Play Name: *Molora*
Author: Yael Farber
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Characters: **Klytemnestra**
Electra
Orestes

ELEKTRA:

It is seventeen years since she hacked
my father like a tree with an axe.
Wapharhaza intloko kaTata kubini
ngezembe echitha ubuchopho bakhe emhlabeni. [HACKED HIS HEAD IN TWO WITH AN AXE - ND SPLIT HIS BRAINS ONTO THE SOIL]
Split his face open with an axe and buried his body on the outskirt of the village. I saw her and Ayesthus - her lover 0 dance in his blood that night.
I tried to help him - but I was only a child.
'Tata [FATHER] can you see me? Can you see me Tata [FATHER]? Please say yes'
I stole my little brother Orestes from his bed that night.

KLYTEMNESTRA:

Let me tell you about this cunt - and how she met the man you call your father. There are things you do not know about me child:
A history that was written long before
you were born.
I too was happy once.
I was not always Klytemnestra who
carried this curse.
Before your father - I was married to
a man I loved - with a child - my first
born.
The power in that bond you will never
know.
A woman giving birth is an animal in
pain.
Hurt her child - and the wound is hers…
Cuts her where she cannot heal.
I met your father the day he opened up
my first husband and ripped out his guts.
He tore this - my firstborn from my
breast. Then holding the child by its new
ankles - he smashed its tiny head against
a rock. Then took me for his wife.
Ah! my daughter, he that begat you
murdered more than one of my children.

For well you know - years later he would
slit your own sister's throat as a sacrifice
for peace.
PEACE? WHOSE PEACE?
It is an old and terrible world, and I feel
its pain.
But if you ever dare speak to me like that
again,
I will answer you from my black heart.
ELEKTRA:
(Testimony) Years passed between us.
Mother and daughter.
But I was not permitted to sit at the table.
You fed me like a dog.
I was a servant in the halls of my father's
house.
No-one ever talks about the night you
spilled my father's blood.
It is as though the past never happened.
But a daughter remembers.
Sisiyatha sodwa esingalibala ukubulawa
kuka tata waso.
[ONLY A FOOL WOULD FORGET HER FATHER'S MURDER.]
Every day you tried to break my strength.
Everyday you tried to destroy my spirit.
Please, demonstrate for this commission
how you tried to get information out of
me as to my brother's whereabouts.

ORESTES:

Kuwe lizwe lam, nakuni Zinyanya.
[TO YOU MY COUNTRY AND TO YOU MY
ANCESTORS.]
Receive me with good fortune in this
journey.
Hall of my fathers,
Kuba ndize apha ukuza kufezekisa isenzo
esibalulekileyo.
[I HAVE COME HERE TO FULFIL AN IMPORTANT
TASK.]
Send me not dishonoured from the land,
but grant that I take back what is mine,
and restore my house!
Ndiyanibongoza, sebenzisani nam.

[PLEASE, WORK WITH ME.]
Now I’ve come back to this land from
seventeen years of exile - a man. And I swear on this grave:
Ngeke ndibuyele emva ndingakhange
ndiziphindisele.
[I WILL NOT RETURN WITHOUT MY REVENGE.]