

# VANYA AND SONIA AND MASHA AND SPIKE

## ACT ONE

### Scene 1

*A farmhouse in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Not enormous, but comfortable, on a hill, many trees, a barn nearby, a pond in the near distance. There used to be a shed for peacocks, but the peacocks are long gone.*

*The Morning Room. Sunny, a sitting place with a nice window and comfortable wicker chairs. There is a grassy section next to the morning room, and characters can enter or leave the room to the outdoors.*

*Vanya, 55 to 60, in a nightshirt, walks in, carrying coffee. He sits, staring out at the pond. (Note: the actors should look at the back of the theater when they are looking at the pond. The windows are imagined.) Vanya sips the coffee, which tastes good. He feels somewhat contented. He stares a bit more. Sonia enters, age 50 or so, with coffee for him. Perhaps has a diet soda for herself. She is unsure of herself, melancholy, though keeps hoping for impossible things.*

SONIA. I brought you coffee, dearest Vanya.

VANYA. I have some.

SONIA. Oh. But I bring you coffee every morning.

VANYA. Well, yes, but you weren't available.

Vanya + Sonia →

SONIA. Well, I was briefly in the bathroom, you couldn't wait?  
VANYA. I don't know. The coffee was made, you weren't there, I'm capable of pouring coffee into a cup.  
SONIA. But I like bringing you coffee in the morning.  
VANYA. Fine. Here, take this cup and give me that one.  
SONIA. Alright. *(Vanya hands her his coffee and takes the coffee she's brought.)*  
SONIA. Now I feel better.  
VANYA. I'm glad. *(Sonia sits. They both look out, staring in the distance.)*  
SONIA. Has the blue heron been at the pond yet this morning?  
VANYA. Not yet. Or it was here before I was.  
SONIA. It'll probably come later. It's such a beautiful bird.  
VANYA. Yes, it is. *(Sips the coffee.)* I'm afraid the other cup tasted better.  
SONIA. Well it's the same coffee.  
VANYA. Well maybe I put in more milk than you did. Maybe that's why it tastes better.  
SONIA. Don't I usually put in the right amount of milk?  
VANYA. Well, yes. I don't usually think about it. It's just that I was drinking one coffee, and liking it, and then suddenly there's a different cup of coffee, and I'm liking it slightly less. It's no big deal. I'm just making pleasant conversation.  
SONIA. That's not making pleasant conversation. It's first thing in the morning, and you're implying I don't do anything right.  
VANYA. I didn't say that.  
SONIA. Yes, you did.  
VANYA. I didn't.  
SONIA. Well you implied it.  
VANYA. Forget it! The coffee's delicious, I love it!  
SONIA. Oh, for God's sake. Here take the original cup back.  
VANYA. No, no, it's not that different. I'm sorry I said anything. *(Sonia forces him to take his original coffee cup back, the one he preferred. She takes the second cup back herself.)*  
SONIA. I mean I have two pleasant moments every day in my fucking life, and one of them is bringing you coffee.  
VANYA. Sonia, I'm sorry I said anything. Really the two cups are almost identical. I should have said nothing.  
SONIA. Alright.  
VANYA. I'm sorry. Really.

SONIA. That's alright. *(She suddenly takes the cup she's holding and smashes it on the floor, in the direction of the kitchen. Silence.)*  
VANYA. Is this how you're going to be today?  
SONIA. I don't know what you mean.  
VANYA. YOU JUST THREW THE FUCKING COFFEE AGAINST THE WALL!  
SONIA. I DIDN'T!  
VANYA. You didn't??? What kind of idiot response is that?  
SONIA. I don't know. It's an angry "I hate my life and I hate you" response.  
VANYA. Well, it was effective then, good for you!  
SONIA. Thank you! *(Silence.)* I'm sorry. I shouldn't have thrown the cup.  
VANYA. That's alright.  
SONIA. It's just I had bad dreams last night.  
VANYA. Oh?  
SONIA. I dreamt I was fifty-two and I wasn't married.  
VANYA. Were you dreaming in the documentary form?  
SONIA. That's not funny.  
VANYA. Really, I thought it was. You are fifty-two, and you're not married.  
SONIA. Whose fault is that?  
VANYA. Is the answer supposed to be me?  
SONIA. There isn't any answer. And if I pine for you, that's my business.  
VANYA. Don't pine for me. That's ridiculous. I'm fifty-seven and I've told you for many years, I'm not interested in you in that way. I ... march to a different drummer.  
SONIA. Why must you march to a drummer at all? Why couldn't we both ... walk to the sounds of a piccolo?  
VANYA. What? I don't know what that metaphor means. Besides, you're my sister.  
SONIA. We're not blood relations. I am your adopted sister. So I can pine if I want to.  
VANYA. Look I think your pining after me is a tired reflex. I don't think you even like me anymore.  
SONIA. I agree with you. It's a reflex with me now. It comes from our living together. There's no one else in the house. Ever since mother and father died. And Masha left me and you to take care of them while she was off gallivanting, having a life. Don't you feel

things. One foot after another. Enjoying a good cup of coffee and not smashing it onto the ground. A lovely chocolate cookie.

VANYA. Oh I'd like a cookie.

SONIA. I would too.

VANYA. Oh remember when Nana used to bring us tea and graham crackers to tide us over until dinner.

SONIA. Oh, graham crackers, graham crackers!

VANYA. And Masha would never have more than one ... she was preparing to be an actress even then, and chose to watch her figure.

SONIA. Imagine eating only one graham cracker. *(Suddenly remembering.)* Oh, Masha! I forgot to tell you. She's coming out here today.

VANYA. Masha is coming? She called?

SONIA. I forgot to tell you.

VANYA. No, you purposely don't tell me things. It's one of the ways in which you make life unnecessarily complicated.

SONIA. *(Angry, feeling criticized.)* I FORGOT to tell you. I am bipolar and I have incipient dementia.

VANYA. What time is she coming?

SONIA. In an hour or so. *(Suddenly there is the sound of a car pulling up outside.)* No ... sooner. *(Vanya realizes he's in his night-shirt and goes quickly upstairs, or maybe toward the kitchen, in order to pull on pants.)*

CASSANDRA. *(Referring to the car outside.)* Beware of Greeks bearing gifts. A Trojan horse can hide many things. Someone is with your sister, and he carries Trojans in his back pocket. I will be in the basement doing laundry. If I hear gunshots, I'll come back up. *(Cassandra exits.)*

SONIA. I really think we should get a new cleaning woman. *(Vanya returns with pants. He lets the top of the nightshirt pass as a regular shirt.)*

VANYA. Why is Masha here? Did she say? *(Enter Masha, attractive and grand, mid-50s, and looking great. With her is a handsome young man named Spike, age 27 or so. Spike is maybe dressed in worn-out jeans with rips in them. Or maybe is wearing more trendy, relaxed clothes. Sure of himself, and self-involved. Also outgoing. Masha is dressed well, a bit glamorous as if she might run into photographers somewhere.)*

MASHA. Dearest Vanya. Sweetest Sonia. How wonderful to see you. How I've missed you, and this beautiful house. *(Realizes she's missing something.)* Spike, darling, would you go to the car? I forgot

to bring my Snow White costume.  
SPIKE. Okay.  
MASHA. And don't forget the shepherd's crook.  
SPIKE. Okay. *(To Vanya and Sonia, friendly, wised-up.)* Women, huh? *(Spike exits.)*  
MASHA. Sweetest Vanya, dearest Sonia. How I've missed you. You both look the same. Older. Sadder. But the same. It's wonderful to see you, Vanya. Oh, and you too, Sonia.  
SONIA. Yes, hello. I'm easy to miss.  
MASHA. You are! I often miss you! I'm in a play or a movie, and I think of my dear Sonia, and think, oh I miss her! I must call her. Then I get called to the set and months go by and I forget to call. Life happens, no?  
SONIA. Not here it doesn't. We sit still a lot. We look out the window. We bicker. We long for what the world cannot give. We are in our twilight years, and we realize we have never really lived.  
MASHA. *(Lightly.)* Oh, that's too bad ... *(Back to herself, happy.)* Oh I wish I had time to sit still. I'm always busy, I'm always on the TV, or flying off to some foreign country to make a movie. Oh I wish I had time to read the classics, sit in a chair, and just read. Do you read the classics, Sonia?  
SONIA. No. I think of it, but I have too much free time. There's so much I could fill the free time with, I can't make decisions. So I do nothing. I am a wild turkey, I am a wild turkey.  
MASHA. Really? How alarming. *(Softer, to Vanya.)* What's the matter with her?  
VANYA. She's referring to falling out of bed. She's fine. Masha, you look wonderful as usual. But what did you say about a Snow White costume?  
MASHA. Oh did I forget to tell Sonia?  
SONIA. Um ... probably. Tell me what?  
MASHA. Well I got a lovely invitation from that extremely wealthy woman who bought the Dorothy Parker house up the road. She's one of our neighbors here, and she's dying to get to know people in the area, and so she's throwing a costume party. And she asked me to come.  
VANYA. Well she hasn't asked us to come.  
MASHA. Well you're not famous. She's inviting famous people and literary people, and interesting people. And, of course, you and Sonia are very interesting. And I told her that, so she wants both of

you to come with me and Spike tonight.  
VANYA. Spike? *(Enter Spike, carrying a large garment bag, which holds the costume, and a shepherd's crook. He finds somewhere to hang up or put down the garment bag and the crook.)*  
SPIKE. *(Friendly, charming.)* Yup, that's my name. Don't wear it out. VANYA. I'll try not to.  
SPIKE. Okay. I got the costume and this weird shepherd's thing.  
MASHA. Thank you, Spike.  
SONIA. Is Spike the name you were given at birth?  
SPIKE. No, it's my acting name. My real name was Vlad. But my agent said that that was hard to hear, and I was wearing my hair all spikey that day, and he said, why don't you call yourself Spike. And so I do.  
MASHA. Spike is a very gifted actor. He was almost cast in the sequel to *Entourage*, *Entourage 2*. HBO thought he was wonderful.  
SPIKE. Yeah, I should've gotten that part.  
MASHA. But, darling, you came very close. They brought you in to network. You were down to the last three.  
SPIKE. Yeah. And they put me up in a fancy hotel.  
MASHA. Well, of course.  
SONIA. Maybe you'll come close to getting another part soon.  
MASHA. Well next time he'll get the part.  
SPIKE. Yeah, it's only a matter of time.  
VANYA. I'm sorry, who is Spike? Is he your driver?  
MASHA. He's my beloved!  
VANYA. He looks ten.  
MASHA. Oh, Vanya darling, don't exaggerate. He's twenty-nine if he's a day. And I'm only forty-one. Possibly forty-two. *(Masha and Spike kiss with abandon and passion.)*  
SONIA. Hello. You're not alone in the room. Hello.  
MASHA. Sorry, it's all rather new for me.  
SONIA. Really? You've had five husbands.  
SPIKE. I like older women.  
VANYA. I'm relieved to hear it.  
SPIKE. Hey, a spark is either there or it's not, right, Mashie?  
MASHA. Isn't he adorable?  
VANYA. He's attractive. I'm not sure if he's adorable.  
SONIA. Really. Every time I see you, Masha, you make me feel bad. First you don't notice me in the room somehow, and say hello to me as an afterthought. And now here you are nearing your dotage,

End  
Masha

plays of Anton Chekhov and Irina in *Three Sisters* is always saying "it's my name day."

MASHA. Ah, well. It's lovely to meet you. You're so very pretty and luminous, and full of youthful hope and enthusiasm. I wonder if it makes it hard for older people to be around you.

NINA. I'm sorry, what?

MASHA. Nothing. My unconscious was speaking, pay no mind. Happy name day. What is your name by the way?

NINA. I'm Nina.

MASHA. (*Furious.*) GOD DAMN IT! VANYA. What's the matter?

MASHA. That crazy psychic in the kitchen told me to "Beware of Nina," and now her fucking name is Nina!!!

NINA. What? I'm sorry, what?

SONIA. Hello, Nina, I have a feeling no one is going to introduce me, I'm kind of like furniture in the room rather than a person. But I'm Sonia, Masha's sister. Although, I'm adopted, and don't really belong here. Or anywhere. And this is my brother Vanya.

VANYA. Hello, Nina. Happy name day.

NINA. How lovely to meet you. And what a funny joke about the furniture. (*Everyone looks confused.*)

SPIKE. I told Nina I'd introduce her to my manager. And I invited her to the costume party.

MASHA. (*Taking that in.*) You invited her. How nice. I have an idea! Spike, why don't we skip the party and hop in the car and race back to New York City right this minute. I suddenly want to see a Broadway show. How late is the half-price ticket booth open, does anyone know?

SPIKE. No, I wanna go to the party. And Nina is so excited to meet you. She just worships you. (*A bit flirtatiously.*) As do I.

MASHA. (*Taking in what he said, a bit mollified.*) Well, that's sweet of you to say, Spike. I... uh... am flattered. Nina looks up to me. Hello, Nina. Happy name day.

NINA. Thank you. (*Enter Cassandra.*)

CASSANDRA. Lunch will be a little delayed. I dropped the omelers on the floor. I'm going to have to start over. (*Sees Nina, points at her.*) What did I say? BEWARE OF NINA!

MASHA. Cassandra, Nina is visiting from next door, and she's a lovely aspiring actress.

CASSANDRA. Well, I warned you, but the curse of Apollo keeps

everyone from acting on my warnings. (*Feels drawn to make a bit of a speech.*)

Oh mystery and misery, descends upon me like a thunder cloud, Pregnant with rain and Jupiter's arrows.

The terrible burden of true prophecy, of my unwanted but unstoppable prelude.

Look out, look out — all around us are lions and tigers and bears. Oh my, the omelette is a failure, I crush it beneath my foot.

The libation bearers bring guts and entrails And parents' children chopped up and served in a shepherd's pie.

Something tastes wrong with it — little wonder! Next time you won't go killing Agamemnon, will you?

He's already dead. My car needs to be inspected, How can I keep all these facts in my head when I see calamity and colossus

Lumbering up the walkway? Oh wretches, oh misery, oh magical mystery tour. Beware the future. I know you will not abide me, You ignore because I am not tall.

But I am right! I see disaster ahead for all of you! Lunch in about twenty minutes! (*She strides out.*)

NINA. Oh she's a wonderful actress, too. What was that from, what she just recited?

MASHA. It was from one of the Greek tragedies, I think. But I believe she embellished it slightly.

NINA. Tell me... I wonder if this is a stupid question. But what is the difference between acting in a movie and acting onstage?

MASHA. No, it's not stupid at all. In film, you are acting in front of a camera, and you need to speak in a normal voice. And onstage, you are in a sort of wooden box in front of people who are looking at you and you must speak more loudly. So that they can hear you.

NINA. I see, yes. What was your favorite role onstage?

MASHA. My favorite role onstage. Well I loved all the Ibsen I did, and the Chekhov, and the Shakespeare. Google me when you go home. Besides I'm not the only actor in the room. Spike is wonderfully talented. He was almost cast in *Entourage 2*.

NINA. Yes, he told me.

MASHA. Spike, why don't you... (*Suddenly notices he's still in his underwear.*) Goodness, you're still in your underwear. Spike, dear, why

Cassandra

SPIKE. Yeah, it's tough to audition. I was real lucky to have a pro like Masha coach me.

MASHA. Yes, let's get to the audition now.

SPIKE. So I was auditioning for the spin-off series *Entourage 2*. And it has a different setup because in this one there's an up-and-coming actor who's starting to make it big in the movies, but he's played by somebody else, so the implication is it's another character.

MASHA. It's not an implication. He is another character.

SPIKE. *(Kind of laughs, realizes he got confused.)* Right. I know that. His name is Bradley Wood, and he's the lead. And in *this* version, his entourage is this old dame who's his agent, and this young guy on coke who's his manager, and his best friend from high school who's a girl who has a crush on him but she has this disease that gives her convulsions so she can never kiss anybody, 'cause she gets convulsions. And I live next door to a rabbi who's played by Judd Hirsch. But he's not on every week.

MASHA. Yes, yes. Let's move it along, pacing, pacing.


SPIKE. Okay, and he's been having an affair with his older agent lady, but he's thinking of moving on to another agent. So the scene is between Bradley Wood and his lady agent.

NINA. I see.

SPIKE. Okay he comes into the room, and the manager is there. "Hey, good-looking. How's tricks?" And Masha used to read the other lines. Do you remember them, Masha?

MASHA. Kind of. But I think you should try to do it as a monologue ... we'll all intuit what the other lines are.

SPIKE. Oh, okay. *(He likes the challenge. He changes his body language, and begins the scene, maybe unbuttons his top three shirt buttons.)* Hey, good-looking. How's tricks? *(Dutifully ad-libs listening to make it a monologue.)* What? Who told you that? Hey, don't cry. Come on, give me a smile. Besides it's not definite. *(Pointedly listens.)* Well ... yeah, it's true, I did meet with some agents at CAA. I thought they were real impressive. I mean, they can call up Sandy Bullock, they can call up Julia Roberts. You gotta face it, you don't know that caliber of person. What? *(He listens.)* What about loyalty? What about my career? What about my getting ahead? Yeah, I know you put in a lot of time with me. But I put a lot time in with you, too. And I don't know ... I think I might like CAA better. What? *(Listens.)* Oh, that. Well, yeah, just 'cause I go to another agent doesn't mean we have to stop sleeping together occasionally. Well I



Spike

think it's occasional. I mean, I sleep with other people, too. I want to be successful, I can't just sleep with one old broad all the time. Oh, I'm sorry, don't cry. I think of "old broad" as a term of affection. (Listens.) Oh yeah? Well fuck you! (He bows, smiles.)

MASHA. Wasn't that good? (Masha leads the applause. Nina is sincere and thinks it was good. Vanya and Sonia are a touch shell-shocked but applaud anyway.)

NINA. Oh that was wonderful. I can sense great things in your future. SPIKE. Yeah, cool. Thanks. (Enter Cassandra.)

CASSANDRA. Luncheon is served. It's Campbell soup and tuna fish sandwiches. I was only asked to make lunch for four, but I did stretch it to five, though the sandwiches are a little skimpy with the tuna fish. (Exits.)

MASHA. Well, the lunch sounds repellent, but shall we go in?

NINA. (To Masha.) Oh you're so kind to invite me to lunch, but I mustn't impose any further. And you did invite me to the costume party, so I'll come back for that, shall I?

MASHA. Yes, dear. That would be lovely. Why don't you come over at seven-thirty, it's just a little ways away, at the Dorothy Parker house.

NINA. Wonderful. I'll see you later. It was a pleasure to meet you all. (To Masha.) And a special honor to meet you, Miss Hardwicke. (Nina exits. Bit of a pause from everyone.)

MASHA. Well, that was... fun. I need to go lie down. I think I'll forgo the tuna fish sandwiches.

SONIA. And I need to drive to Upper Black Eddy, and find a costume.

MASHA. Spike, do you want to take a nap with me?

SPIKE. I think I'll have the soup and sandwich.

MASHA. I think I'm getting a headache. Excuse me.

SPIKE. I'll come up in a bit and give you a massage.

MASHA. That would be lovely, thank you. (Exits to upstairs.)

SONIA. Vanya, do you want to come with me?

VANYA. You know, the soup and sandwich doesn't sound so bad to me. I think maybe I'll stay and have lunch.

SONIA. Alright. See you later then. Goodbye, Spike. (Exits.)

SPIKE. So it's just you and me, pal.

VANYA. Yes.

SPIKE. Time to tie on the old feed bag, right? (Friendly, but has a flirtatious vibe; he sort of does with everyone.)

VANYA. Oh yes, right.

End Spike

around you, I feel like her. You must be reading my aura.

NINA. I never really saw the movie. I just saw the clip where she says, "ready for my close-up." So who are you dressed as?

MASHA. I'm dressed as Snow White. The Walt Disney version.

NINA. I've never seen *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Is it like *The Little Mermaid*?

MASHA. (A touch annoyed.) No. One's about a mermaid, and the other's about dwarfs.

NINA. I see.

MASHA. Now since I'm Snow White, I feel all the other people going to the party with me must relate to Snow White. (Enter Vanya dressed like one of the seven dwarfs. Big floppy knit cap, and a pumpkin-colored shirt with a belt around and brown pants.) You see — like that. That's Grumpy, one of the seven dwarfs.

VANYA. Doc.

MASHA. Right. Doc. Another one of the seven dwarfs.

VANYA. You look lovely, Nina.

MASHA. No she doesn't. She looks like a child dressed for Halloween. I'm afraid I can't have it.

NINA. (Sad but obedient.) Oh. Well maybe I can't go then. I'm sorry I didn't have the right costume.

VANYA. Masha ...

MASHA. No, no, Nina. I'm not saying you can't go to the party. I'm so sorry. I'm really being a bully, but when you're my age — whatever that age is — you get used to having your way. I suppose I'm monstrous, but lovable monstrous, I hope. Besides, the good news is I have an extra costume that DOES relate to *Snow White*, and if you'll just put it on, then we'll all be very happy. Now wait here, I have to ask Spike where he put it.

NINA. Oh I can't wait to see what he's wearing.

MASHA. Really? Why?

NINA. Well, I can't wait to see what everyone's wearing.

MASHA. Okay.

VANYA. What is he going as?

MASHA. He's going as Prince Charming. It took a long time to convince him, so everyone tell him he looks sexy. Not you, Nina. Vanya, you tell him. I'll be right back. (Masha suddenly takes both of Nina's hands.) Thank you, Nina, for being so cooperative. (Ends the moment, moves on, exits to the second floor.)

NINA. I wonder what costume she has for me.

Nina

VANYA. I'm afraid I know. I believe you're going to be a dwarf like me. Dopey.

NINA. I'm just so happy to be included. I love to be around artistic people, who create things, who act, who value the arts.

VANYA. Well Masha obviously fits that. I'm afraid Sonia and I are just ... two lumps on a log.

NINA. Oh I don't think so. I feel you both have hidden reservoirs that just haven't been tapped. Or maybe you're secretly creating things, and not telling anyone.

VANYA. That's remarkable that you say that. I have been writing something ... I haven't told anyone, not even Sonia.

NINA. I thought so. I sensed it. Is it a TV pilot?

VANYA. No, it's a play. In progress. And I was thinking of that play Konstantin writes in *The Seagull*. And it's very experimental and mysterious, and I can never tell if it's meant to be a play ahead of its time or just a play that's ... rotten. And so I thought I might like to write my own version of that play, but relate it to now and see if it would ... be good or not.

NINA. Oh I'm so honored you told me this. I feel certain it's good. I always feel so sorry for Konstantin when I read that play, they were so mean to him.

VANYA. Well, life is hard for everyone, I guess.

NINA. You remind me of my uncle, only nicer and more artistic. He burps a lot and doesn't speak much. But you don't burp that I've noticed, and you're quiet but then you speak when spoken to. May I call you Uncle Vanya?

VANYA. If you like.

NINA. Why don't I do a reading of your play tomorrow for everyone?

VANYA. Oh I don't know if I want the others to hear it. It may be terrible. I wrote something when I was little, and my father joked and said it was pathetic.

NINA. How is that a joke?

VANYA. Good question.

NINA. Let me read it tomorrow. Either privately for you. Or, the braver choice, for everyone.

VANYA. Alright. I didn't expect to befriend you.

NINA. I'm glad you did.

VANYA. I thought you were going to be more Spike's friend.

NINA. He is awfully handsome.

VANYA. Yes I imagine he is.



End  
Nina

NINA. Isn't it terrible that attractive people are so charismatic?  
VANYA. Yes, terrible. (Enter Masha with a box, followed by Spike. Spike is dressed as a romantic fairy-tale prince. Tights, a crown, a loose white shirt with a V-neck which laces up.)  
MASHA. We finally found it.  
SPIKE. You said she didn't have a costume. She's wearing a costume.  
MASHA. It doesn't go with Snow White. Nina understands.  
SPIKE. I think she looks pretty.  
MASHA. It doesn't matter if she looks pretty if it doesn't relate to Snow White. We all agreed Snow White was the theme.  
SPIKE. None of us agreed to it.  
MASHA. Shut up.  
NINA. It's alright, I want to make Miss Hardwicke happy. I'm willing to wear whatever costume she wants me to.  
MASHA. Thank you, dear. (To Spike.) Go get the paper bag for her head, would you? (To Nina.) No! I'm just kidding. Please, call me Masha.  
NINA. Thank you.  
MASHA. Now why don't you go change in the bathroom off the kitchen?  
SPIKE. That's the size of a closet.  
MASHA. She's a small girl, I'm sure she'll fit fine.  
NINA. Alright, I'll be back soon. (She exits to the kitchen.)  
MASHA. Vanya, how do you think Spike looks as a prince?  
VANYA. I think he looks very good.  
MASHA. What else.  
VANYA. He looks sexy. Though for the full effect, maybe he should go in his underwear.  
SPIKE. That's what I said.  
MASHA. You have been in your underwear entirely too much today. Let's not argue. I'm turning into a harpy. Let me change my aura. Everyone be quiet a moment. (With her hands she pushes the air around as if that is the upset aura she wants to be rid of. Pushing the aura away makes her feel better. She relaxes her body and breathes easier.) Oh I feel better. Life is good. And Spike, you look wonderful as Prince Charming.  
SPIKE. Thank you. You make a hot Snow White. (Spike and Masha kiss. Vanya looks away politely. Enter Sonia. She is in a sparkling sequin gown that takes over the room. She's wearing glittering earrings, bracelets, and a tiara. She looks very good. It might be a beautiful