

Hey um why *are* the carnival people coming over tonight? They're gross.

ANDREY. They're not / gross.

NATASHA. They're pretttttty / gross.

ANDREY. They're fun. You'll see. They bring tambourines. And apple wine. And we all sing. And dance. And don't have to be with our own thoughts. / And—

NATASHA. But we have a baby, now.

ANDREY. So?

NATASHA. So they'll wake him up.

ANDREY. It's just one night.

NATASHA. He's sick.

ANDREY. No he's / not.

NATASHA. *You* don't know.

ANDREY. Neither do you, actually. His *nurse* is the one who...

He cuts himself off. She almost cries.

NATASHA. I think we should tell the carnival people not to come.

ANDREY. Take it up with my sisters. It's their house.

NATASHA. I can't take it up with them.

ANDREY. Why / not?

NATASHA. They hate me.

Beat.

ANDREY. They... don't...?

NATASHA. And it's *not just* their house, Andrey, / it's—

ANDREY. We look forward to this party *all / year*.

NATASHA. There are other things to look forward to...

ANDREY. Like what.

He goes back to his book. She goes back to the mirror, her hair.

NATASHA. (*Choking back tears.*) This morning? Bobik looked up at me? And guess what he did?

Andrey says nothing. Reads.

He *smiled*. Don't you just love his smile?

Tries to smile at him.
 I think he has your smile.
Andrey doesn't respond.
 I love having a baby. They love you so much.
Stares at him, reading.
 Did you say something?
Beat.
 Hey what do you think of my hair like this?!
He reads. She tries not to cry.
 So I guess we'll just tell the carnival people not to / come?
 ANDREY. Didn't we just talk about / this?
 NATASHA. (*Adjusting hair.*) I think we should move the baby to a
 different room. His room is so cold and damp. He'll die in / there.
 ANDREY. He's not going / to—
 NATASHA. Irina's room is *perfect* for a / baby.
 ANDREY. We can't kick Irina out of / her—!
 NATASHA. She can bunk up with Olga! Ooh, slumber / party!
 ANDREY. She can't "bunk up" with Olga, they're / adults!
 NATASHA. He's a *BABY*.
He stares at her. Then goes back to his book. She stares at him.
 Sweetheart why won't you talk to me?!
He looks up at her.
 ANDREY. What is there to say?
They stare at each other. Then—
 NATASHA. (*Pasting on a smile.*) Oh! Almost forgot. Ferapont's
 here to see / you.
 ANDREY. He's been here this whole / time?
 NATASHA. FERAPONT!!!
*Natasha leaves. Andrey sits by the candle she has left and
 reads his book. Looks like he wants to die.*
After a moment, Ferapont enters.
 ANDREY. Hey Ferapont.