

SONIA. Oh. My. God. "I have a friend"? And butterflies? "Invisible butterflies"?

*Where did that even come from??*

I just told him some insane story about Radiant Invisible Butterflies when all I wanted to say was "Please, please, please, take me upstairs right now, tear my stupid clothes off my stupid body with your teeth and fucking fuck me so hard and so well and so long that that that...that the bed breaks, and the universe disappears, and the sun stops in its rotation to see what all the fuss is about and the world comes crashing to a stop and our epic, ridiculous, sublime love-making is the last thing that the universe ever knows."

But instead...I made up some story about invisible butterflies in a pathetic attempt to let him know I understand him and that he could do with me as he would...and I could see, totally clearly in his face that *he didn't get the message*. Not even close. It never even occurred to him because he cannot see me as a woman. Because the women that are real to him aren't like me...

Oh. Hello

ELLA. Oh. Hello.

SONIA. (*Gently mocking...*) Oh. Hello.

ELLA. Am I interrupting?

Really?

No. I mean...yes, of course.

seem

ONIA. What?

ELLA. I know. Do you want to...talk to me about it? I would like us to be friends but I can't help but feel

ONIA. Yes.

ELLA. that you're not?

ONIA. What?

ELLA. Hate me. I can't help but feel you sort of hate me.

ONIA. I do! I do hate you so much I can barely stand to look at you. Except that I'm just a little bit in love with you, too...

*or infatuated...or bewitched...or something like that*...everyone else, and of course I envy you absurdly and I want to slap you hard right across the face but then also bring you a rum and Coke and talk with you on the carpet with our shoes off until 3 A.M. and tell you all about everything / that is—

ELLA. Great! Let's start with the slap.

ONIA. What?

ELLA. Let's start with the slap. I understand you perfectly and I'm thrilled you're finally talking to me and I think the only thing for it is that we do just as you suggest but I don't think I can happen without the slap, so...ready?

ONIA. You're my stepmother. I'm not going / the slap?

ELLA. I am not leaving this room until you slap me *once*, right across / the face.

ONIA. Are you crazy? Why would I slap you?

ELLA. Let's not waste time, I want the rum and Coke and talk so—!

*Sonia slaps her once, HARD, right across the face. She is immediately astounded at what she has done...*

