

VANYA. I have the remainder of my life to nap. I'm not done yet. WE LICKED POSTAGE STAMPS! We didn't have answering machines. You had to call people back. (*Masha moves away.*) We ate Spam, just like the soldiers in World War II did. (*To Spike.*) Have you *heard* of World War II?

We played Scrabble and Monopoly. We didn't play video games, in some virtual reality, where we would kill policeman and prostitutes as if that was some sort of entertainment.

The popular entertainment wasn't so insane back then. It was sometimes corny, but sincere. We all saw the movie *Davy Crockett* and wore coonskin caps.

That may not sound sane, wearing those caps, but it was very innocent. And we *all* did it, there was a solidarity about it, unlike being alone in your room killing prostitutes in a video game.

We followed *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*. Which starred the real-life Ozzie and Harriet Nelson.

But *Adventures* was a strange word for the show because it was *extremely uneventful*. They did things like ... make popcorn in the kitchen. Or ... look for missing socks.

~~In retrospect they seemed medicated.~~

It was a stupid show, but it was calming. You didn't feel it was stirring people up and creating serial killers.

I'm sorry I'm getting off the point. But my point is the '50s were idiotic but I miss parts of them. When I was thirteen I saw *Goldfinger* with Sean Connery as James Bond, and I didn't get the meaning of the character name of "Pussy Galore." Went right over my head. Nowadays, three-year-olds get the joke. They can barely walk and they know what Pussy Galore means.

The weather is changing, the culture is very weird. I'm not a conservative, but I do miss things in the past.

*I Love Lucy* was pretty wonderful. And the whole country watched it. We saw *Davy Crockett*. And *The Mickey Mouse Show*. Boys just past puberty would fixate on Annette Funicello.

We didn't identify with rock stars, we identified with Mouseketeers. Annette, Darlene Gillespie, Cubby O'Brien.

My favorite was Tommy Kirk who was one of the Hardy Boys on the Mickey Mouse show. Later he starred in Disney's *Old Yeller*, about a boy and his dog. His father was fighting in the Civil War, but Tommy was the one who took the responsibility for being the grown-up. Not his mother or younger brother.

And initially he didn't want the dog, but then he bonded with it. And at the end of the film *Old Yeller* gets rabies and foams at the mouth, and poor Tommy Kirk has to shoot his dog, crying his eyes out as he does so.

It was a traumatic moment in our national past. A shared one.

I wondered what happened to Tommy Kirk, and I did a Google search and I learned that sometime after he was in *Son of Flubber*, Walt Disney found out that Tommy Kirk was gay and he fired him. He dropped his contract.

Meanwhile Tab Hunter was gay too, but HIS studio just saw to it that he went on pretend dates with starlets. They didn't fire Tab Hunter. They starred him in movies opposite Sophia Loren, for God's sake. Tommy Kirk on the other hand was mistreated, and I TAKE IT PERSONALLY. As I expect he does too.

He stopped making movies. He took drugs for a period. And then later he got better and became a minister. And now he runs a rug cleaning business. I guess he's alright.

But he's had to go through the same changes I have — no more licking of postage stamps, no more typewriters or letters, no more shared national TV shows like *Ozzie and Harriet*, which even though it was boring still it was a SHARED MEMORY BETWEEN US. There are no shared memories anymore.

Now, now there's Twitter and email and Facebook and cable and satellite, and the movies and TV shows are all worthless, and we don't even watch the same worthless things together, it's all separate. And our lives are ... disconnected.

And you come in here and say you almost had a part on *Entourage 2* as if that's an achievement of some kind. And I don't know what you're talking about. I'm worried about the future. I miss the past. I don't want to talk anymore. I'm going to go sit in the other room. I don't know why I exploded. Sorry. (*Exits.*)

SPIKE. Wow, what's up with him? That was a major flip out.

SONIA. I think I better go after him.

NINA. Can I come? (*Sonia and Nina exit after Vanya.*)

SPIKE. You come from a crazy family.

MASHA. You come from a family who taught you no manners. Why did you find it necessary to text during Vanya's play?

SPIKE. Well he didn't have to go nuts about it.

MASHA. (*Takes his phone out of his hand.*) What were you texting

for God's sake? *(Reads.)* "I'll meet you at the airport 8 A.M. Tuesday. Love you."

SPIKE. It's my cousin. I'm bringing her to the airport.

MASHA. How thoughtful. And usually you're never thoughtful. I recognize the screen name you're writing to. HootiePie at gmail.com.

CASSANDRA. Beware of Hootie Pie.

MASHA. I didn't realize Hootie Pie was your cousin.

SPIKE. She's not. Hootie Pie and I ... are in love.

MASHA. In love? With my personal assistant?

CASSANDRA. And Hootie Pie shall be called Spawn of the Devil.

SPIKE. Does she have to stay here?

MASHA. Suddenly I like her.

CASSANDRA. Thank you. Suddenly I like you.

SPIKE. Alright then. On Tuesday morning Hootie and I will be flying to Aruba for two weeks. And then we're renting an apartment together. I was going to tell you on Monday.

MASHA. Well you've told me today. Cassandra, please call a taxi for Spike. I want him to get on an uncomfortable bus and go back to New York and be out of my life.

SPIKE. I was gonna tell you. I didn't want to ruin your weekend.

MASHA. Well that's just so thoughtful of you, thank you. And how good to know how loyal and helpful Hootie/Spawn of the Devil has been. Was she ever going to tell me she was quitting?

SPIKE. She was going to send you an email.

MASHA. An email. How classy.

SPIKE. She was afraid to tell you in person.

MASHA. You know, she doesn't need to be. I find myself feeling sudden and enormous relief about having you out of my life, and Hootie Pie too. *(Noticing Cassandra is still here.)* Cassandra, did you call the taxi?

CASSANDRA. We don't have a taxi in town.

MASHA. Well ... can you solve it?

CASSANDRA. I can drive him myself.

MASHA. Good. I'm liking you more and more.

CASSANDRA. And vice versa. Ms. Hardwicke, I want to apologize for something.

MASHA. What?

CASSANDRA. *(Pause.)* I don't want to say, but I just want to apologize.

MASHA. I appreciate it. Thank you very much. *(Turns back to*

*Spike.)* Goodbye, Spike. It was fun, sort of, have a good life, I've been a fool, so long. Now please go get your things and go with Cassandra and be banished to a bus.

SPIKE. I'm sorry if I hurt you.

MASHA. I'm sorry if you hurt me too. But you may not have. I notice my headache is gone.

SPIKE. May I kiss you?

MASHA. No.

SPIKE. ... May I shake hands?

MASHA. Yes. *(They shake hands.)* I wish you success.

SPIKE. Thank you. *(Spike exits up to the bedroom.)*

CASSANDRA. *(Said simply, marveling in retrospect how correct her warning has been.)* Beware of Hootie Pie.

MASHA. Indeed. *(Phone rings. Masha picks up. Into the phone.)* Hello? Who? Oh, Agnes. *(Whispers to Cassandra.)* It's that woman about the house. *(Back to the phone.)* YOU GOT THE WRONG NUMBER, DON'T CALL HERE AGAIN! *(Hangs up.)*

CASSANDRA. That's exactly what I said earlier today.

MASHA. We are clearly sharing some psychic connection. And I welcome it. *(Calls offstage.)* Vanya, Sonia! Come in here please! *(Vanya and Sonia enter, followed by Nina.)*

MASHA. I am not selling the house. Hootie Pie is a manipulator and a liar, and she was wrong about the Snow White costume, and clearly all her other suggestions are wrong too. So in no way will I consider the suggestion she made that I sell the house.

SONIA. What happened?

MASHA. Cassandra is driving Spike to the bus, he's out of my life, he's running off with Hootie Pie.

SONIA. Oh, I'm sorry.

MASHA. Don't be. I'm feeling very good ... except for the fact I have such very bad taste in men. And I don't know why I wanted to sell the house. Oh, I have less money than I used to. And I was going to turn down this film where they want me to play a grandmother, which I am not anxious to do. But I think I'll take it for the money. It would pay the mortgage for like a year. You know, I don't know why I didn't think this earlier, but I don't have a husband, I don't have children ... but the roots I do have are here, aren't they? With you two. *(Vanya and Sonia give Masha a hug. She hugs back. They hold it for a bit, then separate.)*

CASSANDRA. Uh-oh. Lover boy's coming down the stairs. *(Spike*