

Juan García Larrondo

Saint
John's
Night

*A Farce
A Fable
and
A Tale
for
Werewolves*

Translated from the Spanish by **John Shanks**

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FRAGMENT:

Lightning. A roar followed by hideous cackling laughter terrifies all the creatures of the woods. Some stars fall to earth in horror. MEDUSA bursts into the wood, slashing through the climbing honeysuckles with her monstrous sword. The flowers, terrified, dive into the trousers of the men who lie asleep within the pages of the dramatist's book.

The Medusa's tentacles extend and entwine through the forest in a wave of destruction. Each tentacle bears at its end a face of the huge Gorgon who crawls over the ruins. Each one of her many mouths produces a different voice. The song of Dawn is drowned out by this very different song.

THE MEDUSA

(Totally evil) How disgusting! Light! Let's have some light! *(The mouths light up and turn to illuminate her)* Not so bright, not so bright...! Do you take me for a fool? I am quite capable of blinding myself if I should wish...*(Vain)* When the whole of Creation knows how dazzlingly beautiful my eyes can be...right? *(Laughs a villainous laugh in every language)* How can this planet exist infested with such stinking vegetation? Get away! Go, you filthy weeds! I am the new gardener of this pathetic Eden! I with my power – because I so wish and choose – will build over this blighted earth my granite throne! My garden of stone! A rock garden which will go down in history....

(Peals of laughter, while, with her gaze, she turns into stone all the trees and the vegetation and poses elegantly in the flashlights of the fireflies. The Fairies, the Jasmines, the Honeysuckles and the Spikenards turn into caryatids and columns lightly covered in moss: this is all that remains of their previous vegetable existence. The wood itself, by witchcraft and the imperious power of the Medusa little by little turns into a huge stone pedestal with columns and fantastic reliefs of Idols never before seen. The Medusa gradually settles herself- at her full extension – over, in and across her new throne while she laughs and shouts euphorically...)

Let's see! What night is this? Saint Joan? Nonsense! This is an historic night! This is the dawn of my new Day! I, beauty multiplied by its own power, the very essence of the perfect sphere....

I have returned, across five million years of unjust exile, to reign over everything that extends from my own belly button as far as the convex mirrors at the opposite end of the Milky Way. Which, by the way, is from now on officially in my possession...

What? No applause? Oh...*(Bellows victoriously)* I forgot that you are all dead.....or asleep?...or perhaps it is all the same....it's as if I had a heart of stone, bestowed kisses of stone, gave birth to stones which multiplied into more stones until they were swallowed up in sand, in nothing.... in stone...in me! Ah! I feel dizzy with such extensive stoniness.*(Suddenly a number of huge boulders rise from the ground and hurtle towards the Fireflies, who are crushed to death)* That will do! Let's have a warmer light...

Wearing gauntlets of stone, Medusa claps her hands together, the resulting spark lights a huge bonfire in black and white, the renowned "Theatre in Black and White" invented by the fearless dramatist for this most unique occasion, in a act of lunatic solidarity with the Medusa...

Mmmmm....absolutely perfect. *(All eyes)* My thanks, dear dramatist. This light soothes my eyes: it is much kinder and more fitting to the message which I bring. *(Now something between a diva and a confidential friend)* But allow me to explain! *(An enormous puppet figure of the dramatist descends and mimes listening to the Medusa)* How very clever of you to send a double so that I can't burn you up with my gaze but please, my dear dramatist, one is not entirely stony-hearted....
(Really monstrously) The light which I bear is the Non-light. It is the kingdom of errors, of shadows....The theatre of black and white! See how I turn the world to stone and bury it beneath a monumental slab of terror, of fear and of eternal suffering. Look, you disgusting little poet, how I vomit up your words! Are you seeking a moment of love?
(Smiles) What you will get is an eternity of disdain! An infinity of adultery, lies, cowardice, impossible loves, labyrinths where love expires, an endless succession of mistakes, of forbidden loves, of pestilence, of selfishness, of emptiness, of solitude and silence. Silence...yes, because as yet no heart beats within this kingdom of stone. Lapidary, now there's a word that sounds like a sentence, don't you think? *(she repeats the word, while moving around)*

Suddenly sincere, Medusa speaks desperately in all her multiple voices. The puppet figure continues to scratch his head in thought...he leaks some sawdust

Let us agree on one thing, my dear author! *(She whispers as if she wanted no one to overhear)* You know of my previous life, those things of which I can barely speak without my saliva turning to molten lava, you know why my heart is now of stone....and that I would be willing to...all for..*(fearlessly, furiously)* For you I would exchange this shame, this curse, all this absurd destiny, this whole eternity of bitterness for your....for your moment of love....*(Weeps tears of sand. For a moment, the statues experience a fleeting and primeval stirring of life. The Moon takes the opportunity to unhitch herself and move among the petrified stars towards the highest part of the throne)* Give me that moment of true love which only the poets who suffer know how to impart! Grant it to me and in exchange I promise to return to my exile to die among my heaven and my hell! Give me back the love I lost! *(Lowering her voice)* Give me the breath of life!

(The puppet figure, in a decisive act of martyrdom, responds by hanging himself in his own strings. The Medusa, uncomprehending and all furious glances, turns to stone the Fates, who fall on top of the puppet's dead body, decapitating him. Cries. The statues return to their dead state. Everything seems to be dying, including those things already dead, but the Gorgon has failed to understand the love the dramatist has for her..

And so I curse the race of men and all their monuments and I condemn them to madness, to an unbearable eternity of cold indifference! *(Laughter. All quake with fear)* And those who follow in my footsteps, I condemn them, too! And those who raise images in my likeness and worship me as the beast I am....those who toil in slavery making the bricks for the prison which I will build...Yes! Let all the lovers of the world

become the bricks with which I will build my great city of Petropolis. *(A lamp in the form of a black slave holds the name of the city which lights up)* Petropolis! *(Laughter. The Moon, stretched out on some cliffs, lights a large cigarette and begins to wreath the Medusa's throne with smoke)*

THE MOON

(Shamelessly displaying her dark side) And so, have you begun your evil cursing, you octopus of the land?

THE MEDUSA

Hold your tongue, you barren lump of rock! You have no purpose here! Be off with you! Look for other poets to enlighten! And how dare you puff that filthy smoke all over me? *(Coughs)* Smoking is totally forbidden throughout my realm!

THE MOON

(Sly) How broken-down you seem, Gorgon! *(Stubs out the cigarette in her Sea of Tranquillity and gives a shiver of delight. The Medusa has sparks coming out of her ears, literally)* And don't bother looking at me like that, you can't make me any more of a stone than I already am! You know I speak the truth.

THE MEDUSA

(Precipitating avalanches of suffering) Yes, prophetic Moon, yes! I already know of that troublesome little speech defect of yours. *(Earthquakes)* But why tell me this now, in front of everyone, you evil star?

THE MOON

In front of everyone? All I can see are stones, rocks and more rocks. *(The light flickers out in the lamp, as though there were a faulty connection)*

THE MEDUSA

(Dreamily, proudly..) My beloved Petropolis! *(The lamp comes back on again)* How do you like the foundations of my new era?

THE MOON

(Honestly) Grey, splintered, hideous...miserable. Typical of your realm.

THE MEDUSA

(Very annoyed) How dare you insult me? Don't know that I could knock you out of your orbit and knock some sense back into you?...Get out of here! *(She sticks out all her tongues)*

THE MOON

I would enjoy that! But haven't you realised what you have done? You have turned everything to stone!...The planet now weighs so much that it has stopped rotating! And I, knowing that I cannot move without the Earth have crashed into her and her I am stuck, anxiously waiting. You have turned everything upside down with your petulance ..the entire galaxy.*(Medusa turns round, deviously)* You stuck-up Gorgon! Forever bitter and resentful! You the youngest of the Medusas, she who was the most fair. You know very well that your evil deeds are because of all your sisters, only you are mortal.

THE MEDUSA

(Swivelling all her eyes furiously, provoking earthquakes) Traitorous Moon! Why must you always hold a mirror up to every folly?

THE MOON

What I tell you is the truth. The highest prize and the most bitter pain of mortals is to possess that clock they call a heart. But your heart is an hourglass full of sand!

THE MEDUSA

Idle chatter! I have no conscience, Moon! *(Laughs)* Nor does it matter in the slightest to me what you think of my realm of stone. I will keep you here and bore tunnels into your guts to build a theatre in black and white. You will be an additional attraction for my city!

THE MOON

(Inspired by Greta Garbo, lights one more cigarette, defiantly)

And what then? Sooner or later I will shed my silver beams across the headstone of your tomb. You are dead. Old, ugly and dead.

The Medusa gives a howl of pain which makes the Earth shake. She sheds tears of lava with almost human sobs.

THE MEDUSA

Never say to me again that I am ugly! *(She groans inconsolably and appears almost overwhelmed)*

THE MOON

I knew it! I knew that you would end up crying! And you say that you have no conscience! Ah, you miserable, unfortunate creature! Dry those tears or else you'll flood your nightmares!

THE MEDUSA

(Crawls among the boiling pools) I'm ugly, hideous...I'm ugly! It's true! Look at my hands...my fingers which now look like rocks were once of bronze...and once, once upon a time...they melted in love's embrace....Look at my mouths, now repulsive, eaten away by time....my teeth have lost their sparkle, they will never again smile upon that sea god who once loved me. And my wings whose gold once rivalled the brilliance of the Sun now, now bleached like snowy crags, a landscape of terror, a plumage of memories turned into hatred...

Yes, I am repulsive and that is how I must drag out my time until the very moment of my death. But I was born the most beautiful of all....don't you remember, Moon? How you shone in my nights of love on the shores of Gerión and in my dreams of immortality in the Hesperides. I became the sand of the seashore in the embrace of the ocean....Poseidon, my divinity! And how your rays picked out the moment of my birth, that day on which the gods and mortals joined together to cut off my head....!

Medusa removes the main head from her trunk; her blood of black light spills over to the foundations.

MOON

Stem that torrent, you fool! Do you want to poison the whole world? Replace your head! Put it back!

MEDUSA

(In a broken voice. Laughs) They cut off my head in front of my newly-born children! And all from envy! They could not bear my beauty or my joy...and they left me for dead...and yet, surely I must have had something, to be beloved of a god? *(Bitterly)* It was Poseidon who revived me, you insignificant planet....*(Calms herself)*...before deserting me again, this time forever. *(Tragicomically)* He might as well have left me dead!

But of course there is no love for the Gorgon. Only pain is left inside me. I am nothing but poisonous venom. *(Replacing her head)* I have come back for vengeance and to poison everything before I die!

MOON

You are crazy. You cannot escape your destiny.

MEDUSA

Why not?

MOON

Poor deluded creature!

MEDUSA

What did you say?

MOON

(Daringly) Hideous, I meant hideous creature.

MEDUSA

(Dissolving in volcanoes of tears) Noooooo! *(She turns, threateningly)* You will all be swept away in an ocean of stone!

MOON

May the gods prevent you!

MEDUSA

(Laughs) What gods? Do you still not understand my stony power? Ha! Love is dead! Now there are no more poets, only ruined temples. Who do you imagine I am? Did you not say that I myself am also dead? *(Smiles)* Then reflect back my likeness, my little mirror, so that you too may die from cruel indifference! We no longer need you....

The Medusa makes to kill the Moon. The Universe shivers and the celestial bodies groan. Even the Dawn, drawn by the impending disaster, places herself between them.

DAWN

Have mercy, Gorgon queen. Have mercy! Do not sacrifice the Moon!

MEDUSA

(Stops suddenly, almost choking with grief) What?..... What is this?

DAWN

I am the Dawn, my lady,
Take my life for hers.
I am her companion, and, without the night,
without the moonlit night,
I prefer to die
for death is preferable.

MEDUSA

What? What does this mean?

MOON

(To the Dawn, who drops her dew)

No, my dear! You do not know what you are saying.

MEDUSA

Stupidity! I will kill you both if I wish.

DAWN

(Bravely) You would do better
if you would hear me first!
I know you by repute
and yet I have no fear.
What, then means all of this?
Why all these dead?

MOON

(Orbiting closer) Not all are dead. Someone is watching us.

MEDUSA

What? Are you trying to get round me with your idle chatter?

MOON

You know, Gorgon, that I never lie. And from my dark side I can already see him. He is coming towards us.

MEDUSA

(Turning all of her heads in different directions)
Who is it? Speak, sentinel!

MOON

(Playing hard to get)
Well really, in such heavy shadow, I can't possibly make out.....

MEDUSA

Leave us, Dawn! Let the Sun come racing! I want light to see who is spying on us.

DAWN

The Sun? Do you not know, then? With all the Earth turned into stone and paralysed, the Sun crashed into the far side of the woods and is burning everything in sight. This is why I came to see you! You must undo this curse or else you all go up in flames!

MEDUSA

What an irritating star! In return for your disturbing news, you will be the first one that I kill...or better still, I shall use your rays to make myself a veil...that's it!

MOON

So tell me, Gorgon. Are you not afraid?

MEDUSA

Why should I feel fear?

MOON

Because he who is approaching us feels none?

MEDUSA

He feels no fear? Not even fear of me? How does he dare?

DAWN

What is he? A poet or a warrior prince?

MOON

All of those things, my child. He is Fearless John.

At the other side of the woods a many-coloured pirate, almost black and at the same time almost albino,, comes riding on a strange centaur which snorts excitedly. The centaur, Comforter, has the strange gift that, wherever he steps, green plants spring up. This detail has not gone unnoticed by the Gorgon and it bothers her considerably. Fearless John carries on his back the great book of Tsitamard, a wise wizard whom he has arranged to meet in the woods and whom he now seeks. From this part of the drama onwards, any children who still remain awake are likely to suffer nightmares. Dreadful!

JOHN

(Abruptly halting his steed)

Did someone call my name? Halt, Comforter!

COMFORTER

These are just hallucinations, sir.
I have been riding for light years and here
all is turned to stone and barren.

(Almost in tears)

And what then shall I eat?
I am thirsty, sir,
and have not slept these thousand years...
And I am hungry, cold and weary!
No one spoke your name;
you heard my bitter thoughts.
and the rumblings of my stomach
and my teeth chattering
and the earth quaking
with some unknown disturbance.

JOHN

Always some complaint, good Comforter. When I bought you for your name, I most certainly did not expect this constant whining. If you're hungry, eat the grass which grows wherever you step.

COMFORTER

(Fastidiously) I would rather not. Better to go hungry.

JOHN

Well then, here we must stay. The wizard of Caldas is so slow that he always arrives both first and last. I sense a favourable premonition!

COMFORTER

Suddenly I no longer hunger.
Let us go on, friend John
And hope your intuition...

JOHN

My presentiments are not like yours, always gloomy. *(Dismounting from the centaur)*
What a strange place this is! Are we lost, Comforter? The wizard Tsitamard arranged to meet us here but then there was a forest here, with jasmines and night scented stocks... I don't understand...*(Shouts)*Tsitamard.!

Medusa, Moon and Dawn stand silent with astonishment.

COMFORTER

Can't you see that neither the sorcerer nor anyone else is here? Let's leave this place...

JOHN

Where's your spirit of adventure, Comforter? (*Calls again*) Tsitamard! Where are you, you prophetic wizard?

MEDUSA

(*Speaking softly, scornfully*)

This centaur's hooves are covering my land with weeds! And who is he calling for, this no longer youthful youth?

MOON

(*Rotating like a radar antenna*)

He seeks for Tsitamard! But even from up here I can't see any sign of him!

MEDUSA

And how can he not fear me? Is it that he does not know who I am?

MOON

You are correct, he does not know you. He comes from far away, from the north or the south, which is why he has not fallen beneath your spell. As for why he does not fear you, he is Fearless John.

DAWN

The valiant warrior

MEDUSA

Oh yes? Then for bearing such a stupid name, he will be the third one that I kill.

Medusa breaks into cackles of laughter. The earth shakes and a huge crack opens in the ground. John and Comforter fall into it, but are unharmed, although trapped.

COMFORTER

Have you ever seen anything like this before, my lord?

JOHN

What an atrocious sight! (*Laughs, fearlessly*) I sense the hand of Tsitamard in this, to show me the dark face of fear. But I had never imagined that fear could be so ..ugly!

The Medusa, through her tears, moves her tentacles in anger, provoking new earth tremors. John, in an altruistic gesture, manages to help his companion to safety but he himself remains trapped underground in the Gorgon's great mouth.

COMFORTER

My lord!

JOHN

(*Throwing him the book*)

Flee, Comforter! And seek out the wizard, Tsitamard! Flee!

The centaur, reluctantly, obeys. The Gorgon gives a frenzied laugh.

DAWN

O save him, please! The earth is swallowing him up!

MEDUSA

Yes, and it's delightful! It's a long time since I have had the pleasure of devouring a young warrior, even one no longer quite so youthful. *(To John)* Well then! Tell my guests now that you feel no fear.....come along!let's hear it!....

JOHN

Certainly I feel fear, but on your behalf, disgusting boulder...for when I draw my sword and free myself I will cut your throat....

MEDUSA

Oooooo! *(Sarcastically, jokingly)* You've got me terrified! Who are you? Some imitation Perseus? *(laughs)*

JOHN

Why do you call me that? And who are you? A evil spell of the wizard Tsitamard?

MEDUSA

That ignorant slug could not even imagine creating me, that reptile! *(Terrifyingly)* I am the end of your defiance, your extinction, all that you most hate and fear....your worst nightmare...That is what I am, and I shall tell you my name so that you know who it is who slays you....I am the Gorgon, the Medusa.....remember me forever, Fearless John...

JOHN

You do not frighten me, Gorgon. Although you are undoubtedly the most repulsive creature that my eyes have ever seen *((Laughs, provocatively))*

MOON

Flee, flee! You will provoke her....

MEDUSA

(Full of courage) Mmmmm...This must be the most arrogant of young fools! And perhaps the most attractive, don't you think?

DAWN

He would be a handsome suitor in the dawns of winter! And how ingenious too!

JOHN

How do I seem to you, Gorgon? Do I seem handsome to you?

MEDUSA

(Wickedly) Let me just look at you more closely..*(Turns her eyes on John)*

DAWN

Don't look at her or else she will turn you into stone!

John quickly looks away

MEDUSA

(Laughing) I could make you into a most splendid statue of Apollo if you would just look at me, my handsome John *(She turns away from John and hurls a rock at Dawn, trapping her)* I feel certain that you must be someone's dear beloved?

JOHN

I know nothing of love, lady. Not even what it is.

MEDUSA

(Suddenly intrigued) No?

MOON

Is that why you have no fear?

JOHN

Could it be?

MEDUSA

Then..you know nothing of jealousy nor of possessiveness, of anguish and of tears, nothing of hatred and remorse...

JOHN

Is that what love is?

MOON

Yes, but it is also good fortune and tenderness, unconditional surrender and joy, courage and divinity...It is everything that anyone could ever be...

JOHN

Why then I do not know it and I would be loath to die without experiencing it. I fear nothing!

MEDUSA

I promise that you will feel fear. I condemn you to it as a punishment. On one condition....

JOHN

What is that?

MEDUSA

That you surrender in a sacrifice to me the love you find.

JOHN

Just that? How?

MOON

Take care, John.

MEDUSA

Why, with a kiss.

MOON
That is not love!

MEDUSA
Most certainly it is!

MOON
He will die the moment that he kisses you!

MEDUSA
Indeed.

JOHN
I accept!

MOON
You are as good as dead!

MEDUSA
To die for love! Could there be a more noble gesture? But there is still time to change your mind....I'll count to three!

JOHN
I'm not afraid. I will find love and then I will surrender it to you as you request, Gorgon, with a kiss. Now, free me from this pit!

MEDUSA
You don't imagine for a moment that I believe you, do you? Don't be ridiculous!

(Laughs uproariously and counts up to three, very rapidly. From many caves and ravines emerge the Warrior Wolves, howling. They are bearded, hairy, with long ears, single eyebrows, golden brown eyes and they wear brightly-coloured uniforms. They are also exquisitely deadly.)

These are my faithful hounds. The soldiers of Petropolis. Fierce lovers, always up for action, with their hot and lustful tongues. Wolves in battle, animals in bed. They never fail. They love their victims in a frenzy and then kill them at the height of passion, devouring them with their kisses. *(Laughs)* You said that you know nothing of love, my dear John. Then prepare to experience its most unbearable torments. *(To the wolves, wearily)* Wolves, love him to death!

(The wolves surround John in strangely beautiful mating rituals. They approach him and begin to make advances towards him. They stroke him, wink at him, blow kisses and whisper indecent suggestions into his ears. Some of the more daring wolves begin to remove items of his clothing, passionately rather than violently. Others fight with each other for the right to have John all to themselves. One of them, the wolf Loveless, the most enamoured of him, gives him a rose and kisses him gently, another licks his

neck and arms and strokes his hair, others seek out his manhood and reach sudden climaxes at the mere thought of possessing his body. Gnashing of teeth, glances of complicity and possessiveness. Two warrior wolves fight over this new beloved. A third, more resolutely, begins to bite John's lips...the blood excites the wild creatures. John howls and from all the wolves chooses Loveless who, defiantly, emerges from the pack to free him from his rocky prison and, resolutely, embraces him from behind, licking his neck. The others imitate them, mockingly, obscenely. John, proudly and defiantly, turns and moves to kiss Loveless, but the wolf teasingly prevents him by placing the rose between their mouths. The wolf opens its golden eyes the better to see him, to adore him. !What hunger for a man he feels in his belly!)

MOON

(Shivering) The wolves howl because their hearts are broken and because they know that I am watching over them. But this is not love, Gorgon. This is simply lust. If they devour John, how will he be able to surrender you his love?

MEDUSA

(With an evil glance) You know there is no love for the Gorgon. I am ugly, yes and perhaps ridiculous as well. Say nothing more to me.

Some winged dolphins pass by, somersaulting happily like water sprites. They are followed by sea horses and a few sponges and fishes....All pause to admire the procession. John gazes in wonder at it all while Loveless takes his hand and sniffs it, showing his teeth.

MEDUSA

(Surprised by this unexpected marine procession) What now? Where is all this coming from?

The boulder which was resting on top of Dawn begins to shudder. Medusa sets her free.

DAWN

Fresh air at last!
Do you not feel the wind?
It blows across the earth
right to the centre of the world.
It is the ocean which pours out
from that far ancient realm of ice.
And gradually it covers all Petropolis
See it approaching, look, it comes.
Far out to sea.
Across the land.

MOON

Look, Gorgon, as well as a city, it seems you are going to have a port.

MEDUSA

The sea? Here? *(She preens herself, coquettishly)* My former beloved, Poseidon! After so many millions of years! And right when I don't want to see him.....

DAWN

The Sun, from lack of purpose,
and in senseless haste
weary of such heat
the polar icecap has destroyed
And to the god Poseidon
has surrendered all your realm.

MEDUSA

Tell him that I don't wish to see him, that I plan to build myself a tower!

JOHN

(Bewitched by the werewolf)

Where were you before, Loveless my wolf, that I cannot recall you?

LOVELESS

(Also bewitched)

I was within you, waiting for this chance encounter.

A huge number of streams appear throughout the woods and slowly flood over everything. The wolves only just manage to escape. John and Loveless, through their reluctance to part, become trapped above one of the rivulets and are trying not to fall in.

MOON

He is already here to make you pay for what you dared to do! Now do you see what you have brought about, Gorgon, with your threats?

MEDUSA

Let him come! I care nothing for him now. He will be the fourth one that I kill.
(Laughs)

MOON

Set me free, Medusa! Or all of us will drown!

MEDUSA

(Still laughing)

Go ahead then, Moon. Do your duty! Control this untimely tide, while I construct some drainage for the city! Order! I need some order! *(Leaping across the pools)*

(The Moon rises and begins to revolve on her axis, taking up her accustomed position in space and controlling the tides. The sea recedes. The wind drops and the torrents of water disappear. John and the Wolf are trapped in a whirlpool and are sucked down towards the centre of the Earth.)

DAWN

John! John! Bid hope farewell!

MEDUSA

Leave the pathetic creature! Go directly and take this warning to the Sun! Awaken him and tell him I demand he get as far away as possible from my realm. Do it now!

DAWN

(Trembling) But...if I even come close to the Sun... I will die.

MEDUSA

Then let Dawn break and die at the same time! Didn't you just offer me a little while ago your life in exchange for that of the Moon? Well, I accept! Now on your way! *(Dawn obeys, terrified)* God, it's such a chore, this government! And let's just do away with Parliament right now! Let all my empire now turn into stone and everything wither up once and for all. I have no need of Sun, or Moon, or Dawn, nor of this sea that merely stirs up all my bitterest memories.

Be done with hope! No one will hold me back, not for one moment! Over these swamps I will raise up my great city of Petropolis and when the final one of its towers has been constructed then, and only then, will this madness end and everything vanish. And in the silence of that lifeless earth, in the forgetful nothingness then, and not before, will I pronounce my final will and testament and prepare to die... *(Weeps)* And die alone - hideous, old and alone. Without love's kiss...*(Enigmatically, looking towards the hole into which John and Loveless vanished)*... or possibly not... *(She sighs, tearing at her breast)* Oh, John, you lovely boy!....

Medusa hides herself in shadows, between laughter and tears. And as the shadows fall on her so do they on the woods, on life itself, on sky and sea. Everything is turning into basalt and coal, finally bringing about the Theatre of completely black, also invented by the author in order not to hold up the drama but to bring about a sort of intermission.

Stygian darkness and groans. John and the wolf Loveless are covered by a black sea of bones and debris. All is dramatically black...

(CONTINUE...)

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