

### 3.2 A Way

*Vanya appears with manic, twisted energy. He is frantic and determined, now that he knows she is assailable, to win her for himself...*

VANYA. Okay, look—

ELLA. Oh, no...

VANYA. (*Launching right in...*) So there has to be a way, right? A a a

ELLA. Vanya...

VANYA. no no, hold on...a a a a magic word...a gesture or or *something* so compelling that you'll suddenly see me in a whole new light, and just *begin* to *imagine* the that there's the merest possibility of you...*loving me back*.

ELLA. ...Vanya...

VANYA. ...I mean... A *story* or or anecdote that will make what at this moment seems...you know...the usual...*pathetic* and *repellant* and whatnot...suddenly seem *moving* and *endearing* and so wonderfully human that your icy heart will / melt and and and

ELLA. (*A tiny sarcastic toss-away...*) "Icy heart" is nice...

VANYA. you will see me as I am on the inside, and / begin to—

ELLA. And what is that?

VANYA. What?

ELLA. What is that? What are you like on the inside that is so different from what you are like on the outside?

VANYA. Uh...

ELLA. You've said / this over and

VANYA. It's not that—

ELLA. No wait, let me talk. You've said this over and over in all kinds of odd little ways. "The *real* me." "What I'm really like on the inside." "Who I *really* am." So fine, great, I'm ready, I'm all ears. And eyes. And...whatever: *What are you?* What is so fucking different about you on the inside...?

VANYA. Well, I can't just suddenly explain—

ELLA. Why not? Why the hell not?

I've listened to you talk and talk and whine and moan off and on for...a decade or so...and you know, I think I have a pretty good idea of who you are and how you operate and what you think and feel and want, and how you...present yourself in the world. By all the standard, accepted measures, I Know You. I know you pretty darn well.

So...I've rambled here. I've given you some time to gather your addled and surprised wits. So...enlighten me. What are you like inside?

*A fairly protracted pause...*

VANYA. Oh my God.

*Nothing.*

That's your answer.

Not a thing.

You're absolutely right. *This* is the "real me." This is it. This is all there is. This is me. And if I were you...I wouldn't be interested in me either.