

PERCY.

A DIRECTION.

ANNABETH.

WE TRUST YOU.

GROVER.

A DIRECTION.

PERCY.

A DIRECTION?!

ANNABETH.

A DIRECTION!

WHATEVER YOU DECIDE.

PERCY.

WHATEVER I DECIDE?!

GROVER.

WHATEVER, DUDE, DECIDE!

PERCY. Uh, there. I have a good feeling about there.

*(AUNTY EM appears. She wears sunglasses and a Grey Gardens-style headscarf hiding her hair.)*

AUNTY EM.

CHILDREN! COME INSIDE!

*(Thunder!)*

PERCY. Hello, ma'am.

AUNTY EM. It's too late to be out all alone. Where are your parents?

[MUSIC 13: A VISIT WITH AUNTY EM]

GROVER. Trust me. If we told you...you wouldn't believe it.

PERCY. We're fine, ma'am, we're just...Camping.

AUNTY EM. In a storm like this? Poor dears! Aunty Em will find you a place to stay.

PERCY. She seems nice.

*(They follow her in. The CHORUS acts as statues.)*

Wow. Did you make all these statues yourself?

AUNTY EM. Everyone needs a hobby.

GROVER. That one looks like my Uncle Ferdinand.

ANNABETH. I have a weird feeling about this.

AUNTY EM. What did you say?

PERCY. She said, we really appreciate this.

AUNTY EM. It's no trouble at all. I've been ever so lonely. I had a boyfriend once. Sisters too. But a wicked woman ruined my life, and ever since then, no one seems to want to see me.

ANNABETH. *(Barely listening.)* Yeah, that's interesting. *(To the gang.)* We're leaving. Now.

*(AUNTY EM stiffens. There's something about ANNABETH that rubs her the wrong way.)*

AUNTY EM. Wait. *(A snake-like hissing from the CHORUS.)* Your eyes are quite unique, my dear.

ANNABETH. ...Really?

GROVER. *(Re: Uncle Ferdinand.)* Seriously. The detail work is amazing!

AUNTY EM. They remind me of somebody. Would you mind if I took your picture? I'd like to create a new statue.

ANNABETH. *(Flattered.)* Of me?

AUNTY EM. You deserve to be immortalized in stone forever.

PERCY. You know, maybe we should keep moving...

ANNABETH. It's just one picture, Percy.

*(The hissing grows louder.)*

GROVER. It's like you can see every individual strand of fur!

AUNTY EM. *(Re: PERCY.)* Why doesn't your friend get in too?

PERCY. Yeahhh, I don't think so...

AUNTY EM. Camera shy? A handsome young man like you?

PERCY. Well... I guess one picture can't hurt. Should I smile?

GROVER. *(Re: the statue.)* Interesting choice to have him screaming.

AUNTY EM. I think a natural reaction is best.

*(The hiss grows louder.)*

PERCY. Does anyone else hear a hissing sound?

GROVER. Yep, she really captured Uncle Ferdinand!

AUNTY EM. Who's ready for their close-up?

GROVER. Really...captured...

ANNABETH. Don't you need a camera?

AUNTY EM. Why use a camera...

GROVER. Percy! That IS Uncle Ferdinand!

AUNTY EM. ...*when you have a face like mine?*

ANNABETH. Close your eyes! Aunty M! For -

*(ANNABETH and PERCY close their eyes, just as AUNTY EM throws off her headscarf and sunglasses, revealing her hair is made of writhing snakes.)*

AUNTY EM. *Medussssa! And your mother and I are old nemesissss... Nemesessss... Nemissississss... We don't like each other.*

PERCY. Annabeth, run!

*(Eyes closed, PERCY swings his sword wildly. Of course, he misses. MEDUSA laughs.)*

MEDUSA. *Sssssuch a brave hero. Jusstt like your father.*

*But trusstt me, your quesssst ends here -*

CHORUS.

AHHH

*(PERCY's sword connects and MEDUSA's head falls off.)*

PERCY. What just happened?

*(ANNABETH cautiously opens her eyes.)*

ANNABETH. You can open your eyes. But don't look directly at her. She can still turn you to stone, even *after* you've chopped off her head.

PERCY. *(As he opens his eyes in horror.)* I chopped off her head??

ANNABETH. I should've known who she was sooner. My mom's gonna be so disappointed.

PERCY. It's not your fault.

ANNABETH. You're right. It's yours.

PERCY. What?

ANNABETH. You led us right to her!

PERCY. You told me to be decisive! Besides, you're the one she was after! She had some grudge against your mom. What was that about?

ANNABETH. *(Reluctant.)* Medusa used to be beautiful, until Athena... *(Small.)* turned her into a monster.