(Event 1) Opening:

Mariam: Birds by two do know their time to cleave to those that know their rhyme,

             And though light needs not divide,

             The darkness from its shadow hide.

Alexa: What means this poem, Lady Mariam?

Mariam: We are here together with our familiars, companions without which it is not customary to speak.

Alexa: Why is it so, Lady Mariam? The plot thickens!

Hart: So, humans are born for familiars. And familiars are born to create separation between boys and girls.

Mariam: Indeed, the children of each human must have a familiar in order to speak to their fellow human beings.

Hart: That’s right, you’re able to talk to us because your Goddess gives you that power over the Moon Harvest.

Mariam: We do not follow the rules because the Moon Goddess of the Harvest forbids us from speaking to men through unnatural means. The Goddess gives us all power, so why would we

be prohibited from doing what we do naturally? Which is to speak.

Alexa: I don’t g-e-t i-t. You tell me that the Goddess makes you strong, but we are all born to familiars. Isn’t that nature?

Mariam: We provide harvests for the people through our worship of the Goddess. Familiars exist to be free as we are, as would a bird, the light, or shadow. See, a familiar doesn’t need a familiar to speak.

Alexa: Why doesn’t the king punish you?

Mariam: Because the king follows the rule of the land, and the thought is that we help the people, even though we break the rules, so he is turning a blind eye as most people do.

Hart: Isn’t the peace of the realm something that rules protect?

Alexa: Silly, haven’t you listening to Lady Mariam? The Shrine Maidens and their Goddess protect the people!

Hart: But why aren’t you punished?

Mariam: That’s enough for today.

(Event 2) The Seer’s Arrival:

Seer: All of you, listen well for there is a story to be told. The nights are long but the darkness will be longer if the light does not divide the dark from its shadowy hide. Long have we obeyed the rules in vain. The world has turned against us and people who once inhabited this place, the Indigen, have come to reclaim their land.

Person A: What are... the Indigen?

Person B: The light and the dark?

Person C: Shhhh, let us listen!

Seer: If you do not find one who is a champion amongst you, in this town, the origin of calamity waiting to fly out to the world and descend with a dive for chaos, your world as you know it will be lost. A sword has been hidden here for ages, within the fields of this very town, awaiting the day that all shall come to pass. Find me a champion by night fall or lose your lives to those who lived here once before.

Person A: A sword, maybe this is the guardian of the harvest? Maybe that has been what has protected us for so long?

Person B: What is this, some sign of the Goddess? Should we believe it?

Person C: What is going on, a sword that has been hidden here for ages unseen by any eye not trained in magic?

Person D: Find mercy in your heart great sage! Tell us what to do!

(Event 3) Hart’s Message:

Hart: This is an emergency, my lady. There is trouble in the town, and a stranger has doomed us all.

Mariam: Come here, Hart. You are one not to be flustered. What has shaken you?

Hart: I am young and not learned as you, but this is what I understood from an old man’s tale.

Something evil more than even the days of bad harvest is drawing near, and the villagers need to find someone to stop it by nightfall.

Mariam: Slow down, Hart. Is this someone you have seen before?

Hart: No, my lady.

Mariam: Was the village chief there?

Hart: Yes, my lady.

Mariam: And what could you read from him?

Hart: Terror, I could read it from everyone there.

Miriam(to herself): I need to go find out what is happening….

Mariam: You have done well, Hart.The goddess foresees all and we will trust in her. I will go have a word at the village. We have never had a champion in this village, precisely because the Goddess is our champion.

(Event 4) The Champion:

Mariam: What is going on here! What is the meaning of this!

Person A: Now of all times you should not be meddling with us! Look at this woman, again without her familiar!

Mariam: To meddle means to hinder, so behold the hand of the Goddess stopping those who sow the seeds of chaos. Stay your blades in her name.

Person B: I will not let your words doom us all. The seer has proclaimed that a champion who pulls out the magical sword in the fields will fight the evil to come. We are all competing for that honor. Man has no time to wait for the goddess, maiden, go away!

Mariam: The fields will remember your remarks at the next harvest. A magical sword? Don’t you doubt your ears? Even if such a thing existed, it would be a relic of the Moon Harvest Goddess, who is our champion. Let the fields mind what the Goddess has given them to keep. We should

have faith in her. I shall get rid of this charlatan .

Person A: Insolent girl! You shirk our norms already! Now you want to doom us? The seer is magical, and he knows what is right. We will protect our land! Go back to your temple and do your work!

Mariam: I continue to have faith in the Goddess and that she will protect us. My words have fallen deaf upon your ears. I will be on my way. However, heed this piece of advice. Do you really know this seer? And are you sure you should believe him?

Person C: The Goddess has been good to us at the harvest, but in the time of peril we must trust a man. You would do well to listen to him, too.

(Mariam leaves)

(Event 5) The Mist:

Mariam: The trembling child must reminded be,

Her teacher guides two hands at count of three,

The Goddess makes the world composed and still,

That earth will heed the heaven’s sculptor’s will.

Mariam: (sigh) I feel better now. May the goddess save us all.  Children where are you? We need to prepare for supper and say the grace.

Mariam: Children! Alexa! It's your turn to say grace. Where are you?

Alexa: Lady Mariam! Something is wrong! My familiar awakens not and unconscious is Hart! Without her I can’t wake him! What do we do!

Mariam: Calm Down. He must be playing a trick again. I’ll go wake him up.

(Mariam looks for Hart)

Mariam: Hart! Wake up now. You've scared poor Alexa, already. I’ve seen through your game .

Mariam: Hart! The time for games is over.

Mariam: He won’t wake! And your familiars won’t wake either! This is bizarre.

Alexa: Can’t the healer wake him up with one of her nasty potions?

Mariam: What ails Hart doesn't seem natural.

Alexa: This is mysterious, and that’s the seer’s middle name. Maybe we should depend on him!

Mariam: You are right, Alexa. Things have been amiss since he arrived. Let me go speak with him.

(Mariam goes outside)

Mariam: Why is there a mist all of a sudden? The weather was fine a few hours ago. Goddess, could this seer be right?

(Event 6) Searching for the Seer:

Mariam: Where could he be… let me try the town square again...

Mariam: He isn’t here... and where are all the people…

Mariam: Excuse me! Do you know where the seer is? And where is everyone?

Woman A: Oh Mariam, dear! All the men have fallen asleep! They won’t wake! We have been trying for hours! And all the familiars are asleep too!

Mariam: When did this all happen? Does anyone know?

Woman B: We had finally chosen a champion when the mist set in… and just as the seer was about to lead us to the sword, all the men began to faint! To make matters worse the seer disappeared.

Mariam: Never mind the champion. My child has fainted just like your men. I need to find the seer. Can you help me?

Woman A: Even if we do find him how are we to talk without a familiar!

Mariam: Even in such a state you would still want to follow such arbitrary rules!?

Woman C: We live by these rules! You clearly do not. If the prophecy is true he must be by the old corn fields. You’re the shrine maiden, are those not your hallowed grounds? You could start there.

(Event 7) Confrontation:

Mariam: Troublesome seer, may the Goddess confound you for your earlier act. But I shan’t tarry with you concerning prophecy, for I am at my wit’s end. My child is asleep and will not wake. Perhaps, aside from the yarns you spin you are a good man. Do you know of a way to reverse unnatural sleep?

Seer: Shrine maiden, guardian of orphans, why don’t you pray to her Goddess to lend her hand. Or would you dare believe that all has happened as I foretold?

Mariam: I don’t believe in coincidences. The men are asleep, but they may have overworked themselves fighting your moronic rite of passage. The familiars may sleep because we still do not understand their biological nature. The mist is a common occurrence as there is a lake near here. Give up the game. I don’t pray to the Moon Sleep Goddess.

Seer: You hurry to me for assistance, yet like a dance you must follow the lead. The only possible combatant against unnatural sleep is the item in question.

Mariam: Will you spit out the truth or not. Nevermind your babble. The Goddess would have no shrine maiden touch one of her relics did it exist.

Seer: If the Goddess demanded your passivity, why are you here as before?

Mariam: It is you who must go back whence you came! If your champion is real, it will be our Goddess herself.

Seer: You speak for the Goddess. Know that her equal speaks through me.

Mariam: Who are you.

Seer: If I tell you, would you lower your pride to uphold the prophecy?

Mariam: As if I could translate the murmur of insects at night. Very well, I’ll give you a chance.

Seer: I am a royal relative of the king.

Mariam: You, seer, who claim to be magical, cannot. The royalty have no magical powers, and the last living royal is the king.

Seer: Look at my signet ring.

Mariam: This ring is the same as that in books I studied at the capital as a young girl... the king never came himself, but the maidens-in-training saw its description...

Seer: A strand of hair from the orphan lies on your hijab from when you saw him last. Judging from its inherent character, the boy in question may be a relative to the king.

Mariam: What?

Seer: Take the sword.

(Mariam follows the seer to the place of the sword.)

Mariam: So, it is real.

Seer: If you wish to protect the child, take the sword.

Mariam: … it evades me how you stumbled upon that ring. You may be of royal blood, but Hart? Impossible!

Seer: The truth is, young maiden, you know less than you think, but when you don’t know, you think; that is what you must do now.

Mariam: What would a bloodline as old as record of our Goddess have to do with this sword? The royals are knights who protect the truth. If what you say is true, they must be turning in their graves to know that one of their own is a magician.

Seer: Count your blessings young maiden, some are forced to decisions that you will never have to face. I see that in your heart there is conflict. Your awesome pride covers up your uncertainty before danger. Let go of it and do what one not a maiden would do.

Mariam: Mind your tongue, seer. No, if your words carry truth, Hart and this town are in danger. But, Goddess, what would you have me do? A sword of the fields is a sword of the Goddess. ‘Twould not be right! Yet, were I to do nothing, and something worse than I could ever dream befell the town, or, poor Hart, what would I do? Is this your will, Goddess?

Seer: Pick up the sword!

Mariam: I-I can’t! Oh Goddess, mercy!

Seer: I understand, yet you will watch countless more sleep forever.

Mariam: Hear my prayer, Goddess…

We suffer circumstance to form a cross,

Whose burden borne gains strength once faith is lost.

(Mariam has to choose whether to take the sword).

(The seer disappears once monsters appear)

Mariam: What’s this? It can’t be! Monsters!? What have I done!?

Monsters move around.

Mariam: Goddess, what have I done? Is this a dream? These creatures came out once I pulled out the sword!

She hears a shriek.

Mariam: That came from the town! There must be more of them! Maybe, I can make this right. There seer is gone. I am the only one that can put an end to this. Goddess, light my way!

(She attacks several until there seems to be an unending swarm of them)

Mariam: Now that did nothing, shrine maiden. This is unending… think, Mariam, think. Look! There seems to be one bigger than the rest! If this beast leads the pack, maybe once it’s slain we will awaken from this nightmare!

She kills the boss. The mist disappears.

Mariam: Goddess, I have relied on your strength. I can hardly move… the mist is gone. This sword, what is it really? And the seer that predicted it, where is he? Hart! Precious Hart! I have to return to the shrine! But first I should check on the town. Were the seer’s words really true? And that as well…?

Event 8 (Exile):

Man A: In her pagoda of defiance, the unpunished maiden lies about the king to her orphan children questioning our rules.

Man B: You were neither in town nor in your Goddess’ fields, where he heard our champion would show himself the sage’s sword.

Man C: The boy who was there must have armed you against our warriors and the village chief, that you would enshrine the sword rather than save us all.

Woman A: The sleeping boy returned you to our faces, to which you demanded to hear the sage without heeding his prophecy.

Woman B: It was clear that you would mock the mist, the men, and all that happened, that you would dance with the seer to forfeit our lives when the monsters came.

Man A: Why do you disregard our norms and speak so brazenly to us, Mariam! Why do you hide behind your Goddess to break our rules and banish your own familiar? Why do you repeat your crime openly again and again before us without any shame!?

Chorus on left and right: Why!?

Woman A: Why did you pick up the sword that our champion earned from the seer’s blessing? Why would you take the sword when your mishandling it would doom us all!? Why did you believe yourself worthy of a sword alone that your Goddess spared for the people!?

Chorus on left and right: Why!?

Village Chief: As much as this pains me Mariam, we must seize what’s on your person. You are no longer above the law.

Man B: Hand over the sword!

Mariam: I did not want this sword, anyway! Wait a minute, no, you can’t possibly intend to punish me?

Village Chief: We can no longer ignore your violations of our principles. It is time that we take you to the capital. There, you will be judged for your past and present trespasses.

Mariam: Past and present trespasses? But the king would never allow this!

Woman B: You’re wrong! We all know you lie about the king! He won’t save you!

Man C: You better pray to your Goddess, Mariam, because you will preach from behind the cold bars of a cell from now on!

Mariam: I am to blame. Without my drawing the sword, the monsters would not have come. I endangered the people.

Mariam: Should I have believed the prophecy earlier? The seer clearly asked for a champion. Maybe, in the right hands the sword would have prevented the disaster before it started.

Mariam: You are right to throw me into chains. I have defied your norms for my Goddess’ sake, who forsakes me now for I pulled out her sword to quench my vanity. I am a shrine maiden, one who seeks to save the people, yet I am to return to the capital that trained me to face punishment for being what it made me.

Mariam: Oh, Goddess, that you would save my children, even as I am lost! People, spare Hart and Alexa!

Village Chief: I have known you since you first arrived as shrine maiden. Your orphanage has long been a boon to our town of farmers, but they no longer will fall under your protection. A harsh world awaits them.

Village Chief: The charges are heavy against you, Mariam, but bear them all the fortitude of your heart. As a human being, whether guilty or innocent, you must find acceptance.

Village Chief: The people have sided against you, and so I have as well.

Village Chief: The king will now have the same choice, whether to listen to the people or defy them.

Village Chief: We will march you bound in ropes to the capital of Estonia, at which you will be judged, and then freed or imprisoned. Either way, you will not return here.

Village Chief: May the Goddess reap justice from the actions of your soul.