

ANDREY. (*As he's leaving.*) I can fucking hear you!

*Irina storms into another room.*

MASHA. FUCK this. If we can't party here—in our own goddamn home—then we'll party somewhere else. Who's with me?!

*She looks around. Realizes everyone has left. Sadly leaves.*

*The stage is empty. After several harrowing beats—*

*Andrey peeks his head back in. Sees no one is there. Pours himself a drink.*

CHEBUTYKIN. It's sad.

*Chebutykin enters from the dining room, where he had been sitting sadly alone in the dark.*

ANDREY. What?

CHEBUTYKIN. Life.

ANDREY. Right.

*They sit. Andrey drinks. Then—*

CHEBUTYKIN. I wish I'd gotten married.

ANDREY. Why?

CHEBUTYKIN. Then I wouldn't be sitting here with you.

ANDREY. Right.

*They sit. Andrey drinks. Chebutykin stares at the bottle of vodka.*

Marriage is hell, anyhow.

CHEBUTYKIN. But you know what's worse? *Loneliness.*

*A heavy beat. Then—*

ANDREY. Irina's your daughter, right?

*An even heavier beat.*

CHEBUTYKIN. Can you pour me one?

*He points to the vodka.*

ANDREY. You haven't had a drink in over three / years.

CHEBUTYKIN. Can you—*please?* Pour me...

ANDREY. Are you sure?

CHEBUTYKIN. Just one.

*Andrey looks at Chebutykin. Then—he shakily pours him some vodka.*

Cheers.

ANDREY. *(Hollow.)* Cheers.

*They sip in silence. Then—*

Hey. Let's get out of here.

CHEBUTYKIN. Huh?

*Andrey stands, agitated.*

ANDREY. No gambling. I won't lose anymore money. I promise. Just—quick! Before she—

*Clutches his chest.*

Oh, doctor. What do you take? For a sudden pain? In your heart?!

*Beat.*

CHEBUTYKIN. I don't remember.

*Chebutykin heads for the door. Before he gets there—he turns back. Picks up the bottle of vodka. Leaves with it.*

*Andrey watches him go. Then—he downs the rest of his glass and retreats to his study.*

*The stage is empty. Offstage, the doorbell rings. Sounds of revelry just outside. Irina stomps in.*

*She flings herself onto the floor. The sounds of revelry retreat. Solyony creeps in, observes Irina. Rubs cologne on his pulse points.*

SOLYONY. Are you alone?

*She looks up.*

IRINA. Yeah.

*Shudders.*

Bye.

*She starts to leave.*

SOLYONY. Why don't you like me? Why doesn't anyone here like me?

IRINA. Seriously bye.

*She turns to leave again.*

SOLYONY. What if I told you I was in love with you?