

MOURNING BECOMES ELEKTRA – EUGENE O’HEILL

The dead coming between, they always would Peter, you can trust me with your happiness – but that means trusting the Mannon dead and they’re not to be trusted with love, I know them too well... and I couldn’t bear to watch your eyes grow bitter and hidden from me in their trust of life... I love you too much.

Listen Peter, why must we wait for marriage; I want a moment of joy, of live to make up for what’s coming... I want it now... Can’t you be strong Peter, can’t you be simple and pure... Can’t you see that all love is beautiful... Kiss me... Hold me close... Want me, want me so much you’d murder anyone to have me... I did that for you... Take me in this house of the dead and love me – our love will drive the dead away, it will shame them back into death... want me, take me Adam.

Adam, why did I call you Adam, I never even heard that name before outside the Bible... always been the dead between – it’s no use trying anymore.

I can’t marry you Peter. Go home, make it up with your mother and Hazel, marry someone else, love isn’t permitted to me.

Peter, you want the truth – alright I’ll tell you, I won’t lie anymore... Orin suspected I’d lusted with him, and I had to tell you – I wanted to learn love from him – love that wasn’t a sin and I did, he had me, I was his fancy woman...

Peter... Peter... Goodbye Peter, don’t be afraid, I’m not going the way mother and Orin went that’s escaping punishment, and there’s no one left to punish me, I’m the last Mannon and I’ve got to punish myself... living alone with the dead is a worse act of justice than death and prison... I’ll never go out and see anyone – I’ll have the shutters nailed so close that no sunlight can ever get through – I’ll live alone with the dead and keep their secrets and let them hound me until the curse is paid out and the last Mannon is let die... I know they will see to it that I live for a long time... it takes the Mannon’s to punish themselves for being born.