

THE SISTERS CALLBACK SIDE #2

ROSE: I *love* mushrooms!

CLARA: You're the only one.

EMILY: I like mushrooms.

CLARA: You're both insane.

EMILY: Let's be fair. We're *all* insane.

ROSE: That's true. The three of us. Three sisters. (Beat.) Oh my God, just like that play!

EMILY: The very famous one from Chekhov?

ROSE: Yes! The one about the three sisters! What was it called?

EMILY (she knows): No idea.

ROSE: Those sisters, they wanted something so badly, didn't they? They just wanted it *so badly* — Oh god, what was it? Do you remember? What was it they wanted?

EMILY: To go to Moscow.

ROSE: Yes! That's right! (Beat.) They never got there, though. Ugh. Such a *sad* play, why do they have to write plays that *sad*?

EMILY: Chekhov is supposed to be funny.

ROSE: Well, he *failed* with that one. It's not funny *at all*.

CLARA: Yeah, why couldn't they just pick up and *go* if they wanted to be in Moscow so badly? That's dumb.

EMILY: That's not the point. Moscow is like a symbol for something — like hope, or a better life or something.

ROSE: Well they never got there.

EMILY: I know.

ROSE: See? That's *sad*.

CLARA: What's our Moscow?

EMILY: Probably sanity.

CLARA: Think we'll make it?

EMILY: No.

ROSE: We should make Moscow something we can actually

achieve.

CLARA: Yeah, that's what those other sisters should have done. They'd have been *way* happier.

ROSE: We could make it eating pizza!

CLARA: *Yes.*

EMILY: No, that's not *at all* how it works.

CLARA: Why not?

ROSE: Yeah, it seems really simple.

EMILY: No, you can't just *lower* the value of Moscow, then it's not *Moscow* anymore.

CLARA: Sure it is.

ROSE: Yeah.

EMILY: No, it's *not*.

CLARA: *Why?*

EMILY (she's stumped): Be...cause.

CLARA: That Brown education is really shining through.

EMILY: Oh fuck you.

ROSE: Is it like... the dream you had for yourself? Like when you were little? Cause if *that's* the case, I think my Moscow would be being a horse.

EMILY: *What?*

ROSE: What? I wanted to be a horse when I was little.

CLARA: That is *too good*.

EMILY: *How is this confusing to you guys?*

CLARA: Well *you* can't even really *explain* it, so—

ROSE: Okay, so it's *not* being a horse and it's not eating pizza, geeze, you're like the Moscow Nazi.

EMILY: *Forget it* — there's no Moscow. Forget I said anything.

ROSE: Now you just sound like the ending of that awful play.