

What have you done? What have you done? What have you done? What have you done?
Blah, blah, blah, blah...

THOMAS

What do you mean, blah-blah-blah.

VANDA

What, suddenly Vanda turns into the Wicked Witch of the West? "*My nerves are tuning forks. The air is red.*" The air is purple, maybe. Look, Tom. I like you. I mean, I really, really like you. But I don't think this is gonna fly.

THOMAS

It has to. This is it. This is *the play*. My play. A very good play. And nobody's going to make me think otherwise. You're not a playwright and you're not going to take this play down whether you're in it or not. So fuck you.

VANDA

Okay. It's your call.

(Lightning and a rumble of thunder.)

She takes out a knife and holds it to his throat.

(She produces a knife out of nowhere and holds it to his throat.)

VANDA/DUNAYEV

My God, I despise you.

THOMAS/KUSHEMSKI

What is this, Vanda, what are you doing?

VANDA/DUNAYEV

Do you think I don't understand your scheme? Do you think you could bring me into your little game and use me? Did you think you could subjugate me?

THOMAS/KUSHEMSKI

I swear I never meant that, Vanda. I swear.

VANDA/DUNAYEV

If you knew how delicious this is. Not just to have some random man in my control, some fool. But a man who's smitten with me, no less.

(Throws the knife aside.)

Y'know, I oughta talk to Actors' Equity. Because if you don't know *by now* if I got the part...?

Side 5 START

THOMAS

I'd love to give you the part.

VANDA

That's what you say *now*. Do I get the part? And will you put that in writing?

THOMAS

(cellphone rings)

Excuse me.

(Into phone:)

Hi.

VANDA

Go to hell, Stacy!

THOMAS

(turning away so that Stacy can't hear)

Hi. No, I'm still here. I'm just wrapping some things up.

VANDA

He's fucking me, Stacy! He's got me on the floor and he's fucking me up the ass!

THOMAS

(into phone)

I don't know yet, pretty soon.

VANDA

He's fucking me like a Weimaraner!

THOMAS

(into phone)

Why don't you go ahead and eat. I'll call you. Ciao.

(Hangs up.)

VANDA

How dare I, right? Or something like that.

THOMAS

How dare you is about right. What was that all about?

VANDA

Excuse me.

(Into her cellphone:)

Hi. Yeah. I don't know yet. I *told* you, I don't know. Well, listen, go fuck yourself, all right? I'll come home when I come home. 'Bye.

(Hangs up.)

Sorry about that.

THOMAS

There was nobody on the other end, was there.

VANDA

What?

THOMAS

You were faking that. You weren't talking to anybody.

VANDA

I was talking to my *significant other*.

THOMAS

So who is this guy?

VANDA

Who said it's a guy?

THOMAS

Why did you do that?

VANDA

Why is right.

THOMAS

I guess you didn't like me talking on my phone.

VANDA

So, like, *woman's revenge*. For being ignored.

THOMAS

Something like that.

VANDA

Blame the woman.

THOMAS

I'm not blaming.

VANDA

You know, most playwright-slash-directors woulda had me up-ended on the floor by now.

THOMAS

I guess I'm not like most playwright-slash-directors.

VANDA

Bullshit. You wouldn't fuck me on the floor if you thought you could get away with it?

THOMAS

No.

VANDA

What if I gave you permission?

THOMAS

How do you know so much about Stacy?

VANDA

We met at the gym. She seemed really nice. Gorgeous, too. Wow. Anyway, we're getting undressed, we get to talking – *girl talk*, in the shower – she said she had this boyfriend, a writer, kinda hard to know. I told her I used to be an actress, now I'm an operative – or trying to be – so she paid me a little to come here and look into you. Find out what you're made of, see if you really love her. Kind of a premarital fact-finding mission. Plus bank accounts, credit, and so on. I'm supposed to meet her at the hotel, do a full report. Beautiful body, by the way. Congratulations.

THOMAS

You are a magnificent creature.

VANDA

A man usually says that to a woman whose magnificence he's about to undermine.

THOMAS

Touché. Stacy doesn't shower at the gym.

VANDA

Doesn't she? She looked pretty wet the last time I saw her. – So let's go to the end.

You'll need your footman's uniform.

SIDE 5-- STOP

(She throws the servant's jacket at him. He puts it on. Then:)

Thomas! *You've kept me waiting.*

THOMAS/KUSHEMSKI

I'm sorry, Madam. I was polishing the silver.

VANDA/DUNAYEV

Don't you look dapper in that footman's jacket.

THOMAS/KUSHEMSKI

Thank you, Madam.