, suddenly stands up and strikes a dramatic pose)

Electra: I shall tell you!

(Song: Don't Cry for Me, O Mycenae)

It won't be easy, you'll think it's strange
When I try to explain how I feel
That I still need your love after all that you've done
You won't believe me
All you will see is a girl you once knew
Although she's dressed up all in black
At sixes and sevens with you

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 me, O Mycenae
The truth is, I never left you
All through my younger days
My sad existence
I kept my promise
Don't keep your distance

And as for glamour, and as for fame
I never invited them in
Though it seems to the world they are all I desire

They are illusions
They are not the pastimes they promised to be
The answer was there all the time
I hate her and wish she'd love me

Don't cry for me, O Mycenae
The truth is, I never left you
All through my younger days
My sad existence
I kept my promise
Don't keep your distance.

Have I said too much?
There's nothing more I can think of to say to you

But all you have to do is look at me to know
that every word is true

(During the song, the **Reporter** takes pictures; when **Electra** finishes, she acknowledges her applause and exits dramatically)

Reporter: That was . . . wow . . . enlightening. I've got to get these pictures to my editor. (Exits)

C2: What I don't get was, if it takes zero Trojans to screw in a lightbulb, how many Thebans does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

C3: How many?

C2: I don't know. That's why I was asking the question. (Eye rolls from the Chorus at her denseness)

C3: Um. . .OK. How about- They don't need a lightbulb, 'cause they've all poked out their eyes and can't see. (Laughter, then another awkward silence) That one didn't come out right either.

C4 (very heartily, trying to break the awkwardness): Has anyone heard the one that goes- A Minoan, and Mycenaean, and a Cypriot walk into a bar. . .?

C5: Come on, guys, not with a reporter around. You never know what he might print about us. And you know that the queen has never gotten on with the Chorus. Too much jollity reaches her ears and you might end up just like the old king, Hades rest his soul.

C1: Oh yeah, I'd hate to have a "tragic bathing accident".

C4: Is that what their publicists are calling it these days?

C2: 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 **Chorus member** whispers in her ear.) Ohh! Wait. Isn't that illegal? (General groan)

(Enter **Newsboy** with papers- headline reads 'Electra spills shocking details of palace life'. **Chorus** grabs for papers- they are obviously addicted to celebrity drama)

(While this is going on, a disguised **Orestes** and **Pylades** sneak onto the stage very obtrusively. **Orestes** [wearing clown shoes] trips in such a way that he manages to leave a very clear footprint and tear off his very fake wig/moustache)

Pylades: Smooth move, dude.

Orestes: It's these stupid shoes. The guy at the costume shop totally ripped us off.

Pylades: I'm not sure there was much point to the disguise anyway. No guards to stroll nonchalantly past. And now there are only these harmless old women who aren't even looking at us. Or-

Orestes: Don't say my name! Don't you know who those are? They're the Chorus and the Chorus is always watching and listening. The Chorus never sleeps. . .

Pylades: Um. . .Or- Oromides, I think your paranoia is running away with you again.

Orestes: Not at all. I keep trying to tell you, Pylades, the press has spies everywhere. There are paparazzi in every shadow. They've even started putting bugs in people's homes. Or was that the government?

Pylades: You mean the government/ tabloid reporters/ other groups out to get you are the reasons for the bedbugs in last night's hotel? I think that's a little farfetched even for you. And how come you can blurt my name out loud for the entire world to hear, sorry, "the Chorus" to hear?

Orestes: 'Cause you're the sidekick. I hate to break it to you, but you're kind of –er- expendable. And I'm afraid that even the Chorus isn't going to remember your name. (**Pylades** looks shocked and hurt) I, on the other hand, have a great, if terrible, destiny. I must kill my mother and marry my fath- wait, wrong story –avenge my father.

(At some point the **Reporter** has returned and is lurking with the **Chorus**, surreptitiously taking pictures/ notes; the **Chorus** has stopped reading the paper and is very carefully looking everywhere except where **Orestes** and **Pylades** are standing.)

C1: Thinks rather highly of himself, doesn't he?

C2: Bloodthirsty little tyke.

C3: Bloodthirsty? Hah! In my day, Atreus was butchering children! Now, that's bloodthirsty!

C4: Isn't that what got us into this trouble in the first place?

Pylades (who has been listening to this and watching the **Reporter**): So, *Oromides*, what are you planning to do after this

nice anonymous, non-fated, non-attention of the gods-grabbing murder-fest?

Orestes: I will rule this great kingdom like my father and grandfather before me!

C5: Has he *heard* of the concept of “blowing your cover”?

C1: And what precisely does he mean by “like his father and grandfather before him”? (**Chorus** looks worried)

(Song: “I Just Can’t Wait to Be King)

Orestes: I wanna be a mighty king
So family beware!

Pylades: Well, I’ve never seen a king of Greeks
With quite so little there! (taps forehead)

Orestes: I wanna be the main event
Like no king was before
I’m lurkin’ round, looking on
I’ll work up to the gore.

Chorus: Thus far a rather uninspiring thing! (two thumbs up)

Orestes: Oh, I just can’t wait to be king!
No one saying- do this!
No one saying – be there!
No one saying- Stop that! (To **Reporter**, who is taking a picture)
No one saying –see here!

Reporter: Now- look here!

Orestes: Free to skulk around all day

Free to do it all my way. (puts on trusty disguise)

Chorus: I think it’s time that you and we
Arranged a heart to heart

Orestes: Kings don’t need advice
From Chorus Members for a start

Chorus and Pylades: If this is where the monarchy is headed
Count me out-
Out of service, on to Attica
I wouldn’t hang about
This prince is getting a bit too much zing.

Orestes: Oh, I just can’t wait to be king!
Everybody look left
Everybody look right
Everywhere you look I’m
Standing in the spotlight. (pulls off disguise)

Chorus and Pylades: Let each Chorister go for broke and sing
Let’s sing it in the streets and everything
It’s gonna be Orestes’ finest fling!

Orestes: Oh, I just can’t wait to be king!

Chorus, Pylades, and Orestes: Oh, he/I just can’t wait to be king!

(During the song, the **Reporter** is taking pictures and notes galore, hurries out in the middle, presumably to his editor)

Pylades: Well now, that was *so* sneaky and undercover.

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

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

(**Orestes** exits while **Pylades** hides among the **Chorus Members** behind a newspaper; the **Reporter** has also reappeared and is also hidden among the **Chorus**)

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

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

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

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

Aegisthus: Really? How'd you find that out?

Clytemnestra: It's right here on the front page! In black and white! With color pictures! And the *Daily Messenger* never lies!

Aegisthus: 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?

Clytemnestra: Alas, there is nothing that I can do! I cannot raise a hand against my own son!

Aegisthus: Despite the fact that you had absolutely no problem murdering your own husband? Will you just let him come and "avenge his father", as you put it?

Clytemnestra: Oh this accursed house! (Throws herself onto **Aegisthus's** shoulder)

Aegisthus: There, there. (To the world at large) To think that I used to think that this was cute. (To **Clytemnestra**) You've had a shock, dear. Why don't you just have a nice dramatic exit and a bit of a lie-down, and I'm sure you'll feel better.

(**Clytemnestra** exits dramatically. **Aegisthus**, relieved, sits down by the **Chorus**)

Aegisthus: I never thought that kingship would be this stressful. When this all started, it all seemed so simple: murder the husband, marry the wife, and rule happily ever after. That's what she said, at least. Oh, I can just remember how it was.

(Song: "(It Was) A Whole New World": reminiscences by **Aegisthus and Chorus**)

Aegisthus: She said she's show me the world
Shining, shimmering, golden
Tell me, stranger, now when did (to **Pylades**)
You last hear a line like that?

I remember it all
Listened to each promise
Revenge at first, then a kiss

On a magic ride I went

A whole new world
A new fantastic point of view
No king to tell us no
Or where to go
Or kill off all his family

Chorus: A whole new world
A dazzling place that long since gone
A deed that's said and done
And it's crystal clear
That now we're in a whole new mess with you.

Aegisthus: Now I'm in a whole new mess with her.

(End Song)

Aegisthus (sighing in reminiscence): Oh, the good old days. (He returns to the paper)

(Enter **Electra** with various "Alas"es and other noises of despair-everyone looks resigned)

Electra (who has obviously not seen the latest headlines, even when they are blatantly obvious on the paper that **Aegisthus** is hiding behind): I have just learned that strangers have come to Mycenae. Oh, how I wish that it were my brother and a handy sidekick (**Pylades** looks insulted). But, alas, it is merely someone named Oromides and his friend . . .Pydibes? Whatever. (Continuing in saccharine tones) But if my dear Orestes ever returned, I would know in an instant that it was him. Our hearts beat as one and our souls are two halves of the same whole. (**Chorus** looks nauseated) We even look a bit alike, too.

C1: Oh, this is the grand and conveniently-timed recognition scene, right?

C2: Yep, here it comes. Long-lost relatives are so predictable, don't you think?

C3: She's about to see the footprint . . .Right, she's found it. (**Electra** does exaggerated double take)

C4: Now she compares it with her own. (**Electra** does so)

C5: Wait for it. . .wait for it. . . (**Electra** does even bigger double take) Right on cue.

C1: Now she goes for the corroborating evidence. (**Electra** finds the hair and compares it to her own. It, of course, does not match)

C2: Whatever will people do when they discover genetics?

Electra (having worked her way to the correct conclusion in the face of all the evidence): Orestes, my only brother, you have come home at last! At last, we can avenge the wrongful death of our father! We can . . . (she realizes that no grand entrances has been made) er. . .Orestes?

Orestes (from behind column in exaggerated stage whisper): What?

Electra (seeing him, she resumes her speech): We can overthrow the tyranny that has overtaken our kingdom. Together we can accomplish anything!

Orestes: Er. . . how?

Electra: Why, by killing our mother and her traitorous lover, of course.

(**Aegisthus**, finally tuning in, looks up from his paper appalled and sneaks out to confirm **Clytemnestra**'s suspicions; the **Chorus** and **Reporter** exit with him)

Orestes: Oh. I faint at the sight of blood, you know.

Electra: Come on, you can do it. (She pinches his cheek) Who's a big boy, now?

Orestes: I'd forgotten how much I hated that.

Pylades (deciding to intervene before things get ugly or too cutesy for words): It'll be alright, Orestes. There, there.

Electra: Who's this?

Orestes: Oh, this is just Pylades, my s-

Pylades: -his good friend, (puts his arm around **Orestes**' shoulders) In no way a sidekick. Nope, we're *good* friends.

Electra: Oh. (Puts two and two together and gets five) Ohhh!

Pylades: Does she always jump to conclusions like that?

(At some point during this conversation, the **Reporter** jumps out and takes a picture of the two of them)

Orestes: Yep. Now kindly remove the arm that is sending the wrong impression.

Pylades: What, is it not considered manly to display affection?

Orestes: No.

Pylades: That's rich coming from someone who still sleeps with a teddy bear.

Electra: You still have Binky?! (To **Pylades**) Iphigenia gave it to him, you know. (She remembers what happened to Iphigenia, starts wailing, and collapses in tears on **Orestes**' shoulder)

Orestes: So, moving on. . .how am I supposed to kill my own mother? I mean, I can't just draw my sword (he does so), walk up to her, and stab her!

(**Clytemnestra**, coming to confirm **Aegisthus**' report, runs into the sword. There is a stunned silence)

Pylades: Umm. . .problem solved?

Electra: Orestes, what have you done?

Orestes (panicking) What you told me to!!!

Clytemnestra: Is it? . . .It is! Orestes, returned at last to carry out his bloody task. I knew it would happen someday, though I had hoped that it would not be this soon. Alas that we had to meet again this way. There is only time to say farewell and to curse you with my dying breath. (She dies, dramatically)

Orestes: Curse?! What do you mean, curse?!!

Pylades: I do believe that it's traditional in cases of matricide.

Orestes: But I didn't mean to kill her! It was an accident! Unintentional manslaughter at the most! (By this point he's freaking out, hyperventilating, running in circles, etc.) Oh my Zeus, what am I going to do? (Grabs **Pylades** and shakes him) What am I going to do? Reporters are like sharks, they can smell blood a mile away! And what did she mean, curse???

(The **Chorus** enters, dressed as Furies)

Pylades: I think we're about to find out.

Electra: The Erinyes! (She tries to collapse on **Orestes'** shoulder, but misses and throws herself on **Pylades** instead, who doesn't dodge in time)

Orestes: No! Oh, no, no, no . . . (etc.)

(The **Furies** form a circle around him and start singing "I Know a Song that Gets on Everybody's Nerves"- **Orestes** runs screaming offstage, pursued by the **Chorus; Pylades** and **Electra** are left with **Clytemnestra's** body)

Pylades: So. . . this is awkward. (He manages to pry **Electra** off)

(The **Reporter** enters, takes a picture of them with the body, and runs off again. Enter **Aegisthus**)

Aegisthus: What happened?! Wait, don't tell me, it's pretty obvious. Right, I think it's time to cut my losses and get out of town. I've got my bag packed and everything.

(**Aegisthus** runs off. **Orestes** enters, panting)

Orestes: I think I lost them.

Pylades, Electra: How?

Orestes (tapping into the family penchant for drama): It was an epic chase! I led them all over the city, always on the verge of being caught. But then. . .then I spotted my chance. Swiftly pulling out my trusty disguise, (pulls out one of those pairs of glasses with the false nose) I altered my appearance and led them straight through the newsroom of the *Daily Messenger*. I, unnoticed because of my unprepossessing appearance, snuck out the back, while the Furies were buried under a pile of fierce attack reporters (he shudders). Last I saw, they were all being forced to divulge the deepest, darkest secrets about their love lives and celebrity crushes. One of them even broke down and admitted to [an alien baby/ some other standard tabloid fare].

Pylades: So, I guess you're king now. Congratulations!

Orestes: Yeah, I guess so. But I don't know anything about being king! I wish Dad were here.

(**Chorus** enters with **Agamemnon** [a former Chorus member] leading them)

All: Agamemnon! What are you doing here? I thought you were dead! (etc.)

Agamemnon: I got a tip-off about the assassination and had a body-double take my place in the bathtub- (to himself) I never liked that guy, he used to wear my clothes all the time-(to everyone) and I went into the Witness Protection Program.

Pylades: Wait, I'm confused. Wouldn't Aegisthus and Clytemnestra have been able to find you in the Witness Protection Program, seeing as they were the rulers of this whole shebang?

Agamemnon: Not at all. I was also under the protection of Athena, the patron goddess of plot devices.

Pylades: Ah, of course. Silly me.

Orestes: So...the Chorus is the Witness Protection Program?

Agamemnon, Chorus: Yes.

Orestes: And none of you are actually women?

C1 (as masculinely as possible): I am.

Orestes (to **Pylades**): I told you there was something creepy about the Chorus! (To **Agamemnon**) Anyway, now that you're here, you can start being king again. Sorry about Mom, by the way.

(The **Newsboy** enters with headline: "Orestes' Boyfriend Kills Queen in Fit of Jealous Rage: Can This Relationship Last?"; the cast watches him go by, bemused)

Agamemnon (shrugging): Oh, that's all right. She had it coming, the harpy. And I don't actually want to be king anymore. I've had enough of politics and war. I and my fellow Chorus members have decided to take a new direction in life. Come on, guys, let's show them what we mean.

(Song: Monty Python's "Lumberjack Song")

Agamemnon: I'm a Greek hero and I'm okay
I sleep all night and fight all day

Chorus: We're all Greek heroes and we're okay
We sleep all night and fight all day.

Agamemnon: I cut down men, I eat my lunch,
I go and set out to sea.
On Wednesdays I stop fighting
And have roasted ox for tea.

Chorus: We cut down men, we eat our lunch,
We go and set out to sea.
On Wednesdays we stop fighting
And have roasted ox for tea.

Agamemnon: I cut down men, I skip and jump,
I like to press wild flowers
I put on women's chitons
And hang around on jars.

Chorus: We cut down men, we skip and jump,
We like to press wild flowers
We put on women's chitons
And hang around on jars
We're all Greek heroes and we're okay
We sleep all night and fight all day.

Agamemnon: I cut down men, I wear high heels,
Makeup and a bra
I wish I'd been a girlie
Just like my dear pappa. (**Orestes** and **Pylades**
give each other disturbed looks)

Chorus: We cut down men, we wear high heels,
Makeup and. . .a bra? (One **Chorus member** asks where
he found one that fit)

He's a Greek hero and he's okay
He sleeps all night and fights all day.

All: We're all Greek heroes and we're okay
We sleep all night and fight all day.

(End Song)

Pylades: That was. . .slightly disturbing.

Agamemnon: As you can see, we've been getting in touch with
our feminine sides. In fact, I'm in the middle of developing and
marketing a new line of beauty products designed especially for
Greek heroes. (To the audience) So all of you Achaeans out
there, pamper your complexions with the all-new Mask of
Agamemnon™. Look for it in stores next month. (pause)
Anyway, you get to be king now. Rule wisely, my son.

Orestes: Er, thanks.

Pylades: Well, I think all the loose ends have been tied up-

Electra: Alas!

All: What now?!

Electra: I've got a hangnail!

All: Oh, good grief! (or words to that effect)

(**Reporter** enters at a run)

Reporter: Wait, what did I miss? I left for five minutes, and now
the entire Chorus has changed gender! Though that might make a
really good story. . .Would any of you be up for a short interview?

Pylades (pushing **Electra** at the **Reporter**): Here, why don't you
talk to her? She'll give you a good story, full of gory details. Ask
her about her therapy, while you're at it.

(**Reporter** and **Electra** go off into a corner together)

Orestes (looking after them): What am I going to do about her? I
don't think she's able to function without drama in her life.

Agamemnon (with a little too much enthusiasm and relief):
She's your problem now. But I suggest you marry her off to some
deserving guy- provided he moisturizes properly.

Orestes: You're single, Pylades . . .

Pylades: Oh no, you don't. She thinks I'm your "good friend",
remember, and we're going to let her go on thinking that.

Orestes: Oh well. It was worth a try.

(**Newsboy** enters with headline: "Electra Gives Tell-All
Interview to Euripides, Anonymous Reporter Gnashes Teeth in
Background")

Orestes: Well, I guess she's happy. Maybe she'll even get some
royalties out of it.

C4: So what now?

C5: Yeah, is there anything left to do but the finale?

(**Everyone** looks at each other questioningly, shakes their heads, etc.)

Agamemnon: Alright people, let's do this thing. . .with style!

(Song: "So Long, Farewell" from The Sound of Music)

All: There's a fun sort of shouting
from the crowd on the Green
And the bell clangs in Taylor too,
And up in the tall tree
An absurd little owl
Is popping out to say hoo-hoo
(hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo)
Regretfully it tells us
But firmly it compels us
To say goodbye
To you.

So long, farewell
Now it's time for May Day

Electra: I hate to go and leave this pretty play.
(Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo)

All: So long, farewell
And now to say adieu

Aegisthus (running across stage with suitcase): Adieu, adieu
To you and you and you.
(Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo)

All: So long, farewell (seeing **Reporter**)
It's time to get out quick.

Reporter: I'd like to stay
And take a final pic.
Yes?

All: No!
So long, farewell
To bedsheets, too, goodbye

Orestes (relieved): I leave and heave
A sigh and say goodbye.
Goodbye.

Clytemnestra (sulkily): I'm glad to go
After all, I had to die.

Agamemnon: I skip, I jump,
I fleetly flee, or try. . .

Pylades: My pal has left
The stage and so must I.

All: So long, farewell
But wait another year

All: Goodbye (3x)

The End