

*She suddenly bursts out laughing.*

MASHA. I'm sorry—!

*Laughs.*

When you say things like that, I—it makes me laugh...! And it scares the shit out of me! Please stop. No don't.

*He leans in to kiss her. But—*

*Noises, offstage.*

Shit!

*She moves away from Vershinin. He keeps his eyes on her, entranced.*

*Irina and Tuzenbach enter, midconversation. Or rather, he is talking at her and she is decidedly not engaging.*

TUZENBACH. —thanks for letting me walk you home from work every day, it's basically the highlight of my / existence—

IRINA. (*Plays out in chair.*) I HAAAAAATE MY JOBBBBBB.

TUZENBACH. You kept saying you wanted to / work.

IRINA. Yeah but I meant, like, *fun* work.

*A knock on the floor from below.*

Uccch the stupid *doctor* downstairs.

*Tuzenbach knocks on the floor.*

Did you hear he and Andrey lost two hundred rubles gambling again last / night?

MASHA. (*Gazing at Vershinin.*) Whoooooo / cares.

IRINA. At least the carnies are coming tonight they're the only thing I'm living for.

*Chebutykin ambles in with his newspaper.*

CHEBUTYKIN. Hello, my child.

IRINA. I'm a grown woman.

*Chebutykin sits, starts to read.*

TUZENBACH. Whaddayou guys wanna talk about I'm *soy* bored.

*Irina lays out a game of solitaire for herself at Chebutykin's feet.*

VERSHININ. We could talk about what life will be like? In two or three hundred / years?

IRINA. Haven't you guys had that conversation a Brazilian / times?

TUZENBACH. (*Crosses his legs; gets immediately into it.*) I think a lot of things will change: people will fly, clothes will be dope as shit (different kinds of jackets, et cetera)—

MASHA. What the fuck are / you—

TUZENBACH. But NOTHING WILL ACTUALLY REALLY CHANGE.

*Gazing at Irina.*

People will still fall in love... and into near despair. But still, stay hopeful... for no reason...

IRINA. Yeah seriously no / reason.

VERSHININ. I think that *everything* will change!

TUZENBACH. Um are you just saying that to make me look / stupid or—

VERSHININ. That's what we are here for: to suffer—and to LEARN from our suffering—so that we may forge a *new kind of life*... for our descendants!

*Masha suddenly starts manically laughing while gazing at Vershinin. They both crack up, eyes locked on each other.*

TUZENBACH. Errrm whazzup with the / LOLz?

MASHA. (*Wheezing through laughter.*) I don't know, I started laughing this morning, and I just—can't stop...!

*Masha and Vershinin dissolve into fits of hysterical giggles.*

CHEBUTYKIN. (*Reading in newspaper.*) Did you know Balzac got married in Berdichev?

TUZENBACH. Did you know I'm resigning from the military?

MASHA. (*Giggling.*) Why? That's the only interesting thing about you.

VERSHININ. (*Giggling, too.*) Yeah!

TUZENBACH. I want to WORK!

*Anfisa hobbles on with a cane, pushing a tea cart.*

ANFISA. (*Weakly.*) Tea.

*Natasha enters, talking with Solyony.*

NATASHA. Babies understand *everything*. Today my / baby—