

Nina + Spike + Vanya

MASHA Why do you say that?

VANYA Um . . . I don't know. Just an intuition.

SONIA You could sleep in the empty small bedroom on the third floor.

MASHA Oh that's a good idea. Thank you, Sonia. *(exits back upstairs to the bedrooms)*

Sonia looks to the window.

SONIA Oh, the blue heron isn't at the pond. Why do I feel that's a bad omen?

VANYA It's just eating fish and frogs somewhere else. Maybe it'll show up later.

SONIA I hope so.

Sonia and Vanya stare out the window. Sonia in particular looks worried. Music, lights dim to black.

SCENE 3

Music and lights indicate a brief amount of time passing. The morning room is empty.

Enter Nina.

NINA Uncle Vanya? Uncle Vanya? *(Looks around. Looks in the direction of the off-stage stairs.)* Uncle Vanya? I'm here.

Enter Spike from his run. He comes in, and puts his hands on his upper legs and leans over, a kind of post-run stretch. Stands up, sees Nina.

SPIKE Oh, it's Nina. How's it hangin'?

NINA Oh hello. I'm looking for Vanya. I was going to read the play he's written.

SPIKE Oh, he's written a play? Is there a part for a handsome young man?

NINA I haven't read it yet. My, you are in very good condition. I congratulate you.

SPIKE Oh, thanks. Yeah, I figure if you got it, flaunt it.

NINA Oh. I'm still working on projection and interpretation. I guess flaunting will come later.

SPIKE Yeah, 'cause you never know when your big break will happen. Look at *Jersey Shore*.

NINA Oh I don't want to. I like Ingmar Bergman and the Merchant Ivory films. I just saw *Smiles of a Summer Night*, it's beautiful. Have you ever seen it?

SPIKE I don't think so. Who's in it?

NINA Gunnar Bjornstrand, Eva Dahlbeck, and Ulla Jacobsson.

SPIKE Ah. I'll have to miss it sometime.

Enter Vanya.

VANYA Nina, I thought I heard you down here.

SPIKE Where's my T-shirt?

VANYA Masha took it upstairs. She's in the third-floor bedroom.

SPIKE Oh, I'll go see her.

VANYA She said she was getting a very strong headache . . .

SPIKE Okay, I won't expect her to put out. Catch you later.

Spike goes upstairs.

NINA He's so attractive. (*they both look after him*) Except for his personality, of course.

VANYA Yes. I would agree with that. Of course he's young.

NINA Did you bring your play?

VANYA It's a partial play, of course. And it's about the weather. I'm very concerned about it. We've been here 45 years, and the last 6 or 7 years, the weather has been much more violent, and extreme.

NINA Oh yes. Global warming. My uncle doesn't believe in it.

VANYA Well I hope he lives a long, long time and suffers through it. I'm sorry that's not nice to say.

NINA That's all right. So tell me about the play. What's my character like?

VANYA Well, it's not a traditional character, it's a . . . molecule.

NINA It's not a person?

VANYA It has thoughts and feelings, but it's not a person.

NINA Gosh, I wonder if I'll know how to act being a molecule.

VANYA You should just be yourself. The molecule speaks in words, and has emotions . . . so you should not worry about what a molecule really is, and whether it can speak. But let it be a leap of faith, and just go with the flow of the words.

NINA Hmmmm, I feel this may be a crossroads for me. At this moment I can choose to be one of those actors who argues and frets and challenges endlessly, and who makes rehearsals an enormous trial. Or I can be one of those who listens and says, "All right" and just tries to make it work. I think I'll choose to become the second kind. And take a leap of faith.

VANYA Oh. What good news. Let's go out by the pond, I don't want anyone to overhear us. And you can read it aloud to me out there.

Vanya and Nina start to exit toward the outdoors.

NINA I brought my MP3 player in case you want music underneath if I read to everyone. Is that a good idea?

VANYA Oh I don't know. Maybe. Let's hear it first, and see if we should . . . ask others to . . . you know . . .

Vanya and Nina exit toward the pond.

Phone rings. Enter Cassandra from outside, carrying a few bags of groceries.

CASSANDRA I'll get it! *(answers the phone)* Hello. Who wants to know? Agnes from Country Meadows Real Estate? **YOU GOT THE WRONG NUMBER, DON'T CALL HERE AGAIN!**

Cassandra slams the phone down violently. Laughs and laughs. Maybe waves that Mardi Gras streamer thing around, joyously.

Sonia walks downstairs.

SONIA Goodness, who did you yell at?

CASSANDRA It was a wrong number. I got coffee and other stuff. *(Phone rings again. Cassandra looks angry, and picks up the phone.)*

CASSANDRA **ITOLDYOU NOT TO CALL BACK!** *(listens)* Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were someone else. Who did you want to talk to? Well, she's right here.

Cassandra offers Sonia the phone.

SONIA Who is it?

CASSANDRA *(to phone)* Who's calling please? *(to Sonia)* Joe.

SONIA I don't know who that is.

CASSANDRA *(to phone)* She doesn't know you. *(to Sonia)* Should I hang up angry or polite?

SONIA Wait, I'll take the call. *(answers the phone)* Hello, this is Sonia. Who is this, please?

Cassandra exits with her bags off to the kitchen.

Joe? I'm afraid I don't . . . Oh yes, Joe from last night! The party, yes. What? Yes, this is Sonia. My voice sounds different? Oh. Uh.