

SCENE: Electra and Chrysothemis

Electra: Don't you hate her?

Chrysothemis: She's just a woman.

Electra: A murderer.

Chrysothemis: But I've always assumed she was crazy.

Electra: And that makes it alright?

Chrysothemis: It makes her pitiable. And dismissable. I don't have to figure her out. She is not like me.

Electra: Then how do you deal with me?

Chrysothemis: Oh, but I've always thought you were nuts, too. That's what makes you endurable.

Electra: I see. So, you're the sane one. Such martyrdom. Trapped in this sagging mansion with two shrews screaming over your head at the dinner table.

Chrysothemis: Something like that.

Electra: While you comb your hair, wash out your simple dresses, hum your tunes and carry on, shaking your head at the preposterous, sad shambles we have become. The pretty one.

Chrysothemis: The one everyone likes. The one no one worries about. I am not frightening. I'm the good girl. Everyone pities me. I'm so reliable. I learned how to push my own pram the summer you wouldn't stop crying. Do you know that you cried for nearly three months straight? Nothing could be done with you. A jammed buzz saw. Life was impossible. So I crawled out of my pram unnoticed and pushed myself into the garden and stayed there. No one looked for me. Or sometimes I would close the door to my room and remain undiscovered for twenty-four hours. When I did come out, someone would sigh and hand me you, dripping and gabbling, or him, or something. I was, I am, unremarkable. *(In rueful sudden realization)* No one ever asked me a question. Not once in my life. No one has ever been curious about what I might be thinking or feeling. No one has ever said: "What did you see? Where were you when it happened? What do you remember? What did you feel?"

(Pause. Electra takes her sister in suddenly. She approaches her with real interest.)

Electra: What did you see? What do you remember? What did you feel?

(Pause. Chrysothemis exhibits for the first time something like vulnerability, trying to remember.)

Chrysothemis: *(Finally, in defeat)* I don't know. I don't remember. All I remember is what you and she have told me. Your stories. I remember your memories.

Electra: *(Slight disgusted, but not surprised)* Oh.

Chrysothemis: *(Her guard down)* Was I there? Did I see it? Tell me.

Electra: I don't know. All I know is that I did.

Chrysothemis: Yes. And how could I not hate you for that? That you know you existed?

Electra: *(Brusque)* Well, I don't remember you. So perhaps you didn't.