

MEMBERS ONLY

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MEMBERS ONLY
by D.L. Siegel

4W, 1M

Cove (W) – Smart as a whip, hugely creative spirit. Late 20s, early 30s.

Cassandra (W) – the Prophetess. Any age.

Medusa – (W) Everyone’s Favorite Gorgon. Any age.

Io – (W) A cow. Any age.

Louis – (M) A poet, a grad student, a barista. Late 20s, early 30s.

Time and place:

New York City, now

Casting note:

This is a play about an issue that affects all women of all colors, creeds, sizes and ages. As such, all efforts should be made to cast this play in the most diverse way possible.

Synopsis:

On the verge of a breakthrough, Cove is welcomed into an ancient circle she never knew existed. But the bonds of sisterhood are only as strong as we make them, and every club has its rules.

Through satire and the lens of our collective understanding of women’s place in mythology, this play takes an alternately comedic then tragic look at ‘sisterhood’ and the way women both support and deny each other’s experiences. In the shadow of the #metoo movement, what if you aren’t the perfect victim? What if your personal tragedy isn’t considered enough?

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[Cove and Louis walk into the space wearing light jackets and scarves, holding hands. Louis wears all of his feelings on his face. Cove is trying to maintain a neutral expression but Louis takes a good look at her, laughs.]

LOUIS

Oh my God, you hated it!

COVE

I didn't *hate* it.

LOUIS

Come on.

COVE

Ok, fine, I hated it. It was so pretentious! Open mics in general are just—

LOUIS

You didn't think Sammy's poem was brave?

COVE

It was about her cat.

LOUIS

It was about isolation.

COVE

Ok. I know she's your friend—

LOUIS

Sammy's in my program, we're not friends.

COVE

Sure. Whatever. "Kitty de Lune" has her own Instagram and a little couch with her name on it and more dresses than I do.

We all get Sammy's issues—

LOUIS

Feelings.

COVE

Sammy's FEELINGS about her cat.

So I just think...if you're gonna do that, if you're gonna get up in front of a crowd of your peers and open your mouth, something has to be at risk. Otherwise, no. It's not brave.

LOUIS

Big words coming from a software engineer.

COVE

Hey, don't get defensive! I'm not talking about you and your work.

LOUIS

Mmhmm, Ok.

COVE

Stop. You're brave all the time and you're a beautiful writer. I think you could write about anything and I'd be into it.

Even cats! I'd love the shit out of your cat poems.

LOUIS

...you would?

COVE

Yep.

LOUIS

(In a gravely 'poet' voice)

Four fuzzy paws...struggling for higher ground...

COVE

Ok—

LOUIS

(same poet voice)

Meow when you land, baby. Meow.

COVE

All right, let's not test the theory right now.

[He kisses her and Cove giggles, leaning into him. After a moment:]

You kiss me like you're drowning. Like I'm air.

LOUIS

Let me breathe again.

[They kiss again. Passionate.]

COVE

It's late, I should...

LOUIS

Shhhhhh No no no don't do that.

COVE

Do what?

LOUIS

Make up excuses for why you can't stay over.

COVE

I'm on call this week and I have a bunch of tickets to get through anyway.

LOUIS

You're gonna do it now? Like, right now?

COVE

...I don't have any pajamas, or like anything to sleep in.

LOUIS

(attempting 'seductive')

Will you need them?

[She takes a step back that's more of a stumble.]

Hey, we don't even...Cove, we don't have to *do* anything. I mean, I'd like to but—

COVE

(more firmly)

I just like having my own bed, my own stuff.

LOUIS

Right. Ok.

[There are hundreds of questions he wants to ask her but instead he says:]

So, meet me tomorrow?

COVE

Where?

LOUIS

Anywhere. Meet me so we forget and remember. Meet me and let me change the color of your eyes.

COVE

Is that from a poem?

LOUIS

It will be now!

COVE

...Ok.

[Louis kisses her hair and walks off, scribbling in his notebook. Cove stands alone, her body vibrating. She talks to herself now.]

COVE

Change the color of my eyes. Louis, I— *(clears her throat)*

Out loud this feels...too big. Too early. But you're gonna make me say it, so I'm saying it. I have to say something.

[Noisemakers sound. Confetti, balloons, maybe just one big balloon. The women rush in, elated. Medusa, Io, and Cassandra. There are small indicators of their worlds and their personas. Io's a

cow, truly a cow. Medusa has snakes in her hair, Cassandra wears glasses so thick she can probably predict the future....because that's her thing. They speak over each other.]

MEDUSA, IO, CASSANDRA
(*in unison*)

CONGRATULATIONS!

CASSANDRA

Words are important. To name things—

COVE

What?

IO

We hear you. We heard you.

COVE

Um.

MEDUSA

Welcome to the club!

COVE

What the--?

CASSANDRA

How do you feel?

IO

You look great. You look strong.

COVE

Thanks?

MEDUSA
(*grabbing Cove by the shoulders*)

We're so proud of you!

COVE

Who are you?

IO

Oh! Of course. I'm Io.

COVE

Sure.

IO

And this is Medusa.

MEDUSA

Hi!

CASSANDRA

Cassandra.

COVE

What *is* this?

[A collective breath. Medusa and Cassandra nod to Io. She always leads this part.]

IO

It's all about the R word.

COVE

The what?

IO

The R word - Rape. "The R word." It's what you were trying to figure out, right? How to talk about it.

[Cove reacts as if slapped.]

CASSANDRA

We are summoned by revelation.

COVE

Oh. *Oh.*

IO

Now don't get all self-conscious.

MEDUSA

You were raped, and that sucks.

CASSANDRA

It sucks a lot.

IO

And finally talking about it—

CASSANDRA

That'll suck more at first.

MEDUSA

But now you get to be in the club. Yay!

COVE

There's a club?

MEDUSA

Oh yeah. It's really big, we're just the ambassadors.

IO

The world's oldest sorority.

COVE

I don't want to make a big deal of this. I'm not an activist or a...is that ok?

CASSANDRA

Listen, you can do whatever you want. You can carry a mattress around, you can free Kesha Rose, you can use some hashtags, it's up to you. But you're not alone.

COVE

I know, I know the statistics. One in five or something—

CASSANDRA

One in five report it. Did you report it?

COVE

...No.

CASSANDRA

Right.

MEDUSA

We have a lot of events!

IO

Members only.

COVE

Cool, ok. What do you do at events?

MEDUSA

Lots of stuff! We do crafts sometimes.

COVE

I like crafts!

CASSANDRA

Or we just talk.

MEDUSA

Or we drink.

IO

Or see movies!

MEDUSA

Or drink.

[Cove sizes up Medusa.]

COVE

So you're... *Medusa*. Like, *that* Medusa.

MEDUSA

Mmhmm. Don't worry, you can look at me. It's cool.

COVE

Why don't I remember that part of your story?

MEDUSA

Because you probably just learned the Perseus stuff. My being raped by a literal God in a temple and then turned into a monster doesn't feel like a satisfying allegory to most people.

COVE

(to Io)

Huh. And Io, you're a...

IO

A cow?

COVE

A cow, yeah. Zeus, right?

[Io nods and paws at the air as if swatting a fly from her ear.]

IO

The milking's not great, but I enjoy the quiet. And I was a vegetarian anyway.

COVE

(to Cassandra)

And your prophecies, how awful!

IO

(solemn moo)

CASSANDRA

Nuh-uh, everyone gets that whole thing wrong. You think it's fun knowing all the bad shit that's gonna happen to people? I don't miss everyone coming to me to find out if they're gonna die.

COVE

But it was your gift.

CASSANDRA

Yeah, and now it's a cool party trick! Prophecies aren't upsetting if people don't believe them, they're like newspaper horoscopes. It's not just about what you lose, Cove.

COVE

So you're all...why are you all Greek?

IO

You were a Classics major, you have an obscure Latin phrase tattooed on your ribcage...we figured we might resonate better as ambassadors for you.

COVE

Sure.

CASSANDRA

Anyway, ask.

COVE

Ask what?

CASSANDRA

Big question mark on your face. I could ask for you but that's showing off.

MEDUSA

We're here for you.

[They all smile at Cove, expectantly.]

COVE

Ok.

Ok. How do you...how do you *do* anything with a guy after...*[she gestures, looks to Io]*

IO

Because I'm a cow? It's the same mechanics.

COVE

No! No, because of what's happened to you. All of you.

MEDUSA

It's not a death sentence.

COVE

So you're all...active?

MEDUSA

Do we still have sex?

COVE

Yeah.

MEDUSA

Absolutely, I have a great therapist.

CASSANDRA

I don't...indulge. The combination of flashbacks and flashforwards, it's a lot.

COVE

Oh.

IO

I don't have as many options these days...but I feel pretty hopeful! Body positivity is on the rise and—

MEDUSA

Has there been anyone since...?

COVE

I tried, and it was awful, so I didn't try again.

CASSANDRA

But now...

COVE

Now, there's...there's this...

MEDUSA

Ooooooh what's his name?

COVE

It doesn't matter.

CASSANDRA

Yes it does. It's important to say things. To name things. To put words to feelings.

COVE

I've...I'm sorry this is a little...this is hard. I've gotten really used to not sharing.

IO

Which is why there's us! So...

[Cove looks to each of them, relief and excitement and fear blending into one sound:]

COVE

Louis.

[The ladies gather in close.]

MEDUSA

Say it again.

COVE

(with the reverence of a prayer)

Louis.

[Louis appears in the space, a charming and too-cool-for-it-to-be-unintentional New York artist type.]

COVE

He's in grad school for poetry. He wants to be a professor and publish an anthology, but he works as a barista to pay his rent. One day he started putting little hearts in my lattes. He asked me out 3 times and I just kept turning him down.

MEDUSA

Why?

COVE

Because he uses foreign phrases that don't quite mean what he thinks they mean. Because he goes to open mic nights for fun and he's already named all his future dogs. Because he's sweet and sincere and he'll see right through me.

IO

So what changed?

COVE

(walking to Louis)

I saw him out at a bar one night and he was...dancing.

[Music plays and he starts dancing...and it is the worst. The absolute worst. There has quite possibly never been a worse dancer.]

Sort of. I guess it was dancing. No rhythm, no shame. It made me laugh. I don't laugh a lot.

IO

So you've been dating.

COVE

Like, barely.

LOUIS

6 dinner dates, 4 lunches, 3 open mic nights, oh! And that one time we met in the park and ate skittles—

COVE

(laughing)

I don't count that.

LOUIS

I do.

MEDUSA

And that whole time, you haven't—

COVE

We get close...

LOUIS

You're so beautiful.

[The sound of an egg timer being set and ticking. Cove and Louis sway slightly like a dance, he's much less awkward with a partner. He gets too sensual with her and the timer goes off with a buzz. He mutters an apology and they keep swaying as the timer ticks by again. They kiss, he touches her face, her neck, her arm. He grips her arm just a little too hard and the buzzer goes off. He mutters an apology and they start again. They sway closer and closer together, and the physical intimacy between them escalates until Louis threads his fingers through her hair and pulls her head back just far enough for her breath to catch. This time an alarm goes off and the lights flash. Louis steps quickly away from her and throws his hands up in the air like a criminal surrendering. The alarm and lights stop.]

COVE

But the distance between where I'm comfortable and where I'm scared is too short.

IO

You like him?

COVE

Yeah. It's new and fragile and if I don't say anything, he'll just think I'm not into him and he'll walk away.

MEDUSA

You don't owe him an explanation.

COVE

When a person touches you not knowing that you're scarred and shredded and your stitches won't hold... and you bleed out at his feet...that deserves an explanation.

IO

You don't talk like someone who works in tech.

COVE

I used to be something else.

It's not fair. Louis is the sweetest guy and it's not fair to him.

CASSANDRA

It's not fair to *you* either.

MEDUSA

What do your girlfriends tell you?

COVE

We don't talk about this.

MEDUSA

You don't talk about sex with them?

COVE

They talk, I'm...there.

CASSANDRA

What does that mean.

COVE

Say we're out at a bar.

[Cassandra nods to Medusa and Io who flank Cove as her 'friends.' Io and Medusa let a long 'woooooo' of excitement and mime clinking their glasses together. Cove feigns excitement and sips at her pantomimed drink. The girls have been drinking but are not drunk.]

COVE

What they're probably saying...

IO

Oh my God, remind me again why I went to med school?

MEDUSA

Because you want to be a doctor and save old people?

IO

I want to save old people. I WANT TO SAVE OLD PEOPLE!

MEDUSA

Yes.

IO

But I'm gonna fail out.

COVE

Stop that, you've never failed a class in your whole life.

IO

I'm gonna ask Alex to tutor me.

MEDUSA

The neck beard from happy hour?

IO

He's at the top of the curve.

MEDUSA

No.

IO

Why not?

MEDUSA

Because you like him.

IO

I do not!

MEDUSA

Could you be alone with him in a room and not think about him naked?

IO

Yes! No. He's the only unmarried guy in my lab section.

MEDUSA

You wanna go shopping this weekend? I need new underwear.

IO

Ugh I do too. I need new panties.

MEDUSA

Paaaanties.

IO

(in a zombie voice)

Paaaaanties.

COVE

You do not need more underwear! You just need to do your laundry.

MEDUSA

Cooper's back from Chicago on Saturday, so...

IO

Fine, I'm in. Cove, you wanna come shopping?

COVE

Yeah, sure, I...need socks.

[Medusa and Io look at each other and laugh.]

What's so funny?

MEDUSA

You're so cute!

IO

Sooooo cute.

[Cove rolls her eyes dramatically.]

MEDUSA

Aww, don't get your granny panties in a wad.

IO

Paaaaaaaanties.

MEDUSA

Please let me help you, we'll pick out something pretty.

COVE

I don't need—

IO

Everyone needs fuckable things.

MEDUSA

(offering a toast)

To fuckable things!

COVE

(to Cassandra)

And then there's how it feels.

[DRUNK. They are now drunk.]

IO

Med school turns me on.

MEDUSA

Oooh more, tell me more.

IO

Put a scalpel in my hand and let me cut through the muscle—

MEDUSA

And fat, and bone—

IO

To the heart.

MEDUSA

Pulsing.

IO

Throbbing. Give me a man to cut open and I'll swallow his pulse.

MEDUSA

Medicine. Is. Awesome.

IO

There's this guy in my class. He smells like sky and salt.

MEDUSA

Fuck him!

IO

Ok!

MEDUSA

Fuck him a lot! In the middle of the day with the blinds open and your neighbors watching. Sweat streaking across the headboard.

IO

Cove, favorite position. Favorite sexual position.

COVE

Huh?

[Medusa slaps Cove's ass and giggles. Cove recoils.]

Hey!

MEDUSA

You were made to be worshipped and fucked and sweaty and hungry. Just look at yourself.

COVE

I...

MEDUSA

How do you like it, Cove? What makes you feel good.

COVE

I...I don't know.

MEDUSA AND IO
(in unison)

Prude.

[Medusa and Io share a laugh at Cove's expense before returning to themselves.]

COVE

My social life is a middle school slumber party. But with more alcohol. I can be sexy and confident or I'm invisible. There isn't room for anything else.

CASSANDRA

Madonna/whore. Lame.

MEDUSA

Men feel that burden too.

COVE

Oh come on.

MEDUSA

It doesn't justify the rest, and they don't get the Madonna/whore thing but I think sometimes guys have to be like either super machismo or people call them gay or—

COVE

Are you mansplaining me? The President of the Rape Victims Club?

CASSANDRA, IO AND MEDUSA
(in unison)

Survivors.

CASSANDRA

Not victims.

IO

And Medusa's Treasurer.

COVE

Sorry.

MEDUSA

I'm just saying there are a lot of mixed messages. Men are raised by women, so you'd think that we'd all teach them to have a certain—

CASSANDRA

Sensitivity.

MEDUSA

Yeah. But we don't. So they don't.

CASSANDRA

"Be a man."

IO

"Crying's for girls."

CASSANDRA

"Don't be a pussy."

MEDUSA

They don't learn to feel the way we do.

[Louis enters as the young child version of himself. He sits, 7 years old. Medusa tags Cassandra in.]

COVE

He looks so...what did you do to him?

[She makes a move towards him but Medusa stops her.]

MEDUSA

Just a memory. For demonstration purposes.

[7 year old Louis breaks down, his face in his hands. Cassandra brushes Louis' hair out of his face, like his mother would.]

CASSANDRA
You were crying at school again?

LOUIS
(through sobs)
Yes, mom.

CASSANDRA
Why.

LOUIS
I felt sad. I was sad.

CASSANDRA
Stop that.

COVE
How old is he here?

IO
Seven.

LOUIS
Don't boys *(corrects himself)* don't men cry?

CASSANDRA
Did you fail a test?

LOUIS
No.

CASSANDRA
Did you lose your job?

LOUIS
What?

CASSANDRA
Is your back breaking under the weight of your worldly responsibilities?

LOUIS
...no?

CASSANDRA
Then face the world like a man.

LOUIS

I'm trying!

CASSANDRA

Try harder. If you're always this sensitive people are gonna think you're 'special'. These 'feminists'...they want to make you the same as women. Less than. They want you to be weak. To always say 'yes, ma'am' and 'of course, Miss' and 'may I, sweetheart.' Do you know where you come from?

LOUIS

I...

CASSANDRA

Do you? You're descended from warriors. The Vikings, the samurai, the Spartans. Women are...clouds, silk, beautiful but soft. You're oak. Sturdy. Do oaks cry?

LOUIS

I don't know, I don't know trees. *[She slaps him, hard.]* Ow! Why did you do that?

CASSANDRA

Grow up.

[Cassandra moves away from Louis. He squares his shoulders and is no longer a child. His eyes lock with Cove's.]

COVE

Why were you crying? Really.

LOUIS

We finished Charlotte's Web at story time.

COVE

I love that book!

LOUIS

I hate it.

COVE

(a real question)

Why?

LOUIS

I hate that she dies.

COVE

Well right, you're supposed to. If your parents don't get you a goldfish to help you understand death, they just read you Charlotte's Web.

LOUIS

That's terrible!

COVE

That's how it works.

LOUIS

But I loved spiders as a kid. No, forget that. I love spiders, present tense. Their webs...spiders are Mother Nature's most incredible artist and we kill them if they get in our way.

[Louis retreats from the space again. Cove watches him for only a moment before:]

COVE

So what happens now, how do I do this? How do I tell him?

MEDUSA

You have to be honest.

COVE

He'll ask questions.

CASSANDRA

And you'll answer them the best you can.

MEDUSA

He might not ask you much—

IO

But he might ask you everything, so you have to be prepared. You'll be tried like the rest of us.

MEDUSA

The court of public opinion.

[The sound of flashbulbs. Cassandra acts as prosecutor, Medusa as defense attorney, Io as judge. Cove is on the witness stand.]

CASSANDRA

Do you solemnly swear—

COVE

Yes.

CASSANDRA

To tell the truth, the whole truth—

MEDUSA

Even if it's ugly, even if it's unflattering—

COVE

Yes.

CASSANDRA

And nothing but the truth—

I swear.

COVE

Start from the beginning. When did it happen?

MEDUSA

It was, like, five years ago.

COVE

Speak into the mic.

MEDUSA

Ok (*louder*) This was five years ago.

COVE

Did you know the perpetrator—

MEDUSA

Objection!

CASSANDRA

Excuse me, alleged perpetrator. Did you know him?

MEDUSA

Yes, he was my old boss at the gallery. I used to draw.

COVE

Were you dating?

MEDUSA

No.

COVE

Were you attracted to him?

CASSANDRA

Maybe, but—

COVE

You're supposed to let me ask my stuff and then you cross—

MEDUSA

Sorry.

CASSANDRA

COVE

He was older. Not, like, creepy older, but...he had a person. And I had a person. Anyway, he moved back to Austin like 2 months after I quit so...that was that.

MEDUSA

How did you see him again?

COVE

He still paints. Kind of...amateur-ish. But he knows people. He was back in town for a few days to show some new stuff, so I went. There was this painting called Cove #4. It had a unicorn in it - it was weird but kinda beautiful. I didn't see the other 3.

CASSANDRA

Were you drinking? *(to MEDUSA)* I'm sorry, it's my turn now.

COVE

It was a gallery opening, there was free wine.

CASSANDRA

How many drinks did you have?

COVE

I don't know, we went to a bar after. Couple bars, we had a lot of catching up to do.

CASSANDRA

What were you wearing?

MEDUSA

(to Cassandra)

Really?

CASSANDRA

(to Medusa)

You know they all have to answer it.

COVE

A tank top, skirt, crappy ballet flats. It was summer.

MEDUSA

So what happened?

[Cove gives in to the romance of the memory. This part she's told before, and it still feels sweet and nostalgic.]

COVE

Erik said we were going to BAM. After the last bar, he just kept saying it over and over. I thought we were breaking in or maybe he knew a guy, I don't know...I forgot he was staying with this couple we both know in Fort Greene - he's saying 'BAM' for the cab driver 'cause it's the closest landmark. It's past 3 at this point and I'm falling asleep, but he keeps telling me jokes. These stupid jokes. He has this one about a muffin. He used to tell it all the time and it started with:

MEDUSA and CASSANDRA

So there's this muffin.

COVE

I can't remember if it was actually funny but I always laughed. And I'm laughing in the cab when he kisses me.

CASSANDRA

Where.

COVE

On my cheek and then.

MEDUSA

Closer.

COVE

Just close enough that if I turned the tiniest bit...I ask him what he's doing, he's married, I think I ask him a couple times. And then he leans in or I lean in and he kisses me for real and I am very aware of the driver, of the scrape of Erik's beard. He needs to shave. *(She laughs, self-conscious.)* I've never told this story all the way through before! Um.

CASSANDRA

Keep going.

MEDUSA

The scrape of his beard.

MEDUSA

Keep going.

COVE

I can't remember how we got to the apartment, I don't know how many floors we climbed...but there we are, falling onto a pullout couch that doesn't belong to either of us. I hear Chris and his wife say goodnight in the other room and now I know I have to stay quiet because they'll hear everything.

[Medusa, Cassandra and Io share a prolonged 'shhhhhhhh' as Cove's eyes adjusted to the dark of this new space she's in.]

COVE (cont'd)

I didn't know Erik had that tattoo on his bicep. Tribal, like 90s tribal. He flexes and the ink coils like wire.

He leans hard on my hair and I'm trapped - the wire will cut me if I move.

I can't find anything in the dark. My clothes, my voice. Nothing. When did he take his pants off? He whispers to me that I was always the most beautiful woman in the room, in any room. And then we're - *Oh*. Oh, I gasp and he kisses me, burying the sound. He thinks he's being romantic, he think it's good, but it's not. It's not.

We shouldn't, I say. *We shouldn't. Not like this.* But he's so blurry and he's not listening so I'm blurry too.

After, he puts me in another cab and goes to the airport and for the next 6 months I sketch versions of his face and his hands and his tattoo on everything I own.

[Io, Medusa and Cassandra take a moment to reflect before.]

MEDUSA

So...he was holding you down. By your hair.

COVE

Kind of? Uh. Kind of...not really.

MEDUSA

You tried to move.

COVE

I was so tired.

CASSANDRA

You passed out?

COVE

No.

MEDUSA

Did he hit you or threaten you—

COVE

It wasn't like that.

CASSANDRA

Did you *say* no? The word no?

[A breath. Cove is confused by the question.]

MEDUSA

Objection, she obviously—

IO

Overruled. Answer the question.

[Cove straightens her shoulders, look at each of them in turn.]

COVE

It's fuzzy.

CASSANDRA

But did you say it? Did you tell him 'no' or 'don't' or 'stop.'

COVE

I...I was shaking so hard –

MEDUSA

What did you say? During, after...what did you say to him.

COVE

I...I said his name. Over and over until it lost all meaning. A plea, a prayer.

MEDUSA

But you didn't say—

COVE

I was scared, I was surprised...I don't remember.

CASSANDRA

You were drinking.

COVE

I didn't want to do that with him!

CASSANDRA

But were you clear? Did you clearly, explicitly tell him—

COVE

I never said YES! How 'bout that? I never said 'yes.' I never said please, I want to, more. I didn't say *yes*.

He was my friend, a mentor. I had loved him for years as something else and all of a sudden he was—

IO

That's not rape.

[A dangerous pause.]

COVE

What?

IO

You weren't raped.

COVE

How dare you.

IO

Really? *(she gestures to her horns, her bell, whatever cow affectation she's wearing)* How dare I. You had a bad time. He had no finesse, but— That's not rape.

CASSANDRA

They're not mind-readers. Men, they're not mind-readers.

COVE

I didn't want—

IO

Do you have any idea, any real idea of what was done to us?

COVE

You don't have to—

CASSANDRA

A spoil of war.

MEDUSA

A plaything of the Gods.

IO

I was stalked, I was harassed, I was reminded over and over again no matter how hard I fought the choice wasn't mine. Because Zeus was stronger and faster and smarter. 'You dumb cow,' he said. 'You're mine, you dumb cow.'

But I still kicked and screamed until I had horns and a tail and the only sound I could make was a wailing moo.

You were silenced by a lame tattoo and a painting with your name on it. You made yourself a martyr and you wasted our time.

COVE

That night cracked me in half—

IO

But it wasn't rape.

[All three move to leave. Cove's phone pings, a text message. Medusa's face softens towards her.]

MEDUSA

It's Louis? *[Cove nods, stricken.]* Don't be so sad, this is a good thing! No one wants to be in this club.

CASSANDRA

You don't need us.

COVE

So...that's it?

MEDUSA

You're one of the lucky ones.

COVE

I don't feel lucky.

IO

(not to be messed with)

But you are.

[The women leave Cove alone onstage. She looks like a ghost and starts slowly peeling off her layers of clothing. Louis comes up behind her, kissing her neck. He turns her to face him and his faces changes when he sees hers.]

LOUIS

Cove, what's wrong?

[Cove shakes her head, not trusting herself to speak. She kisses Louis but he pulls back because she is shaking.]

COVE

I'm fine.

LOUIS

You are not fine.

[He tips her chin up to make her look at him.]

COVE

We don't have to stop.

LOUIS

Yes we do. What is it?

[Cove breathes heavily into the space, her eyes searching everywhere.]

COVE

I...I don't have the words.

END OF PLAY