

## APOLLO

BEHOLD... I am a divine deity. God of the sun, reason, prophesy, music, the arts, et cetera, et cetera. Worshipped and idolized and *feared*, let's not forget *feared*, for thousands and thousands and *thousands* of years. Here's a little fact. At just four days old, I saved my mother by slaying the dragon at Delphi with my trusty bow and arrow. *Four days old*. Imagine. Ever since then, I have been the patron of Delphi, orchestrating prophecies--

## APOLLO

You can't tell me that every single vision you have is full of destruction, depravity and death. Really? No joy? Well then. I think the problem is you.

Because there IS joy and laughter and pleasure in life. Even moments of bliss that are so pure you think to yourself, "I will never feel pain again." Surely *I* can't be held accountable for your predisposition to always see the negative side, and obviously, this is tainting all of your visions. So how about you try to see the positives instead of just the doom? Like a wedding or the birth of a child. When was the last time you smiled?

## DOCTOR SMITH

Clementine. When I think of that day Arthur dragged you here two years ago, I'm still overcome with a cold feeling. Him, a deplorable man completely unfeeling about the death of his new born child, paying me, a widower with no children, to end your ability to ever give birth again. I remember thinking, "This world is a cruel and utterly absurd place." But you. So wholesome and clean. *You* were able to show me beauty again--

Clementine, he is a monster. And you, *you* are about to intentionally ruin an innocent woman's life. There has to be another way.

## APOLLO

(wags his finger at her)

I'm on to you, Cassandra. This isn't coming from some deep ethical place. This is a tactic. You just want people to believe what you tell them because only idiots and skeptics don't believe their doctors--HA! HA! HA!

(Apollo laughs in a delirious manner and then crashes onto the bench, exhausted. He plunks his lyre then lets out a long sigh.)

I got Medea. Antigone looks like she's on the fence about her suicide, but she'll wind up in jail after a protest, and then she'll off herself to make some sort of a "statement." You'll see. I'll get her, too.

And just because Clytemnestra didn't kill her husband or you today, doesn't mean she won't kill you both later. By the way, I saw you could have *maybe* convinced Clytemnestra at the end, but you chose not to. Why?

(shakes his head)

All of this "work" you did. All this "trying to be more powerful than a god and man." And for what? You're still cursed and crazy, and you haven't had one second of fun. I told you. It's useless to try to run away from fate, Cassandra. Because in the end, fate always wins.

Cassandra. Darling. I would like you to come with me and live on my palatial estate on Mount Olympus. We'll be pampered by nymphs as we feast on ambrosia. We'll frolic in fields of poppies as we are serenaded by my muses. We'll watch the world go by as I adore you and you worship me. And we will have plenty of sex. What do we need with these mortals and their life of science and progress? The answer? We don't. Because we'll have each other. I will be so good to you, that in time, I'll willingly remove my curse, and you will never want to leave me.