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Fathers and Sons

by Brian Friel

Adapted from the novel by
Ivan Turgenev

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



New York Hollywood London Toronto

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American Premier Presented at
The Long Wharf Theatre

M. Edgar Rosenblum
Executive Director

Arvin Brown
Artistic Director

11 March, 1988

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for Tom and Julie

CHARACTERS

- ARKADY NIKOLAYEVICH KIRSANOV—Student
(twenty-two)
- YEVGENY VASSILYICH BAZAROV—Student
(twenty-two)
- NIKOLAI PETROVICH KIRSANOV—(Arkady's father; es-
tate owner (forty-four))
- PAVEL PETROVICH KIRSANOV—Arkady's uncle; re-
tired guardsman (forty-five)
- VASSILY IVANYICH BAZAROV—Bazarov's father; re-
tired army doctor (sixties)
- ARINA VLASSYEVNA BAZAROV—Bazarov's mother
(fifties)
- FENICHKA FEDOSYA NIKOLAYEVNA—Nikolai's mis-
tress (twenty-three)
- ANNA SERGEYEVNA ODINTSOV—Estate owner; widow
(twenty-nine)
- KATYA SERGEYEVNA—Anna's sister (eighteen)
- PRINCESS OLGA—Anna's aunt (seventies)
- DUNYASHA—Servant in Kirsanov home (twenties)
- PROKOFYICH—Servant in Kirsanov home (sixties)
- PIOTR—Servant in Kirsanov home (nineteen)
- TIMOFEICH—Servant in Bazarov home (sixties)
- FEDKA—Servant in Bazarov home (sixteen)

MUSIC

ACT ONE

- Scene 1—Beethoven's *Romance* (for violin and orchestra) in F-major, Op. 50.
Scene 2—Piano duets. In marching, military style.

ACT TWO

- Scene 1—Beethoven's *Romance* in G-major, Op. 40.
Scene 2—As in Act One Scene 1.
Scene 3—*Te Deum Laudamus*
Scene 4—'Drink to me only' (vocal and piano).
—'Drink to me only' (played on piano-accordion).

Fathers and Sons opened at the Lyttelton Theatre, South Bank,
London, on 8 July 1987 The cast was as follows

ARKADY NIKOLAYEVICH KIRSANOV	Ralph Fiennes
YEVGENY VASSILYCH BAZAROV	Robert Glenister
NIKOLAI PETROVICH KIRSANOV	Alex McCowen
PAVEL PETROVICH KIRSANOV	Richard Pasco
VASSILY IVANYICH BAZAROV	Robin Bailey
ARINA VLASSYEVNA BAZAROV	Barbara Jefford
FENICHKA FEDOSYA NIKOLAYEVNA	Lesley Sharp
ANNA SERGEYEVNA ODINTSOV	Meg Davies
KATYA SERGEYEVNA	Robin McCaffrey
PRINCESS OLGA	Joyce Grant
DUNYASHA	Hazel Ellerby
PROKOFYICH	Antony Brown
PIOTR	Jay Villiers
TIMOFEICH	Peter Halliday
FEDKA	Jim Millea

Directed by
Designed by
Music

Michael Rudman
Carl Toms
Matthew Scott

LONG WHARF THEATRE

Presents

THE AMERICAN PREMIERE'

FATHERS and SONS

A New Play by

BRIAN FRIEL

After The Novel by Ivan Turgenev

Directed by

AUSTIN PENDLETON

Set Design by

JOHN CONKLIN

Costume Design by

DAVID MURIN

Lighting Design by

PAT COLLINS

Production Stage Managers

ANNE KEEFE

ROBIN KEVRICK

March 11 - April 24, 1988

ARVIN BROWN - Artistic Director

M EDGAR ROSENBLUM - Executive Director

THE CAST (*in order of appearance*)

<i>Fenichka</i>	EVE GORDON
<i>Nikolai Kirsanov</i>	RALPH WILLIAMS
<i>Dunyasha</i>	DENISE BESSETTE
<i>Pavel</i>	GEORGE MORFOGEN
<i>Prokofyich</i>	CLEMENT FOWLER
<i>Arkady Kirsanov</i>	MICHEL R GILL
<i>Yevgeny Bazarov</i>	JAMES ANDREASSI
<i>Piotr</i>	DREW McVETY
<i>Anna</i>	CARIS CORFMAN
<i>Princess Olga</i>	MARGARET BARKER
<i>Katya</i>	SHELLEY LOVE LATHAM
<i>Vassily</i>	WILLIAM SWETLAND
<i>Arina</i>	JOYCE EBERT
<i>Timofeich</i>	MAURICE BRENNER
<i>Fedka</i>	GARY GREENBURG

ACT I Scene 1 Early Afternoon in May, 1859 The Kirsanov home
Scene 2 June The Kirsanov home
Scene 3 End of June The Bazarov home

ACT II Scene 1 Late morning in August The Kirsanov home
Scene 2 The following morning The Kirsanov home
Scene 3 Afternoon in early September The Bazarov home
Scene 4 Early October The Kirsanov home

THERE WILL BE ONE INTERMISSION

Casting by Deborah Brown
Wigs by Paul Huntley Productions

World premiere of FATHERS AND SONS presented at the National Theatre of Great Britain at the Lyttleton Theatre London, July 9, 1987

FATHERS AND SONS—Running Props

ONSTAGE PRESET

Inside Permanent Wagon On ACT I Spikes

1 Piano

on:

Lots of music

Practical Lamp (Plugged)

1 Piano Chair

1 Cello Chair

near: Cello

Cello Bow (ditto) on arm ch

1 Armchair

on: 1 cushion

1 Side Table

1 Long Bench

on: Cushion

1 Small Wicker Table

On Stage Right Wagon #1

1 Wicker Planter w/Plants

On Off Stage Right Wagon

1 Bookcase

On Stage Left Wagon

1 Wicker Table w/Plants

On Off Stage Left Wagon

1 black chair

ON DECK On Act I Notes

1 Oval Table

on: Bazarov Cloth (green)

Kirsanov Cloth (white)

- 4 Chairs w/covers
- 1 Armchair U.L.
- 1 Footstool U.L.
- 1 Bench S.L.

IN GAZEBO

- Rugs and Pillows
- 1 Knitting Bag s.R.
- Knitting (in progress, ready to knit) s.L.
- Outside:
 - 1 Baby basket on stand
 - in: Baby, dressed (head is U.S.)
 - Baby blanket
 - over: netting
- Plants

CHECK: Curtains and window positions

UP RIGHT PRESET (ACT I)

I-1

- 1 Basket w/laundry — Dunyasha
- 1 Tray — Fenichka
 - on:
 - 1 Sherry decanter ($\frac{2}{3}$ full 'black sherry')
- 4 glasses
- 1 Tray — Dunyasha
 - on: 4 cups
 - 4 saucers
- 4 spoons
 - 1 cup cocoa (full) w/saucer and spoon
 - 1 creamer w/milk
 - 1 sugar bowl w/lump sugar
 - Sugar tongs
- 1 Samovar Table — Prokofyich

- 1 Samovar ($\frac{1}{2}$ full hot water) on wagon
on: small tea pot w/strong tea
- 1 Small White lace tablecloth—Dunyasha

I-2

- 2 Dishes ice cream w/spoons—Arkady, Bazarov
- 1 Dish ice cream w/chocolate sauce and
cherry—Arkady
- 1 Dish ice cream w/spoon—Arkady
- 1 Tray—Dunyasha oval

UPRIGHT PRESET—ACT II

II-1

- 3 Rolled maps—Nikolai
- 4 For change

II-2

- 1 Tray—Dunyasha large rectangle w/handles
- 1 Package sandwiches—Fenichka
- 1 Bottle milk—Dunyasha

II-4

- 2 Tablecloths (1 arrives after II-2;) sm. on top)—
Prokofyich—On Piotr tray
- 3 Side chairs

- 1 Tray—Piotr—round
on: 7 Dessert plates
Dessert spoons
- 1 wine rack w/3 full bottles 'wine'—Prokofyich
- 1 Tray—Prokofyich
on: 7 wine glasses
- 2 Vases flowers—Piotr
- 7 Folded napkins—Piotr
- 1 Watering Can—Fenichka

- 1 Tray—Dunyasha
on: 6 Champagne glasses
- Champagne coolers Bottle
- 1 Tray—Dunyasha-little
on: 3 dishes ice cream
- 1 Tray—Piotr—big
on: 3 dishes ice cream
- 1 Taper to light lanterns

UP LEFT PRESET—ACT I

I-1

- 1 Book—Pavel-green
- 2 Empty demis on tray

I-2

- 1 Book—Pavel
- 1 Lamp

Ben:

- Ank. tea,
 - Bowl & napkins
 - Bag 2 tea,
 - Bowl & Nap.
 - 1 Plate cookies
- (Fedka's Boots)

UP LEFT PRESET—ACT II

II-1

II-2

- 1 Green book—Pavel U.C.L. table
 - 1 Roll bandage
 - 1 Medical tool set
 - 1 Bottle medicine
- (Pavel's sling, Act I jacket)

Dressing room

II-3 Act II U.L. shop—set in DLV Act I

3 tea glasses (2 w/tea)

3 spoons

3 napkins

1 Jam holder w/jam and spoon

1 tea pot w/hot water

1 creamer and sugarer

1 plate cookies

Tray (big enough to hold above)—Timofeich

II-4

2 new books—Katya U.C.L. table

1 ring box w/ring (may be personal)

DOWN RIGHT PRESET—ACT I AND II

I-1

2 Leather suitcases—Prokofyich

1 Black Suitcase—Prokofyich

1 Small Canvas case—Prokofyich

in: 1 small book

Scraps of paper, small pencil (cover)

Tray with tea

Silver Tray:

Big Berry

2 Sm Berry w/spoon

Bowl of cookies

2 Tea

2 Napkin

Wooden Tray:

2 Sm Berry w/spoon

2 Tea

Teapot

Jam

2 teas
 2 napkins
 Plate of cookies

II-1

1 Bunch roses— Fenichka

II-4

1 Table— Piotr and Prokfyich

1 Flask with water

1 Bottle w/gulp

FOR CHANGES:

Maps 1-4

Acct. Book

Inkstand

Tablecloths

PERSONALS

Mr. Andreassi: Roll of Bandage, tools & med.

Scraps of paper

Pencil stub

Miss Barker: 1 walking stick

Mr. Morfogen: 1 small bottle cologne (Eau Sauvage)

ring box w/ring (5)

Books I-1

I-2

II-1

Mr. Swetland: Notebook

Mr. McVety: Rag

AFTER I-1

STRIKE

Samovar

Samovar table

All dishes and trays (only cream and sugar repeat
cups and saucers, spoons dead)

Cello and bow

Tablecloth from railing

Costumes

Note: Baby basket is dead

Leather suitcases are dead

Cello and bow are dead

Samovar and table are dead

Laundry basket

SET

Cello chair to behind piano

2 Espresso cups (w/coffee) saucers and spoons to piano

2 Espresso cups (w/coffee) saucers and spoons to oval
table

Chair #2 away from table

Chair # 3 away from table and straight on

AFTER 1-2

STRIKE

Onstage armchair

Stool

Covers from table and chairs

SET

Table to new spikes

I-3 up left props to table

INTERMISSION

U.C. Platform:

Cello struck
Demitasse cups on tray struck
Cookie plate struck
Piano on new spikes
Small table on spike

D.S.

Oval table on Bazarov spikes (U.S.)
Green tablecloth unstuck with white Kirsonov
tablecloth on top with
Account book
Inkstand
Maps 1-4
Reset chair with chair covers
Nikolai's hat on #1 chair
Check skirts
Armchair and stool on spike

GAZEBO:

Check pillows and rugs
Make sure bottle is behind pillow

OFFSTAGE:

Table is set in D.R. Vom
Escape steps set with curtains paged
Doctors bag on bookcase
Chandelier is up
S.R. masking flat

*AFTER II-1**STRIKE*

Anna hat

SET

4 coffee cups, saucers, spoons (set #2) to oval table on
big tray

Cream and sugar (repeat)

*AFTER II-2**STRIKE*

Kirsanov cloth (goes to U.R. for next scene)

Chair covers

Armchair (cushions are dead)

Stool

Set

Table to new spikes

Chair #3 opened up

Chair #2 s.l.

II-3 props (exc. tray) to table

Check doctor bag top book case

THEN

Set lanterns to off right wagon

*AFTER II-3**STRIKE*

II-3 PROPS

SET

Arm chair

Stool

Cushions to position in gazebo

Check cello chair behind piano

THEN

Go U.R. to help

Light lanterns

BEN

Unstore Table D.R.

Enter D.R.

Set armchair, stool, chair covers, maps, table cloth,
account book, inkstand

Wine bottle to armchair spikes.

Set props on bench

Unstick tablecloth

Add Kirsanov tablecloth

Cover chairs and set to spikes

Set table props

Set Nikolai's hat (Jim will bring out)

Cue units to move

Wash dishes and reset

JIM

Strike chandelier

Strike Arkady's jacket, take to dressing room, pick up
Nikolai's hat

Bring hat onstage and set on bench

Go to U.S. unit

Move piano to second spikes

Check: Small table back
Cello, demitasse and tray struck
Watch units reset
Set doctor's bag to s.r. Bazarov unit

DAWN

Set escape stairs
Page curtains

BEN

Unstore table D.R.
Enter D.R.
Set armchair, stool, chair covers, maps, table cloth,
account book, inkstand
Wine bottle to armchair spikes
Set props on bench
Unstick tablecloth
Add Kirsanov tablecloth
Cover chairs and set to spikes
Set table props
Set Nikolai's hat (Jim will bring out)
Cue units to move
Wash dishes and reset

JIM

Strike chandelier
Strike Arkady's jacket, take to dressing room, pick up
Nikolai's hat
Bring hat onstage and set on bench
Go to u.s. unit
Move piano to second spikes
Check: Small table back
Cello, demitasse and tray struck

FATHERS AND SONS

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Watch units reset

Set doctor's bag to s.r. Bazarov unit

Dawn

Set escape stairs

Page curtains

Fathers and Sons

ACT ONE

Scene One

Before the scene begins bring up the sound of Beethoven's Romance in F-major, Op 50, played by NIKOLAI on the cello Early afternoon in May, 1859

The garden-lawn in front of the Kirsanov home We can see into the living-room U s. A veranda runs across the front of the house with two steps leading down to the garden Some potted plants in front of the veranda Downstage left there is a gazebo/summer-house Various summer seats and stools (Left and right from the point of view of the audience) Characters Enter from the left—i e the yard, outhouses, servants' quarters off—or from the house

NIKOLAI is playing the cello in the living-room FEN-ICHKA is sitting in the gazebo, knitting a garment for her baby who is sleeping in a pram at her side She is an attractive young woman with innate dignity and confidence, but because she is no longer a servant and not yet mistress in the house she is not fully at ease in her environment Occasionally she glances into the pram She leaves aside her knitting, closes her eyes and sits listening to the music

DUNYASHA Enters left carrying a laundry-basket full of clothes She is a plump, open-natured, open-hearted, practical-minded girl who loves to laugh

DUNYASHA. Oh my God, this heat has me destroyed. How do you stick it?

FENICHKA. You should have something on your head.

DUNYASHA. I met the new estate-manager over there at the clothes-line. Do you know him?

FENICHKA. Only to see.

DUNYASHA. He is just so beautiful — isn't he? I could spend my days just gazing at him, with that glossy black moustache and those sleepy brown eyes. Did you notice that beautiful black 'tash?

FENICHKA. Dunyasha! (*DUNYASHA flops down beside her FENICHKA begins knitting again*)

DUNYASHA. Honestly All he'd have to do is raise his little finger and I'd kiss his feet. Anyhow he looked at me and he said, 'Are you going to faint, little one?' All the same that was nice, wasn't it? — 'little one.' And I said, 'What d'you mean — am I going to faint?' 'Oh,' he said, 'your face is all bloated and red'

FENICHKA. (*laughing*) He did not. That's another of your stories.

DUNYASHA. Cross my heart. (*into pram*) Hello, Mitya. How are you today, my little darling? Are you well? (*She spreads out under the sun*) Beautiful. This must be the hottest May ever. (*eyes closed*) Is that the big fiddle he's playing?

FENICHKA. You know very well it's called a cello.

DUNYASHA. Sort of nice, isn't it? Bit lonely — like himself.

FENICHKA. Is he lonely?

DUNYASHA. You should know. Not much good for dancing.

FENICHKA. I heard you were dancing last night.

DUNYASHA. Five this morning. Oh, that heat's lovely.

FENICHKA. Any good?

DUNYASHA. You mean did I click? (*She sits up*) Tell me this, Fenichka: remember all those young fellows

used to be at the dances when you and I went together — all that laughing and all that fun — remember?

FENICHKA. Yes.

DUNYASHA. Well, where in God's name have they gone to, those boys? Or haven't they young brothers? All you see now are half-drunk louts that say things like, 'My God, girl, but you're a powerful armful of meat.' (*FENICHKA laughs*) It's true. That's what a big clodhopper said to me last night. And if it's not the clodhoppers it's the usual old lechers with their eyes half-closed and their hands groping your bum. (*She sees PAVEL entering L. with a book under his arm She gets quickly to her feet PAVEL is the typical 'Europeanized' Russian of the nineteenth century — wears English clothes, speaks French His manner is jaded but his emotions function fully and astutely*) Jesus, here comes the Tailor's Dummy! He must have spotted you.

FENICHKA. Don't go, Dunyasha. Stay with me.

DUNYASHA. You're well fit to handle that old goat. And Dunyasha's place is in the kitchen.

FENICHKA. Please.

DUNYASHA. You're too gentle. Tell him straight out to bugger off. (*She rises, makes a curtsy to PAVEL and Exits quickly L., leaving her basket behind her The relationship between PAVEL and FENICHKA is uneasy He looks into the pram and then at FENICHKA*)

PAVEL. Am I intruding?

FENICHKA. No. Not at all.

PAVEL. Will you be sending into town for groceries today?

FENICHKA. Yes.

PAVEL. Would you order something for me?

FENICHKA. What do you want?

PAVEL. Tea. Green tea. If you would.

FENICHKA. Of course.

PAVEL. Half a pound would suffice.

FENICHKA. I'll see to that.

PAVEL. *Merci bien (into pram)* Hello-hello-hello-hello He has very strong fingers. Maybe he'll be a cellist like his father. How do you like your new bedroom, Fenichka?

FENICHKA. I love it. It gets the sun in the early morning.

PAVEL. I see your light on very often in the middle of the night. (*She rises and gathers her things*)

FENICHKA. That's his lordship—cutting a new tooth. Aren't you cutting a new tooth, you rascal, and keeping your mother awake at night?

PAVEL. *Tu es très belle.*

FENICHKA. Sorry?

PAVEL. Look—he won't let me go.

FENICHKA. Let your uncle go, Mitya.

PAVEL. Fenichka—

FENICHKA. I think I'll take him inside. This sun's a bit hot for him.

PAVEL. All I want to say is—

(*He gets no further because PROKOFYICH Enters L. He is an elderly retainer, excessively dignified and formal in manner, but now he is so excited, indeed so confused, that he almost runs across the stage and proclaims too loudly to nobody in particular*)

PROKOFYICH. The carriage has arrived! He's back! Master Arkady is back!

PAVEL. That's early. They must have made good time.

PROKOFYICH. The carriage is here! He has arrived! He has arrived!

PAVEL. A bit of life about the place.

FENICHKA. Yes.

PAVEL. Fenichka, forgive me if—

PROKOFYICH. Master Arkady is back! The carriage is here! Arkady's home from Petersburg! (*PROKOFYICH is now on the veranda and calling into the living-room. NIKOLAI emerges with the cello-bow in his hand He walks with a slight limp He is a kind, decent, generous-spirited man, vague and bumbling at times but always fully alert to what is happening around him*) The carriage is here! Arkady's home! He's back! He's back!

PAVEL. All right, Prokofyich, we hear you.

NIKOLAI. Did you hear the news?

PAVEL. I think so, Nikolai.

NIKOLAI. Arkady has arrived from Petersburg. Wonderful! Where's Piotr? Piotr! Somebody help him with the luggage. Go and meet him, Pavel. (*to FENICHKA*) He'll probably want something to eat, won't he? Everything's in such confusion. This is no welcome. Piotr! I'm really going to have to reprimand that young scamp.

(*General confusion and excitement PROKOFYICH rushes off. L. DUNYASHA rushes on and picks up her basket*)

DUNYASHA. (*privately to FENICHKA*) He has a friend with him! Get out your smelling-salts! O sweet Saviour!

FENICHKA. Take the pram inside, Dunyasha, will you?

DUNYASHA. Wait till you see *him*! A dark god! Jesus, could this be my lucky day?!

PAVEL. Who is he bringing with him, Nikolai?

NIKOLAI. Dunyasha, tell Piotr I want him—

immediately! (*She dashes off with the pram and basket*) Yes, he's bringing a friend with him—a young man called—called—I'm sorry, I've forgotten, Pavel. I'm really going to sack that boy. (*ARKADY Enters*) Ah! There he is! Arkady! Arkady!

ARKADY. Father! How are you! (*Father and son embrace with great warmth Already ARKADY is beginning to resemble his father PROKOFYICH, cases in his hands, stands in the background and beams*)

NIKOLAI. Welcome home! Welcome home, graduate!

ARKADY. Thank you.

NIKOLAI. Let me look at you, You're different. Have you lost weight? You're altogether different. Have you eaten? You're pale—that's it—you're very pale—

ARKADY. All that study and all those exams. What I need is a long rest. Uncle Pavel!

PAVEL. Welcome back, Arkady.

ARKADY. It's great to see you. (*They embrace warmly*) And . . . Fenichka. It is Fenichka, isn't it?

FENICHKA. It is.

NIKOLAI. Of course it is.

ARKADY. Indeed. Good to see you, Fenichka.

FENICHKA. And you, Arkady. (*They shake hands and she leaves*)

NIKOLAI. Prokofyich usually drives so slowly, we didn't expect you until much later. Had you a good journey?

ARKADY. It was all right I've brought a friend with me, Father.

NIKOLAI. You mentioned that in your last letter. Great.

ARKADY. His name is Bazarov.

NIKOLAI. Wonderful. We'll have a full house again. And wait till you see your bedroom—we've had it all reperered. Pavel chose the colour scheme.

PAVEL. That was a major row.

NIKOLAI. No, it wasn't—was it?

PAVEL. A minor row.

ARKADY. His name is Bazarov — Yevgeny Vassilyich Bazarov I would like you to make him very welcome.

NIKOLAI. Naturally we'll make him very welcome. Won't we, Pavel?

ARKADY. Our friendship is very important to me.

PAVEL. Did he graduate, too?

ARKADY. Next year. He's doing natural science and medicine. He's probably the most brilliant man I've ever met.

NIKOLAI. Well, the brilliant Bazarov is every bit as welcome as you are . . . well, almost.

ARKADY. Would you go and meet him, Uncle Pavel?

PAVEL. (to ARKADY) See? Still the message-boy. *Plus ça change . . . (PAVEL goes off and PROKOFYICH is about to follow him)*

NIKOLAI. And isn't Prokofyich looking well?

ARKADY. Prokofyich never changes. Thank you for picking us up.

PROKOFYICH. My pleasure. We'll go out looking for birds' nests tomorrow morning.

ARKADY. First thing. We'll show Bazarov all the good spots.

PROKOFYICH. Maybe you and I should go by ourselves first and then we—

PAVEL. (off) Prokofyich!

PROKOFYICH. Coming, sir. (to ARKADY) It's good to have you back, Arkady.

ARKADY. Thank you. (PROKOFYICH Exits L.) Bird-nesting! He thinks I'm still a schoolboy.

NIKOLAI. In a way so do I.

ARKADY. And I deliberately mentioned Bazarov because they didn't get on very well on the journey. Proko-

fyich prefers the old ways, the old formalities. (*embraces the father again*) It's great to see you, Father.

NIKOLAI. Thank you.

ARKADY. And you're looking very fresh.

NIKOLAI. Fresh? At my age?

ARKADY. And so is Uncle Pavel. What's he doing with himself these days?

NIKOLAI. Oh, you know Pavel—killing time, as he says himself—walking—reading—(*whispers*) going to his English tailor and his French barber—thinking his own very secret thoughts . . . (*after a quick look round*) Arkady, there's one little matter before the others join us—I'm really a bit embarrassed mentioning it—

ARKADY. It's about Fenichka.

NIKOLAI. Shhh. How did you know?

ARKADY. Intuition.

NIKOLAI. Yes, it's about Fenichka. You know Fenichka, don't you? What am I talking about—of course you do! Well, as you know, Arkady, I've been very fond of her for a long time now. Her mother was the best housekeeper we ever had here and Fenichka has taken on those responsibilities with great assurance and skill, considering she's only twenty-three, just a year older than yourself; so I'm old enough to be her father, too, amn't I? Ha-ha. Anyhow, as I say, I've been very attached to her for a long time now; and indeed I have asked her—I have insisted—that she move out of that damp flat above the laundry and come into the main house. And I mention this now, Arkady, partly because I—I—because she's afraid you might . . . well, disapprove of her.

ARKADY. I might disapprove of Fenichka?

NIKOLAI. I hope you don't mind too much, Arkady.

ARKADY. Mind? Why in God's name should I mind?

NIKOLAI. Well, because . . . well, I just thought that . . . Anyhow, anyhow, the real reason I brought her into the house—and I want you to know that I do, I do care very much for the girl, Arkady—I thought it only proper and correct that she ought to be in the house after—*(pause)*—she'd had the baby.

ARKADY. Baby?

NIKOLAI. Hers and mine.

ARKADY. You mean—?

NIKOLAI. A boy.

ARKADY. You and—?

NIKOLAI. Six months old.

ARKADY. I have a new brother.

NIKOLAI. Half-brother.

ARKADY. Half-brother.

NIKOLAI. Mitya.

ARKADY. Mitya!

NIKOLAI. Mitya. Now you know it all. Actually he's the image of me. *(ARKADY suddenly laughs, throws his arms around his father)*

ARKADY. Father, that is the best news ever!

NIKOLAI. Is it?

ARKADY. Of course it is! You're a sly old rascal but I think you're great. Congratulations!

NIKOLAI. You're not angry?

ARKADY. Angry? For God's sake, Father, I'm delighted for you!

NIKOLAI. Thank you, son. Thank you. We'll not talk about it before Pavel. I'm not sure he quite approves of the whole thing. You know Pavel with his silly notions of class and public decorum. *(PAVEL and BAZAROV Enter L.)* We can talk later.

(BAZAROV, a student, dark, lean, intense He senses

that he is an outsider politically and socially in this house—hence the arrogance and curt manner)

ARKADY. There he is! Come on, Bazarov! Come over here. Uncle Pavel you've obviously met — Pavel Petrovich Kirsanov. And this is my father, Nikolai Petrovich Kirsanov. Yevgeny Vassilyich Bazarov. (*BAZAROV bows formally*)

NIKOLAI. You are most welcome to this house, Yevgeny Vassilyich. I hope you can stay with us for most of the summer and I hope you don't find us very dull company.

PAVEL. Do you remember a Doctor Bazarov in Father's old division? That's his father, he tells me.

NIKOLAI. Really? My goodness, it's a small . . . it's a . . .

PAVEL. Extraordinaire, n'est ce pas?

NIKOLAI. Indeed. And you're going to be a doctor, too? Great. Splendid. Sit down. Sit down. You must be tired after your journey.

BAZAROV. I'd prefer to stand.

NIKOLAI. Of course. Stand. Naturally. Stretch your legs. By all means—stand . . . Now to organize our lives. Let's have tea out here. Then you young men can have a rest and we'll eat about seven o'clock. All right? Piotr! He deliberately hides on me, you know. It's gone far beyond a joke. Dunyasha! Oh, you've no idea how difficult things are becoming. I'm not exaggerating, Pavel, am I? The old system—of course it had its failings. But now?—now I give all my land to the peasants to farm—*give* it to them. Will they even farm it for themselves? I wish you'd take an interest in it all, Arkady. It's becoming too much for me at my time of—sorry. (*to DUNYASHA*) Ah, Dunyasha. Bring the samovar out here.

PAVEL. Cocoa for me, *s'il vous plaît*

NIKOLAI. And a bottle of that black sherry in the sideboard. The young men may wish to — to — to dissipate! (*DUNYASHA is staring at BAZAROV*)

ARKADY. Do you wish to dissipate, Bazarov? We would love to dissipate, Father.

NIKOLAI. Dunyasha!

DUNYASHA. Sorry, sir?

NIKOLAI. Black sherry. In the sideboard. And glasses. (*She goes into the house.*) What's the matter with that girl? And how is your father, Yevgeny Vassilyich? (*BAZAROV looks blankly at him Pause*) Your father — is he well?

BAZAROV. I suppose so. I haven't seen him for three years.

NIKOLAI. He has been away — has he? — traveling?

BAZAROV. Not that I know of.

NIKOLAI. Ah.

BAZAROV. I haven't seen him for three years because I haven't been home since I went to the university. (*silence*)

ARKADY. (*quckly*) Let me tell you about this character. He won the gold medal for oratory again this year — the third year in succession.

NIKOLAI. Wonderful!

ARKADY. And he is also — (*to BAZAROV*) — no, don't try to stop me — he is also president of the philosophical society and editor of the magazine. It's an astonishing radical publication — the college authorities banned both issues this year! We were brought before the disciplinary council — remember? 'Revolutionaries! Damned revolutionaries!'

NIKOLAI. Oratory is an excellent discipline; excellent. I approve very strongly of — of — of — of oratory.

PAVEL. On what you do . . . orate?

BAZAROV. Politics. Philosophy.

PAVEL. They have something in common, have they?

ARKADY. Come on, Uncle Pavel. You know they have.

PAVEL. (to BAZAROV) And your philosophy is?

ARKADY. Nihilism.

PAVEL. Sorry?

ARKADY. Nihilism, Uncle Pavel. Bazarov is a Nihilist. So am I.

NIKOLAI. Interesting word that. I imagine it comes from the Latin—*nihil*—nothing. Does it mean somebody who respects nothing? No, it doesn't.

ARKADY. Someone who looks at everything critically.

PAVEL. If there's a difference.

ARKADY. There's a significant difference, Pavel. Don't be so precious.

PAVEL. Me?—precious? Good Lord.

ARKADY. Nihilism begins by questioning all received ideas and principles no matter how venerated those ideas and principles are. And that leads to the inevitable conclusion that the world must be made anew. (to BAZAROV.) That's a fairly accurate summary of our stance, isn't it? (BAZAROV shrugs indifferently and spreads his hands.)

PAVEL. So you believe only in science?

ARKADY. We don't *believe* in anything. You can't believe in science any more than you can believe in the weather or farming or swimming.

NIKOLAI. I can tell you farming isn't what it used to be. In the past five years, the advances I've seen in farming techniques—

ARKADY. I wish you would stop trying to divert me with your juvenile asides, Father.

NIKOLAI. I am sorry.

PAVEL. A simple question: if you reject all accepted principles and all accepted precepts, what basis of conduct have you?

ARKADY. I don't understand what the simple question means.

PAVEL. On what basis do you conduct your life?

ARKADY. If something is useful — keep it. If it is not useful — out it goes. And the most useful thing we can do is repudiate, renounce, reject.

PAVEL. Everything?

ARKADY. Everything without use.

PAVEL. All accepted conventions, all art, all science?

ARKADY. What use are they? Out.

PAVEL. Civilization has just been disposed of, Nikolai.

NIKOLAI. But surely, Arkady, surely rejection means destruction; and surely we must construct, too?

ARKADY. Our first priority is to make a complete clearance. At this point in our evolution we have no right to indulge in the gratification of our own personal whims.

NIKOLAI. I don't think I had whims in mind, Arkady.

ARKADY. At times it's difficult to know what you have in mind, Father.

PAVEL. And when do you begin to preach this gospel publicly?

ARKADY. We're activists. We aren't preachers, are we, Bazarov? We are not going to —

PAVEL. Aren't you preaching now? (*to NIKOLAI*) This is all nonsense; weary old materialistic nonsense I've heard a hundred times.

ARKADY. We know there is starvation and poverty; we know our politicians take bribes; we know the legal system is corrupt. We know all that. And we are tired listening to the 'liberals' and the 'progressives' —

PAVEL. So you have identified all society's evils—
NIKOLAI. Let him finish, Pavel.

PAVEL. I would prefer Yevgeny Vassilyich would do his own talking (*to ARKADY*) But you intend to do nothing constructive yourselves?

BAZAROV. We intend to do nothing constructive ourselves.

PAVEL. Just abuse people who do.

BAZAROV. Just abuse people who do.

PAVEL. And that's called Nihilism.

BAZAROV. And that's called Nihilism. Is this riveting discussion nearly over?

PAVEL. *Incroyable!* Let me see have I got it right—

NIKOLAI. I'm sure you've got it right, Pavel. Let's leave it for now.

PAVEL. First our saviours will demolish the country and then they will remake the country. But suppose some simple person were to suggest that our saviours were just bletherskites—gold-medal bletherskites?

BAZAROV. My grandfather was a serf, Pavel Petrovich. I believe I have some knowledge of the Russian people.

PAVEL. I'm sure you have a very—

BAZAROV. Indeed I believe I have at least as accurate and as sympathetic an understanding of their needs and of their mute aspirations as those absurd provincial aristocrats who affect English clothes and English customs; who believe they are civilized just because they speak cliché French; who talk endlessly about Mother Russia but who sit on their backsides and do sweet nothing for the '*bien public*' as they call it.

PAVEL. I suspect you're deliberately trying to—

BAZAROV. Words that come so easily to lips like yours—liberalism, progress, principles, civilization—they have no meaning in Russia. They are imported

words. Russia doesn't need them. But what Russia does need—and action will provide it, Pavel Petrovich, action, not words—what Russia does need is bread in the mouth. But before you can put bread in the mouth, you have got to plough the land—deep.

NIKOLAI. He's right, you know: ploughing is a very important part of the farming cycle. (to ARKADY) Sorry. I didn't—

PAVEL. So the two of you are going to reform Russia. BAZAROV. Remake Russia. Yes.

PAVEL. By force?

BAZAROV. (*shrugs*) If necessary.

ARKADY. All that's needed is a few people with total dedication. It was a penny candle that burned Moscow down, Uncle Pavel.

NIKOLAI. That's quite true, you know.

PAVEL. For God's sake, Nikolai, you know nothing about it!

NIKOLAI. I beg your pardon, Pavel—it *was* a penny candle burned Moscow down. That is an historical fact. Father was able to quote chapter and verse on it. (to FENICHKA and DUNYASHA who have entered with a tray and samovar) Ah! Fenichka! Good! Great! Splendid! And beautifully timed—just when we had all come to a close understanding of one another's position. Have you the sherry? Excellent (to DUNYASHA) Just leave the tray there. Thank you. Thank you. You haven't met Arkady's friend, have you, Fenichka? Yevgeny Vassilych Bazarov.

BAZAROV. Pleased to meet you.

FENICHKA. You're welcome.

BAZAROV. Thank you.

ARKADY. Dr Bazarov—almost.

FENICHKA. Welcome, Doctor.

NIKOLAI. (*to DUNYASHA who is staring at BAZAROV*) Dunyasha, will you put the tray down on the seat, please?

DUNYASHA. Oh yes—yes, yes, yes.

NIKOLAI. I think this is yours, Pavel (*cocoa*).

PAVEL. Thanks. (*As the cups are being passed round ARKADY has a private word with FENICHKA.*)

ARKADY. Congratulations. (*she looks puzzled*) On the baby.

FENICHKA. Oh. (*She looks quickly towards NIKOLAI*)

ARKADY. He's just told me.

FENICHKA. He wasn't sure how you'd react.

ARKADY. I'm pleased for you both.

FENICHKA. Thank you. (*NIKOLAI is aware of this private conversation*)

NIKOLAI. You're sitting with us, Fenichka, aren't you?

FENICHKA. Not just now. I've got to bath Mitya and put him to bed. I'll join you later.

NIKOLAI. Please do. (*FENICHKA leaves*)

DUNYASHA. Can I get you anything else?

NIKOLAI. That's everything, I think, Dunyasha. (*She is gazing at BAZAROV and does not move.*) Thank you. (*she goes*) There's something the matter with that girl today. Now to organize our lives. Let me tell you what plans we have in store for you. The first formal engagement is on Monday week. It's a rather long and convoluted story that—

PAVEL. It's quite simple: he's having a welcome-home party for you.

ARKADY. Great.

NIKOLAI. Some weeks ago quite out of the blue I had a visit from a young lady called Anna Sergeevna Odintsov. (*to BAZAROV*) An unusual name, isn't it?—Odintsov. Are you familiar with it?

BAZAROV. (*not listening*) No.

NIKOLAI. It was unknown to me, too, I must confess. Anyhow it transpires that the young lady's mother, may she rest in peace, and my good wife, may she rest in peace, were very close friends when they were young girls. But, as so often happens, they lost touch with one another shortly after they got married. But to cut a long story short. Anna Sergejevna was rummaging in an attic in her home—

PAVEL. Could I have sugar?

NIKOLAI. —and she came across a bundle of letters written by your good mother, Maria, to her old friend—well, her young friend then. And Anna Sergejevna had the kind thought that I might like to have these letters since they contain many references to myself. (*to BAZAROV*) Arkady's mother and I were, as we say, walking out at the time.

BAZAROV. (*not listening*) Yes?

PAVEL. Cream, please.

NIKOLAI. I'd be delighted to have the letters, I said. So the following week Anna Sergejevna Odintsov called on us again and handed over Maria's epistles and spent a very agreeable couple of hours with us—didn't she, Pavel?

PAVEL. I found her very . . . measured.

NIKOLAI. Did you think so?

PAVEL. And emotionally dehydrated

ARKADY. Uncle Pavel!

PAVEL. Oh yes.

NIKOLAI. Well, I liked her very much.

ARKADY. What age is she?

NIKOLAI. I'm very bad at that sort of thing. I would imagine she might—

PAVEL. Twenty-nine.

ARKADY. Interesting.

NIKOLAI. Oh yes, an interesting lady.

PAVEL. Enormously wealthy. With a huge estate And a widow.

ARKADY. *Very* interesting.

NIKOLAI. Very—? Oh, I see what you mean now. Very good. Very good. What else do we know about her? She lives with an eccentric old aunt, Princess Something-or-other.

PAVEL. Olga.

NIKOLAI. Olga. And she has a young sister called—what's the young sister's name?

PAVEL. Katerina.

NIKOLAI. That's it—Katya. All three are coming on Monday week. (*pause*) And we'll have a wonderful party. (*pause*) And we'll all have a wonderful time. (*pause*) Won't we?

PAVEL. If you'll excuse me. I get a headache when I sit too long in the sun.

NIKOLAI. We have a meeting with the new estate manager in half an hour, Pavel.

PAVEL. I'll be in my room.

NIKOLAI. I'll join you in a few minutes. (*As he Exits PAVEL puts his hand on ARKADY's shoulder and pats it Then he leaves*) Nothing Pavel likes better than a vigorous discussion, plenty of thrust and parry. We're inclined to go to seed here in the wilds, Yevgeny.

BAZAROV. Yes.

ARKADY. (*quickly*) What were the letters like?

NIKOLAI. Letters?

ARKADY. The letters Mother wrote to her friend about you.

NIKOLAI. Oh, they were . . . oh-ho, I'm afraid they were a bit naughty in places . . . very naughty in fact . . . in fact a few of them were very naughty in-

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