

*Men's voices offstage.*

TUZENBACH. (*Offstage.*) Fuck you!

SOLYONY. (*Offstage.*) Fuck YOU!

CHEBUTYKIN. (*Offstage; laughing.*) Fuck *all* of us!

OLGA. Uccchhh those guys are *such* friggin tools.

*Olga goes upstage to the dining room.*

MASHA. She is *such* a cunt.

IRINA. Masha!

MASHA. (*Back to her book.*) Don't be a pussy.

IRINA. I'm not / a—

MASHA. (*Reading.*) "Beside the sea there stands a tree..."

IRINA. What?

MASHA. *Pussy.*

*Irina almost cries. Olga returns.*

OLGA. Not a *major* surprise: Anfisa is taking her sweet ass time making our lunch. It's like just because *you're* nine hundred years old and consistently forget to feed *yourself* as a result of your ever-worsening dementia doesn't mean *we* would kick a bowl of borscht out of bed / y'know?

IRINA. La la la la la!

*Irina begins to twirl around.*

OLGA. What the helllllll are you / doing?

IRINA. Today is my birthday!

OLGA. Um yeah that's what I said / like two seconds ago.

IRINA. And this morning my bedroom was bathed in light! And I could smell breakfast wafting up from below! And, my gosh, I was just filled with... *such love!*

OLGA. (*To Masha.*) She's doing that thing where she tries to convince herself she's happy.

MASHA. Don't care.

IRINA. And suddenly! I remembered Mama. And when I was little. And she would dress me up in a tiny white dress, every year on my birthday. And so today! I put on this white dress! As a tribute.

*Blinks out a tear.*

To her.

*She wipes off the tear. Kisses it.*

MASHA. (*Head still in book.*) Looks great.

IRINA. You're not even looking at / it.

MASHA. (*Head deep in book.*) Looks awesome.

IRINA. Do you guys remember the time that / Mama—

OLGA. Jesus *christ* I'm tired. I work soooooo fucking hard.

IRINA. Olga?

OLGA. I get THE most killer headaches. Like *all* of the / time.

IRINA. I was asking / a—

OLGA. At least Andrey's super fat now, so I'm not the only shit-ugly Prozorov kid.

IRINA. Don't talk about Andrey that / way.

OLGA. I wish I could've gotten married—like you, Masha—

MASHA. Blegh.

OLGA. Instead of working my ass off at a school for spoiled bitches and wishing my life would just *end* every day.

MASHA. I do that just minus the working part.

IRINA. (*To Olga.*) At least you *have* a job...

OLGA. (*To Irina.*) You could get a job, too—it's not like a magical thing that just happens to / someone.

IRINA. (*Deflecting.*) La la la la / la!

OLGA. I would've loved my husband, even if he was also an ugly piece of shit, like me.

MASHA. You're not *that* ugly.

IRINA. You have really nice eyes!

OLGA. I can't even masturbate anymore.

*A long and profoundly uncomfortable beat.*

And the only thing that could make any of this better would be—

IRINA. Moscow!

OLGA. Exactly. Moscow.