

MASHA. Stop making everything about YOU, Nanny.

ANDREY. (*Offstage.*) ANFISA!

ANFISA. (*Near tears.*) "Anfisa!" "Anfisa!"

*Heading to Andrey's study.*

All any of you do. Is... yell... at me...!

*She leaves.*

*Masha suddenly kicks Irina's cards, ruining her solitaire game.*

IRINA. I HATE YOU / MASHA!!!

MASHA. Who / CARES!!!

*The baby starts to cry, offstage.*

NATASHA. Well now you've woken the baby.

MASHA. NO ONE EVEN LIKES YOUR / BABY!!!

IRINA. YAH YOUR BABY SUCKS!

MASHA. YAH!!!

*The baby cries harder.*

NATASHA. (*Stricken.*) That's really mean.

*Natasha leaves.*

*Everyone sits there, sullenly, listening to the baby crying offstage as the nurse sings her lullaby.*

*Tuzenbach approaches Solyony.*

TUZENBACH. Hey.

SOLYONY. Hey...

TUZENBACH. Do you wanna be friends?

*Beat.*

SOLYONY. I sort of thought... that we were. Already / friends.

TUZENBACH. Ohhh shit this is / awkward.

SOLYONY. Why did you feel like we / weren't—

TUZENBACH. Just 'cause you're super weird with me and act like you hate me and make thinly veiled death threats towards me and I don't know / why?

SOLYONY. "I don't know why she swallowed a fly. I guess she'll die."

*He mimes shooting Tuzenbach in the head multiple times with*

*a pistol, finding a machine gun and blasting myriad rounds at him, finding a hand grenade and throwing it at him, etc.*

*Grins. After a harrowing beat:*

TUZENBACH. Yeah see like *that* is a great example of what I'm talking / about.

SOLYONY. (*Hangs head in shame.*) Okay here's the thing.

*Takes a deep breath.*

When I'm alone with someone? I feel pretty much fine. But when I get into a group? I just turn into... this *freak*.

*He looks down, tries not to cry.*

TUZENBACH. (*Unconvincingly.*) You're not / a—

SOLYONY. And especially with you. I really—*like* you...

TUZENBACH. (*Tentatively.*) I really like you too.

*Solyony looks up.*

SOLYONY. Y-you... do?

TUZENBACH. Yeah?

*Solyony beams.*

Do you wanna get drunk with me tonight?

SOLYONY. Yeah!

TUZENBACH. Dope.

*Tuzenbach pours them each a glass of vodka from a nearby decanter.*

SOLYONY. Cheers.

TUZENBACH. Cheers!

*They clink glasses and drink. Solyony takes out his cologne.*

Hey what is that / shit...?

SOLYONY. This? Oh. Cologne. I use it to mask my insecurities.

*Smiles.*

It kinda works.

TUZENBACH. Can I have some?

SOLYONY. Sure!