

## The Blood Countess: Elizabeth Bathory Monologue

### Countess Elizabeth Báthory

She came to you. To undo her one glaring liability in the face of the virgin killer. Her virginity. How quaint. And how vampiric of you, my darling János, to take her blood – her most precious and private blood – for me. That was sweet.

It was very sweet. And when you rouged my cheeks with this most precious, this most private gift, it brought me to life – as it does every year on this night. So you see, darling Ilona, the blood of a virgin has already worked its magic and on this night. This most special night.

It was on St. Valentine's night that Thorko and I were baptized into darkness. My husband, vile idiot that he was, was on another of the campaigns I sent him on for more land, more riches, more, more, more! And when he returned to me I belonged to the Devil. I never belonged to any other man. My husband in name– and my name at that. Yes. Bathory was the most important family in these mountains. In three countries! When Count Bathory came home from his last campaign and presented me with the spoils I scoffed.

I scoffed at the land deeds, the gold and silver. Then he presented me with what I really desired. His final gift. A passel of virgins. Fine Slovakian stock. The blood, you see. The blood.

His blood was worthy enough for the witches Darvula and Dorottya Szentes. And then I was free to be with my lover. Thorko. Thorko who taught me so much. Thorko who brought me so much. Thorko whose blood is in me as mine is in him. One hundred thousand times better than sex is the act of exchanging blood.