

With Power from Kifissia

Maro: Hello, my darlings.

Fotini (to A): I, at any rate will discuss it no further. I will make no agreements. I'll voice no objections. Nothing. I will do as I please. And no one dare tell me what to do with my life. *(She's shaking from head to foot.)*

Aleka: Really now, there's no need for that.

M: What's with her? What's with her?

A (to F): Calm down.

F: I'm having a nervous breakdown.

A: Calm down.

F: I am having a nervous breakdown at this very moment.

A: Shall I bring you a Valium?

F: I can't take any more of this. I'm under pressure.

A: Electra, where do we keep the Valium?

F: You're too late darling – I took one before I left the house. Because we were going to a vampire movie. That's one. And then when she threw me out I went into the garden to that little faucet where she waters her flowers – and I took another one.

A: Well then you'll soon be calmer.

M: Threw her out? Who threw her out?

A: The Valium will take effect and you'll feel calmer.

F: Yeah. Now she'll start telling things her way. Don't forgive her. Don't forgive her.

M: I don't understand. What's going on?

F: 'Leave, leave and I'll be there. Leave, leave and I'll be there.' Who do you think you're talking to?

M: Who said 'Leave, leave and I'll be there?'

A: You shouldn't have said that.

M: I said 'leave, leave and I'll be there?'

F: I will discuss this no further.

A: She's right, Maro.

F: It's over.

A: What does that mean, 'Leave, leave, and I'll be there?'

M: I said that? I don't know. I don't remember. I was confused.

F: Oh, you were confused all right, because I caught you red handed.

A: You had Fatso inside.

M: Fatso?

F: That's why you were confused.

A: And you tell her 'Leave, leave and I'll be there'. You think she doesn't catch on when she sees Fatso's jacket in the back?

M: What jacket?

A: Fatso's jacket. The plaid.

M: Fatso's jacket?

F: Didn't I tell you she'd start doing that again?

M: Girls, it's not like that.

A: You've become obsessed with Fatso, Maro.

F (to A): Isn't that what I told you she'd say?

M (*getting angry*): Now you listen here...

A: Face the facts, Maro. You're obsessed.

M: And don't keep calling him Fatso. He's not at all fat.

F: He's not fat?

M: Is Stavros fat?

F: What is he then?

M: He's well built, stocky.

A: Well built, but he could stand to lose a few pounds.

M: He's just ample.

A: He's a little more than that really. It shows in his walk.

M: But he's not overweight.

F: He is overweight.

A: By the new standards he's overweight.

(Pause. FOTINI paces back and forth.)

F: Can you believe it? I throw Anthony out and leave him suffering. Aleka breaks the tenor's cassettes one by one and writes him off forever and here you are going against us, sticking like glue to Fatso.

M: If you really want to know – it wasn't Fatso.\

A: It wasn't?

M: It wasn't.

F: Then why didn't you let me in?

M: Because it wasn't Fatso. It was someone else.

A: Someone else?

F: Who was it?

M: I don't know. I don't know.

A: You don't know?