Juliet and Penelope see each other in the land of the dead. They go to each other through the white flowers, and gray barren ground. At first they are polite to each other, but when the conversation turns to love even the wind dies down so not to get in the way.

“I killed myself for love,” said Juliet. “Love is the most important emotion in this barren world, and the world of the living.”

“Love is not worth dying for,” said Penelope, sounding like she was superior to Juliet. “I mourned my husband for twenty years, I will never get those twenty years back.”

“It was your own fault that you mourned him,” Juliet said. “You should have found a hobby to keep your mind occupied while you waited for Odysseus to get back.”

“You mourned Romeo while he was banished, and were going to kill yourself, after what an hour?” yelled Penelope her face turning red. “You could not have lasted twenty years without your precious Romeo, but I survived twenty years, while holding the kingdom together!” Both women had a fiery glare in their eyes that could send daggers through even the hardest of rock in the land of the dead. All around them everything went quiet. Even the rats infesting the rotted gray trees did not move.

“I stayed loyal to Romeo,” Said Juliet. “You may have tried to stay loyal, but you were thinking of which suitor you would take to bed if it came to that!”
“I waited twenty years,” Said Penelope. “I never thought I was going to see Odysseus again, I had to think of the future for Ithaca, and my son.”

“Your son did not want some suitor taking his land!” said Juliet, “you were only thinking of yourself, and not the true values of love.”

“I waited for Odysseus to return, and when he did we were happy.” Said Penelope. “We spent the rest of our lives in happiness.”

“You may have spent the rest of your life in the living world happily, but you and Odysseus are not happily together anymore.” Said Juliet. “Odysseus never comes to see you. You are just a past he is trying to get rid of. Romeo and I spend every minute possible together. We are in love, and not even the bleak land of the dead can change that.”

Penelope stormed off into the fields of white flowers, swaying in the wind.