Polyxena: Odysseus, I see you hiding your hand in your cloak, backing away from me. Courage, man! I will not call on Zeus who honors suppliants
to make you pity me. I have to die, and I will make the best of it. I'm not a coward, but a young woman who can face the truth.

Why should I live? My father was king of Troy, loved by our people. His queen, my mother, raised me to be a royal bride, wooed by many suitors. A jewel among the Trojan women, I live now as a slave, bought and sold like livestock, free game for my master or some male slave. Once upon a time, I had such dreams ....
Now, while my eyes can still look freely, let me shut out the light of day and make my home in Hades, my body lying in the world below. Take me there, Odysseus, for I would leave the ugly world you Greeks have made for us.

Mother, take heart. You did not bring me into this world to be a slave. To live under that yoke would turn me into what you hate, a woman without honor. I'm far luckier to be dead.
[Altercation between Hecuba and Odysseus, followed by Polyxena]
Mother, stop! And you, Odysseus, be kind in your cruelty. She suffers beyond measure.
My poor mother, shall we kick and scream till they smash us to the ground, beat us till we're senseless, then do what they came for anyway?
Better to maintain to our dignity.
Hold me in this last light of the sun, then I must leave you, mother, for the world below.

