

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?

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.

After I met you, I was convinced that you and Gordon were having an affair. So after dinner, I was—you know—and I pretended to be you—and it worked. Isn't that a riot?

JEAN

That's—um—

HERMIA

I wouldn't normally tell you that but I've had a lot to drink at this point.

JEAN

You should know that I didn't have a sexual relationship with your husband.

HERMIA

Then why do you have his fucking phone?

JEAN

I was the last one with him.

HERMIA

And why was that, Jean?

JEAN

A coincidence.

HERMIA

Gordon didn't have coincidences. He had accidents. There's a difference.

*The phone rings.*

Give that to me.

*She rips the phone out of Jean's hands.*

Oops—missed the call!

Is his picture of the Pope still on it? From a business trip to Rome. Those mobs at the Vatican, waving their cell phones, stealing an image of the Pope's dead face, and Gordon among them. I can still hear him laughing, I have the Pope in my pocket. There it is. Dead Pope. Oh, I feel sick.

*The phone rings again.*

I'm going to bury it. Like the Egyptians.

JEAN

No.

*Jean gestures for the phone. The phone keeps ringing.*

HERMIA

Yes, in the ground, with Gordon. There was this Belgian man very recently in the news and the undertakers forgot to remove the cell phone from the coffin and it *rang* during the funeral! Just went on ringing! And the family is suing for negligence Jean—*for negligesh*—you have to *bury* it, see—to *bury* it—very deep so you cannot hear the sound.

*The phone stops ringing.*

Are you ever in a very quiet room all alone and you feel as though you can hear a cell phone ringing and you look everywhere and

you cannot see one but there are so many ringing in the world that you must hear some dim echo. Nothing is really silent anymore—and after a death—an almost silence—you have to bury it bury it very deep.

JEAN

I'm sorry, Hermia, but I can't let you do that. Gordon wanted me to have his phone.

*Hermia hands Jean the phone.*

HERMIA

Do you know what it's like marrying the wrong man, Jean? And now—now—even if he *was* the wrong man, still, he was *the* man—and I should have spent my life trying to love him instead of wishing he were someone else.

What did Charles Dickens say? That we drive alone in our separate carriages never to truly know each other and then the book shuts and then we die? Something like that?

JEAN

I don't know what Charles Dickens said.

HERMIA

What good are you, Jean. You don't even know your ass from your Dickens. Oh, God! Two separate carriages and then you die!

*Hermia weeps.*

JEAN

Hermia. There's something you should know. Gordon wrote you a letter before he died. There were different drafts, on napkins,