

AMORI: Why would you stab apes? That's so dramatic. Didn't they have guns?

ZISKA: (*Shrugging*) Why does anyone do anything?

(*Again, they laugh*)

AMORI: I will go for the neck. When I strike, you will be facing me. Like a warrior. I will not attack you from behind.

ZISKA: Like an ape.

AMORI: (*Giggling*) Stop! I need to be serious right now.

ZISKA: I would be happy to know that I died laughing.

(*A pause. They face one another. Amori holds the knife up to Ziska's throat, aiming. It looks as though she might strike when she stops*)

AMORI: Give me a quest.

(*Off Ziska's look*)

AMORI: Give me...something to fulfill before my life is over. Give me something to atone--

ZISKA: You don't need to atone for this--

AMORI: For my own piece of mind, give me a quest.

(*Ziska thinks*)

ZISKA: When you get off this boat, go to the first man you see and kiss him.

(*Amori laughs*)

AMORI: Why would I do that?

ZISKA: Because you are a beautiful woman with a beautiful heart and deserve to grow old alongside a good man.

AMORI: Is that all there is to life?

ZISKA: No. But it's a good way to go. Curled up by the fire with your beloved husband by your side. Six children.

AMORI: Six?

ZISKA: Six!

*(The two women laugh)*

ZISKA: If you find a good man, promise me that you'll kiss him.

AMORI: I don't like that quest. That's a horrible quest. *(Fighting back tears)* This isn't fair

ZISKA: I know, but

AMORI: I know! I know what I must do, and I will do it. Just...allow me this moment to cry. Allow me a moment to mourn you. To mourn my innocence. To mourn life...how life looks from this side of things. Awful, yes. Starving, yes. But at least right now, I am no murderer

ZISKA: You're not a-

AMORI: Let me have this! Let me have this moment of self-pity! *(She cries)* I will do it. I will do it. But I will also mourn. You will die, but I die, too. A part of me changes now as I strike you with this knife. I must forever live with my actions. Allow me to wallow for a bit longer in this moment...in a time known as "before the murder". My father said I was too soft so I have tried to be hard and rugged. Allow me this time to be soft. To be truly soft. *(She wails and cries)* There's nothing for it. This is how I feel. No pretense. No facades. I will not hold back my words or hold back.