

Media/Medea

by

James Ijames

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Notes on Formatting

The following changes have been applied to the formatting of this script in order to make it accessible for all readers, including those using assistive technology. Industry standards have been maintained wherever possible.

- Italics and all-caps have been removed. Italics are only used in the proper citation of song lyrics. See below.
- All parentheticals have been removed. Scene action is marked by an initial * and concluding **.

For example:

* Character 1 walks to the edge of the stage. They examine the prop. They exit. **

- The names of speaking characters are preceded by an @.

For example:

@ Character 1

This symbol is not used before character names that appear in the scene action.

The original production of this play made use of popular song lyrics and recordings. Any lyrics originally printed in the script have been removed and are cited in the scene description. For example:

* Citation: Joel, Billy. 1989. *We Didn't Start the Fire*. Columbia Records.

The Chorus sings the first verse through the first chorus. **

Cast

- Medea
- Devan
- Shel
- Jason
- Circe
- Glauce
- Chorus of Singers

Setting

A glass house.

A wall of windows.

A halo of transparency.

You can see us. And we can see you.

A very nice sofa, two matching armchairs and a coffee table. A very nice dining room table with matching chairs. The suggestion of a very nice contemporary home is all that is needed. Maybe this furniture is floating in darkness or yellow light or a green field or in 4 inches of water. All that really matters is that we know these people are rich.

* The Chorus enters composed of high school teenagers always on their phones. Always ready to tweet, record, snap, or insta the proceedings. They are dressed in private school uniform. They enter in a surgically straight line. They all look at their phones. They, in a way become their phones. They look up. The sound of a notification springs them into terrific action. They take selfies, they text. They make videos, they watch videos. The sounds of social media flood the room. Achy. It should feel achy. Like a bleeding wound. Taking on online personalities. **

@ Chorus

You will never believe what she did!!

@ Chorus

Wooooooow! That whole family is trash. #TeamCorinth

@ Chorus

Medea is my hero! That's right goddess! #GirlBoss

@ Chorus

Can you believe what they are saying she did.

@ Chorus

Daaaaaaaaaamn! She killed her brother and buried him in the backyard of her house!

@ Chorus

Eat the rich! Starting with Jason!

@ Chorus

Boost your post with Argos Tech! #influencers #groundswell

@ Chorus

Open secret! He's been cheating on her with another woman!
For years!

@ Chorus

A senator's daughter

@ Chorus

She's Big Mad now!

@ Chorus

She's right to be angry.

@ Chorus

That's what she gets for crossing my dude Jason! Bruh! Take
all her fur coats!

@ Chorus

All she has built is gone.

@ Chorus

She could get it back but it's much more fun to burn it all
down.

@ Chorus

What's she gonna do?

@ Chorus

How will she act?

@ Chorus

She's always acting, even when she's not

@ Chorus

A performer!

@ Chorus

All of them are trapped in between love and hate.

* One of them produces a pitch pipe. Gives a note. And they all begin to sing in the style of Classical Choral music.

Citation: Palmer, Robert. 1986. *Addicted to Love*. Island Records.

They sing the lyrics "your lights are on, but you're not home" through "might as well face it, you're addicted to love".

Meanwhile the Chorus scatters throughout the set. They lay on the floor, they sit on the counters, they recline on the couches and sit in angles in the chairs. A menagerie of youth.

Reclining on the couch is Shel. They are in "pajamas" scrolling through social media.

Sitting at the dining room table is Devan. They are obviously doing school work. Dressed in pajamas.

Medea enters. She is dressed in pajamas and wears a massive faux fur coat that pools around her feet. She is struck by all of the kids in her house. She looks at one of them. **

@ Medea

Who do you belong to dear one?

* The Chorus speaks in perfect unison. **

@ Chorus

Oh! My mom said I could stay for dinner.

@ Medea

Ah... well good for her. Shel, Devan... have Circe order pizza.

* Medea exits house into the upstage yard. We can see her through the glass. She rages. Her screams and thrashing is largely ignored by the siblings inside the house.

Circe enters and begins to vacuum. The two siblings barely register her. She is dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. She wears an apron that reads "I like my socks, clean, my martinis, dirty and my filthy, rich"

She speaks to us over the vacuuming. She works around the chorus who move and adjust to make Circe's job easier. **

@ Circe

Medea is my niece. My sisters daughter. She was in this tiny film that her boyfriend Jason made. They were putting the film in festivals all over the country. And when it came to my city she called me up. "Aunt Circe! Can we stay with you?" Of course. I said. I went to see the film. She played a woman driven crazy by the betrayal of a man. Driven to madness. She was hypnotic and in her final moments of the film she made the entire audience weep and tremble with fear. We all saw it. We all knew. She revealed to us that we are all capable of madness, of violence, of shame. I have known her since she was a girl playing around in my crystals and spell books. She was... elegant, calm, magical. I asked her what I could do to make her life easier and she asked, "do you like kids?" I don't really but I love her. She might as well be my own child. I taught her the magic that brought her to this place. I wanted to see her take over the world. I wanted to see her do this. All I could do was to care for her babies.

I met her husband, a struggling artist in his own right. Coldly polite, his eyes moved too much. Like he was always looking for someone one better to talk to. She and Jason were traveling everywhere. They were in love then and they were taking the world by storm. They had that kind of love that looks cinematic but is actually burning itself from the inside out. They left destruction in the wake of every place they went. Hotel rooms, villas, sound stages didn't stand a chance in the face of these supernovas approaching cosmic impact.

The two children... I love these children as if they where my own. It was a bit like babysitting for Bonnie and Clyde. They left so much broken in their wake. And I knew it was my job to make sure these two angels never saw what was happening. That they never knew their parent's capacity for cruelty. I've seen it all! From the very beginning. Before they were Jason and Medea. Back when Medea was doing one line on Law and Order. Back when Jason was just desperate to get job directing a play in a basement. The throats they have cut, the bridges they have burned, spurred on by their individual and share ambitions. I have seen it all. And through it all I have always sided with Medea.

Sure, she's a narcissist. Sure! She loves fiercely. She is not afraid to wield the blade of revenge and carries the deep gash of betrayal. She is justified in her anger. Jason her beloved is marrying another woman. And Medea has been told she is no longer welcomed in this place, this house, that she helped build. No room for the past in this house.

Shhhhh listen. Can you hear the wedding guests arriving. The band tuning up. In this very house the wedding unfolding.

And now... all she does is wail and roar. I have even seen her in the kitchen mixing and concocting something that has the look of fatal dread and the smell of acid. She is, after all, descended from the people of the sea who were left by their slave owners for the mainland. Those people who learned to tell the future in the bones and in the leaves and with a deck of playing cards. The people who drank the sun like water. People of the sun. The people who could turn the course of time in their favor. To make love or to make pain. I fear she is angling for the latter. For now, she languishes in her isolation. No calls from agents. No love from fans. Just an empty void of erasure. She has been canceled by the powers that be.

But there is a churning in this house that wants to spit up all the consequences of hell onto the manicured lawn of this house. But I maintain the house. I keep the sad woman's children safe. I run the vacuum cleaner over pristine rugs and carpets. I mop gleaming floors and polish endless mirrors. And deep in my chest I feel the echoing cry of every surface for blood. As if each piece of furniture were a thirsty deity demanding blood atonement. It shakes terror out of my throat.

* Circe shuts off the vacuum cleaner. **

@ Circe

And Medea. Poor Medea tears herself to pieces from the inside out.

@ Medea

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhggggghhhh!

@ Shel

You say something Devan?

@ Medea

Ahhhhhhhhggggghhhh uuuuugghhhh

@ Devan

Nope.

@ Chorus

What you gonna to do?

@ Chorus

She sounds unhinged!

@ Chorus

Bonkers

@ Circe

What it?

@ Chorus

Who's side are you on? Hmmm?

@ Circe

Blood. Always thicker than water.

@ Chorus

What if she turns on you?

@ Chorus

What if she doesn't need you?

@ Chorus

When we all get older? What then? You will be useless.

@ Circe

I'll do what I have always done. Care for them all.

@ Chorus

Awwwwwwww that's nice but that won't work this time. She is furious and there is no turning back. Here rage is quenched.

@ Circe

Rage is a thirsty and ravenous emotion. It must eat or it will eat you. Careful, little ones, what you ask for... it will come to your desire with dull blades.

@ Chorus

You're scaring us.

@ Circe

Good. Go away. Yeah?

@ Chorus

We will go... but we will be watching. Just to make sure.

@ Circe

Whatever. Fine. Just go.

@ Chorus

Alright.

* They go, but do not exit. They stay close enough to hear. **

@ Circe

* speaking to Devan and Shel. **

Did you two eat?

@ Devan, @ Shel

Yes.

@ Circe

Shel, did you do your homework.

@ Shel

Uh huh.

@ Circe

Devan, is Shel telling the truth?

@ Devan

Probably not.

@ Shel

It's Saturday.

@ Circe

And?

@ Shel

I did. I promise.

@ Circe

Well... let me know if you---

@ Medea

---Do... do you see what I have done! I've lost everything.

@ Circe

Do you two hear that?

@ Devan

Hear what?

@ Circe

Your mother.

@ Shel

She gets like that. It's okay. We're kind of used to it.

* The two siblings continue on with their respective tasks. **

@ Circe

Hey... look at your auntie.

* The two siblings look at Circe. **

@ Circe

You have nothing to be worried about okay. I'll protect you.

@ Shel

Protect us fro---

@ Devan

---We don't need protection.

@ Circe

Right. Yes. You are right. Everything will be fine.

* Circe goes. **

@ Shel

She gets scarier every year.

@ Devan

It's her perfume? Gives me a headache.

@ Shel

What?

@ Devan

Nothing.

@ Shel

What are you doing?

@ Devan

Making a list.

@ Shel

... Why?

@ Devan

I like lists.

@ Shel

Oh... aight.

@ Devan

Systems makes sense to me.

@ Shel

Oh yeah. I get that.

@ Devan

So... yeah. Plans. Steps. Sequences.

@ Shel

Like a plot?

@ Devan

Sure.

@ Shel

You know... I been thinking.

@ Devan

Okay.

@ Shel

You ever seen The Parent Trap?

@ Devan

The movie?

@ Shel

Yeah.

@ Devan

Yes. Disney right?

@ Shel

That's the one.

@ Devan

Yes.

@ Shel

Think we could do that?

@ Devan

Do what?

@ Shel

Trick our parents into getting back together.

@ Devan

Parent trap our parents?

@ Shel

Yeah. Make them fall in love with each other again.

@ Devan

I don't think they wanna be in love anymore.

@ Shel

They just don't know they are in love.

@ Devan

No... I'm pretty sure they hate each other.

@ Shel

I want to try.

@ Devan

Like... I think... Like... it's like... too late?

@ Shel

Can't hurt.

@ Devan

I mean... it could.

@ Shel

You so scary.

@ Devan

You mean scared.

@ Shel

I mean both. How you so calm and collected with our mom out in the back yard digging up the grass. Mixing potions and screaming at the moon.

@ Devan

She's eccentric.

@ Shel

What's that mean?

@ Devan

Like... odd? Peculiar.

@ Shel

She's not odd.

@ Medea

* like Demeter searching for
Persephone. **

Uggggggghhhhhhhhhh aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.

@ Devan

Okay. Yeah. Totally not odd.

@ Shel

Look... do you wanna parent trap with me or what?

@ Devan

What.

@ Shel

Huh?

@ Devan

What.

@ Shel

Devan!

@ Devan

You said do I want to parent trap or what and I'm choosing
what?

@ Shel

You know I'm smart too.

@ Devan

Yes. I know. But it's not your drag so...

@ Shel

Huh?

@ Devan

Nothing.

@ Shel

Why you don't want them to get back together?

@ Devan

Three responses. One... I don't really care what they do. It's not up to me what they are gonna do. Right? That's up to them. Like... If they want to tear each other apart that is truly their prerogative. Why do I need to get involved.

@ Shel

Understood.

@ Devan

Okay moving on. Two. Think about it... double everything. Huh! Birthday gifts, Christmas, Graduation, Bedrooms. All the stuff. I did some rough estimates of what both of their net worth both as a couple and as individuals and let me tell you my younger sibling, they are worth more cut in half.

So... I know you're sad and you're probably going to make them pay a small fortune on "my parent divorced when I was young so I can't focus in class" therapy and then you will grow up and spend another small fortune on "my parents got a divorce when I was young and now I can't maintain a healthy relationship" therapy or "can't hold on to a job" therapy or some other ridiculous self centered nonsense like that. I'm really good on that. You know? I've grieved their marriage already.

@ Shel

You have?

@ Devan

I process trauma quickly.

@ Shel

How did you learn to do that?

@ Devan

Online.

@ Shel

I never considered grieving them.

@ Devan

It's just cleaner if you believe you can't go back in time.

@ Shel

What's the third response?

@ Devan

Right. Three! Probably should have been number one... but I like a build up.

We're not twins. In the movie a key plot point is that the two kids look identical. So identical, they can trick people into thinking one is the other. We have no such luck. You look nothing like me and are two years younger than me. That just doesn't make sense. So...

@ Shel

I fucking hate you.

@ Devan

Yeah. Me too.

@ Shel

Damn. You hate yourself?

@ Devan

Not all the time, but like... I wouldn't mind being someone else.

@ Shel

Oh wow. I'm sorry.

@ Devan

For what?

@ Shel

That must really be hard for you.

@ Devan

Do I look like I'm in pain?

@ Shel

A little around the eyes.

@ Devan

That was good. I almost chuckled.

@ Shel

What about me? Do I look like I'm in pain?

@ Devan

Yes... but you are an open nerve.

@ Shel

I can feel what people are feeling.

@ Devan

Sounds unnecessary.

* Devan turns back to the computer. Shel switches off the video game, looks out the window at Medea who is sitting in the back yard looking up at the sun. The chorus look through the window with Shel. **

@ Chorus

Worried?

@ Shel

Duh.

@ Chorus

Hmmmm. You weren't in school yesterday.

@ Shel

I know. Something's going on.

@ Chorus

Hmmmm. Divorce is hard. When our mom and dad divorced we had to live in a motel for a year.

@ Shel

Wow.

@ Chorus

But you all have money. It's easier when you have money.

@ Shel

Doesn't feel easy.

@ Chorus

Hmmmm.

* Shel looks at Devan. **

@ Shel

Why does she stare at the sun?

@ Devan

I'm not sure.

@ Shel

She talks to the sun. Like family.

@ Devan

It's probably a weird generational thing. Old people.

@ Shel

If mom is canceled does that mean we are canceled?

@ Devan

A little.

@ Shel

Really!

@ Devan

Yeah. I mean... I already have people treating me different at school.

@ Shel

I don't want to be canceled.

@ Devan

Oh it's fine.

@ Shel

What do you mean it's fine?

@ Devan

Calm down Shel.

@ Shel

I can't, I can't calm down!

@ Devan

Yes you can. stop.

@ Shel

I can't be canceled.

@ Devan

Getting canceled is like getting sprayed by a skunk.

@ Shel

What?

@ Devan

It's terrible. No one wants to be near you. It takes for fucking ever to get rid of the stench but in the end... eventually everyone forgets you're the stinky kid and you can go back to doing... whatever it is you were doing.

@ Shel

I don't know.

@ Devan

Trust me.

* The chorus shift to surround
Devan's workspace. **

@ Chorus

You weren't at school either yesterday.

@ Devan

And?

@ Chorus

We are concerned.

@ Devan

You're nosey.

@ Chorus

Yes that too. Are you afraid?

@ Devan

Of what?

@ Chorus

Your mother.

@ Devan

No! Why would I be afraid of my mother.

@ Chorus

She's a witch you know.

@ Devan

I know.

@ Chorus

You know how you can tell if someone is a witch?

@ Devan

How?

@ Chorus

No clue. We thought you might know.

@ Shel

I gotta funny feeling?

@ Devan

What do you mean?

@ Shel

Like... a butterfly in my stomach. Something bad's going to happen.

@ Devan

What?

@ Shel

I wish I knew.

@ Devan

You can't do that?

@ Shel

Do what?

@ Devan

That?!

@ Shel

Yo! What are you talking about.

@ Devan

You can't just drop an ominous bomb like "I feel like something bad's gonna happen".

@ Shel

We are always in danger of something bad happening. Oh my God!

@ Devan

Life is not a video game.

@ Shel

I got hives now.

@ Devan

Have you showered.

@ Shel

Yes.

@ Devan

Really?

@ Shel

Leave me alone. I hate you. Drop dead.

@ Devan

You first.

@ Shel

Gasp!

@ Devan

Shh!

@ Shel

What?

@ Devan

She's quiet.

@ Shel

She is.

* The Chorus lines the lip of the stage. **

@ Chorus

She's coming. Don't be here when she gets here. Make yourselves small. She has magic that can see things that are covered.

@ Shel

We're not running from our mom.

@ Chorus

You should.

*They begin to sing. The siblings look at each other. Light shift.

Citation: Masser, Michael and Will Jennings. 1987. *Didn't We Almost Have It All*. Whitney Houston. Arista Records.

They sing the lyrics "didn't we almost have it all" through "loving you makes life worth living".

Once the chorus begins, like Norma Desmond mixed with Porsha Williams of the Real Housewives Of Atlanta, Medea emerges. Her make-up is running, her feet and the bottoms of her pajamas are covered in dirt. Her hair is still tied up from sleep. Her faux fur slinks off her shoulders and in her hands she holds a metal box in her hands. She stares out into space.

The chorus sit and watch.

The siblings watch Medea, the way mice watch cats, before the cat knows they are there.

Circe, still in her apron, stands near by and watches. Medea sees the chorus. **

@ Medea

Who do these children belong to?

@ Circe

The children's classmates. They wanted to watch a slow decent into---

@ Medea

---Children... Where are my little loves?

* Shel and Devan look at each other, then back at their mother. Who is now looking directly at them. This sends a shiver down their spines.

Medea looks both saccharine and malicious. **

@ Shel

What's that?

@ Medea

This?

@ Shel

Yes.

@ Medea

Come closer. Look.

* The siblings look at each other
and then walk closer to Medea. **

@ Medea

These are the ashes of your uncle.

* The siblings jump back! **

@ Medea

Oh no my loves! Don't be afraid. Please don't be afraid. He was lovely. You have his nose Shel and Devan your dry wit is just like his. I loved him. So dear to me. He followed me every where I went. He followed me when your father and I...

* Medea's thoughts trail off beyond
her... The siblings both saddle up
beside Medea.**

@ Chorus

Is she acting?

@ Chorus

Is this a memory or a script?

@ Chorus

I've seen this film. 2009. Cannes film festival.

@ Chorus

Nooooo. She's riddled with regret.

@ Chorus

Overcome with woe.

@ Chorus

Like.

@ Chorus

Like.

@ Chorus

Like.

@ Chorus

Overcome with woe.

@ Chorus

Like.

@ Chorus

Overcome with woe.

@ Chorus

Like.

@ Chorus

#medeaismad.

@ Chorus

Crazy mad or mad mad?

@ Medea

Do I have to choose?

@ Chorus

Yes. You do.

* This shakes a small weeping from her that she restores to something akin to tenderness. **

@ Medea

I'm sorry.

@ Devan

It's okay.

@ Shel

Yeah. Don't, like... cry.

@ Devan

Mom?

@ Medea

Yes.

@ Devan

Weren't those buried?

@ Medea

I dug them up. Just now.

@ Shel

Oh.

@ Medea

Wanted to see if I could put him back together. I used to do a bit of magic. When I was a younger woman. I thought to reanimate him for dinner. Just to talk with him again. Just once.

@ Shel

Uh huh.

@ Medea

You think it's strange.

@ Shel

Yes.

@ Medea

It is a beautiful box.

@ Devan

Mom... Would you come sit with us?

@ Medea

Yes. I would love to sit with you. My loves! What are you two doing? Hmm? Are you watching tv? What are the shows? The shows the young people are watching. Do you still watch shows?

When I was a girl I watched the Soap Opera's with my grandfather. He watched Young and the Restless at noon, Bold and the Beautiful at 1, As the World Turns at 1:30 and Guiding Light at 2:30. Bold and the Beautiful was my favorite one. There was this woman, this character, Sheila. And Sheila would die and they would bring her back to life in a few years. She would just come back. Made the whole thing feel like a dream. Or she would come back as her evil twin sister.

Those were good. And then they would bring the good Sheila back and she would have to kill the Evil Sheila and I used to think... my... that is some great acting. To be able to play both of those parts. She was somethings. Was special. Me... and my brother... sitting on the floor looking at the TV. That was a good time. We were good then. Before.

@ Devan

I didn't know that.

@ Medea

I forgot a lot of things. Over the years. I had to cut some things out of my memory to I could be okay. So I could... survive.

@ Devan

Does everyone have to do that?

@ Medea

Yes. At some point. Everyone does.

@ Shel

Wanna see a magic trick?

* This is surprisingly loving. Medea, for the first time in this play, is back to what I imagine she is like at rest. She loves her children. She's a good mom on her best days and a distant mom on her worst. **

@ Medea

I... I would love to see a magic trick.

* Shel stands before Medea and Devan. Shel extends both hands palms open. One hand holds a gold coin. **

@ Shel

See.

@ Medea

Yes. I see.

@ Shel

What hand is the coin in?

@ Medea

Your right hand.

@ Shel

Yes! Okay.

* Shel closes both hands. **

@ Shel

And now they are gone!

* Shel opens their hands and the coins are in fact gone. Medea claps with delight. **

@ Devan

How---

@ Shel

---That's not the trick.

@ Medea

I know my love. I'm just... Go on.

@ Shel

Okay. Remember right hand.

@ Medea

Got it.

* Shel walks over to Devan. **

@ Shel

Show me your hands.

@ Devan

Huh?

@ Shel

Open your hands!

* Devan opens. There is gold coin
in their right hand. **

@ Medea

Oh Gosh! Ha!

@ Devan

How did you do that?

@ Shel

Wait.

* Shel takes the gold coin, opens it
to reveal it's a chocolate coin. **

@ Devan

How did you do that!!!

@ Medea

Where's the gold coin?

* Shel hits Devan on the back of the head. The Gold coin falls out of Devan's mouth. Medea claps with delight. **

@ Devan

How...

@ Medea

Oh my love you have the gift. You have the magic.

@ Devan

Why don't I have it?

@ Medea

You have it. You know how to calm everyone down. You know how to make people listen. That's power Devan. You can move people.

@ Devan

I wanna be able to do tricks.

@ Medea

Everyone gets the gift that will serve them the most. Look at your blessings like a dear friend and they will abound. Do you both understand that?

@ Shel

Yes.

@ Devan

Yeah.

* It's a really tender spot. **

@ Shel

I like when you're happy Mom.

@ Medea

Oh me too baby. Me too.

@ Shel

I get the magic from you.

@ Medea

Oh I know. Both of you got the magic, honest. You come from people who knew they were magic even if they couldn't feel it. Nothing you can do about it.

* Circe enters. Her face looks gravely serious. **

@ Medea

Are we making too much noise! Circe... what's wrong?

@ Circe

There's someone to see you.

@ Medea

Who is it?

@ Circe

Glauce.

@ Medea

Shouldn't she be getting dressed to marry my husband?

@ Circe

She's here. She says she wants to talk with you.

@ Medea

Did she say why?

@ Circe

I believe you know why.

@ Medea

Tell her I'm with my children.

@ Circe

I'm afraid she says it's urgent.

@ Medea

I don't care! Tell her to come back later. Or never.

@ Devan

Come on Shel.

@ Shel

She could have good news.

@ Medea

Oh my loves. People like her only bring ruin. She is not a bringer of good news. She's an omen of the doom headed our direction.

@ Circe

She's quite persistent.

* Medea glares at Circe. **

@ Medea

Go finish your chores my loves?

@ Shel

We don't have chores.

@ Medea

Make some up. Go.

* The two siblings skitter off. But not far. They eavesdrop. **

@ Medea

Send her in.

* Medea places the box containing her brother's ashes on a table. **

@ Chorus

Now Medea. You must be a gracious host. She has come with good intentions.

@ Medea

The road to hell is pathed with those.

@ Chorus

She can be reasoned with. You used to enjoy her company.
Bury the hatchet.

@ Medea

In her chest.

@ Chorus

No. Let it go. Comply. For the sake of your children.

@ Medea

I can protect my children just fine.

@ Chorus

Here she comes.

* The Chorus turns to the audience and sings.

Citation: Gabriel, Peter. 1986.
Sledgehammer. Charisma Records
& Geffen Records.

They sing the lyrics "hey, hey, you there" through "this will be my testimony, yeah, yeah".

The Chorus flanks the entrance as Glauce enters.

Glauce is in a wedding dress. It's grand, Westwood. Medea is gob smacked. Glauce processes into the space like a bride walking down the aisle to her groom.

Medea tries to make herself presentable... but just a bit. The two women stand across from each other like two queens on opposing sides of a chess board. This is going to be a civil battle... for now.
**

@ Glauce

You are... beautiful.

@ Medea

Th---Thank you.

@ Glauce

Selfie?

@ Medea

What?

@ Glauce

I would like to post this. Are you alright with that?

* Glauce grips Medea and pulls her into a pose. **

@ Medea

I---

@ Glauce

---Just smile.

* Glauce snaps the selfie. **

@ Medea

You know people used to believe that photos could capture your soul.

@ Glauce

That the world was flat. Hello Medea. It's been far too long.

@ Medea

I would say welcome to my home but it's not really my home anymore.

@ Glauce

I fear not for long. It wasn't my idea.

@ Medea

Oh no? Well who should I send the thank you card to?

@ Glauce

... I'm a huge fan of your work...

@ Medea

Many are.

@ Glauce

You've always been so commanding on screen. On stage.

@ Medea

You saw me on stage?

@ Glauce

The Broadway show. You played a nun.

@ Medea

Ah...

@ Glauce

I saw it twice.

@ Medea

Mmm. A regular Eve Harrington.

@ Glauce

Who's Eve Harrington?

@ Medea

Who's Eve Harr---she's a fucking fetus.

* A moment of tension. Medea simmers. Glauce bubbles. They both exhibit the physical science of pots boiling. Medea has been on the flame longer than Glauce. Medea simmers at a rolling boil. Glauce bubbles with anticipation.
**

@ Glauce

Thank you for seeing me.

@ Medea

Did I have a choice?

@ Glauce

I can be emphatic. It's mostly bark. No bite.

@ Medea

Your dress is... stunning.

@ Glauce

Thank you. I wanted to feel like a princess.

@ Medea

You are a princess.

@ Glauce

Not really. Political daughter... not as poetic as princess.

@ Medea

The daughter of a senator and a judge, God rest your poor mother's soul.

@ Glauce

Royalty for sure. As are you. An actual princess no less.

@ Medea

Was.

@ Glauce

Right. Jason's told me about your troubles.

* Glauce sees the box on the table. She goes to it and crouches down to look at it. Medea begins to approach but Glauce's look stops her. **

@ Glauce

I designed this dress when I was 12. I knew what I wanted to be married in.

@ Medea

What privilege.

@ Glauce

Will you be coming today?

@ Medea

No.

@ Glauce

Oh you must! You must come!

@ Medea

I would rather not.

@ Glauce

I wish you would reconsider. We have a whole orchestra for the reception... it will really be quite the affair.

@ Medea

I don't doubt that.

@ Glauce

What's in the box?

@ Medea

My brother.

@ Glauce

Oh.

@ Medea

Yes. You should ask your betrothed about him. Ask about his smile. He had a chipped tooth. So when he smiled it was a bit crooked.

@ Glauce

You've been through quit the ordeal.

@ Medea

I have.

@ Glauce

I can't imagine the pain and the anguish you have experienced. Or... perhaps I can. We are after all both women bound to men and their whim.

@ Medea

Don't do that.

@ Glauce

What?

@ Medea

We're not the same.

@ Glauce

Well of course not.

@ Medea

We are not even similar.

@ Glauce

We have much in common.

@ Medea

I can only think of one thing.

@ Glauce

I snuck into a movie theater when I was 16 to see you in Fatale... You were so beautiful in that movie. There was a scene when you were meeting the man with the golden lapel pin. And you were sliced up on the screen with shadow and a veil that made you look like a widow. Such Beautiful hair and make up. I used to follow your every move. I wanted to move like you. Elegant. Economic. Specific. The razor's edge between cruelty and tenderness. I think I even took an acting class because of you.

@ Medea

You think?

@ Glauce

I did.

@ Medea

What did you learn?

@ Glauce

To breathe, to relax, to believe. To act.

@ Medea

That is the first primary thing. To act, to do, to choose to become.

@ Glauce

Yes. I can see that in your performances. I can see you becoming those characters.

@ Medea

I am already all of those people.

@ Glauce

Like changing clothes.

@ Medea

So?

@ Glauce

I wasn't very good.

@ Medea

That's too bad.

@ Glauce

Yes... well... I've sorted myself out.

@ Medea

Your father wants me and my children out of town.

@ Glauce

He does.

@ Medea

How do you feel about that?

@ Glauce

I agree.

@ Medea

I see.

@ Glauce

What did you expect?

@ Medea

Some kindness.

@ Glauce

Not our strong suit. I do sympathize. I was thinking in the car on the way here that it must be... difficult... you know... investing the way you have into a person, only for them to fail to return on investment.

@ Medea

And you wondered if the same could happen to you?

@ Glauce

Oh I know the same could happen to me. I'm not blind.

@ Medea

I see.

@ Glauce

I am, I believe, trying to make the best out of what I've been given. Proximity to power, desirability which is of course subjective but in this instance I am the subject. And natural desirability fades with time. Then you become attractive for different reasons. Intellect. Humor. Flexibility. I've considered it all. I'm a planner.

@ Medea

What's your birthday?

@ Glauce

December 30th.

@ Medea

Capricorn.

@ Glauce

I like to imagine, in advance every possible scenario or outcome.

@ Medea

And what would you do if you were in my shoes?

@ Glauce

I would try to keep some kind of peace. A graceful civility.

@ Medea

Hmmmmm. Civility.

@ Glauce

Is divorce difficult? Yes. Undoubtedly. But... it need not be a massacre.

@ Medea

A massacre?

@ Glauce

Yes.

@ Medea

Hmmm.

@ Glauce

What?

@ Medea

Not a terrible idea.

* Medea sits pondering this. **

@ Glauce

I'm trying to appeal to your heart.

@ Medea

Oh... my dear...

@ Glauce

Medea be civil.

@ Medea

What is the proposed value of civility? Hmmmm? Who benefits from it?

@ Glauce

Our dignity. We can hold our heads high knowing---

@ Medea

---Oh girl please. Let's stop talking about this like we are housewives at a charity gala. What's all this tulle and taffeta and politeness and gentility for? Not me. So stop. Dignity and civility. You want to make me believe that my dignity is some how connected to my being civil to you? How? Does the same apply to me? Is your dignity dependent on the civility you have shown me? Because from where I'm standing. You are void of dignity. You want to talk about reality? I am... a few several hours from being displaced from my home. The home I was given as a prize for setting fire to my past, my family my... br...

No. No never. I sold it. Sold my soul to one devil after the next, for what? Pretty movies and beautiful clothes. Famous people shit! Yes! I have all of that and like forgotten produce in the back of the fridge, I am disposed of and everything I ever touched. Dignity. You, your father, that disaster of a husband have stripped all the dignity I may have had left. So I have no use for dignity. All I have left to offer you on this warm day, is venom.

@ Glauce

Are you threatening me?

@ Medea

Yes.

@ Glauce

Do you know what I can do to you?

@ Medea

Do you know what I can do to you?

* A stand off. Something flips in Glauce. We see a tougher side of her press itself to the surface of her skin. **

@ Glauce

He is capable of doing terrible things to you. You know this, yes? He will.

@ Medea

Yes.

@ Glauce

Yes. And your kids. Them as well. Why?

@ Medea

Why?

@ Glauce

They're in the way. Speed bumps. Ideally... I would love to have a clean start. You know. Just me and my husband and our children.

@ Medea

You do not have children.

@ Glauce

The children we will---

@ Medea

---You! Do not! Have children.

@ Glauce

Yet.

And that's what matters. Yes? I can give Jason children that will advance him. Perfect little princes. They will be darlings.

@ Medea

And my children? How will they be received?

@ Glauce

I believe that's up to you. Take them, leave this place, never return and we will one day welcome your children back with open arms. The siblings to a powerful dynasty. They will benefit greatly from your forethought and gentleness.

@ Medea

You see... that's my problem. I'm not gentle. Don't mistake my hospitality and calm with gentleness. I am lethal.

@ Glauce

You don't want to---

@ Medea

---I'm goin to count to five, and by the time I get to five, you had better be gone. One.

@ Glauce

This is a mistake.

@ Medea

Two.

@ Glauce

You will rue the day---

@ Medea

---Three.

* Glauce understanding Medea means this, retreats. **

@ Glauce

I have a great deal of respect for you Medea.

* Medea hurls the box of her brother's ashes at Glauce. They explode open and cover the wedding dress in grey ash. **

@ Medea

* as if from hades **

Four.

* Glauce leaves. Medea suddenly broken a bit. She opens her eyes to see Glauce gone and the remains of her brother laying on the carpet.
**

@ Medea

Circe.

* Circe emerges. **

@ Medea

Bring me the dust buster.

@ Circe

Alright.

* Circe gives Medea a dust buster and Medea vacuums up her brother's remains. **

@ Medea

There all clean. Bury this in the backyard please.

@ Circe

Yes.

@ Medea

And get a new dust buster will you?

@ Circe

Yes.

* Circe begins to leave. She takes note of how menacing Medea has become. Circe exits. **

@ Medea

She'll need a new dress.

@ Chorus

She will.

@ Medea

I will supply her with a gown.

@ Chorus

Oh! That's lovely.

@ Medea

A showstopper.

@ Chorus

That's very kind of you to do that for her.

@ Medea

It's not.

* Circe reenters. **

@ Medea

Where are my children?

@ Circe

In... in their rooms.

@ Medea

Good. Good. When I look at them. I see his face. They betray me with their very presence.

@ Circe

Nothing to be done.

@ Medea

No... I suppose not.

@ Circe

Do you want me to get them for you.

@ Medea

Not yet.

@ Circe

Are you alright?

@ Medea

I could crush him. Just so simple. My grandfather is the sun. This planet orbits my family tree! I could wipe him off the face of the earth.

@ Circe

You could.

@ Medea

No... he has to survive. I'll scorch the world around him.

@ Circe

What does that mean?

@ Medea

I'm going to change. They're father is coming.

@ Circe

Are you sure?

@ Medea

He is anything if not predictable. That white gowned ambush was his idea. He'll want to see the children.

* Medea exits.

Circe picks up the box Medea has thrown and places it with the dust buster in a drawer.

The Chorus appear above. They are all lying on their belly's, resting their heads in their hands. **

@ Chorus

She's gonna kill those kids.

@ Circe

Shhh.

@ Chorus

It's so obvious! Do you not see what's happening what's unfolding. She wants to hurt him and the children are the closest to his heart.

@ Circe

I said quiet.

@ Chorus

She refuses advice. You refuse advice. You're both damnable
witches with your heads up your---

@ Circe

She would never. I just can't believe she could.

@ Chorus

Guuuuuuuuurl everyone could if the circumstances where
right. Keep ya eye sharp!

* The Chorus disappears. **

@ Circe

Shel! Devan!

* The kids emerge. **

@ Circe

Your father is coming to see you.

@ Shel

They're getting back together aren't they!

@ Devan

They're not.

@ Shel

You don't know.

@ Devan

I know.

@ Shel

Circe tell Devan that our parents are getting back together.

@ Devan

Circe tell Shel they need to grow up and face the reality that parents break up. It happens.

@ Shel

Shut up!

@ Circe

Both of you stop.

@ Devan

I can't wait til I go to college.

@ Shel

I can't wait either.

@ Devan

Cause I'm never coming back here again.

@ Shel

That sounds good!

@ Devan

I don't have to pretend to like you. I'm gonna make real friends! People who see me.

@ Shel

Ha! I got real friends. You're late to the party.

@ Devan

"You're late the party" What are you a middle aged man with gout.

@ Shel

What the fuck is gout!

@ Devan

How are we even related?

@ Shel

Don't worry about it!

@ Devan

You're not cool!

@ Shel

I'm the coolest.

@ Devan

Yeah you were real cool in here talking about parent trapping.

@ Shel

It was just a suggestion! Sheesh!

@ Devan

Yeah well it was dumb!

@ Shel

I don't care what you think of me Devan.

@ Devan

Good!

@ Shel

Fine.

@ Circe

Well that was productive.

* The door bell rings. The two siblings look at each other and then sit heavily on the couch. **

@ Circe

I guess I'll get it.

* Circe exits. Shel and Devan sulk. The Chorus bunch around them. Little angels on their twinned shoulders. **

@ Chorus

Hey.

@ Shel

Shit!

@ Chorus

Soooo how are you feeling? Both of you.

@ Devan

I'm gathering data.

@ Shel

You so tragic.

@ Chorus

Soooo I would encourage you... uh... to like... keep an eye on your mom. Like. No offense. Buuuuuut. I think she might be about to commit muuurder. I like the way that sounds, Muuurder.

@ Shel

Murder who?

@ Chorus

Maybe you two?

@ Devan

Us?

@ Chorus

Yeeeeeeaaaah. We all thought it wasn't very motherly as well but... you know your mom!

@ Shel

She wouldn't.

@ Devan

She couldn't!

@ Chorus

She is absolutely capable of killing both of you. Quickly. They have asthma and you have that heart murmur. Sorry. Yikes. This must be traumatic.

@ Shel, @ Devan

It is.

@ Chorus

Well... we just observe and comment... mostly through song.

@ Shel

What song would you sing now.

@Chorus

Hmmmmmmmm

* The Chorus sings.

Citation: Taylor, Roger, Freddie Mercury, David Bowie, John Deacon, and Brian May. 1981. *Under Pressure*. EMI Records and Elektra Records.

They sing the opening riff, the lyrics of the first verse, beginning with "pressure, pushin' down on me" through the opening riff of the second verse, ending with "okay".

The Chorus looks in the direction of the entrance. A few moments pass.

The Siblings look as well. Nothing. The sulking of the siblings relaxes. They consider: What if he doesn't want us? What if he is cruel? Maybe our mother is our life boat? But we fear her too. Another eternal moment.

Then Jason, dressed in a fine wedding day suit, enters. He is, handsome, dashing, paternal, and gentle. His arms are loaded with what I can only imagine are very expensive gifts. He slides them out of his arms and walks to his children as though they were glass dolls that he feared breaking. **

@ Jason

I... I brought you both some things. Something to wear to the wedding, some gifts. I wanted you to know that I love you. This has all been very fast.

* Jason extends his arms to his children. They don't move. **

@ Jason

Don't be afraid of me.

@ Devan

What did you get us?

* Shel elbows Devan. **

@ Jason

Only the best. Do you like my suit?

@ Devan

Yeah.

* Shel elbows Devan. **

@ Devan

Well I do! Stop elbowing me!

@ Jason

You both have whole outfits. Same colors! I want my children to stand beside me at my wedding.

@ Shel

You don't have to do this. You could try to work it out.

@ Jason

It's too late.

@ Shel

It's not.

@ Jason

Shel.

@ Shel

I don't want to go to your wedding. I don't want you to marry that woman.

@ Jason

Oh... my dear one.

@ Shel

Come on dad.

@ Devan

Can I open my box please?

@ Jason

Sure. Go ahead.

* Devan sets about opening a massive box. Jason goes to Shel and kneels to get closer to his child. **

@ Devan

This is niiiiiiiice.

@ Jason

I thought you might like it.

* to Shel **

Don't you want to see what I picked out for you?

@ Shel

Doesn't matter. I'm not going to wear it.

@ Jason

What do you mean? It's nice!

@ Shel

Why are you marrying her?

@ Jason

I love her.

@ Devan

Shel.

@ Shel

I don't believe that.

@ Jason

You don't have to believe it. It's going to happen.

@ Shel

I won't be there. I'm not going.

@ Jason

Yes you are.

@ Shel

I'm going to stay here with Mom.

@ Jason

Don't embarrass me.

@ Shel

You're embarrassing yourself. Just hopping from one person to the next. Anything to keep you in the spotlight. Keep you relevant.

@ Jason

My relevance pays for all of this. You mother hasn't made money in years. How do you think you can go to that fantastic private school, vacations in Bali and Positano, those sneakers... you like those sneakers.

@ Shel

Yes.

@ Jason

Yeah? Who paid for them?

@ Shel

Everything isn't about money.

@ Devan

Shel calm down!

@ Shel

No!

* The Chorus rattle awake from their texting and scrolling. **

@ Chorus

He's furious. Rightfully so. You shouldn't shout at your father like that.

@ Shel

It's true.

@ Chorus

Yes but when you bite the hand that feeds you, you run the risk of going hungry. Do you see he's furious. His anger is all directing at you. He doesn't speak. He's planning. He's going to hurt you. He wants to hurt you. He has never spanked you. And it shows. Now he will punish you.

@ Jason

Take them off.

@ Shel

What?

@ Jason

The shoes. Take them off.

@ Shel

But they're mine.

@ Jason

No they ain't. I bought those! They're mine. Take. Them. Off.

@ Devan

Dad... it's okay Shel's just a little sad.

@ Jason

Yeah. Me too. I'm sad I have children that don't even think to greet me properly. One just wants to know what I have for them. "What did you bring me?" The other doesn't even know I'm the reason they have all that fucking confidence they are using to disrespect me.

@ Shel

I'm not trying to disrespect you.

@ Jason

Off.

@ Devan

Dad.

@ Jason

Take them off, or I'll remove them.

* Shel seeing this has turned into something bad, slips the shoes off.

Jason takes the shoes. He looks at Shel who appears to be about to cry. **

@ Jason

Don't cry.

@ Shel

I'm not.

@ Chorus

Oh they're definitely about to cry.

@ Chorus

Oh yes.

@ Chorus

Terrified.

@ Chorus

They should be terrified.

@ Chorus

You can't talk to your father that way?

@ Chorus

Or your mother.

@ Chorus

Maybe they will learn some respect.

@ Shel

Who's side are you on?

@ Chorus

Who's trending?

@ Chorus

#WinnerWinner

@ Chorus

Who's the most influential?

@ Chorus

We stick with who get the follows?

@ Chorus

Blue Checks?

@ Shel

Shut up!

@ Chorus

Don't blame us. You've made this hard for yourself.

@ Jason

Look at me Shel. You don't have to respect my choices. This my life. I get to lead it any way I choose. I pray you have the same luxury when you're my age. You will, however, respect me. Look at you... walking around here literally with my eyes, my feet, my swagger. That's mine! You understand me. Ain't nothing about you, yours.

When I was your age, I was walking home from school, had some fresh ass Jordan's on. Mom had saved for weeks to get me them damn shoes. And these two guys from my block saw the shoes, came up to me and said "gimme ya shoes." Had a knife and everything. I gave them the shoes. Like a little frightened animal. And I walked home Barefooted!

My mom saw the shoes were gone and she turned me back around. She took me right to that boy's house. This was when we just all knew each other. She banged on the door and then the kid answered, wearing my shoes my mom, cool as a cucumber, she say "Those shoes, belong to me. I know your mother and I know your father and if I told them you stole shoes from me, you would be in a world of hurt. Now... judging by the look on your face, I don't think you want that world of hurt, do you? No... so take my shoes off." The boy took the shoes off. And mom and I walked back to our house in complete silence. I thought she was going to give me the shoes back, but nope. She kept them. As a reminder.

I think I will keep these. Yeah? Just so you don't forget, right now... you don't own shit.

* Shel and Devan are both stunned by this. Jason grabs the box with Shel's name on it. Walks it over and places it in Shel's hands. **

@ Jason

Be grateful. Go put that on.

* Shel takes the box and exits. Devan follows. Jason stands and watches them go. He makes himself a drink. Elaborate. Maybe a manhattan.

The Chorus all aim their phone cameras at Jason. Some with the flash. They take photos.

The sounds of pictures. Of posting.
Of social media. **

@ Jason

Who do you all belong too?

@ Chorus

The internet.

@ Jason

No parents?

@ Chorus

Yeah sure.

@ Jason

Why are you not at home?

@ Chorus

Someone has to chronicle the moments. Some one has to bear witness to tragedy.

@ Jason

Tragedy?

@ Chorus

Yes. You are know what that is. Yes?

@ Jason

I do.

@ Chorus

We have to capture it.

@ Jason

Are you posting me?

@ Chorus

Duh.

@ Jason

Ha.

@ Chorus

What?

@ Jason

Duh... that phase. I remember when Devan and Shel would say "Duh!" in response to literally anything. "It looks like it's going to rain." "Duuuh" It was so annoying.

@ Chorus

She's coming.

@ Jason

Who?

@ Chorus

You know who.

@ Jason

Go.

* The Chorus scatter and go back to their scrolling. Medea, now dressed to stun, emerges. He senses her. Maybe he smells her cologne. He doesn't turn to see her. **

@ Jason

Do you remember when I first met you? I was shooting in your neighborhood and your father invited me to your home for dinner. He was the...

@ Medea

Councilman.

@ Jason

And you wouldn't talk to me.

@ Medea

I didn't trust you.

@ Jason

You didn't?

@ Medea

No. I thought you were opaque.

@ Jason

What's wrong with that?

@ Medea

It means you can hide things. And I didn't like that.

@ Jason

You've never trusted me.

@ Medea

That's not fair to me. I don't really trust anyone.

@ Jason

Oh my love.

@ Medea

You look tired.

@ Jason

I am.

@ Medea

It's hard isn't it?

@ Jason

What?

@ Medea

Climbing.

@ Jason

... yes...

@ Medea

Eventually... I hear... you get used to feeling small.

* Medea sits. Jason stands. **

@ Jason

Yes.

@ Medea

Sit.

* Jason sits. The two sit in silence.
Jason offers his drink to Medea.
She takes it and sips. **

@ Jason

You threw your brother's ashes at her?

@ Medea

Yep.

* Jason kind of laughs at this.
Medea smiles. **

@ Jason

You are something else.

@ Medea

"Tell me how does it feel with my teeth on your heart."

* This makes Jason laugh to
himself. Medea joins the laughter.
**

@ Jason

You're a sick person.

@ Medea

Takes one to know one.

@ Jason

Why didn't you go with the plan?

@ Medea

Because I wanted to still be with you. I wasn't done.

@ Jason

And now.

@ Medea

Now?

@ Jason

You seem angry at me.

@ Medea

I am.

* Jason turns to Medea. He is really taken by how beautiful she looks. **

@ Jason

My god you're beautiful.

@ Medea

Flattery?

@ Jason

Truth.

@ Medea

What do you want?

@ Jason

Let's not argue.

@ Medea

But we're so good at it. It's our sport.

@ Jason

Why didn't you accept my invitation to---

@ Medea

---It was your invitation? Oh! Well that changes everything!
Let me go get ready to sit front row center of my husbands
wedding! That sounds like fun. Maybe I'll wear red.

@ Jason

You are the picture of difficult.

@ Medea

A pretty picture though.

@ Jason

Your vanity is going to get you and my children killed.

@ Medea

This isn't the bronze age Jason... you don't just get to kill
people you don't want to deal with.

@ Jason

Pity.

@ Medea

You don't mean that. You're an old pussy cat.

@ Jason

I had a plan! I was going to work!

@ Medea

Jason shut up. We're exiled. Banished. What's the difference between that and death.

@ Jason

Because I... I was planning... to find a way to welcome you all back. One day. Once the bad blood had dried up.

@ Medea

It will never dry.

@ Jason

Drama. That's all you know.

@ Medea

I curse you. All that you do. All that you lay your hands on. All that you love. I curse it.

@ Jason

What?

@ Medea

Everything that matters to you. I curse it.

@ Jason

You matter to me.

@ Medea

Then we will, the both of us, be damned.

@ Jason

A curse?

@ Medea

The curse. It reaches so far into the future it renders the one who possesses it utterly hopeless.

@ Jason

I don't believe in curses.

@ Medea

What do you want? Hmm? It's not me so...

@ Jason

I'm taking the children to the wedding.

@ Medea

Okay.

@ Jason

I won't take no for an answer.

@ Medea

I said okay. Take them. They should be there.

@ Jason

That simple.

@ Medea

I didn't say that?

@ Jason

What have you got planned.

@ Medea

You think so low of me. Of my motives.

@ Jason

I can't believe I slept beside you all those years. I think deep down I knew that at any moment you could slit my throat in my sleep.

@ Medea

Oh come on Jason. We don't do that. We look our victims in the eyes as we draw the blade across their flesh.

@ Jason

I'm not like you.

@ Medea

Yes you are. Only difference is... you... have people willing to lie to you to tell you otherwise. "Oh you're so nice! Oh isn't he charming! Oh he's so talented and so kind!"
Pleeeeeeeeeease. Your charisma irks me.

@ Jason

Hmmm. Okay.

@ Medea

Yeah.

@ Jason

Yeah well. Okay. It was me.

@ Medea

What?

@ Jason

I told him to send you away. That was my idea. Because! I slept beside you for all those years... knowing in my gut you would kill me if I crossed you. You bet your granddaddies' ass I told that man to pack y'all up. Cause you mean Medea! You mean.

@ Medea

And you're selfish.

@ Jason

And you're jealous.

@ Medea

And you're sarcastic.

@ Jason

And you're the worst thing to ever happen to me.

* Medea looks at Jason. They sit in stunned silence.

Circe walks through carrying groceries. She doesn't notice them at first. Then she does. She stops and looks at them.

Medea is still boring holes in Jason with her eyes. They are both caught up in their own worlds. Finally. **

@ Medea

I'm going... to kill all of you.

* Circe exits. **

@ Jason

What?

@ Medea

I'm not sure how. Or when. Could be right now. How's that drink? Hmm? Or it could be later. When you least expect it. Oooor maaaaaybe. It's already happened. Yeah? We are both dead and we are both in hell, cause hell would be looking at you for eternity.

@ Jason

You're crazy. Batshit. You're whole family is crazy. Running around with your chants and your crystals and your baths. Look at you... just waiting for me to drop a nose hair so you can put a charm on me to make me behave. That's crazy.

@ Medea

Got him.

@ Jason

What?

@ Medea

We're done.

@ Jason

With what?

@ Medea

You'll see.

@ Jason

What the fuck!

* The two siblings enter in their matching wedding clothes. They look like they belong to their father.

Jason still a bit startled by what has just happens walks towards the entrance. **

@ Medea

Come here my loves.

* They go to Medea.**

@ Jason

I'll... I'll be waiting ou---out front. Just come on out when you're done.

@ Medea

Thank you Jason. And hey... Congratulations on your nuptials.

* Jason exits. Medea turns to the siblings. **

@ Medea

You two look smart!

@ Devan

Are you coming?

@ Medea

No. I think that would be too hard for me.

@ Devan

Right.

@ Shel

Do you still love him?

@ Medea

What if I did? Would it matter?

@ Shel

I don't know.

@ Medea

There is no way of knowing now is it? Love can make you seek yourself in someone else's life.

@ Shel

But do you love him?

@ Medea

I don't.

@ Shel

What are you going to do?

@ Medea

What do you mean?

@ Shel

Without him.

* Medea laughs at this. Surprised by how easily and fully she can laugh at this. **

@ Medea

You know I'm a whole person right? I'm okay. Okay?

@ Shel

Okay.

@ Devan

We should go.

@ Medea

Wait... I have something for the bride. Will you make sure she receives this.

@ Devan

Sure.

* Medea gives the siblings a beautifully wrapped present. **

@ Shel

What is it?

@ Medea

A crown and a gown. I got a little something on her dress when she was here and I'm replacing it.

@ Shel

That's nice.

@ Medea

Hey...

@ Devan

What?

@ Medea

I love you so much.

@ Devan

Love you too mom.

@ Shel

Love you.

@ Medea

And I will protect you. No matter what. We will be okay.

@ Shel

Alright.

@ Medea

Now when you get home from the wedding, we have to packing to do.

@ Shel

We're moving?!

@ Medea

Yes!

@ Devan

Where?

@ Medea

Somewhere sunny.

@ Shel

Is there swimming?

@ Medea

Of course!

@ Devan

Come on Shel.

* The siblings exit.

Medea weeps.

Circe enters. She cradles Medea.

The Chorus gathers around. They look on at the pathetic picture of Medea.

Circe looks up at The Chorus. She begins to sing.

Citation: Orzabal, Roland, Ian Stanley, and Chris Hughes. 1985. *Everybody Wants to Rule the World*. Phonogram Records, Mercury Records, and Vertigo Records.

She sings the lyrics "welcome to your life" through "we will find you".

Meanwhile Medea's weeping eases and she looks up at Circe.

The Chorus joins Circe. Together they sing the lyrics "acting on your best behaviour" through "everybody wants to rule the world".

The Chorus continues to sing without Circe. They sing the lyrics "it's my own design" through "everybody wants to rule the world".

Medea stops them. **

@ Medea

Go with them, will you?

@ Circe

Are you going to be alright?

@ Medea

Yes. Go.

* Circe goes.

The Chorus lifts their cameras. Ready to capture what Medea will do next. **

@ Medea

Are you watching this?

@ Chorus

Yes.

@ Medea

Is the world watching?

@ Chorus

Couple thousand people.

@ Medea

That'll do.

@ Chorus

What do you want to say?

@ Medea

I am putting on the gorgon, the harpy, the crone, the vixen, the devourer goddess. I am the woman they myth made about. I am now Medea.

* Medea opens a bottle of red wine. She pours herself a modest glass. She drinks.

Medea sinks to the floor. She drinks.

Then like magic Medea begins to recount what is to come and while she does... we see the ill fated events acted out in gauzy soft focus through the windows. **

@ Medea

I see the bridal chamber. The princess, fuming in her undergarments. "My dress! My dress!" Her groom arrives!

@ Chorus

Like.

@ Medea

Her knight in shining armor. He comes with his two children.
They bring her a gift.

@ Chorus

Like.

@ Medea

She squeals with delight! She is prone to... squealing. She
covers my children with her hugs and kisses.

@ Chorus

Thumb down.

@ Medea

Jason escorts the children out and she rips into the package.

@ Chorus

Like.

@ Medea

A dress, white as the hottest heat and a diadem as golden as
the edge of the dawn. Beautiful creations. Sewn into the
gown are thousands of strands of poison.

@ Chorus

o m g!

@ Medea

Anyone who touches the gown will feel the same ending.

@ Chorus

She's lost it.

@ Medea

The most painful of deaths. She dresses. And the bitch is gorgeous. I lend to her a final beautiful moment of glory.

@ Chorus

Like.

@ Medea

She spins in the mirror, relishing her reflection. Her father comes to her bedchamber to take her to the chapel and when he opens the door the diadem leaps into flames! The gown, slow with its poison clings to her body. She screams in agony. Her father grabs her, holds her close to his body.

@ Chorus

Uh oh.

@ Medea

And he clings to her body, drawn in by the poison. The heap of smoldering organic matter shivers to the floor.

@ Chorus

Damn!

@ Medea

Jason seeing this is arrested with horror. Circe flees with the children and make their way back here.

@ Chorus

Like.

@ Medea

Jason begins to feel it. He knows what's coming. He looks for the children. They are gone! He calls out for the children! "Where are my children!"

@ Chorus

* simultaneous with Medea **

Like. Like. What! Like. Yes. Yes. Like. Like. Like. Like. Thumb down. Like. Like. Like. Werk! Like. Like. Like. Awwwww. Like Like. Like.

* Shel and Devan enter. They are arrested at the image of their mother. **

@ Devan

Mom?

@ Medea

So? How was the wedding?

@ Devan

I didn't happen.

@ Shel

Which means you and dad can get back together!

@ Devan

Shut up!

@ Shel

This is your chance mom.

@ Medea

Yes. It is. Thank you my love. Did you give the bride the gift?

@ Shel

Yes.

@ Medea

And did she love it.

@ Devan

We don't know... they kicked us out so she could change clothes.

@ Medea

Oh that's too bad. That's too bad.

@ Shel

Are you alright?

@ Medea

Yeah. Do you two remember our plan?

@ Shel

Yes!

@ Devan

Yeeeeeah.

@ Medea

Gooooood. Good. Well it's happening! Now!

@ Shel

Wow! Right right now?

@ Medea

Mmmm hmmm.

@ Devan

Alright.

@ Medea

Quickly now. Circe will take you ahead of me. I'll meet you both there.

@ Shel

Why can't you go with us?

@ Medea

Have to close things down here. Don't worry. Go.

* The siblings leave. Circe enters pushing a massive amount of luggage. **

@ Circe

Don't stay. Come with us.

@ Medea

Not quite done yet.

@ Circe

You can't hurt him. You two have done all you can possibly do to each other.

@ Medea

Not everything.

@ Circe

I---

@ Medea

---Go on, Auntie. I'm a big girl.

* Circe pushes the Luggage out.
The chorus enters. **

@ Chorus

Need a hand.

@ Medea

How sweet.

* Instantly the Chorus kicks into gear clearing the remainder of the house. Serpentine. Anything not nailed down flies out of the house.

Medea stands in the midst of all of this. She sips her wine. Finally the chorus has finished clearing the space.

Medea pours the remainder of the bottle of red wine down the front of her clothes. She drenches her hands in the blood red liquid. She sits. She waits.

Jason rushes in. He is full with terror. He sees Medea. He knows.
**

@ Jason

Where... where are they?

@ Medea

Who?

@ Jason

The children. Wh--where are they.

@ Medea

In a better place.

* Jason charges at Medea. She
doesn't budge. **

@ Jason

What did you do?

@ Medea

Save me your tears. Your faux sadness. I did you a favor.
Where's the bride?

@ Jason

Viper.

@ Medea

Yes. You knew that.

@ Jason

I did and it has come back to destroy me.

@ Medea

You did this. This is all your making.

@ Jason

I did this for you!

@ Medea

Spare me.

@ Jason

Give me their bodies.

@ Medea

So you can grieve? You don't understand. I'm not even leaving a space of grief for you. I'm leaving you in the cold harshness of outer space. You get not even a corner of closure here. Go find some place to haunt.

@ Jason

A ghoul. A hag. A bitch. An enemy. You are a gilded frame that's insides have come loose with maggots and rot.

@ Medea

Such beautiful language. You once called me siren. Golden lady. Beloved.

@ Jason

I'm going to kill you.

@ Medea

Oh... come now. Even if you wanted to... you couldn't.

@ Jason

I am. I'm going to end you.

* Just then. The shadow of a dragon envelops the space. We hear the breathing of the massive creature and we can see the steam from it's exhalation. Jason is frozen. **

@ Medea

His flames are hot as the sun. My grandfather is sun after all. You can't touch me.

@ Jason

You're a murderer. You have to pay for what you've done.

@ Medea

I've paid enough. Go weep in your marriage bed.

@ Jason

I will have vengeance.

@ Medea

You can not touch me. But you knew that when you arrived. Yes? Of course you did. You're a very smart man.

@ Jason

Want to know a truth?

@ Medea

What?

@ Jason

I used you. The whole way. I knew what I was doing. I knew you would do whatever it took to keep me and I took advantage of that. I've never loved you. I tolerated you and on occasion pitied you. Like when you killed your brother for me. I looked at you and realized you were the most pathetic creature on the planet. How absolutely devastating it must be to walk around in your husk of a life.

@ Medea

Go bury your dead.

* Medea leaves. Jason utterly staggered by this. Slumps to the floor. The Chorus all gather around him. He looks up at them. They help him to his feet and slowly usher him. The house is empty.

That's it. **