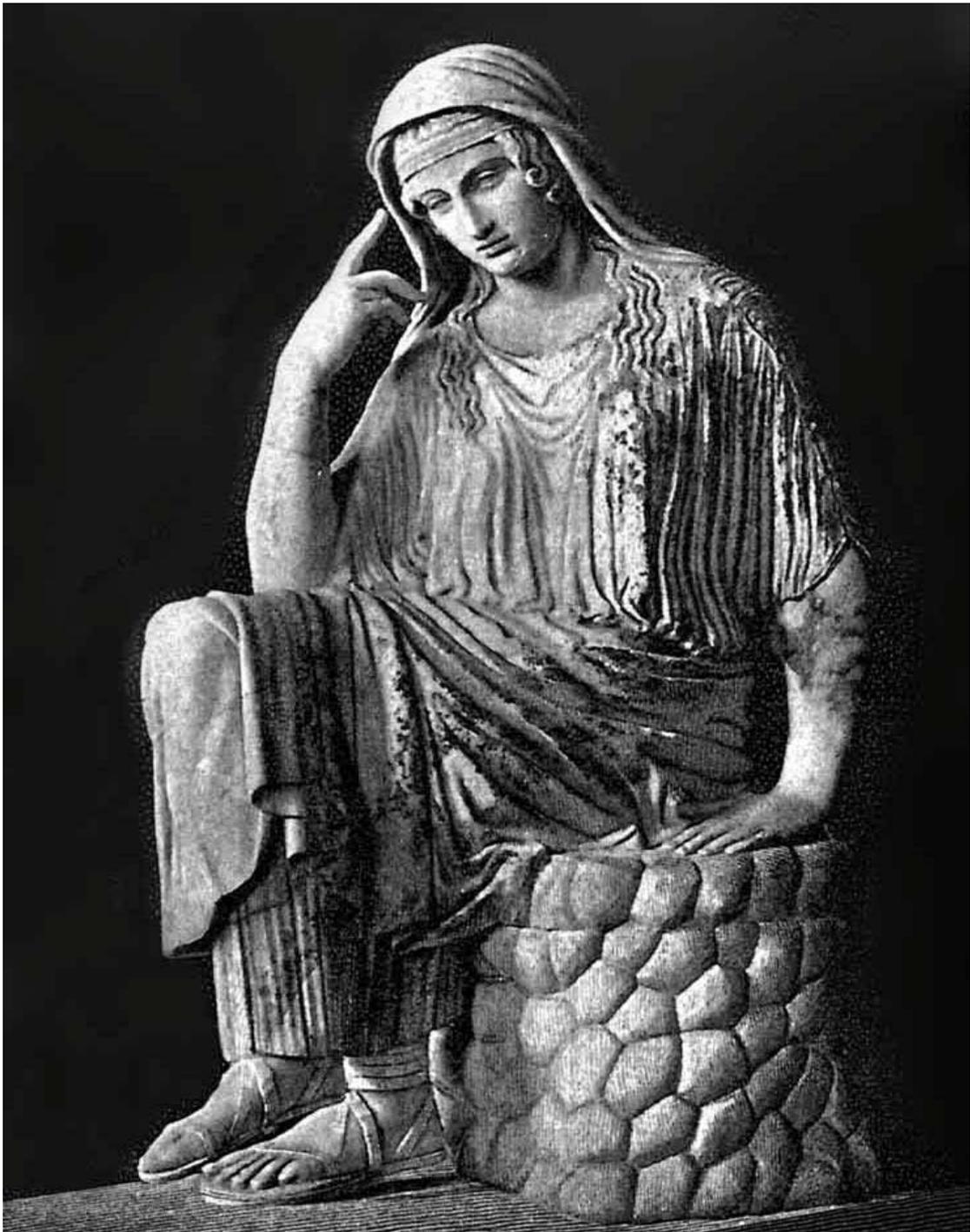


THE 7 LIVES OF PENELOPE

“Humanity, in order to survive, must upgrade the way of thinking”
Einstein



CHAPTER 1

THE SEVENTH LIFE

Angel: Thank god and again thank god. In the beginning there was sense. Man of earth had to be saved. Well, what am I saying? This is where the Lord was incarnated. But how can the individual understand the whole. I bless your understanding Lord. I will carry out your command worthily. I am grateful for the honor...I can I am ready now... I am entering her dream. And through the dream into the earthly consciousness. I will manage with your blessings Lord. With gratitude and responsibility I accept your love Lord.

It is Saturday dawn, early winter. A thin layer of snow is magically whitening London.

In Chelsea, at her small apartment, Penelope is in deep sleep. She has finished her piano lesson at the conservatory, she is 25 years old. Blonde with blue eyes, she is an angel. She plays and sings Rock Ballads at a piano bar for a few hours.

Yesterday, her best friend Grace went by there, she is 40 years old, a pediatrician with plenty of knowledge and many concerns. She lives next door to Penelope. Only a wall separates them, as they say.

Neither of them was in a mood to stay out late.

So they returned home early to bed.

Angel is in her dream. He is slowly appearing through the mist as a white knight on a white horse. He gets off the horse and the horse turns around and disappears in the mist. He is approaching smiling. His armor transforms into an elegant blazer and his sword into a ring with a precious diamond. It is shining with colors of a rainbow...

Smiling and kissing her hand he offers it to her.

Penelope accepts it politely and with a silent look she asks for it to carry on...

Angel: Do I deserve your patience for a while?

Penelope: But I have you in my head all the time. Since I was Little...I wait for you in my dreams...And you ask?

Angel: I need some time to familiarize myself with the Earthly.

As much time as you need to make me a double Jack Daniel's on the rocks.

In her dream, Penelope realizes that she is in the bar where she works. However she is a barwoman. The bar is empty. Only she and her Angel. Quietly she prepares the Jack Daniel's on the rocks in a heavy crystal glass.

Penelope: Until I prepare the drink you can say whatever shit you like.

Angel: The basic currency that exists in philosophy, on the one side it says "Εν τω παν" (it means that everything connects together) and on the other side it says that "Τα πάντα ρει" (it means that everything changes).

Penelope: I study ancient Greek sayings, which within 2-3

words they talk about eternal truths. Do you know that I'm learning ancient Greek? Two times a week. It is my hobby. I listen to the way they sound and I understand their rhythm, and even though I make a lot of mistakes, I still pronounce it.

She gives him the drink she has prepared and in a small plate she puts some snacks. He drinks two sips slowly. Then he takes a snack but he doesn't taste it.

Angel: Continue...

Penelope: From what I understand that coin is saying that everything is connected to each other and that everything changes.

Ok...but what about me and you?

Angel: I don't know, but as you can see I have fallen in love with you.

Penelope: You are exactly as I dream of you.

Angel: That's for sure.

They both laugh.

Penelope: I don't remember having laughed in a dream before, and I'm sure I'm dreaming. But do you think?

Angel: Let's say we are experiencing our truth through a dream which we are both living.

Penelope: Will you be coming in my dream?

Angel: My dear wife Penelope, like an angel in love I can only...

Now...

Penelope: I understand...

He gently kisses her again on the lips.

Angel: Now be careful because your time is limited. It can't be done otherwise. Believe me.

Penelope: But my love can't be measured.

He smiles and he gently kisses her again.

Angel: Listen to me carefully.
You can develop your own philosophy, biotheory call it as you like. Try to see things objectively though, but from your point of view. Are you following?

Penelope: I understand you my love.

Angel: Lucky me I got a clever girl.

They both laugh

Penelope: Why did you come to me like that?

Angel: This is what Oration allowed me to do when I asked for his permission to talk to you in your own codes.

Penelope: And after that?

Angel: I will have given you so much energy, which if you don't lose your way and your responsibilities, you will always feel me with.

Penelope: And won't you be jealous of me when I will be playing in my bed with someone else?

Angel: That is where you will feel me and fantasize me, or I might leave you alone for a bit. I don't know...But I trust you.

Angel had a serious look.

Penelope eyes were sparkling cunningly.

Penelope: what about the laws?

Angel: For example, create a lifestyle which is the same whether you are alone or with others.

Penelope: You are a spring in an oasis. And I come from the the desert with respect to put out my thirst.

Angel: Do you understand everything?

Penelope: You don't understand anything. Just before I was thinking of the look you would have on your face if I gave one night all the tenderness I hide in me for you to somebody else.

Angel: It will never happen.

Kiss Grace for me. And beware of the way you spend your time. The P.C. you will see the e-mail I've just sent you. Go through it with Grace. I have given you everything you need for your play. If you are a bad girl I will also send you interpretations for your songs.

He disappears in the mist just like the way he came.

Penelope wakes up.

Penelope: What happened? Am I for real?

She gets out of bed and sits at her desk.

She calls her best friend.

Penelope: Grace I had to wake you up.

Grace: I just got up, suddenly. What's going on?

Shall I come or will you come?

Penelope: Come, I'm opening the door.

Right away you can hear the sound of a door opening and closing quickly. Grace goes in.

Grace: What's wrong you silly bitch so early in the morning? You look ok. Tell me (and she closes the door carefully).

Penelope: Sit down and listen. I saw an angel. He was exactly like my knight, the one I've been dreaming of since I was a little girl.

He also told me about the play you want to write.

Grace: What do you mean?

Penelope: I don't know how, but suddenly when I woke up, I know a lot of things about the essence and the the frame of the play. I don't know how that happened. I don't even remember talking about the details in my dream.

Grace: you're driving me crazy!

Penelope: And in the end before I saw him leave just like he came, he tells me to check my e-mail. I have sent you everything you need about the play you are going to put up with Grace.

Grace: Is that what he told you? Did you open it?

Penelope: No, when I got up I called you straight away.

Grace: Go on open it.

Penelope: You reckon?

She opens it.

Penelope: It can't be!

Grace: Does it have a dispatcher?

Penelope: "Your Angel"

Grace: He is either a magician playing us or god sent you your Angel.

You know what? We are going to continue but first we are going to make an agreement.

Penelope: I'm listening.

Grace: As things are, if we agree, the play will have two writers, me and you.

Penelope: ...

Grace: Do you agree or....?

Penelope: It's a deal.

Grace: Let's go. Let me read it because from what I reckon you've seen everything.

She reads a bit and then she stops and looks at her.

Penelope: We're going to spend the whole day on this.

I'm also hanging up the phone. Thank goodness we didn't spend last night drinking till we dropped dead.

Grace: Do be honest I was surprised you insisted we leave. For a moment I thought you were fooling around with a married guy again but then I thought again. I would have known.

Penelope: Do you remember the two guys at the bar who insisted we drink something with them? I'm sure they thought we were lesbians.

Grace: And their imagination must have gone wild. Men, what do you expect?

Penelope: Well I liked the blonde guy in the blazer. I wonder what got into me?

Grace: Shall I read?

Penelope: Let's get started. (And she reads with her)

After a while

Grace: It's impossible. The guy is just like we want him. He is like the guy we describe that captivates us without even trying. It is what we talked about yesterday at the "Bistro" for hours.

Penelope: And since we gave it all talking, those two guys also made a move on us. I can't deny it, handsome but unlucky.

They both laugh.

Penelope: Carry on; don't let what you were thinking about to slip away.

Grace: Ok. How do I feel about your Angel. He who surprised us both. I'm talking to you and don't interrupt me. You can say your yeses and noes in the end.

Penelope: I'm all ears and no talk.

Grace: He appears as a genuine man. A man with everything. Tender, who is capable of loving but he doesn't care if they love him. Because He knows it is impossible for a woman to do so. You don't love an integrated personality, you admire it. You love your child because it needs your love, your care. To be honest you can't love like that the knight. Just like you can't help falling in love with him. Either you want it or not you fall in love with him. That makes you hate him deep inside. That is because you feel that love is taking you over...and once in a while it also suffocates you. You just can't control yourself. That's why deep inside hatred envy and menace coexist. He feels it but he considers it natural. And that is what drives you crazy. I believe he is aware of what is going on. And if a chick like us comes his way he

is going to lose the ground under his feet. Now I'm listening.

Penelope: that does drive you crazy. And the more you hate him, the more you want him. Your soul feels him and your uterus desires him. How can you not go crazy. It is an unbearable mystery but it is also incredibly charming. I would give anything to experience something like that. I can feel his truth so clearly, even though I haven't experienced it. Sometimes, I have come close to it. That is probably why I can understand it without having touched it.

Grace: That is why it came out in your dream. He probably thinks she seems like a nice girl. If she has me in flesh in her bed she will lose her mind. Then I won't be able to communicate with her.

Penelope: He is right.

Grace: Somebody may have advised him.

Penelope: Only god knows.

Grace: Well I have recorded all of these on your PC. Let me get my smart phone.

Off she goes and comes back right away.

Grace: Put yours to record too.

Penelope: I already have.

Grace: Well the triangle is ready. Nothing can slip away (They look at each other and laugh cunningly).
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

Penelope: I guess

(They start laughing nervously)

Grace: Thank god I wasn't in the dream to tell him, what are you just sitting there? Take us both before we fall apart for you.

Penelope: Thank god you didn't because we would have

suddenly lost him in the mist. And now we wouldn't be able to do anything.

Grace: You know what? To tell you the truth I'm horny only talking about it.

Penelope: I was about to tell you the same thing. In my dream I just wanted to snog him but he wouldn't give the ok to do something like that. Even though I felt that only in his arms and with his kisses I would have seven orgasms.

Grace: Girlfriend cut it out because we are going to turn out to be two passionate lesbians. And the dream will just disappear in the mist.

Penelope: That's why I love you. That humor of yours...

Grace: What's up? Are you sucking up to me? Like the other day when that guy was praising my intelligence? And at the same time he was hooked on my cleavage. Do you remember?

They both laugh carelessly, high fiving each other as if they were closing a deal.

Both: Let's go.

Grace: Since when is your phone recording?

Penelope: I set it when I woke up. I wanted to record everything I remembered from the dream. Then it was impossible for me not to wake you up. So it has been recording everything since I called you.

Grace: Perfect. Everything up to here is your 7th life the last one you are experiencing. Everything we have said up to here is its essence. Therefore I suggest we consider this chapter as the "7th life" finished, completed.

Come on, take your charger and let's go to my place where we will be more comfortable. I'll make a festive breakfast which will match the occasion. Deal?

Penelope: Ok

Grace: Close the phone and let's go.

“ The bar of Penelope “



END 7th LIFE

CHAPTER 2

THE THIRD LIFE

At Grace's house.

On her big desk they are both among A4 papers, the PC is on and there is also a coffee jug, two cups and they are drinking coffee.

Grace: The second chapter is your Third Life. But what I come to realize in all 7 lives is that your character is the same...Maybe character and soul are the same, they are identical...Or is the one part of the soul your character? You see books don't include everything.

Penelope: Listen what is written on your calendar today. Did you read it?

Grace: No

Penelope takes the calendar and reads:

Penelope: "The character is what angels know about us"

Grace: Your Angel proves it. Your own Angel...I repeat. I will keep on repeating it as much as it is needed. Penelope you deserve confidence. Don't keep on being expended on self judgment. You offend He who gave you beauty, cleverness, humanity. My friend I'm not going to tire myself telling you, you are precious.

Penelope: Well shall I continue?

Grace: No you are going to read the letters...Just as we discussed and concluded that:

1. You were an Athenian prostitute during Alexander's the Great time and Vasileos Ptolemy the first.
2. That prostitute was Glykera. This means you are experiencing your reincarnation as Glykera.

So who was Glykera? In my opinion the most dynamic prostitute in history.

Since she was a little girl she understood "the game" And she climbed as quickly as she could the "social pyramid". Therefore quickly she fascinates a big Athenian painter Glafkia. He apparently fell very easily for her sweet word such as: "my love", "my darling", "you make me crazy" and things like that. During that time Alexander the Great had as his treasurer his childhood friend Arpalos, who was disabled from birth and never took part in battles. Even though he took advantage of Alexander's trust and stole whatever he could, he was forgiven...and kept his position promising that he wouldn't do it again. But that wasn't the case since bad habits die hard. Arpalos went back to his old habits.

When Glykera found out about all this. She abandons the painter and goes running to find Arpalos. Can you imagine her in white see though, with an innocent smile and eyes full of sweetness? He became her puppy as they say. Therefore they both enjoyed wealth which didn't belong to them.

While Alexander was returning from India he heard the news and ordered his death.

When Arpalos found out he didn't wait a minute longer. He collected whatever he could from the treasury he takes Glykera and they go to Athens. He

did this because Athens was always pretty much the Opposition to Alexander the Great. However there they tell him that they don't want any involvement. So, he leaves from Athens and he goes to Crete.

Penelope: Let me tell you what I found on Google the and the conclusions I have come to or at least what I suppose. Well the Herodion theatre which lies below the Parthenon, was built with a donation from a wealthy Athenian, Herodes Atticus. Don't let the name confuse you. As I told you he was an Athenian citizen whose name was Herodes. That is why history refers to him as "Herodes Atticus" because Athens is also called Attica. In those days in Ancient Greece he and his father decided to reconstruct their ancestral house which I guess lay below the Acropolis of Athens. Since they thought about it carefully they decided to fix everything from scratch. From tip to toe as they say. In the garden they had an old well which needed to be rebuilt. By doing this, the well revealed in its bottom an unimaginable treasure. But where from? Huge amounts of silver. It couldn't be hidden by a human. That valuable amount of silver, must have been thrown in the well by Arpalos before he left for Crete. He had brought it to Athens because during that time, in Athens, only silver coins were used not gold ones. This was because Athens used to have rich silver mines in its area and more specifically in the area of Lavrio. Therefore silver was invaluable and of great importance to the Athenians. That is why Arpalos brought it to Athens. In order to buy off Athenian's favor. However, since the Athenians were very experienced politicians they avoided provoking Alexander the Great. They told him to leave since they didn't want any involvement. Then Arpalos secretly so as no one sees what he is doing, he threw all the silver he had in the well of the house

where he was been hosted at, hoping he would live and return to take it back.

Grace: Now listen to what I found. When Alexander the Great conquered the Persian Empire he replaced the official currency from gold to silver, the Athenian's silver "tetradrachm" (four drachmas). He did this because by occupying the treasury of the Persian Empire he found huge amounts of gold kept there. He started using that gold to fulfill his dreams.

By using these huge amounts of gold, caused a fall in the value of gold. This also caused a fall in the value of the gold currency. As a result Alexander set the new currency which was silver. The Athenians' silver tetradrachm. By controlling the Athenians' silver quarries, he was able to control the value of his currency.

Penelope: Can I add something more?

Grace: Of course, theatre lovers are not suckers. They like listening to clever things. Go on.

Penelope: When Herodes Atticus found the treasure he informed the Roman emperor who at the time was Adrianos, and he tells him that he found a huge treasure to hand over to him. Adrianos then says: "Honest men are rare and therefore you are going to control the treasure. Use it to do charitable works. Do works which are going to be useful for the people." Using that money he made many constructions including the Herodion Theatre which bears his name. The theatre we visited when we went to Athens.

Grace: Let's not get carried away because no one will understand us. Let me carry on briefly. As I said before Arpalos and Glykera were in Crete. With all that gold he took from the treasury and without the silver, which he threw in the well and which Atticus found. In Crete Alexander's men found him And they killed him. Glykera then went back to

Athens as if nothing had happened. Just like Helen of Troy did when she returned to Sparta. In Athens she didn't waste time. She became Menander's girlfriend, the great comedy playwright of the time. Menander was a childhood friend of the philosopher Epicurus. They were best friends. Together they served the army of Democratic Athens. And of course both of them were attracted to Glykera. The philosopher was charmed by her wit and her boyfriend was attracted to her body!

Penelope: Listen, watch and draw your conclusions. Now let me add that Thomas Jefferson the third President of USA was an admirer of the philosopher Epicurus. He studied him. I would say that he was the last great Epicurean philosopher. Jefferson was he who declared the "Fourth of July" which is celebrated in the USA. The declaration of Independence. A great deal of the Declaration of Independence is inspired by Epicurean philosophy. Bear in mind that Epicurus taught philosophy in Athens at the school called "the garden". There hanged out all the prostitutes of Athens which, Epicurus highly respected.

Grace: Let's not miss the point again because it will be a problem. Neither the audience nor the readers will be able to follow us. In Athens Glykera was driving Menander crazy and one day he was thinking: what Do I do with this whore now? Shall I slap her or shall I just tell her "go fuck yourself." The he drew the Conclusion "ΜΗ ΛΟΙΔΟΡΕΙ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΑ ΜΗΔΕ ΝΟΥΘΕΤΕΙ". (Ancient Greek saying)

This means: do not swear to a woman as it is indecent and not manly. Do not advise her either, it is useless as she will do what she want in the end.

And another time Glykera said the eternal saying "ΤΙΥΡ ΓΥΝΗ ΚΑΙ ΘΑΛΑΣΣΑ". (Ancient Greek Saying) This means that the three most dangerous things are fire, woman and the sea. Now Penelope the

letters. Right now.

Penelope: I never knew I was such a whore.

Grace: It doesn't matter. As long as you live you learn...
The letters.

Penelope: I have found two of Glykera's letters. I will read the first one which she sent to her friend Vakhida who lived in Korinthos. She was obviously a distinguished prostitute in Korinthos.

Grace: My god the names of these whores. They chose artistic names. The one is called Glykera which means sweet girls. The other one Vakhida which means wild chick. And imagine all the kinky things. Google what vakhides means and draw your conclusions...

Now the letters and nothing else. Penelope, the letter my sweet little whore.

They both laugh.

Penelope: Well... the letter. I'm reading.

Glykera's letter from Athens to her friend Vakhida in Korinthos.

My dearest friend Glykera kisses you sweetly. Listen sweetie. My Menander is coming to Korinthos to watch as he says the Isthmian Games. Do you know how hard it is for a woman to not have such a boyfriend even for a little time. It wasn't easy for me to stop him. Therefore I am obliged to introduce him to you since he knows we are best friends. He will come and see you. But I don't know how to trust the two of you. I know him well. I will try to be charming towards you. So my jealousy is justifiable. I am aware of your kindness and your pride. Therefore I am not afraid of you as much as I am of that amatory. Besides which man doesn't see you and doesn't go mad about you? Even the most serious one will lose his

mind. But what doesn't let me sleep is the fact that I know he is coming for you and not to watch the games. If I am unfair towards you please forgive me. I am a jealous woman in love. Just imagine I lose Menander. I will be totally destroyed. However if he returns just like he left I will be grateful to you.

Sweet kisses. Yours Glykera

Grace: I think this is where the second chapter finishes. Maybe if it becomes a play this where the first act ends. If we go for the play then in the second act we will be able to fit everything else. I think it can be done.

Penelope: What about the second letter?

Grace: We are going to start the second act with the second letter and we are done. Since the audience is relaxed from the interval, when they come back in they will be ready to hear something difficult. Now, what about going for a walk to the bridges, get a quick bite and then we come back and carry on. What do you say?

Penelope: Ok. But before we leave let write something down That just came to mind so that I don't forget it.

Grace: Go on and then we leave.

Penelope: Karl Marx became a philosophy lecturer with his assignment "The philosophy of Epicurus and Heraclitus"

Grace: You've even got to Marx you little whore.

They laugh and they leave.

THE END 3RD LIFE

CHAPTER 3

THE FOURTH LIFE

Witch in the middle Ages

At Grace's desk. They both enter fresh, relaxed and smiling.

Grace: Nice....Shall we begin?

Penelope: Let me make some coffee and get some clean cups.

Grace gets comfortable at her large desk in her living room.
She switches on the laptop.

Penelope brings the cups and she also brings biscuits and the coffee.

Penelope: It's better we didn't get anything to eat. We wouldn't be able to work. Lets have these with the coffee and we'll be fine.

Grace: Now let's write. We have decided that our play is going to be a novel. This is so that we can include whatever we like without any restrictions towards the theatrical form which demand short dialogues and a play with specific time.

Penelope: That's right. So that we can be able to work on it as we wish.

Grace: And if it is necessary we can make a theatrical form, I don't think it will be difficult.

Penelope: And we se so many plays every now and then...

Grace: Now, Penelope the second letter....

Right after that we enter the **4th LIFE – Witch in the middle ages**

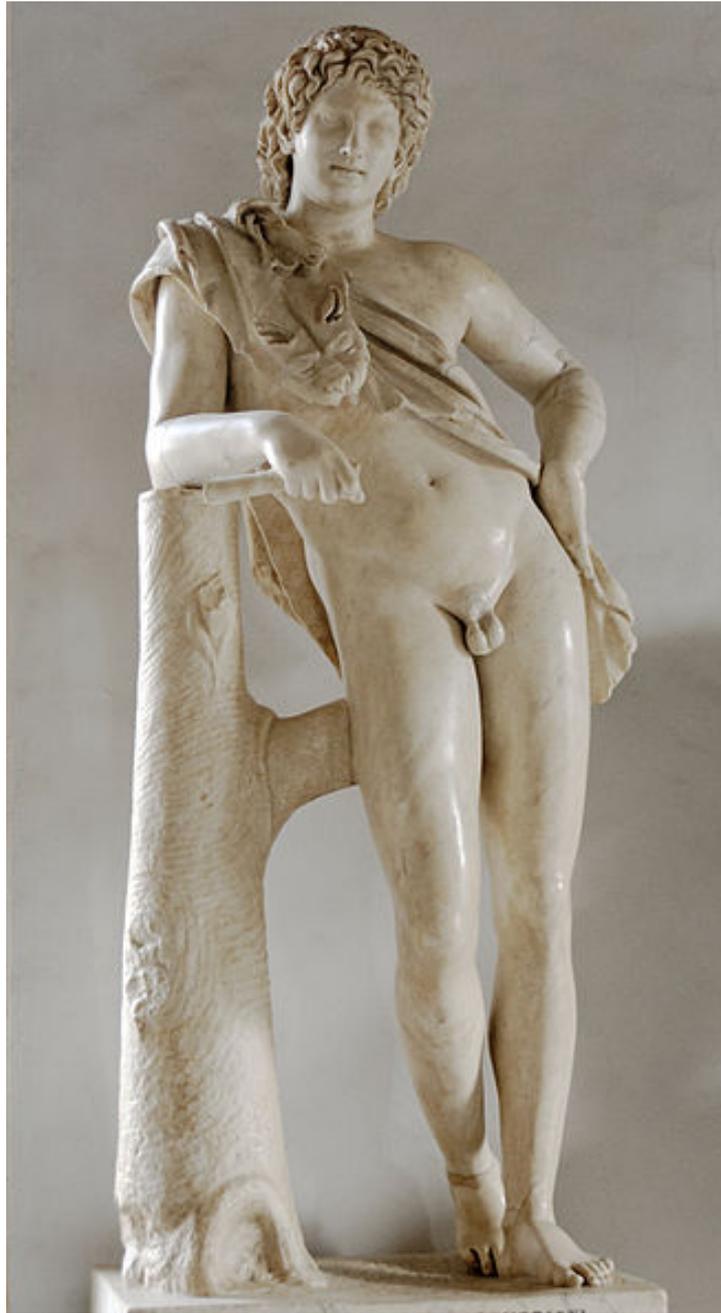
To be continued...

The manuscript of Grace

Grace: A small miracle. From your Angel...
What else can it be? Now that I had you
hypnotised you went to the Middle Ages. Name
Alexandra. Witch... Going into that "trip"
what is happening? Something magical.
Alexandra the witch is hypnotised. And she
has gone to a prior reincarnation. And where
is she? In Alexander's the Great time
and the Amazon queen Thalistris. She
is their daughter. And listen to the shocking
part... The witch tells. All these are unsaid.
Don't write anything. Ok... I won't write
anything. But I have to tell about them.
And these are our magical secret.

Penelope: Yes but in our play there may be
overtones... Metaphors... ok.

To be continued...



God doesn't play dices, simply enjoys himself...