

**The Furies- by Euripides. Adapted by Angela Iannone**

**Characters;**

**15 men ( includes 12 jurors)**

**8 women ( includes 6 Furies) Puppeteers for Clytemnestra. 2 or 4?**

- **Possible total of 27 ( includes puppeteers) ( 28 with Pythia)**

**Apollo**

**Hermes**

**Orestes**

**Chorus of Furies and their Leader – total of 6**

**The Ghost of Clytemnestra**

**Athena**

**Chorus of male jurors- total of 12**

**Interior of The Temple of Apollo at Delphi**

***Orestes appears with two bloody garments, one belonged to Agammemnon, and is rent with bloody holes, it should be heavy and elaborate. The second is part of the garment Clytemnestra wore, it should be in her colors, and is horribly stained with blood. ( The jurors who appear in the last scene should here appear hooded and shrouded so their faces are not seen. They are the chorus of the people of Mycenae. It is to them Orestes speaks. One of them is Hermes, also covered by a long robe.)***

**Orestes;**

**Behold the double tyranny of our land!**

They killed my father, stormed my father's house.

True to their oath, hand in hand they swore

To kill my father, hand in hand to die.

Now they keep their word.

*(He picks up the Clyemnestra robe, swirls it into the air and puts it on himself.)*

Look on this, spread it out, unfurl it

So the Father, no, not mine, but the One

Who watches over all, Great Apollo can behold

So he may come

And be my witness when the day of judgement comes.

That he may say I pursued this bloody death with Justice,

My mother's death.

For her lover Aegisthus, why mention him?

The adulterer dies. For his death I will not be held to count.

But she who plotted a horror against her husband,

She carried his children, growing in her womb

And she—I loved her once

And now I loathe, I have to loathe—what is she?

*(He throws the bloody cape from him, picks up the robe of Agammemnon.)*

This, how can I dignify this, was it a snare for an animal,

A sheath for a corpse's feet?

This winding sheet of death,

**This robe through which she stabbed him in his bath.**

**With this new robe, she lured him to put aside his armor,**

**To bare his skin to her knife.**

**Chorus;**

**Death called to her and she is gone.**

**But for you, the survivor,**

**Suffering is just about to bloom.**

**Orestes;**

**Did she do it or did she not? My witness is this great robe. It was here my mother stained Aegisthus' sword. *(He puts his fingers through the holes in the robe.)***

**Dip it and dip it again. Look the blood ran here, conspired**

**With time to spoil the beauty of this precious thing.**

***(Clutches Agammemnon's robes, burying his face in them and weeping.)***

**Now I can praise my father, now I am here to mourn.**

**You were my father's death, great robe.**

**I grieve for the thing done, the death. I have won, but the victory is soiled, and has no pride.**

**Chorus;**

**There has been trouble here, there is more to come.**

**Orestes;**

While I still hold some grip on my wits, I say to my friends in public,

I killed my mother.

She was stained with my father's murder.

The prophetess at Delphi, at Apollo's temple,

She declared, "Go through with this and you will go free of guilt.

Fail and—"

I can't repeat the punishment.

I must escape this blood—it is my own.

Must turn towards Apollo's hearth.

He has promised—

*(Orestes turns and sees the Furies ( offstage)*

No! The women- Look!

Their faces shrouded, their hands swarming serpents.

I must move now!

Chorus

Orestes, dearest to your father,

Do not give way to fear.

Orestes;

These are no fancies of affliction. They are clear,

And real, and here. The bloodhounds of my mother's hate.

Chorus;

**It is the blood still wet upon your hands—**

**Orestes;**

**Lord Apollo, here they come, they grow and multiply!**

**Chorus; (Hermes)**

**Apollo's touch will set you free.**

**Orestes;**

**You can not see them, but I see them. I am driven from this place,**

**I can stay here no longer.**

*( He runs out. As he exits, the chorus of Mycenea turns to go, and the Furies enter, moving between them, sniffing the ground, picking up the robes and then scenting Orestes, they move off quickly in pursuit. Hermes has lingered. He throws off his robe. Then follows off in the direction Orestes and the Furies have gone.*

*Orestes enters into the temple of Apollo and throws himself at the Navelstone. The Furies enter and pull at him, whirling about him. Hermes enters with Apollo and Apollo puts them to sleep with a gesture. Orestes collapses against the stone. Hermes is carrying a clear bowl and a rag. Apollo crosses to Orestes with the bowl and begins to wash him, dipping the rag into the water until it is red with the blood.)*

**Apollo**

**I will not give you up. Through to the end**

**Your guardian standing by your side or worlds away.**

**I will show no mercy to your enemies. Now look at these-**

***Gestures to the Furies***

**These obscenities! I've caught them,**

**Beaten them down with sleep.**

**They disgust me.**

**These grey, ancient children never touched**

**By God, man or beast--these eternal virgins.**

**Born for destruction only, the dark pit.**

**They range the bowels of the earth, the world of death,**

**Loathed by men and the gods who hold Olympus.**

**Run from them, never weaken. They**

**Will track you down as you stride on across the long**

**Land, and your driven feet forever pound the earth**

**Until at once you reach the citadel of Athena, the city of Athens,**

**And embrace her ancient idol in your arms and there**

**We shall find those who will judge this case, and words**

**To say that will have magic in their figures. And you will**

**Be rid of your afflictions, once for all.**

**For it was I who made you strike your mother down.**

**I persuaded you to take your mother's life.**

**Fear must not give you a beaten heart.**

***Apollo summons Hermes***

**Hermes, my brother from our single sire,**

**Look after him, and as you are named the God who guides,**

**Be such in strong fact. He kneels to me, he is my suppliant,**

Lead him back to the world of men and be his escort on this journey.

*Apollo exits into his sanctuary. Hermes lifts the sleeping Orestes and carries him from the temple.*

*The Ghost of Clytemnestra appears and speaks to the sleeping Furies.*

Clytemnestra;

You. How can you sleep?

Awake, awake, what use are sleepers now?

I go dishonored thanks to you, alone among the dead.

And for those I killed, the charges of the dead will never cease.

I am driven in disgrace. I feel the guilt, withering guilt from all the outraged dead.

But I suffered too, terribly. And from those I held most dear.

And none among the Gods rages to avenge me!

I was slaughtered by Orestes' matricidal hand.

See these gashes—carve them in your hearts!

Still sleeping? And after all my sacrifices to you!

How you lapped the honey, the sober offerings poured to soothe you,

Midnight feasts I burned at the hearthfire,

At an hour never shared with other gods.

All those rites, I see them trampled down.

And he, Orestes, springs free like a fawn.

One light leap, he's free through the thick of your nets,

He breaks away!

**Mocking laughter on his lips.**

**Hear me, hear my pleading!**

**Awake my Furies, goddesses of the Earth!**

**A dream is calling-Clytemnestra calls you now.**

***The Furies mutter in their sleep.***

**Too much sleep and no pity for my pain.**

**Orestes murdered his mother and he is gone.**

**Onto your feet quickly.**

**What is your work? What but causing pain?**

**Sleep and toil, the two strong conspirators**

**Have dimmed their deadly anger.**

**Furies;**

**Get him, get him, get him, get him.**

**Make sure.**

**Clytemnestra;**

**The prey you hunt is just a dream.**

**Up! Let not weariness wear you down,**

**Nor slacken with sleep so you forget my pain.**

**Let go upon this man the stormblasts of your gory breath,**



**Wither him, after him, waste him, burn him out!**

**For I, the shade of Clytemnestra call upon your name.**

*Clytemnestra exits. The Furies begin to awaken.*

**Leader;**

**Wake up! I rouse you, you rouse her.**

**Onto your feet, kick off your stupor.**

*They see Orestes is gone and begin to howl.*

*(Choral speaking-TBD)*

**No no no, we have had wrong done to us Sisters!**

**The miles of pain, the pain I suffer,**

**And all for nothing, all for pain, more pain.**

**Sleep won me, and I lost my capture.**

**You Apollo! Son of Zeus! Young God,**

**You have ignored the powers older than your own.**

**You have taken the suppliant, Orestes, the matricide,**

**The man who killed his own mother,**

**The godless man who tore his parent's heart.**

**I see the Navelstone of the Earth, it bleeds with corruption.**

**Stains on this stone. You, the Prophet, stain the vault,**

**You drive the crime yourself.**

**You broke the God's first law, you rate men first,**

**You destroy the dominions of the oldest Gods, the Fates,**

**And we, their sisters, suffer this injustice!**

**He, Orestes, wounds us too, yet HIM you'll never free,**

**We will have him, under the earth, no freedom then.**

**He is cursed and we pursue him.**

**You cannot protect him.**

***Apollo enters, in full armor and brandishing his bow, driving back the Furies.***

**Apollo;**

**Out I tell you, out of these halls!**

**Set the Prophet's chamber free!**

**Or take the flash and stab of this, this flying viper**

**Whipped from the golden cord that strings my bow!**

**Heave in torment, black froth erupting from your lungs,**

**Vomit the clots of all the murders you have drained.**

**But never touch my halls, you have no right.**

**Go where heads are severed, eyes gouged out,**

**Where Justice and bloody slaughter are the same.**

**You revolt the Gods, the whole cast of your shape is guide to what you are.**

**Your kind should infest a nest of knotted serpents,**

**But never rub your filth on the Prophet's shrine.**

**Out then, you flock without a herdsman, since**

**No God has such affection as to tend this dark brood.**

**Furies; Lord Apollo, it is your turn to listen now,  
You are no mere accomplice in this crime,  
You did it all, and the guilt is yours.**

**Apollo;  
So? How?**

**Furies;  
You commanded the guest to kill his mother.**

**Apollo;  
Commanded him to avenge his father, what of it?**

**Furies;  
And then you dared to embrace him, fresh from bloodshed.**

**Apollo;  
Yes, I ordered him on, to my house, for purging.**

**Furies;  
And you are abusive then to those that drove him here?**

**Apollo;**

**Yes. You are not fit to approach my temple.**

**Furies;**

**We have our mission, and our-**

**Apollo;**

**Authority? You? Tell me your glorious authority.**

**Furies;**

**Matricides, we drive them from their houses.**

**Apollo; And what of the wife who strikes her husband down?**

**Furies; That murder is not the shedding of kindred blood.**

**Apollo; So, you'd disgrace-deny the bonds of Zeus**

**And Hera, queen of brides! And Aphrodite, by such argument**

**Is thrown away, outlawed, and yet the sweetest things in life**

**Come from her, for marriage of man and wife is Fate itself,**

**Guarded by right of nature.**

**But if one destroys the other you relent, no revenge,**

**Not a glance in anger.**

**Then I say your manhunt of Orestes is unjust.**

**Some things stir your rage, I see. Others,**

**Atrocious crimes, then you are unmoved to act.**

**Athena will oversee this trial.**

**And review the pleadings of this case.**

**Furies; We will never let that man go free. Never.**

**Apollo; Keep after him then, and make more trouble for yourselves.**

**Furies; Do not try to cut our power with your arguments.**

**Apollo; I have no need of your power.**

**Furies; No? Perhaps because you sit beside the throne of Zeus,**

**You think you can disgrace us. But blood of the mother draws us on,**

**We go to win our right upon this man and hunt him down.**

***Furies exit***

**Apollo; And I will defend Orestes and save him.**

**I will not fail the man who turns to me for aid.**

***Exit Apollo and scene shifts to the Parthanon in Athens.***

***Large Statue of Athena. Enter Orestes and Hermes. Orestes kneels.***

**Orestes; Goddess Athena,**

**Under Apollo's orders I have come,**

**Receive me kindly. Cursed and an outcast**

**I come, but not for purging. My hands are clean.**

**I have been cleansed by Apollo, following his oracles**

**I have come, worn and battered, crossing the dry land**

And sea alike. I come Goddess, before your statue and in  
Your house I keep watch here, to wait the issue of my trial.

*Enter the Furies.*

Furies;

There he is!

Clutching to the goddess. Trying to free himself from our hands.

Never! The mother's blood that wets the ground,

You can never bring it back.

The earth drinks it, and the running life is gone.

You'll give us blood for blood!

Out of your living marrow we will drain

Our red libation. Out of your veins I will suck my food,

My raw, brutal cups. And while you still live,

We will drag you down where you must pay for the pain

Of the murdered mother. And there you will see them all.

All who outraged nature, all who are stained with violence

Against god or guest, or raised a killing hand against parents.

Each with the pain upon them that their crime deserves.

Orestes;

You have beaten and hounded me,

Chased me to this place. Look,

The stain of blood dulls now and fades on my hand.

When it was fresh the God Apollo

Absolved me and washed the blot of matricide away.

Now it is with a pure mouth I call upon Athena, queen of this land

To come and rescue me here.

Athena! Help me!

Come without your spear, without a battle

You will win myself, my land and the Argive people

Your friends in arms forever.

Athena! Come and set me free from what is at my back!

Furies;

Neither Apollo nor Athena's strength can save you.

Down you will go, abandoned, blood drained,

Chewed dry by the powers of death, a wraith, a shell.

*(Orestes prays silently)*

Useless for you to pray

You are consecrate to us.

You shall feed us while you live.

Hear the spell we sing to bind you in.

Mother who bore me,

O dear Mother Night,

You gave me birth to be a vengeance

On the seeing and the blind, hear me.

This young Apollo spurns my rights,

He tears this trembling victim from my grasp,

This one who must bleed to wash away

His mother's blood at last.

Come now, Furies dance!

Now we reveal our art, our art is terror.

We reveal our right to steer the lives of men.

Hold out your hands, if they are clean

No fury of ours will stalk you,

You will go through life unscathed.

But one like this man, with stained and hidden hands

And the guilt upon him,

Will find us beside him, as witnesses of the truth.

And we will be there at his end, to avenge the blood of the murdered.

*Enter Athena from her statue*

Athena;

From far away I heard your call.

Who are you? I address you all alike.

You, the stranger kneeling at my image here,

And you, like no seed ever begotten,

Not like god or goddess, not like mortal,



**Nor stamped in the likeness of any other form.**

**Furies;**

**We are the everlasting children of the Night herself.**

**Deep in our homes beneath the ground they call us Curses.**

**Athena;**

**I know your race, Eryines, your rightful name is Fury.**

**Furies;**

**You know our name, but not our powers. The destroyers of life, we drive them from their homes, those who have shed the blood of men-**

**Athena;**

**And where is the place where the murderer's flight must end?**

**Furies;**

**We drive him until his strength is gone, and he is pulled, under the ground, to his judgment in the halls of Death.**

**Athena;**

**And this one?**

**Furies;**

**He murdered his mother, and dares to call that murder justice.**

**Athena;**

**And nothing forced him? No fear of another's anger?**

**Furies;**

**Where is the spur to justify a matricide?**

**Athena;**

**I see two sides, and only one argument.**

**Furies;**

**He will not speak.**

**Athena;**

**Then you are set on the name of justice rather than the act.**

**Furies;**

**He is stained and remains silent.**

**Athena;**

**Injustice should not triumph because of silence.**

**Furies;**

**Then examine him yourself, judge him fairly. You will find our authority and our right of him.**

**Athena;**

**You wish me to have responsibility?**

**Furies;**

**You will judge fair, daughter of Zeus.**

**Athena;**

**You stranger? What will you say?**

**What has befallen you that you must**

**Defend yourself against the anger of these?**

**Are you so confident you are right that you**

**Place yourself here at my image?**

**Do you come a suppliant, to be cleansed here?**

**Speak to me.**

**Orestes;**

**Queen Athena, first, I am no suppliant.**

**It is the law of man that the man with bloody hands**

**May speak no word until that blood is cleansed. I have been**

**Absolved. I bring no pollution to your halls.**

**I am from Argos, and my father, Agammemnon,**

**Lord of seafarers, was your companion when you made the proud**

**City of Troy bend to the dust forever. Honored on those fields,**

**He died without honor when he came home.**

**My blackhearted mother cut him down,**

**Entangled him in a fine robe, struck him in his bath.**

**I came from a place of exile and killed the one who bore me.**

**I loved my father, fiercely, and this was vengeance for his blood.**

**Apollo shares responsibility for this.**

**He spurred me on, he warned me of the punishment**

**Unless I brought the guilty down.**

**But were we just or not? Judge us now.**

**I am in your hands. I will accept your judgement.**

**Athena;**

**Is this a matter for mortal men to judge?**

**Is this a matter where my rights prevail?**

**It is an act of murder, where the edge of wrath is sharp,**

**And you come to my doors.**

**I think you bring no harm to my city,**

**I must respect your right to seek your justice here.**

**But these, these ancient sisters of the Fates,**

**They must not be dismissed.**

**And if I fail to hear them, the venom of their resolution**

**Will return to infect the soil and sicken all my land to death.**

**Since you have brought your argument to my doors, and the ending of it**

**All depends on me,**

**I will select judges of manslaughter, bind them with oaths**

**And found a tribunal here for all time to come.**

**You contestants, summon your trusted witnesses and proofs,**

**Your defenders under oath to help your cause.**

**I will bring the men of Athens they shall swear to make**

**No judgment that is not just, and make clear where the truth lies.**

**Athena exits. The Furies gather.**

**Furies;**

Here is the overthrow of all the binding laws,  
If the claim of this matricide should win.  
One act links all mankind,  
Hand to desperate hand in bloody license.  
Should this be, every man will find a way  
To act at his own caprice.  
We are the Furies still yes.  
The Angry Ones.  
If this should be, our rage that patrolled the crimes of men,  
That stalked their rage dissolves.  
Man alone will see his neighbor's torments,  
Grove to cure his own.  
There is no cure, no use.  
The drugs that ease him speed the next attack.  
Now when the murderous stroke comes down,  
No one will sound the call that once brought help.  
"Justice, hear me-Furies throned in power!"  
Now the House of Justice has collapsed.  
There is a time when fear is good.  
It must keep its watchful place,  
Stand guard upon the heart.  
It helps, sometimes, to suffer into truth.

**Is it possible to know no fear and still**

**Respect the rights of all?**

**Refuse the life of anarchy,**

**And refuse the life devoted to one master.**

**Strike the balance all in all**

**Be just and you will never want for joy.**

**Hear us, We warn the marauder dragging plunder, chaos, rich beyond all right.**

**He will cry to the deaf, he will be dragged down,**

**Wrecked on the reef of law and drown, unwept, unseen.**

***A trumpet sounds. Enter Hermes and stands by Orestes. Enter Athena and the jurors.  
Two urns are set on the stage to hold the ballots.***

Athena

The Etruscan trumpet, strained to full pitch, has sent out its call.

Now let the people be silent and learn the measures I have laid down

To last the rest of time. (To the Furies) And you will learn it too, so the verdict will be observed by all.

*Enter Apollo.*

Furies

Lord Apollo! What has this to do with you? Why are you here?

## Apollo

I come as a witness. This man, according to custom,  
Came to me as a suppliant, took his place by my altar,  
And it was I who cleansed his bloody hands.  
I have come to help him here. I share responsibility  
For his mother's execution.

(Turns to Athena)

My sister Goddess, you have made the rules, begin the trial.

## Athena

I declare the trial opened. (To the Furies) You is the first word-  
The prosecution opens. It must be the pursuer who speaks first  
And opens the case, and make plain what the action is.

## Furies

(To Orestes) You then, answer charge for charge.

Did you kill your mother?

## Orestes

I killed her. There will be no denial of that.

Furies

He is ours already.

Orestes

You have not won yet.

Furies

How did you kill her? You are bound to say.

Orestes

I am. With my drawn sword in my hand I cut her throat.

Furies

And why did you do this? Who advised you?

Orestes

This God and his command. (Indicates Apollo) He bears me witness.

Furies

This prophet-God? He drove you to matricide?



Orestes

Yes. She was a disgrace. I have no regrets.

Furies

When the verdict brings you down, marks you as ours, you will regret.

Orestes

I trust in my father. He will help me from his grave.

Furies

You trust to corpses? When you made your mother one?

Orestes

She murdered her husband! She took my father's life!

Furies

She paid that price with her own. But you still live.

Orestes

While she lived, why did you not descend on her?

Furies

The man she killed was not of her blood.

Orestes

Then I am condemned for my blood bond to her?

Furies

She bred you in her body. Nursed you under her heart. Do you forswear this intimate blood?

Orestes

Show me the way Apollo! Be my witness now!

Did I strike in Justice? I did strike, I don't deny it, no.

But was it right? (To the jurors) I must make my case to them.

Apollo

It was Just I say. To you Athena and your court, I say , I am a prophet,

I never lie. Not once from the hall of the Prophet has come a word

That Zeus did not command me speak.

This is his justice. I follow his will. No oath spoken here can

Match his power.

Furies

Zeus authorized your command? He charged Orestes to avenge his

Father's death? To take his mother's life?

Apollo

A noble man should die covered in praise. His scepter is given by the Gods.

He should not be struck down by a woman's hand. Athena, you who sit in state

Must judge this case, you and those who sit with you must judge this by your vote.

Agammemnon, home from the long campaign he came, won more than he lost in

That great battle. She lay in wait for him, with the welcome bath.

He was just emerging from the edge, she hooded the robe on him, and in those

Blind and complex toils tangled her man, and chopped him down.

She shackled him in those robes, and in those gorgeous webs she chopped him down.

Such was the outrage of his death, this Lord of a host of ships, this magnificent man.  
I have called the woman what she was, so that the people  
Whose duty it is to try this case may be inflamed and angered at his death.

Furies

Then Zeus gives first place to the father's death?  
And yet Zeus himself bound his own father Chronos.  
Bound him and cut the manhood from him, so he would have no rivals.  
Do you see the contradiction? Judges! Do you hear ?

Apollo

You foul animals! Even the Gods turn from you in disgust!  
Father Chronos lives still! Zeus did not destroy him.  
But once the dust drinks down a man's blood,  
Once the man has died, he is gone. Once for all.  
There is no raising back. No spell sung over the grave can bring him back.

Furies

See what he tries you judges? Will this son spill his mother's blood on the ground  
And then inherit his father's house? His father's power in Argos?

Apollo

Here is the truth!

The woman you call the mother of the child is not the parent,

Just a nurse to the seed. The man is the source of life, the one who mounts.

A stranger, she preserves a stranger's seed.

I will show you proof of this. There can be a father without any mother.

( He points to Athena) There she stands, our living witness, Look-

A child sprung full-blown from Olympian Zeus,

Never bred in the darkness of a womb.

Here I promise you Athena, I shall make your city great.

For this I brought this man to your altar,

For he and his people to be your true friend for the rest of time,

To fight beside you. Your people and his shall be friends and allies.

Athena

(To the jurors) Have you heard enough? Will you cast your lots as

Your conscience may decide?

Furies

We will wait to hear how this ordeal will end.

Athena

(To Apollo) How shall I act correctly in your eyes?

Apollo

You have heard what you have heard. As you cast your votes, respect the oaths that you have sworn.

Athena

You jurors, hear the new law. You who will judge the first trial of bloodshed.

Now and forever, this will be the court where judges rule.

Here terror and reverence,

My people's kindred powers

Will hold all from injustice, day and night.

No anarchy, no rule of a single master.

I advise my citizens this way to govern,

And not to cast fear utterly from your city.

What man who fears nothing is ever righteous?

I establish this tribunal, to be untouched

By money making, grave but quick to act,

Watchful to protect all, a sentry on the land.

Now each must take his ballot in his hand,

Think on his oath, and make his judgment.

*The jurors come forward, pass between the urns and cast their lots during this next section.*

Furies

Beware. Our force can break your land.

Never wound our pride.

Apollo

I speak too. I command you to fear the oracles of Zeus.

Furies

You dabble in works of blood you do not understand.

Honor our ancient power.

Apollo

I shall win this suit.

Furies

We will wait to hear!

*The ballots have been cast.. Athena raises her hand.*

Athena

It is my task to render final judgment here.

Orestes, I cast my lot for you.

There is no mother anywhere who gave me birth.

With all my heart I am my father's child.

So, in a case where a wife has killed her husband,

I set no more value on a mother's life.

Shake out the ballots from the urns,

You of the jury quickly make the count.

*The jury overturn the urns and count the stones.*

Orestes

Lord Apollo, how will the verdict go?

Furies

O Night, our dark mother, are you watching now?

Apollo

Shake out the lots and count them fairly friends.

Honor Justice. An error in judgment now

Can mean disaster. By the cast of a single lot-

Athena

The man goes free,

Cleared of the charge of blood. The lots are equal. My vote breaks the tie, I cast for Orestes.

Orestes

Great Athena, you have kept my house alive.

When I lost all you looked upon my mother's advocates

And rescued me.

I will go home now, but I swear this to you and to your country,

That no one who holds the helm of my state

Will ever come against your country in the ordered strength of spears.

Even if I lie then in my grave, I will wreak havoc and evil

Upon all who stride across the oath that I have made.

We will keep in high regard the city of Athena, and fight beside her.

Farewell, you and the people of your city.

*Exit Orestes. After a moment, exit Apollo and Hermes.*

Furies

Gods of the younger generation, you have ridden down

The laws of the older time, torn them from our hands.

We will loose our poison over the soil,

Poison to match our grief comes pouring out,

Cursing the land to burn it sterile

And rising up from us a cancer, blasting leaf and child.



Now for vengeance! Vengeance!

We the daughters of Night,

Our power stripped, cast down!

### Athena

Listen to me. You have not been beaten. This was the result of

A fair ballot which was even. You were not dishonored, but the luminous evidence

Of Zeus was there, and Apollo, who spoke the oracle, it was he who ordered

Orestes to act and protected him from hurt. Do not with your anger make this place uninhabitable. I have the power of Zeus behind me. Do we need to speak of that?

I am the only God who knows where the keys to his thunderbolts are kept.

We do not need such, do we?

Do not be angry with this land,

Nor bring your hatred down on it. Do not spill the dripping rain of hate

And death in fierce and jagged lines.

I tell you I promise you a place of your own,

Deep hidden underground, that much is yours by right.

You are goddesses, and shall be honored at a shining hearth,

Accepting devotions offered by your citizens.

### Furies

The wind I breathe is fury and utter hate.

Night, hear me mother Night!

The hard hands of the Gods have taken my old rights away.

Athena

You are older gods, the years have taught you much.

But Zeus gave me intelligence, not to be despised.

Here in our homeland, never cast the stones

That whet our bloodlust. Never waste our youth,

Inflaming them with the burning wine of strife.

Never pluck the heart of battle and plant it in our people

To seethe against themselves.

My curse on civil war.

Stay here to do great things,

Stay here to be honored.

Furies

What is this place you say is mine?

Athena

A place free of grief and pain. Take it for yours.

Furies

If we stay, what powers do we keep?

Athena

You shall be household gods. No home will prosper without your good will.

Furies

This power you will give?

Athena

You will bless all who worship you.

Furies

This is your promise to us?

Athena

I have no need to promise what I can not do.

Furies

Our spells upon the land, what will they be?

Athena

Have no traffic with evil success.

Let your blessing come from the ground, out of the sea's water,  
And from the high air to wash over the country.  
As the gardener works in love, so love is best of all.  
And such is yours for granting.

Furies

We accept this home at your side.  
Spirit of Athens, hear our words.

Athena

Theirs, theirs to rule the lives of men,  
It is their fated power.  
Do you hear, you of Athens, all that they will do?  
The Furies, the mighty Queens, the dread  
Of the deathless Gods and those beneath the earth,  
They deal with mortals clearly, once for all.  
They deliver songs to some, to others a blinding life of tears.  
Fury works her will.

Furies

Sisters born of Night, our Mother,

This is our prayer. Civil War,  
Fattening on men's ruin shall  
Not thunder in this city. Let  
Not the dry dust that drinks  
The black blood of citizens  
Through passion for revenge  
And bloodshed for bloodshed  
Be given our state to prey upon.  
Let love be their common will.

Athena

In the terror upon the faces of these  
I see great good for our citizens.  
While with good will you hold in high honor  
These spirits, their will shall be good.  
Goddesses farewell, these shall attend us  
By sacred light to the new chambers given.  
Go then, plunge beneath the ground.

*Procession of the transformed Furies under the stage. ( Trap door? ) escorted by the jurors.*

