

ASTER. Hey.
VANYA. Hey.
ASTER. So... What's going on here, pal?
VANYA. Isn't it...painfully obvious?
ASTER. No. So tell me: What's really wrong?
VANYA. *Everything.*
ASTER. Wow. That's a lot...
VANYA. Yeah. But there it is. I've been taking a good hard look at my life and
ASTER. ...yeah?
VANYA. as far as I can tell I've done everything wrong.
ASTER. *Everything?*
VANYA. I think so. I think *everything*...
ASTER. Not *everything*.
VANYA. Yeah, I think so...
ASTER. C'mon, you can't have done *everything* wrong.
VANYA. Everything that *matters*. Everything *real*... Yeah, fucking *everything*.
ASTER. And therefore...?
VANYA. What?
ASTER. And therefore...???

VANYA. I heard you, I just don't know / what you

ASTER. "And therefore, my dear Doctor, I am going to do X...or Y...or Z to change my life."

Beat. Nothing...
"And *therefore*, my dear old friend, having now finally fully realized the depth of the wrongness of my choices over the past X many years, I now resolve to Y. Or Z. Or W?" Or some fucking thing, because I gotta tell you, Vanya, with all due love and respect and genuine affection in the world, there is a limit to the amount of...self-indulgent angst-y wallowing even your nearest and dearest can endure if you don't...you know...at least try to DO SOMETHING / ABOUT IT!

VANYA. What?! What am I supposed to / do? What the hell...
ASTER. (*Entirely improvised...*) Move! Quit your job! Study Egyptian basket weaving or or or Hindu macramé. Buy a bike. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] But, Heavens to Murgatroyd, man, IF YOU DON'T LIKE YOUR LIFE, THEN FUCKING DO SOMETHING / TO MAKE IT BETTER!

VANYA. I'VE TRIED! You think I haven't tried All Those Things? Trips and books and online dating and diets and exercise plans. Gyms rejoice when they see me coming because they know I'll pay their exorbitant fees and go exactly three times before I...get a cold or pull something in my groin or just...you know...*stop going!* Lose energy. Lose momentum. Lose...lose...lose...

