

...what?

And therefore...???

...heard you, I just don't know / what you
...and therefore, my dear Doctor, I am going to do X
or "change my life."

...something...

...d there... dear old friend, having now finally fully realized
...th of the...ness of my choices over the past X many ye
...resolve to... Or W." Or some fucking thing, because I
...you, Vanya, ...due love and respect and genuine affect
...world, there is...to the amount of...self-indulgent a
...owing even you...and dearest can endure if you don't
...w...at least try to...**SOMETHING / ABOUT IT!**

NYA. What?! What...supposed to / do? What the hell

TER. (*Entirely improvised*) Move! Quit your job! Study
basket weaving or or or or macramé. Buy a bike. Lea
e. Sell all your belongings... and move to Kenosha
sin, or East Jabip or outer... Mongolia! But, Heav
gatroyd, man, **IF YOU DON'T MAKE YOUR LIFE, T
CKING DO SOMETHING / TO MAKE IT BETTER!**

NYA. I'VE TRIED! You think I...tried All Those T
s and books and online dating... and exercise
ns rejoice when they see me coming... they know I
r exorbitant fees and go exactly three... before I...get
ull something in my groin or just...you...stop going
gy. Lose momentum. Lose...lose...lose...

TER. ...what?

NYA. ...*belief*. Okay?! BELIEF!!! Lose the moth...ng B
I will ever really *change*, that I will ever be any...
over-educated, under-motivated, grumpy, *kvetch
see before you, trapped in the endless cycle of his
...lack of will, and and and and...

ASTER. Give them back.

ASTER. Give them back. Now.

ASTER. Don't fuck me around on this, they're prescription pills, you don't have one, I'm your friend, they'll assume I gave them to you and it will be horribly bad for me, so if you really are thinking of doing the stupidest, stupidest, stupidest, stupidest, STUPIDEST fucking thing you could ever do, you are going to need to steal a car and drive off a cliff or or or spontaneously combust or somefuck- ingthing, but you are NOT going to do it with pills that can be traced back to me, and you are not going to do it at all because it is ridiculous and insane and there are those of us who actually love you, impossible as you are, and would miss your troll-ish self, so give me back both bottles... Take a long hot bath or go for a walk or eat a box of Nutty Buddys or something, and, you know...buck up.

Buck the fuck up and get on with living. This is your ONE LIFE, this is *it*, this is all you get, EVER. This is not a dress rehearsal for some stupid fucking play or a a rough draft of that novel you started, the the the *Daily Turtle* or—

ASTER. Whatever! This is not some placeholder for life. This is it! This is YOUR ONE, OWN, ONLY little life. And you—and *only* you—can make it better. Surely you can do that. And I will NOT quit calling you Shirley. So deal with that, too, bucko.

It has landed, but not fully. Not well enough. On to step two... (Calling offstage...) Hey, can you all come out here, please...!

