

Scene Three

HERMIA

Hermia and Jean drinking cosmopolitans.

HERMIA. Give me another. Don't worry, I can drive home after all, Jean.

JEAN. You think so?

HERMIA. If I drive with my face. Haw haw haw! Oh, God, I sound like Gordon.

JEAN. You must have a lot on your mind. Do you want to talk?

HERMIA. Yes, in fact, I would. Lately I've been thinking of the last time I had sex with Gordon. Over the last ten years, when Gordon and I would have sex, I would pretend that I was someone else. I've heard that a lot of women, in order to come, pretend that their lover is someone else. Like a robber or Zorba the Greek or a rapist or something like that. Do you ever do that? STOP

JEAN. No.

HERMIA. But you know what Jean? I pretended that *I* was someone else, and that Gordon was Gordon, but he was cheating on me with me – *I* was the other woman. And it would turn me on to know that Gordon's wife – me – was in the next room, that I – the mistress – had to be quiet, so that I – the wife – wouldn't hear me. You and I both know that Gordon had affairs.

JEAN. Well –

HERMIA. So the last time I had sex with Gordon I wish I could say that I wasn't pretending. That he was really in me, and I was really in him. But I was pretending to be a co-worker of Gordon's. He brought her to dinner once. That night, she was wearing a thong under a white pantsuit. (I never wear a thong. It's like having a tampon in your asshole. Don't you think?) Anyway, that last time, I imagined myself in this white pantsuit, and his hands under my thong, ripping it off. I pictured what Gordon was seeing – and I picture me, looking back at Gordon. And there is more and more desire, like two mirrors, facing each other – it's amazing what the mind can do.