

DIANE

(Diane is a butch charm factory, with that combination of swagger and stillness particular to masculine-of-center women. She moves easily, casually, but she's garbed in the robes of an ancient deity. She talks to the audience.)

I am called by many names – Bacchus, Bromius, Dionysus. I was born many thousands of years ago – sprang fully formed from my father's thigh, crossed the foamy seas of the Aegean to Asia Minor, then traveled on foot down into Thrace, hunting and reveling and bringing ruin to those who doubted me. I was huge back then! My name was on the lips and tongue of every frustrated housewife in the greater Mediterranean. How I worked my mysteries is: I would ride into town on a leopard, or a bull, or a leopard/bull hybrid if they had one handy, my rose-gold curls billowing behind me, and I'd call out: Women! My women! Come to me! And they always came. I never had a problem with them coming. Then I'd draw them out, my Bacchae, out past the city walls, out into the fragrant wilderness beyond. There they'd taste my honey, gulp my wine, thrash and writhe and weep and dance and stroke animals and lie with animals and tear animals limb from limb and become animals and cry out my name, over and over. This is in my heyday I'm talking about. And then – it was so weird. They forgot about me. At first, they all still knew my name, but it started to have, like, a quaint ring to it? Or like, air quotes around it? Oh, you know, "Dionysus". Then it devolved into an adjective, something any impostor could be: "Dionysian." And then - I mean, you know your own story. You started to settle for ecstasy knock-offs: Creature comforts. Customer satisfaction. And at a certain point, I just stopped putting myself out there.