

GORGONAE

by
SEVAN

Sam Barickman
ICM Partners
65 East 55th Street
New York, NY 10022
(P) 212.556.5743 | (M) 646-647-7037
sam.barickman@icmpartners.com

GORGONAE

by SEVAN

CHARACTERS:

S - Syrian, 30/35, a pacifist turned freedom fighter

E - Syrian, 25/29, a believer turned apostate social media activist

M - Syrian, 17/21, an optimist turned religious oppressor

Time: 2016-2020

Place: America. Syria. Iraq.

'Mythology is what never was, but always is.'

— Sallustius, 4th C. Roman Historian & Mystic

Script-ures:

* The play exists in three worlds: The Natural, The Digital, and The Liminal (subconscious/inner). Play and create accordingly because the options are vast. You can have the digital moments happen live and 'recorded' as it occurs. Audiences could be put into a WhatsApp group through which videos are played. Exchanges could be pre-recorded and projected onto a screen. Don't be afraid to experiment. Don't be afraid to be theatrical during the liminal.

* / marks obey traditional overlapping rules

* Scene Headers shouldn't be observed as scene breaks. Everything flows and grows into and out of what comes before or next.

* No Arab accents should be used.

* Cast Arab actresses and not can-pass-as or Gen-MidEast, please and thank you.

1. IN THE CAVE OF THE GORGONS

She is - **ALL**

The light at the beginning **S-FURY**

The voice in the darkness. **E-FURY**

The first and the last and the always. **M-FURY**

She is - **ALL**

The dirt. **S-FURY**

The sand. **E-FURY**

The dust. **M-FURY**

Particles dancing around shafts of fire that burn everything. **S-FURY**

Midnight tides ebbing and flowing to breaths that mute the world. **E-FURY**

Gardens of the moon that fling echoes back onto the paths of the blindly deaf. **M-FURY**

She is - **ALL**

S-FURY
Or was - or would be - or hoped to be a single blue flame that burned just bright enough but wouldn't incinerate the world. Patience was the true test that needed no passing. She simply was as she would be or hoped she would be by simply being. The words didn't always make sense, but they didn't need to make sense. And she knew that in time - when the time was right - if the time would ever be right - they would understand that she was just another blade of grass in the field. But she doesn't know that all blades were born differently.

ALL

She is -

E-FURY

Or was - or will be - or wanted to be something more than everyone thought she deserved to be. She couldn't understand the simple mathematics of do's and don'ts. And they thought she walked too close to the sun when she asked questions. She prodded holes in a dam that no one else realised was leaking. And she knew that in time - when the time was right - if the time would ever be right - they could pull the keystone and unleash the flood. But she might not make it out of the path in time.

ALL

She is -

M-FURY

Or was - or won't be - or tried to be something new that no one understood but that she knew was a Rosetta stone to new enlightenment. She created identities in places no one could hide. They all prayed to the wrong gods. They just couldn't see - or wouldn't. Or they did and ran from their fear. And she knew that in time - when the time was right - if the time would ever be right - they would wrap their minds around the beliefs of echoes and history. But she won't easily grasp the tangled lifelines that whispered of freedom.

ALL

She is -

S-FURY

Redemption.

E-FURY

Rage.

M-FURY

Retribution.

ALL

She is -

M-FURY

The scourge.

S-FURY

The storm.

E-FURY

The swarm.

She is - **ALL**

Wrong. **S-FURY**

And right. **E-FURY**

Moreso wrong. **S-FURY**

But also right. **E-FURY**

It's the same old fight. **M-FURY**

We don't fight. **S/E-FURY**

The same old fight. **M-FURY**

She is - **ALL**

The one who wanted to breathe the sky. **S-FURY**

The one who wanted to heal a mountain. **E-FURY**

The one who wanted to taste the sun. **M-FURY**

She is the one who would kill freedom. **ALL-FURY**

2. DIGITAL OSSIFICATION

E reads notes to herself from a couple of sheets of paper. She paces. She makes corrections. She turns on her ring light and checks her iPhone camera.

She composes herself, puts on a smile, and presses record. Music plays: It's a mix between an oud solo and the CNN music played under their news alerts.

E

Marhaba! Ahlan wa sahan! Welcome to A Syrian Woman Knows.

She pauses and is already stumped. Or her mind went elsewhere. She stops the video. Looks at her notes again. Corrects herself. And starts again. Same intro music.

Marhaba! Ahlan wa sahan! Welcome to A Syrian Woman Knows. If you're new here I am - a Syrian woman who knows and speaks. Make sure to hit that subscribe button, smash the like button, and turn on the notifications so you don't miss a single episode. *Elfshukrun* to all my followers who spoke up against the trolls in the comment section of my last video. I appreciate the support, but I can handle a few ignorant trolls. *Bess ana behubkum ikteer*, my habaybes. Today I have a special - Today we're going to discuss - talk about -

E (MIND)

Keep them balanced.

S-FURY

Keep yourself balanced.

E (MIND)

Keep smiling.

M-FURY

Keep them focused.

E (MIND)

Keep shining.

S-FURY

Keep them interested.

M-FURY

Keep on the straight.

S-FURY

Keep on the narrow.

M-FURY

Focus.

Focus. **S-FURY**

Focus. **S&M-FURY**

E
I find it incredibly hypocritical that these trolls - claiming to be devout Muslims - ask others to respect their beliefs when they respect no one else's. Why don't you evaluate these Koranic verses you keep shouting from your minarets first before you -

Don't let the emotion run wild. **S- FURY**

Act like a pro and not a child. **M-FURY**

Don't push the limit keep it mild. **S-FURY**

Keep them bewitched and keep them beguiled. **M-FURY**

Charming. **S-FURY**

Alarming. **M-FURY**

Disarming. **S-FURY**

Stop it. **E (MIND)**

Don't think of them. **S- FURY**

Stop it. **E (MIND)**

Don't do it. **M- FURY**

Stop it. Stop it. Sto- **E (MIND)**

E

The clash we are witnessing around the world is not a clash between religions or a clash between civilizations. It is the clash of a mentality that belongs to the Middle Ages trying to exist in a the 21st century. It is a clash between modernity and backwardness, between -

Tsk tsk tsk.	S-FURY
No no no. Nope.	M-FURY
Try harder.	S-FURY
Search longer.	M-FURY
Probe further.	S-FURY
Who's ultimately responsible?	M-FURY
To question the reprehensible.	S-FURY
Them?	M-FURY
Her?	S-FURY
Him?	M-FURY
You?	S&M-FURY
I should have gone global.	E (MIND)
You could be to blame.	S-FURY
Been more pliable.	E (MIND)

You wouldn't be wrong. **M-FURY**

More visible. **E (MIND)**

She wouldn't be right. **S-FURY**

More vocal
More - **E (MIND)**

E
Religion is sometimes the only well people will drink from. My brothers and sisters are not born terrorists. It did not happen overnight. Islamic teachings played a role in weaving THEIR ideological fabric, thread by -

She pauses the video. Thinks. Resumes.

E
All this Halal and Haram policing but these devout Muslims don't know the first thing about Islam. They cling to the phrases clinically chosen by Imams. They ape and mimic but don't have -

She pauses the video. Thinks. Resumes.

E
They want to silence me and call me *kafir* because I dare to question them - to question a religion that is meant to be peaceful but is wielded like a dull weapon for the lazy and idiotic who can't even -

She pauses the video. Thinks. She deletes it. She paces. She thinks. She tries again.

E
Hi guys. Is anybody even listening anymore? Like really hearing me or am I just becoming some annoying harpy looping back on all my words. I'm tired guys. Like really fucking exhausted. It's - this - all this - is just - tiring.

How did she do it? How did my mother say more with one squint of her eyes than I have in 37 videos.

Fuck me - 37 videos.

My sister - the younger one - I don't think you guys know I have a sister do you? Two of them, actually. They're - somewhere. My older sister is - like any older sister who is a bossy pain to all her other sisters. Firstborn birthright I suppose.

My youngest sister hated being alone.

She was always forcing me to build sandcastles with her. Something I was never really a fan of because building a foundation on sand - I mean, come on. But there I'd be shovelling the stuff into plastic forms and trying to make each ridge and line come out perfectly. But she never cared if there was a lumpy brick here or a missing window there. She's shoving sticks and shells and leaves to decorate the walls, making them crack and crumble and I'm trying to live out Frank Lloyd Wright fantasies. And then we'd finish and she'd stand back, look at it with a tilt of her head, then sit on top of it crushing one sea-side property after another before running off to jump into the ocean before I got my hands on her neck.

My older sister laughs at me. My mother shakes her head. My father claps me on the back of my neck. And I go sulk in the shade reading Proust or Foucault. I know - all I was missing was black eye-liner and The Craft soundtrack playing in the background.

But the next time - I'm there again - trying to build these stupid castles that no one is ever going to live in with make believe rooms that will never exist in a land so far away that I can't even give it a name in case someone comes along and takes it. And I keep building these fucking things and I know she's going to sit on them and I don't care - I just don't - I don't care that something my hands make gets demolished and lies there in a heap because it's just the stuff of stars and it means nothing. Right? It all just senselessly means nothing. But I keep trying and trying and trying and trying and I can't get it through my head that it's fine because it means nothing.

She half cries - half laughs.

I should have looked for them.

(the phrase starts to echo and loop back
in on her)

S&M-FURY

(alternating starting with S until the last
line which is both)
It's not enough.
None of it is enough.
Your measure is taken /
And you are deemed not enough.
For your people.
For your brothers.
For your sisters.
You're not saving them.
You can't save anyone.
You can't even save yourself.

E (MIND)

No.
There was nothing to be done
To be won
The chapter's finished
And I won't be diminished
I can carry on the work
In their name
Just their name
In the memory of -
Stop.
Stop it.
STOP IT!

Silence. She deletes the video. She hits record.

E

It is these teachings that kill their humanity.
They are distorted and destroyed by them.
We must save them from themselves.

S&M-FURY

We?

E

Me. I will save them.

3. DANCING ON THE PATRIARCHY

Female soldiers chant and dance a dabke of their own design. S at the centre relishing it but not joining in.

Unless otherwise specified, all chanting under dialogue is A-la-la E-leu-le.

THE CHANT

(in Arabic)

A-la-la E-leu-le
Prelude of a thousand spears

A-la-la E-leu-le
Soldiers bury all your fears

A-la-la E-leu-le
Holy sacrifice of death

A-la-la E-leu-le
Sisters fight 'till your last breath

S steps away from them as they continue chanting quietly and dabke-ing around.

S

Dear Khaled, *ya hobi*,

I know what you're going to say. I know: My blood is too hot for my own good. But that's why you married me, no? I know. You can't hide it. But these women - you should see these women - my sisters - the daughters of Syria. You should see their fire. So much strength. You thought I had a strong voice. If I had known then what I -

They dabke-sweep her into their torrent.

THE CHANT

(in Arabic)

A-la-la E-leu-le
Prelude of a thousand spears

S pulls away.

S

The Kurdish women are training us well. The Syrian men are harder on us but at least they're giving us a chance. I'm cold. All the time. Hungry. My fingers tingle. But it reminds me that I'm alive. My body aches. Always. But it's the good kind.

I think you would like the way I look in these trousers. Then your blood would be hot for a change. I can still smell you when I close -

They dabke-sweep her into their torrent.

THE CHANT

(in Arabic)

A-la-la E-leu-le
Soldiers bury all your fears

S pulls away.

S

I was lucky to find them. They found me, really. Everyone thought it was just rumours but I went into the mountains and walked and walked. Where else was I going to go? It was better than lying down and dying. I needed to be - to feel useful. To do something - anything. It was always easier with you there to do everything. I love watching your pride. I miss the way you -

They dabke-sweep her into their torrent.

THE CHANT

(in Arabic)

A-la-la E-leu-le
Holy sacrifice of death

S pulls away.

S

Some days are harder than others. Sometimes I think the walls are moving closer to us. But I keep focus on my sisters here. I find strength in them - in their pain. I listen to them and ask myself how I can dare to complain about my life. The things some of them have seen - have done. The things they will never be able to do. What they dreamed of doing when they were little girls.

E-FURY

I want to live in a castle.

M-FURY

I want to marry a sheikh.

E-FURY

I want to be Scheherezade.

M-FURY

I want to be Sinbad.

E-FURY

I want to ride a unicorn.

M-FURY

I want to be a unicorn.

S

I wanted children.

E & M look at her.

I want to raise children.

Then slowly begin to dabke around her.

THE CHANT

(softly in Arabic)

A-la-la E-leu-le
Sisters fight 'till your last breath.

S

I wanted to raise children with you. But we waited too late. But maybe it's better we waited too late. Better for the child, not us. We waited for the world to get better and the whole time it was laughing at us. And then the world separated us and I feel empty - no - I feel disconnected. I feel like my arm is missing. Like my body beats with half of a heart. I miss you, *ya hobi*, wherever you are now. I can't wait to see you again. I miss -

THE CHANT

(loudly trying to drown her out)

A-la-la E-leu-le (repeat)

S

(barely heard, if at all, over the chanting
into the mics)

I miss your strength. I miss your hands. I miss your words. I miss your eyes. I miss your prayers. I miss your - I miss your - miss miss miss.

*S stops without fanfare. E&M abruptly cut off the chant and look at her, putting her in between them for their dabke. They start to move, without chanting, the rhythm of their feet the only sound.
Then:*

S

They helped me find the woman inside me. The one that was always inside me. The one you knew but I didn't see. The one you fell in love with. And if I deny her then I deny a better part of myself. No - not better - stronger. And if I deny that then I will only be left with blind rage. And if I do that then who knows what I would be capable of.

The chanting begins and starts to build. The dabke gets stronger.

You should see what comes of too much heat in the blood. What comes from too much passion. You should see the fear in the eyes of those who think us lesser. We strike fear, Khaled. We strike fear and we feel the power. And we are women, Khaled. We are women. I am a woman! I am a woman! I am a woman!

THE CHANT

A-la-la E-leu-le
Holy sacrifice of death

A-la-la E-leu-le
Sisters fight 'till your last breath

Ululations and joy erupt.

4. PLATO'S ECHO

I / remember.	E-FURY
I / remember.	S-FURY
I / remember.	E-FURY
I / remember.	S-FURY
I / remember.	E-FURY
I / remember.	S-FURY
Remember /remember remember.	E-FURY
Remember /remember remember.	S-FURY
I / remember.	E-FURY
I / remember.	S-FURY

Remember / remember. **E-FURY**

Remember / remember. **S-FURY**

M
The smell of salt that hangs pregnant in the air.
The blue of the sky marrying the blue of the water.
The tiny worlds of sand shifting truths under the earth.
The orange ribbons of sun that burn louder than fire.

Remember / remember. **E-FURY**

Remember / remember. **S-FURY**

M
How cool the waves felt rolling over my arms.

Remember. **E&S-FURY**

Drowning my legs. **M**

Remember. **E&S-FURY**

Rearranging my hair/ **M**

Remember - **E&S-FURY**

M
- as it climbed up my neck / and blindfolded me with rhymes of ancient mariners.

Remember. **E&S-FURY**

M
Running down the shore holding my parents' hands.

Remember - **E&S-FURY**

M

- tiny fish jumping around as I threw crumbs into the breezes.

M

I remember.

E-FURY

Remember /remember remember.

S-FURY

Remember /remember remember.

An abrupt switch and we're in a fantasy. It just happens to be M's actual life though.

M

I love the ocean. I do. I. Love. The. Ocean.

She beams like a giddy fool. The oud begins to play.

M

I LOVE IT!

And Latakia, where I live, with my mother, and my sisters, and my father - no brothers thank God - Latakia is SURROUNDED by the ocean.

It's blue. So blue. Bluer than the Greek oceans. We have soft sand to walk on not crunchy leftover pieces of shells. And palm trees surround us giving us shade when it's too hot. But even if it's too hot you just walk 1-2-3 and jump in the ocean. Everyone here loves the ocean. Everyone has always loved our ocean.

There - over there - there is an arch. The Arch of Septimius Severus, The Latakia Tetraporticus. Built in 138 CE. CE is common era - it used to be AD - anno domini. I don't know why they changed it but they changed it. Anyway the Romans came here and they loved our ocean, our sand, our palm trees. And they built these special arches.

I love running my hands on the stone and feeling the history in it. So much history. It's so old - older than Baba. I look at it and I can see history - well, not really history but it's history and I can look at it. Only for a little bit because I want to be in the water. To bury my head underneath blocking the whole world and hearing only the glug glug glug of the waves. It scares Mama when I do that but I know what I'm doing.

It's the ocean! But not everyone likes being in it. One of my sisters tries to talk politics with Baba - *ikh* - but I make her build sand castles with me. The other one sits on a towel with her butcher boy tossing her hair like a movie star - she looks silly doing it. And Mama - mama watches me. She likes watching me. She worries. But she likes watching me pretend to be a dolphin. I take a deep breath and I push myself under the water down as far as I can go. I twist myself around and let the water pull me to the surface and I kick and kick and the sun is getting brighter and I close my eyes and give one more strong kick and I feel the air cool on my skin and I open my eyes and I -

She turns around. She looks. She gets worried. Like a kid in the market who can't find their parents.

The arch is all broken now. Why is it broken? **M**

Remember / remember. **E-FURY**

Remember / remember. **S-FURY**

Ow. OW! Why is this water so hot? Why is it stinging me? I'm trying to swim and my legs feel so heavy. **M**

Remember / remember. **E-FURY**

Remember / remember. **S-FURY**

Mama! Baba! They were just there. Where did everyone go? **M**

You remember. **E&S-FURY**

They left me. **M**

You remember how things used to be. **S-FURY**

They left me alone. **M**

You remember the way you them to be. **E-FURY**

I was left to myself. **M**

You remember what you want to. **E&S-FURY**

M

They left me!

E&S-FURY

There are things you have left to remember.

A cantata of breaths contrapuntal and stressed.

M

I see her die. I hear her fall. I feel her give up.
I see him smile. I hear his boots. I feel his hand.
I see her blood. I hear her heart. I feel her smile.
I see him crouch. I hear his breath. I feel his eyes.
I see my feet. I hear my silence. I feel the shroud.
I see my limbs disappear, drowned in endless fabric.
I hear my world go silent, sanctified by proverbs and prayers.
I've forgotten how to stand.
I've forgotten how to breathe.
I've forgotten - I've forgotten -
I taste ash.
I swallow fear.
I eat mountains.
I don't remember.
I don't remember.
Remember remember remember remember.
I can't remember the ocean.

A sharp intake of breath. Silence.

I don't remember who I am.

She smiles. It's unsettling. Very.

5. A HERO'S JOURNEY BEGINS

M

Hang on you're frozen again.

E

Can you see me?

M

No you're frozen.

E

But you can hear me?

M

A little static but yes.

So you can hear me? **E**

S
Khalas ya ikhti we can hear you *ya khirib baytik*.

Wayn mama? **E**

She's cooking. **M**

I told her I would call her at 7. **E**

I know. **M**

I said 7 your time. **E**

She knows. **M**

So that she would be ready. **E**

She got hungry. **S**

I want to talk to her too. **E**

S
Well you can deal with us first and when the queen is ready she will join us and kick her other royal subjects out so she can have you all to herself.

They laugh.

How are the studies? **M**

E
Good. Hard. Fulfilling. Frustrating. Eye opening.

S
Ooff.

E
The things we thought we knew and the things we think we should know.

S
She's going to start again. Watch.

E
We've been looking at these ideological structures all wrong - trying to neuter them instead of dismantling them. Talk about a wow moment.

M
Are you dating anyone?

E
What?

M
DATING - ANYONE?

E
I know I heard you - I tell you about structures and you're asking me about men?

S
Still single. Watch.

M
So are you?

E
. . .No.

S & M
Ya haram.

E
Idiots.

S
Yallah habibti! Marry some blonde man named Chris or Tom and bring us all over. We can be like his harem.

M
3ayb 3alaykee willik.

E
I'm far too busy with my nose in the books to worry about men.

S
You keep thinking like that and you'll end up like *Khalto Maha* with her two cats and that hairy mole on her chin.

M
Yikh.

E
How is Khaled?

S
He works too hard and stinks like raw meat when he comes home but he can kiss like the devil so I let him stay.

E
Romance in the 21st Century.

M
Tayub yalla, when are you coming to visit us?

E
Well -

S
Shoo 'well'?

M
She's not coming.

S
Shh! *Shoo* 'well'?

E
There isn't enough scholarship money leftover for the plane tickets. Anyway, there are some really important conferences / I need to -

S
The last conferences were really important, too.

E
They were.

M
And the ones before that one.

S
More boring people talking boring talk. Are we not smart enough for you?

I'm trying to / make a difference.

E

Make a difference.

S & M

For who? You?

S

Us.

E

Oh come on *habibti*.

S
(tutting)

It's been forever, *ya ikhti*. I miss you. We all miss you.

M

I miss you guys.

E

Sure.

S&M

Really I do.

E

What if I get married?

M

Oh my god it's not Ali, is it? What am I saying you're only 17. Focus on school. Ali can wait until you decide what you want for your future.

E

Silence.

Hello? Am I frozen again? Hello?

E

Ali - left.

S

Left?

E

So how is the weather there? **M**

What do you mean Ali - oh shit. **E**

Shhh *willik* the speakers are on loud Mama will hear you. **S**

I'm sorry, *ikhiti*. **E**

His parents threw him a party. Paraded him around in his black uniform. **M**

That's ridiculous. His father and Baba were best friends. **E**

People change. **S**

He was brainwashed! **M**

It's ok, *habibti*. **S**

It wasn't what he wanted! **M**

He'll be fine. **S**

No he won't. **M**

It's supposed to be getting better. **E**

It is. **S**

... **E**

His eyes were a little crossed. **M**

What? **E**

I don't want babies with one eye looking at me and the other at his father. So it's ok. **M**

S & E aren't sure how to react. M looks at both and starts laughing. They all laugh.

This one. **S**
(playfully pinching her)

You're better off, *ikhiti*. Enjoy life. You've got all the time to get married. Find out what makes your heart beat faster. And it doesn't have to be some boy. **E**

I think you and your three cats will have a good life together. **S**

Tilhasee ya kelbeh. **E**

How are things in Amreeeeeeeeeka? **M**

The same. Nothing new. Same old. **E**

So jelaous! Pay for me to come visit you and get me out of here. **M**

S smacks M's arm.

No one gives you any problems, eh? **S**

La no - it's not like that here. **E**

Give it time - you know those people. **S**

Hey - psst - come closer. **M**
(leaning in close)

What? **E**
(leaning in)

Have you tried bacon yet? **M**

Yoy. **S**

Yes. **E**
(in a whisper)

Yoy! **S**

And? **M**
(in a whisper)

It's amazing! **E**
(in a whisper)

I knew it. See, *ikhiti*, I knew it! **M**

Especially with chocolate? **E**

Shoo? **S & M**

Trust me. It sounds disgusting but it's the best combination ever. I'll try to sneak some the next time I -

The sound of a door being kicked in. Some gun shots and screams.

What the hell is that? Hello? You guys what's going on? Hello??? Mama? Oh my god. Oh my god...

The air shifts and we are in a different realm.

S

She was an ox-eyed woman whose pupils had flashed every emotion except this one. I could almost smell it on her.

M

She couldn't control herself. A puddle spreading out from between her feet. The black cloth getting blacker.

E

I couldn't see his face. Even when his head came into view I still couldn't see his face.

S

She didn't cry.

M

I saw her tears.

E

Someone whimpered.

S

I saw it in his eyes, too. He didn't talk.

M

He wasn't making demands.

E

I didn't realise I was holding my breath.

S

Kafir.

M

Sharmoota.

E

Mushrik.

S

He pulled her by the scruff of her neck.

M

His hand comforted her shoulder.

A barrage of words erupt. **E**

I see him clenching her tighter. **S**

Just tell him the right thing. **M**

Don't tell him anything. **S**

I could have distracted him. **E**

He's invading us. **S**

I prayed for us. **M**

She's evading for us. I can see her move. **E**

I try to stop her with my eyes. **S**

Foreheads to the ground and he'll stop. **M**

But she doesn't. **S**

She doesn't. **M**

Please don't. **E**

A gun shot.

All three break out into cacophonous screams that are mixed with the sounds of a wailing oud. They repeat on one another and the Furies have been born.

E

I see her run.
I see her fall to her knees with her forehead to the ground.
I see her fall slowly.
I see her try to restrain him.
I see her praying.

S

I see her fall slowly

E

I see her struggle.
I see her frozen.

M

I see her fall slowly.

E

I see her leave.
I see him fire.
The screen goes black.

S

I run.

M

She ran.

S

She stayed.

M

I prayed.

S

She fought for us and now there was an empty space.

M

She should never have stopped praying.

E

Hello?

S

She should have fought harder. Used her nails, her teeth, her feet, her elbows, her knees, her wrists, her nose, her forehead -

E

Hello??

M

She should have capitulated. Surrendered, yielded, conceded, submitted, succumbed.

S

This is what happens when you're not prepared.

M

This is what happens when you stray from the path.

E

Hello...

6. EPISTLE TO HORROR

*Snippets of various al-Khansaa videos play.
Women chanting or praying.*

*E is swiping through the videos posted online. With
each swipe the audio changes. She's not finding
what she wants.*

*The different videos start to aurally loop and grow
into a cacophony, as she falls down the YouTube
rabbit hole.*

*She stops at one and all the loops end leaving one
angry female voice proselytising. E watches.*

*S appears again. She opens up WhatsApp to leave
a video message. At some point E turns off the
video and leaves.*

S

Dear Khaled,

A man walked into our camp today. It is not the first time. Killing another human is wrong but sometimes we have no choice. We are not proud of it. We know it is wrong. We are for people. We cherish people. We love people because above all else - we are people. If the enemy stopped tomorrow we wouldn't kill them. They force us to defend ourselves. They want things they have no claim on. They leave us no choice. I couldn't even slaughter the lambs on Eid; can you imagine this is easier for me? And these poor men. They are brainwashed into fighting us. They wander in their brains drunk on drugs they are forced to take to make them compliant. It upsets me when I see my brothers in this state - it upsets all of us. They are also people. They are still our brothers. He walks right in front of us. He can see us. He knows we are his enemy. But the drugs - we know that the drugs are deep in his blood because why else would he walk inside here openly.

How could this not upset us? We fight for them as well, Khaled. How could I not? Couldn't that have been one of us with a nudge here or there? That could have been my father, or you, or my sisters. Even me. Just one nudge.

He didn't feel any pain - they did it gently. He was too gone to be any real harm, but he would have been forever living between two worlds haunted by whatever violence he was forced to do before he came here. Those people are killing the body and soul of our country. They are leaving us with shadows of people who have been cut from the world. They are so desperate to control everything even if they end up with a wasteland.

They've even begun taking children from the camps. It doesn't matter the age. These women infiltrate pretending to be caretakers - wanting to help the widowed mothers - to ease their burden - to give them a moment of rest. And it's only the girls. We couldn't understand at first - but they only took the girls. Mothers would hear the screams in the night but those camps are so crowded - so dark at night. The line between mother and daughter severed. Taken and transformed into soulless creatures. Khaled, the things they are trained to do. The things we've seen done to women's bodies. The horrors of men are nothing compared to this. And they are getting bigger. And stronger. And for the first time I feel fear in our camp. Could we show them the same mercy we show the men? Would we try to save them? Could I contain myself if I knew they had touched my own blood-sisters? My heart turns to ice when I think of what my hands could do. What I would not hesitate to do. Who could stop me. Who could stop me...

7. ATHENA'S CURSE

*E is being interviewed (grilled) by a journalist
(played by S) on an InstaLive Q&A.*

So we've all seen your content/
INTERVIEWER

Mhm.
E

online/
INTERVIEWER

Yeah.
E

INTERVIEWER
And many of our followers were excited when you agreed to appear with us. They are curious about how you - you're originally from Syria isn't that/

Mhm.
E

right?
INTERVIEWER

Mhm. That's right I'm from Latakia. **E**

Right. **INTERVIEWER**

In Syria. **E**

Great. **INTERVIEWER**

From pre-med to social activism. **INTERVIEWER**

Mhm. **E**

Quite a journey. **INTERVIEWER**

Yes. **E**

How does your family feel about that kind of a shift? **INTERVIEWER**

Does it matter? **E**

You don't often talk about them. **INTERVIEWER**

It doesn't matter. **E**

It's fine if you don't want to answer the question. **INTERVIEWER**

There's nothing to answer. **E**

I just feel that our viewers/ **INTERVIEWER**

Mhm. **E**

would love to know/ **INTERVIEWER**

Right. **E**

INTERVIEWER
a little more about the woman behind the videos and speeches.

E
My father is dead. My mother is dead. I have three aunts - dead.

INTERVIEWER
Siblings?

Dead. I'm sure. **E**

Ah. **INTERVIEWER**

You know how it is. Bombs. **E**

INTERVIEWER
Of course. Fortunate you were here already then so we could one day have this conversation.

Yes. **E**

A quick shift of lights and we are in her head. Her voice bounces off the walls of a cave. M whispers Islamic proverbs ASMR-style - barely comprehensible and just there under the surface. This happens every time we are in E (MIND).

E (MIND)
Keep the lines finely drawn.
Make the separation clear.

Create the lines.
Label the lines.
Move the lines.
Carefully.
Slowly.
Keep their eyes on the pea.
Watch them follow the moves.
Pull them in.
Weave them in.
Make it all sink in.

INTERVIEWER

What do you make of those who say that you're not fighting for your country -

E

I am.

INTERVIEWER

That you're a betrayer.

E

I'm fighting for my country.

INTERVIEWER

But not physically.

E

I'm doing important work.

INTERVIEWER

Trying to save your country -

E

Look./

INTERVIEWER

Yes?/

E

Yeah./

INTERVIEWER

No sorry go on./

E

Look 'save your country' is a big phrase/

INTERVIEWER

Yeah.

E

- so I don't say I try and do that. What I do is try to raise awareness and look to the future.

INTERVIEWER

But there are people who say that what you do isn't 'fighting'.

E

Because I left.

INTERVIEWER

Right.

E

And it's a ridiculous thing to say. What everyone needs to realise is - some people think I ran away but it's survival and it's also making a life for myself and for Syrian women and Syrian society as a whole.

INTERVIEWER

You understand why people are staying/ in Syria.

E

Of course of course! I mean I think it's... Look, I think it's insane on some level. But I get the sentiment. I do. But it's very difficult to sit around and mourn and feel like you're living in the past and feel like you **HAVE** to hold on to it. I can't dwell in it. Otherwise nothing will get done. And so I have to move on for the greater good of society. And that's what they don't want. They want to take our women - our girls - and do this to them so that we suffer they suffer until they completely destroy us.

INTERVIEWER

You have a strong set of detractors that say what you are doing is actually hurting Syrian and Arab communities.

E chuckles.

E (MIND)

They use the words.
Similar words.
Mirrored words revealing parallel desires.
Expecting dedication to one not the other.
Knowing either choice will inevitably smother
Any chance to true normalcy
Efficacy
Democracy
Until we see
That's it all a dream
From which we can't wake.
And these words
All these words
Hundreds of pages pages pages of words
More words
That need to be heard
That won't be heard
Just think of them
Of them them them

INTERVIEWER

How do you feel about /

E

I laugh.

INTERVIEWER

Well you've essentially said those left behind are backwards savages /

E

I said they act like it

INTERVIEWER

and that Islam is dead -

E

I hadn't quite said that - no. I think it's - where did you hear that?

INTERVIEWER

It was in an interview you gave to Byte about a / year ago.

E

Yeah it's so funny what journalists do - that's why I recommend you just go right to my YouTube channel. It's where I speak my truth and people/

INTERVIEWER

Syrian Knows.

E
Syrian Woman Knows - people LOVE to sensationalise. Journalists love it. They love it! They feed off of it. And of course they hear what I, a Syrian woman - an Arab woman born in the Middle East - they take what I say and translate it into 'Islam is dead!' No. There is a branch of it - like with ISIS and Assaad - but not all of it is wrong. I mean, yes, we've found ourselves in a very ugly age of Islam - an ugly manifestation of it. Islam is a beautiful religion that has been betrayed by these groups and the media and the West.

INTERVIEWER
And it's not helping you is it?

E
Are you asking if I'm religious?

INTERVIEWER
No no I'm sorry -

E
I'm not.

INTERVIEWER
...

E
Just to clear it up.

INTERVIEWER
I don't think you've ever said that publicly.

E
Haven't I?

INTERVIEWER
No.

E
...

INTERVIEWER
So then how can you expect people to listen to you giving them solutions to help save themselves and their families and their lands if you aren't /

E
Being Syrian has nothing to do with being Muslim. Fighting for the rights of my fellow sisters and mothers has nothing to do with being Muslim.

INTERVIEWER

Well no but -

E

The land burning has nothing to do with being Muslim.

INTERVIEWER

I didn't mean to upset / you.

E

Extremism is not religion. It's war mongering. It's attention seeking. It's childish.

INTERVIEWER

That sounds like a narrowed perspective.

E

You wouldn't know.

INTERVIEWER

When were you in Syria last?

E (MIND)

They want me to decide
Like I could decide
If I had the power to decide.
And they don't see
They can't see
How could they see.
I was left to pick up the trash
That passes
As the ashes of fallen ancestors we never had.
We never had.
We never had.
Savages.
They act like savages.
Taking pleasure in the ravages
Of the lost
Never understanding the cost
That when the time comes
I will burn.
I will burn.
I will burn.
And they'll put the brass claws on my hands and make me a savage.
But it's all going to burn.

INTERVIEWER

Other online activists like Reema are able to give a rounded perspective from the inside whereas you tend to talk from the outside.

E

Yes. I haven't been there for years. But I grew up there. It's only enriching that I have both perspectives.

INTERVIEWER

But she has more subscribers than you.

E

Look I'm not going to fight over numbers. That's ridiculous.

INTERVIEWER

You've also criticised Syrian women who have become freedom fighters at the same time as criticising those who have joined the al-Khansaa honour brigades as being naive because 'what they are doing will never save Syria let alone themselves'. So what is your solution?

E

I'm. I mean. I'm working on that. Right now - 2016 - we're not ready to implement changes as they should be - it's a work in progress and I think it's really important not to jump into it naively.

INTERVIEWER

Well what constitutes 'ready'? What are you waiting for?

E

I'm not waiting . What we're doing is - I don't want us to commit the same mistakes. Right? We need to rebuild the society and that takes a lot of time and a lot of effort. This is about the right pieces within and outside. And on the outside, I am here.

INTERVIEWER

And what are those pieces? How do you see your ideal -

E

Well it will be post conflict. It's not now because it's completely insane over there.

INTERVIEWER

What if the conflict never ends?

E

Of course it will end. Of course it will. Absolutely.

INTERVIEWER

But what if it doesn't.

E

It will.

Hypothetically - it doesn't. **INTERVIEWER**

We carry on fighting. **E**

How? **INTERVIEWER**

Through education. Through care. **E** It's not with wide-sweeping brush strokes or through crazy manifestos.

Do you think you're just compensating for your family? **INTERVIEWER**

Excuse me? **E**

That you weren't able to help them. **INTERVIEWER**

I'm not comfortable answering that question. **E**

That you've abandoned your culture even to the point of not speaking Arabic. **INTERVIEWER**

I can speak in full Arabic if you like. I choose not to. **E**

Because? **INTERVIEWER**

You wouldn't understand it. And I refuse to be mistranslated. **E**

And your accent? **INTERVIEWER**

What about it? **E**

Don't you feel that that is - **INTERVIEWER**

E

I don't get your question. So what? So what that I sound Western. It's power. And is that wrong?

E (MIND)

My body is the politick
And not a wonderland
To misunderstand
That where I stand
Here on this land
Makes me different
Not indifferent
Even if I went
Far from the loam
And roamed
And found a home
Accidentally
Incidentally
Around those who weren't mentally
Ready to accept me
Except me
Who never forgot
And never forgets
Not that you'll let me
Bet me
I won't rearrange the notions
And bring those Ivory towers down
Grinding them into the ground.

INTERVIEWER

So if the fighting stopped you would move back to Syria.

E

Absolutely.

INTERVIEWER

And get married?

E

You know - it's so funny, you see a woman and you - let's talk about what I do now. What I am trying to achieve. I want to join the government. Ask me about that. About my career. Ask me about being a major political figure in Syria. I'd like to lead.

INTERVIEWER

It would be rather dangerous.

E

For everyone.

For you especially.

INTERVIEWER

Why?

E

The death threats.

INTERVIEWER

Men showing off.

E

Surely you've heard the fatwa placed on you by the leader of al-Khansaa?

INTERVIEWER

Sorry?

E

You haven't heard?

INTERVIEWER

I've been busy with my work.

E

INTERVIEWER loads a share screen on the live and plays a video.

M

(in Arabic)

Bismillah al-rahman al-rahim. I call to all the women of Syria. The women of the faithful countries and those of the faithless. I call to all women. I call to you to find your strength again but not in the falseness of the West or capitalism or commodity. Not in the denial of your men and the denial of your land. I call to my sister - The False Prophet of the West - to look upon my sisters, her sisters. I call to you to see how your words are but stone that fall into the depths of the ocean. You have such fire but it burns with the wrong colour. You, my sister, will know only loss and emptiness on your current path. We call you to join us. To join your strength to ours. Or to be destroyed. To be torn down and taken apart. We can show you the true path - a path of light, of truth of strength. I reach my hand out to you my long absent sister and I call you. I call you to remember your place and your land. I call you to remember me. * I call you.

Under the above:

I'm surprised you haven't seen / this yet.

INTERVIEWER

Like I said /

E

It's fascinating.

INTERVIEWER

I've been busy.

E

She's fascinating.

INTERVIEWER

I'd like to hear her, please.

E

... There.
That's the word for sister isn't it?

INTERVIEWER

Sister is used for any female of the culture.

E

And there. 'False Prophet of the West'?

INTERVIEWER

...

E

I studied a little modern standard at Yale. That's you isn't it?

INTERVIEWER

According to the Twitter trolls.

E

Could this be your sister?

INTERVIEWER

No. Like I said - they died in -

E

Absent sister - returns home. She's very eager.

INTERVIEWER

...

E

Sounds like she's opening a dialogue.

INTERVIEWER

E

...

INTERVIEWER

Maybe you could respond to her. In one of your videos.

E

...

INTERVIEWER

It would be an incredible dialogue. I'd be happy to host it on another InstaLive. What do you think viewers?

E (MIND) *

It's all going to burn.

8. EPISTLE TO LOVE

S records another WhatsApp video message. As she scrolls through the messages we can see previous videos with blue read tick marks but no replies. The last couple of videos are on single grey unread tick marks.

S

Dear Khaled. . .

She stops. Her pause goes on for a long and uncomfortable while. She's lost within herself. In the many reasons why the last few videos haven't been watched. She eventually snaps back.

Khaled. *Weynek ya hob? Ya 3omry. Ya 3aynee.* Where have you gone that I cannot find you? Some days I sit here staring at the screen waiting for this little grey checkmark to go from one to two then start waiting all over again for it to turn blue. To let me know that you've received these messages - that you've seen them - that they give you comfort. And even though you've never replied this little blue check mark has given me comfort because it means you are out there - somewhere - trying to find your way to me.

But this grey mark leaves me cold and I don't know what to do with it. Maybe your battery has died and you have no way of charging your phone any more. Or did you forget it was charging and your cat enjoyed another meal of your cords? I never liked that little shit. Always staring at me for no reason like *shoo ya 3ammo shoo biddek minee!* Or did you lose your phone again? It could be two inches from your face and you would still lose it. Or did someone steal it from you? Or maybe you let someone borrow it out of kindness and they ran with it? Eyes that are too kind sometimes. Eyes that want to give you the world and ask for nothing in return.

My sisters here say I should forget you. They tell me I'm better off.

They think it makes me less focused - less dedicated. They have all lost men in their lives. Husbands. Brothers. Fathers. It's made them realise how little they actually needed them to live - to survive - to thrive. But how much can one person lose before they have nothing left but themselves to lose. It's too late then. Becoming a hollow shell of a person that moves around the earth like a robot.

Mariam, one of the snipers, leans against one of the trucks all day long hugging her Kalashnikov, smoking Gauloises cigarettes and drinking coffee after coffee after coffee.

"I will shoot whoever is closest to me."

She says it over and over. I don't think she knows how to say anything else any more. This is who she has become. An extension of an arm on a body that is not even hers. Destruction is so easy. Rebuilding, almost impossible.

Thinking of you is easy. Forgetting - impossible.

Some women from the Kurdish YPJ came to visit us - to train us - to exchange ideas and news. I swear not one of them is older than 21. So many of them could be my sister. So young - so full of potential - so full of possibility. And some of them are even foreign-born. Can you imagine? They have left the comforts of their lives to come here and fight for a homeland they have never visited before. Almost all of them are orphans now. The things that have been done to them... I don't know if I could... Khaled I don't know how any woman...

"Jin. Jiyan. Azadi" they say to us. "Women, Life, Freedom." More sisters for my family. More traumas and pains to heal. More wrongs to set right and nightmares to forget. More strength. More fear. More bravery. More change. More future. More guns. More violence. More death. More safety. More of this and more of that. More of everything and nothing. More of all and none. More of us and them. And them them them. More more more more more more more.

I don't even know what I am saying any more. I am talking to make the minutes pass so that this god damn grey check mark goes from one to two then to blue. Please turn blue, Khaled.

She puts the phone away from her face. It continues to record. She tries her best to hold it together. The weight of the revolution - of loss - of freedom - are all pressing down on her with no pause. If she does allow herself a tear or two she does so with supreme discretion and recovers with some haste.

I love you, Khaled. That's all. I love you.

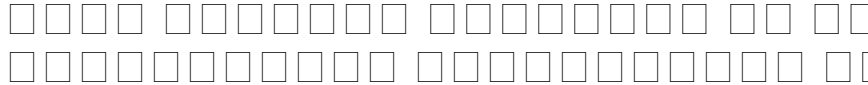
9. THE BRINE OF BONE

E softly recites Imam Shafie Rahmahumullah's poem "By Gone Be By Gone By".

S hums or ooo's this song: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZK-1QTrdbe0&t=1774s>

M slowly and methodically dresses herself as an al-Khansaa soldier. She finishes, leaves her face uncovered, then speaks:

M



We walk the marketplace as we do every day. As I did for most of my life when my mother -

We walk the marketplace with the other women. Dancing around one another like fish in a barrel listening to the hagglers competing with the mothers who -

We walk the route I've memorised. I stand in the shadows of those taller than me to keep the heat away. It's like nothing I have felt and I wonder how come no one has ever collapsed before as I pray my knees would stop shaking. They smell weakness like wild dogs. My silence has purchased my safety - for now. I hear them whisper about my spirit. My dedication. If I could better serve - Allah - somewhere else.

But there is nowhere else.

The other women won't meet our eyes. The men smile at us with condescension. The children hide behind legs. And I'm sweating under my left breast. I didn't know breasts could sweat. I didn't know colour had a smell. I didn't know you could taste someone else's fear.

It's like a battery on your tongue with a burn that starts in the middle of your tongue and spreads like honey around your mouth before sliding down your throat - and before it disappears you can taste roses.

Like birds we turn and flow to a sunny part of the market. We fall into formation and surround her. I see her confusion through the spaces between bodies. And I am swept up in the tide as we move and the marketplace shrinks behind us.

This tree has been here forever. Since the beginning of time depending on which grandmother you ask. Even if we stood around it holding hands we would not meet one another. I forgot how amazing the shade can feel. I'm looking down into the marketplace watching life happen. I close my eyes and can see the butcher there, the fish monger there, the woman selling herbs down there, the old man polishing shoes next to her.

The pain shoots up my arm as I'm ripped into the middle of the circle and I'm blinking sweat and life from my eyes. And she's holding on to a baby so tightly it's starting to cry.

E & S start a low chant that gains speed and volume.

My sisters are starting to chant and yell. The leader is poking my arm with her gun and I'm not sure what I'm supposed to say or - do - or -

She was feeding her child. Yes. And? Her baby was hungry. Yes. And? She was providing nourishment. Yes. And? And? And?

Her burqa isn't black enough. What? It isn't black enough. It isn't black enough? What?

Her burqa isn't black enough and so the sun stole through the weaves and showed off her baby like a hazy dream - a baby feeding on the milk of heaven. What a good mother. What a good mother.

Will you take the whip or the bite? You can only choose one. The whip. The bite. Choose one.

We will hold the baby. Don't worry. We are women. Allah has given us what we need to nurture the world.

Where are these words coming from? The other women look at me. I am looking at my self outside of myself and I can hear the words. And they sound so soft. They sound like my mother.

And she holds the baby out letting one of my sisters take it away. She releases her grip and let's us take it away.

And I look at her eyes and I see it again. I've seen those eyes. I've seen what comes of those eyes and I know what will happen to them next.

She gave it up and now she will give up. And they don't learn.

The whip?

They don't learn.

The bite?

They don't learn.

CHOOSE!

I know what she will choose. I ready my teeth. I ready them to leave a mark. A scar to remind everyone of her weakness. I hope the baby stays with us where she will be safer. I know what she will choose and I begin to lift my veil and my leader stops my hand with her gun.

The woman has bared her arms and is waiting. The woman is confused. The baby is not crying. I am confused.

She holds out my hands and puts the teeth into them. These are not my teeth. These are cold. Cold iron. My hands are hot. I see my reflection in them - twisted and blackened.

The woman is confused. I am confused. I am moved. I am tested. I see her eyes. I see my mother's eyes. I see them fail. Like my mother's. Like all those of the weak. And when you are weak the world buries you. And I am weak and the world will bury me. It will make me disappear.

I will not become her.

I will not become my mother.

I feel the push against the metal teeth as they sink into her soft skin. Pushing against her regret which comes too late. I feel the pull as I unhinge the jaw and the look of relief in her eyes - the pupils that dilate as the teeth sink again - and again - and again - it is hungry - it craves the iron spice of blood - it hungers - it sings - again - again - FEEDING on the milk that flows like rivers down her body. Feed your hunger.

And her baby watches. And her baby says nothing. And her baby will now know. As I know. As we all will know.

Our weakness will burn the earth to ashes.

Allahu Akbar!

E&S
(as fellow recruits)

Allahu Akbar!

M

Allahu Akbar!

E&S

Allahu Akbar!

M

Allahu Akbar!

E&S

Allahu Akbar!

M

I can finally taste the sun.

She covers her face and will never show it again.

10. TIK VS TOK

E uncovers her face and pulls out her phone - opening TikTok - at this point videos were still limited to 1-minute.

E

Ya Allah I forgot how hot it is here, everyone. Four years of pampered American living has made me a weakling in the face of our Syrian Sun. Yup. I'm here. Back in my motherland. You didn't think I'd do it. Didn't believe I would. And here I am - thanks to some generous supporters who DID believe in me. You wanted me to put my money where my political mouth is, so now I have. Could you the same? Want to join me?

M

Every day more and more of sisters are joining the side of righteousness and are given a voice, freedom, strength. We are given a place in this world like we never have been before. Perhaps some Syrian women think they know better than us but they've gotten fat with their comfort. We are rescuing villages, women, children - we are giving them a life they never had before. Those others are just patronising you, your culture, your beliefs.

The following E TikTok video is in the style of Q&A Viral videos. A question flashes on the top of the screen and a reply on the bottom.

Q: Did you find your soldier sister?

A: Yes! I know where she is!

Q: What about your younger sister?

A: I'm going o find her, too!

Q: Has a lot changed?

A: Changed. Disappeared. Destroyed.

Q: Am I ever coming back home.

She shrugs, smiles, winks, then ends the video.

M's TikTok video is built like a 1-minute propaganda reel. No text. Only music.

She marches down a street brandishing her Kalashnikov.

She fires her Kalashnikov.

She diligently reads from the Quran.

She ties the ISIS headband around her head as the ISIS logo flashes.

E

I know this will be hard for some of my more Western followers to believe but I'm perfectly safe. It is totally possible to be a Feminist Muslim AND critical of Islam. There are many MALE Arab Muslims who support feminist issues and are still strongly attached to Islam. They are the ones subverting patriarchal norms. They're the ones who distrust institutions and want to boost gender equality to embolden emancipatory religious interpretations.

M

New channel - same voice. It doesn't matter how many times they ban us - we will return. They want to call us terrorists - but we're trying to stop outsiders from ruining our country. We are Jihadists for believing in something that can save us. We are called Oppressors by people who turned their back on their homeland and their faith. But we - we pledge allegiance until death. We pledge this to our sisters AND our brothers. To all the children of our country. We will fight for you. Always.

In the style of 'vulnerable and crying' TikTok videos. E is on the screen mildly crying and looking into the camera.

The following text appears and disappears:

It's a hard day today.

My country destroyed. My people oppressed.

I should have stayed here and died with everyone else.

Hard to have hope in a place it has abandoned.

I'll be fine.

I'll be fine.

I'll be fine.

M's video is a surprisingly chippy Q&A video in the mode of a viral Q&A video.

Q: Are you terrorists?

A: No! We're liberators!

Q: Are you forced to cover up?

A: No! It's my choice. We all have a choice.

Q: Do you only help Muslims?

A: We fight against oppression and for freedom.

Q: Who are you really?

A: Just a humble servant.

She winks to the screen and puts her hand to the lens as a blackout.

E

I don't know why some of you think I'm faking. I AM in Syria. It is still a war zone here And, no, the West hasn't caused this. We've done it to ourselves. Some of you Muslims leaving hate comments need to seriously get your head checked. We are at war with Islam. And there's no middle ground. Once we defeat Islam it can finally become something peaceful.

M

Like old gods they descend down and gift us with freedom and free will but punish us when we use it. They say we have brought this on ourselves, but if we seek to defend ourselves why should we be destroyed for it. They hate our anger but they fuel it. They hate that we speak with our own voices because they have lost theirs.

E

There comes a moment when you crush your enemy and if you don't do that, then you have to live with the consequence of being crushed.

M

There will come a moment when we will try to save our enemy and give them compassion even when they choose the path that lessens their humanity.

E

Radical Muslims must radically alter Islam or there will be nothing and no one left standing.

M

If they do not completely change there will be nothing and no one left standing.

E

We'll all be crushed.

M

They must be saved.

Come and find me - if you dare. I wait with open arms.

11. SISTERS OF STONE

S & E stand looking at one another. S casually comfortable in her fatigues and smoking a cigarette. E wrapped up in a 3abaya and hijab scratching away at her hairline under the hijab.

They stare at one another.

Ikhti. S

Ikhti. E

You look healthy. S

Nice - cave. E

It's comfortable. S

How many of you live in here? E

It's comfortable. S

Should we hug? E

Why are you asking? S

Just in case - E

S goes to hug E. It's awkward. Mildly warm, but awkward.

You are eating well. S
(pinching E's hips)

Stop. E

(slapping her hand away)
So how many of you are there?

Enough. **S**

E itches again shoving her finger deeper into her hijab.

You can take that off. **S**

Hm? **E**

You can take it off. **S**

Right. **E**

No one cares here. **S**

Yeah. **E**

Unless you've decided to / change - **S**

No. **E**

It's ok/ if - **S**

No no. **E**

You sure? **S**

Look. (she chuckles) Trust me. I'm not. (she takes off the hijab). See? **E**

Ok. **S**

I'm not! **E**
She takes off the Sabaya to reveal her western clothing.

Shoo dakheeleh. **S**

Shush. **E**

Looks good. **S**

Thanks. **E**

S
I didn't think you would ever return here.

E
I thought you died.

S
I'm alive.

E
And I'm here.

S
Four years.

E
Almost four.

S
You missed a lot.

E
Thank God for Skype.

S
We couldn't hug a computer screen.

E
Well you could have tried.

... S

Sorry. E

You thought I was dead. S

I wasn't sure. E

You couldn't come to check. S

I tried. I called the neighbours. / No one answered. E

You didn't come back. / S

No. E

A tense moment. Just when it gets uncomfortable.

You didn't come back! S

There's a war going on! E

You could have come back. S

It was difficult. E

You're here now. S

Yes / I know. E

So you could / have come back. S

I wasn't then who I am / now. E
What does that even / S
Look. E
Go ahead. S
Sorry finish. E
No go. S
I know people. E
What people? S
People with bleeding hearts. E
Shoo? S
They want to do good? E
Ah. And you? S
Of course / I E
You want to do / good? S
Yes. E

Ok. S

I do. E

Ok. S

Then why am I here now? E

Hm. S

What? E

How did you get here? S

I told you I /know people. E

Know people. How did you know you would find me? S

You're kind of famous, *ya ikhti*. E

S laughs.

E takes out her phone and unlocks it. She turns around a little to try and find a signal and goes to the cave entrance.

You can find a signal? S

Piggybacking off a satellite. E

Because you know people. S

Come here. E

S takes a moment then walks over. E starts playing the video of S that lead E there. S takes the phone.

My god. **S**

Look how many views. **E**

I look old. **S**

You're like the Angelina Jolie of Female Freedom Fighters. **E**

I look tired. **S**

Got more views than I do on any of my videos. Once I saw this - saw you - it was easy enough to get here. Well - not easy - but not hard. **E**

What videos? **S**

Hm? **E**

What / videos? **S**

Oh right I make / videos? **E**

What kind/ of - **S**

Inspirational. **E**

Ah. **S**

Yeah. **E**

Show me. **S**

Maybe later. **E**

You should do it now. While it's quiet. **S**

E takes the phone reluctantly and goes to one of her videos.

Syrian Woman Knows. **S**

Yeah. **E**

What does she know? **S**

It's not so much about knowing. **E**

Then - **S**

The video starts to play. It's one of E's earlier videos

E (VIDEO)

The trouble with Islam is deeply rooted in its teachings. Islam is just a religion, it's a political ideology that preaches violence and applies its agenda by force. Without criticism, Islam will remain unassailable in its dogmatic, fanatical, medieval fortress. It will continue to stifle thought, human rights, / individuality, originality and truth.

Baba would be proud. **S**

Thanks. **E**

E (VIDEO)

All Muslims must ask themselves what they can do for humanity, before they demand that humanity respects them. And how can they demand respect when they don't even respect half it's population? Speak out, Women! The worst form of slavery is when the slave believes he is free and this is how women under Islam feel. A woman's paradise is under her husband's foot. The more she struggles the more he presses down on her.

/ The more she pushes the harder the earth becomes. The more she speaks the more she is silenced.

Turn it off. **S**

This is the best part. **E**

Turn it off. **S**

But / **E**

Turn it / off! **S**

Alright / alright. **E**

Ya / allah. **S**

Alright it's off. Look. It's off. **E**

S goes to smoke.

E
I have a big mouth I know. A lot of people don't like what I have to say but too bad. I'm trying to make real change. I'm trying to change this nonsense so we have a real chance at a future. So that our world and our loved ones have a / real -

S
So this is what you do. You sit in that chair and you talk to a camera and you put it on the internet and people click like and you make another video for more people and you talk. And you are making change.

Yeah. I'm trying. Look - **E**

You are making a change? **S**

Yes. **E**

S laughs.

I mean look at these comments. **E**

Come here and look. **S**

What? **E**

Come here. Look at them. **S**

I didn't think there were this many. **E**

S
And more. Look at her. She saw her brother shot in front of her. She patrols the fences at night. Her? Her parents forced her to marry an ISIS soldier then beat her when she said no. She cooks breakfast for us - every morning - no matter what. Her: Survived her house being burned down. Her? /Parents decapitated in front of her.

Ok. **E**

Her? An / orphan. **S**

Ok! **E**

Her? Abandoned. **S**

I said ok! **E**

S
They are doing 'things'. They are making 'changes'. They are 'changing' the world. They are 'changing' themselves. You are talking. What do you think that is going to do?

Killing people is not going /to fix - **E**

We don't kill / people. **S**

Oh you don't. / **E**

No. **S**

Never? **E**

Only in defence. **S**

E
We're not going to win until we change the way people think.

S
And if there's no one left because they're all dead who will listen to you?

E
It's not just for Syrians.

S
Then who? Everyone there who can sit comfortably and think they are fighting? They're cowards.

E
Oh come / on.

S
You're a coward.

E
Oh come on!

S
You don't remember who you are. You don't remember where you come from. You think we're under the boots of men. You have the boots of those people on your neck and they've made you into a zoo animal to look at. To perform for them as some voice of progressive change. You came back here to make a video to get you views.

E
I did not.

S
Ya ikhti it hasn't been that many years - I still remember your ambition and your pride. More valuable to you than air. Changes. You think you're making changes. You're doing nothing.

At least I was running TO something unlike you.

E

I didn't run.

S

A camera doesn't lie.

E

I didn't run.

S

I saw Mama get shot. I saw her fall. I saw the soldier come for you. I saw you shove him. I saw him look at our sister. I saw him looking at me. I saw him shoot the camera. And I heard him fire two more times.

E

I went to get help.

S

Convenient.

E

And Khaled was gone. And I came back to the / house.

S

Right.

E

And they were gone. And there was blood / everywhere.

S

Look. /

E

No / you -

S

Look I'm not here to judge you. You did what you did. I did what I did. Baba is gone. Mama is gone. Khaled is gone. And our sister is probably gone.

E

She is gone.

S

Probably.

E

Why probably? **S**

A hunch. **E**

Why did you come here? **S**

E takes her phone out again.

I'm done with those. **S**

I just need to know I'm not crazy. **E**

M

(in Arabic)

Bismillah al-rahman al-rahim. I call to all the women of Syria. The women of the faithful countries and those of the faithless. I call to all women. I call to you to find your strength again but not in the falseness of the West or capitalism or commodity. Not in the denial of your men and the denial of your land. I call to my sister - The False Prophet of the West - to look upon my sisters, her sisters. I call to you to see how your words are but stone that fall into the depths of the ocean. You have such fire but it burns with the wrong colour. You, my sister, will know only loss and emptiness on your current path. We call you to join us. To join your strength to ours. Or to be destroyed. To be torn down and taken apart. We can show you the true path - a path of light, of truth of strength. I reach my hand out to you my long absent sister and I call you. I call you to remember your place and your land. I call you to remember me. I call you.

E
This is the only one I can find. And trust me I searched. I can't tell. It's been a while but not that long. I don't think it's her but something in my gut just tells / me that -

It's not her. **S**

Are you sure? **E**

It's not her. **S**

She grew up - her voice changed. **E**

S
Khalas, it's not her. And it doesn't matter anyway.

E
Of course it matters.

S
No. If that's her. Then she's already dead.

An unbridgeable silence.

S
Did the Americans teach you how to shoot?

E
I don't like guns.

S
A luxury. Come here.

E
Why?

S
Take my gun.

E
I don't want to touch it.

S
You want to be here - in our world? You want to pursue whatever holy mission you're on? Then take my gun.

E
I don't need a weapon to succeed.

S
Think of it as a tool. You want to fight the enemy? Understand them. Now take it.

A hesitation. Then an outreach.

S
Thank you. Don't hesitate - ever. When you see your moment. Take it. One second means you're alive or dead. One second. Understood?

E nods.

S

Good. Now -

12. MEDUSA ERIYNES

M

Bismillah al-rahman al-rahim. I call to all the women of Syria. The women of the faithful countries and those of the faithless. I call to all women. I call to you to find your strength again but not in the falseness of the West or capitalism or commodity. Not in the denial of your men and the denial of your land. I call to my sister - The False Prophet of the West - to look upon my sisters, her sisters. I call to you to see how your words are but stone that fall into the depths of the ocean. You have such fire but it burns with the wrong colour. You, my sister, will know only loss and emptiness on your current path. We call you to join us. To join your strength to ours. Or to be destroyed. To be torn down and taken apart. We can show you the true path - a path of light, of truth of strength. I reach my hand out to you my long absent sister and I call you. I call you to remember your place and your land. I call you to remember me. I call you.

S -MAMA

My daughter. My daughter.

M

Mama?

E -MAMA

My daughter. My daughter

M

Mama is that you?

S-MAMA

The wheel.
The rolling rock.
The thirst in the water's midst.

M

What?

E-MAMA

Revenge and sorrows dire to you belong
Hid in a savage veil, severe and strong.

M

I don't understand.

S-MAMA

My daughter.

M

Mama.

S-MAMA

(Arabic)

My daughter. You came into this world without a sound. No cries. No tears. No screams. / You came into this world and I didn't even know it until they put you in my arms. And you looked at me and I fell into those eyes. I feel so far down that I didn't know if I would ever be able to climb back out. You came into this world and I knew there would be no more. And I knew you would be special. You would do great things in this world. Things no one else could do. There is a strength in you. A fire. A fire that could burn forever. And it frightens me. You frighten me. I'm afraid you will burn the world. I'm afraid - for everyone.

At / the scene continues but S-MAMA keeps talking under, like underscoring.

S&E are living memories of M's assumptions.

E

She always liked you the most. Not because you were the baby. Although that was reason enough. Because you were most like her. You were all the things she wanted to be but wasn't.

M

She was afraid.

E

She was older.

M

She didn't know how to be strong.

E

She gave birth to three girls. She didn't have much left.

M

You were jealous.

E

Of?

M

That she loved me more.

Maybe. But no. **E**

That she let you go so easily. **M**

She knew she wouldn't win. **E**

Then I'm least like her. **M**

E-MAMA

(in Arabic)

My daughter. You came into this world without a sound. No cries. No tears. No screams. / You came into this world and I didn't even know it until they put you in my arms. And you looked at me and I fell into those eyes. I feel so far down that I didn't know if I would ever be able to climb back out. You came into this world and I knew there would be no more. And I knew you would be special. You would do great things in this world. Things no one else could do. There is a strength in you. A fire. A fire that could burn forever. And it frightens me. You frighten me. I'm afraid you will burn the world. I'm afraid - for everyone.

S
At least you've stopped wearing my shoes.

M
They were the prettiest shoes I'd ever seen.

S
She was a stylish woman.

M
You got all her old clothes.

S
I was the first one to grow into them.

M
Those SHOES. So -

S & M
Red.

M
Yes.

S
Beautiful. Not even beating you stopped you from wearing them.

M
They looked better on me.

S
But they were mine.

M
You never liked sharing.

S
I'm the oldest.

M
You should nurture the youngest.

S
Maybe. But no.

M
Why?

S
How else would you learn?

S-MAMA

(in Arabic)

My daughter. You came into this world without a sound. No cries. No tears. No screams. / You came into this world and I didn't even know it until they put you in my arms. And you looked at me and I fell into those eyes. I feel so far down that I didn't know if I would ever be able to climb back out. You came into this world and I knew there would be no more. And I knew you would be special. You would do great things in this world. Things no one else could do. There is a strength in you. A fire. A fire that could burn forever. And it frightens me. You frighten me. I'm afraid you will burn the world. I'm afraid - for everyone.

E
You were never a good student.

M
I tried.

E
So did Baba - every night - but you never took to it.

M
His voice was soothing. Like polishing leather.

E
You've learned now though.

M
Yes.

E
Not sure if he would approve of your curriculum, but at least you've - enlightened - yourself.

M
It's empowerment not enlightenment.

E
It's oppressive.

M
It's progressive.

E
It's outdated.

M
We've updated it.

E
And you think it's working.

M
Do you see any frightened women among us?

E
Not in here.

E-MAMA
(in Arabic)

My daughter. You came into this world without a sound. No cries. No tears. No screams. / You came into this world and I didn't even know it until they put you in my arms. And you looked at me and I fell into those eyes. I feel so far down that I didn't know if I would ever be able to climb back out. You came into this world and I knew there would be no more. And I knew you would be special. You would do great things in this world. Things no one else could do. There is a strength in you. A fire. A fire that could burn forever. And it frightens me. You frighten me. I'm afraid you will burn the world. I'm afraid - for everyone.

I don't like you in all black.	S
It's comfortable.	M
Like an angel of death.	S
It's comforting.	M
It hides your smile.	S
That doesn't matter anymore.	M
And your body.	S
Which is only for Allah.	M
You had the best body out of all of us.	S
That doesn't matter either.	M
You think it makes you strong.	S
It does.	M
It's a costume.	S
It's armour.	M
It means nothing.	S

And represents everything. **M**

But the red on your hands is a nice touch. **S**

What - what red? **M**
(off-guard)

She can't even see it. **E**
(dropping from her Mama position no matter where in the text she is)

Right there. On both hands. **S**

There's nothing there. **M**

I'm not surprised she can't see it. **E**
(laughing)

Look harder. **S**

I am. **M**

Please. **S**

Don't bother, *ikhiti*, she never understood things until it was too late. **E**

There's nothing there. **M**

Open your eyes. **S**

They are! **M**

E

She's too blind.

M

I'm not! There's nothing there!

S

I need you to look. I need you to see. / We need you. We all do. Look there. See it. See it. It's all over your hands. It drips and drops into the soil. You have to stop it before it poisons the earth. Before it kills us all.

M

You're trying to trick me. Both of you. You want me to fail. You don't think I am strong enough. But you're both cowards. Like Mama, like Baba, like all the rest of them. Stop it. Stop it! STOP IT!

Silence.

S-MAMA

(softer in volume - in Arabic)

My daughter. You came into this world without a sound. No cries. No tears. No screams. You came into this world and I didn't even know it until they put you in my arms. And you looked at me and I fell into those eyes. I feel so far down that I didn't know if I would ever be able to climb back out. You came into this world and I knew there would be no more. And I knew you would be special. You would do great things in this world. Things no one else could do. There is a strength in you. A fire. A fire that could burn forever. And it frightens me. You frighten me. I'm afraid you will burn the world. I'm afraid - for everyone.

E-MAMA

(in English - clearly heard)

My daughter. You came into this world without a sound. No cries. No tears. No screams. You came into this world and I didn't even know it until they put you in my arms. And you looked at me and I fell into those eyes. I feel so far down that I didn't know if I would ever be able to climb back out. You came into this world and I knew there would be no more. And I knew you would be special. You would do great things in this world. Things no one else could do. There is a strength in you. A fire. A fire that could burn forever. And it frightens me. You frighten me. / I'm afraid you will burn the world. I'm afraid - for everyone.

Lines after / should be heard in the clear.

M

Good. Be afraid. All of you.

13. EPISTLE TO DEATH

S

Dear Khaled,

Another man walked into the camp. The fifth one this month. I could smell him from the other side of the line before I even saw him.

How they are treating these people - I just don't understand. They look worse and worse and this one was the worst. His beard grown out like a wild animal. Barefoot. Clothes torn. His skin hanging off of him. He reminded me of those American films with the zombies. I want so much to go to these men and offer them bread, some water - something. But in their condition they lash out and act violently even with the gentlest touch.

So all I do is watch and say *ya miskeen*. And he hears me - he has to - because he stops and he turns his head. It's just enough for me to see him - his nose - his cheeks. And it is as if the air leaves the world. I can feel the entire sky sitting on my chest. And I walk to him - I have to. My sisters try to stop me, but I don't even feel their hands on me. I keep walking towards him. I don't care that his smell makes me taste acid. I don't care that he's not moving anymore. I know he can feel me near. He has to. And I think maybe I can talk to him. I can touch him. I can help him. Maybe we can fight another way and bring back our brothers to us. Maybe no one has to die and we can start to gather all these seeds blown to the wind and plant them in the ground again.

And I walk around him and I see his eyes. I know them. And he sees mine. And he knows mine. I feel my mouth moving but I don't hear anything. I want to reach out to him but the earth is pulling my hand deeper and deeper into the ground. And then he walks. He walks and he passes me and I feel his shoulder brush mine with nothing more than a particle of sand between our arms. I turn and see him walk towards the camp. My sisters know. They see my eyes and they know. And they gather around us in a circle. They gather to witness. To hold me up. To give me strength. I never loved this person as much as when I felt his flesh push against my knife. When I could feel his heart beating down the blade into the handle onto my hand and up my arm. When I could feel the stickiness of his life covering my fingers and feeding the earth - feeding those forgotten seeds left behind.

And I turned you to me and looked in your eyes, Khaled. I saw your eyes and you saw mine. My world ended when I saw your eyes. I have no world left to me any more but this. There is no path any more where you and I can walk. Where you ended - I have begun.

14. PERSEUS VICTORIOUS

M

She became a goddess of the whirlwind

S

Of the raging storm.

E

Of the sun and the sand.

M

And she surrounded herself in a wall that none could breach or climb.

S

She had her mother's name and her father's spirit.

E

But they were both lost to her now. And all that remained was the anger of aeons. The deepest hours of horrors. The impenetrable silence wrapped around her heart.

M

Age had given her bile and malice tasting like sour betrayal. Had given her hatred sweeter than honey. Had lead her to the abyss which she made a home.

S

She is armoured in hatred. She walks defiantly like a colossus. She wishes to stand astride the word. She hungers to punish those who deserve it and cut off the ones who might sin.

ALL

Where she goes the air turns febrile and thick.

E

She would hold a mirror to herself at her own peril. To see what she has become. What they have made of her. What she allowed herself to become.

M

She did not forget who she was - she had not lost her memories. She saw them in all the screaming faces who stared back her with a universe of questions. But her fury was all that mattered now. Her fury - at them. The ones who would abandon - who would forget - who would ask for forgiveness - who would seek to save.

Come and find me! If you dare!

S

You can't go to her.

M

Come have a war of words and let us see who emerges victorious.

E

I have to know.

M

Test you will against mine!

S

You need to let your guilt go.

M

Your courage!

E

This is not guilt.

S

So you find out it's her and then what? You save her?

E

WE save her. We have to.

S

She's gone and is never coming back. You need to accept it.

E

Why do you keep saying that? What do you know?

S

I know what it means to live here. I know what it means to be in this war. I know what happens to people. I know what happens to them when they hope too much - when they expect something that will never happen. I won't let that happen to you.

E

I didn't come back. And you ran away. We are responsible for whatever happened to her in this place. It's her - it's not her - I don't care. But I am going to meet her.

S

Leave your phone here.

E

What? No.

S

You have nothing to prove to those people.

E

They need to know about this.

S

You need to feel vindicated.

E

Why shouldn't I prove to them that everything I've been saying is right?

S

Because you'll only prove everything she is saying is right.

M

What god do you pray to? What sacred spirit touches your soul? What feminine divine courses through your blood? Who will you be when you are tested? Will you turn to stone or rise to greatness?

S

They left when the moon was still at the highest point in the night sky. A moon pregnant with light and warning.

E

A meeting negotiated like the best of politicians with neither giving or taking too much.

M

Honeyed words and threats to the innocent were all that was needed. None would know of the meeting.

S

None would protect us.

E

None would see the vindication.

M

Only the stars would witness this moment.

S

No argument would plant itself in her ears. She was resolute. She was single-minded. She was obsessed with a truth she was not ready to bear.

E

No neurotic pleas for safety needed to be uttered. She was nervous. She was alert. She was sure that the path would go always remain unfinished.

M

No doubts remained because she had the weapon of surety in her hands. She was ecstatic. She was patient. She was covered with the divinity of retribution and judgement they would never see coming.

S

Silence filled the air.

E

Drowned it.

M

Comforted it.

S

And then they were met.

*All three stand in the same space for the first time.
M looks at E. E looks at M. S looks at M.*

This goes on for a long time.

Longer than the audience can bear.

Longer than the three women can bear.

ALL

And then - they speak.

E

She spoke a name neither had heard in years.

M

But she did not reply.

S

They exchanged pleasantries - each waiting for the other to begin in earnest.

M

She knew she would give in first. She had no resolve - no patience.

E

She had no interest in the cat and mouse. She needed answers.

M

But she received none.

E

A volley.

M

A parry.

E

An accusation.

M

A castigation.

E

Feint.

M

Conceit.

E

Rhetoric.

Polemic. **M**

Logos. **E**

Pathos. **M**

Pontification. **E**

Justification. **M**

Rationalisation. **E**

Demonisation. **M**

Imperious. **E**

Vainglorious. **M**

Didactic. **E**

Dialectic. **M**

S

They could have gone on like this for ages - neither relenting even as the world turned to dust around them. She has questions she is afraid to ask. She has answers she refuses to give. For a moment it seemed like the past had replaced the present. That youth returned to supplant the jaded cynicism of adulthood. And then - an opening. A flaw in the armour - exposed - exploited.

E

An almost imperceptible change. And her eyes flickered with anger.

M

She dared to show me my reflection. And her gall lashed with ego.

She did not relent. **E**

She refused to acquiesce. **M**

With every word another flicker. **E**

She was tempting fate. **M**

Another flash. **E**

She was irredeemable. **M**

She resorted to spouting proverbs and scripture - hiding behind the words of the weak. **E**

She was unmoved by the words more powerful than Humanity - there was not purchase left. **M**

The air grew hotter as they neared one another - circling - measuring. Neither began to hear the other as the words poured forth. Neither wanted to ask the question that was waiting to be asked. **S**

Are you her? **ALL**

And then - **S**

I saw her shift.

I knew that change.

The weight moving in the balls of the feet.

Bolstered by a forward thigh.

A shoulder tensing with familiarity.

The time for words had come to an end.

More would be needed.

I saw it.

She didn't.

I knew it would come.

I had warned her.

She didn't remember.
And I knew I had to.

No one else would.

No one else could.

I had to.

An impossible choice forced into the possible.

S quickly pulls her gun and shoots M.

The rest of the world goes silent.

M looks down. A dark stain pooling and growing.

She collapses. With no fanfare. No screams. No world-ending cacophony.

E looks to S who takes a moment then puts her gun away.

E takes a moment then walks to M.

S cuts her off and pushes her back slightly.

We have to know.

E

It doesn't matter.

S

It has to.

E

It won't make a difference.

S

I need to know.

E

I told you she was dead. **S**

I need to know. **E**

That's not her. **S**

I need to know. **E**

E starts to move past, but S stops her again and pushes her - putting her hand up to will her away.

She walks to M's body and leans down, puts her hand on the wound and silently prays. She lifts the veil to look at M's face. It is what she has known. What she has expected. What she hoped she would never see. If her face betrays her emotions, E will never know or see.

So? . . . So? . . .
...
...
... So? **E**

S turns to look at her and simply - modestly - shakes her head 'No'.

E drops the guns - and releases the torrent of emotions she's held under lock: regret, disappointment, exhaustion, and longing.

S watches. And watches. And watches.

15. A RETURN TO THE CAVE

She was - **ALL**

The light at the beginning **S-FURY**

The voice in the darkness. **E-FURY**

The first and the last and the always. **M-FURY**

She needed - **ALL**

Redemption. **S-FURY**

Rage. **E-FURY**

Retribution. **M-FURY**

She became - **ALL**

The scourge. **M-FURY**

The storm. **S-FURY**

The swarm. **E-FURY**

She wanted - **ALL**

To breathe the sky. **S-FURY**

To heal a mountain. **E-FURY**

To taste the sun. **M-FURY**

She is the one who laughed in the face of freedom. **ALL-FURY**

THE END?