

VANYA. I swear to God it all just hit me. Just *now*. For the first time...

I think my whole life I've been saying to myself—not just about you, but all the way back as far as this kind of thing goes. I've always thought “she” would choose me if only she really *knew me*. If she understood me. If only she knew what I'm really like, what I'm like deep down inside. How I mean so well. How much I want to do the right thing. How good my heart is.

How much I hurt. How confused and lost I am... How hopeful... And maybe those are even true, maybe... But those are no more the “real me” than the lonely, whining, dissatisfied, pathetic *putz* who pesters you constantly with his inconvenient love.

I swear I've always thought that the internal me was the “real me” and this guy—the one in the world, the one just “doing things” was...I don't know...a facsimile. Not important. Just “the guy out there doing things”...

But now...I mean, Jesus, if I'm *that* guy, that *external* guy—just the sum total of the shit I *do*—then Christ, I just want to scrape out what's left of my heart with a grapefruit spoon... Because it's what you DO that matters, right? That's actually what I've always liked best about Jewish theology. No sinning in your heart. No being punished for your thoughts. It's actions! Not what you say, or think, or *feel*, but what you DO. And if the real me is this guy, this *schmuck* who just wanders through the world bothering people... Then I am so royally fucked I don't know what to do.

*Pickles enters. She has her hands behind her back...*

KLES.

A. Oh

KLES. I

A. What's

KLES. I have

A. For me?

KLES. Yeah.

A. Really?

KLES. Yep. You want

A. Umm...sure.

KLES. Close your eyes.

A. Ummm...okay.

*She does. Pickles reveals her hands with hand-made hand puppets on them. One looks a lot like Ella, one a bit like Pickles.*

KLES. You can open your eyes now.

*She does.*

A. Wow.

KLES. This is Waffles. *(As Waffles.)* Hi, Ella. *(As Waffles.)* And

s Miss Pum-Pum. *(As Pum-Pum.)* Hello, Ella.

A. Those are really...*something*. Did you make them?

KLES. Yes I did.

A. And they're for me?

KLES. *(Quickly clarifying...)* One is.

A. I'm sorry?

