

Sonia

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 I TOLD YOU 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.

Start

(thinks quickly) Wait a minute, I have a frog in my throat. *(pretends to cough, and then switches to using her Maggie Smith voice:)* Hello, Joe. How are you today? Oh your head hurts a little. I hope you're not an alcoholic. You're not. That's good! But you like to get drunk sometimes. Well, it's a good man's failing. I'm a crack addict. No, darling . . . I'm just teasing. It was very nice to meet you last night. Remind me, what was your costume? A raincoat. Uh-huh. Anything else? A fedora. Uh-huh. So you were pretending it was raining in 1946, is that right? Oh—you were Sam Spade. The detective. I'm sorry, I should have remembered that. And Maggie Smith was actually in a movie where Peter Falk played Sam Spade, and she played Nora Charles. From *The Thin Man*. *(frowning, kind of changing her mind, still in the Maggie Smith voice)* You know, Joe, I have to go back to my own voice for a little while, do you mind? *(switches back to her normal voice)* I'm sorry, I'm a little confused. Did you really think that was my voice last night? Oh I see. Well I must have forgotten to give you the proper explanation last night. I was telling everyone I was the Evil Queen as played by Maggie Smith. But I guess by the time I met you, I had gotten tired of explaining, and you just assumed that was my real voice.

But this is my real voice, actually. It's sort of boring compared to Maggie Smith. But nonetheless, I am who I am and I'm stuck with it. I'm remembering the person who was Sam Spade. You have a very nice face. Oh I'm remembering, you said you were a widower. Is that right? I'm sorry. Two years. No, I'm not a widow. I'm a . . . *(stops for a second, chooses not to say she's never been married)* . . . I've been picky. Uh-huh. Glamorous?? *(laughs)* Oh, I must be honest and assure you I'm NOT glamorous. I look a fright most of the time. Daily, in fact. And except for last night, I've never gotten all dolled up. All right, you think of me as glamorous, I guess I should just accept it. I admit it, I'm glamorous. Do your glasses need a new prescription, Joe? They don't, all right, that's good to know. Um . . . *(thinks a second)* . . . I'm a little confused. Why are you calling me today? *(listens)* Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Oh. Because you like me. How odd. What? I said, how nice.

Thank you. Although maybe it's my imitation of Maggie Smith you like. I don't do any other imitations, I'm afraid.

Uh-huh. Go to dinner? Um . . . well . . . I . . . maybe. Saturday? Well I'm not sure, let me check my book. *(She moves the phone away from her mouth and frowns; thinks; she feels nervous about saying yes, wonders what to say, makes a decision)* I'm sorry, Joe. I'm not free Saturday. Yes, it's too bad. Another time. Yes, well. Hold on a minute, would you? *(She holds the phone away, trying to think through if it makes sense to not accept this man's invitation; she's finding it very hard to make a decision; then:)* Joe. I looked at my book again, and I made a mistake. It's Sunday I'm busy. I am free Saturday. The day that you mentioned. *(he apparently took a second to take it in)* Yes, I am free. *(makes a face to herself, oh Lord, now she's said yes)* Yes, Saturday. That would be lovely. *(listens, repeats back)* Weekends are best for you. Oh—that means you have a job then. Nothing. Just I was trying to think what's the matter with you, and I couldn't come up with anything. *(as Maggie Smith)* Maybe you're mentally deficient. *(surprised at his response; goes back to her own voice)* Oh you laughed. Oh well good.

So Saturday at 6 p.m., you'll pick me up. I'm at 55 Hollyhock Road. Yes, very near where the party was. Yes, it was a nice party. Oh, and you know, if you need to cancel, I'll certainly understand. Well, all right, I just mean in case you *had* to. No, I would like to go. You don't mind if I don't use my Maggie Smith voice, do you? Oh that's good. I'll just use it for emphasis. Otherwise just . . . this voice. Thank you, Joe. *(a compliment)* Oh. Nice of you to say. I'll see you Saturday.

She hangs up the phone. She is extremely confused. Perhaps no one has ever asked her out before. She thinks it's maybe a joke, and she thinks it's real. She's sort of upset, and she's sort of delighted. She's afraid of expectations, and it's hard not to have some hopes.

She sits in a chair and doesn't know what she feels, but it's a mix of lots of things.