

ARES.

NOOOOO!!!

(GROVER and ANNABETH run to PERCY.)

ANNABETH. That was amazing.

GROVER. That was awesome!

ANNABETH. How did you do that?

MUSIC 20A: POSEIDON FINALLY SHOWS UP

(POSEIDON *enters.*)

START

POSEIDON. He's a true son of the sea. And the sea does not like to be restrained.

PERCY. Dad. I mean, Lord Poseidon.

POSEIDON. You can call me Dad, Perseus.

PERCY. You can call me Percy. *(Beat.)* I got your gift.

POSEIDON. I got yours. *(He holds up a box.)* Medusa's head? Really?

PERCY. Yeahh, about that...

POSEIDON. You have a talent for getting in trouble. Like your old man. But you have your mother's strength. She was a queen among women.

PERCY. Then why'd you let her get stuck with a jerk like Gabe?

POSEIDON. I thought you'd have figured that out by now.
She chose to be with him, to protect you.

PERCY. Like...he has some sort of magic power?

POSEIDON. You could say that. His smell. It's so awful, no monster would ever sense you. Seriously, you've heard of Hercules and the Aegean Stables? That guy smells worse.

PERCY. I failed, Dad. The Oracle was right, I couldn't save what matters. I couldn't save Mom.

POSEIDON. You prevented a war between the gods! For that, well... The gods are unfair. But we're not total jerks.

PERCY. You mean she's...

POSEIDON. On her way. Listen, before you see her, there's something you should know. When summer ends, you can go home to her. Or you can stay at camp. Year-round.

PERCY. I didn't know I got a choice.

POSEIDON. Why do you think the gods stay out of their children's lives? The important choices are the ones you make for yourself. Still, I *am* sorry you were born.

PERCY. Wow, seriously?

POSEIDON. A hero's life is never easy.

[MUSIC 20B: REUNITED]

(SALLY enters.)

SALLY. Percy?

PERCY. Mom! You're alive!

SALLY. You saved me, baby.

PERCY. I had some help.

(b) (7)(C), (b) (7)(D)

POSEIDON. (To SALLY.) Uh, hey.

(SALLY notices POSEIDON for the first time. It's awkward...but maybe a little flirty?)

SALLY. Hi.

POSEIDON. You look even more beautiful than the night we first met.

SALLY. You haven't changed at all.

PERCY. Okay, this is the weirdest family reunion ever.

POSEIDON. *(Awkward beat.)* My brother will want his bolt back now. Should've been the god of drama, that guy. *(He takes the backpack, then turns to SALLY.)* But...I'll see you around.

(POSEIDON exits.)

PERCY. So that's my dad.

SALLY. That's your dad.

PERCY. He told me about Gabe. Mom, you don't have to stay with him for me.

SALLY. You sound like your father. He wanted to solve all my problems too. He even offered to build me a palace under the sea. But you saved my life. It's time I figure out how to live it.

PERCY. I know you'll be strong, Mom. But if Gabe does give you any more trouble...

(PERCY hands SALLY the box.)

SALLY. "Care of Auntie Em's Garden Emporium"?

PERCY. It's a Do-It-Yourself Sculpture Kit. *(SALLY starts to open it; he stops her.)* It's Medusa's head.

~~ANNABETH. So what now?~~

~~PERCY. *(To GROVER.)* As my official protector, you can officially escort us back to camp.~~

~~GROVER. And you're conscious this time!~~

~~*(We transition to PERCY, GROVER, and ANNABETH arriving back at camp.)*~~

END

[MUSIC 21: THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER]

PERCY. *(In his head.)*

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THE QUEST HAS ENDED?

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THE BATTLE'S WON?

SO MANY QUESTIONS LEFT UNANSWERED.

SO MANY THINGS STILL LEFT UNDONE.

AND WHAT DO YOU DO

WHEN IT'S UP TO YOU TO CHOOSE?

HAS SOMETHING ENDED OR BEGUN?

STAY OR GO?

PICK ONE.

(He shakes his unease off and follows GROVER and ANNABETH. As they enter camp, CHIRON, LUKE, and CLARISSE are waiting.)

CHIRON. I hoofed it here as soon as I heard. All hail, Perseus Jackson, hero of Olympus!

CLARISSE. Percy's alive?

ANNABETH. Hey Clarisse, we met your dad. He's not as tough as you.

CLARISSE. You met my dad? *(Then, small.)* Did he mention me?

(PERCY sees LUKE.)

PERCY. Luke? Hey... *(But LUKE walks off, ignoring him.)* Luke?

(PERCY tries to follow him, but MR. D gets in his way.)

MR. D. Attention campers! It's the last day of summer. If you intend to make me miserable year-round, please inform us by sundown. Otherwise, the cleaning harpies will eat anyone who remains. Perry Johanssen, this means you.