



# SCRIPT

## Medea 2K2: Ghetto Fab

Directed by Kathleen Akerley

Scene I: Tutor, Nurse, Chorus, children

Chorus: After all Medea's done for Jason. After she left her home, left her family, left her whole life back in LA. Now Jason's gone and left her. Now she's all alone in D.C. with two little boys to raise on her own.

Chorus: And Jason's not just leaving her—he's trying to tell her that what he's done is right. He left her for the mayor's daughter, Glauce. He says Medea's boys will be celebrities.

Chorus: Maybe Glauce can talk her daddy into letting them live in the mansion, buy them some fancy clothes, get them into a good school. Maybe he can get them a recording contract, make them famous. Creon does know how to get things done if he wants to. But why would he want to help Medea's children? Jason's going to give him some grandbabies of his own.

Nurse: If only they had never gone to the Ja Rule concert in LA. If the breath of slime had never blown them toward the District Building. If the plane's belly didn't crash to the ground and shake the people til they died, then Jason and Medea would never even have met.

Tutor: How is Medea?

Nurse: Oh, my friend, she is crazy. She's so down, down in the dumps, cuz she's not getting enough affection at home. I feel really sad for her, too. When Jason's house suffers, that's where my loyalty lies.

Chorus: Jason's house? This ain't his house, it's gone. Jason is a cellmate sleeping in a princess's bed. And Medea's stupid for marrying him. Now she's in her room drowning her sorrows in tear-salted ice cream. No one can make her feel better.

Tutor: She stop crying?

Nurse: Stopped crying? You must be crazy. But sweetie, her grief has just started. It hasn't half started, not yet. How I wish they had never met. But Cupid always trying to stick somebody together that don't belong. That battleaxe sat up dair and ruined her life. All his double crosses—  
-What type game is he on?

Tutor: Oh Medea. Things are going to get worse.

Nurse: Don't he know she can get any man she want, when she want, how she want, and even more? Any man would love to wake up beside her in the morning.

She admits it. She was a fool to get involved with that fake-me-out bling bling thug. She could go get another thug, you know one who drives a Mercedes, have her kids in a chrome coffin.

Tutor: Her and him could live together and make all the babies in the world if anyone is crazy enough to remarry her again. She has hurt herself too much.

Nurse: What's happening?

Tutor: Oh, nothing. I shouldn't say this, but, um, she better save her tears. She ain't heard the worst yet.

Nurse: Look now. Stop playing. Tell me.

Tutor: I heard Creon wants to put her out of town. I was taking the bus to Eastover, trying to get some fresh fruit from the market, and I overheard this old man talking about Creon want to banish Medea and those kids of hers.

Nurse: I know Jason won't stand for something like that.

Tutor: Jason doesn't care.

Nurse: Oh my god, I hate that fool.

Tutor: Don't tell Medea.

Nurse: Children, do you see what your father has done?

Tutor: He's in love.

Nurse: (to children) Get in the house.

(Enter Medea)

Medea: I wish I was dead.

Nurse: Get in now. And play. Your mother isn't feeling well.

Medea: I hate my life. Children don't say anything about your father to me.

Nurse: Why hate your children cause of Jason? Oh Zeus, help this crazy woman. Oh Athena help her.

Chorus: I heard Medea crying.

Medea: Zeus, please kill my soul. I wish a bolt of lightning would come from the sky and pierce my head! Why should I live any longer? I mean, there isn't reason for me to be here anymore.

Chorus: Gods, do you hear this? Medea, stop praying like that. You are trying to die.

Medea: I'm so sorry I left my family for this low life man. Children, do see how this, this deceitful dog of a husband treats me? Forget our wedding vows we told each other. I just want to see Jason and his tramp of a bride burnt to a crisp, their ashes spread throughout hell, for the hurt and pain he's caused me.

Ode I

If only Medea hadn't gone to Barefeet while

Jason was picking out his Kenneth Cole shoes

Then maybe they wouldn't have stumbled over each other

when the Chinese man was trying to find her size.

Now all that is left are broken hearts, torn shirts and pants

and bleeding coffins of 400 B.C.

Now I sit here, confused because Medea insists on

committing evil murders with intense agony

But I alone sit here and agree to her every word,

hoping and praying that she won't kill me next

The one thing that I wish wouldn't have happened was

that I was put in the middle of a bleeding broken stone on a sunny day

I, myself, fear Medea.

The fear I fear is like a crucifying death

Why can't they live a peaceful life like oak and ivy?

Don't he know love is the only thing that irons his shirt and puts on his tie

before a hard day's work?

Maybe I'll find out the madness of Medea through the firestones

that fuel all of her angers mixed with the fears.

Scene II: Medea, Jason, Creon, Chorus

[Jason enters with Creon]

Jason: You know, I've noticed something and this aint the first time. Its nothing but trouble to let your emotions get the best of you, and that's you all over the place, woman. You could've stayed in DC, even stayed at my crib if you just listened up to a mans reason. But no, you gotta go flyin' off the handle, just like a woman, so baby you're gone.

Medea: Say what?

Jason [shaking head, holding up hand]: Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah. Your words aint nothingtheyre too tied up in your heart. Moan and groan all you wanna, I'm not sweatin' it. After how you talked to me, my girl, and my man Creon, you're lucky were just kickin' you out instead of kickin' you down. I tried to discuss things with you, but it doesn't work so later!

Medea: You better watch your back. And your people. And your two boys.

Creon [is a bundle of energy, pointing all over the place, maybe has a little bit of Don King in him]: That's right, little lady. I ain't havin' you in my town NO longer! Youre an accident waiting to happen, catastrophe crouching in the shadows, disaster bout to drop down out of the sky! Goodbye, little Miss Potential Torrential Terror!

Medea: You're a no-good, no-thinking, no-caring Why are you changing on me? I didn't do nothing to you yet.

Jason: Now, hold up, I'm not sending you away empty-handed. You've got to leave, but I know leaving isn't easy, and I don't want my kids hurting. I know you hate me, but a part of me does still love you, and don't want to see you all go with nothing.

Creon: Oh come on now, he's still her caretaking man, now ain't that the sweetest thing

Medea: Wriggly worm.

Jason: Oh Lord

Medea. Wriggly worm! If I could think of something worse to say, Id say it. You ain't no man. NO man at all. Think you're big to give me some money to go away with, like that buys my forgiveness, like that heals what you slashed all up. Lets just take a little look back at our life together.

Jason: Woman, I know our past.

Medea: Lets us just take a little old look-see. Don't worry, Ill be quick so you can pay attention. You come on out to LA on tour, we meet by chance, out of nowhere at Bare Feet Shoes, and we start something that I thought was really special and it was, for a long time. Somehow or other you get involved with them crooks on the street I still don't know exactly what you did to wrong them and they decide they're coming after you with everything they got. What exactly did you do to them anyway?

Jason: Woman, ain't none of your business what a man does!

Creon: Now that's the truth, tried, true, and triumphant!

Medea: Figures. But I got you outta town fast. And kept you off the plane that crashed. I saved you from the grave. From the grave! I didn't even know all the details and stuck my neck out for you, believing in you! Ain't no way I could go back to my hood they'd be after me then too. I had to leave it all, all for you. And that was ok at the time I didn't feel like my home was much of a home at that time anyway.

Jason: That's right, so I gave you a home! A new home, a real home.

Medea: And now I gotta leave again. I'm orphaned twice.

Jason: Keep on cryin', woman.

Medea: Tell it to the judge, sweetie. Oh that's right, I AM the judge!

Chorus: Intensity of love is maddening. When that love is taken away, an even deeper madness sets in.

Jason: If only men didn't need women to have kids. What a better world this would be, and Tylenol would be out of business. As long as you kissin' on your woman and cooing, ooing, ahing all over the place like some baby bird, everything's straight. Soon as a man wants to take care of some business, that's it.

Creon: Boy, you're a truth machine today!

Chorus: Jason's complaint is a common one among men. Doesn't mean its right, but it sure is a popular opinion.

Medea: To me, an evil man who is a good speaker is the most guilty of them all. He'll betray you because he knows he can cover his crime with words of wisdom, but he's not so smart after all. So you turn me into the evil one with your rich boy talk. If you weren't a liar you'd have to tell me to my face first, and not get married behind my back.

Jason: I knew if I mentioned it, you would have been even worse with the situation. You can't even concentrate because of your evil mind that's taking over the rest of you.

Medea: That's not even the issue! You're an old man with a young wife, which ain't nothing to be proud of.

Jason: Get this through your skull: it has nothing to do with how old my wife is, but like I said, to make security, to make sure your futures set and my children are of royal blood.

Medea: I hate the future, especially yours, and I don't want anything to do with it. Ill have no part.

Jason: You know you're gonna change your mind and when you do, you'll forget about good being evil. You'll stop thinking that you are poor when you are rich.

Medea: Why are you insulting me? You have a house and I'm homeless.

Jason: That was your decision. Don't blame me for your mindless mistakes.

Creon: Put a bag over your brain, girl. Your logic is ill!

Medea: Old man, shut your bullhorn mouth, its getting hot out here! Jason, did I make you my wife and then cheat on you?

Jason: You cursed the man and his family.

Medea: Your fate sends me its own curse.

Jason: I won't talk about this anymore. If you need anything else I'll give it to you and the children. You'd be an idiot to refuse this offer. You have everything to gain if you stop acting so crazy.

Medea: Nothing can make me be with you and your friends, or take your gifts, so don't give me any. A liar's presents have no luck.

Jason: Fine then. Let the gods witness that I've done my part, and you still say no. It will only be worse for you.

Medea: You've been out here too long with me, go with your young wife. Have your fun with her.

Jason: I think Ill do just that.

Ode II

Why, oh why cry?

I'm a man, I'm a soldier, and they cry very seldom.

So many things I regret.

When I talked to her face to face, I heard her voice

Accumulating a sounda swift song of sorrow,

I cant believe I can speak about her with such pity.

She wants to be respected, but on the inside she's just hurt,

And I'm the cost, while she's just a statistic.

You must be a powerful man to make her feel so soft-shelled.

Do I really need Glauce is this good for my children?

I don't believe I know what I believe in

I'm a confused man

Lingering in a shattered past to predict a bleary future.

I found a woman's Achilles heel, then broke her heart.

Scene III (Medea stands as at the end of Scene II.)

Medea: Don't you think I hurt enough? Should I cry? Should I kill myself? C'mon now, y'all know me better than that. Y'all know I'm not emotional. I gonna shake them haters off. I'm too pretty to kill myself. I'm like a walking name brand. That lil tramp isn't worth my trouble.

(enter Glauce.)

Glauce: Who you calling a tramp? Huh. Maybe you're not as pretty as you thought.

Medea: What are you doing with my man, you reckless princess?

Glauce: You better go get your mama, cause I know he married someone bigger than you.

Medea: What you see is whatcha get. And I look better than you, honeychild.

Glauce: Whatever. Your man came to see me three months ago. And anyway, if he wanted you he would be with you. Do you know how many guys are lined up outside for me?

Medea: Yeah, I saw the line. Its back at my house.

Glauce: Look, I got your man. I can get any man I want. It just so happens I got yours. You know I look better than you.

Medea: Only in the dark.

Glauce: Who's hatin' on who? Don't hate the player, hate the game.

Medea: I got two little boys whose daddy walked out on them. I got your daddy telling me to leave town before morning. I got nowhere to go. Me and my babies will be homeless. This aint no game.

Glauce: Its not my fault if you cant control your man. Okay? He might have loved you once. He told me he did. But I guess you just got too old or ugly, and he just don't love you no more.

Medea: What makes you think he wont cheat on you too? You wont be this young forever.

Glauce: I know how to keep a man happy. I know how to make a man stay because he loves me, not because he's afraid of me. You're always trying to work your spells and roots and put the evil eye on someone. How could my poor man stand to live like that? My man just wants a little love.

Medea: Your man.

Glauce: Yeah. He's my man now.

Medea: He may be yours for now, but not for long.

Glauce: What's that supposed to mean?

Medea: Oh, nothing. Jason's just trifling. Hell always be a two-timer.

Glauce: I think hell change, once he gets to know what real loving is like.

Medea: What do you know about real love? I'm the one that saved his life. I'm the one who gave up my family, gave up my home for him. Im the one who had his two baby boys.

Glauce: You can keep your two little youngins. Hell have plenty of new babies with me.

Medea: Whatever. Im going to get Jason right now.

Glauce: Go ahead. He's at my place. Where he stays. You can go visit if you feel like it.

Medea: That's ok. Really. That's just fine with me. But hell be sorry he met you.

Scene IV: Medea and Aegeus

Aegeus: Welcome Medea! Old friend, long time no see, huh? Peace to you, Medea. Between us old friends, there is no better greeting. It's been awhile.



Medea: Peace to you, Aegeus. What's up, dog. It has been awhile. Son of Pandion the wise man, where you come from? Where you been?

Aegeus: At Delphi, the ancient oracle of Apollo. I been up to New York, to see that wise priestess Miss Cleo. I needed some sound advice.

Medea: The center of the world. Why?

Aegeus: To ask for some lil rugrats and for her to bless me so that my seed is fertile.

Medea: How old are you?

Aegeus: 50.

Medea: I mean come on now! All these years and you ain't got no kids?

Aegeus: Yeah, I don't got none, so I guess I wasn't meant to, but still, something should happen.

Medea: You got a wife or not?

Aegeus: Of course I have a wife. I got me a honey.

Medea: What did Miss Cleo say to you about having children?

Aegeus: It was too complicated for any human to interpret. I couldn't really understand her cuz she answered me with like a riddle or something. I was disturbed by it. Plus that genuine Jamaican accent of hers is hard for me to understand.

Medea: Is it alright for me to know what she said?

Aegeus: Yeah young, it's ok, you're kinda smart. Maybe your brain is what is needed; you might be able to figure this out.

Medea: Alright then, spit it out.

Aegeus: She said to stay off the Hennessy, and stop drinking that gin and Remy would help too.

Medea: How long? Till when?

Aegeus: Until I got home safe to my wife.

Medea: Ok, I see, but why you come down here? Aren't you the man in Philly?

Aegeus: You know Pittheus, right? The old man around here who's seen it all?

Medea: Big Pete. Yeah, I know him. Good man. Religious.

G: I want to ask him for advice about Miss Cleo. I don't know about you, but I'm not too sure about her, so I wanted, you know, like a second opinion.

Medea: Big Pete's ok, he's not a bad person to check with.

G: Big Pete's my dog! We were in the war together.

Medea: I hope you find happiness and get what you want.

G: Hey, you look pale like you haven't slept in a month. You don't look happy. What's wrong? Something happen?

Medea: My husband is a traitor. I hate him, he's pure evil.

G: Why you say that? I can't believe that? What he do?

Medea: He left me. He cheated on me, after all this time that I've been loyal and never been with anybody else.

G: Yeah, but what he do? Tell me exactly what happened.

Medea: He got him another woman, and now I'm supposed to be my sister's keeper or some such foolishness. He slept with her and now he's married her. But I ain't laying down like that.

G: He has never done anything like this before.

Medea: He once loved me, but now it's over.

G: Was you bugaboo or did he already love someone?

Medea: He was already sneaking around with her. Problem wasn't with me, it was with his wandering old eye, afraid of death and everything else.

G: Let it go then. Nothing you can do about it—Kirby Puckett said you can't worry about what you can't control..

Medea: Yeah, but he fell in love with Creon's daughter, that rich little fancy thing prancing all over town like she's something big.

G: I see why you're so mad. That woman'll wear on anybody's nerves the way she carries herself.

Medea: Creon put me in exile too. I gotta go.

G: Is Jason doing anything about that?

Medea: Not a thing! Think he cares? Please. I am in exile. Can you receive me in Philly, and let me stay at your crib? I promise you'll get children.

G: How you sure I'll have kids?

Medea: I know some things. What do you say, boy?

G: Ill try anything at this point. If you know some voodoo or some vitamins or something, you let me know. As for hanging with me up in Philly, you gotta get there yourself, but that's cool. Come on up.

Medea: Say an oath.

G: You don't trust me?

Medea: I trust you, but not these other people.

G: Alright, girl. You got my word. I swear.

Scene V: Medea, Nurse, Tutor, Chorus, Jason, Children

Medea: My man G's gonna take care of me after I take care of this place. Jason talks about taking care of business, well it's my turn now to do just that.

Nurse: Dog don't worry about it, you still got your sons and your business with you know who and you know where. Don't even worry about that man and his trick. They may have each other, but they don't got what you got.

Medea: Yeah I know, but still you can't blame a sister for hurting a little.

Nurse: Medea don't go through with this, Jason loves you very much.

Tutor: Stop, Medea, don't do this. Don't be crazy.

Medea: Jason loves me? I wish that I was dead. How'd my life end up here? I walked out on my father, betrayed my people. Now this.

Tutor: Do you hear this? Our girls death wish? No way

Nurse: I ain't believing this wack world.

Medea: I finally have somewhere to go, so before I leave, all of my enemies shall die. I asked Jason to love me till death do us part and now were gonna part. I have a present for Jason and the bride. Death, the best gift for someone that's pulled this. What are you all looking at?

Chorus: We still dogs but don't do this Medea, it's not right.

Medea: You don't even know me like that.

Chorus: But don't kill your children.

Medea: Think I don't love them? You're wrong. I love them as much as anything on this earth. But justice is more powerful than love. This is my way of setting things straight. Jason's betrayal is what this is about he's betrayed these kids too, in a way, and now hell pay. Love is nothing to Jason. Love be shattered, justice will be done.

Chorus: How is murder justice?

Medea: Shut up. Go get Jason for me.

Chorus: You're asking me to take part in something terrible.

Medea: Go get Jason now chump.

Chorus: [maybe shakes head, reluctantly obeys]

Jason: You took me from partying. Now what?

Medea: I want you to forgive me. You tried to make life better for our kids, but I didn't listen. Kids, say hi to your Daddy. Put your arms around him.

Children: What's up, Pops!

Jason: It seems you've changed. You are more caring and loving, but you are still not a real woman. Why are you crying?

Medea: Nothing.

Jason: I'll give them shelter, I'll take care of them real good. You got nothing to worry about now.

Medea: No, see, I'M keeping my kids.

Jason: Huh? Why? How?

Medea: I'm the one that takes care of them. Always have. Get your wife to let them stay. I got a gift for you two.

Jason: What?

Medea: It's some Remy with a special ingredient.

Jason: Hey, thanks, Medea. There's a big party going on tonight, right now as a matter of fact.

Medea: You better drink it too. It cost me a lot. I want you and Glauce and Creon to have a toast on me, ok? Drink to the future.

Jason: Maybe you're alright, I don't know. But we can have a little drink of this.

Medea: Hold up, I want the boys to deliver the goods, ok? I want it to be like a peace offering from my part of the family to theirs. I want them to drink first, you hear? Its proper that way, and we should be proper about this right?

Jason: Ok, that's cool. You're straightening out. That's good to see.

Medea: Boys?

Children: Yeah, Momma?

Medea: Take this gift to Miss Glauce and Mr. Creon and let them know that they can go on and live easy with Jason. Like he says, its all for the best. Me and Jason did have a good life together, but things end, so Ill just accept things as they are. You got it?

Children: We got it.

Jason: Peace. [exits with kids]

Nurse: Girl I ought to slap you silly. You know I cant stand when you do that stuff wit your sons. What do they got to do with this? Cant be draggin' them in!

Tutor: Like I said, don't worry about Jason's sorry, good for nothing trifling self.

Chorus: Well, here it comes. The death of Creon and the daughter. She will party and drink, and so will the father, and then the gift of death will await them.

Tutor: They'll toast the future and the future will crush them.

Nurse: I feel for Jason. I will cry for him. Things have gotten to a point where nothings right anymore. How do we get all tangled up like this?

Chorus: No more hope. No more hope for my children. They are on the verge of dying. Jason, you see? It is all because of you that your children will die.

Ode III

Break those luscious boards of love

Mortalize his body from my savage whips of pain

I've wasted valuable time living a lustful life

And every day I live with his curse

Why do things have to be this way?

Why couldn't these so-called gods that I worship warn me?

Why couldn't time stop?

I realize that this hate that I carry is unabolishable

Nothing matters anymore

Do I value my life?

Do I value my children?

I left a life of love for a life of translucent lust

I have this feeling of weakness,

and I just want to slit my wrists to end the pain

But I must get revenge first.

I admit that I can't even see 50% of myself, my curse, my children

Maybe I would have had a better life on my own

It's so crazy how it took me all these years to realize

that my man was a gold digger

I betrayed my father, mother, and brother in the worst way for nothing.

You know, my life seems just like a play

But doesn't everyone's?

Scene VI: Kool-Aid, Hakeem, Glauce, Jason, Creon

Kool-Aid: Scuse me Miss. Our mother, Medea, ex-wife of your new husband Jason, told us to come down here and give you these gifts and to ask you to ask your father if he'll let us stay here in DC.

Glauce: Your mother no longer hates the marriage of me and Jason? She's finally bowed down to beauty and reason?

Hakeem: She alright wit you. She was just a little hurt that our father left her and we were supposed to leave.

Jason: Medea seems like she's cooled off some. She's leaving in the morning and gave us this to drink so that her part of the family makes peace with this new part. What do you say?

Glauce: Daddy?

Creon: Lets have a toast like the man says! The kids can stay, why not? Pour it man, lets have a taste.

Jason: After you. I'm next.

Scene VII: Tutor, Medea, Messenger, Chorus, Nurse, Children

Tutor: The boys can stay in DC. Glauce and Creon loved the gift, she said it would be perfect for the party. What's up? Ain't this good news?

Medea: Yeah in sort of a way, but then, no.

Tutor: Alright then cheer up.

Medea: My children. Come here. You can stay here. But you will have no mother. I will be miserable, and I will be sent away to some other place. I will never see your brides. All my precious care, all my aching and all the suffering I went through in labor with you. Sons, why are you looking at me that way?

Children: We don't want to stay here alone. Were afraid something bad might happen.

Medea: I know that you'll miss me, but try to move on. Right now the princess is dying. Here comes a slave. He probably has bad news.

Messenger: Medea, you have to escape. Take the metro, your car, the subway, whatever. Just leave.

Medea: Why?

Messenger: The mayor and his daughter are dead.

Medea: Oh that's good.

Messenger: This is good to you? What are you, possessed?

Medea: Make me feel better and tell me what happened.

Messenger: When your kids came in, she saw the Remy and said she would ask her father if the boys could stay, and he said alright, so the boys left. They had a toast and started drinking. Creon and Glauce paused for a second, but 10 minutes later they were out on the dance floor, shaking like crazy. 2 minutes later, after all the moving, they died.

Chorus: Today is the day of the curse.

Medea: What to do? My courage has died.

Chorus: Don't make them suffer for their fathers mistakes. Don't do it, heart, let your children live. They have things awaiting them in the future. You'll live in Philly and your children will make you happy.

Medea: No. I will not let any part of him get to me. This is when I kill them and hurt Jason. The children I bore are now going to die. [goes inside]

Chorus: God help this woman. She is going to make the biggest mistake of her life. Shes off to the killing.

Children: Ma get off me, don't touch.

Nurse: I'm going in.

Tutor: I don't think we can do anything at this point.

Children: Mama no! No! Ahhh!

Chorus: Lord hear our prayers.

Children continue to scream.

Ode IV

Things that smash the brain with hateful desires

And Army men from the FBI barge in and interrupt my cruel tensions.

The magnificence of unfolding a plan is thrilling to me.

Without vengeance, my life would be like spoiled cream pies

And old pizza that gives heartburn.

As of now, my life is fictitious,

Full of agony and revenge.



My enemies will feel the pain of a thousand knives

Poking endlessly until they perish,

To hell and burn till their bones melt.

What a world (sigh)

I love revenge.

Scene VIII: Jason, Chorus, Medea

Jason: A youngin! You woman right there. Is Medea still at your crib? Where she at? That killer. Vile murderess! Or did she roll out? I swear she hits ghost-fast. My revenge for the royal house. She smoked my man AND my girl. Does she expect to run and not get punished? Forget her. I only care about the kids. I came to get my boys. [is near incoherent, ranting] Creon's family...kill them just for the crime of their mother...gonna go get my 9 and shoot that woman. Crazy lady killed my wife and her pops...she's gotta be punished. I've come to save my sons, take them away from their crazy mama.

Chorus: Jason, you ain't learned yet how great your problem is. Do you even know what she's done? She's gone way too far.

Jason: What trouble? What do you mean she's gone too far? She tryin' to do something to me? A yo that freak trying to kill me too!

Chorus: She killed your sons, yo. Your boys are dead. Your babies' mama killed your babies.

Jason: [pause] Where my kids at?

Chorus: Open the door. You'll see.

Jason: Open the door so I can see my sons and kill Medea!

Medea: Stop hitting on my doors like that. If you got a beef, say something and don't touch me.

Jason: You killer. Why did you do such a thing? You killed my sons. I am now childless. I hope you don't go to heaven when you die. I was mad about what went on in LA, but then we got married, had two children. And you murder them. I don't know why I married you. I've lost my girl and father-in-law. And my children, my children are dead.

Medea: God knows your wife and father-in-law was wrong. Call me whatever you please.

Jason: I know you suffer.

Medea: I do all I can to give pain.

Jason: Children, you had a dumb, backwards mother.

Medea: Children your father's stupid dishonesty killed you.

Jason: I didn't kill them.

Medea: Maybe you didn't, but you being mean to me and marrying that ugly girl. You got any sense of justice?

Jason: So you killed them because I didn't treat you right?

Medea: Did you think that didn't break my heart?

Jason: No, but you didn't have to go so crazy.

Medea: I'm not crazy, but I killed my children. I loved you.

Jason: Who started this?

Medea: Only God knows.

Jason: You're broken-hearted and worship the devil.

Medea: Keep complaining. I hate you and your voice.

Jason: I can't stand you either. Were done. Its over.

Medea: Ok big man, what's next then?

Jason: I want to bury my sons.

Medea: No. I will bury them where no one will see them and try to do anything to their graves. Im heading north. You shall die in the same place I met you.

Jason: May you be put to death in the electric chair and stabbed at your funeral.

Medea: Who wants to hear you pray? You broke a promise, you deceiver, you liar.

Jason: You child molester.

Medea: Shut up, go home, and bury what you call your wife.

Jason: I'll go, but with no children.

Medea: You feel pain now. No one will love you and no one will take care of you when you get old. You got no love, and your home is a wasteland. Now you know what my life's been like.

Jason: Children! You were good kids!

Medea: They were good to me. They hated you.

Jason: But you murdered them.

Medea: I did that to tear your soul up.

Jason: I need them in my arms. I need them to make me happy.

Medea: Now you care, but earlier you let them go in exile.

Jason: Please stop playing like that.

Medea: No, you're wasting your time.

Jason: O Gods do you hear this? How she playing me? And you did this! Won't let me touch them or nothing.

Medea: Nothing is right. That's the way you've made your world: love is nothing, justice is nothing, family is nothing, words are nothing, your heart is nothing. Your presence is absence. For the rest of your life, you will touch nothing, and will be touched by nothing. Gone. Zero. Alone as a cold star in a black hole. You've sucked yourself into it, and its twisting you away.

Epilogue

(Hakeem and Kool-Aid rise.)

Hakeem : It must be the pain of God out here on display, and that's why were so confused.

Things rarely turn out how they should, and most of our lives are as strange as a seaweed is to a cloud.

Kool-Aid: Do we have the words to describe this accurately?

Hakeem: Do we have the tools to make something of our lives?

Kool-Aid: Do we have the key to unlock destiny's logic?

Hakeem: What do we shed on our situation: blood or light?

**End**