

Gorgons

A Story Post-Medusa

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CHARACTERS:

Stheno: (S-then-O) The Musician, the Elder Sister, A Gorgon

Euryale: (Yer-all-ay) The Alchemist, the Younger Sister, A Gorgon

SETTING:

A cave in which the sisters are trapped. Separate locations within the cave, such as the entrance and the path to the entrance are indicated with light, sound, and the amount of statues present. The further in we are, the more statues are present.

PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTE:

Rumor has it Gorgons have snakes for hair, scales, tusks, bronze hands, a long snake-like tongue -

We don't know if this is true and should be disputed.

Rumor also has it that Gorgons have bellowing cries; this is definitely True.

Stage this accordingly.

Stheno and Euryale are noted as and address each other as Sisters, but any bodies suited to the roles should be considered regardless of gender and, for that matter, race and physical ability.

Passages of time are seamless.

Preferably there is some movement or a silent action to indicate this rather than blackouts.

Challenge the idea of technology in this space.

See what the sisters can do on their own.

*If the production needs an intermission please take it at the passage marked **INTERVAL**. However, don't let the action on stage stop; just let people use the facilities or grab a snack. It's more fun if people question their reality.*

*This is **not** a spectacle.*

*This **is** about surviving.*

PRELUDE:

*A Cave filled with Statues in silhouette.
One of the Statues is headless.
There is a brief stillness.
And then chaos.*

TOGETHER:

He Came.

STHENO:

From out of nowhere and cried of a quest.

EURALYE:

We had no knowledge of this -

STHENO:

But he came -

EURYALE:

From the darkness - Like a ship through fog -

STHENO:

When the wind is just right and the sails are perfectly taught -

TOGETHER:

He dared to climb our mountain.

STHENO:

He braved the peaks -

EURYALE:

The loose boulders and craggy cliffs -

STHENO:

Until he came to our cave.

TOGETHER:

He saw *Her*.

His prize to be won -

STHENO:

His glory to be gained -

EURYALE:

And attacked!

STHENO:

He swung. And missed.

EURYALE:

And kept his eyes closed.

TOGETHER:

He knew, but he faltered.

STHENO:

And she was Ready.

EURYALE:

She was always Ready.

STHENO:

The battle raged for hours.

TOGETHER:

But she took a moment to take a breath. Just one breath. And it was her last.

EURYALE:

He Cheated. He had tools.

STHENO:

Glamours. The Gods.

EURYALE:

And we could not help but cry, but scream.

STHENO:

EURYALE:

We screamed from the depths of our Souls.

They scream - bellows that shake the cave.

TOGETHER:

He was not prepared for Three.

STHENO:

And we could have won. So he took her head. And ran back to his land of men.

EURYALE:

With his trophy. And our defeat.

STHENO:

Our grief...

EURYALE:

He jumped on his boat and sailed back to his land of men, after robbing us!

STHENO:

Violating our space!

EURYALE:

Our *Sister!*

STHENO:

And we do NOT speak his name.

EURYALE:

Though he shouted it as a Declaration.

TOGETHER:

But we will never say it.

STHENO:

We will say Hers until the end of our days.

Medusa.

TOGETHER:

A moment.

EURYALE:

He came out of nowhere...

STHENO:

Men always came for her. And all she had to do was look. And the threat was gone.

EURYALE:

They became statues.

STHENO:

In life statues are harmless.

EURYALE:

In grief they are nothing but pain

STHENO:

So when he took her life we wanted to smash all the statues. Because we didn't want to be reminded.

TOGETHER:

But we did not. That would have been a mistake.

EURYALE:

Because we would have nothing, save her body.

STHENO:

And we can not restore it.

TOGETHER:

We are the last two *Gorgons*.

EURYALE:

All we want is to bury our sister -

TOGETHER:

Whole.

Beat.

But we are left wanting.

A beat. A shift.

Time passed.

STHENO's VISION:

EURYALE fades into the dark.

STHENO:

For several nights after our sister was taken I could not sleep. The agony of darkness and exhaustion had consumed me and held my mind open and...vulnerable. And I was haunted.

*A terrifying shadow forms behind STHENO.
Its movements are sharp, staccato, but elegant.*

My cave, my home was suddenly shrouded in a deep, penetrating shadow. It loomed over me, as terrifying as...as...

A sudden, violent, grand movement -

STHENO (contd.):

...as a God...

The Shadow is still.

Have you come for us? Please...

*Suddenly the head of the Shadow disappears.
STHENO screams and the darkness envelopes everything.
The dim light slowly creeps back up - The Shadow is gone.
STHENO has fallen into a deep sleep and begins to cry.
EURYALE comes from the shadows and shakes her awake.*

EURYALE:

Stheno...Stheno! Hey!

STHENO abruptly wakes up.

You were crying.

STHENO:

Oh, I - must have been dreaming...

They return to sleep as colors dance across the walls of the cave.

A PASSAGE OF TIME:

The cave brightens slightly, no longer in silhouette.

STHENO sings.

EURYALE draws equations on the ground with chalk.

STHENO:

O, the realms of men

The realms of men

They cry, cry, cry -

EURYALE:

Ninety-six...Ninety-seven / ...Ninety-eight...Ninety-nine...One-hundred.

STHENO:

O, they shall not cry

Until they...cry

Cry, cry, cry...

Damn it...

EURYALE:

Did I mess you up?

STHENO:

No.

EURYALE:

Did I?

STHENO:

Yes...

EURYALE:

I'm sorry.

STHENO:

It wasn't going anywhere anyway.

EURYALE:

It could've!

STHENO:

I'll come back to it. What were you saying?

EURYALE:

Just now?

STHENO:

Obviously.

EURYALE:

We were discussing my interruption -

STHENO:

Before the interruption!

EURYALE:

You should have said so.

STHENO groans.

One Hundred.

STHENO:

One Hundred?

EURYALE:

One Hundred.

STHENO:

Can I have some context?

EURYALE:

I was counting in my head.

STHENO:

And then out loud.

EURYALE:

And then out loud.

STHENO:

And what were you counting in your head and then out loud?

EURYALE:

The time.

STHENO:

Since what?

EURYALE:

Since it happened.

STHENO:

Since it - ?

EURYALE:

It's been one-hundred days exactly.

A moment of realization.

STHENO:

It has not...I could have sworn I was just asleep...

EURYALE:

What cause would I have to lie?

STHENO:

I'm unsure.

A moment.

But we should keep things interesting, no?

EURYALE:

What? By lying?

STHENO:

Not lying. I never said lying... *Secrets.*

EURYALE:

Ridiculous.

STHENO:

What? Even we should keep secrets.

EURYALE:

I don't have any secrets to keep.

STHENO:

Everyone has secrets.

EURYALE:

I don't have any secrets!

STHENO:

Mm. That's actually unsurprising.

EURYALE:

What secrets are you keeping from me??

STHENO:

I didn't say I was keeping secrets -

EURYALE:

What do you mean 'Unsurprising'!?

STHENO:

I think that answer is clear.

EURYALE:

Mmmmmm!

They stare: A contest. STHENO wins.

STHENO:
You're getting worse.

EURYALE:
My eyes are tired.

STHENO:
From practicing defeat?

EURYALE:
I have work to do.

STHENO:
What work?

EURYALE:
Alchemy.

STHENO:
There is nothing here that could help with that.

EURYALE:
Mental Alchemy.

STHENO:
I don't understand the concept...

EURYALE:
I have things to add up.

STHENO:
What things?

EURYALE:
Dimensions, dimensions! So many questions...

STHENO:
What dimensions?

EURYALE:

It's hard to explain to someone who has not studied it.

STHENO:

Humor me.

EURYALE:

Mmph. Fine. I'm trying to add up dimensions to...create a way to see.

STHENO:

But how can you create a way to see if you can't see what you seek?

EURYALE:

I - what?

STHENO:

What?

EURYALE:

Just let me work!

STHENO:

Fine!

EURYALE:

Good!

A moment. Almost to herself...

STHENO:

Seems like it should be more significant. One hundred days.

EURYALE:

Numbered days are insignificant when you're immortal.

STHENO looks at her sadly.

It only lasts a moment and then she hums her agreement.

A MEMORY:

BOTH:

Before he came -

STHENO:

She was our teacher.

EURYALE:

She told us of the world outside that had been stolen from us -

STHENO:

That we didn't know was stolen from us...

EURYALE:

Until she told us.

The two imitate Medusa.

STHENO:

“Did I ever tell you the story of - ”

EURYALE:

“Did I ever tell you about the time - ”

BOTH:

“Did you *know* - !?”

STHENO:

She would tell us about the world -

EURYALE:

In a way we could understand -

STHENO:

Muse on.

EURYALE:

Comprehend.

BOTH:

And then articulate.

STHENO:

“Tell me the story of - ”

EURYALE:

“Tell me the formula for - ”

STHENO:

She made me who / I am.

EURYALE:

She made me who I am.

STHENO:

And now we're here without her...

EURYALE:

And now?

STHENO:

Now all we have is her stories...

EURYALE:

Putting her hand on STHENO's shoulder.

That is not nothing.

STHENO:

That is everything.

A PASSAGE OF TIME:

EURYALE:

I have a question.

STHENO:

I love questions.

EURYALE:

Don't be cruel.

STHENO:

I wasn't -

EURYALE:

I really do / have a question!

STHENO:

I never said you didn't!

EURYALE:

You never take me seriously.

STHENO:

Why do you always - !?

EURYALE:

And I am the learned one, so / obviously you should -

STHENO:

Just because you - ! Hummm. *FINE*. Fine.

A breath.

What is your question?

EURYALE:

Why are we called *Gorgons*?

STHENO arches an eyebrow.

It's what they called us when we were sent here. Do you not remember?

STHENO:

Oh...yes, of course. Yes. No, I remember. We discuss this often.

EURYALE:

And our sister, she was one as well, yes?

STHENO:

But she was not like us, she was -

EURYALE:

Mortal. Correct. So why was she called a Gorgon? Her pursuers would yell the name at her before they tried to take her, before she turned them to stone.

STHENO:

Mm. Association? But she looks - looked nothing like us.

EURYALE:

"Gorgooooonnnn - ! I come for thy head! Taketh thy...self and...uh...show? Thyself?" No? Something like that.

STHENO:

I'm not quite sure they were *that* animated -

EURYALE:

Yes, well. I never claimed to be an actor. So, do you know?

STHENO:

I don't. Why do you ask this now?

EURYALE:

It may help.

STHENO:

With - ?

EURYALE:

I'm just wondering, Stheno! Curiosity is an essential formula!

STHENO:

Alright, alright!

EURYALE:

So you don't - ?

STHENO:

I wish I had an answer.

Beat.

EURYALE:

I have a follow up question.

STHENO:

I'm not sure if I can help, but go on.

EURYALE:

What does 'Gorgon' mean?

STHENO:

Oh. I...don't know that either.

EURYALE:

There must be evidence of us somewhere?

STHENO:

Good point! There must be a text.

They search rigorously.

There is no text.

EURYALE:

How can we learn without a text!?

STHENO:

Well...our minds are something like a text?

EURYALE:

Then we can use them, yes?

STHENO:

I believe so. And I *may* have an idea to satisfy your scientific brain.

EURYALE:

Go on!

STHENO:

Our reality is here, is it not?

EURYALE:

I suppose so. Yes. From *our* perspective.

STHENO:

Why don't we rely on that?

EURYALE:

Mm...reality is fickle. It is why I work to alter it.

STHENO:

True, this reality - it's here and it's ours. We know what we see, so why not figure it out on those terms?

EURYALE:

Challenge it while exploring it?

STHENO:

Exactly.

EURYALE:

Mm. This is why you were born first.

STHENO:

Also true. So! We begin with questions: We were sent up here because?

EURYALE:

We're Gorgons.

STHENO:

Correct, that's what *they* said.

EURYALE:

And Monsters. They also called us Monsters.

STHENO:

That is also correct.

EURYALE:

So they're connected?

STHENO:

Unsure, but most likely. We still do not know if Gorgon is a name, a trait, a species -

EURYALE:

So why do they call us these things? We don't know.

STHENO:

We don't. And we can't make sense of it - I can't make sense of it because I look at us and I see...Immortals. Not Gods, but...separate. More than human.

EURYALE:

But...we were born like this, it is not our fault -

STHENO:

True. We have a piece of the divine because we can not die a mortal death, but - the monstrous part, the *Gorgon*, as they say...that is the question we must answer.

EURYALE:

The question being?

STHENO:

What about us is monstrous?

EURYALE:

What is a Monster, though? Its definition is clear, but in this context how do we fit?

STHENO:

It's something terrible, dangerous. Possibly, and most likely something that we can't see.

EURYALE:

Bias?

STHENO:

Unsure...

EURYALE:

And that is why we are here? To...protect people from that alleged danger?

STHENO:

I - if we look at it *logically*, yes, but -

EURYALE:

I don't believe that we're so terrible. It doesn't make sense. I have a mind of science, you of art, how is that terrible?

STHENO:

I didn't think it was. But there must be something we are missing. We have only been with each other for... Maybe our reality is wrong?

EURYALE:

Put it out of your head. It's an unwelcome thought.

STHENO:

I know, but I can't make it go away now...

EURYALE:

Well, neither can I, but we need to try!

She flaps at her sister's head, trying to banish the unwelcome thought.

STHENO:

I know, I know - enough!

She ceases flapping.

I know.

EURYALE:

Do you think...do you think they tell stories about us?

STHENO:

I'm not even sure we matter enough for stories...

EURYALE:

That's another unwelcome thought!

Flap, flap, flap...

STHENO:

I don't - *Euryale!*

Flapping ceases.

I don't mean it in that way, just in a way that we are...not in their minds. That may not be a bad thing.

EURYALE:

How so?

STHENO:

Nothing to say means nothing *bad* to say.

EURYALE:

That is fair.

Beat.

Buuuut if they *do* think on us -

STHENO:

Which I suppose it's best to assume they do -

EURYALE:

- and they *do* think we're so *terrible*, why shouldn't we believe them?

STHENO:

I honestly don't know. That is what I am struggling with.

EURYALE:

But this is all speculation! There is no clear formula.

STHENO looks lost.

EURYALE tries to recover her with questions.

Who are *they* anyway?

STHENO:

The...Gods?

EURYALE:

Well...in my opinion it doesn't matter what they think.

STHENO:

Bold.

EURYALE:

I know. It's new for me.

STHENO:

Are they not the ones that put us here? In *my* opinion it does matter what they think if it means we're stuck here for eternity. If it's true what they say -

EURYALE:

But we don't know that for sure, there is / no formula -

STHENO:

We're still here! We've been here for the majority of our lives -

EURYALE:

But that could all just be because of words.

STHENO:

Words are wildfire...deadlier than swords.

EURYALE:

To an extent. In the metaphorical.

STHENO:

Yes, I - yes.

EURYALE:

So the danger may not be where they believe it to be.

Beat.

STHENO:

Are we dangerous then?

EURYALE:

To us? No. To them? Possibly. We threaten their state somehow.

STHENO:

But we still don't know how.

EURYALE:

I'm not sure we'll ever know.

Beat.

Was our sister a monster?

STHENO:

I - why would you ask that?

EURYALE:

She could turn men to stone.

STHENO:

And?

EURYALE:

There is logic to my question!

STHENO:

I fail to see it.

EURYALE:

Listen! We are called monsters, but we can not do such things as she could. So...if she *could* do these things, does that not make her - ?

STHENO:

No! No. She - that was her defense. That was her...*consolation prize* from the Gods. She was not a monster. She was not.

EURYALE:

But according to what the mortals said -

STHENO:

She was *not*, Euryale.

A moment.

In my opinion the stories they tell are just...stories.

A breath before they go back to their work.

STHENO hums.

EURYALE writes.

The Mental Alchemy is frustrating.

The Song is not progressing.

STHENO:

Gods help me...

EURYALE:

What?

STHENO:

The song isn't working.

EURYALE:

But you didn't say that.

STHENO:

I - does that matter?

EURYALE:

Just...don't swear to them.

STHENO:

What??

EURYALE:

Don't swear to *them*.

STHENO:

Th - ? Oh! No, I wasn't actually.

EURYALE:

Good. Don't.

STHENO:

I wasn't!

EURYALE:

Good! Don't!

STHENO:

It was just an expression, Euryale!

EURYALE:

Good. They will do us nothing, but harm, *Steno*.

STHENO:

I'm aware.

EURYALE:

You best be.

STHENO:

I am.

EURYALE:

Fine. Just...make yourself *more* aware. You never know what they hear.

STHENO:

You're right. You're right...

Beat.

So much for not caring what the Gods think.

EURYALE throws a piece of chalk at her.

EURYALE:

I was trying something new. Speaking off the cuff is your jurisdiction.

STHENO arches an eyebrow at her, playfully.

EURYALE:

May I work now?

STHENO waves her hand at her, "Go ahead!"

EURYALE starts back on her work

After a moment STHENO starts to sink into herself slowly and fidgets.

It gets more and more obvious and starts to interfere with EURYALE's progress.

EURYALE:

What is wrong with you?

STHENO:

What? Nothing. I - well, apart from the usual.

EURYALE:

Your behavior is suspect.

STHENO:

I don't think it's -

EURYALE:

Secrets? Constant fidgeting? Where is your head?

STHENO:

It's - you will only make fun...

EURYALE:

Possibly, but I am also concerned.

STHENO:

I - one hundred days.

EURYALE:

Yes? What about them?

STHENO:

It just - do you remember them all?

EURYALE:

Of course I do.

STHENO:

Do you?

EURYALE:

Well...possibly not *all*, just - there are details I missed, of course. We live so long, it's hard to remember them *all*. Eternal life doesn't mean infinite memory, does it?

STHENO:

Of course, of course. I just...it feels like there should've been more.

EURYALE:

Days?

STHENO:

I - never mind it doesn't matter. I am just musing. Trying new ways to pass the time.

EURYALE:

Are you certain?

STHENO:

I am. Do not worry.

*EURYALE stares at her sister for a long, concerned moment.
She puts down her chalk.
The work can wait for now.*

EURYALE:

Why don't you tell me a story? Find a new way to occupy your mind. Besides, it's your turn.

STHENO:

Is it really?

EURYALE:

It must be if I'm asking.

STHENO:

I never know if I should believe you.

EURYALE:

Pleeeeeeease?

STHENO:

Fine, fine. It is a better way to occupy my mind.

EURYALE:

I know! It's why I am the smart one.

STHENO:

Keep it up.

EURYALE sticks out her tongue playfully. STHENO reciprocates.

Which story would you like to hear?

EURYALE:

How about the story of The Weaver?

STHENO:

Oh I do love that story. Alright. The story of The Weaver.

EURYALE sits, gets comfortable, and watches intently.

STHENO makes shadow puppets with her hands on the wall.

She is in a rhythm that persists through EURYALE's interjections.

There was a Weaver.

She would weave the most beautiful tapestries that her village had ever seen.

Intricate, emotional pieces of cloth that told stories of heroes, battles, and triumphs.

Her work became very popular and she had to work constantly to keep up with the demand for her tapestries.

Soon people beyond her village began to know of her work.

Of course it was so beautiful that people began to talk.

And as we all know when people talk things can go...awry.

Fame always comes at a price.

EURYALE:

Classic mortals.

STHENO:

The Warrior Goddess was known as The Best Weaver.

And as one of the Gods, she was not ok being upstaged.

One day she came to The Weaver in a form that wouldn't make her instantly catch on fire -

A thing known to happen if Mortals saw the Gods in their celestial forms -

EURYALE:

I know that!

STHENO does the eyebrow thing.

Continue.

STHENO:

- and challenged her to a contest.

TOGETHER:

Who will weave the best tapestry?

EURYALE:

I love this part!

STHENO:

For days and nights they wove and wove -
until the day they had both finished at the exact same time.
The Warrior Goddess' tapestry was amazing.
It depicted scenes of how wonderful the Gods were;
How generous, giving, splendiferous -

EURYALE:

Blah, blah, blah.

STHENO:

But it was beautiful, nevertheless.
The Weaver's was also amazing.
It, too depicted scenes of the Gods, but it was...different.
It showed their faults.
How terribly they treated Mortals.
How...*ridiculous* they were.
How they didn't actually care about anyone besides themselves.
And she won.

EURYALE:

Of course she did!

STHENO:

The Warrior Goddess was furious, of course, being one of those Gods being mocked.
And as a consequence for winning fairly in this trial, she turned The Weaver into a
Spider; forever weaving beautiful tapestries, but no longer a threat.

A breath as the story settles.

EURYALE:

What a beautiful, terrible story.

STHENO stares out into the dark.

Sister?

STHENO begins to cry. EURYALE reaches out.

STHENO:

How have we angered the Gods so?

EURYALE:

I don't under - ?

STHENO:

What have we done?

EURYALE:

Stheno, please not now -

STHENO:

They are going to take us, Euryale! They are going to take us from the earth and we will never know our crime!

EURYALE:

We didn't -

STHENO:

Our heads will be used as trophies and we will never know peace or sunlight! We are doomed, Euryale!

She collapses into EURYALE's arms. EURYALE is terribly uncomfortable being in this role, but still she manages to stroke STHENO's hair and rock her until she cries herself to sleep.

EURYALE's VISION:

EURYALE:

My sister is my hero. And to see her cry like this...

She slowly, gently, but awkwardly moves STHENO from her lap.

I do not believe it is weakness. She is not weak. *Scientifically* that is not correct...but...

She writes equations on the floor to calm herself.

I am uncomfortable with things I can not calculate. But *here* I do not see the formula...

She is satisfied with her written equation.

I agonize over the formula. I want to understand and I want to help; I want to see, but the answer will not come, it will not come, it -

*The looming Shadow returns.
It depicts a similar scene as it did for STHENO -
More violent, more threatening.*

This is a vision. No - this is a nightmare. This -

*A sudden, terrifying shift and the Shadow's head is gone.
EURYALE can't speak.
She is terrified.
She curls into a ball, squeezes her eyes shut, and covers her ears, and mutters equations to herself until she is asleep and the Shadow is gone.
STHENO wakes and sees her in this position.
She moves to her and wraps her arms around her middle.
EURYALE relaxes and they fall asleep.*

A long, long, long, long breath.

INTERVAL:

*STHENO is polishing a statue while EURYALE writes.
She begins to laugh to herself.*

EURYALE:

What is so funny?

STHENO:

Just reminiscing.

*She stops polishing for a moment.
The dance of the statues:
A melodramatic pageant play of Medusa vs. Men Who Try to Kill Her that they
have done so many times.
This is very fun for them...until it's not.*

STHENO:

Shall I play our sister first?

EURYALE:

Fine. But you must pick her victim!

STHENO:

Hmmm...

She searches for the right statue.

Ah! Do you remember this one?

EURYALE:

Ohhh how could I forget!

She gets into character.

“Gorrrrrrrrgon wench! Hast thou come to meet thy doom!?”

STHENO:

“Uhh, you came here...”

EURYALE:

“Defiant beast! I shall shoooooow thee thy fate!”

A meager thrust of a ‘sword’.

STHENO bugs out her eyes, Medusa’s weapons, nonplussed.

“UGH! ACK! EEE! I AM SLAIIIIIN!”

EURYALE dramatically turns into a statue.

STHENO:

A very believable performance.

EURYALE:

Oh, oh, how about this one??

STHENO:

Oh the little shaking man!

STHENO becomes a terrified knight.

“H-h-hello? I-i-is this th-th-the cave of the Gorgon?”

EURYALE:

Ha! More like three Gorgons.

STHENO:

“I have been sent by the king of-of-uh - of, the um...”

EURYALE:

“If you can not remember your kingdom how can you remember what you’re fighting for?”

STHENO:

Ooooh!

“P-p-p-prepare for / thy -”

EURYALE:

“Yes, yes, ‘prepare for thy doom’. All right. Let’s get this over with.”

She bugs out her eyes and STHENO turns into a statue.

They can’t stop laughing.

STHENO:

Oh! Oh! Or this one - !

EURYALE:

Yes! Yes!

Another ridiculous, overblown character.

“Servant of Hell, come to me!”

STHENO:

“I serve no one, therefore I shall not come.”

EURYALE:

“You dare defy a servant of the Gods?”

STHENO:

“The Gods are a curse on the world; I will not oblige your performative preaching.”

EURYALE:

“Blasphemy! Blasphemyyyyy!”

STHENO:

“Yes, yes, are you going to come and fight me, or not? I have much to do today.”

EURYALE:

“I have heard tell of *thy* curse, demon. I shall not succumb to it!”

STHENO:

“Funny. I have heard that many times. And yet - ”

She gestures to the statues around her.

A menacing beat.

The tone shifts - it becomes more real.

EURYALE:

“I know your game.”

STHENO:

“Is that so?”

EURYALE:

“You think it is a secret locked away in this cave with you?”

STHENO:

“Are you going to enlighten me, or are you going to continue your ‘heroic’ speech?”

EURYALE:

“Stifle thy tongue, beast. I know of the curse that brought you here.”

STHENO:

“You - that is not possible.”

EURYALE:

“The Gods are wise. Their punishment fits the filth you spread.”

STHENO:

“Remove yourself from my space or you shall not live to regret it.”

EURALE:

“I know thy true form! I know what you are! I know of the deed that defiled the Goddess’ temple - !”

STHENO:

“ENOUGH!”

She pins EURYALE and stares into her eyes.

A long moment.

The game is over.

The sisters recover and STHENO helps EURYALE up.

Are you - ?

EURYALE:

Yes. / Yes. I’m fine.

STHENO:

I didn’t hurt - ? Good.

A long moment.

EURYALE appears to make a full recovery...

EURYALE:

Work waits for no one!

She goes back to her equations.

STHENO watches her for a long time.

ANOTHER PASSAGE OF TIME:

STHENO sings. EURYALE draws.

STHENO:

*O, they cry,
How they cry
They cry, cry, cry*

...

And so do I, I, I -

...

Because this song is not worrrrrkinggggg...

EURYALE:

Seven Hundred Ninety-six...Seven hundred ninety-seven...

STHENO:

Are we here once again?

EURYALE:

Where?

STHENO:

Never mind.

EURYALE keeps working, obviously frustrated.

Is the formula unsatisfactory?

EURYALE:

For now. But / it will come -

STHENO:

It will come. I know.

EURYALE throws down her chalk.

STHENO reaches out.

Come.

EURYALE:

No, no I can figure this out -

STHENO:

Euryale.

EURYALE stops, but doesn't look at STHENO.

You have infinite time. Take a break.

EURYALE moves to her and lets her sister hold her.

The equation will still be there. Come. Clear your mind. How about a story?

EURYALE:

Isn't it my turn?

STHENO:

Turns, turns. You need the story, let me take that burden.

EURYALE:

No, no I can do it.

STHENO looks down at her; that concerned-sister-look.

It will help, I promise.

STHENO:

If you insist. What story will you tell?

EURYALE:

I want to tell the story of The Lost Mortal Girl.

STHENO is uncomfortable, but only shows it for a moment.

STHENO:

Are you sure? That is not an easy story.

EURYALE:

I can handle it.

STHENO:

I'm not -

EURYALE:

Stheno. I can handle it.

A moment.

STHENO:

Of course. The Lost Mortal Girl it is.

*EURYALE positions herself in front of STHENO.
Unlike her sister, she is very mathematical in her telling.*

EURYALE:

There was once a young woman who lived in a tall, tall house on a tall, tall hill.
It was the Mountain of the Gods.
She was born a Goddess, and though her birth was unusual, she was celebrated as a son
would be.

*She looks to STHENO.
"Am I doing it right?"
STHENO nods in approval.
EURYALE is elated.*

You see, she was born of her father's head.
A terrible ache had plagued him for days and days.
Finally, unable to take it anymore he asked another of the Gods to open his head to see
what was causing the ache.
The God of Smithing took his hammer and -
CRACK
- his head split open and out came the Goddess!

STHENO:

You're getting so much better at this.

EURYALE:

Thank you, I think so, too.

STHENO grins at her.

She resumes.

The Goddess was born a young woman, and ready to prove herself as her father's pride. She trained hard in combat, learning all of the styles of fighting that the men knew - and she could beat all of them!

She was a champion, just like her father had wanted.

But the Goddess was lonely.

The only people she met on the mountain were other Gods and Goddesses, none of whom cared about her unless her father was around.

Her father trained her endlessly, sending opponent after opponent to spar with her.

She beat them all.

But still her loneliness grew.

Then came the day she was paired with a Mortal Girl.

She was light on her feet, faster than wings, and strong as the bulls who plowed fields.

She was an equal match for the Goddess. Every single match was a draw.

This excited the Goddess because this had never happened before; she couldn't believe that she had found an equal in combat, especially a Mortal Girl.

Mortals, she was told, were inferior to the Gods in strength, skill, and in every other way thinkable.

But that didn't matter to the Goddess -

she had finally found a friend.

Much time passed and their friendship grew stronger as did their skills in combat.

They were inseparable.

But the Goddess' father was not happy about this.

He had trained her to be the *best*, not an equal.

So one day he decided that there should be a tournament.

Whomever won would be given the title of a true Warrior, the title that the Goddess had been seeking her whole life.

The friends agreed to keep the fight fair and whomever won, the other would join in celebrating.

The tournament began.

Both the Mortal Girl and the Goddess were fighting at their best.

After a while it seemed that the Mortal Girl was gaining the upper hand and the Goddess' father was furious.

He was not about to let her win.

He was not about to let her win.

He took a well-polished shield and held it up, letting the sun glint off of it, and aimed the beam directly into the Mortal Girl's eyes.

The Mortal Girl was temporarily blinded by the glare and the Goddess, seeing an opening struck, not realizing that she had pierced through the Mortal Girl's armor, mortally wounding her.

As the Mortal Girl fell, the Goddess was declared the winner and the title of Warrior was given to her.

But all the Goddess could do was hold her friend as she lay dying.

All she could do...

She could have done more, but she just -

She was a Goddess, she could have saved her, but she just held her and wept.

She could have...

A moment.

STHENO:

...Sister?

Resuming, doing her best to just finish the story.

EURYALE:

Before the Mortal Girl took her last breath the Goddess took her name from her, thinking it would give her strength in death, but really leaving the Mortal Girl's memory nothing but a lost memory, forever beneath the towering might of the Warrior Goddess.

There is a ringing silence.

STHENO reaches out to EURYALE who flinches away.

Thank you for the distraction.

She resumes her calculations.

STHENO watches her for a long, long time.

Softly she says:

STHENO:

Time passed...

EURYALE:

Time passed.

STHENO:

Time. Passed.

EURYALE:

TIME -

STHENO:

Passsssssssed / Time -

EURYALE:

Time PASSED!

STHENO:

Time -

EURYALE:

Is always -

STHENO:

Passing!

EURYALE:

Is that all we are? Just broken time?

STHENO:

Is endless time broken?

EURYALE:

Are we / broken?

STHENO:

Broken...

EURYALE writes more equations.

STHENO begins to cry.

EURYALE is trying to give her space, but can't concentrate and is becoming frustrated with the noise.

She attempts to remain calm.

EURYALE:

Will you not work on your song?

STHENO is trying to stop, muffling herself, but it only gets worse.

Sister? Please, I can not -

She tries to plug an ear, but it is no use.

Sister. Sister. *Stheno*. I do not think this is -

She throws her chalk down.

ENOUGH!

She goes to her and lifts her by her shoulders.

What is wrong with you!? Can you not see that I am trying to work!?

STHENO:

I didn't mean -

EURYALE:

No, of course not, you never *mean* - why would ever *mean* to ruin my work!

STHENO:

I am sorry if your work is stalled, but I just - I am suffering, Euryale! Our sister was -

EURYALE:

That was ages ago!

STHENO:

Does that matter?

EURYALE:

You have had time! You have had nothing but time!

STHENO:

Well...I need more time.

EURYALE:

More time? *More* time? Are you out of -

STHENO:

I will take all the time I want! I will swallow up every last second until it fills me up and then I can't expand anymore and I explode into the cosmos and make up a hundred constellations!

Pause.

EURYALE:

You want time? Fine.

She gathers her chalk.

STHENO:

What are you doing?

EURYALE:

I am not ungenerous. I can give you as much time as you desire.

STHENO:

Euryale, wait, I didn't / mean -

EURYALE:

No, no you never *mean* anything! You don't think, Stheno, you never think!

STHENO:

All I do is think!

EURYALE:

About yourself! You are the most selfish - you never think about - !

She takes a breath.

Your time. As requested.

She carefully, but angrily navigates her way out of their cave.

STHENO:

I'm sorry - Euryale! Please don't - we can't leave! You know we can't - the Gods forbid it!
Euryale! Don't go! EURYALE!

A long beat. She is gone.

If this is what you wish - ! If you must defy the Gods, that's your problem now! You are the one who is being selfish!!

*She looks around, and starts erasing EURYALE's equations.
After she has ruined several she attempts to push over statues, but can't.
They are too heavy.
It's all too heavy.
After a moment...*

I will not lose my head for you!

*She automatically regrets this.
She covers her mouth, as if to try and catch the terrible thing she just said.
She starts to cry again and then tries, fruitlessly to stop herself.
She starts to slap her own face, raging at herself, and then bellows like the Gorgon she is - she actually sounds like a monster.
She lets the echo fade and sits in silence for a long, long time.*

*In another part of the cave:
There is a faint light coming from off, but EURYALE sits in the dark.
She is clutching her chalk like a doll and muttering to herself -
Possibly counting or doing some type of math in her head to calm herself.
She looks to the light, then back at where she came from.*

STHENO stands and starts to try and redraw the equations she has erased with the nubs of chalk EURYALE left behind.

EURYALE stands, making her way slowly to the light.

The headless Shadow appears on the wall in between the sisters.

They both see it.

EURYALE squeezes her eyes shut and sinks to the ground.

STHENO looks up, more exhausted than sad at this point.

The Shadow beckons her.

STHENO stands and slowly fades into the dark, following it.

EURYALE opens her eyes and watches the Shadow disappear.

She looks at her piece of chalk, now broken and powdered in her hands.

She sits for a long time.

STHENO gathers herbs and grinds them.

She looks to the Shadow who beckons her again.

She gives a silent goodbye to the headless statue of Medusa.

She swallows the herbs.

EURYALE shakily stands with one last look to the outside and slowly makes her way back into the cave.

STHENO tries to stand, but falls to her knees.

EURYALE is almost back to their shared space.

STHENO falls.

EURYALE enters their space, ready to make peace -

And sees that her equations ruined.

She looks around, ready to rage at her sister, but she is nowhere to be found.

EURYALE:

You destroy my work and then hide from me? You are selfish *and* a coward!

There is only her echo.

Come out and face what you've done! *Stheno!*

She comes further into the cave, then sees her sister.

She looks at her for a moment.

That's enough now, wake up.

She takes a few steps towards her.

Wake up, Stheno, we need to talk.

She taps her and then starts to shake her.

Sister. Hey. This is not funny - wake up! Stheno, come on!

She turns her over and sees a line of silver blood coming from her mouth.

She starts to panic.

She wipes the 'blood' from her mouth and tastes it, wincing.

She gets up, now in problem solving mode, and runs around the cave, picking plants, grinding them, and creating a cure.

She returns to STHENO and places the concoction in her mouth.

Several long moments pass.

Suddenly STHENO gasps and sits up, coughing, eyelids fluttering.

EURYALE grabs at her - She almost lost her.

But her sister is alive.

She's alive, she's alive, she's alive...

EURYALE:

Oh Stheno! SthenoSthenoStheno...

Back to problem-solver.

Can you move? Can you speak?

She coughs again and nods. And back to emotion...

What were you thinking!?

STHENO:

Didn't you see the Shadow?

EURYALE:

...

STHENO:

It was -

She swallows hard, in pain.

EURYALE:

I'm here. I'm here, I'm here, I'm here -

STHENO:

It was too much time, Euryale...

She passes out.

EURYALE:

Stheno - Hey!

She checks her.

She is just asleep.

EURYALE sits with her, watching her breath.

Time...

The shadows on the walls of the cave dance.

Many colors, many shapes.

So much time.

The Shadow appears as EURYALE watches over STHENO.

For the first time, EURYALE cries.

The Shadow reaches for her and EURYALE looks away -

But then she looks up.

EURYALE:

I'm sorry.

The Shadow disappears.

STHENO shutters awake.

STHENO:

Euryale...?

EURYALE:

Hey...

STHENO tries to sit up.

You should rest -

STHENO:

I'm alright. I can do it.

Pause.

EURYALE:

Are you feeling - ?

STHENO:

Yeah, yes, I'm - I'm ok.

EURYALE:

Good. Good. Good.

Agonizing pause.

STHENO:

Euryale / I just - oh -

EURYALE:

Stheno, I - / Oh go ahead.

STHENO:

No, sorry -

EURYALE:

I just...

Beat.

STHENO:

I'm sorry.

Beat...it's tense.

EURYALE:

For what, exactly?

STHENO:

For - ? For the equations, for / erasing - what else would I - ?

EURYALE:

Right. That. No, you tell me?

STHENO:

What do you need to say?

EURYALE:

I just think you're missing something.

STHENO:

Missing - alright, for all the crying then? Is that what / you want to hear?

EURYALE:

No, Stheno, you're not - ! You never - !

STHENO:

Then just tell me! Just tell me, Euryale, because I / can't - !

EURYALE:

For trying to abandon me! Ok!? You tried to abandon me and I...

Beat. Softer.

STHENO:

Euryale...

EURYALE:

And I thought - after our fight, I thought I'd -

STHENO:

NO. No. Put that out of your head. That's not why - I wasn't trying to abandon you. It wasn't about you. It was...

EURYALE:

Then why - ?

STHENO:

It was too much.

EURYALE:

What was?

STHENO:

All of it. Ever since...

EURYALE:

How did you find those herbs?

STHENO:

She was beckoning me. And I couldn't refuse her anymore.

EURYALE:

She?

STHENO:

Our sister.

EURYALE:

And she showed you - ?

STHENO nods.

It would have worked if I didn't find you.

STHENO:

I know.

EURYALE:

Why would she show you such a thing?

STHENO:

She's been - she's been haunting me, Euryale and I couldn't -

EURYALE:

The Shadow. She came as a Shadow?

STHENO:

...

EURYALE:

I've seen her. She's been with me as well.

STHENO:

How have you resisted her?

EURYALE:

It's not her.

STHENO:

What? Yes it is; her head -

EURYALE:

I know. It is not her.

STHENO:

Then what - ?

EURYALE:

It is our guilt.

STHENO:

How do you know?

EURYALE:

We both feel it, Sister. I know we do. It is not the same, but it is consuming us.

STHENO:

Our guilt...

EURYALE:

It is a deeper haunting than a thousand spirits.

Beat. They stare in different directions.

I'm sorry, too.

*STHENO looks up at her.
She takes her hand and squeezes.
They breathe together.*

STHENO:

We need a story.

EURYALE:

A sto - ? Now is not the time.

STHENO:

Why not?

EURYALE:

I am still angry with you for erasing my work.

STHENO:

I was angry, too, I - I tried to fix what I did -

EURYALE:

And that just made it worse! You are terrible at Mental Alchemy!

STHENO:

I never claimed to be good at it.

EURYALE:

Well, good, because it would be a serious lie.

A smile passes between them. Beat.

STHENO:

Euryale...*I* need a story. I want to tell it.

EURYALE:

Really? Now?

STHENO:

When, if not now?

Long beat.

EURYALE:

Fine. But I'm not listening.

STHENO:

Fine.

EURYALE:

Fine.

A long breath.

STHENO:

Long ago, by the sea -

EURYALE:

Stheno, please, not this one -

STHENO:

I thought you weren't listening?

EURYALE:

I - I'm not. I'm not.

STHENO:

Long ago, by the sea -

EURYALE moves away.

There was a young woman -

EURYALE:

I - Stheno, *please* pick another one.

STHENO:

I have to start over if you keep interrupting me.

EURYALE:

Please -

STHENO:

Long ago by the sea there was a young woman, beautiful and carefree -

Almost to herself.

EURYALE:

Don't.

STHENO:

She was lonely, but not alone. She had her sisters, but they were far away, in a hidden place.

EURYALE:

Why are you telling *this* story?

STHENO:

Because I have to, Euryale!

Beat.

I have to. It's time.

Long pause.

EURYALE:

Ok.

EURYALE moves back to her and sits.

There are no shadows needed.

Keep going.

STHENO:

All the gods noticed her, but none more than The Sea.
She loved to dance in the waves, letting the water lap her ankles.
And because she was in the Sea's domain -
One day he took her.
He...
He, um...
Mmmm...

*STHENO does not feel that she can go on.
EURYALE hesitates, but takes STHENO's hand.
She looks at her sister, accepting her strength.
She continues.*

STHENO:

And then...he left her.
Abandoned to deal with the fact that she now had to live with the shame of what *he* did to her.
She just wanted to feel the water on her feet and the price was unfair -

EURYALE:

Unfair is an understatement.

STHENO:

It was...it was *catastrophic*.

The young woman dragged herself to the temple of the Warrior Goddess.
And prayed for guidance. For peace. For anything.
And...the Warrior Goddess came.

The young woman begged that she never had to experience the horror of what happened to her again and The Warrior Goddess...delivered.

Her skin scaled -
Her hair thickened -

Her eyes burned -
And she became a Monster.

EURYALE:

A Gorgon.

STHENO:

A Gorgon.
And The Warrior Goddess called this punishment mercy.
The Former Young Woman's eyes became weapons against men who tried to violate her.
For a time unknown she turned men to stone.

EURYALE:

If only she had been given this power sooner...

STHENO:

Then the day when, armored by tricks of the Gods, The Usurper came.
He removed her precious head,
And fled to the kingdom he coveted,
Leaving her body, a stony memorial of what was once her redemption.

But what of her sisters?

STHENO looks at EURYALE.

I'm sorry...I should've - I was supposed to protect us -

EURYALE:

No, no, no, no, no...

*They hold each other, finally one in their grief.
They stay like this for a long time.*

STHENO:

The guilt?

EURYALE:

The guilt.

STHENO:

Does grief ever end?

EURYALE:

I do not know. There is no formula for it. I think it is different for everyone.

STHENO:

How do Mortals survive this?

EURYALE:

Eventually they don't.

STHENO:

There must be some relief in that.

EURYALE hums her agreement.

She begins to examine some of the equations STHENO ruined then tried to fix.

I wish we could see how they do it. Being of the dying they must have...rituals?
Practices? Something to make it easier.

EURYALE:

See...

She slowly connects two equations that STHENO ruined/fixed.

See!

STHENO:

What are you doing?

EURYALE:

See!

STHENO:

Uh...

EURYALE:

Stheno, you brilliant - Oh!

STHENO:

Brilliant? I don't -

EURYALE:

Ha-ha!

She begins to calculate in her head.

She frantically searches for her chalk then begins to write feverishly.

STHENO:

What are you - ?

EURYALE:

Oh! Oh! YES!

STHENO:

What is happening?

EURYALE:

Wait!

STHENO:

What is going on?

EURYALE:

The Alchemy!

STHENO:

What do you mean?

EURYALE:

Synapses are connecting!

STHENO:

I don't -

EURYALE:

Watch!

*She draws on the ground in front of her.
A mirror is revealed.
They look at themselves, at each other.*

STHENO:

Do you see us?

EURYALE:

I do.

STHENO:

I haven't...

She touches her face.

EURYALE:

I know.

She touches her face.

STHENO:

I don't think - I don't think we're Monsters, Euryale.

EURYALE:

No. I don't think we are.

*There is a brightening.
Their reflections disappear.*

STHENO:

What is happening? Where did we go?

EURYALE:

I - I'm unsure...I thought -

STHENO:

What is this?

*Suddenly there is a cacophony of noise and light coming from the mirror.
We hear news clips, commercials, music, all jumbled together and unintelligible.
The noise is overwhelming and echoes through the cave on all sides.
The sisters plug their ears, seemingly pained by the noise.
The light continues growing brighter and brighter until it suddenly disappears
in an instant.
There are several breaths.*

EURYALE:

...A way to see.

*STHENO can't speak.
She gets up and wanders to another part of the cave, processing.*

Stheno, I - I didn't know.

*STHENO puts up her hand.
She just needs a moment.
EURYALE sits next to the spot where her mirror was and smooths it over with
her hand.*

STHENO:

Was that real?

EURYALE:

I -

STHENO:

Was that *real*, Euryale? Did it...?

EURYALE:

Yes, I - I think so. That was my goal.

STHENO sinks to the floor.

STHENO:

They're gone...

EURYALE:

Do you really think - ?

STHENO:

They're - they're dead...

She crawls across the floor to her sister and holds her face in her hands.

EURYALE:

How - how can we be sure? That - what we saw -

STHENO:

Did you not see the chaos of the world in that vision? Did you not see the choices that were all the will of the people?? The decadence, the defiance, the - the freedom! The Gods are dead, Euryale. They're -

EURYALE holds her sister's face, too.

She is trying not to cry, STHENO is openly weeping.

Suddenly she begins to laugh.

It becomes infectious and EURYALE joins in.

It is the loudest moment in their cave apart from the moment with the mirror.

This moment is complex;

There is much joy, confusion, pain, and relief.

They carry this together.

STHENO:

I think...I think we may be free.

EURYALE:

What, to - ?

STHENO:

Yes!

EURYALE:

I - that's...Wow, Stheno, I...

She pulls away.

STHENO:

We can go from here, Euryale.

EURYALE:

Yes...no, of course, it would seem that way...

STHENO:

What is wrong with you? You have just granted us our freedom, how can you not celebrate?

EURYALE:

It wasn't me -

STHENO:

But you gave us the mirror! The way to see!

EURYALE:

I was just doing what I always do...

STHENO:

Euryale. Come on, you are - you are a genius of unfathomable multitudes you - you are my hero.

This hits EURYALE very hard.

She starts shaking.

Oh...have I said something - ? Oh. Oh no, no. Come here. Come - Sister, I didn't mean -

EURYALE:

What if it was her?

STHENO:

What?

EURYALE:

My vision.

STHENO:

You're second guessing yourself *now*? After what you just did, after what we just saw - ?

EURYALE:

My vision was just as you described yours, I - what if it wasn't a beckoning, or guilt, what if it was her spirit? What if it was a warning? If we leave here we may meet the same fate as our sister. Or worse.

She is looking, transfixed at the spot where the mirror was.

STHENO:

Sister...after what you just - after what we just saw I can see more clearly than - look at me. Euryale.

EURYALE slowly looks up.

It *was* beckoning us. It was. But it came from our own selves, it was calling us into the darkness. It was a trick of the Gods to keep us here, to contain us because we have so much more power than we knew, than we *know*. I can see so clearly, Euryale, we aren't meant to stay here. If we do... We - we have to go.

EURYALE:

What if they come back? The Gods?

STHENO:

Then we will have the freedom to fight them.

EURYALE:

We - we *are* really free...

STHENO:

We are free.

EURYALE:

We are *free!*

STHENO:

We are freeeeee!

They howl and whoop and dance.

Free! Free! Free!

*It is a true celebration for the first time in a century or more.
They calm and slow when they come to their Sister's headless statue.
They lay their hands upon it.*

EURYALE:

We'll be leaving her behind if we go.

STHENO:

No. This is not her. It's just her shell. What was, not what is.

EURYALE:

I - I know it means that she would never have been with us, but I wish - I wish it never happened to her - that she could have been free to dance in the water without fear of...

STHENO:

I know. I am of the same mind.

A realization!

But we should remember it...

EURYALE:

Remember it? Why do we keep telling that awful story? Truly? Why, if it only causes us pain?

STHENO:

Because if we remember she will never truly leave us. We will carry her with us.

EURYALE:

Indicating the statue.

This?

STHENO:

You know that's not what I meant.

EURYALE:

Alright then. *How?*

STHENO:

By saying goodbye.

EURYALE:

I don't -

STHENO:

We can not go on until we do. You know I'm right.

Beat. EURYALE nods and squeezes her hand.

EURYALE:

I do.

A beat. A shift.

They take a moment of solemnity, closing their eyes before their ritual.

EURYALE holds up her chalk.

A moment, a blessing.

*She writes **MEDUSA** on the headless statue, large and bold.*

STHENO:

There once was a young woman -

EURYALE:

Beautiful and carefree -

STHENO:

She was lonely, but she was never, ever alone.

EURYALE:

She had her sisters -

STHENO:

And they will always be with her.

They take hands.

STHENO begins to sing without words.

She is singing her grief, keening, letting the sound flood the space.

As the song reaches its climax and ends, a small light creeps into the cave.

They bask in the sudden, echoing silence.

EURYALE:

Will anyone see this?

STHENO:

It is not for them, it is for us. And her. This is our memorial.

EURYALE:

It feels strange to leave.

STHENO:

But it also feels right?

EURYALE:

Yes. Is it alright to be scared?

STHENO:

Of course.

EURYALE:

Good, because I'm scared.

STHENO:

Me, too.

They look at their memorial once more.

They breathe together.

EURYALE:

I wish she was with us.

STHENO:

She is.

EURYALE:

I meant -

STHENO:

I know. I do, too.

EURYALE:

Do you think we'll ever find the rest of her?

STHENO:

I don't know. But we can try.

EURYALE:

I want to.

STHENO:

Then we will. That is where our new journey begins.

A breath.

Are you ready?

EURYALE nods.

They make their way to the mouth of the cave.

The Statues disappear as they navigate the darkness.

This should be a trial, a risk, a dance.

It should be dangerous; the decision should be questioned.

The path takes as long as it needs to.

TOGETHER:

Oh...

EURYALE:

The opening.

STHENO:

I'd forgotten what daylight looked like...

EURYALE:

So did I.

STHENO:

I don't think I was ready for it. Not really. But here we are.

EURYALE:

Here we are.

A moment. Anxiety.

This is it? This is truly it?

STHENO:

I believe it is.

STHENO senses EURYALE's hesitation.

She is feeling it, too, but tries to keep it contained for the sake of her sister.

EURYALE takes a long, shaking breath.

STHENO:

We *are* strong enough.

EURYALE:

Yes. Yes, you're right. I think we are. Physically, yes.

STHENO:

Powers unknown, powers infinite.

They can't move.

EURYALE:

There is nothing for us to fear anymore. That is logically sound. The Gods are gone, but...But the world has changed. We do not know what a world without the Gods will be. Was that vision true? Was just a / vision of a wish, I -

STHENO:

Euryale, breathe -

EURYALE:

Stheno, we don't know - we don't know if it's real, we don't know anything!

STHENO:

I know -

EURYALE:

There is just so much *unknown*.

STHENO:

There is. But you know...I think that may be the best part? That is life in this new world. We aren't bound to the will of the Gods!

EURYALE:

But the vision was a lie -

STHENO:

Then we will still find our own way. What we have, they can never take. Our memories, our stories - our minds. We are more than what the Gods have done.

EURYALE nods.

EURYALE:

Just one step?

STHENO:

Just one step.

EURYALE takes her hand and squeezes.

They stand together, hand in hand, feeling the wind, feeling the light...

STHENO closes her eyes for a moment, EURYALE follows suit.

They take a breath together, and exhale together, opening their eyes.

They take one, big step out of the cave together.

The Light keeps getting brighter.