

*Medea, Queen of Colchester*

*Nick points at the middle door that opens suddenly. Medea is standing there all bloody with a knife in one hand and a gun in the other. The gun is pointed very steadily at James. Medea has never been more regal than at this moment. The bodies of the children can be seen next to her. Nick and Nuria flee in horror.*

Medea [*a drag queen*]

Hello, James, darling. Are you looking for your boys? Here they are. I'll let you see them for one last time, but I won't keep you long. I just want to gloat a little. The dice James came up all sevens for me! They were loaded, of course.

James

You fucking cocksucking whore! Is there nothing you would not do? How could you kill my children? I finally see you for what you are. A savage animal from a savage continent. I must have been mad to think I could civilize you. You murdered before, and sold out your own brother. How could I think you could change? Killing our children, just because I left your bed? No sane person would have done a thing like that. It took a bitch like you. I've learned the hardest lesson of all. I don't have words to describe you. You wouldn't understand them anyway. Well, fuck you! Go to hell, you murderess! You've destroyed me. But wait. You have feelings too, and they will burn such a hole in your heart, you'll pray to die.

Medea

Did you really think you could leave Medea as easily as that? Throw me away like a used rag? Laugh at me from the safety of your bed in a petty drug-king's house? You can call me anything you like, but you are also my victim, and I've poisoned the rest of your life. Now you can live with the memory of all you have lost.

James

Do you think you will escape the memory of what you have done? Our two little boys?

Medea

I'm prepared for that. Honor, James, honor. But you don't know what that means, do you? At least I've taught you what pain means. I can see it in your eyes now. That will last.

How could you leave me after all I had done for you?

James

That's your reason for killing my children?

Medea

You really think that means nothing? You still don't understand anything. I'll spell it out for you. I hope you know I didn't do this out of spite or petty jealousy. Hardly! I knew that when I put the knife in our boys' bodies I was putting it in my own also. This was the sacrifice I made so that you would be punished. And there is nothing worse for me. I loved those boys as much as you did, and probably more. But I had to pay you back. What you have done to me, you and your kind have done to Africa for centuries...you and your slave ships on which millions died and millions more on the plantations they were forced to work. Well, James, I have broken the shackles of your western greed!

You killed me on your own private plantation. Medea the mother is dead. You sucked the life out of me, and now I have drunk your blood in return.

You know I thought this out very carefully. I wanted to make you feel pain like you have never felt before. I could have killed you, but that was too easy. That pain doesn't last. But the pain that comes from seeing your children's bloody bodies in your mind day after day will. You killed them as surely as if you held this knife in your own hands and thrust it yourself into their bodies.

The memory of this pain won't grow old and fade like the memory of Athena, whom you've already started to forget. So you lost your white bitch, your power fuck. You can always find another one of them, but your children are something else.

James

The murder of these innocent children will be a waking nightmare for you as much as me. No escape. Aren't you afraid of their ghosts? They will haunt you for the rest of your life.

Medea

They know who hurt them first. We'll see who's haunted by ghosts.

James

Bullshit! Their only memory of me is of a father who gave them love and did all he could to protect them. The memory of you will be of their murderer.

Medea

I hate the sound of your voice.

James

And I hate yours. I never want to hear it again.

Medea

And you won't. So what are we waiting for?

James

Just one thing. Leave me my boys' bodies. Let me touch them, kiss them for the last time and then bury them.

Medea

Hardly. And use them as evidence against me? (*Sweetly.*) Why I didn't do a thing, darling. (*Sharply.*) You will never see them again.

(*Medea shouts into the room behind her.*) You back there! It's time for us to leave!

*The two men that Edward left her appear from the back. They pick up the bodies and carry them off. One hears the sound of a car warming up in the background. One might do something with the lighting, and also have faint drums in the background as Medea goes into supernatural mode with her predictions which are curses.*

I think we've done enough talking now. I'm off. You really underestimated the powers I have. You're a groundless drifter, but I'm rooted in an ancient land: Africa has gods who have taught me lessons I'll never forget.

I have one more present for you. I see your future James. You will go from job to job. People will think you unlucky, and that's death in Vegas. You start to drink...and drink...and drink. And one day...but that's a story for another day. I can only say, you will never be able to drink enough to forget. You think you suffer now. But wait until you are old.

James

Goddamn you, Medea!

Medea

The gods are on my side, James. At least some gods. Gods you laughed at and whose powers you always underestimated. You and your “civilized” world.

James

Unclean murderous whore. Child-killer!

Medea

I think you should go home and scrape your wife off the floor now. It’s time for you to bury what’s left of your bride.

James

Yes. Without my sons. O boys, where are you now?

Medea

Loved by me, not you.

James

Yet you killed them?

Medea

Yes. To make you suffer.

James

How I long to hold them in my arms.

Medea

Too late. Bye darling.

*Medea leaves. Sound of car driving off: a really neat souped-up car revving up (as for a drag race) followed by the sound of a chopper taking off...then silence for a little ...slightly unbearable....then:*

James

Fuck you, you bitch from hell. I want to erase you from my life and memory.

*Something cracks inside James. He wanders around the room.*

Boys, Boys? Can you hear me? Daddy's home.

*Silence.*

THE END