

ACT III

A year later. Olga and Irina's now-shared bedroom. Two beds, separated by screens. A washstand.

A bit after two in the morning. We hear fire alarms in the distance.

Olga enters and crosses to the closet followed by Anfisa, who walks with two canes.

OLGA. Nanny? Take this.

She throws a dress at Anfisa—slapping her in the face with it.

ANFISA. *(Dress hitting her in face.)* Oh!

OLGA. *(Throwing a shirt.)* And this.

ANFISA. *(Shirt hitting her in face.)* Oh!!

OLGA. *(Same thing.)* And this.

ANFISA. *(Same thing.)* Oh!!!

OLGA. Take them ALL! Give them to the poor naked burned up children downstairs. Ooh that's cute actually.

Takes a shirt off Anfisa's face and puts it on.

I look atrocious in all of them anyway because I'm an ugly piece of shit who's just getting uglier, the older I get. Oh what a terrible, terrible thing. Also, that fire.

Anfisa suddenly starts sobbing uncontrollably.

ANFISA. Olga! Dearest! Don't make me go!

OLGA. Ummm go / where?

ANFISA. I'm eighty! No—eighty-one!

Weeping hysterically.

I'm so old, I forgot how old I / am!

OLGA. You're only / *eighty-one?*

ANFISA. I love you—and your sisters—so / much!

OLGA. Nanny what's going / on?

ANFISA. NATASHA WANTS TO SEND ME AWAY!!!

Anfisa desperately paws at Olga.

OLGA. Listen to me.

Olga pulls Anfisa into a tight hug.

You're an old bitch. But you're *my* old bitch.

Looks in her eyes.

And you are not going anywhere.

Anfisa nods. Olga leans down and kisses Anfisa on top of her head.

Here.

Olga moves Anfisa to a chair and helps her sit.

Do you need anything? A pillow? Blanket...?

ANFISA. (*Patting Olga's arm.*) Just you, my love.

Olga wipes away Anfisa's tears. Then—

Natasha enters.

NATASHA. Bobik and Sophie are *passed out*. So sweet. Sophie is my daughter. I have two children, now, since time has continued to soldier on willfully.

OLGA. (*Clutching her forehead.*) My head...

Natasha has spotted Anfisa sitting in the corner.

NATASHA. Excuse me—are you sitting? In my presence? *Up.*

Anfisa slowly stands, pitifully.

Out.

She points to the door. Anfisa hobbles out, pathetically. Olga watches, silently horrified.

Servants.

Sunnily, to Olga.

Heyyy Olgs! I wanna find a way to help the sad people who lost so much in the fire. It's the duty of the rich to help the poor.

OLGA. (*Breathless, aghast.*) How could you have treated Nanny—like / that?!

NATASHA. Awww, our little headmistress is / *tired*...

OLGA. I'm not head/mistress.