

# LOVE ME TENDER

TOM HOLLOWAY

Inspired by Euripides'  
*Iphigenia in Aulis*



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## 1: SORROW AND JOY

- Right. As he... I don't know... runs through the building, he sees the sun shining in low and... and... bright?
- Okay. Yes. As you run through the building you see the sun shining in low and bright. Okay?
- As I run through the building I see the... morning?
- Yes. Good.
- Morning sun shining in, low and bright. Right.
- As he hears the screams up ahead he sees the sun hit the dust in the air, like... yes?
- Pillars?
- Yes. Like pillars of... umm...
- Golden?
- Yes! Like pillars of fine floating flakes of golden snow. Yes. Good! And as he runs down the hall and hears the screams. The terrible screams. The pillars. The pillars of fine, floating flakes of golden snow, capturing the first rays of the morning sun, they are ripped apart into... into...
- Chaos?
- Ripped apart into chaos?
- Billowing?
- Yes!
- The pillars are ripped apart into billowing chaos.
- The screams... The cries...

- As you run down the hall you rip the pillars apart.
- Yes.
- The pillars of fine, floating, flakes of golden dust. You rip them apart into billowing chaos and the screams. The cries...
- Yes. I hear the screams and the cries. I see the low morning sun and the dust in the air and I run. Run hard? Yes. Run hard towards the screams and the cries coming from a room up ahead.
- The sun on his face.
- The sun warm on your face.
- The sun, bright in my eyes.
- His footsteps echo.
- Yes. No. No. His footsteps don't echo. His footsteps are drowned out by the deafening screams coming from the room up ahead!
- Yes! Good!
- Your footsteps. As you run down the hall your footsteps are drowned out by the loud, terrifying and passionate screams coming from the room up ahead.
- Right. I can't hear anything. I can't hear a single thing. I can't hear my footsteps as I run. I can't hear my... yes? My heart? Yes?
- Yes!
- I can't even hear my own heart pounding in my own chest with my own blood. My own blood rushing through my body. I can't hear my breath. My rasping breath making my chest heave. As I see the rising sun hit the dust like pillars of golden snow in front of me all I hear is the deafening and passionate screams from the room up ahead. Yes?
- Yes!
- Yes!

- Thank you.
- Heaves... that's good. Heaves is good!
- Yes.
- Thank you. And?
- And?
- He gets to the room.
- You get to the room.
- I... right...
- He can hear it.
- I hear it.
- You hear it.
- His wife.
- Your wife.
- Hooves? Do I hear hooves?
- Not yet.
- Right.
- As he gets to the room he hears the terrifying cries of his wife and the voice of a man in there with her.
- You stand at the door to the room and through it you hear the cries of... the terrifying and passionate cries of your wife and the voice of a man who is, yes, in there with her.
- I stand at the door to our bedroom. My bedroom. My wife's bedroom. And through the door I hear her in there crying out. Screaming. Crying out in... screaming as if... And a man. I hear a man with her too. Yelling. Shouting.

- He pants from running.
- Pants?
- Yes.
- No. You heave. Not pants. Okay?
- Yes.
- You heave from running. Your breath heaves.
- Of course!
- Fast. Deep. And you taste sweat on your lips.
- And I open the door.
- You push the door open.
- He bursts into the room.
- I push the door open and I burst into the room.
- He sees in front of him. His wife. On the bed. Naked. Sweat. Covered in sweat. And a man. A man between her legs.
- You see. Do you hear this? Yes. Yes this is... you see in front of you. Your wife. On the bed. Naked. Yes? Sweating. Writhing. Yes?
- Writhing. Good.
- Yes, writhing on the bed. And there is a man between her. There between her legs in front of you.
- I see this. I see her on the bed. I see her body. Her skin. I see him. A man. There in front of me between her legs and I am... my chest heaves and I taste sweat on my lips and I see this. I stand there and see this and...
- And his wife.
- And your wife.
- And my wife.