

bring to the post office. Letters one has written. Licking the stamp that goes on the letter.

SPIKE. Licking the stamp? *(Doesn't understand.)*

VANYA. Forget it, I'll rewrite it. Maybe we should stop.

MASHA. No, I like it. Keep going. *(Crosses to Vanya to encourage him.)* It's much better than Konstantin's play. It's more varied.

VANYA. Okay. Whose line is it? *(Masha is nearer to a chair by Sonia, so she sits there. She doesn't return to her seat on the couch.)*

NINA. Mine. I miss baby powder.

VANYA. I'm sorry, the "I miss" section is going on too long. Let's jump to the top of the next page. *(Vanya can't return to his seat by Sonia, since Masha is in it. He is forced to sit next to Spike on the couch.)*

NINA. Alright. How sad to be a molecule! How sad to be a speck. *(Spike's cell phone makes a small tinkle sound — a "you have a text message" sound, brief. Spike without hesitation reads the message, smiles, and starts to type a text back. He is truly unaware that it might be inappropriate to do this now. His texting goes on for a while ... Masha gives him a signal to stop, but he holds up his finger indicating "give me a sec." Nina feels a good actress should just carry on, so she continues, and mostly pretends not to notice.)* How did the world come to end? Were there Cassandras we didn't listen to? Did we keep an oil burner too long?

MASHA. Spike, stop that. *(Spike again gestures "give me a minute," and goes back to texting.)*

NINA. Why didn't we switch to solar panels? Why didn't we buy an electric car? Why didn't we ... *(Vanya has had enough.)*

VANYA. Excuse me. What are you doing? It's very rude.

SPIKE. I'm still listening. I can multitask. I can drive and text, or watch a movie and tweet.

VANYA. You can multitask, how wonderful. You can tweet. You twitter and tweet, you email and text, your life is abuzz with electrical communication. *(Brief breath.)* I know older people always think the past was better, but really — instead of a text with all these lower case letters, and no punctuation, what about a nicely crafted letter, sent through the post office? Or a thank you note.

SPIKE. Yeah, yeah, it was real elegant back then, I get it. You had to wait five days for a letter, but it was real nice. Time marches on, dude. *(Vanya is fed up with Spike, but he's also upset about the weather, about losing the house, about his life, and about so many awful changes in the world and country. He explodes, his thoughts are almost ahead of him.)*