

# SIDE A

MASHA: He's my beloved!

VANYA: He looks ten.

MASHA: Oh, Vanya darling, don't exaggerate. He's 29 if he's a day. And I'm only 41. Possibly 42.

*(MASHA and SPIKE kiss with abandon and passion.)*

SONIA: Hello. You're not alone in the room. Hello.

MASHA: Sorry, it's all rather new for me.

SONIA: Really? You've had five husbands.

SPIKE: I like older women.

VANYA: I'm relieved to hear it.

SPIKE: Hey, a spark is either there or it's not, right, Mashie?

MASHA: Isn't he adorable?

VANYA: He's attractive. I'm not sure if he's adorable.

SONIA: Really. Every time I see you, Masha, you make me feel bad. First you don't notice me in the room somehow, and say hello to me as an after-thought. And now here you are nearing your dotage, and you've hooked up with some young stud. While I am forced to live through a succession of tedious days and tedious nights, and I never have fallen in love with anyone. Nor anyone with me. I'm sorry I was adopted into this family. I wish I had been left in the orphanage, and killed myself. Excuse me.

*(SONIA exits upstairs.)*

SPIKE: Wow, intense.

MASHA: Oh, she's always been jealous of me, I'm really sick of it. I can't help if I'm beautiful and intelligent and talented and successful, can I?

VANYA. No, I guess you can't.

SPIKE: But the unhappy orphanage lady thinks I'm a stud, that's nice.

*(He walks over to VANYA, and says provocatively)*

What about you? Do you like how I look?

VANYA: What?