

**Broadsword?**  
**The Flies**  
**Jean-Paul Sartre**

Aegistheus: So you, young man, are Orestes?

Orestes: Defend yourself.

A: I shall not defend myself. It's too late for me to call for help, and I am glad it is too late. No, I shall not resist. I *wish* you to kill me.

O: Good. Little I care how it is done... So I am to be the murderer.

~~[Orestes strikes him with his sword.]~~

A [tottering]: Ah! You struck well, Orestes. [He clings to Orestes.] Let me look at you. Is it true you feel no remorse?

O: Remorse? Why should I feel remorse? I am only doing what is right.

A: What is right is the will of God. You were hidden here and you heard the words of Zeus.

O: What do I care for Zeus? Justice is a matter between men, and I need no god to teach me it. It's right to stamp you out, like the foul brute you are, and to free the people of Argos from your evil influence. It is right to restore to them their sense of human dignity.

A [groaning]: Pain! What agony!

O: Keep silent! Carry to the grave no other memory than the memory of my joy.

A: My curse on you!

O: Won't you have done with dying?

[He strikes again. Aegistheus falls.]

A: Beware of the flies, Orestes, beware of the flies. All is not over.

[Dies.]

O: [giving the body a kick]: For him, anyhow, all is over.