SDC 22 Scene from Sea Gals by Maiya Corral, based on Anton Chekhov’s The Seagull

MASH.

Want a sandwich?

IRIS.

A sandwich? Oh yeah absolutely that sounds wonderful…I don’t think I’ve had anything to eat

in…days? (*They grab a sandwich and settle on the couch.)*

Shame about there not being any money, I guess I should help with that huh?

SANTA.

“Good tidings to you, to you and your kin.”

IRIS. *Eating happily, singing along.*

“Good tidings for Christmas and a happy new year!”

MASH. *Watching them.*

You’re kind of an odd gal aren’t you.

IRIS.

Oh! Sure, I guess as an artist I should be a little more ‘morose’ around the holiday! But I can’t

help it, I love a good carol, ‘tis the season after all!

MASH.

Right, I just mean, it’s kind of a butt hole around here right now, but you seem like, fine.

IRIS.

Mm, yes, well. It’s always a bit of a ‘butt’, isn’t it? Life?

MASH.

Yeah.

IRIS. *Looks at her curiously.*

You’re an angry one, aren’t you Mash? (*They study her.)*

Dangerously beautiful and very, very mad.

MASH.

Correct.

IRIS.

Yes, smart. I like smart. (*They write something in their notebook.)*

MASH.

What are you writing?

*(A crash from RAY’s room.)*

RAY.

Dammit! (*He enters.)*

I dropped my humidifier. Now I’m soaking wet. God I hate this fucking place. Freezing cold and

dark at four pm, and it’s dry as shit? We gotta get out of here before it eats us alive.

MASH.

It’s a ‘butt.’

IRIS.

Ray! Oh Ray, it’s soo nice to see you, please won’t you come visit with me?

RAY.

Uh no I’m okay.

MASH.

Dad come on. Hang with us. Look, I’ll share.

*(She takes out the bottle.)*

RAY.

Oh well that’s a sight for sad eyes isn’t it?

*(MASH pours drinks.)*

MASH. *Begrudgingly, but polite.*

You too

IRIS.

Oh that’s too kind, you angry bird, too kind.

MASH.

Please don’t.

IRIS.

Yep, nope, sorry sis. Don’t know what came over me.

MASH. *A toast.*

To…(*Nothing)*

*(They drink. MASH pours another.)*

IRIS.

To…(*Also nothing. Come on Iris, aren’t you supposed to be a poet?)*

*(They drink.)*

RAY.

To…(*Nope.)*

*(They drink. They are drunk. Everything gets fuzzy, the world goes sideways.)*

RAY.

Nice sandwiches. Dorin? (*MASH nods.)*

Nice man.

*(RAY laughs. He can’t stop. They all laugh. No one can stop, no one can breathe, only laugh.*

*Music, from somewhere. Listen to ‘Closer to you’ by Amo Amo. It feels like an acid trip. It looks like one too.*

*MASH does a beautiful crow dance. Ray sings his story. IRIS watches, sometimes dancing, taking notes. The*

*house is finally happy, she gifts them some wine. They celebrate, drink more, dance more. It settles down. )*

SANTA. *In the tune of their drunk song.*

“It’s the most wonderful time of the year.”

MASH.

Oh for fucks sake. (*She storms over to him.)*

RAY.

I hate that thing.

MASH.

Goodnight Good Saint Shit!

For-ever!!!

*(She unplugs him. They all cheer!)*

SANTA.

“I’m so sorry…” (*MASH screams and throws him across the room.)*

MASH.

Oh, no no no. That’s just too much, that’s too much for me man

*(She exits outside with an armful of wine.)*