

Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson

Andrew/Rachel

JACKSON

Honey, tell me something: do you still bleed yourself?

RACHEL

Why, yes. Of course. (pause, she looks away) As a release. To take away the pain...

JACKSON

Sometimes... when I'm out on the battlefield, and I'm covered in blood, and I have terrible dysentery and diarrhea, I think of you. Here at the Hermitage, bleeding yourself...

RACHEL

Andrew...

JACKSON

Nah! I do... And I think of the two of us bleeding each other bathing in the blood of the bodies strewn across the battlefield. Of bloody bloodness.

RACHEL

Andrew, we've got to stop killing and cutting and bleeding ourselves. I didn't leave my other husband and risk people calling me a whore in order to have an even more fucked up marriage with you. A return to normalcy – it's the only way to put the stain of bigamy behind us.

JACKSON

Bigamy, bigamy, bigamy!

RACHEL

Promise me you'll stay here at the Hermitage. You've had luck on your side so far but—

JACKSON

I love you, Rach, but I also gotta kill the entire native population!

RACHEL

Andrew. You have to choose.

JACKSON

Ok. (beat) I choose you.

RACHEL

Thank you.

JACKSON

Hey. Hey. I love you. (beat)

RACHEL

I love you too.

JACKSON

Your womb is like an oven. I want to crawl inside it.

RACHEL

Oh.