

Scene End. Edward and Lillian sit back to back near the edge of the stage, close to the "bars" of their respective cells, hands folded.

W: You know.

M: I know?

W: That they'll be coming soon.

M: Oh. [pause] I know.

W: Are you ready?

M: Ready for what?

W: ... Edward?

M: ... No.

W: No?

M: No.

[beat]

W: Edward.

M: Yes?

W: Can I...

M: Yes?

[pause]

W: Hold out your hand.

M: Where?

W: In front. The bars. Right corner.

[He extends his arm sideways as Lillian does the same. They mirror each other until the elbow, where Edward's hand curves away from Lillian's.]

M: I don't understand.

W: Nothing to. [While keeping her arm straight, she tries to grab where Edward's hand would normally be and finds nothing.] Did the bars cut them off?

M: What?

W: Your hands.

M: What?

W: It's a joke.

M: I don't get it.

W: Nothing to get. So did they?

M: No.

W: Then where...

M: [overlapping] Where are you?

M: I'm here...

W: I'm here...

[Beat. Edward can't find Lillian's hand.]

W: ... No.

M: Wait. I'll find you.

W: You're going the wrong way.

M: How can you tell? It's too dark to see.

W: You're insane. It's florescent.

M: Prison lighting?

W: Yes.

M: I don't believe you.

W: Why?

M: It's dark. I can't see a thing.

W: They took you.

M: Yes.

W: Into the cold. The room. The torturer.

M: Yes, we've been through this—

W: ... They cut out your eyes.

[beat]

M: I... I thought it was a dream.

W: It's all a dream.

[pause]

It's all real, too. A maze, a dichotomy of chaos, the springboard of the storm. But...

[she reaches her hand back and makes contact with Edward. Each of them turns their heads toward this touch. Lillian and Edward sit cheek-to-cheek, hands clasped.]

Don't worry, I've got you.

[beat. loud footsteps, approach. Edward and Lillian are still cheek-to-cheek.]

M: ... They'll kill you if they see you like this.

W: They killed me anyway. And blood doesn't scare me. [pause]