

THOMAS/DUNAYEV

Kill me, Thomas. Kill me. I love this fire in your eyes. I always knew you had it in you. I always knew you were a man. My God, I adore you. Have you had enough of your ideal now? Is this goddess excused? Are you willing now to take your wife? Your honest, faithful, and submissive wife?

VANDA/KUSHEMSKI

(tossing the pistol aside)
My wife...? You mean...?

THOMAS/DUNAYEV

Would you still have me? I don't know how you could love me, I've been so awful to you.

VANDA/KUSHEMSKI

Vanda, you mean you were never serious? It was all an act?

THOMAS/DUNAYEV

My darling little idiot – didn't you realize?

VANDA

Kneel.

THOMAS/DUNAYEV

(kneeling)
Didn't you see how hard it's been for me to hurt you? I played my part better than you ever expected, didn't I? I did all this to save you. To show you how much I loved you. To cure you. I'm the one who should be subjugated. I'm the one who should be bound and whipped.

VANDA

Nice.

SIDE 6- START _____

THOMAS/DUNAYEV

Oh, Thomas, Thomas, how I love you. I've loved you and wanted you since the first moment I saw you. I couldn't tell you because – I'm not what I seem. I'm weak. I'm so lost, you see.

VANDA/KUSHEMSKI

From now on you're going to call me master.

THOMAS/DUNAYEV

Yes, master.

VANDA/KUSHEMSKI

I think I'll tie you with a pair of your stockings. You want that, don't you?

THOMAS/DUNAYEV

Yes, please, master.

VANDA/KUSHEMSKI

Go fetch them.

(Lightning and thunder. THOMAS goes to her bag and takes out a pair of black stockings.)

THOMAS/DUNAYEV

Now do with me what you will. Only promise you'll never leave me.

VANDA/KUSHEMSKI

Stand over there.

(THOMAS stands against the pipe. VANDA ties the stocking to his collar and wraps it around the pipe, affixing him to it.)

THOMAS/DUNAYEV

Promise me you'll never leave me.

VANDA/KUSHEMSKI

I'll never leave you. I promise.

THOMAS/DUNAYEV

I told you I wanted someone I could bend my neck to. Now I've found him. In you.

VANDA

Good. More.

THOMAS/DUNAYEV

I wanted this from the moment I first saw you. Humiliate me. Degrade me.

VANDA

Yes, good good good. Very good. Fantastic. But you know the problem here, Tommy? Any way you cut it, any way you play this, it's degrading to women. It's an insult. It's pornography.

THOMAS

What are you talking about...?

VANDA

Just look at you. Maiden in distress. A mass of quivering feminine jelly. This helpless cunt submissively offering herself to a man. *Beat me, hurt me, I'm just a woman.*

THOMAS

But Vanda –

(She slaps him.)

VANDA

Say thank you for that. *Thank you.*

THOMAS

Thank you.

VANDA

(another slap)
Thank you what?

THOMAS

Thank you, mistress.

VANDA

(forcing him to his knees)
How dare you. How DARE you! You thought you could dupe some poor, willing, idiot actress and bend her to your program, didn't you. Create your own little female Frankenstein monster. You thought that you could use *me* to insult *me*?

(Lightning and thunder, louder.)

THOMAS

No, Vanda, I swear...

VANDA

We dance to the glory of the gods!
We dance to the glory of Dionysus!
Hail, the Bacchae!
Hail, the Bacchae!
Hail, you brave women of Thebes!

(Lightning and thunder, louder. She goes to the door and locks it, then lowers the lights at the fuse box.)

THOMAS

God damn it...

VANDA

(shining the desk lamp into his face)
How's your world now? Not quite so diminished now, is it?

THOMAS

Fuck. *FUCK!*

SIDE 6-- STOP _____

VANDA

Strong emotions. Good. Very operatic.

THOMAS

Why did you come here?

VANDA

Was I ever here?

(She takes a real fur stole from her big bag and puts it on.)

THOMAS

Who are you?

VANDA

You know who I am. Now say it. *Say it.*

THOMAS

Hail, Aphrodite...

VANDA

Louder, please.

THOMAS

Hail, Aphrodite!

(Lightning and thunder, louder. She takes a triumphant stance, facing him down the room with her feet planted, legs spread, hands on her hips.)

VANDA

"And the Lord hath smitten him and delivered him into a woman's hands."

THOMAS

HAIL, APHRODITE!

VANDA

Good.

(LIGHTNING, and A DEAFENING CRACK OF THUNDER. BLACKOUT.)

END OF PLAY