

(VANDA ENTERS, in steep high heels, wearing a soaked coat. She carries an enormous bag, a purse, and a battered black umbrella.)

SIDE 2-- STOP

VANDA

Am I too late? I'm too late, right? Fuck. *Fuck!*

THOMAS

If you're here for *Venus in Fur*, everybody went home half an hour ago.

VANDA

God, I'm sorry, I am so, so sorry, I got caught like way uptown and my cell went out. Then my fucking heel gets stuck in one of those sewer-cover-thing-whatevers. Then there's this guy on the train, I don't even want to tell you about him, rubbing up against

my ass the whole trip. Then it starts to pour. I get soaked through to the fucking skin.
Fuck! Fuck!

(She throws herself into a chair.)

God. Just my luck. Fuck... *FUCK!*

THOMAS

Can I run out and refill any prescriptions for you?

VANDA

I'm okay. Just my usual luck is all. Thank you, God, once again! Hi. I'm sorry. Vanda Jordan.

THOMAS

Vanda...?

VANDA

See what I mean? I've even got her name! How many girls in this town are named *Vanda*? Actually I'm Wanda but my parents called me *Vanda*. Anyway, I'm like perfect for the part and the fucking train gets stuck in a tunnel while this guy's trying to penetrate me. Talk about fate. And you are?

THOMAS

Thomas Novachek.

VANDA

Hi. Hey, wait a minute. Thomas Novachek? You wrote this!

THOMAS

Yes, I did. Well, I adapted it.

VANDA

And you're directing it, too, right?

THOMAS

Within an inch of its life.

VANDA

God, I love your plays! I mean, the ones I know. *Anatomy of Shadows*? Like, wow. *Anatomy of Shadows* was *amazing*! I saw it twice!

THOMAS

I didn't write *Anatomy of Shadows*.

VANDA

Right, right. I mean, you know, the other one. God, this is embarrassing. Anyway, *this* play is sure amazing. I mean, the parts of it I read. Pretty wild stuff.

(She takes off the coat, revealing a studded patent-leather top, a short black leather skirt, and a silver-studded dog-collar.)

Really sexy, huh. Or like, erotic, if you're into humiliation. Oh, by the way, I don't usually walk around in leather lingerie and a dog collar. Usually I'm really demure and shit. Just thought I'd kinda get into the part. I mean it's basically S&M, right? The play?

THOMAS

Not exactly. And it does take place in 1870.

VANDA

Mm. I guess this isn't too 1870, huh.

THOMAS

No.

VANDA

Who knows, maybe S&M-ers dressed just like this back then.

(She digs a battered, crushed photo out of her purse.)

Anyway, here's my headshot. I know the resumé's kinda skimpy. But I'm good. I'm like made for this part, I swear to God. I was amazing as Hedda Gabler.

THOMAS

(looking over her resumé)

The Urinal Theatre. I somehow missed their season... You had an appointment?

VANDA

Yeah, two-fifteen. It's like hours ago, right? Well, better late than whatever.

THOMAS

(checks the day's appointment sheets)

Vanda...?

VANDA

...Jordan. People always say is that *real*? "Vanda Jordan"?

THOMAS

I don't see your name.

VANDA

Really? My agent said they set it up and everything. I'm not down there? Two-fifteen. Shit. Thank you, God, once again! Anyway...

(She strips off her top, revealing an amazing bra.)

Geronimo.

THOMAS

Wait wait wait. What are you doing?

VANDA

(stripping off her leather skirt, revealing black panties and garters)
I brought some costume stuff.

THOMAS

No – Vanda...

VANDA

It'll just take me a sec, I swear. I found this great dress. Real period shit.

THOMAS

No. Really. Don't bother...

VANDA

What. You mean don't read?

THOMAS

I mean don't read.

VANDA

Yeah, but. Long as I'm here, I might as well like give it a go, right?

THOMAS

There's nobody to give it a go with. The reader's gone home.

VANDA

I'll read with you. It's always an honor to read with the actual author.

THOMAS

Adapter.

VANDA

Getting the play straight from the horse's mouth is always so cool. Come on, what've you got to lose? I'm already –

THOMAS

Stop. *Stop*. To tell you the truth, Miss, um...

VANDA

Vanda.

THOMAS

We're looking for somebody a little different.

VANDA

Yeah? What are you looking for?

THOMAS

Well, somebody with a little more, how should I put this...

VANDA

Somebody who's not *me*. I'm too young. I'm too old. I'm too big, I'm too small. My resum 's not long enough. Okay.

(She bows her head and starts to cry.)

Okay. God, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It's been like really stressful today. Anyway, how do *you* know who I am or what I can do? Fuck... Fuck...!

THOMAS

We're going to be scheduling more auditions sometime soon...

VANDA

Yeah, but I'm here. Right? Couldn't you try me out, save yourself the time tomorrow or whatever? And save me the time getting here from the middle of nowhere?

THOMAS

Look, Vanda, it's been a very long day. I'm exhausted. I'm kind of frazzled myself, to tell you the truth. I also just auditioned a living panoply of outcasts for this part, including one girl who had steel teeth. You don't *want* to audition for me now.

VANDA

(putting on her skirt again)

Okay. Yeah. Okay.

THOMAS

This time of day I always unravel a little anyway.

VANDA

(putting on her skirt again)

Okay.

THOMAS

I also have someone waiting for me for dinner.

VANDA

(putting on her raincoat)

No. Sure. I understand.

SIDE 2-- STOP

THOMAS

This'll be a lot better when I'm fresh. Thank you very much anyway for coming in. Congratulations on the outfit. Very striking. And we'll see you again.