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SF PERUSALS

The Cherry Orchard

by Anton Chekhov

Adapted by David Mamet

From a literal translation by
Peter Nelles

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUELFRENCH.COM

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David Mamet's adaptation of THE CHERRY ORCHARD was originally produced by The New Theatre Company of the Goodman Theatre, opening on March 15, 1985 with the following cast under the direction of Gregory Mosher:

Lyubov Ranevskaya, *a landowner*	LINDSAY CROUISE
Anya, *her daughter*	NESSA RABIN
Varya, *her adopted daughter*	LISA ZANE
Leonid Gaev, *her brother*	COLIN STINTON
Yermolay Lopakhin, *a merchant*	PETER RIEGERT
Petya Trofimov, *a student*	W.H. MACY
Semyonov-Pishchik, *a landowner*	MIKE NUSSBAUM
Charlotta, *a governess*	LINDA KIMBROUGH
Yepikhodov, *a clerk*	LIONEL MARK SMITH
Dunyasha, *a maid*	KATHLEEN DENNEHY
Firs, *a valet*	LES PODEWELL
Yasha, *a young valet*	JOSE SANTANA
A Stranger	ROBERT SCOGIN
Station Master	ROBERT SCOGIN

Scenery by Michael Merritt; Costumes by Nan Cibula and lighting by Kevin Rigdon.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD

ACT ONE

LOPAKHIN. Well the train must be in, finally. Thank God. What time is it?

DUNYASHA. About two. *(Puts out candle.)* Huh. It's almost light.

LOPAKHIN. How late was the train?

DUNYASHA. Two hours at least.

LOPAKHIN. Well. That's fine. I come up to go down to the station and I oversleep. That's fine. I sit down and I fall ... you should have got me up.

DUNYASHA. I thought you'd left — Ah. That's ... hear it? They're...

LOPAKHIN. No please. Five years abroad, they're going to get their baggage in...? It's going to ... by the time they get the ... *(pause)* Five years. Do you know ... do you know how I remember her? I was fifteen. My father rest in peace, we were down at his store. I ... and he hit me. He was drunk. She was there, Lyubov Andreevna he — he hit me in the yard she — just a young girl then — led me to the pump. She washed my face, for I was bleeding — washed my face and said "Don't cry. Don't cry for time heals everything — don't cry my little peasant. Yes..." And — well, my father was a peasant. Certainly. White vest, yellow shoes. Perfume on a pig. Well — he worked

for it ... you know why, I was reading the *book* and fell, as ... I fell asleep I'll tell you why: I couldn't understand it. *(pause)*

DUNYASHA. You couldn't understand...?

LOPAKHIN. The book.

DUNYASHA. Dogs didn't sleep.

LOPAKHIN. Mm?

DUNYASHA. The dogs didn't sleep all night. They, you know, *sensed* the masters were coming home.

LOPAKHIN. *(simultaneously with "home")* Excuse me, please, but Dunyasha, why does an educated girl like you...

DUNYASHA. I'm shaking like a leaf. I'm going to faint.

LOPAKHIN. *(simultaneously with "faint")* No — you aren't going to faint — why should you faint? Why do you have to faint, fine as you are? *Dressed* like a lady, made up like a—

YEPIKHODOV. *(Enters carrying flowers. To DUNYASHA.)* Th' gardener sent 'em. He says put 'em in the dining room.

LOPAKHIN. And could I have some kvass?

DUNYASHA. Of course.

YEPIKHODOV. Frost.

LOPAKHIN. Mm. Ah.

YEPIKHODOV. Three degrees of frost.

LOPAKHIN. Is that so?

YEPIKHODOV. Frost and cherries in bloom. That's not right. And it's the climate. There is a time to *read* and a time to *rest* and *further yesterday,* the day before yesterday I bought *boots.* And I *assure* you, what do they do? *Squeak.* And so what do you do for *that?*

LOPAKHIN. Mm. Hmm. *Look:*

YEPIKHODOV. *Every day.* Every day of my life — what do I do? *Complain?* No — *smile.* What is misfortune? Every misfortune is just a *test.*

LOPAKHIN. I'm sure it is. *(Takes kvass from DUNYASHA.)*

YEPIKHODOV. *(simultaneously with "is" to DUNYASHA)* Ah. Hello. I was just... *(Exiting. Bumps into chair.)* You *see?* You *see?* And excuse me for *saying* so, but: Q.E.D. I rest my ... *(exits)*

DUNYASHA. *(pause)* He proposed to me.

LOPAKHIN. *He* did?

DUNYASHA. Yes. *(pause)* Huh, um ... He's a ... you know ... he's a, I suppose he's a nice enough man, but I don't understand a thing he ... a nice enough man. *Good* ... I suppose ... *sensitive* ... I uh ... I *like* him — but I don't understand him. And he worships me. And then he bumps into a chair. Do you know what we call him?

LOPAKHIN. No.

DUNYASHA. "Endless misfortune."

LOPAKHIN. Who calls him?

DUNYASHA. *(simultaneously with "him")* The servants.

LOPAKHIN. *(jumping up)* Ah. Ah. Yes! You hear them!!

DUNYASHA. Oh, my God, I've turned cold. They're coming.

LOPAKHIN. That's them. That's them, *finally* ... after after *years,* you *wait* ... and ... what's she going to think of me?

DUNYASHA. And I feel like I'm going to faint. I *am* fainting...

(Sound. Carriages driving up — FIRS hurries across stage. Voice offstage "In here." Enter — CHARLOTTA, VARYA, SIMENOV-PISHCHIK, LOPAKHIN, DUNYASHA, SERVANTS.)

ANYA. Mama.

LYUBOV. Yes.

ANYA. Do you remember this? *(of nursery)*

LYUBOV. Yes.

VARYA. My hands are frozen — *(to LYUBOV)* Do you see? It's not changed — your room's just the ... Mama...?

LYUBOV. This is where I ... when I was a little girl I slept here. And now ... and I'm still like a little girl ... and *Varya's* still the same ... *my* convent girl ... and *Dunyasha*...

GAEV. ... And the *train* ... and the *train* was two hours late ... I *ask* you ... what kind of a way is *that* to...?

CHARLOTTA. My dog has the gout.

PISHCHIK. He ... *really* ...? *(Exit all except ANYA and DUNYASHA.)*

DUNYASHA. We almost got tired of waiting.

ANYA. Four days on this train. I didn't sleep a bit. Oh God I'm cold...

DUNYASHA. *(simultaneously with "cold")* And when you left — snow on the ground, frost on the ... now, now, but now, you left, it was lent. And here you are — and we *waited* ... oh, just *kiss* me ... my little darling .. how we...

ANYA. ... always something.

DUNYASHA. And do you know. What could you possibly think of this: Yepikhodov, Semyon Panteleevich

proposed to me.

ANYA. It's always something ... *(straightening hair)* I've lost all my hairpins.

DUNYASHA. And he loves me. Can you ... I ... what can you think in such a...

ANYA. *My* room. Just as if I didn't leave. And tomorrow I'll run into the *garden.* Walk in the *trees*... how I wish I could just, didn't sleep the whole ... and now I'm

DUNYASHA. And you'll never guess who's here? Guess who do you think's come to see us? Petr Sergeich.

ANYA. Petya!

DUNYASHA. He's living in the boat house. He—

VARYA. *(entering)* Dunyasha.

DUNYASHA. — wanted to come in but we told him to wait 'til morning...

VARYA. Dunyasha. May we have some coffee please? Mama...

DUNYASHA. Immediately. *(exits)*

VARYA. *(pause)* Thank God you're home. Thank God we're all together. And my little angel has come home.

ANYA. Home from the wars.

VARYA. I can imagine.

ANYA. Left in Holy Week. So cold. Charlotta talking the whole way — doing her *card* tricks ... why did you stick me with her...

VARYA. What were you going to, go alone? At seventeen ...?

ANYA. We got to Paris. Cold. Still cold. My French is terrible. And Mama's living in some sixth floor ... *I* don't

...full of French...men, ladies, someone with a book... smoke...it was so close and I *hugged* her..."Mama" — I thought...I couldn't let her go...

VARYA. *(simultaneously with "go")* Shhhh.

ANYA. I felt so *sorry* for her...

VARYA. Shhhh.

ANYA. *(simultaneously with above)* And she's already sold the house at Mentone — and she has nothing left. Nothing — *no* money — and I arrive with a sou...*she does not understand.* We're at the station restaurant — she orders *everything of such...tips everyone a ruble*...Charlotta...Yasha wants another...Yasha...her new...Her *"footman"*...

VARYA. I saw him.

ANYA. Then you know what I mean. *(pause)* Fine. *(pause)* Then tell me: have they paid the interest?

VARYA. What *can* you mean?

ANYA. Oh my God—

VARYA. In August the whole place will be sold.

ANYA. Oh my God...

LOPAKHIN. *(looks in)* Grrrrrrr!!!! *(as a bear to children)*

VARYA. Oh, why don't you just...

ANYA. *Varya: (pause)* Did he propose? *(VARYA indicates "no.")* Why not? *(VARYA shrugs shoulders.)* He *loves* you...why don't you...what are you waiting for?

VARYA. I...

ANYA. What?

VARYA. I...you know...I think...I think it's not meant to be — that's what I think and God bless him — it's...now I hate to *see* him — everyone talks of our wedding...they're always *congratulating* us...But — no one's said anything...it's like a dream. Running, uphi...*(of brooch)* Oh look at

this — this is *magnificent.*

ANYA. Mama bought it. And in Paris I went up in a balloon.

VARYA. No!

ANYA. Yes, I...

VARYA. Oh, my *darling.* You're *back...(DUNYASHA enters with coffee.)* And do you know all day what I think about? I'm doing the housekeeping and I'm thinking about *you.* We'll marry you off to a rich man — we'll be well-off...I'll go on a *retreat*, you know? I'll — then I'll go to *Moscow*, Kiev...a *pilgrimage*. *Holy*...and I would walk in holy places.

YASHA. *(entering)* Excuse me but may I be permitted to walk through here?

DUNYASHA. "May you..." Don't you know who I...? *Yasha...*? What did they do to you in Europe...? *(pause)*

YASHA. Who are you?

DUNYASHA. Who am...? *Dunyasha.* Feyodor Kosedov's daughter. You...? When you left I was this...

YASHA. *(embracing her)* Commere...*(Gooses her, she screams and drops a dish.)*

VARYA. What's going on?

DUNYASHA. I broke a plate.

VARYA. That's good luck.

ANYA. Does Mama know Petya is here?

VARYA. No — we'll get him up later, he...

ANYA. Is it a good thing that he's here?

VARYA. I...?

ANYA. He'll remind her of Grisha. *(pause)*

VARYA. Six years dead. *(pause)*

ANYA. Such a pretty boy.

VARYA. An angel he was. Like you.

ANYA. Petya's going to remind her of him.

VARYA. She...

FIRS. *(entering)* The lady wishes *coffee*...May we inquire after the *coffee? (sees coffee) Yes.* And the *cream* for the...

DUNYASHA. *(Remembers the cream. Runs off.)* Oh my God...

FIRS. I should *say. (DUNYASHA exits. to himself)* All in the preparation. Back from *Paris.* Back from *abroad.* Once *again.* As many times the *master* would come back from *Paris.* Rolling up the *drive.* Matched horses.

VARYA. *Firs. (pause)*

FIRS. Please?

VARYA. What are you talking about?

FIRS. I have waited and the Lord has *blessed* my waiting for the mistress has *arrived* and I can *die.*

(Enter LYUBOV, GAEV, PISHCHIK, GAEV miming billiards.)

GAEV. *Smack.*

LYUBOV. "Smack." Let me see! Two cushions, *off the rail* leave it on the long rail.

GAEV. If you can...if you can shoot off the rail. Once! *Once* — long ago. Once long ago we slept in this same room. My sister and I. You and I. And now! Now-...strange as it seems — *unaccountably* — I have grown *old,* the...

LOPAKHIN. Time flies.

GAEV. I...

LOPAKHIN. What?

GAEV. I'm sorry.

LOPAKHIN. I remarked time flies—

GAEV. Time flies and it still smells of Patchouli in this room...

ANYA. I'm going to bed. Mama — good night.

LYUBOV. My wondrous beauty. My angel child — Are you glad to be home? I still can't...it means nothing to me.

ANYA. *(Kisses GAEV.)* Uncle...

GAEV. God bless you, my darling. You are...to me, you are your mother. *(to LYUBOV) Lyuba:* at her age you looked exactly like this...Do you...? *(ANYA exits.)*

LYUBOV. She's just exhausted.

PISHCHIK. Well. I'd say *so,* after that *trip,* after...

VARYA. Gentlemen: It's past two. Shall we fold our tents and...

LYUBOV. Oh, Varya, you haven't changed *(Kisses her.)* —alright. I'll drink my coffee, then we'll all *(FIRS puts cushion under her feet.)* Bless you. I've gotten so used to *coffee.* In Paris I drink it day and night...*(FIRS gives her coffee.)* Thank you.

VARYA. I'm going to see about the bags. *(exits)*

LYUBOV. *(pause)* Now. Can I be sitting here? Can I be sitting in this room? Can I be home? And if home then why am I sitting here, and why did I sit in a *train* for four days — *weeping* all across this beautiful land; *weeping* while I...*(pause)* But what is it that one must *do* in life?...One must drink one's coffee. *(pause)* Which you have gotten and for which I thank you. My dear old man. I am so glad you are still alive.

FIRS. Yesterday morning.

GAEV. Glad to hear it.

LOPAKHIN. Well. I'm off. I have to, five o'clock, I'm going to Kharkov — wanted to stop by — I simply wanted to pay my respects to a magnificent—

PISHCHIK. ...And even prettier since her return from Paris — dressed in the latest...

LOPAKHIN. *(simultaneously with "latest")* Your brother, Leonid Andreevich. He said of me this I am a *lout* — I am a *peasant*...this is fine, it means nothing to me — my only wish is that you trust me, as you've always done, that you...my dearest lady — my father served your father and grandfather — you, *personally* did something for me once that, through the years, my only thought was that some day I might be blessed...blessed with the opportunity to repay, to *show* you some of the great...some...my feeling for you is, as if it were, as...as if you were a blood relation...*closer,* as...

LYUBOV. *(Simultaneously with. Jumping up.) Oh.* My *God* you know...I feel...I feel...I feel I'm so happy that I'm going to die. I *cannot believe* I am *home.* My *dresser* — my table...my *own books*...

GAEV. You know, when you were gone your *nurse* died.

LYUBOV. Rest in peace. They wrote me...

GAEV. They did...and. And do you know who else died? Anastasius — and you know who left? What's his name...Cross-Eyed...left and went to live in town.

PISHCHIK. My daughter, Dashenka, sends her regards...

LOPAKHIN. I wanted to say something cheery but I have to leave...and there's no time for it — so I'll say this right out: As you know on the twenty-second of August

your cherry orchard is due to be auctioned off for debt, the debts against you being of...Etc...This is the fact and what I've come to say...I have come to say this: I've found you a way out. Here it is: and here's my plan for you: your estate's twenty-five kilometers from the town. And what is at the town? The railroad. Now: your land along the river — break it into lots — and you build summer cottages — you don't even have to sell them. You just rent them out. Each summer *minimum* twenty-five thousand rubles as income from the...

GAEV. Excuse me, excuse me, but will you stop talking drivel.

LYUBOV. *(simultaneously with "drivel")* Yermolay Alexeevich: I...I...don't...I'm sure I don't understand you.

LOPAKHIN. You. Rent. Out. The. Cottages which you have built...*(pause)* Now: the *very least* — one acre, twenty-five rubles — rent them at that price and I *assure* you, by Fall, *not one plot* — you won't have one plot left. You'll rent them all — which is to say one thing, and that's congratulations — I congratulate you because you are saved — fine land. Deep river, put in a sand beach...and what it is is *strikingly* perfect. Alright? You clear the land, the old buildings, the house will have to come down, but it's served its turn...Yes? You cut down the *cherry* orchard...

LYUBOV. Cut...excuse me...cut...? *(pause) "We'll have to cut down..." in this whole "province,"* if I may, I cannot think of...

GAEV. ...Sister...

LYUBOV. It's alright...*what* is there? The one thing of note happens to be our cherry orchard.

LOPAKHIN. It's...no, no...all...all that it is is *big.* One

crop of cherries every two years. And who buys the crop? *No* one. It rots.

GAEV. *Even* in

LYUBOV. ...It's alright...

GAEV. even in the *encyclopaedia* — that — *cherry* orchard...

LOPAKHIN. Fine. But on the 22nd of August the orchard and this whole estate's going beneath the gavel — Do you — ? So, so, so, but this is your only...I *swear* to you — my hand to God; there is no other way! This is a Godsend.

FIRS. In my youth. They'd *take* the cherries. *Soak* them, *marinate* them in...

GAEV. Be quiet, Firs—

FIRS. Um...*casks*. They made preserves. And they, they also *dried* the cherries and *took* the dried cherries — to Kharkov — to *Moscow* — and sold them. They had a method of...they used to *dry* them...

LYUBOV. Ah. But where's that method now.

FIRS. We have forgotten it.

PISHCHIK. Madam.

LYUBOV. Yes?

PISHCHIK. In *Paris*. Did you eat frogs?

LYUBOV. I ate hippopotami.

PISHCHIK. *Can* you believe it.

LOPAKHIN. I want to tell you something: At. One. Time. What did you have? In this village, in any — Mas ters, and, you had peasants. *Now* we have a third class — cottagers...cottage, *cottage* people, renters — *everywhere*. The summer people. *Look* at them — they drink their tea they say "How picturesque" — one day, though, who's

to...Twenty years from now — he starts out with a garden, and one day, because we win him back to *agriculture,* to the *land*...and one day...*one* day, your cherry orchard, once again...

GAEV. What vicious nonsense you speak.

(Enter VARYA and YASHA.)

VARYA. Mamitchca two telegrams for you. *(goes to wardrobe)*

LYUBOV. *(looks)* From Paris — *(tears them up)* Paris is over.

GAEV. Lyubov — you know how old this bookcase is?

LYUBOV. No.

GAEV. Last week — I pulled out the bottom drawer — what did I...? Burnt in the wood — the date of its manufacture. It was fashioned one hundred years ago...can you believe it? If it was a person you would say to celebrate its jubilee — but no. Not, not...who'd do it with a book case.

PISHCHIK. One hundred years. *Think* of it...

GAEV. Yes. Isn't that something? *(pause)* Most worthy, most esteemed bookcase. *(pause)* To you...to you, who have, for upwards of *a hundred* years...*challenged* us...*helped* us. Brought us strength and courage...who have nurtured in our family *faith*...*(pause) faith,* self-knowledge and a...*(pause)*

LOPAKHIN. Go on.

LYUBOV. Lenya. My dear, you haven't changed.

GAEV. Just just just freeze it on the rail.

LOPAKHIN. Well. I must leave — I have to go.

YASHA. *(simultaneously with "go")* Madam, if you'll permit me. Now is the time set out to take your pill.

PISHCHIK. *Don't touch that. Please* don't let me see you, my most esteemed, swallowing those...what are you going to find in pills? No good, no harm — I commandeer them. *(Takes pillbox, shakes pills into palm, blows on them, puts in mouth, washes down w/kvass.)*

LYUBOV. Are you...are...excuse me, are you *mad?*

PISHCHIK. *(simultaneously with "mad")* I swallowed all the pills.

LOPAKHIN. You could have left some for the rest of us...

FIRS. In holy week at our place one man ate a whole half barrel of cucumbers.

LYUBOV. What *is* he talking about?

VARYA. He's been like that for three years. We don't notice it anymore.

YASHA. *(simultaneously with "any")* ...declining years.

(CHARLOTTA in white dress, thin corset tight, w/lorgnette at her belt, she enters.)

LOPAKHIN. Ah. Ah. Charlotta Ivanovna, and I haven't welcomed you back yet.

CHARLOTTA. Yes. Yes. You kiss the hand. And tomorrow the elbow...and *then* what?

LOPAKHIN. No luck. No luck in anything to...Charlotta *Ivanovna*...eh? What about a trick.

CHARLOTTA. I think not. If you will excuse me...

LOPAKHIN. Alright. Yes. In three weeks then. Madam.

(Kisses LYUBOV's hand.) Until then. *(to GAEV)* Sir — goodbye...

GAEV. —goodbye.

LOPAKHIN. *(to PISHCHIK)* Goodbye... *(to GAEV)* ...I don't feel like going. *(to LYUBOV)* If you should change your mind about the cottages — just let me know, and I'll get you fifty-thousand as a loan. Like *that.* Let me know, Seriously, *please...*

VARYA. *"Please" — please,* will you get out...?

LOPAKHIN. I'm going...*(exits)*

GAEV. What a bore. Ah. Ah...I bite my tongue. I beg your *pardon. Varya,* speaking of your fiancé. In...

VARYA. ...Uncle,...let's just...

LYUBOV. There's no need to be — we're all glad for you. *Varya.* We are. He's a good *man,* he's...

PISHCHIK. A man should speak only the quantifiable truth. My Dashenka says. She says many things. *(Snores but immediately wakes up.)* All the same — madam — I'm forced to ask you for a loan of two hundred forty rubles — tomorrow I must pay the interest on my mortgage.

VARYA. *(simultaneously with "mortgage")* We don't have it.

LYUBOV. In point of fact, I have nothing—

PISHCHIK. Waaal...—I'll get it somehow — I never lose hope — you know — one day I'm ruined. The next day — you remember? They routed the railroad through my land...and *boom.* If not today tomorrow — Dashenka's bought a lottery ticket — first prize — two...mind you...*two hundred* thousand rubles.

LYUBOV. Well. Our coffee's drunk and we should go to bed.

FIRS. *(brushing GAEV's clothes, reprovingly)* Not...not the trousers to this suit — what am I going to do with you...?

VARYA. Anya's asleep. *(opens window)* Well, look: the sun is up. It's not cold — look...Mamentchka...most beautiful trees...the air...the starlings are out...

GAEV. *(sighs)* The orchard is all white. Lyuba — *(pause)* our long avenue — straight as a rope — shining on moonlight nights. Do you remember? Lyuba?

LYUBOV. Oh God my childhood. So pure. Slept in the same room. Sainted room. Every morning felt the same. I woke in happiness to look out...*just* like this. Nothing has changed. "Oh my pure orchard white." After dark autumn weather, after cold weather — young again — and full of happiness again your spirits have not left you. But I cannot *lift* from my heart...from my shoulders that stone which I bear, and let the past...

GAEV. ...and how odd. That they're going to sell our cherry orchard to pay "debts."

LYUBOV. I see. My sainted Mother. Walking in her orchard in a white...I see her.

GAEV. Where?

VARYA. *(simultaneously with "where")* God be with you. Mamentchka.

LYUBOV. There's not one there. It just looked — for a moment — by the summerhouse. For a moment — a white tree...

(Enter TROFIMOV.)

LYUBOV. My orchard. White against blue.

TROFIMOV. Lyubov Andreevna — just came by to welcome you home. Now I'll — I was ordered to wait til morning, But I didn't have the patience. *(pause)*

VARYA. It's Petya Trofimov.

TROFIMOV. Petya Trofimov. Grisha's, rest in peace- ...Grisha's *(pause)* Grisha's tutor. *(pause)* Am I so changed? *(LYUBOV embraces him: Crying quietly.)*

GAEV. Yes. Alright. Enough, Lyubov — enough.

VARYA. Petya. I *pleaded* with you to wait til tomorrow...

LYUBOV. Grisha...my Grisha...my son.

VARYA. Mama — it was God's will — *(TROFIMOV sighs.)*

LYUBOV. And drowned. And dead for what? For what, my friend? *For what?* And my Anya asleep and I'm shouting...*(pause)* Petya...what's happened to you? You've grown so *old*...

TROFIMOV. On the train — a woman called me "shabby gentleman"—

LYUBOV. You were a *boy* — you were our dear little student — now — you're losing your *hair* — *eyeglasses* ...what's happened to our student?

TROFIMOV. I am still...a student. I will always be a student — *(LYUBOV kisses GAEV, then VARYA.)*

LYUBOV. Well. *(pause)* Enough. We all need sleep. *Leonid* — you've gotten older, too.

PISHCHIK. Yes. Yes. "You go to sleep, too" — I'll stay here tonight, if I. And tomorrow, Lyubov Andreevna — *dear,*...if I may...I *must* ask just two hundred forty rubles...

GAEV. *(simultaneously with "rubles")* My God, that's all

my money in the world.

PISHCHIK. ...to pay the interest on my mortgage.

LYUBOV. My dear man — I have no money.

PISHCHIK. ...which, of course, I will repay. A trifling sum...if...

LYUBOV. Yes. Yes. Alright. Leonid will get it...give it to him Leonid.

GAEV. I think not.

LYUBOV. He'll pay it back...he *needs* it. *Give* it to him. *(LYUBOV, TROFIMOV, PISHCHIK, & FIRS, exit, GAEV, VARYA, YASHA remain.)*

GAEV. My sister has not yet disabused herself of the ways of the rich. *(To YASHA.)* My friend. Excuse me, please, you smell of broiled chicken.

YASHA. Leonid Andreevich. *You* haven't changed your ways either.

GAEV. *What?* What did he say?

VARYA. *(simultaneously with "he") Yasha.* Your mother's been here since yesterday. Waiting here. Sitting in the servants quarters, waiting for you.

YASHA. God reward her trials.

VARYA. Have you no shame?

YASHA. Tell her to come back tomorrow. *(exits)*

VARYA. Mamentchka isn't changed. She'd still give away everything she owns—

GAEV. *(pause)* When many remedies are proposed for a disease that means the disease is incurable. I *think.* I *plan.* I rack my *brains*...I have so many schemes...ideas...it would be good if we...if someone left us *money.* It would be good if *Anya* married a very wealthy man — it would be good to go to Yaroslavl once again, and try our luck with our rich

aunt...who is so *very* rich,

VARYA. ...if God would help us.

GAEV. No, don't cry. who is so very, but does not approve of us. Because our sister married an attorney instead of a nobleman. *(ANYA appears.)* Because my *sister* married a commoner and then proceeded to *comport* herself — we can't say very virtuously, can we? No. But who is, withal...but whom I love. My glorious sister. Of whom we must say, with all the mercy in the world...comports herself — *wantonly visciously*...in whose every act we must say, we find depraved and...

VARYA. Anya's in the door.

GAEV. ...and quite annoying speck in my right eye. Your *vision* worsens — your eyes tear. I'm in the village court last Wednesday, and...

(Enter ANYA.)

VARYA. Why aren't you sleeping, dear?

ANYA. I don't feel like sleeping. I can't sleep.

GAEV. *(kisses her)* My darling. My niece, my angel — you are not my niece, you are my...believe me, my radiant...

ANYA. I do believe you, Uncle. I. But why do you, why must you...Why do you speak of Mama that way? Your *sister.* Why...

GAEV. Yes, I know. I know. It's...there's no. It's inexcuseable; and I *did* it. I *did* it. And when I was done I *knew.*

VARYA. Then, Uncle. What she, what she says is...we should *all* be...

ANYA. *All* of us could be happier, if you would hold your tongue.

GAEV. I *will* hold it. I *do.* I am still — and I'll tell you what *else:* Last *Wednesday?* At the Bank! We were talking and it *seems* that it *may be possible* to *get*...as you know...to, a promissory note, to sign for a loan and, so to pay our interest to the bank.

VARYA. Pray God to help us.

GAEV. And Tuesday he said come and ask again. It all will...*(To ANYA.)* Your Mama will speak to Lopakhin, who, as you see, who will refuse her *nothing* — We'll, when you are rested you'll go see your Grandmother in Yaroslavl. *So* we have: *Lopakhin, Grandmother,* a promissory...A three-pronged attack. I say: How can it fail? As a three-fold bond is not soon...By...By...By...I swear by anything you like: The estate *shall*...shall not be sold. I swear it on my hope of happiness. My word on it. Shake hands. It shall not go to auction, or call me...call me...call me dishonorable...call me...By the stars and sun and on my soul. It shall not...I swear before God.

ANYA. Uncle.

GAEV. I swear it before God.

ANYA. Oh what a good man you are.

FIRS. *(entering)* Leonid Andreevich, do you fear *nothing? Go to sleep.*

GAEV. Yes. Yes. Right now. Yes. I'm fine. I'll do for myself. Goodnight. Messieurdames, adieu! *Tomorrow* everything comes *right, tonight:* sleep. *(pause)* I am a person of the 80's. Who praises that time? No one. But I *lived* in it. And gained convictions. And suffered for them. And

not for nothing does the peasant love me. Why? I know his ways. I know him when he's...

ANYA. Uncle.

VARYA. Uncle, goodnight.

FIRS. Leonid—

GAEV. Yes. Yes. Yes. Alright. No shot. No shot at all. What does he do? — follow on the rail. *Impossible.* Plenty of *chalk,* though, and...*(GAEV exits with FIRS.)*

ANYA. Oh, I feel better. I don't feel like going to Grandmother, but when we...He's right. We must...Uncle, you're right. If we *act,* then we feel...

VARYA. We must sleep and I'm going to leave you. When you were gone, you know, *unrest*...there...The, old servants quarters. Polya, *Yestignei,* they, evenings they would let the young ones in to *drink*...to...I said nothing. Then I hear they're spreading *rumors.* How *hard* I am. How I ordered they were to only eat *peas* —"How stingy she is..." Oh? Alright. I think. If that's the way it is I called Yestignei — he comes "How do you do?" I say "Yestignei...you're a damn *fool.* You're not acting in your own best..." *(pause)* Anya? *(pause)* Anya...Come on my darling we are going to bed. Come on.

(TROFIMOV enters.)

VARYA. She's asleep.

ANYA. I'm not tired. Do you hear the bells...? Mama? Uncle...? I left them at my...

VARYA. Shh. Shh. Angel. Here we go...

TROFIMOV. My springtime. My dear morning sun.

ACT TWO

A field. A road to the estate of Gaveff can be seen. On one side poplars rise, casting their shadows, the cherry orchard begins there. The sun will soon be down. CHARLOTTA, YASHA and DUNYASHA are sitting on the bench: EPIHODOFF is standing near and playing the guitar. CHARLOTTA has taken a rifle from off her shoulders and is adjusting the buckle on the strap.

CHARLOTTA. As I don't have a passport how old can I be? Who knows. *As a child* we travelled to fairs and we performed the *Leap for Life.* —The carnival — various feats man has performed down through time. *(pause)* Mama died. My father met a certain German lady who taught me excellent well. Then I became a governess. Where do I come from. What is this? A *mystery?* Who were my parents? Were they *married...?* Ah. *(eats cucumber)* I. Don't. Know. Everyone loves suspense. But don't ask me. When you feel like talking. Who can you talk to? Yes? "Everyone has someone...?" I must beg to differ.

YEPIKHODOV. *(playing and singing)*

"YES I CARE NOTHING FOR THIS WORLD OF WOE
A FRIEND
A FOE
AN EMPTY SHOW..."
WHAT IN THE WORLD IS BETTER THAN TO PLAY THE MANDOLIN?

DUNYASHA. That's a guitar.

YEPIKHODOV. To a madman in love it's a mandolin. "...an empty show...I pray that love would enter in — but

no — ..." (YASHA joins him and they sing together.)

CHARLOTTA. These people sing like swine.

DUNYASHA. *(To YASHA.)* No. Why should you go *abroad*? What do they have *there*—?

YASHA. If you don't know you don't know...*(Yawning and then lighting a cigar.)*

YEPIKHODOV. *Abroad* it's finished. It's a jigsaw puzzle. Filled in. Everything set.

YASHA. ...is that a fact—

YEPIKHODOV. I'm a thoughtful person. Well — read ...Many, many books...You read them. You think... Here's what I can't understand! Do I want to live?...or do I...this is the problem. To *live,* or *shoot* myself — which is why I'm never without my revolver. *(Showing a revolver.)* This one before me now.

CHARLOTTA. Well — that's enough of *this* — goodbye — Yepikhodov you are a thoughtful man...

YEPIKHODOV. Thank you.

CHARLOTTA. And yet you burn with passion too...*How* the girls must adore you. How they must...And I, although, *alone* forlorn, no family — No...who knows who I am? The north *wind?* I doubt it sincerely...*quite* alone...Goodnight, goodnight. *(exits)*

YEPIKHODOV. *(pause)* to...as we were?...The subject under our discussion...*fate...(pause) Fate* tosses me as a small ship on the sea of...that's sufficient. This morning. I wake out of a morning sleep—What do I see? A *spider* on my chest—I promise you. Eh? Then what of it? Take a glass of kvass—what's in the bottom of? A *cockroach.* Hah. Avdotea Feodorovna. May we...I'd, could I have one word with you?

DUNYASHA. Yes.

YEPIKHODOV. *(pause)* Alone?

DUNYASHA. *(sighs)* Alright. Alright. Get me my, but get me, my scarf, will you. By the door. It's getting...

YASHA. "Endless misfortune." Between you and me...

YEPIKHODOV. Yes Maam. Yes I will. Yes I will..and now: Where's my revolver...

DUNYASHA. Pray God he doesn't shoot himself. *(pause)* When I was a girl I was happy. Now I'm always worrying. I'm always anxious. When I was a girl they took me to live with gentlefolk. My hands are white...I'm soft...I am afraid of my shadow. And if you deceive me *Yasha* — then I don't know what I'll do.

YASHA. My little cabbage — and you're right — a girl loses her reputation, what *is* she?

DUNYASHA. I'm desperately in love with you. You're fine, you're *travelled*...

YASHA. Yes, I am — I'll tell you...a girl falls in love, she's like a pig. — To smoke alone in the fresh air however...Ah...Ah...It's the master's. *(DUNYASHA embraces him.)* No, no, get on home. Go home, go as if you're coming from the river. You want them to think I'm *meeting* you...?

DUNYASHA. Your cigar gives me a headache...*(With a cough. Goes out.)*

LOPAKHIN. *Decide. Decide. Decide.* There is no *question. Yes* or *no.* The cottage or the auction block. One word. Yes, or no.

LYUBOV. *(simultaneously with "no") Who* has been smoking...Who has been *smoking*? Those *vile* cigars?

GAEV. *(simultaneously with "cigars")* You build a railway. What was long has been made short — Ride into town for breakfast? Yes, why not? Hand me the bridge right. Right

English takes it to the left. May I go back for one quick game?

LYUBOV. Later.

LOPAKHIN. *Madam* — one word — Your answer?

GAEV. *(absently)* One word...

LYUBOV. *(Looking in her purse.)* Yesterday this was full of money. Today, almost gone. Varya: "economize" Feed them on carrot soup — in the kitchen all the old men get is *peas.* And me, I squander it *(drops purse).* There you are *—scattered.*

YASHA. If madam permits? *(YASHA bends down to pick up purse.)*

LYUBOV. *Thank you, Yasha. And why do we go out? Out to this restaurant* — loud music, bad food...—reeks of disinfectant...And *you.* Eat too much. *Talk* too much — He talks to the waiters about the "contract social"...

GAEV. I should shut up.

LOPAKHIN. I...

GAEV. ...I am incorrigible. *(To YASHA.)* What are you dancing about?

YASHA. You fill me with glee.

GAEV. This man must go. If he stays—

LYUBOV. Leave — Yasha. Leave us.

YASHA. Madam, at *once.*

LOPAKHIN. Deriganov's coming to bid on your estate. If he wants it he'll get it.

LYUBOV. Who says he's coming to bid?

LOPAKHIN. They're saying it in town.

GAEV. Our aunt has promised to send something down.

LOPAKHIN. ...she has.

GAEV. But how much and when that is a mystery.

LOPAKHIN. Yes — but...? How much? One hundred thousand...? Two?

LYUBOV. If she sends ten or fifteen we'd be very grateful—

LOPAKHIN. I have never seen your like — my *friends.* Ten or fifteen...! I tell you in plain words your estate will be sold. What do you...don't you *understand?*

LYUBOV. Then what are we to do? Teach us.

LOPAKHIN. Teach. Yes I teach you every day. Every day: I say the same thing. One thing. The cherry orchard and the land must be leased out for cottages. It must be done *quickly.* It must be done right now or the land will be auctioned. Act — and say yes to the cottages and you'll have as much money as you like. You will be saved. That's what I say.

GAEV. And that's it.

LOPAKHIN. What am I to do? *Faint?* Spit *blood?* Climb a *tree*...you *kill* me, you're *killing* me...you old *woman*, you...

GAEV. I. What?

LOPAKHIN. Old *woman.* You heard me... *(starts to exit)*

LYUBOV. No. No. No. Please don't go...my friend. My dear friend. I beg you. *Please.* And we will think of something.

LOPAKHIN. What is there to think of?

LYUBOV. Please don't go. Please. Please. I wish...*All the time* I feel a *weight* above my head...you...but when you're here...

GAEV. Or two rails — two rails, back to the center...

LYUBOV. *(simultaneously with "center")* We have sinned so much...

LOPAKHIN. *How* have you sinned?

GAEV. *(simultaneously with "sinned")* They tell me I spent

my whole fortune on fruit drops.

LYUBOV. How have I? I have always wasted money — squandered it — like an insane — married a man who only produced debts. Who died of drink. Who died of chamgagne — and then I met another, and became...and fell in love with him and the, and because of that my boy died. In this river — drowned — and I left. Never coming home. Abroad. To escape. The man pursued me. Mercilessly. I bought a cottage near Menton. And he came and was taken sick and for three years I nursed him. Not knowing rest day or night. He baked the spirit out of me. My cottage was sold for his debts. I went to Paris. There he left me for a younger girl. *(pause)* And I tried to kill myself, and...and longed for Russia. For my home. For my little girl, I longed...Lord. Forgive my sins. And cease to punish me. And today I...*(Takes telegram out of pocket.)* a telegram from Paris — he "Begs my friendship and entreats me to return..." *(listens)* What do I hear?

GAEV. Our celebrated Jewish orchestra.

LYUBOV. They're still here.

GAEV. Yes.

LYUBOV. We should, you know, we should arrange an evening—

LOPAKHIN. *(listening)* I can't..."And step...and step ...and play the fool for German money..." You know I was at the theatre last night, a...*very* funny.

LYUBOV. Yes, yes, what. What was so funny? Plays. We look at plays...we should look at ourselves. You all should look more often at yourselves. How *shabbily* we live...the *things* we say...the *nonsense* we...

LOPAKHIN. You're absolutely right. You say it right out

and you're right. Our life is *stupid.* My father beat me — a *peasant* — a *stupid* — *understood* nothing..*knew* nothing...lived life like a pig...a *(pause)* And I *am* my father...my, uh...my..*handwriting* is illegible...my... *(pause)* I...

LYUBOV. It's time you married.

LOPAKHIN. Yes, that's absolutely true.

LYUBOV. To our Barya. To our fine Barya.

LOPAKHIN. *(simultaneously with "Barya")* Yes...

LYUBOV. A simple girl — a fine girl...works all day — *adores* you...and I know you've — I know that you've "fancied" her a long while. Isn't that true now? *(pause)*

LOPAKHIN. Why not. *(pause)* Alright — I have no objection. She's a nice...she's a nice girl...

GAEV. They offered me a place...at the bank. Did I say? Six thousand a year.

LYUBOV. What?

FIRS. Sir. Your overcoat. Please put it on, as it's becoming damp.

GAEV. Give it to me.

FIRS. I'll give it to you — but you went off this morning *without* it...

LYUBOV. Firs. You've grown old.

FIRS. Madame?

LOPAKHIN. They're saying that you've grown very old.

FIRS. I've been alive a long time. They were going to marry me off, your papa was not yet in the world. The liberation came. I was already grown old in the service. I accepted freedom. "Masters," I said...—I remember. Everyone was happy. So happy — for what? What were

they so happy for?

LOPAKHIN. That's right. We've lost so much. We've given up *flogging...*

FIRS. That's it. At one time — the masters had their places. Peasants had their own. Now what do you have? Nothing. You can't know anything.

GAEV. Shut up, Firs. Tomorrow. I'm going into town — I've got a meeting with a general who may co-sign my note.

LOPAKHIN. I don't *think* so. And I don't think that you're going to pay the interest.

(TROFIMOV, ANYA and VARYA enter.)

GAEV. Our little ones—

ANYA. Mama.

LYUBOV. My darlings. My very own. How I adore you. Come here — sit by me.

LOPAKHIN. Our eternal student — studying the feminine sex.

TROFIMOV. Why don't you mind your own affairs?

LOPAKHIN. *(simultaneously with "affairs")* Almost fifty: But still a student, though...!

TROFIMOV. Why don't you just...

LOPAKHIN. Ah. Ah. Eccentric one — losing your temper?

TROFIMOV. Why don't you stop goading me.

LOPAKHIN. Alright. I will. I will. Student: Study *me* — tell me *this* — Who am I?

TROFIMOV. You're a rich man. You'll soon be a millionare. In *life* we have both predators and *prey*. And

both it seems, are necessary. For both exist. *You,* you are the *predator* who...*(pause)*

LOPAKHIN. I'm listening.

TROFIMOV. Who feeds on...

VARYA. *Petya*...tell us about *astronomy.*

LYUBOV. —No, I know. Let us continue yesterday's inquiry.

TROFIMOV. And that was?

GAEV. The proud man. *(pause)*

TROFIMOV. Yesterday. *(pause)* What did we discuss yesterday? For we spoke and arrived at nothing. "The Proud Man." In the proud man — in *pride* as you have it — we see something mystical. We see what we would term "accomplishment." But if you look at the man you see a person *unintelligent* — *self-involved,* therefore *coarse,* unhappy...is this man to be admired? We are left with *this*...*(pause)* What is it one must *do,* in life? *Work*...for the

GAEV. All the same, you die—

TROFIMOV. And what does this mean? And who knows you die? Perhaps man has a hundred senses and at death only the five we know expire — and ninety-five remain.

LYUBOV. What a beautiful thought.

LOPAKHIN. Stunning. A lovely thought.

TROFIMOV. ...And mankind goes forward — man goes forward — perfecting its powers, its mastery...and what was unattainable becomes...becomes *real.* For him who only *works* — who *works.* Who lends his powers to those who seek the truth. Who, who...and the intelligentsia — they save nothing — they do nothing — they profess to

live in a world of ideas, they mistreat servants, starve the peasants — they read nothing, *do* nothing...they only *"think."* What do they understand? *Art? Science?* Such such such...stern faces — serious demeanor...they philosophize while before them the workers starve — live life in misery, in filth — in moral...*(pause)* And and our *philosophy* is what? A child's toy. A liberal *excuse* — our badge — but where are the day-nurseries about which they talk — and...where *are* the reading rooms, the ...they're in novels...in *books*...in philosophy. Here there is only filth, barbarity. Philistinism...I *(pause)* I...there's nothing in idle discourse. I feel that I should stop.

LOPAKHIN. You know — I get up every morning, five o'clock — I work all day — every day, I handle money — I do *business...Do* so and you see what mankind *is* in this world — how few honorable men there are. No decency. Sometimes when I can't sleep I think "Lord...you've given us — vast forests, fields, endless horizons, we...to live in them we should be *giants...*"

LYUBOV. Giants in fairy tales only please.

ANYA. Yepikhodov.

GAEV. Ladies and gentleman — the sun has set.

TROFIMOV. Yes.

GAEV. Nature — marvelous one — and thou whom we call mother — thou shines all around with inner radiance — with morning — beautiful and yet indifferent — being at once nurture and destruction — being—

VARYA. Uncle.

ANYA. Uncle, please—

TROFIMOV. Better three cushions off the white.

GAEV. Yes. Alright...I am silent.

(All sit silently, only FIRS is heard muttering. Suddenly a sound is heard as if from the sky, like the sound of a snapped string, dying away mournfully.)

LYUBOV. What's that?

LOPAKHIN. I...*(pause)* A wire snapped — a bucket falling in a mine. *(pause)* Far...

GAEV. Perhaps a bird of some kind — a "heron."

TROFIMOV. A horned owl—

LYUBOV. It's somehow—

FIRS. Just before the catastrophe. There was the same sound...an owl screeched and the samovar whistled all night. With no fire under it. *(pause)*

GAEV. What catastrophe?

FIRS. The, the liberation.

LYUBOV. *(pause) Friends.* Evening is falling — shall we...*(To ANYA.)* My darling, what *is* it?

ANYA. I'm alright, mama, it just...

TROFIMOV. Excuse me — who is...?

STRANGER. Pardon me — would you tell me — Please will this road take me to the station?

GAEV. Yes. Just...*(gestures)*

STRANGER. Thank you. I am in your debt. *(pause)* Isn't the weather—

"Brother mine,
Go by the river
By the flowing Volga
Go—
The flowing stream.
Who's suffering
So unlike to my own."

Mademoiselle...May a hungry countryman ask thirty kopecks...*(VARYA screams.)*

LOPAKHIN. Get out — Get away. Away from here...

LYUBOV. Here — take it...here...*(searches her purse)* No — I'm. I have no silver, Here. *(hands him a coin)*

ANYA. *Mama,* that's a gold coin.

STRANGER. I am eternally in your debt.

VARYA. Oh my God. I'm going to go Mama — We have nothing to eat at home and you gave him gold?

LYUBOV. What's to be done with me? A stupid woman...*(To Lopakhin.)* Please please please. Take over my affairs...My banker! I...A *loan.*

LOPAKHIN. Of course—

LYUBOV. Let us retire. MessierDames — It's time. And *Varya.* Here we, all convened, here we stand and congratulate you on your betrothal.

VARYA. Mother. That, I don't find amusing.

LOPAKHIN. Orelia, get thee to a bakery.

GAEV. You know. *Look* at this: If I don't have any hand around a cue for a while my *hand's* shake—

LOPAKHIN. Oh nymph. In thine orisons...

LYUBOV. My friends...Shall we...?

VARYA. That man frightened me.

LOPAKHIN. My last: I beg to *remind* you that on August 22nd the cherry orchard is going to be sold at auction. May I leave you all with that?

ANYA. *Thank* you, Stranger — You have frightened Varya off. And now we are alone.

TROFIMOV. Frightened her. Varya's scared that we will fall in love with each other. You know...She won't leave

us alone...it's funny. *(pause)* Some people...how little they let themselves understand. Tied down by the illusion of love, — and we're above it — How that "weight" prevents their happiness..."Love"...how it...they can't see how...it *stays* them...from the path of their life. *(pause)* But we would rather *walk* that path.

ANYA. How beautifully you speak. You...Isn't it fine today?

TROFIMOV. Yes. It...

ANYA. *(simultaneously with "it")* And you know what you have *done* to me. Petya...I loved it so dearly...our cherry orchard. Our garden. But now...somehow it's different and you *speak,* and...and I cannot love it as before.

TROFIMOV. All Russia is our garden. Our county is vast and contains many things — If you *reflect,* Anya: your ancestors owned slaves who...*(pause) worked* the land, pruned the trees. Each tree, every leaf *on* the tree represents their lives. — The leaves blow and it is human beings speaking to you — and they're saying they have been deprived...and lived to...and suffered to create this idyll your family enjoys. You live on credit. You live on the work and off the sufferings of people you would not allow into your home. We are behind the times. Two hundred years. And cannot live in the past and yet we have no plan for the future. We "philosophize." which is to say we *gasp* from too much leisure. Broken free, in order to live in the world we must atone. *(pause) First,* to regain that which we have lost. We have lost our place. We must atone. We must atone. We must confess and atone and be *done* with it. Atone by *suffering* by work — by, only by continual hard labor — do you understand?

ANYA. I do.

TROFIMOV. Show me you understand.

ANYA. The house is not my house — and I am leaving it. I swear it.

TROFIMOV. Throw the keys down the well and walk away.

ANYA. How well you said that...

TROFIMOV. Trust in me. Anya, I am not yet thirty. I know I am young, and I am still a student but I have seen much — endured much. Hunger...*(pause)* Summer and winter...I have been sick. Worried...wondering...*(pause) Everywhere.* Day and night, I felt it. I...and it is coming...Throbbing in me ...*Happiness.* I *see* it, Anya. *(pause)*

ANYA. The moon is rising — *(YEAKHODOV is heard playing the same sad song on the guitar. Somewhere near the poplars VARYA is looking for ANYA and calls: "Anya where are you?")*

TROFIMOV. Yes. The moon is rising. And a better time is coming. A happier time. *Nearer, nearer*...Perhaps we will live to see it. And if we do not it does not matter. Others will after us.

VARYA. *(off) Anya. Anya!* Where are you?

TROFIMOV. *(sighs)* Oh, Varya...Will you please!

ANYA. I know! Oh. Oh. Let's go to the river!

TROFIMOV. Yes. Then, let's go.

VARYA. *Anya (pause)* Anya!

ACT THREE

The drawing room,separated by an arch from ballroom, Jewish orchestra playing. Evening. In ballroom, they're dancing grand round. Voice of PISHCHIK: "promenade a' une paire!" They enter drawing rooom. PISHCHIK shouts "grand round, balancez!" and "les cavaliers a'genoux et remerciez vos dames!" FIRS in frock coat goes by with seltzer on tray. PISHCHIK and TROFIMOV enter drawing room.

PISHCHIK. Well, I'm a full-blooded man. Suffered two strokes, and it's hard to dance, but as the man said "Run with the herd — bark, or don't bark, but wag your tail..." My late father, rest in peace, loved to say...as he *loved* a joke, this man: "The ancient ignoble clan of Simeonov-Pishchik is lineally descended from that very nag of Caligula inducted in the Senate." But the *thing* of it, and here's the *thing,* is *this*: no money. Yes. The hungry dog believes only in meat...*(pause)*...meat. *(pause)* I, uh...and so all...*(pause)*all...The only thought I have is money.

TROFIMOV. You know, There actually *is* something of the horse about you.

PISHCHIK. I *said* there was. What about it? Horse is a fine beast...You can *sell* a horse—

(VARYA appears.)

TROFIMOV. Madam *Lopakhina*...Madam *Lopakhina*...

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