

# *Kassandrama*

## **THEATROMONTAGE**

using Euripides'  
*Alexandros and Trojan Women*

and Ennius'  
*Alexander*

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## INTRODUCTION

The fragmentary *Alexandros* and the complete *Trojan Women* are the first and last plays of Euripides' only known 'connected trilogy,' sometimes called the Trojan Trilogy, which was first staged in Athens in 415 BCE. *Alexandros* deals with the reunion of the curse-child Paris (also known as Alexandros) and his parents, Hecuba and Priam, which led to the Trojan War, while *Trojan Women* is about the immediate aftermath of the fall of Troy more than ten years later. Ennius' fragmentary *Alexander* is a Roman 'translation' or reworking of *Alexandros*. Its date of writing/first performance is unknown, but Ennius' writing career lasted from ca. 203 until 169 BCE.

Just how connected the Trojan Trilogy was is a matter of debate. What is clear is that the first and third plays are more closely linked to each other than is the second, *Palamedes* (set in the Greek camp at Troy), to either of the other two. One of my goals in combining the first and third plays like this is to explore what *may* have been part of Euripides' intention with respect to the character of Hecuba. The Hecuba of *Trojan Women* seems very much the victim, but the Hecuba of *Alexandros* may be a far less sympathetic character. It may well be that Euripides wanted his audience to keep the earlier Hecuba in mind even as her world collapses about her.

The 'justification' (if one is required) for interweaving actions separated by more than ten years is that Cassandra can see the future, for in some sense this implies that the future is 'already here'. I make Cassandra step from one time into another time, at least at the end, but it may be that the characters of *Trojan Women*, as seen here, are 'inside' Cassandra's prophecy from the outset.

Since my overall goal in these texts is to find ways of staging fragmentary tragedies, it is ironic that, in the process, I also reduce a complete play to fragments. It is not just that I only include parts of it, but also that these parts are not presented in their right order. It seems to me, however, that there is something 'intrinsically fragmentary' about *Trojan Women*. This play does not tell the story of a particular person, but of several (although in a sense all the stories are part of Hecuba's story), and its episodes are not in a necessary sequence (thus it violates Aristotle's criterion of unity of action). Its scenes and actions are synecdochic, representative illustrations of a wider, unstageable catastrophe, as though they are 'thrown up' by a process of destruction and loss – like an arm of a child's doll found in the rubble after a bomb attack.

The original texts have been freely translated, freely supplemented and freely (sometimes drastically) cut. There are also some inventions. Footnotes indicate the original lines or fragments on which scenes are based, but only in a general way (it would become far too complex to indicate sources line by line). Fragment numbers are as in Euripides, *Fragmentary Plays II*, eds. C.Collar, M.J.Cropp and J.Gilbert, Aris & Phillips, Oxford, 2004. Many of Cropp's suggestions and speculations have been adopted here, especially concerning Hecuba's plotting against Alexandros before she knows who he is.

*Kassandrama* was first performed at the International Center for Hellenic and Mediterranean Studies, Athens, in November 2007 by students of Lewis and Clark College, Oregon.

## CHARACTERS

<b>Chorus</b> (7 minimum)	7f
<b>The Swaggering Victors</b>	3m
<b>Voice</b> (through sound system)	m

### FROM *ALEXANDROS*

<b>Hecuba 1</b>	f
<b>Kassandra</b>	f
<b>Priam</b>	m
<b>Herdsman</b>	m
<b>Alexander</b>	m
<b>Deiphobus</b>	m
<b>Hector</b>	m

### FROM *TROJAN WOMEN*

<b>Hecuba 2</b>	f
<b>Andromache</b>	f
<b>Menelaus</b>	m
<b>Helen</b>	f
<b>Talthybius</b>	m
<b>Kassandra</b>	f

Hecuba and Kassandra are the only characters who appear in both Euripides' plays.

Hecuba 1 and Hecuba 2 are played by different actresses.

Kassandra is played by one actress.

**The scene is TROY. Pre-war (*Alexandros/Alexander*) and post-war (*Trojan Women*) spaces should not be separate.**

# ONE

*Three men, the SWAGGERING VICTORS, cast lots, using sticks/stones. Much laughter and other gross noises, no articulate speech. (One, however, ('Agamemnon') knows what he wants ('Kassandra') – and gets it.) During this, enter female chorus, one by one; dressed in drab coats, each carrying a very small suitcase. (The **unity** of this chorus comes, paradoxically, from the way each member is isolated, inhabiting her own world. (Note: this entails that a normal 'key' to the chorus – the direction of its gaze, focusing the main action – doesn't apply here. However, at odd moments this chorus may collectively look at some main characters, creating a powerful effect. This is essential in the last scene; otherwise be sparing.))*

*Throughout, no matter what else is happening or what they are saying, the chorus members mime packing – (naturally it takes much longer to pack a very small suitcase than a big one) – except where indicated. Their movements therefore are individually restricted in space, but unconscious rhythms pass through the chorus as a whole, like waves. (Hence the chorus should be at least 7 strong.)*

*Occasionally, a (male) VOICE (from sound system) announces what is permitted or desirable to pack or what is not. The CHORUS always responds by briefly ceasing packing and looking all in one direction towards the source of the voice.*

*(It's a Chorus of Refugees. It may help to think of Jewish women in the early 1940s preparing for the train journey – but this image **must not** be made explicit.)*

CHORUS:     and time's foot  
              Καὶ χρόνου πρὸύβαινε πούς<sup>1</sup>  
              (By those who have suffered, who are struck by evils  
              I  
              Am called wise –)  
              Moved on  
              (**Before** –  
              MAD!)  
              Moves...<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> This means 'And time's foot moved on'. It will be a motif throughout.

<sup>2</sup> This intercuts frs (fragments) 42 and part of 62g from *Eu Al* (Euripides *Alexandros*)

## TWO<sup>3</sup>

*HECUBA 2, lying in the dirt, bounces her voice-agony off the floor from a distance of about 15-20 cms.*

HECUBA 2: No, let me lie where I have fallen. Women, kindness is no kindness, unwanted. Nor surprising, is it, I should faint, with what I suffer, have suffered, shall suffer. Gods! Poor allies to call upon, but what else? Then hear how good life/fortune was for me, the more pitiable now. I was royal. I married a king. Lived in a palace. Princes, princesses, my children, born to rule, to lord over others. Sons no Trojan woman, no Greek woman, no foreign woman could boast. To see them cut down, to cut off my hair for them. Then their father, Priam, butchered at the altar, and I looking on. Daughters, raised to net the best of bridegrooms – No! clear now, raised for... other men. We will not meet, after today. For me – Greece, old age, slavery. Door keeper, I, mother of Hector, or baking bread. Bed bare ground, after a royal couch. Rags. Wretchedness! The miseries that have overtaken me, and will, on, on, all my future, because of ONE marriage of ONE woman!

VOICE: Essentials only.

HECUBA 2: The prosperous – do not call them fortunate till they are dead.

VOICE: Jewellery, yes. If valuable.

## THREE<sup>4</sup>

CHORUS: All of us must die.

HECUBA 1: I know.

CHORUS: But wisdom

HECUBA 1: I know.

CHORUS: No one is fortunate in everything.

HECUBA 1: I know.

CHORUS: In time, one must stop mourning.

HECUBA 1: I know.

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<sup>3</sup> Eu *Tro* (Eiripides *Trojan Women*) 466-510

<sup>4</sup> Eu *Al* frs 43, 44, 45, 46

CHORUS: After enough time has passed.

HECUBA 1: It is easy to say.

CHORUS: I know. But

CHORUS: Twenty years!

a.

CHORUS: You have XXX of children

HECUBA 1: Yet I grieve XXX child

CHORUS: Miserable Priam XXX

HECUBA 1: As we know, who suffered XXX

CHORUS: One should not lament old evils with new tears.

HECUBA 1: Some XXX his mother

CHORUS: XXX perished, they say

HECUBA 1: XXX not, then, blessed

XXX such

XXX because of

*On XXX, chorus members crumple paper to make noise*

b.

CHORUS: You have a house full of male children

HECUBA 1: Yet I grieve because we killed our child.

CHORUS: Miserable Priam, miserable its mother.

HECUBA 1: As we know, who suffered from our own action.

CHORUS: One should not lament old evils with new tears.

HECUBA 1: Some outsider can say so, not his mother.

CHORUS: Exposed, the child perished, they say.

HECUBA 1: I not, then, blessed

such misfortune, mine

because of evils imagined.

CHORUS: But

CHORUS: Twenty years!

*The (highlighted) supplements are pronounced either 'with question marks,' that is, uncertainly, or more neutrally than the surviving lines.*

## FOUR<sup>5</sup>

ANDROMACHE: Greeks, boss men, hauling me!

HECUBA 2: Oimee!

ANDROMACHE: We sing the same tune!

HECUBA 2: Ai ai!

ANDROMACHE: For the wrong!

HECUBA 2: Zeus!

ANDROMACHE: For this wretched life!

HECUBA 2: My children!

ANDROMACHE: Were! Were!

HECUBA 2: Power lost. Troy lost.

ANDROMACHE: Despair!

HECUBA 2: My noblest children!

ANDROMACHE: No! No!

HECUBA 2: I too, no!

ANDROMACHE: Evils!

HECUBA 2: Pitiabile

ANDROMACHE: The city!

HECUBA 2: Smoke!

ANDROMACHE: Hector, come back!

HECUBA 2: From Hades? My son!

ANDROMACHE: Defend your wife! Greek-killer

HECUBA 2: First born. Mine. Once.

ANDROMACHE: Take me there! I long

HECUBA 2: This is what we have to bear, child. Pains built on pains.

ANDROMACHE: *(turning bitterly on Hecuba 2)* Because of gods' hatred! Your son,  
who escaped death, he, his stinking marriage brought down Troy! He made us  
slaves!

*Frozen confrontation*

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<sup>5</sup> Eu Tro 577-600

## FIVE<sup>6</sup>

PRIAM: Queen Hecuba, pregnant, dreamt she gave birth to a flaming torch. King Priam, told of the dream, became fearful. He therefore sought its meaning, asking Apollo to help him/me understand what the dream told of the future. Then, with divine voice from his oracle, the god made it known, Priam/I must not accept/bring up the next son born to him/me, who would be the utter annihilation of Troy, plague upon Pergamon.

So Priam gave his infant son to expose.

HECUBA 1: But Hecuba/I, lamenting the exposed child, persuaded Priam to establish games in his honour.

CHORUS: Καὶ χρόνου προύβαινε πούς – twenty years.

VOICE: Soap will be provided. Not towels.

## SIX<sup>7</sup>

KASSANDRA: (*To Hecuba 1*) Mother, by far the best woman of all top women, I have been... moved, urged... by premonitions, compelled, but not against my will it comes, madness, Apollo's speech through me. Because of my... ways, I feel, in front of girls my age, shame, shame above all on account of my father, best of men. Pity for you. I hate myself. You have given Priam the best children, except for one. Me. It hurts, they are full of promise, of becoming, I am a dead end; they compliant, flexible, I... in the way.

No.

By those who have suffered, who are struck by evils, I am called wise. **Before,**  
MAD!

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<sup>6</sup> Enn *Al* (Ennius *Alexander*) fr 18 and Hypothesis to Eu *Al*

<sup>7</sup> Enn *Al* fr 17 and Eu *Al* fr 62g

## SEVEN<sup>8</sup>

(DEBATE A)

MENELAUS, *blindfolding himself, then gagging HELEN*

HECUBA 2: Listen to her, Menelaus. Then let me answer. Inevitable outcome of our full and free debate, her death. I guarantee.

MENELAUS: It will take time.... We have time. (*To Hecuba 2*) For you.

*He remains blindfolded*

HELEN: (*deep breath*) First, this woman, by giving birth to Paris, she gave birth to the start of all this, all these horrible things, for all of us. Second, the old man, by not killing the infant, Alexander – before he had *any* name – that fatal ‘burning torch,’ there and then, he brought Troy to ruin, me included. Next, Paris/Alexander judged between three goddesses, Hera, Athena, Aphrodite.

CHORUS: And time’s foot....

HELEN: Aphrodite promised him me if she won – the beauty contest.

CHORUS:... *moves* on. Time walks (?)<sup>9</sup>.

HELEN: She won.

But *you*’ll say I haven’t discussed the essential point, how I got out of your house in secret. It was no small-time goddess at his side, was it, this Paris, or Alexander, whatever you want to call him, this, the person *you* left in *your* house, you fool, when you sailed off to Crete! What *could I* have been thinking of, to leave house, home, country, all to follow a complete stranger? No, punish the goddess, make yourself more powerful than Zeus; he has other gods all under control but he’s a slave to this one.

CHORUS: Time... marches (?).

HECUBA 2: First, I must take the part of the goddesses.

VOICE: No need for cosmetics.

HECUBA 2: Did they come to Ida for frivolous games? For a *beauty contest*? For what reason would Hera desire to be most beautiful? So she could get herself a husband better than Zeus? Was Athena dreaming of a mate, having asked her father that she should remain a virgin? No, do not make the goddesses out to be irrational, extrapolating from your own small-mindedness. My son was

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<sup>8</sup> Eu *Tro* 906-1048

<sup>9</sup> Question marks indicate that elaboration of the motif is spoken tentatively or ‘experimentally’.

stunningly handsome, that's all, and something in you, seeing him, *turned into* Aphrodite. Aphrodite *means* intemperance! Seeing my son, opulent in oriental clothes, glittering with gold, you just lost your senses. After your 'Spartan' existence, you thought you'd really live it up in Troy! And now, after all you've caused, you come out here all dolled up, fur coat and no knickers, presuming to breathe the same air as your husband! You brazen piece of trash! Where are the rags, the shaved head? Where's your shame?

Menelaus, judge, I end my speech thus. Bring honour to Greece killing this woman. Establish this precedent. Death to the woman who betrays her husband.

KASSANDRA: (*from 'somewhere else'*) Kill him.... Kill him.... (*continues, increasingly under her breath. We still hear.*)

MENELAUS: You and I have come to the same conclusion – this woman is responsible, not gods.

HELEN: No, by your knees –

HECUBA 2: Do not betray –

MENELAUS: Quiet, Hecuba. I am not listening to her.

*He removes his blindfold. He looks at Helen.*

CHORUS: Time tiptoes (?).

CHORUS: Time drags its heels (?).

## EIGHT

*The HERDSMAN brings ALEXANDER, bound. Cassandra (still 'somewhere else') holds her breath.*

PRIAM: What is the charge against this man?

*Pause*

PRIAM: What is the charge against this man?

*Pause*

HERDSMAN: I don't know.

*Pause*

PRIAM: Then why have you brought him?

HERDSMAN: There *is* a charge against him.

*Pause*

HERDSMAN: I don't know what it is.

*Pause*

HERDSMAN: According to Hyginus, in the *Fabulae*, this man, a mere herdsman, a slave, like me, wanted to get back a bull which you, a king, had seized as a prize for the upcoming games – the games in honour of... um... you know who. The gall of it! But the Hypothesis of Euripides' fragmentary play, *Alexandros*, all it says is, οἱ δ' ἄλλοι νομεῖς διὰ τὴν ὑπερήφανον συμβίωσιν δῆσαντες ἐπὶ Πρίαμον ἀνήγαγον αὐτόν. No bull there! No, quote because of his arrogance unquote. In other words, this man has got above himself. If that's a charge, that's *the* charge.

PRIAM: *(to Alexander)* Speak.

ALEXANDER: My name –

PRIAM: Are you not a slave?

ALEXANDER: Yes.

PRIAM: Well, then.

ALEXANDER: My name –

PRIAM: We have just covered that.

ALEXANDER: It matters.

PRIAM: To whom?

*Pause*

KASSANDRA: *(Enormous intake of breath.)*

VOICE: Severe cold in winter. *Wear* a thick coat.

HERDSMAN: *(reading?)* “When Paris became a young man, outshining others in strength and looks, he was given a second name, Alexander – Protector – because he drove away bandits, protecting the flocks.” Thus wrote Apollodorus.

PRIAM: The other herdsman, his fellows, gave him this second name?

HERDSMAN: Yes. Us.... We.

PRIAM: Who now charge him with ‘arrogance’?

HERDSMAN: Exactly.

PRIAM: Exactly?

HERDSMAN: He's a slave. I mean, *we* are.

PRIAM: Ah.

## NINE<sup>10</sup>

TALTHYBIUS: Hecuba, I have news.

HECUBA 2: I dread to hear.

TALTHYBIUS: You are assigned by lot. Alloted. All.

HECUBA 2: Thessaly? Thebes?

TALTHYBIUS: Separately.

HECUBA 2: Ah! Kassandra. Whose throw....

TALTHYBIUS: No one's. She was *chosen*. Agamemnon.

HECUBA 2: Slave of that Spartan wife!

TALTHYBIUS: Not at all. Her 'dark shadow'.

HECUBA 2: She, a virgin – for the god!

TALTHYBIUS: *Something* about her must arouse him.

HECUBA 2: Throw away your laurel branches, girl.

TALTHYBIUS: She has done well for herself. King.

HECUBA 2: My youngest?

TALTHYBIUS: Polyxena?

CHORUS: Time...

HECUBA 2: Yes.

CHORUS: limps (?).

TALTHYBIUS: She was assigned to Achilles' grave.

HECUBA 2: Grave keeper? Your custom?

TALTHYBIUS: Think of her as happy.

HECUBA 2: Living?

TALTHYBIUS: Past cares.

*Pause*

HECUBA 2: Hector's wife, Andromache?

TALTHYBIUS: To Achilles' son.

HECUBA 2: And me?

CHORUS: Time... tap dances (?).

TALTHYBIUS: Odysseus, lord of Ithaka, his slave.

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<sup>10</sup> Eu *Tro* 235-294

HECUBA 2: Ey! Ey! Tear your hair! Scratch your cheeks! Scream! That glib hypocrite, double thinking, double talking! Sleek butcher of words! Weep for me, women, my lot the worst, unthinkable!

CHORUS: You know your fate. We don't.

VOICE: One photograph only.

## TEN<sup>11</sup>

(DEBATE B)

HECUBA 1: Certainly you are wise, Priam, but I tell you, a slave who gets above himself is the biggest burden, the vilest possession, the most useless thing in the house.

*Pause*

ALEXANDER: Wealth is unjust and does much wrong.

*Pause*

HECUBA 1: Lowest of the low, slaves, unable to look past their bellies.

*Pause*

ALEXANDER: Lowest of the low, slaves *in reality*, not in name.

*Pause*

HECUBA 1: Slaves who consort with masters make enemies among their own.

ALEXANDER: My lord, slander is terrible. Often eloquence is credited, more than just words awkwardly.

HECUBA 1: It is not good to own slaves that are stronger than their masters.

PRIAM: Wouldn't that line be more fitting after I have allowed him to compete in the games, on the same footing as a free born man, he then winning?

*Pause*

PRIAM: (*To Alexander*) Time will show what you are. By the evidence of time I shall learn.

CHORUS: Pointless, words in song  
In praise of 'good birth'.  
Earth, long ago, bred us all  
Much of a muchness.

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<sup>11</sup> Eu *Al* frs 48, 49, 50, 51, 55, 56, 57, 60, 61b

Distinguishing features, OK (we're individual).  
But 'good-birth-marks'? No way!  
Bottom to top, one species, us.  
All this fuss the wealthy make  
's habit, hard to break, time-ingrained  
But hare-brained. It's what's inside, up-top,  
*that counts*  
*that's 'good birth' –*  
Not your 'ultra net worth'.

CHORUS: Time's foot...

VOICE: No reading material.

CHORUS: ... jumps.... High jumps (?). Long jumps (?). Triple jumps (?).

## ELEVEN<sup>12</sup>

DEIPHOBUS: (*angry*) Yes!

HECTOR: (*calm*) No.

CHORUS: Lord Priam (*who is not there*), those who should win for you, lose for you.

DEIPHOBUS: Why not?

HECTOR: Why?

CHORUS: They who win – should not!

DEIPHOBUS; Hector, taking this lightly, you'll lose *more*.

HECTOR: What?

DEIPHOBUS: Face.

HECTOR: Deiphobus, you just feel gutted. Face that.

CHORUS: Manliness, see, isn't forged in the lap of luxury.

DEIPHOBUS: I can hear the talk.

CHORUS: Poverty's tough, but makes doers.

HECTOR: Exactly, talk.

DEIPHOBUS: OK, then what about slaves, *others*, the lot, getting the wrong idea... –

Thought of *that*?

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<sup>12</sup> Eu *Al* frs 62a,b,c,d (61a and 54 for Chorus)

HECTOR: Want my advice, get down the gym.

*Brief pause*

DEIPHOBUS: Mother?

HECUBA 1 (*entering*): Hector always was the philosophical one. Take it as it comes, easy going even at the breast. But you'll be committing.... It's not very nice to kill a man. Still, there *is* bound to be talk, behind our backs, the son of a slave woman besting free men. I can hear it now.

CHORUS: The brat of a slave woman besting Hecuba's princes.

The prince of a slave woman besting Hecuba's brats.

HECUBA 1: They wouldn't! No, not that! (*Brief pause. To Deiphobus*) **Agreed!**

*Brief pause.*

DEIPHOBUS: How?

HECUBA 1: Where's he now?

DEIPHOBUS: In town, gloating.

VOICE: **Time.**

HECUBA 1: Wait. He'll come here.

XX in the net

XX I suggest you

XX a slave, but still

XX "murder"

DEIPHOBUS: Right. He won't make Hades in one piece.

(XX, *here, is the sound of shutting cases*)

## TWELVE<sup>13</sup>

CHORUS: Καὶ χρόνου προύβαινε πούς – as before – as always.

*Chorus members all go to collect sheets of paper. These are quite large, of different kinds, including newspaper and colourful gift wrapping paper. During this*

CHORUS: Time's foot... moved on.

Time... walks

Time marches

Time tiptoes

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<sup>13</sup> Eu *Al* frs 62f, 62b; Enn *Al* frs 17, 25, 26; Eu *Tro* 308-461

Time drags its heels  
Time limps  
Time tapdances  
Time shuffles  
Time saunters  
Time jogs  
Time gosesteps  
Time strides  
Time

CHORUS: But why, why, is she suddenly raving?

KASSANDRA: Kill him!

CHORUS: Eyes burning?

*The Chorus crumples paper – a brief sound of flames.*

KASSANDRA: Kill him!

CHORUS: Where the lucid virgin's modesty, of a moment past?

KASSANDRA: Come, horse-loving Trojans, it – it is here!

*Alexander appears, as though being pursued – this way – that way.*

*The Chorus crumples paper, through to "brother"*

KASSANDRA: The torch! The flaming torch! Blood! Years obscured. Hidden. Here!

Citizens, extinguish it! Kill – my – brother!

*Everyone becomes her audience, nothing else, through to the end of her monologue.*

KASSANDRA: Eheu, look! Someone has made a famous judgement, between three goddesses, brings a Spartan woman Fury – here!

Now, on the wide-open sea, a fleet gathers, grows, aiming here, with death, destruction, loaded. Now wild gangs pile onto our shores, out of ships with wings!

Hector, light of Troy, brother, why is your body torn, dropping flesh? Why do horsemen drag you, round, round? Why *must we watch*?

Aiee! A huge pregnant horse, dropping soldiers, has leapt the battlements, to waste great Troy.

(*To Hecuba 1*) You will be a dog!

(*To Hecuba 2*) You will be a dog!

Raise the torch. I, I, must make the temple blaze with light.

*Pointedly, the Chorus does **not** crumple paper.*

KASSANDRA: (*To Hecuba 2*) Mother! You're too busy lamenting my dead father and brothers. It is *I* hold the torch for my own wedding.

Raise your foot, lead the dance – *Euhan Euhoi* – Apollo, you lead it – join it, mother – step here, step there. Come, you beautifully dressed Trojan girls, sing, I have a husband waiting.

Rejoice, mother. Garland my head. Force me, if I seem reluctant – for if Apollo is Apollo still, he, Great Agamemnon, weds his sure, appointed death in me, desolation to his house.

For my father, for my brothers!

But my own slit throat, I do not sing. Son slaughtering mother, I do not sing. I stand outside my madness, simply say – better to have been a Trojan than a Greek. Greeks who died here, what for? Defending their homes, their own? And those they left behind? Widows, childless, even while men lived. The opposite with us – till death, together – in death, some point.

Nothing is over, ever, mother.

By my marriage I destroy those we despise.

Yes – *my* naked body gets thrown out, carrion. But bridegroom, shame, night-burial waits you, *you*, leader of Greeks.

They think they've won!

*KASSANDRA goes to the Greek ships. CHORUS follows.*

*Greeks set fire to Troy.*

ALEXANDER: But if no one ever believed her, why did my... mother... and brother  
stop trying to kill me?

PRIAM: My idea. Check with the old herdsman. Better safe than sorry.

*ALEXANDER walks slowly towards HECUBA 1. But as he approaches, HECUBA 1  
crumples to the ground, her final position like that of HECUBA 2 in scene two.*

*ALEXANDER continues, unnoticing; reaches HECUBA 2; embraces her.*

**END**