

CURST.

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Play in four acts.

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CURST.

(Drama)

Cast Of Characters.

Tulia:	Queen.
Lucious:	King.
Lucinia:	Luciou's daughter.
Tarquinia:	Tulia's mother.
Alecto:	Sybil.
Marcio & Marcellus:	Senators.
Merope:	Tulia's slave.
Sostrato:	Centurion.
Caistro:	soldier's guardchief.

An executioner and soldiers.

PLACE:

Royal palace verging the lake Avernus.

TIME:

The last generation of Rome monarchy.

Act  
I  
Scene  
I

SETTING:

Night deeply dark, soft dapples ruddy grooves  
tingeing scorched arches of some palace in ruins.

AT RISE:

Below the arches Tulia is wildly running away: in  
a black dress. Utterly soaked her countenance, she  
has scratches on her shoulder and forehead;  
barefoot stumble to the gravel ground, her  
frighten look turns back while keeps hurdling the  
base of the arches. Reach the green esplanade under  
the wideness of the palace. The semblance of Merope  
curbs her fugue.

TULIA

They come, they come...

MEROPE

My lady what are you afraid of?  
(Holding her hands)

My goodness you're chilling and trembling.

TULIA

Don't you hear their bellows? They're here, they  
come after me.

(Looking backwards)

'They will devour me Merope, we have not way to  
scoot off and they are here. !Watch out;

MEROPE

I've been here walking along the lawn and I heard  
anything. Come inside you need sleep that's all.

TULIA

Don't you see my wounds, they hurt me, they want  
kill me.

MEROPE

(Gazing the scratches removes weeds from Tulia's  
black hair)

Where were you my dear?

TULIA

(Gazing around)

Wolves and men's eyes glimmers into the shrubs,  
Oligan is there. I can smell his swampy fur.'  
Beware they'll jump on thee on any time.

MEROPE

You awestruck my mind with your ravings.

(A noise into the bushes is heard. Merope turns  
about staring at it fixedly. Some wolve's shining  
red eyes fence their approaching. Oligan looms  
and approach threatening smell Tulia's legs and  
then dash away followed by the rest of the pack.)  
It must be the coming gale.

(Turning about face her)

I wonder why this year the storms has been so  
delayed.

TULIA

(Falls on knees laughing hysterically)

No, no, look, behind you they retreat...I thought  
they come for ...me...I thought they....

(Abruptly)

Have they back?...Say something...

(Yelling and shaking Merope's shoulders) Didn't  
you see what I've seen? Whore, I felt you  
shivering. Why you didn't say a word?

MEROPE

Don't you remember? At the lake they're.

TULIA

(Beating her own belly)

Not; they're here, here.

(Crying bitterly bend over her body)

MEROPE

(Curbing her)

Please come to me. You know I'm the only one  
trusted.

TULIA

(They walk into the palace arriving to the living  
room Tulia stops, the scene is illumined by the  
sconces of tapers along the corridor)

Has she come?

(With a spark of lucidity in her voice)

MEROPE

In fact, till morning we must wait.

TULIA

Introduce her with me first, anyone must know her coming.

(Merope's nods)

Where is the king?

MEROPE

Having luxurious hours.

TULIA

(Watching to the palace meaning entrance)

Call me just for her.

MEROPE

(Opening the royal living room door)

I'll do.

(Tulia got inside. The door is latched from outside. Merope turns back)

Darkness from the palace dishevel drab-charcoal fog, any bird sings, any grasshopper hover, moisture of a stagnant morning on the walls palling the torches, everything frame the bottom of an uncertain path beyond theses hallways. If I wouldn't live here for so long I'd have feel myself lost at this hour. Stealthy and not less quietly a human blurred shadow depict my eyes under the frugal light. It is a hooded visitor holding not luggage, yet, something like passing by wheels rattled behind her back. Now steps forward. Whoever be that spirit knows where walks on; advance with her silhouette breaking the whorls of mist. She is in the crowded lounge. Exert a pull on the old queen who has focused her mind nowhere and has impaired senses to greet her. She kissed her hand, caressed her shady cheek, whispers words of pity but compassion doesn't halt her way.

(Followed her discreetly)

'The priestess is inside the lower wing of the hall caring not that soul starving an embrace.

(Walking by from the second floor as long as Merope advance the priestess below, getting down to the blackish floor)

She'll reach the big dome where a subtle clearance pervade the spot such the moon along grey ashes stream down the halo fencing twenty drunkards and whores whose death-like resting evoke the excess of ravels without notion of time. She walks to the meaning table in the middle of the hall with a drunkard poised his head and vomit scrappy apples, whose next to him? A whore with reputation, the wife of Marcellu's senator just crouched herself for a provisional bed, pieces of the boar besprinkle her face and intimate zones,

(More)

MEROPE (Cont'd)

her wine-breathing heavy immured Morfeo's potion, the very dreams of passion must wobbling up and down. How would she care the licking of the laughing hyenas sniffing crumbs on the floor and her shrivel womb?

(The priestess stop for an instant)

And you don't seem to be prude, oh; she has not real face neither.

(Under the priestess's hood looms a venetian mask)  
You witches make good to not expose your mischievous incantations on those brows. To the corner lied a weak-kneed woman with her white buttock, shoulders and breast riding a sprawled man on a chair, the wood soft creaks than their half firing, half dull senses in mechanic motion, an alcoholic utterly intoxicated draught the cup careless the toast to deride or blameworthy him. Besides the sexual couple lies a nude dwarf who last night foreplay furtively with the black hair of that lady, and the blond ones got a rapture episode from their plump fingers as well, it must be the only love's relief in his miserable live until stroke his minute sex strangled on his hands the core of a womanhood, in raging tears confessing what nature banned from him. Now he sleeps with some wisps of golden hair into his cramped hand.

(Eye level her look give a step backwards)

How couldn't I see him yet? Within the halo hanging above the floor appears the patrician and last brother from Camilo. Nude floating on the air he is eunuch and we knew in live he got an extreme affection for acting; I see, he wore all the make ups trying to refuse his own calamity, what pale is the nascent light drinking his complexion, the light which mimicry the moon nurturing secret fire in the chimney; what a sore face trails away the shadows abhorring his revealed secret, but whom put him there or was his self-hatred who farewell his personal tragedy? Did he really dare to rope his tender neck? Oh, and he was so pleasant even alluding the gaps from his specious voice.

(The priestess struts beneath his hanging feet apparently noticing him not.)

There is Sostrato taking not his eyes over his king, but is he really awake? Yes, both resemble on many sides since they start to share several binges. Oppose from the midget

(More)

MEROPE (Cont'd)

look him well sibyl, having a black loose gown, shabby long hair and black bearded veiling scars, laid back his head tilted up wearing a crown of green grapes, wide halo from the skylight scope his waist but his sordid face under somber reverberations beguile me if he is deep sleeping or bungling a fleeting dream for a real vision. His silver cup slanted on his hand. The cup which he made a soundest toast to Marcio: "So; I vanquished Rome but Rome imprisoned me." What are you doing priestess, taken the jar from the floor and spreading wine on his cup? You're attentive I see. Hold the back of his head and carry mildly the cup to his lips. He sips into his dreams and then you drink or...? Back the cup to his lips start to spread liquor on each one of the fallen guest's lips, I see; do you make this to instill every one the king's nightmare? Now she is behind the woman who up and down her hips quicker by now, spread wine from that curse potion on her hair and face, that beating soul upturn her head with tight eyes and incommensurable blissful smile such as if were raining wine from heavens, pours down along her tense nipples hugging her lover's chest.

(Startles up her raggedly enthusiasm tilts rear her head stumbling down the cup from the priestess's hand.)

Sinks her head on the lover's waist, bites, scratch and tear apart her kisses.

(Comes a tearing scream. He bites her too, devouring each other with pieces of ripped skin in their mouths convulsively spit. Such yells and screele slowly awake the rest while the Sybil walks away from sight. They look at them terrified but at the first step forth the king and his entire court throw up)

Oh heavens, for how long they puke out.. Most of them got swoon..

(Gazing aside her)

She comes here. She comes to knock at the door of my queen, oh, and my queen starts to pummels her nightmares either, better I go.

(Merope exit)

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)



ACT  
I  
SCENE  
II

SETTING:

Inside The royal hall under the dome.

AT RISE:

Tarquinia, Merope, Marcio, Lucious: at bottom  
carried away by soldiers some corpses.  
Continuous.

TARQUINIA

(In beggar habiliment)

I saw everything Merope; right away the king must  
know it.

MEROPE

I agree my queen he must realize everything right  
now.

TARQUINIA

Don't look at the demon's eyes glimmering out of  
his breathe.

LUCIOUS

(Calling loud)

You and you carried these two as well and remember  
watch if they make some motion. Damn. What I've  
done. All Rome will blame me for this, my best  
friends, my best whores, even my dwarf, all of them  
Marcio, perished by a single draught. Could you  
believe it? Why are you so sound today?

MARCIO

Why not? I ever set a cup of wine in my lips. Ask  
for Marcellus.

LUCIOUS

That's true, he drank as us. Where is he?

MARCIO

Courting your queen.

LUCIOUS

You know he tastes the women cups as you fear the  
wine.

MARCIO

I meant for be lurking your wife he despised the  
revel. Sostrato followed him.

TARQUINIA

(Getting closer)

Don't look them to the eyes son, they will hound  
your mind.

LUCIOUS

Carry away this nut from my side Merope.

MEROPE

She hound every human motion. Let the men finish  
their trudge and she'll back to her nook.

LUCIOUS

What happened here? Which day today is? All I  
remember is the night. Night after night all of  
them equal as the early or the forthcoming. Winter  
eves and dawn we went through the same hour but  
even then our world seems halve and entwine this  
palled ambience. The torches candles lie still  
brighten in my memory, the dishes eaten, a  
confusion of gross colorful heaps passing by  
among cackles and intermixed natters, faces  
before me into a final riddle of apiece seductive  
expressions.

(Carrying hands to his head)

Everything spin into the befogged yellowish  
flambeaux, their shouts and guffaws once more  
echoes away dimmed corridors. My little Lucinia,  
how could she leave Tulia's chamber to be here?  
Was she here? Yes; for a while she rubbed my knees.  
What she asked me forth? Ah, she wanted ride the  
Spartan sailboat doesn't it? Or came to warned me  
what Tulia was preparing for us tonight? That's....

MEROPE

My king. You must believe me she wasn't. I found  
her coming from the Avernus...

LUCIOUS

That's explained why she wished run away from the  
city. To...

MEROPE

She drank wine with me and you know I never let  
you something will harm you.

LUCIOUS

(Gazing other corpses removed)  
This her favorite method.

MEROPE

She esteemed so much the senators and Marcellu's wife. What would she profit ruling a sterile realm?

LUCIOUS

(Keeping the same pose finally yells)  
She is already sterile. Beware...Beware... you don't know my rage. You don't know how much has she changed.

MARCIO

That's true my king. She is a specter from the woman who would have defy a throne alike herself.

TARQUINIA

(Shuffling to get squatted on her nook)  
Some entities everyone must feared.

LUCIOUS

Merope, Marcio, Tarquinia I need Tulia here. I need water, too much water and tell me if some of those corpses return.

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT

I

Scene

III

SETTING:

Along the dry garden beside the palace.

AT RISE:

Marcellus, Marcio, then Tulia. Continuous.

MARCELLUS

And nobody has idea whom could do that Marcio? My lovely wife is a cadaver from the last awaking how could I digest such a new?

MARCIO

Has she idea whom was her last lover? Or you? You can't digest what you didn't taste.

MARCELLUS

Arrogant and vile Marcio do you think the fact to never share a cup of wine make you'll live forever.

MARCIO

I'll die knowing when and how I let this shore. I'm going not to cross the other bank asking a dance to Charon.

MARCELLUS

Tell tales now. You must found something unusual like I paying my debts to you. The killer is among her, you or me.

MARCIO

Unusual like you stroking the genitals of hyenas or your wife caressing, kissing and fondling the dwarf's puny head?

MARCELLUS

You know any head will spare Lucious if we don't unmask the massive killer.

MARCIO

Merope told me about a priestess who... Have you heard something?

MARCELLUS

Not.

MARCIO

By the way, have you found trustful someone like Tulia with such a mother and such executed father? Destiny writes the things openly my friend. Why do you forget the breeding line? It tells uncovered what would we expect from the child when he became adult.

MARCELLUS

In other words...

MARCIO

As if the senate still existed.

MARCELLUS

Right. Artistically, what's matter wears the gown or wears not it when the human hearts get naked.

TULIA

(Fast between both with the tatter clothes from her first appearance.)

We increase the Avernu's lake my friends; last night I was there and I see all of you already peopling the brink with silent mourn. What shall I declare: you will be not less or risky shadows than your selves; no more or less than the willow's shadows swaying beneath the ripples. You will be more silence not less talkative and more haggard not less yanked by the last fate's compel. I can't make distinctions, who can? All of them, all of us gathered under the breeze of darkness, under the unclench spark of a memory, soon any shore become a vague idea blurring the air, from North to South entrails vapors polarizes the perspective of our uncertainty, the crystalline film wraps every eye because you and I evermore, anywhere will be present; yes, yes, ha, I laughed, I cried with the waft of senseless drifting to my face, within the monody of a sliding corpse on a carcass boat, by a rotten hooded fleshly skeleton with a pungent incrimination luring from his hollow sockets, whom ever speaks or listened since the first soul faded on the stern, who came and go making not distinction of past and future, from the oaths or dry leaf, my friends that floating coffin carries away the last echo, the last sigh... Even madness must be glad breathing this wintry light.

MARCELLUS

Those are dreams which your priestess whisper to your ears.

MARCIO

Which Priestess?

TULIA

Alecto.

MARCELLUS

What is a name among witches? Tulias I met scorning the foolish as the revered spirit.

TULIA

I not need believe. See.

MARCIO

Lucious is waiting for you.

TULIA

He shouldn't do that.

MARCIO

Can we precede your footsteps my queen?

TULIA

(In circles around them)

We have power and sword but nobody follow us.  
Can we fly or can we linger? There's someone to  
abuse.

Roll, roll the orbs for every cursed soul  
The tide is waiting to drown another fool.  
My queen, why I ever regret thy tears?  
My twin first and last cry,  
Where were you eager fears  
When I was fondling to gaze people die?  
Roll, roll, the orbs roll for every psalm  
The tide is waiting for drown another realm.

(Blackout)

(END OF ACT)

Act

II

Scene

I

SETTING:

Adjacent hall. Disposed a long table for a see  
in.

AT RISE:

Lucious and Tulia, Marcio, Marcellus, Alecto.  
Continuous with the nightly hour.

LUCIOUS

(In the leftmost place of the long table)  
Welcome, welcome. Please don't see too  
fixedly to my face, you know unnerved me try  
to figure out which displeased thoughts have  
you hovering about my cordiality. Seat down  
and try to not stain the mantle this time.

MARCIO

Is good to see my king at last willing to forlorn  
the alcohol.

ALECTO

(The hood half loose display through the mask her  
shady eyes)  
As long as the alcohol doesn't forlorn him with a  
sigh.

MARCIO

Help us to recover our king and the world will  
face up Rome again.

MARCELLUS

(Rising the cup)

Help us to drink until the death but not die  
because of the wine spirits.

ALECTO

For one or another Rome will live without this age.

LUCIOUS

And what sort of roots are we sowing dear Alecto?

ALECTO

(Starts up listening her name)

Ask to your wife and forget my name.

TULIA

(Wearing a dark azure robe with hood as well)

The seed of a drunkard has neither name nor  
features.

LUCIOUS

(Altered, claps both hands)

Any witch will change that, and any vestige of your  
name terrible queen will evoke your being  
anywhere, and any song your lips will learn to any  
Lucinia; you're already dead for all of us, for  
your very crown; put your lips on that cup of wine  
if you drink at least, you're nothing for the  
memory of any world, you're what we look here, a  
womanish silhouette with heart of viper. Not; you  
were that before. What are you now? For sure you  
aren't empty. Too much hatred still upstarts you?  
Don't make me speak, but where are you?

TULIA

(Tearful)

You lie to yourself if you pretend I ever was  
something to you. I shaped you from inside...

MARCELLUS

My lord if we at least back to Rome...

LUCIOUS

(Snapping the table and yelling)

We're in Rome.

MARCELLUS

Okay, but so aloof from visit some temple, the senate, the erials to realize what are coming through the citizens; it seems a half century has been waste away since you locked all of us here, our parents and sons my king, are they alive? Have we got truly friends to miss us? Has some vandals set their troops around the city? Aren't you curious how would have changed the world without us?

MARCIO

Will someone recognizes us when we return?

LUCIOUS

Return? Want you have free way to be as the others? Could you tell me what is worth to fight for in that corrupted city? Don't keep arguing with your rhetoric phraseology; rhetoric is useless as any religion, as more touchable they think have set a true measure it'll change for another expression accords the bigotry of personal affects. Even mathematics endure it. Did you think the insensitive numbers were forged by beings out of this world?

TULIA

You disrupt any sophism but you prattle like sophists. If some criminal scoff at your face Lucious it is because you pretend to turn your eyes away to not see his mock; for sure wouldn't see his transgression either. After all these years I think your silences are more cowards than reflexives.

ALECTO

Wait and keep waiting, grubby console from prudish victims.

LUCIOUS

(to Marcio and Marcellus)

Have I taught you to bribe the allots? Have I advised Horatio to murder his third wife? or Casio to cover the money invested in the erial? Have I turns my see away from Urticaria's sons grabbing money everywhere, from every fictitious deal? What wretched politicians do you're. They reviled me at the distance and all about him who expose their sully stuffs because of being able to invoice the person who make the discharges allowed blame the eyewitnesses of their shameful acts.



MARCELLUS

We have to prevail, those are the tools.

LUCIOUS

Marcio, remember thy father story: "comscript sirs, my dear son got a delicate and whimsical state of health from the primeval childhood races; he got sick playing some sport under the sunlight, under the cold moon, when is not night or day he sneezed as well, to sum up when we back to see him running away he'll reach his indecisive virility." Marcio, dear Marcio, If that make a father to a son what we could expect someday from the son to their own sons?

ALECTO

You have to looks for redemption. Believe me, there is something out there waiting for all of us.

MARCIO

Meanwhile let us survive here.

LUCIOUS

I can't stand a beautiful lady telling us dark lies.

ALECTO

I see you have rhetoric even to darken the true. Look at it whatsoever you like it, but look on it. (The earth shakes and falls down every cup but hers holding it. Rising the cup spread down wine) They are calling me again.

LUCIOUS

(High. Looking around)

Tell us something Servio Tulio. We know you want a slice from this arid kingdom.

MARCIO

(Leaves out from below the table perusing the state of the columns. He found his elbows and knees stained in red)  
Oh I'm hurt, hurt, the ground bites me.

ALECTO

(Goes away to soothe the cry from Tarquinia squatted in the nook)  
Oh my queen, I know you can't forget.

MARCELLUS

My king if some ghost makes after us it must be  
Vulturious. What's up Marcio do you want I pamper  
your cry fool?

MARCIO

If back to shake that pillar  
(Signing with his finger the crack)  
It wouldn't sustain any longer.

MARCELLUS

So; confess your treacheries before the aftershock  
comes out.

LUCIOUS

(Standing)

He is a hare and you're an owl doesn't it my dear?  
(Looking Tulia)

TULIA

(After the earthquake looking around through the  
walls and the dome in search of someone)  
He came to us as an opportunist and scoot every  
room like a murder who hasn't found his prey.

LUCIOUS

(Draught the jar of wine)

I propose this and everybody must follow me.  
Brought the horses Marcio and you too Marcellus,  
our ladies will joint us for a riding along the  
Avernu's woods. Alecto, you can ask to your demons  
flog your beast and try to ahead mine, you can  
make rain or sink the ground I will defeat you  
anyway. The last to come back clean the stables  
for a week.

MARCELLUS

And the first one?

LUCIOUS

(Pensive)

He could sleep with my wife or Alecto.

(Observing Marcio)

or Tarquinia.

(Minutes later every one saddle a horse. Alecto  
and Tulia shares the same mount. Depart to the  
route signed and an hour after they make entrance  
with another rider)

MARCIO

Whose him? And what a horse. Racy like a  
bolt.

LUCIOUS

Who are you the first to arrive? I see you're indeed an expert rider. Which fiend winged your corcel?

(He gets off and the corcel leaps away among them. The rest leave the mounts and the varlet comes to take them away. While they go to take place on the table Tarquinia is crying from the bottom of the hall. To the moment Alecto back to the table with Tarquinia the torches lights blown out, strange glowing shadows zoom out the drawn shapes from Servio's family carved across the high dome. The rider's shadow jumps to the table with a sword dripping blood on its edge, shuffles limping unto Tulia. Tarquinia yell out of control, Lucious wobbling back stumbled and fell to the floor. Swiftly shadows crossing Tulia's face her painful and cringe smile forge a pity grimace. The shadow raises threateningly the sword upon her head, in the moment to let it fall down suddenly swerves aside the blow by Alecto hurls a lighted torch from behind. That unknown warrior in flames bit by bit soars up some inches from the table and his spectral anguish lament followed by Tarquinia's screech. Lucious pierced him with a long spear, he floats high lightly in waving flames along the crystal dome scorching Servio's painting, vanishing in ashes drops down the spear into the table and then, everything is dark palsy motions of the spectators and muffled sobs from Tarquinia besides the cracked pillar.)

LUCIOUS

You witch. You have making up anything to doom us on your way.

(Eager to take the spear the iron burnt his hands he must lose it.)

MARCELLUS

Vulturous..

TULIA

(Crying and laughing her nose is bleeding)  
It is happened...before.

ALECTO

From now I will believe thee Tulia.

MARCIO

(To the king's ears)

My lord, it must be a trick from the dirty  
Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

(When Marcio withdraw)

My king, it was the effeminate Marcio.

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT

II

Scene

II

SETTING:

Tulia's chamber.

AT RISE:

Alecto, Tulia, Lucinia apart painting in the  
table.  
Later.

TULIA

You're here to explain what is happened not to fill  
up my head with riddles.

ALECTO

Soon flourish the dawn yet her warm see wouldn't  
bring you rest; since that drab morning all your  
days spins round the same vortex, dragging you to  
the laments of the victim; Tulia, anything cursest  
than a bloodstained plead; you have to detach your  
soul from his scream, you have to spread and remove  
your blood from his ashes...

TULIA

Why do you hold silence?

ALECTO

You don't have to know everything just the door  
you have to trespass.

TULIA

I see, you will go as the other's before: ruined  
and hopeless.

ALECTO

(Walking from the window to the bed, loose back the hood exposing her venetian mask.)

You see, I'm neither old nor young.

(Streaming and taking her long hair below the waist)

It grows an inch for each year I had lived and it'll be cut before to be hoary. You know, we, - sibyls- peruse the end of every life but ours. Changing other's fate I won't change mine but you have the gift to make a choice, to climb the stars or get sink from them.

(Stands up and walks to the candles in the table. Bowed to it very closer, remove partially the mask, her hair cover her profile, her lips almost touch the tiny flame and blow twice without makes flicks the flame. Lucinia scramble to the table and with a smile blow out the candle)

You'll know what to do.

(Exit)

TULIA

(After a moment of quietness)

Lucinia, Lucinia, I'm afraid sometimes you don't listen as you won't talk. Which strange reason do I gaze in thy features? Arrunte's pensive attitude just a minute before he got the convulsions? What I look is true, but I didn't notice all these things after the hour and it looks to me this dawn lingers unwrap the coat of shadows. The world of vanity in Rome vanished to me, the dream of the empress is no more than a vague idea, the imperious sought-after to edify the meaning of ruling its mockery when my own fears I cannot detach. Lucinia you and I share the same isolation and somehow your silences breathes on mines as vaporous cloud merges into another. I wonder if you fear at the dark. Since your mother bereaved us you're sprouting healthy, soon you'll be all a lady with my secrets brooding in your heart. Don't hesitates, you'll be suitable to rule the Rome we will bequeath to you.

(Walking unto her)

Let me see, again are you drawing your ma

(On a square piece of white canvas tiny tear drops having sparkly glows as the evening star on chalky clouds)

Good girl, though you have a world before your eyes when you realize everything is over?

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT  
II

Scene  
III

SETTING:

Royal hall.

AT RISE:

Alecto, Lucious, Tarquinia at bottom then  
Lucinia.  
Morning hour.

ALECTO

My king, broke that cup at once I guess holds the  
beverage which degraded away a life toast by toast.  
At that pace you wouldn't fear die poisoning.

LUCIOUS

What do you want from me?

ALECTO

Your soberness to withdrawal this spot, to recover  
the city without ruler, to make you once more  
parade before the others and more than anything  
before yourself conceited of the glory your  
shoulders holds on. Young enough to deceive and  
trample thy foes why bowed down the spirit so  
early? Which prize do you get to be cheeky with  
the world if the world itself turns around to your  
complaints? And does he wrong Lucious? To pursue  
its inexorable ellipses instead to glance your  
inebriate elations? While you stay boozy you'll be  
like a mirror of waver reflections, has you sense  
even for what do you guffaw? Raises your head, look  
away in different direction; don't you see the  
gaoler from your maladies are yourself? I need the  
man once you were to deter the queen from your  
throne, yes; as you heard it Lucious. She has not  
future but his rolling saunters, she will be there  
but to consent or deny the facts as the old queen.  
(Glancing Tarquinia)  
Push away the sedative leisure of the revelry and  
listen with thy senses thrilling on the real world.

LUCIOUS

Drag your hidden face away from me. I think I going to extirpate thy slushy voice.

TARQUINIA

(Aside the cracked pillar)

Leave me alone, leave my daughter rest, leave her wear the crown, sleep or scream to me, anyway she is not my daughter anymore.

ALECTO

(Lucinia came into, too pensive looking to the floor, stride to one place of the hall then back; halts, looks round then back to stride anywhere with her head lightly leaned to the ground as if wanted to hear something)

Save your daughter, the last scion from your blood, you're in time Lucious.

LUCIOUS

If you live among mad people, how could you know you're sounding?

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT

II

Scene

IV

SETTING:

Royal chamber from Tulia.

AT RISE:

Tulia, Marcellus then Lucinia.  
Evening greyish hour.

TULIA

(From her bed with night gown heard knocks in the door)

Come in.

MARCELLUS

My queen I thought you have been sleeping.

TULIA

Why? You only knock's once?

MARCELLUS

Since Alecto is here, your nerves appeases odd ways.

(Taking sit beside her)

You have a drowsy look lately.

TULIA

Only because you live like a vampire it doesn't mean I have to awake when you're breezily.

MARCELLUS

(Look round having certainty no one else is there.)

Get back to Rome my queen, Rome will lose her name without thee, I know you wanted it; once more let me see you presume with your best outfits mystifying an scenery of rubicund sand among wounded gladiators, as you were that night shining in black and shadows of human souls were offered to Vulturion's memory. Let me see you again rule the stage of the death with a single gesture, however those warriors slurped blood to slake your sight, however the very ecstasy from the mob get cold when you drank it mouth after mouth, I would have swear a secret fire bathed thy taste, step by step your weird procession is an inviting farewell while the beatless warm heart from the fallen Cypriot howls like one of your breed, when the fallen warrior pierced till the haft out of any perceptible motion to the awe from everyone got up to be once more at your feet, and you kissed him smothering his breathe in his own blood, he trembled and I would say it wasn't by agony or pain, it was as if an immense breaker of darkness involved and twirls him alone and he ever stared or felt such blindness beguiling himself with a new life that it wasn't, dragging him away...

(Getting closer to her)

It was forbidden for everybody claps thy feats, curb your footsteps some flatter. You walk unto your father's eyes, the king and expel to him from thy bloody lips: "Who am I, if not the death to take you with me." It seems you bowed to him whose eyes quite not wondered: 'is this my daughter?' But take you fearfully proud. You went along the tunnels sprouting out wolves at your back which devoured the winner fighters and we see many human pieces ragged from the famished beasts but no one, any single spectator felt horror because they had saw you, they had met you spell, tasted it as a kiss into the nightmare of a chilling storm, so; in some way you learnt us to face up the gates of the eternal night.

TULIA

Glory days belongs to yesterday.



MARCELLUS

I won't them back. I want what you're made of. It was you who made them.

(Shiver hand touching her shoulder)

TULIA

You will possess me and then what?

MARCELLUS

(Leaning her mildly upon edge of the bed)  
Then nothing will care to myself save back to get into yourself.

TULIA

Love as power is selfish and as much you have them much hunger it awake.

MARCELLUS

(Strip her shoulders and breast to the waist)  
Is so soft. Caressing with his fingers and lips below the neck)  
And I know is so warm, palpitating and sensitive.  
Let me kiss you ever after.

TULIA

To take me as I'm close your eyes.  
(Fondling drawing Marcellu's head to herself)  
Close your eyes.

MARCELLUS

Ah, you're so milky that I have afraid you will melt into my hands, get fainter against the heaven's light, back to be mortal as soon as you leave me...

(Kiss her nipples ravishingly)

You can't reject this...What...

(Put his hands to the mouth and spite on it; threads of blood from Tulia's breasts)

That's it... You're day by day too fa....

(Someone behind holding up his hands) Lucious I just was....

TULIA

Have you bite me beast? Or it is you... Lucinia put down that dirk.

(Marcellus back off slowly taking aside the sharp edge from his nape. Tulia grasps softly his hair)  
You can be a god tasting anything.

MARCELLUS

(To Lucinia)

Sweet princess let it down, your uncle and I were just chatting about the wellbeing of the monarchy.

LUCINIA

(Strike down with the dirk the bed many times, Marcellus rushed beside, Tulia stand up and waits till she stops then walks unto the balcony with her dress hanging from the waist down. Marcellus retches. Lucinia breathes heavily waiting for an order)

TULIA

(Without turns her head back)

Leave us Marcellus; anytime I will back to encourage someone, if love could be in a politician heart.

MARCELLUS

(Trying to dissimulate his revulsion)

What are professions or habits to the eyes which once gazes thee?

(Low)

That harlot get poison in her veins.

(Exit)

TULIA

Come here brisk kitten.

(Lucinia get there)

Have you seen your father?

(Lucinia nods)

Has he hit you again?

(Lucinia shakes)

Don't lie to me.

(Lucinia shook twice lively)

Is he drinking?

(Lucinia remains quietly)

Is he embracing other woman?

(Lucinia nods shyly)

So, he had drunk. What have my boobs? Don't worry, you will get the same and I hope nourish your hope as you mammy once made for thee. Do you remember her?

(Lucinia nods)

I see my sister any time you are sauntering around, I heard her when you cry; would you cry for me?

(Lucinia cry)

Would you laugh?

(More)

TULIA (Cont'd)

(Lucinia laughs wiping her tears)

Oh, my dear however are you laughing however are you crying it is a mystery to me.

(Shaking her shoulders)

Speak, speak one word to me, just one single damn word.

(Lucinia open her mouth trying to expel something but any sound comes out)

It is so easy as to breathe look at me; see?

(As much as Lucinia tries gasps her breathe)

For which reason mean priests threats us with a hell? Hell is right here. In thy heavenly eyes there is an agony screaming for get out.

(Lucinia cut either hands with the dirk and open wildly her mouth screaming but any sound comes out.)

Well seeing yours is not less brighten than mine.

(Tweaking Lucinia's chin. At bottom comes to rain softly.)

But how could madness be so gorgeous? (Lucinia blushed carried both hands to her face)

Come here hold the dirk. Okay.

(Lucinia withdraws her hands from the face)

Look, what a pretty buffoon. Now halve aside a little bit thy legs, we must get balance on the lunge, otherwise which shall be the point to swing it out without deeply cut eh?

(In an instant Lucinia rip Tulia's forearm)

You have potential, but more than anything to not show repent for have hurt me. Your blood is not denied.

(Tulia leaned back her half nude body to the porch closed her eyes lengthening her hands to touch lightly the rain)

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT II

SCENE

V

SETTING:

Besides the Avernu's lake shore.

AT RISE:

Marcellus and Lucius then Tulia approach.  
Dusk.

MARCELLUS

My last memory out of here come about a father and wife with their children harassing around while the arrogant mother proposes an affair to her husband with the secretary for grab some judicial papers sooner, a bribing joke to be punctual with the popular feeling, clamorous hundred people reeling sundry accents and complexions, smell of African figs, manure from camels and elephants, riots of drunkards and whores brawling or getting in attachment, suspicious lawyers, seditious orators, fusion of coming ideologies to rule and preach like foreigner winds spreading news for another kingdom vanquished in our name; politicians ready to plot, ready to be seduced under commanding tongues, and you my king, dance into all of it; soldiers disposed to inspire laureate poets, actors to mimicry both, anyone, what a parade of passionate characters under temperate weather. Hard is to me -as should be for you -know how closer we're to get it again. I've been not a bad son my king.

LUCIUS

You're not.

(Marcellus looks to the ground and sigh)

I gonna arrange a trip, be ready to tackle my boat; while I'm not here set eyes on Alecto, at my return we'll back...Yes; to our nation.

(Marcellus about to embrace him refrained)

I have a last business to attend, wait for me.

MARCELLUS

That witch has no more power than prophesize a scarecrow filled out with straw to make it burn while floats.

LUCIUS

Right. Tulia will join us, so ain't flirts to her. By the way, why do you suffocate all your wives Marcellus? At the end you always looks for the friend's lovers; it's that or the drinks whips you from side to side?

MARCELLUS

I should learnt to be alone like great artists my lord.

(Wet eyes)

I'll stop, I'll do; offer me to do anything and I'll change, You'll see.

LUCIOUS

(Holding tight his shoulders)

Did you know that I brought my family here for you Marcellus, just for you, in hope to see you change but you made me bibulous either. I can't fix even the way you share your wife with animals or little animals. Then she passed away, and who was the fortunated? This isolated place should serve you better than anything and you still goes fooling around with anything wears a skirt.

MARCELLUS

Under the sunlight I'll change my master.

LUCIOUS

You mean under the moonlit you gonna be the same pigheaded?

MARCELLUS

Not; under the heaven's light I'll change. You won't recognizes me soon we'll back to Ro...

LUCIOUS

I'll loved not recognizes you here my friend.

TULIA

(Approaches)

What we have here? The great king and his entire senate at escort.

(High)

Get away Marcellus the king and I need to talk to.

MARCELLUS

(Bowing lightly)

As a new man I hail thee my royalty, and I leave you as the faithful queen I ever has dealt, excuse my personal attributions they were pranks of a drunkard whose memory I scourge from now. As you see, I'm steady and ready to your command. (Exit)

TULIA

Mark my word Marcellus.

(He stop at the distance)

If some day you broke your promise

(Glancing Lucious)

I gonna drown you in wine, through yourself I'll make a custom in Rome army to choke in wine every soldier caught sleeping on his surveillance.

(Marcellus nods and keep going. Tulia face Lucious)

(More)

TULIA (Cont'd)

I've been undergoing through this for a long Lucious and I can't hold it any longer; remember how I was there when the world looked at you silently and the wizen king mocked thy aspirations making of your palace a jail. I eager thy willing, put the conviction on your way, even more, removed the crown which today belongs to you. And I was there when stare at you became an act of daredevil presumption, now, I looked on thee having the essence of your hearty ambition ever face about because the visage of willpower was ripped. Help me, I've been aching under a strange lapse my dear I ...

LUCIOUS

Help me? Do you ask favors for what you have done? I don't owe anything to you, anybody owe anything to you but the grace to pay back traitorous facts. When you were cutting the old branch I was there too, when we cleaned the senate neither you or I refuse the order to the head's man, you can count with me rapping at the hell's gates but I wouldn't turn to you at heard you scream. Not snake, you're here because of your fondness to take the kingdom cost the life of my son, another careless mistake which you committed frenzy for get it and get it all to you.

TULIA

Not, look; you can be by my side again I still can be your queen and woman...It is just that I can't get real sense of what I have been journeying with the things seen or heard, they blow in the wind and no one ensnare the wind? First, I was doubtful where I've been and piecemeal towards I going to. Like you, is a dream my vaporous yesterday but no-existential, it is as if from every day I just live the present hour and yet this hour will vanishes too and where I'll running forth? Must I live an everlasting day and night? And the happenings will change as this heaven and I will look at you or anybody as today brought emotions that I ever truly endured either hope or recall.

(Try to embrace him)

Just hold me once again Lucious, hold me tight as when we were when I healed thy wounds; tomorrow is a precipice opening below my feet.

LUCIOUS

You shouldn't beg for what your own hand sown.

TULIA

As get birth artists, physicians, athletes,  
lawyers; had born you people revolutionist. But  
all of them in time despised you.

LUCIOUS

Do you dreamed me under your command ever since?

TULIA

Lucinia. Look, is Lucinia our daughter.

(Call her up)

Lucinia..

(Tulia run away towards the footway of the steep,  
she got into a cavern, in the middle of it find  
out a human shadow, slowly the shadow take a step  
back exposed into the stream of light below the  
hole in the dome. It's herself with dry skin face  
and eyeless tears of black tar. Tulia turns around  
starting the fugue. Getting out to the oppose side  
the clearance has eking down to a rosy ambience,  
she turns back and stared at Lucious running down  
the steep wearing her clothes and having a wig on  
his hand. Tulia face about remembering with close  
eyes the last glimpse from Luciou's brow  
besmeared his face with tar. In the peak of the  
crag lied Lucinia hidden her hands behind her  
waist)

What are you doing my dear? Beware the height.

(Lucinia let drop a silver-golden ring at her feet  
when Tulia's take it and look up Lucinia is  
piercing through her own throat with a long pin,  
a thin thread of blood blossom out, Tulia retraced  
beholding the wound, stumble down falls from back  
into the precipice, through the fall she sees  
Lucinia's face gazing her until colossal waves  
swallow her to the boisterous darkness of the  
lake. Awoke up in the bed of her chamber nude and  
palpitating, stare to herself and finds beside  
the bed the white robe utterly soaked dripping to  
the floor. When she takes it Luciou's ring claps  
and rolls on the floor.)

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT  
II

SCENE  
VI

SETTING:

Luciou's chamber.

AT RISE:

Marcio, Alecto.  
Continuous.

MARCIO

Are you sure we must be here?

ALECTO

I didn't bring you to spy, to give us something if you wanna rule this kingdom.

MARCIO

Exactly what are we looking for?

ALECTO

The seal from his ring? Only one pigment identifies it.

MARCIO

Useless labor he never detach the ring from his hand.

ALECTO

Tulia took it. Second draw, here I got it.

(Taken the seal)

You see; we have to move.

(Getting outside Marcio grasp her arm)

MARCIO

Can I see your face?

ALECTO

It will cost your invaluable fidelity Marcio.  
Better trust on us.

MARCIO

Us?



ALECTO

How do you think I came here? Ain't further questions, hesitations loss everybody, you're not a woman to be starving by curiosity.

MARCIO

Just one last question: what makes me more trustful than Marcellus or Merope?

ALECTO

You aren't got laid with anyone from both or do you?

MARCIO

Who cares what I care? So the seal will be to...

ALECTO

Yours if have a little bit faith on your judgment.

MARCIO

I even cannot refuse a trip to the Avernus. (Both exit)

(Blackout)

(END OF ACT)

ACT

III

SCENE

I

SETTING:

On the open field having by background the palace, in front the shore of Avernu's lake.

AT RISE:

Merope, Marcio, Marcellus. Aside the boat unmoored by Lucious. Tulia stand up on the stern and Lucinia running to them. Between the first group and the second lies Alecto alone gazing to the boat. Then incoming of Sostrato and two soldiers.

First morning hours.

MEROPE

As the girl hasn't other natural way to get in touch with her exterior world has opted to paint; yes, as you heard me, she is painting with naïve sensitivity such a kid uses to play the violin to his parents quite not knowing why their older likes so much what are listening forth.

MARCIO

It is your euphemism to say the girl is been nuts.

MEROPE

I say she'll ornate her nuts ruling some galleries.

MARCELLUS

She is stir-crazy wherever she goes.

MEROPE

And you a slave wherever you greets her.

MARCELLUS

How long they will take this trip?

MARCIO

They always comeback.

MEROPE

We're always waiting.

MARCELLUS

Where is the witch?

MEROPE

As you and I waiting without much concern her last hour.

MARCIO

Whom would have said I will love even Alecto's company instead to share these vast lonelinesses.  
(Looking round)

MARCELLUS

A man who forgot the women paradise has any other way than become himself a hermit or cut out his veins.

MEROPE

Have anyone of you trust to someone else here? I don't think so. Poor Lucinia she will be the first scion to be rid of, not for being perilous or claiming envy but for being the shame of the family. Gentlemen, I bet she won't back from this trip.

MARCELLUS

I bet the keys from Tulia's chamber if is not she whom drowns her.

MARCIO

Let her grow up and she will drown all of us.

MEROPE

Fools, is Tulia who will not comeback.

MARCELLUS

Lazy philosopher, is Luciou's final journey.  
(Watching Merope)

MEROPE

Yet, strange things have happened.  
(They walk on upwards to the mansion. Marcio often  
cast his look rear)

LUCIOUS

(After some whisper from Tulia on his ear at the  
distance yells)  
Marcio, Marcio.  
(Marcio must get there)

MEROPE

Beware the watchword "Fish." Yes; try to not fish  
anything my friend.

MARCELLUS

Paid what you owed me before to leave us.

MEROPE

!Go; Ghost.  
(Marcio walks down slowly)

ALECTO

(Along the slanted green meadow. Lucinia reached  
her before to get the embarkment)  
Oh sweet cherub, where do you think to go?  
(Lucinia signs the boat, Alecto hold her  
shoulders)  
Don't trust thy father Lucinia, neither Tulia if  
there is some risk at sight Marcio will help you,  
if they argue just let them solve their troubles;  
remember don't get in the middle.  
(Lucinia takes out from under the coat a dirk)  
Have you in mind defend yourself with it?  
(Lucinia takes out an apple and peel it to bite a  
slice)  
oh, what a venture.  
(Lucinia runs to the boat)

SOSTRATO

(Get in in company of two soldiers evidently drunkard.)

Be sure, that he is not holding any weapon. Soon his head rolls down, the queen will not move a finger but ask mercy with trembling body. And you, jump upon his hanging head in case it resist the edge of my blade.

1 SOLDIER

At you signal my new sovereign.

2 SOLDIER

For the glory of the new emperor.

1 SOLDIER

(Advancing get to Lucious)

Sir, let me help you with that.

(Start to push the boat to the waves. Seems to blink an eye just to Lucious. Return to Sostrato.)  
He carries the sword.

SOSTRATO

I need to be fast otherwise the guard will fence us at once. Give me your sword too covertly.

(Second soldier give him the sword. Outspoken holding both hands rearwards and advancing)

King, I wish the best for you and your family on the journey. I just start to regret why you have to expose the life of such a queen. Shouldn't I take care for her while you loiter beyond the ground?

TULIA

Did you hear darling? They'll miss me more than your orgies.

LUCIOUS

(Walk on to embrace Tulia on the deck and offer her his sword. Return to face Sostrato on the ground almost three steps to get to him)

Sostrato the rebellious; I'll never take the breathe from someone whom saved my life twice; one in the battlefield second on a plot.

(Rises hands to him)

But I going to reprimand you as a naughty boy with my own hands.

SOSTRATO

I saved your filthy life for this...  
(Trust a swing upon Luciou's head. Lucious ducking cleaved a dagger inside his throat. After a forceful moment detach the sword and with a clockwise strike Sostrato's head hangs down from the trunk till his body drop on the lawn.)

1 SOLDIER

(Going fast to cut Sostrato's head.)

2 SOLDIER

(Hesitated first, then goes to hit Sostrato with the wine bottle.)

LUCIOUS

(Return jovially to Tulia.)

Thanks.

(Kiss her giving her back the dagger.)

TULIA

What have you in mind for those soldiers?

LUCIOUS

(A pause. Shrug his shoulders.)

I know what is been drunk.

TULIA

(Set apart while Lucious and Lucinia rigged the boat)

Strong breeze chaining silver billows into the horizon spillover the buoyant spotlight, thy rugged curtains set fray to not let the light come through. What mind makes you ruffle? The very heavens struggle the beckons orbs, to retain the blaze of a day before to get sink into the reign of darkness, converging whence or towards had you wraps the mortal's fate with thy breathe. You, who ever need spread some lineage and will exist forever, immutable to your volutes, some flashes lures unchaining not the thunderbolt, some waves listen thy secret compel and soon an irrepressible passion thrills every bit of thy essence, flock of birds flee from thy cold currents while pall drones nurture the frost and the vortex of thy grayish force, I see; you mark the hours from the holocaust of thy nascent rage; ah, how defying, how uncertain is to thwart your waters. Avernus, you have stored the secrets of my heart should be borderless; raises your billows to give me peace, to wash away my crimes, once and for ever drive me where the dusk ever calls the dawn.

MARCIO

(To Lucious)

My sir, is sure to sally forth with this weather?

LUCIOUS

Are you afraid to get some cough?

MARCIO

It means that we can sail any other day.

LUCIOUS

Drizzle elsewhere to this season.

LUCINIA

(Jumps to the deck while the boat cast off)

TULIA

(Setting a hood on her head)

Stop hop Lucinia or you will make a hole on the hull.

MARCIO

(Looking the heaven)

Ever will nightfall today?

LUCIOUS

(Grabbing an oar)

The portentous Avernus sucks heaven's light.

MARCIO

Yet some convolutions get darken that bluish sun.

LUCIOUS

And now it sparkle our crimson sails.

TULIA

Row, row everybody; let's see what afford to us the gods.

LUCIOUS

(Letting aside the oar)

Look the shore and the minute palace, everywhere the night falls but here. Oh, Avernus I do declare something beyond human mind your water charges, thy billows magnetize the orbs radiance. Luring to swallow us. I feel the windstorm outburst somewhere, the waves leaps us like a corcel, take hold or better get into the cabin. I'll be here tasting the strength of the tide. Marcio, will you like to fish now?

MARCIO

(Look to the cabin wanton to get in.)

LUCIOUS

Where you heading? Here is the battlefield.

MARCIO

You're brave my master if you talk like that without the spirit wine.

(Marcio quickly got inside the cabin)

TULIA

So; at last you're disposed to pay back this lavished living. I'm afraid it won't solve anything, as the weather swells up the tide it is not so easy to stay here as to return.

LUCIOUS

Like our old good times but when you will split yesterday from tomorrow?

TULIA

I no need any tomorrow.

LUCIOUS

Behind your concealed smirk do you expect I compare my life with a gladiator to make you laugh?

(Looks in front the pale moonrises)

I'll take what the elements face down to me.

TULIA

It is not the dead but what we ever guessed what really startle us.

LUCIOUS

Tell me if you expected this?

(Getting approach to her)

TULIA

(Immobile)

That scar it's been sealed.

(Caressing the lines on his throat and cheek)

What a chiseled design, well seen it's not the fate's mark but whom and where is the sculptor. Isn't?

LUCIOUS

Who cares? We played hard and faithful.

TULIA

How faithful an animal could be?

LUCIOUS

Till bite the hand who nourished him.

TULIA

How far low both gonna fall.  
(Misunderstood Lucious)  
I mean, the master and his prey.

LUCIOUS

I've never figured out who are you Tulia, whether I've changed shall you love me more or less? Whether I came through storms in your name or forget my name in yours will you ovate me? You're here and there, speaking or silent I cannot find you, I've forlorn my crown to brought you here, that will help us I thought, now I see, no matter the place or season you're the same wraith between the cackles of an audience to not confess how much cringe their gladiators, they flatter them as the hisses plotting the ruler. That's ok, mock me if you think that you ever love me but we aren't like fire and water lovely Tuly.

TULIA

And you're the same...

LUCIOUS

We're entwined through the same murder, what does make us? It's you and your ripped mask what steal the dream from your eyes; oh sure Tulia, your eyes still are sharpen, never hesitates, it's a hidden enemy what crumbles you down by pieces..Ha,ha,ha... or do you think a curse hound your footsteps?

TULIA

(After been quiet for a while shouts to be listen because of the rain falls heavily)  
You see...  
(Placing hands on his face following the claw lines pierced)  
My fingers match perfectly.  
(Lucious take away her hands in oddity to proof the scar traces)

LUCIOUS

Fucking bitch...  
(Looks around in rage then breaks a bottle of wine against his knee)



TULIA

(Jerked him off pummeling his chest. Set aside immediately Lucinia from the deck cut Luciou's throat out with the dirk)

More...

LUCIOUS

(Inebriated awkwardly tries to avoid the slashes along his face)

LUCINIA

(Return to be behind Tulia)

TULIA

You see; your own daughter Lucious dried your vicious heart.

(Stabbed him in the chest)

LUCIOUS

(Both hands on the throat)

Lucinia...Lu..we..

(Wobble alongside the boat corridor.)

Come on lightning proof my chest...waves, rise me to the hills or swallow me..

LUCINIA

(Runs aside him waving arms up as well)

LUCIOUS

Show me your rage gods... I made all of you I'll overthrown you...

(Climbing the sails collapses.)

TULIA

Enough. Even the death shan't you let rest....

LUCIOUS

(Lucious keep holding his throat and gaze Tulia's lips without heard them, brighten effulges on the deck fade away under rainy cumulus above.)

MARCIO

(Inside the cabin)

Got into my king is too late to get back. Come here and we pray to the gods the boat withstand the storm.

TULIA

(Outside)

Want you take a dive Lucinia? The water must be delicious.

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT

III

SCENE

II

SETTING:

Royal chamber of the queen.

AT RISE

Merope, Marcellus. Both undressed under the blankets.  
Afternoon.

MARCELLUS

Nice, nice; you should say the same.

MEROPE

I like more when you're boozy.

MARCELLUS

When I'm an utter animal?

MEROPE

(Caressing her breast and belly)  
And seems ever get tire. Please Marcellus if you really love a woman never makes it stop.

MARCELLUS

You ever know how hard is to me do this.

MEROPE

I don't think so, you pretend dupe Lucious with your closer treat with Tulia but he knows you're her puppet.

MARCELLUS

I need you Merope and I can trust on you otherwise you wouldn't be right here. I don't trust on Alecto, Lucious or his insane breed, who can? We have to do something now, before they set back I expect get some ensnare to trap them or in anytime some inebriate frolic will cut my sigh, Tulia; what can do that woman to protect us or to rid of us? By on by she is a statue of a rigid beauty and vacuum thoughts, we can't trust on her either. I propose you create the plot to set them away from this place, I have in mind... Look, I swear you, I'm not confined to do this greedy to get the throne, it is not ambition, it is only my desire to survive for what I dealing with this. I want to back to the capital of thousand faces. What worthiness do I endured long years of study and work if I have to remain isolated from everyone? Whom will call my name being forever here? And it is sure a name being here?

MEROPE

What do you have in mind?

MARCELLUS

Burnt their faces and tongueless and stumped send them back to Rome.

MEROPE

You hate them more than any known ambition.

MARCELLUS

Shall I get pity to who conspired against my life?

MEROPE

Your life is another life not the price of two.

MARCELLUS

I do assert you will hold tight the poniard anytime you heard the pads of your killer invading thy chamber.

MEROPE

What about Marcio?

MARCELLUS

You miss him the same is missed the buffoon hurled to the panthers for have told sidelong remarks about tulia's 'glassy skin.'

MEROPE

Remarks that you ever pinpoint. Tell me how we going to work out?

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT

III

SCENE

III

SETTING:

In front of the Avernu's lake.

AT RISE:

Alecto alone. Then Marcellus, Caistro and  
soldiers.  
Evening.

ALECTO

Two nights have gone away since they depart, the sky bespoke of a linger storm though here barely can I hear the bolt, everything lies still like the steady fire of a lamp glowing through a dark mirror, even the breeze is dragged to the core of the tide and despairing I can't help apart my sight from your brimmed vastness and nothing, nothing; nor even a speck of your flying sails are sighted. Where is the 'Spartan' so used to glide above the Avernu's billows, now the rumor of thy gushy winds doesn't bring the echo of a voice, of a lament, everything remains undisturbed as yesterday, nothing change save the harassment of my faith.

(Walking around the brim)

I can't read the traces of your waves, I can't divest the force of your tidal, I even can't touch you Avernus, you're master of the winds ragging the sails, frothing thy face, owner of your own time and I can't break into your spell until you gulp away the spoils of thy victims. I can't wait any longer, I've been waiting for so long, and I am not endless as you are. Brings her now, brings my last hope or else cut this heart mad for be waiting.

(Cast down her face see something like small hands digging out the barter waves at her feet)

MARCELLUS

(Running behind with soldiers)

Alecto, Alecto they have come, I see them.

ALECTO

(See through the bank of fog some object looming thither)  
You're right. There is a ship homeward.  
(All of them get together waiting impatiently until the boat takes land)

CAISTRO

(Gazing Tulia's shade on the prow)  
My father and I as a child once waits for Servio Tulio right here, the scenery it is quite alike though with similar anxieties the characters have changed.

MARCELLUS

He gifted something to you we cannot measure for your hesitations, please breathe like a man.

ALECTO

Is there Tulia on the prow acting like bowsprit but she's coming alone.

CAISTRO

The 'Spartan' is here, sirs open way.  
(Give a step forward. The boat touch the shore.)

ALECTO

Has she come alone?  
(Lucinia shyly loom her head below the fallen sails, then jumps to the shore aided by the guards and Marcellus)

LUCINIA

(Signs the lake as if wanted to take other trip)

ALECTO

(Close to her ears)  
Let it to the summer my dear.

MARCIO

(Rushing to get outside the cabin)  
At last, thanks gods I ever thought back to touch solid ground.

2 SOLDIER

(Taking from the mast Luciou's roped body)  
Oh my king, what happened?  
(Unsheating the sword)

ALECTO

(Low to Tulia)  
Why didn't you hurl the body to the waters?

TULIA

(High)

Marcio, why did you finish your master?

LUCINIA

(Signs him with the finger)

MARCIO

(Stays awestruck gazing Luciou's dead body. Soldiers at once catch and run through him with swords)

TULIA

If Rome still remember us tell her we had surrender exequies to Lucious and there is only one heir disposed to the throne.

(Draw Lucinia and put on her fingers the royal ring)

LUCINIA

(Curtsy as buffoons once bow in the court)

(Blackout)

END OF SCENE

ACT

III

SCENE

IV

SETTING:

Around the funeral pyre having for background  
the lake.

AT RISE:

Alecto is presiding the funeral. Tulia, Lucila,  
Merope, Marcellus, soldiers, varlets some of  
them holding torches.  
Nightfall.

ALECTO

He is gone you may say and we're just here, when silence is imperturbable; either cold, hot or hunger, any sensation a shatter illusion, at the end we're only eye-witnesses of a burning heart, of the windy fire exhaling his body in the air, volatile elements sparkling away, this the last farewell and who knows the secrets of the nature perhaps this better than lie underground.

Lucious collapsed to tread another minute, his past and future converge to this moment; it is closed the circle, some circles are widen than others, that's all. Yet our utmost feared enemy has a face. Death is palpable as we can tastes the flame or the snake's poison, from winter to summer creeps up on to wane your vitality, death is lustful and greedy 'cause she nurture her proud from the cowards as the braves, death is strong than any sick, death is silent or noisy, angry or sad but always inevitable.

Write what you write, say what you say, she'll be there to vanish your imperishable thoughts as well; no matter what have you taken or what has taken from you into the whirls of the ages it was less than ever have born.

Even though you can touch her my dear, as gleams your tears while she is snatching your sigh away, while she licks your eyes and the image shadowing the wings of an angel dragging you to the bottom of an inexistent lake, and tide after tide endlessly whorl crying souls touch her with surrender heart, everything wraps chillness and silence; that's the legend from my ancients but you might have seen something true on it, when every reality becomes a dream and no one wake you up.

(People disperses away, except Tulia. Alecto reaches her beside a tomb on the mound)

And you were the lesser sister from your breed, ambitious as any other, what keeps you stand up?

(Raining softly)

Your souvenir changes or your apathy for the world? Take the shovel and start to dig out queen, you have to gather the ashes from your father and make it burn twice. Your blood still is there.

TULIA

I ain't see anything but your hooded gown, spiritual blackness, sepulchral perfume, a mystic mask for a face; yes my dear, you and your creed breathe to praise corpses.

ALECTO

Do you think Tulia the death keeps away some secret for me?

TULIA

(Pause)

So, had you crosses the threshold priestess?

ALECTO

There is not coming back, any transfiguration, not heavenly or hellish trip, nor spirits in the mist to forgive your murderous wantonness. King's daughter, send to the beasts any bribed soul begging share the bliss of his God through his executed son, minds and senses has been corrupted. Burnt alive every religion crawling in the hearts of men, that will be your gift of love and peace to mankind.

TULIA

(Low)

Well, what we have here?

(Taking seat on the edge of the gravestone. High)  
You want a mankind out of any faith.

ALECTO

!Real;

TULIA

Who can rule an audience like that?

ALECTO

Whom has not will of power.

TULIA

I still don't know if was owed to be the minor daughter from the king when things become real facing the enemy of the city and he rather than strike back immured himself in a warlike museum. On every delicateness or word he says I used to confound him not with a father but my grand pa. It came a day I even felt itches inside my skin if he get closes to me. An ancient whisper a hug in a way you already suspect its knave like some gob of spit.

(More)



TULIA (Cont'd)

(Stand up face up Alecto)  
Take me away this nauseating ill, even homeless  
and addictive whores dungeon after sewers drifting  
from cocks to pussies have cleaner complexions  
than mine; how many anointed layers have I to  
besmear to not reveal my evil?  
(Set hands on her face about to clawed her chins)  
This can't happening to me.  
(Shake Alecto's shoulders)  
Stop to invoke your fucking gods or make me ate  
dry lizards..

ALECTO  
It can't worse you.

TULIA  
(About to slap her rises her hand)  
Find out the cure Alecto, otherwise you'll know  
there is always a return to the pain. I'll take a  
bath get ready the oil and milk.

(Blackout)

(END OF ACT)

ACT  
IV

SCENE  
I

SETTING:

Tulia's chamber

AT RISE:

Merope, Marcellus lit up some candles and rear torches.  
Night.

MEROPE  
(Locks the door)  
How many days have gone since the funeral?

MARCELLUS  
Four.

MEROPE

Four days raining unceasingly.

MARCELLUS

And no one knows about her last parade eh?

MEROPE

Perhaps she is listening us right now.

MARCELLUS

(Hurl himself to the bed)

Tell me Merope which secrets my dame of beauty got here?

(Smelling the pillow)

I can sense her body nude wishing be taken when the light of the dawn lick her breast of snow, once more I wish to be before her knees worshipping her sculpture beneath the temple of heavens, but I know the idea of any thought fades away her black look.

MEROPE

She is like any other queen or woman striding the earth whose features and feats match with her convictions but at the end fade away and perhaps early than you.

MARCELLUS

You, to not sound tragic evoke the nature. Hush. Impatient Merope. She still is ubiquitous to the realm, or do you think some lady in Rome could have forgotten her since her last meeting? How beautiful smiled the laconism of her hypocrisy quieten everybody's malice, how mixingly undetachable the virtue and sin, repent and brazenness hovers from her eyes to her lips, from both a mortal tryst. She is voluble, she is quick, a bit than elegant utter mindful each gesture is enough to send us a look from a broken mirror to rule your passions.

MEROPE

Night after night something happened while she perforce her sleepless strolls Marcellus. I found them -Tulia and Lucious -arguing on the hall, he slapped her when she was trying to convince him her womb wasn't dry as he supposes to, though debased her high character hasn't no more fugue than tolerate him, I hope without forget;

(More)

MEROPE (Cont'd)

on another nightly hour she asked me a potion to get sleep the wolfs, once she made it went to their confinement and stabbed each one of them and afterwards hurled their spoils to the Avernus. Two days forward having the alike absent-minded look by the ruined palace requested me the wolves, perhaps was a riddle question trying to read my trusting on the stuff which I wasn't dare to reply at once but she stared at me seemingly the best actress under her doubts hating my irresolution. Yet, this sort of massacres didn't appeases her wild roving nor my frugal pastimes until I only could see her spying her breakouts, 'cause sometimes I strung out her senses trying to smooth her ravings, my medicines got drowsy her searing not the root of her malady; sometimes the cure worst the illness. On and on her habits fag end after the childbirth. I got my suspicions since the very beginning of her pregnancy, her womb grew up abnormally big and passed ten months the children still were inside. We must exert her body to take out them though she screamed as if her very entrails were ragged, at last they came out motionless and without a sob, we hold the scions, they were twins drowned in on her own blood, I knew it for they got their mouths open and limbs shrunk such you find people drowned on the lake. She refuses to take the dire facts and dreadfully her nipples bleeds when she tried to nurture them. Bleeding as she was held strength enough to get mad with us, frenzy she can't take failed being mother, I know it was her last illusion to get someone getting faith, to shape with her arrogant virtues this reign which by on by is leaving her alone on a pedestal of decaying; trying to beat me up her feet slide on her vital pool falling apart and screaming got swoon. What a curst.

MARCELLUS

Would you blame me if I despise the star which traces my path? All because the doctor of the epoch cannot understand or solve it, it is a curst?

(Lift up his torso from the bed)

So, their children ever were sent to Rome. There was any Rome to those ghosts. (standing from the bed)

Now I understand the luck from my old pal Camilo's brother to whom I appealed his company here showing

(More)

## MARCELLUS (Cont'd)

off a pair of lackluster dolls hanging from treads like puppets wearing mourning robes to mimicry choked words. Let me see the things straightforward; the only heir now is Lucinia; to whom already wears the royal seal on her finger.

## MEROPE

To the following nights Tulia was assailed by the furias, somehow she was the killer of her own progeny. In dark dreams her premonitions soared with intelligible whispers and laments although she always assured me every explanation out of a delusional believing I would have swear... Oh, my goodness, a night she asked me to be guarding her just here, after awoke up feeling herself suffocated, she runs to my arms and embraced me with cold and sweat gasping, I was petrified as well with how much rage she cover her ears with feebly forces to held her body; for those aching and little souls no one ever back to see since the very day of their barren birth.

Her habits changed in everything, you men only gaze up the harmony of her silhouette less warm to your pretensions, bit far to give an answer, you gaze up her beauty in silence and expectant to the defense of her own terrors, of her own barrenness. Did you notice that she ever touch the food we served her? First, she wet her lips with the brim of the cupful, ever lost the thread of the conversation carry the glass to her mouth, subtly regurgitate blood merged in wine, the cup rest fill up without been served from the bottle, hurls the content below the table and back the cup apparently to serve on it more wine but she don't touch the bottle, everybody's thought she is drinking wine; yes; don't stares me like that, I don't know why neither, she drinks her own blood.

I know in her deep silences she consider her own existence seared, strange ill indeed contracted since that failed childbirth, somehow her blood is festering her being, the roots from her brownish hair took the tinge of scarlet, the pupil well seen under luminous sources outshine with glazy red-luster and her lips by now I think are like the very rose which saps in wine, I think her pasty-faced now is rosy under the moonlight. Any drug or pray has broken such malefic, the very Alecto powerless tries to help.

MARCELLUS

Whatsoever has been her fate I wrote to her something for coming.

MEROPE

Was all settled up?  
(Taking down the strand from her shoulder)

MARCELLUS

In a moment or other  
(Lifting the strand from her dress)  
we will see both women standing on the lawn,  
(driving her beside the window)  
just there beside Servio Tulio's grave their own meeting will be the signal to run through them.

MEROPE

Seems clever but whom will be the merciless executioner, you?

MARCELLUS

You.

MEROPE

Its nuts, I couldn't, not being alone...

MARCELLUS

Won't you?

MEROPE

Remember what happens to Marcio and the king.

MARCELLUS

What will happen to us?  
(Tulia and Alecto get into unobserved for them)  
My lady...  
(Stand up)

TULIA

Very good Marcellus...and...Who's there? (Merope Dressing fast as she could)  
Merope are you calling me back from your banishment? And what it's this?  
(Pick up an intimate garment from the floor)  
Heaven's, this mine. Marcellus, what are you doing here? Ha, ha, ha. Do you think that I going to spare your head for being faithful to me even at cuckold me?

MARCELLUS

Maybe is Merope who can't help take your place my queen.

ALECTO

And well seen, how stupid the person who kill or lie for love is.

TULIA

What do you say Merope? Who cares? Help Alecto to settle my bath; and you Marcellus, you'll be watching to taste with your eyes all what you had at the reach of your hand and never got it.

(Marcellus kneels kissing her bruised feet)

You will watch me

(Looking round)

through steamy glasses only. Merope, go. Tell the rest and the guard we gonna have dinner on the second hall. The realm has not fallen yet.

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT

IV

SCENE

II

SETTING:

Into the second hall. On every corner vessels with pouring incense has been placed.

AT RISE:

Tulia, Caistro, Alecto, Lucinia, Marcellus, Merope serving wine from a glassy jar.

Some bolt reflect the big glassy windows.

TULIA

(Evidences to have soft reddened her hair, wears a colorful headscarf lining her cheeks and forehead, somehow bulge the corner of her eyes. Speaks loud to Caistro who lies apart, next to the crackled pillar)

Did you admire him?

CAISTRO

He made a feat of himself, a hero of every  
soldier. My queen, was easy rid of him?

TULIA

A single order.

MEROPE

(Stop to spill wine)

Are you talking about Vulturious or my master  
Lucious?'

MARCELLUS

(Whisper to himself)

The bravest Marcio.

ALECTO

They were so opposed?

TULIA

One stands the other, as both stands Lucinia, as  
we stand Merope or the senator Marcellus stands  
his honesty.

CAISTRO

I've heard Vulturious ever face a test without  
dismiss the chance to perish, or took a flatter  
without his hands bleeding. Your majesty do not  
miss him?

TULIA

Rome has made great men like him, we do not  
consider has blunder when pick up you to take his  
place Caistro.

CAISTRO

(Bows his head flattered)

TULIA

(Watches through the windows outside)  
Rain is melodic. Makes me feel the very flames of  
torches ripe cold and the wine eke out its burn  
will frost our hearts; at my child days I thought  
the rain like a wise goddess appeases the mad men  
raising a prison to the earth. Look the Avernus,  
who can cross his angry semblance to return home  
and embrace your dear beings?

(More)

TULIA (Cont'd)

(Sweet tone of voice)

Marcellus how could they come here to lit your funeral pyre?

(Steady)

Whom from us would beget illusions if the earth display showers and gales? Feeling chill till the bones we all finished like Lucinia. Scarcely bearing a sun curtained into the flashy clouds, Alecto, in such world we won't need trespass the threshold of your sanctuary.

(Smell the glass of wine, rises her eyes lightly opened)

Wherever we look for the warming sun we have to set up a bonfire from every forest, we'll stare each other prowlers of our own hunt down.

MARCELLUS

(Leaning from his seat to her)

My queen, in sight that our noble king took suicide and his nostalgia to Rome we deeply share, should you talk to me like that at my ear.

CAISTRO

(Carry his hand to the hilt of the sword.)

TULIA

Really?

MEROPE

(Spread wine on Marcellus waist)

TULIA

You should break the jar in his head Merope.

CAISTRO

!It's an order;

MEROPE

(Rises the bottle from the table, instead goes to Caistro and fills his cup)

CAISTRO

Thanks.

MEROPE

For the pillar of our lives.



LUCINIA

(Goes to offer him a handshake, turns about and to the rest magnifies the shake with a gesture about how big hands he has)

ALECTO

(Almost whispering)  
Yes; your protector.

MARCELLUS

(Walking between Alecto and Tulia)  
To my future queen.  
(Rise a cup to Lucinia.)

LUCINIA

(Lucinia slight bows her head in courtesy)

MARCELLUS

Once the rain over we shall make arranges to return...

TULIA

Marcellus, Rome like the avernus... We can make of this palace the new Rome.

MARCELLUS

He's body gone but you stole his spirit.

MEROPE

My queen you remind me the pack of letters from Rome that I let in thy chamber. All I can tell you it's apparently there's not raining.  
(Invite Marcellus to take seat)

MARCELLUS

(Ignoring her)

Do you need me here my queen? I can go there and back in a month, to tell you the real state of the capitol with my own eyes. Letters are makeup of men along embellished words.

(To Caistro)

If an enemy has been at the gates of the walls.

(to Lucinia)

A new language has born to people in need of it.

(To Alecto)

Temples douse their fires, believers has abandon their cults. Any nation preserve its name without the look of gods.

(Tulia)

And there is less than a village without a ruler my queen.

(More)

MARCELLUS (Cont'd)

(wheels around)

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm not doing this greedy to get an upper spot in the monarchy, make me a buffoon if you wish, though who can deny in the bottom of my inebriate heart if I'm not in need to get in touch with my family as much as you are in need to fugue away from yours.

CAISTRO

(Getting closer to him by sidelong)

Petty rioter.

TULIA

I've heard chains clanking on the tiles, didn't you Alecto?

(Alecto slowly nods)

So, you'll go and bad from Rome to tell me the real state of calamities? (Marcellus step away from Caistro who has fixed eyes on him) What about if you return corrupted Marcellus? (Some smile like Caistro or the very Marcellus, the rest snickers)

Calling me mistress instead of queen, courting me with shrilling hyenas and dwarfs. Its truth, you murdered your wife in company of the king for having so much sex in a single year, what about if we let you back to tell Rome if was Lucious who suffocated your wife and reveal the real personality of that woman. Indeed; it was her whom made you or you who made her? And what a dances she got naked holding a twig of grapes for every open mouth at her feet, like cubs yapping on each round and when you can't take the grape juice get down to bite her ankles. What? Are you crying? Shall you say to me that's love?

(Lucinia get close to Marcellu's back ponting the dirk. Alecto shakes her head to her, she withdrawal)

Yes my heir, he has not to hint lectures of a new language to you. Marcellus (Tulia stand up)

If you can sail off the Avernus right now you're allowed to return to Rome.

MARCELLUS

(Watching the raging waters)

So it be.

(Goes to the pier at first try to launch the boat, huge waves dashes him backwards once and again)

TULIA

(Everyone standing next to the wide windows)  
My goodness, he really fear my words.

CAISTRO

Misses his mistress in Rome.

ALECTO

Worship his avarice.

MEROPE

Wants to proof his manliness to me.

LUCINIA

(Draws with her fingers on the misty glass a dropping dirk)

ALECTO

(Reading on it)

Oh, he fears the future queen.

MARCELLUS

(Return utterly drenched and muddy, take sit next to the chimney.)

TULIA

(Offered him a glass of wine. Whisper)

Drink me.

(Loud)

I love that. Life is not above freedom.

(Seeing each other around smile.)

Leave us.

(Shouting)

All of you stink.

(Everybody goes but Alecto and Lucinia.

How did you interpret Lucinia's words? (Signing the glass)

ALECTO

I dealt...With kids like her in my temple.

TULIA

All of them draw pictures instead to draw words?  
Only one person in the world knew her silence language. And that person is not with us anymore.

ALECTO

Do you forget that I was to her ma what Merope is to you?

TULIA

I have a sense that you are smiling under your mask. I wonder if your bewitching gifts are certain?

ALECTO

I already proof it.

TULIA

Not, you don't.  
(Defying her.)

ALECTO

(Stand up walk unto the chimney after a pause with a fast motion remove her gown sweeping with it the fire to quench it, lying nude at the flashes of a lightning sweep back in oppose direction the gown and the fire returns. Getting dressed Back to take sit.)

TULIA

(Stand up and walk on to the chimney observing how could have been performed the trick. Return to the seat.

LUCINIA

(Goes to the chimney in imitation of Tulia's pondering and returning to the ladies, depict some draws in wide motion of arms.)

TULIA

What is she telling us?

ALECTO

Wait the lightning.

TULIA

What lightning?  
(At last it falls. Nothing happens.)

LUCINIA

Under the subsequent heavenly rumbles throw her arms up. Sounding blue flame flush above their heads rushing to the chimney. Blotting out the fire and every ensconced flambeaux in the hall. In the dark the air feels hot.

TULIA

(Walk on next to Lucinia laughing)  
You know what you did? Ever in my life I will  
accepting you complaining something eh.  
(To Alecto)  
Remember. To the midnight I'll be there.

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT  
IV

SCENE  
IV

SETTING: In the lawn close to the mound of  
the king.

AT RISE: Alecto, then Tulia and Lucinia.  
Midnight.

ALECTO

(Alone and close to the king gravestone there is  
a funeral pyre next to it. Cleaved the torch aside  
it)  
Everything is close to an end, oh, how it truly  
burns inside, how does she stand this taking not  
potions, that's why she take baths every two hours;  
all is so close to over at last. The ending to  
make me feel sentient from those who smothered my  
breath; the end to embrace my daughter... There she  
comes...Not way, is she coming with Lucinia? Viper,  
I should realize in spite to gnaw your entrails  
you hate prevail any fate.  
(Both arrives.)

ALECTO

(Embracing aside Lucinia)  
She will stand for the family, don't settle down  
your aspirations reigning in a world of rhetoric  
men. You'll be first when others will be pondering  
which decision shall be taken.  
(Watch some gestures from the girl)  
Not my dear, I'm not mad with you for having forgot  
kiss you, my princess.  
(Portray a kiss to her forehead. Lucinia smile.)

TULIA

(Wears a mask and hood with the same color Alecto has. From time to time scratches her back and blade shoulders)

I see you won her trust.

(Advance to withdraw Lucinia)

Since, have you met Merope?

ALECTO

I preceded her childbirth.

TULIA

You should be older than her but you walk straight than her. Would you remove thy mask for me Alecto?

ALECTO

(Getting tense her cloaked figure)

You will see me soon as you get cured.

TULIA

Rare is thy petition as unspeakable is my sick.

ALECTO

Rare doesn't mean's false.

TULIA

Once done everything will be as before?

ALECTO

Anything is like yesterday yet you enlarge thy forbidden past. Make burnt his ashes,  
(Signing the tomb)

Then, in an hour which is not day nor night the curst will end.

TULIA

Just make me who I was.

LUCINIA

Tulia, don't you see? It's not way back.

TULIA

Unbury this old man? I not need to. I already wears his crown.

(Titters)

Way back? Way back where?

(Crack up laughing)

ALECTO

(Remove her mask shouts to her)

To your hell.

(Tulia almost stumble. Place the mask again facing Lucinia)

Go away.

(Lucinia remains unmoved)

TULIA

She is not like you, sister. So the fire even change your voice. And not even a knife at your hands, you easiest the work of your murders, I guess, your faith belongs to the Christian martyrs.

ALECTO

(Offered her the shovel)

Unburied your crime.

TULIA

(Start to dig out.)

So simple?

ALECTO

The rain will help you...Hurry, the pyre douse its fire.

TULIA

(When finishes digging up)

There is nothing, nothing.

ALECTO

He is there don't you see? Lucinia bring us the torch.

LUCINIA

(Detach the torch and loom its firing waves above the fosse. Stirred at the figure of the corpse below her feet embrace Alecto)

ALECTO

Get inside the tomb and place him in the fire.

TULIA

What you meant? He must be...

(The body under the mud removed by the rain exposes fresh wounds and smashed face just as if would have been buried few hours ago)

It's impossible, he is...

ALECTO  
(Low voice)

The same.

(High)

Put it on the flames wait till you must recover the ashes.

(Tulia proceed to drag and place up on the pyre the body and burnt the monarch carcass)

Now; no matter how much it scald recover the ashes with your own hands and anoint your entire body with it.

(Offers her a coffer)

TULIA  
(Grabbing the coffer)

I have tried everything, but this is too much  
(Hurls the coffer to the tomb. Lucinia get down to take it back.)

ALECTO  
You will back for it when you don't have other option.

TULIA  
And for what did you bring the guard?

(Marcellus besides Merope and the executioner with an axe get approaching)

ALECTO  
Run Tulia, run to the vaults in the grotto and you looks for Caistro my dear.  
(Both women run away in oppose directions. Lucinia way to the palace)

MARCELLUS  
(Halt the steeplechase)  
Wait. Which one is Tulia?

(Blackout)  
(END OF SCENE)

ACT  
IV

SCENE  
V

SETTING: Palace meaning hall.

AT RISE: Lucinia and Caistro.  
Continuous.



CAISTRO

Lucinia what do you hold there?

LUCINIA

(Carries her hands with the coffer seized to her heart, then with her right hand half open from the coffer to herself waved it like the fly of a dove before her face)

CAISTRO

Hmn, thy grandfather's ashes. Don't worry, don't belong to me. Why are you so restless tonight? What is that?

(An encircling shadow from outside enclose the palace, a stream of water flows under the gates. Lucinia jumps to Caistro's arms at the same time crashing broken mirrors attach their ears)

You're right we must get the second floor. (They march as the water swell up attaching fast Caistro's knees along the stairs)

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT

IV

SCENE

VI

SETTING:

Into the grotto.

AT RISE:

Marcellus, Merope and the executioner running behind them.  
Continuous.

MARCELLUS

Go for her executioner, the witch can wait (They get into narrow tunnels)  
Stop Tulia, Roman progeny ever flee from any foe.

EXECUTIONER

(As soon as holds her stumble and raises not.)

MARCELLUS

(He leap upon the executioner's body getting into the grotto-cave. Grasp her from the hood and fast clutched her wrist to the loose shackles on the rocky wall)

I got you.

(Close to her)

How can I waste out such beauty?

(Kiss her under the mask)

Come on, bring me the light to adumbrate this shooting star.

MEROPE

(Behind holding the torch)

Hold her Marcellus, end her suffering at once.

MARCELLUS

I will first...

(Leaned down compulsively spit to the ground.)

MEROPE

(Bend down the torch to the executioner on the ground: his face swarmed tiny snakes pullulating on a rash skin, some bites her calf and ankles putrefying the skin from inside and made her vomit.)

MARCELLUS

(Lift the torch approach to the wall.)

Bitch, what have you done us?

(The face of Alecto blooms under the hood, her wig has fallen on the race and bald her skin like wax melted by the torch reveal the underneath visage of a scorched woman with watery glassy eyes.)

It can't be. You were...

ALECTO

Come a little bit closer Marcellus. I drank from her glass as you did.

MARCELLUS

(With swollen lips)

Not, impossible you are...

(Wobbling try to run away to the grotto issue)

ALECTO

As you are now.

(A big stream of water from the lake gets inside flooding the grotto)

On hell we all see.

(Blackout)  
(END OF SCENE)  
ACT  
IV

SCENE  
VII

SETTING:

Into the royal palace.

AT RISE:

Caistro and Lucinia then Tulia.  
Continuous.

CAISTRO

Well, I think we will be on safe here. (Leaned down Lucinia falls heavily to the soaked floor. Lucinia give a step behind, there flash Tulia's shadow releasing the sword pierced on Caistro's neck. Tulia's hands and forearms through slices are bleeding with garish bloody luster)

TULIA

Give me back those ashes Lucinia. My daughter.  
(Lucinia scared runs away, through the race Tulia loose back her black hood, and mask, despair with ragged hands smashes every mirror on her way, through irregular glimpses sees her bloodshot eyes, utterly reddish as well her hair gleams through the lightning, swollen incarnated lips muffle her voice)

What are you doing with it? Stop Lucinia otherwise I finish you here.

(Both get into the temple of Artemis: in the bottom burning up the goddess's fire. Alongside huge azure window enamel light from the orbs and the storm bolts. Tulia grasps Lucinia from behind, the girl kicked and takes the ashes from the coffer to besmear Tulia's eyes with it)

Witch, like your mother.

(Tulia hit her. The tide is swelling up reaching the level of Tulia's waist. Floating surround them looms carcasses of wolves)

What is this?

(Lucinia avoids the corpses swimming to the altar)

Hurl it to the fire Lucinia; hurl it to save your real mother. Throw it bastard, don't you see me? Or you'll see me forever as I'm.

LUCINIA

(Hurl the coffer and ashes to the fire)

TULIA

It is done, it must done.

(Take off the dress and watch herself. Her entire skin reddish veined spotting somehow clusters of porcupine tiny spikes entwined and unwinding through her belly mostly down her crotch, minutely pulsing blackish oviform pustules scrapped around the clusters sprinkle her legs and buttocks. She trembles like being covered under snow to not scratch the unbearable itching. Cast down her look to the hazel water trying to reflex some change.)

Is gone, is gone...

(Smiling and crying staring at her hair becoming black again. The blister crumbles down as if her skin melts away, becoming whitish)

It's over...Over...Ha, ha...

(Remove bleeding cotton wads from her nose. Soon the cry of a baby fills the place around)

Oh gods are they here?...Not, not, make them stop...

(She looks to Lucinia whom terrified grasping the feet from the goddess staring the wavelets.)

Make them shut up, shut up...

(Cover her ears red rivulets stream down between her fingers. Unnoticed along her nose bleeds and her tears are red.)

Whine as if some maniac axed them by pieces...

(Looks down, through the hollow transparency into the ripples a wavy luster of shiny eyes jumps to her: throw up her arms one, two, three putrid wolves clutch and tearing apart her legs, neck, belly, maddening twirls and trashes out in all directions a ripped arm dangles from the fleshy skin, savagely subdued. In spite of the excruciating pain her black eyes blinks defacing not the horror grimace while is dragged outside the crashing down big window and with it the tide return to the early borders on the lawn.)

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT  
IV

SCENE  
VIII

SETTING:

Between the royal palace and the exterior framing  
the lakeside view.

AT RISE:

Lucinia and Tarquinia holding each other hands.  
Is getting dark at the sunrise.

LUCINIA

Holding and making stand up Tarquinia who lies  
shivering in cold and utterly drenched. Grabbing  
the empty coffer both get down to the spoiled  
garden, walking gingerly towards receding waters,  
to the misty background of the lake.

TARQUINIA

Comes to embraces her granddaughter both gazing  
the offing: through hazy cumulous windstorms the  
sun and the moon set the eclipse.)

(Blackout)

END OF ACT