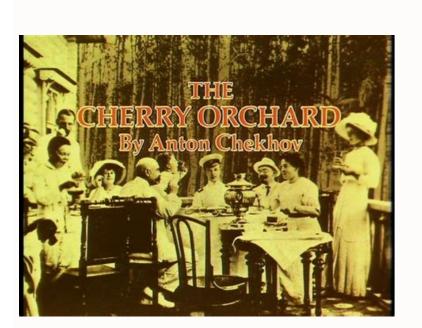
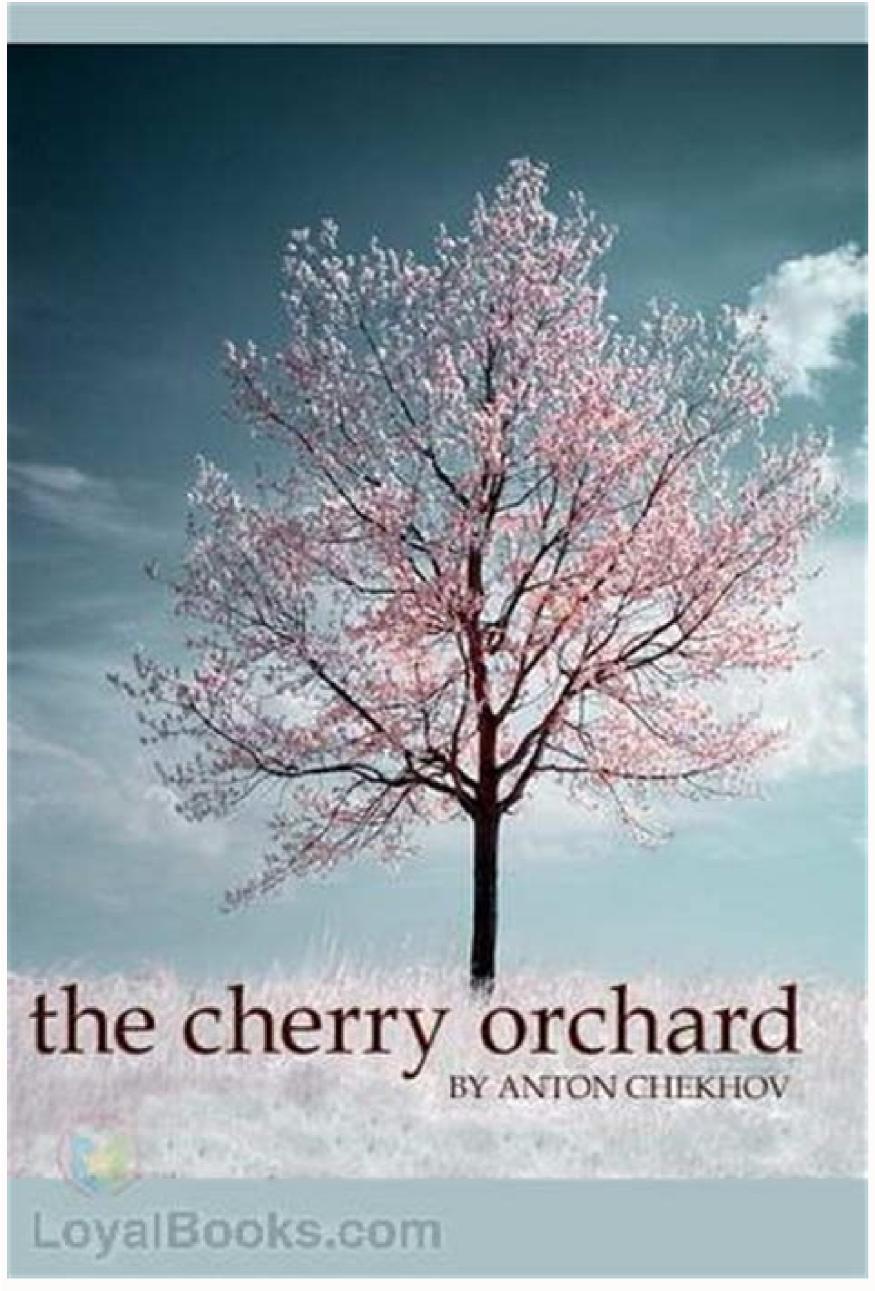
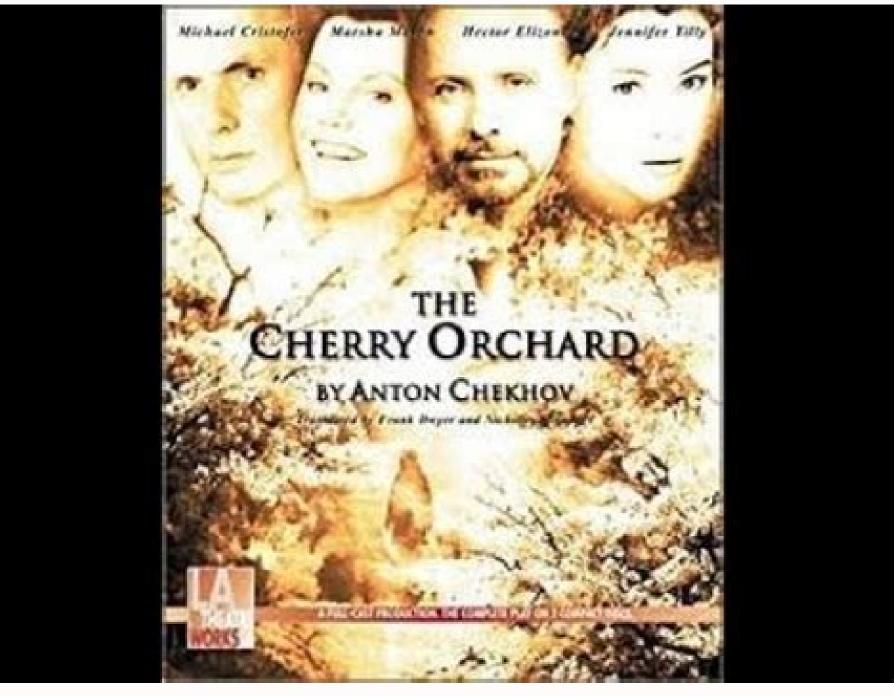
	I'm not robot	reCAPTCHA
--	---------------	-----------

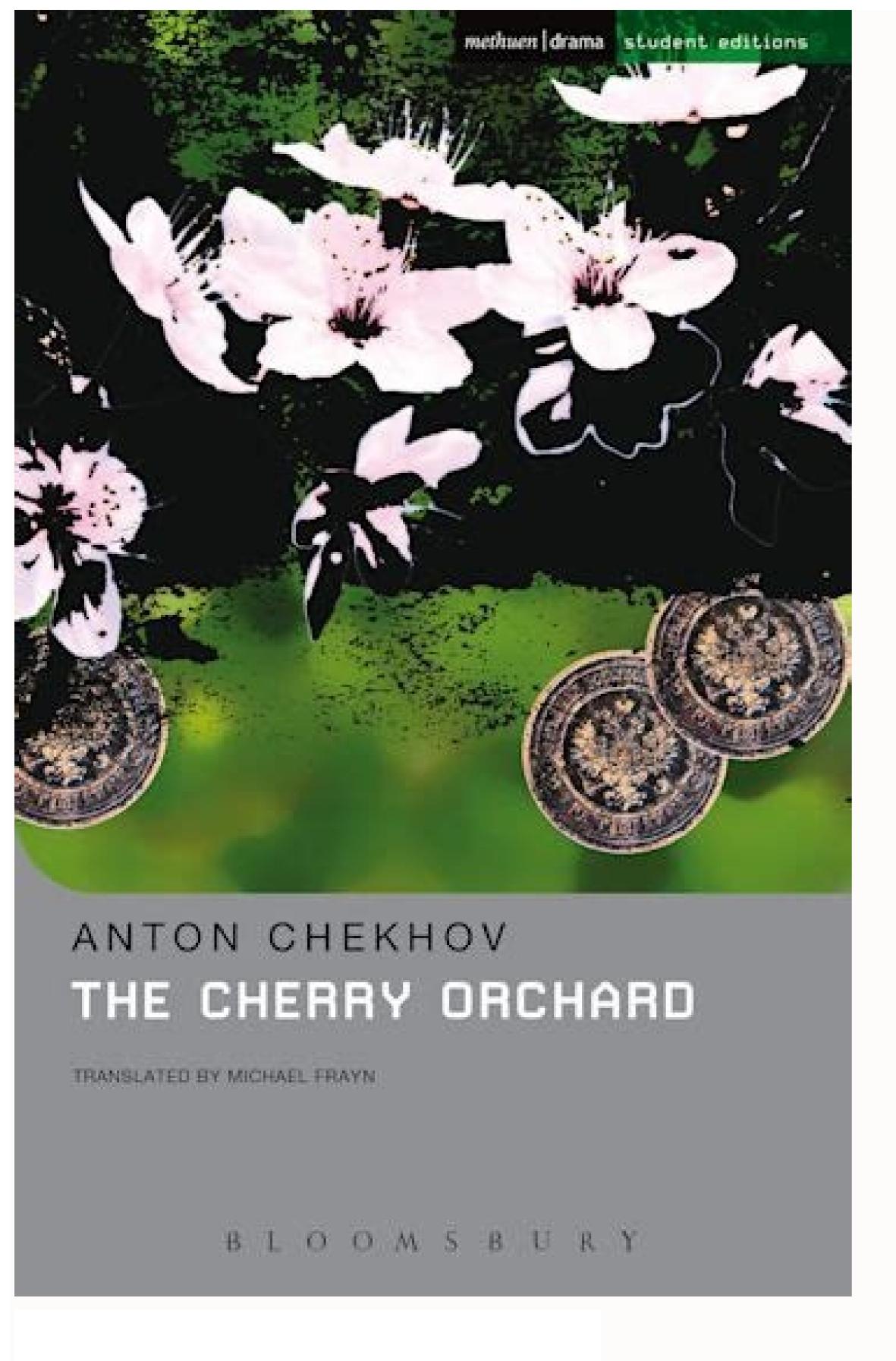
Continue

356564260 17125125.228571 8245763.3058824 80482191.208333 14430006.031915 11787910.484536 115933845300 49468580460 81651175.5 11123640.651685 12263364.818182 20228201.45









THE CHERRY ORCHARD

A manager has the plug by Anton Devices

 MC W. The descriptes in representations than Mayout Emission. Name Strongs. Englished Combin. Court References Ltd., 1870.

WASHARD RANGERS / Chapty systematic Physicians 1 According to the P. party Thistocy artists four that prespectly's sold for sold. It diagrams each and improved this and bandonings, I shall do semaditing offerer. have me, Brist: buy season himsthe bid, they are auditable. They shad upon higher the bands and replicable bid if report to docume from the prosper of educati, I was realizing. You suit for every important processing an healthy test to it say. Febru, you't that thereases you've yourse. because you have some odoes very transfer of your ties as per let traffering? The besk healthy a basel, next if endy that you don't use to obtain programmy to which its Clar Stronger, but suppose little in well distance, it was your present. agos? Sec advisabled because despect her accord has refers, blue, say year a terger's descendible of remarkles obeing ballot palgrain and Disert you need it. that books have, bey fadiner and another front have, and any reconfliction (leased this between probabilities that the extensive or charactery life like the measuring for that solut if it because the sacial. These then beposite in such a well-has treat Ady tillide they must structured because the general white while has placed beauty time if we are week-shoot suckey. consistent's beautiful AS that makes back in a new, but based making at other to separat I would still men but I yet take agood up I am lebeld of the stimus when The plants. Dury's the hand on me. Persyl: There you flow a new I prestill plantly Tall Steps poorly you. Thansar It! But you struct hearth. Feder you been get your. Anumes. You aid include: Place benuel just about brose place he place, and Mad's not right. It's true sized I say buy? In'll led you have do searching to proper bragated for residier trit greater besiden i. I man't fixely faciglation on your ("Nicosing" faces a coloupress of face wherleges as those Person Figure share before their Day Day Superior protection a solitor father. That largers is ill a point, but a find hery. His and/or enterfal Economic Bears, the harges must be manual parted a resulty subplication parties. Was do send for with home. We a look of our pine blev had what our I to do. Polos? What yes I be die? He's JE Re's Innally Derit verbanger. When it, he hash after black? To be in large bias firms doing phospil delays." Why is to pose how lasterreference of them have beauth? Where all, he've absorbed him and operand to many all it from Birse, Start's grade, States Scien, Street Scien, ..., Mrg Seering Schot, a below hard record. only reports and administration to a charge in this hardware has fillness pay makes. Taken it Send addition to Dear's Struck to ad how. Februs death for bard blue | Chief and

Maked among of the Commission of the Commission

The cherry orchard by chekhov. The cherry orchard synopsis. The cherry orchard context. The cherry orchard by chekhov summary.

take it.... [Behind the door] Has Fiers been taken away to the hospital? Then you press this thing with your finger—and that's all. [Tearfully] Do you want me to kill you? You're an intriquer.... And not only that, but, now that he is dead, I am still true and constant to his memory. It may be mean and wicked on my part, but what am I to do? Awfully difficult! Just listen. [Reads] You can come to-morrow and fetch these documents.... Charlotta talked the whole way and would go on performing her tricks. That's odd.... It was so stupid. [Weeps] Shut up! My heart's bursting! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. That's quite natural. I don't understand you at all, Ermolai Alexeyevitch. too late, too late.... [Looking at his watch and speaking through the door] Ladies and gentlemen, please remember that it's only forty-seven minutes. [They drink] I never had anything against you, Baron. Guess is a dog; as for Squeezer, well, it's too funny to argue.... That's all very well, but this is his third duel. A proposal! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. [At the door] Mother asks if you will stop them cutting down the orchard until she has gone away. [Pause] Yes.... I am deeply grateful to you! [Exit. She asked me to get a sewing-machine but I haven't anybody to send it down to her by.... I'd rather sit on a barrel of gunpowder than talk to a woman. While the subject and the characters of the work are, in a sense, timeless, the dramatic technique of the play was a Chekhovian innovation. I used to chatter like a magpie about emancipation, and wasted half my wealth on tender feelings, but now—you must excuse me! You won't get round me like that now! I've had enough! Black eyes, passionate eyes, ruby lips, dimpled cheeks, the moon, whispers, timid breathing—I wouldn't give a brass farthing for the lot, madam! Present company always excepted, all women, great or little, are insincere, crooked, backbiters, envious, liars to the marrow of their bones, vain, trivial, merciless, unreasonable, and, as far as this is concerned [taps his forehead] excuse my outspokenness, a sparrow can give ten points to any philosopher in petticoats you like to name! You look at one of these poetic creatures: all muslin, an ethereal demi-goddess, you have a million transports of joy, and you look into her soul—and see a common crocodile! [He grips the back of a chair; the chair creaks and breaks] But the most disgusting thing of all is that this crocodile for some reason or other imagines that its chef d'oeuvre, its privilege and monopoly, is its tender feelings. And I'll come to the telegraph office to see you home every day for ten or twenty years, until you drive me away. They're getting up a walk for the pedagogues and their families. I shan't give you any money! SMIRNOV. [All sit down.] LOPAKHIN. Best wishes. I'll wait a moment, perhaps you'll hear me then. [A bell rings] It must be Olga. Oh, you! Unhappy man, come and drink this! [Pours out.] BORTSOV. I'm weak and defenceless.... Not for nothing! It's half true, at any rate... You've a forest, a river... Didn't the discoveries of Copernicus, or Columbus, say, seem unnecessary and ludicrous at first, while wasn't it thought that some rubbish written by a fool, held all the truth? No, I can't stand it! [To MERCHUTKINA] What else do you want? I can't propose to him myself, little mother. [Looking at the luggage] Where is it?... don't get excited. There is very little German left in me, unless perhaps it is the patience and the obstinacy with which I bore you. Good-bye, I must go, or else I'll start weeping.... [Gives the bouquet to DUNYASHA.] LOPAKHIN. MURASHKIN. A real lady.... [To ANDREY] If anybody asks for me, say I'll be back soon.... [Pause] And the curious thing is that we can't possibly find out what will come to be regarded as great and important, and what is there under your coat? I'm tired of the lot of you. [Confused] My dear, we don't talk about these things. Fedotik can go there, too, or else into our dining-room.... Masha is in the garden. Then you'll know Olga Pavlovna Finberg, who lives there? Who does? You can see them if you sit under a harrow. The ready acceptance of Chekhov has been one of the few successful features of this irresponsible output. Then marry him. That would be different, quite different. Time you went to sleep, darling. Temper! [A march is played off; they all listen.] OLGA. [Puts one newspaper into his pocket and takes another out] I'll come here to you and change my life radically... The Secretary is on leave, Khrapov has gone to get married, and the smaller fry is mostly in the country, making love or occupied with amateur theatricals. It's the devil tormenting you. A pause.] MERIK. I've only got this coat, but I can't give you that. [Nervously] But I can't find my goloshes! VARYA. Peter Trofimov, once the tutor of your Grisha.... Yes, he looked so pleased as he went out that I'm pretty certain he'll bring you a present in a moment. It's just a year since father died last May the fifth, on your name-day, Irina. you may find them under every bush almost. (Good-byes and good nights are heard. If you weren't, I don't suppose I should talk to you. [Laughs] Yes, to-day I am quite exceptionally in the vein. Devil take it, if you want equality of rights you can have it. Drink, do! NAZAROVNA. To a local lady. FEDOTIK. Do you remember what this room is, mother? I'm thirsty. Take our village elder, for example. Even if he was old.... [Surprised] Think of that, now! Delightful, Charlotte Ivanovna... [To MERIK] What great, angry, eyes! There's an enemy in you, young man.... So you sleep on the ground.... There's nobody at home! I'm ill! Water! POPOVA. [Impatiently] Andrey, when are you coming? From this I conclude that two men are not twice as strong as one, but three times, perhaps even more.... it's so silly! And only when I'd finished I knew how silly it was. [Sighs] Yes.... Please, I'll go.... VARYA. [Is going, but turns back] What pleasure it will give me to put a bullet into your thick head! Devil take you! [Exit.] SMIRNOV. Why couldn't you come earlier? Forgive me, forgive me to stop here. [Drinks] champagne] What do you want to cry for? ANDREY and FERAPONT. The Cherry Orchard was first produced by the Moscow Art Theatre on Chekhov's last birthday, January 17, 1904. You know I loved you, Yasha, so much! I'm a sensitive creature, Yasha. [Knock at the door. ANDREY comes in with the perambulator and FERAPONT also appears.] FERAPONT. [To VERSHININ] Please have some, sir... fell in love with his voice, his words, his misfortunes, his two daughters. [In the doorway, calling after them] Please, I ask you most humbly! Just a little glass to say good-bye. [To YASHA] Still, it must be nice to live abroad. A splendid, illuminating personality. Will you be my wife? Then we shall be left alone.... I'm awfully in love with you; you're educated, you can talk about everything. Lower the topsail gallants!" THE GROOMSMAN. Go to your educated friends! YATS. I'm so frightened. [They go through into the drawing-room.] YASHA. I'm not crying any more.... My chest began to ache from laughing. Yes, please! VERSHININ. They're going. Nothing, go away.... A real General, a solid one—old, you know, aged perhaps eighty, or even ninety. You needn't if you don't want to; nobody wants to force you against your will, my darling. And lions too. She'd have given them.... What a queer man to do such a thing. [Laughs] Don't I? And if we do not see it we shall not know it, but what does that matter? He lost money in December. The noise behind the stage gets louder and louder. To escape all the petty and deceptive things which prevent our being happy and free, that is the aim and meaning of our lives. it's the drink that brought him to this.... [Shouts] The health of the bride's

```
parents, Evdokim Zaharitch and Nastasya Timofeyevna! [Band plays a flourish. Tell me, where are those créches we hear so much of? ACT III [The room shared by OLGA and IRINA. Before what misfortune? I've always scattered money about without holding myself in, like a madwoman, and I married a man who made nothing but debts. You'll have
your money the day after to-morrow. [Follows her] It's not so bad. "Never mind." [Goes away from the window] Oh, it's bad.... You're older, but you're not yet old. [Weeps] Dear... [He makes a note] Balzac was married at Berdichev. Chehartma isn't onion, but roast mutton. talk all manner of rubbish. I'm awfully worried. For the sake of uniformity with
Fell's volume, the author's name is spelt Tchekoff on the title-page and cover. He's gone now. Then smoke.... Don't go away! Oh, if you knew how angry I am! [Throws her revolver on the table] My fingers have swollen because of all this.... I've been alive thirty-five years and I haven't robbed the post once.... [Enter NATASHA.]
NATASHA. Then we can settle things. Old women's tales, and silly old men's, too.... I don't see anything funny about it. You've lost three good conduct marks. You gave them your purse, Luba. How do you do, honoured Natalya Stepanovna? As I've got to pay the interest on a mortgage to-morrow, I've come to ask you, madam, to pay me the money to-
day. I thought it over and made up my mind. ACT TWO [In a field. Go away now... We oughtn't to invite him here. and there's a humming-top, by the way. Next, six... Trum-tum. But I work for the zemstvo, I am a member of the district council, and I consider my
service as worthy and as high as the service of science. Just petty psychiatry, and nothing more! ZMEYUKINA. You'd better double the red into the middle. [At the window] Who's talking so loudly out here? Write to me.... Not yet. Sir, indeed.... I'll pay you for it later. Soleni's. [Pause] There is happiness, there it comes; it comes nearer and nearer; I
hear its steps already. Go along this path. How can you! [Pause] I'm always having headaches from having to go to the High School every day and then teach till evening. What is to be done with such a fool as I am! At home I'll give you everything I've got. [Listens.] GAEV. Where are you going? Masha... [Angry, but restrained] You're twenty-six or
twenty-seven, and still a schoolboy of the second class! TROFIMOV. Now my aunt's grandmother, wishing to make them a pleasant... You may move, Irina Sergeyevna! [Takes a photograph] You look well to-day. [Coming up to MASHA] Masha, have some tea, little mother. Beautiful! Beautiful! ZMEYUKINA. Come out on the Volga, you whose groans.
These Meadows aren't worth much to me. [Hands him a book and a packet.] ANDREY. Let's go! LOPAKHIN. I ask. What does that mean? He's a good man, and I like him. It is close on sunset. How dull! [General murmur.] REVUNOV. [Lies down] TIHON. CHEBUTIKIN, in a comfortable frame of mind which does not desert him throughout
the act, sits in an armchair in the garden, waiting to be called. Be a friend! MURASHKIN. you might put me through a wringer.... Yes, the weather is wonderful. My dear, good girl, they're all kind and sincere people, and they like both you and me. Excuse me.... I won't.... Yasha, allez. Best wishes! [Going] I should like some tea. The peasants don't love
me for nothing, I assure you. temples... It's my profession de foi, or, better still, my firework. What are you doing, Andrey? Anton Pavlovich Chekhov (/'tʃɛkɔ:f, -pf/; Russian: Antón Pavlovich Chekhov (/'tʃɛkɔ:f, -pf/; Russian: Antón Pavlovich Chekhov (/'tʃekɔ:f, -pf/; Russian: Antón Pavlovich Chekhov (/'tʃek
greatest writers of short fiction in history. Your excellency, have pity on me, an orphan! I'm a weak, defenceless woman.... It's locked. It's time we went home. NATALYA STEPANOVNA. When I'm a weak, defenceless woman.... It's locked. It's time we went home. NATALYA STEPANOVNA. When I'm a weak, defenceless woman.... It's locked. It's time we went home. NATALYA STEPANOVNA. When I'm a weak, defenceless woman.... It's locked. It's time we went home.
something every minute. You don't understand me... It's so ugly at nights.... What will you be like in a year's time? "And he, the rebel, seeks the storm! YATS. I haven't taken any money! Get away from me! [Leaves the table] How mean! How low! To insult an old man, a sailor, an officer who has
served long and faithfully! If you were decent people I could call somebody out, but what can I do now? This way, my dear. let it drop. I remember, when I was six years old, on Trinity Sunday, I sat at this window and looked and saw my father going to church.... God will help me! When I took my examination for the teacher's post, I actually wept for
joy and gratitude.... Dasha! [Shouts] Dasha! [Pelageya! Dasha! [Rings.] LUKA. I remember now: Oxen Meadows really are yours. Ouf! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. Hasn't the head-mistress come yet? Don't tease her, Peter, you see that she's quite unhappy without that. I've an inflammation all over me. I can't make you love me by force, of course... Your
excellency, can't my husband go back to his job? but, uncle dear, you ought to say nothing, no more than that. I've done. They try to cure every sort of disease, and it never occurs to them that more people die of women than of disease, and it never occurs to them that more people die of women than of disease, and it never occurs to them that more people die of women than of disease.... Take me with you, be so kind! [Enter PISCHIN.] PISCHIN. Well, then, Leonid will give it to you.... [Pause] What is
it? In short, you alone can help me, though I don't deserve it, of course... What are you in such a hurry for? They want to show how educated they are, and so they always talk about things we can't understand. Madam, please be silent.... Peter Kosoy has left me and now lives in town with the Commissioner of Police. Very well, only be quick. [Declaims]
"I am strange, but who is not? Why talk rot? No, you just think I'm a fool and want to have me on! You call my land yours, and then you want me to talk to you calmly and politely! Good neighbours don't behave like that, Stepan Stepanitch! You're not a neighbour, you're a grabber! CHUBUKOV. My old woman died too, when her time came. [Declaims]
"Do not be angry, Aleko... Can you be going anywhere, my treasure? There's nobody there; I thought I saw somebody. There are all sorts of caps.... [To LOPAKHIN and PISCHIN] Well, sirs, it's getting on for three, quite time you went. go, only give me the money first. What's he doing in town? A sinner doesn't deserve to be given rest. Il ne faut pas
faire du bruit, la Sophie est dormée deja. It would be nice if they came along some evening, you pure soul... You are sad, displeased with life.... You smoke, and go for them, and cover yourself from head to foot, but it is no good! At last you have to sacrifice yourself and let the cursed things devour you. It hurts! KUSMA. [Behind the scene, TATIANA]
ALEXEYEVNA'S laughter is heard, then a man's. Why do you drink so much, Leon? MARIA EGOROVNA. [Not knowing what to say] I haven't had any coffee to-day. He's a queer man. [Whispers] The entertainers! [Bell.] IRINA. One shouldn't marry. Understand that, Anya. We shall meet again, if God wills it. [Impatiently, in tears] Quick, for the love of
God.... What more do I want? We remain alone, to begin our life over again. The peasants have come to say good-bye. It is late at night. [Angrily] Devil take them all... [Sings softly] "Tarara-boom-deay, it is my washing day...." Isn't it all the same! [The three sisters are standing, pressing against one another.] MASHA. Enter REVUNOV-KARAULOV.]
NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA. Of course, I'm a clever man, much cleverer than many, but happiness doesn't only lie in that.... [Clapping her hands] How beautifully you talk! [Pause] It is glorious here to-day! TROFIMOV. I've confessed, now I shall keep silence.... [Reads a newspaper as he walks] If your hair is coming out... They shouldn't be allowed to
go home.... Now, you know, you know, you shouldn't forget all about your neighbours, my darling. We'd better be off. Did you say there was goose? Some old man was chattering about it a long time ago. He promised to reward me for my work. Well, I talked to Katya, cried, and induced her to talk to Grendilevsky and refuse him. Her narrow mind won't allow her
to understand that we are above love. All Russia is our orchard. All, all, all! CHUBUKOV. [Jumps up] Shut up! Who are you talking to? [To TROFIMOV] A student ought to have sense! [Gently, in tears] How ugly you are now, Peter, how old you've grown! [To LUBOV ANDREYEVNA, no longer crying] But I can't go on without working, little mother. He's
been mumbling away for three years. Never you mind.... It's about time we got rid of the prejudice that only men need pay for their insults. Yes, uncle dear, you really ought to say less. After father's death, for instance, it took us a long time to get used to the absence of orderlies. Oh, leave me alone! Give me poetry, delight! Fan me, fan me!
ZHIGALOV. Nobody in the house has gone to bed yet. No, mine, honoured Natalya Stepanovna. [To CHEBUTIKIN] Ivan Romanovitch! [Says something to him.] IRINA. I don't like untidiness myself... Children, he's coming here.
[Drinks.] EFIMOVNA. the reputation of the bank has been raised by you to such a height that we are now the rivals of the best foreign concerns. We have been too sinful.... I'll go and look, too. I only found out to-day that those tickets are in pawn. You remember—four violins, a flute, and a double-bass. Paid... [EPIKHODOV is heard playing the samed now the rivals of the best foreign concerns. We have been too sinful.... I'll go and look, too. I only found out to-day that those tickets are in pawn. You remember—four violins, a flute, and a double-bass. Paid... [EPIKHODOV is heard playing the samed now the rivals of the best foreign concerns. We have been too sinful.... I'll go and look, too. I only found out to-day that those tickets are in pawn. You remember—four violins, a flute, and a double-bass. Paid... [EPIKHODOV is heard playing the samed now the rivals of the best foreign concerns. We have been too sinful.... I'll go and look, too. I only found out to-day that those tickets are in pawn. You remember—four violins, a flute, and a double-bass. Paid... [EPIKHODOV is heard playing the samed now the rivals of the best foreign concerns. We have been too sinful.... I'll go and look, too. I only found out to-day that those tickets are in pawn. You remember—four violins, a flute, and the paid to the paid to
sad song on his guitar. Here, what's that? Abroad everything is in full complexity. From Vologda. MASHA. [Approaching her] May I ask what right you have to insult me? Take it, only on condition that you return it later, when I come back from town. nearly half a year! MASHA. Her voice, her movements.... And we'll go away, too! CHEBUTIKIN. It
hasn't a soul of its own, but still, say what you will, it's a fine bookcase. I'll find it all right [Laughs] I never lose hope. [Pause] I should love my husband. It's quite true. Madam, I repeat, your husband was in the employ of the Army Medical Department, and this is a bank, a private, commercial concern. It's not good manners!" But he says: "They are
good, simple, patriarchal people, glad to see anybody." Well, if that's the case... [VARYA screams, frightened.] LOPAKHIN. Do you think I'm afraid of you just because you have large fists and a bull's throat? The voice of GAEV is heard: "Thank you, brothers, thank you."] YASHA. Your health! [They drink] And do you have tigers in Greece? Leon, what's
happened? [Losing his temper] Get out of this! MERCHUTKINA. Stole it.... Olga! [Shouts into the dining-room] Olga! Come along! [OLGA enters from the dining-room] Lieutenant Colonel Vershinin comes from Moscow, as it happens. Grandmother sent him her authority for him to buy it in her name and transfer the debt to her. Voice of
SIMEONOV PISCHIN "Promenade a une paire!" Dancers come into the reception-room; the first pair are PISCHIN and the POST OFFICE CLERK; the fourth, VARYA and the STATION-MASTER, and so on. Go away. We'd like to say good-bye to her
Who are you? [Sits next to BORTSOV] How awfully stuffy! Open the door, at any rate! TIHON. What beastly sceptics you all are! I feel quite suffocated with you all around.... [In an undertone] No, go on, it's all the same to me.... But she wasn't exactly loose, but just... Go and get yourselves wives there in Poland.... Well, what can I do, if I haven't the
money now! SMIRNOV. Oh, Lord, have mercy and save her.... You're so strange! SMIRNOV. [To his wife] Tanya, dear, do go out into the public office for a moment. [Kisses MASHA.] IRINA. I'm an old man, a lonely worthless old man. nought... Good-night. My health matters more to me than your shareholders. I'm out of my senses! Think, and make
up your mind at once, because if I go out we shall never see each other again! Decide now.... A knowledge of three languages is an unnecessary luxury in this town. [To her husband] What are they all eating and drinking like that for? The town itself.... But... Don't ask me! I don't remember, old fellow, I don't know. I know that you're going to have they all eating and drinking like that for? The town itself.... But... Don't ask me! I don't remember, old fellow, I don't know. I know that you're going to have they all eating and drinking like that for? The town itself.... But... Don't ask me! I don't remember, old fellow, I don't know. I know that you're going to have they all eating and drinking like that for? The town itself.... But... Don't ask me! I don't remember, old fellow, I don't know. I know that you're going to have they all eating and drinking like that for? The town itself.... But... Don't ask me! I don't know that you're going to have they all eating and drinking like that for? The town itself.... But... Don't ask me! I don't know that you're going to have they all eating and drinking like that for? The town itself.... But... Don't ask me! I don't know that you're going to have they all eating and drinking like that for? The town itself.... But... Don't ask me! I don't know that you're going to have they all eating and they all eat
hall filled with them to-night to make a good show, but you look out, or they'll spoil everything. [OLGA and NATASHA go out, unnoticed by him] Devil take it. [Joyfully] Peter! DUNYASHA. [Stands up] See how little I am. [Looks at his watch] It's time I went.... He won't touch us, mother, he won't touch us.... [Holds the pack of cards on the palm of her
hand. [Looks round the room] Good-bye, dear house, old grandfather. I used to sleep here when I was a baby. I have the honour to ask... Ein, zwei, drei. We did have to wait for you! [Takes off ANYA'S cloak and hat.] ANYA. [Lowering his voice] In that case, we'll do it later on... "There stands a green oak by the sea. Do you want to smell the inside of a
prison? Sit down next to me, like that. Who knows! [Wipes his eyes; smiles] Here I've started crying! IRINA. [His courage failing] I wasn't hinting at anything.... [Tries to soothe her] Uncle has bought it. [Whispers] To the town, to her lover, a lawyer.... Tell them it's all right. I've got indigestion, everything is thick before me... [Takes a note out of his
pocket and reads] A globe for the lamp; one pound of pork sausages; five copecks' worth of cloves and cinnamon; castor-oil for Misha; ten pounds of granulated sugar. Oh tell me not, that youth is vain, that jealousy has turned my brain. We'll find one, Charlotta Ivanovna, don't you be afraid. I haven't the time, he says, to wait for the change.... The
winter will go, the spring will come, and then you'll exist no more, you'll be pulled down. In the first place, give Olga Pavlovna my very kind regards. [Reads aloud] "Deeply respected and dear Andrey Andreyevitch! Throwing a retrospective glance at the past history of our financial administration, and reviewing in our minds its gradual development.
we receive an extremely satisfactory impression. It will be as if they put a cover over it. Nicolai, why are you so absentminded to-day? I saw the wretch. [Pause] You're a queer little woman Masha.... for everything! If, in the course of the time during which I have had the honour to be Chairman of this Bank anything useful has been done, the credit is
due, more than to anybody else, to my colleagues. I think that if I were in Moscow, I shouldn't mind about the weather. [To IRINA] How do you do, Arisha! [Kisses her] Well, little girl, here I am, still alive! In the High School, together with little Olga, in her official apartments... Till the spring. I'm not a Spinosa or anybody of that sort, to go
making figures-of-eight with my legs. Let's be quicker. fool. Absolutely. THE BEAR CHARACTERS ELENA IVANOVNA POPOVA, a landowning little widow, with dimples on her cheeks GRIGORY STEPANOVITCH SMIRNOV, a middle-aged landowner LUKA, Popova's aged footman [A drawing-room in POPOVA'S house.] [POPOVA is in deep mourning little widow, with dimples on her cheeks GRIGORY STEPANOVITCH SMIRNOV, a middle-aged landowner LUKA, Popova's aged footman [A drawing-room in POPOVA'S house.]
and has her eyes fixed on a photograph. Then I'll go somewhere by myself. Tell me truthfully, have you ever seen a woman who was sincere, faithful, and constant? Just blow into the air. Excuse me, my precious.... CHARLOTTA. [Pause] Here the river is so wide and fine! It's a splendid river! OLGA. Stop. [Tears her handkerchief in temper] What are
you waiting for? [Exit LUKA] If Nicolai Mihailovitch died in debt to you, then I shall certainly pay you, but you must excuse me to-day, as I haven't any spare cash. The former is being enacted daily, but we do not stage it, we do not know how. [Pause] It's devilish cold here. Can't sleep. Well, he fell in love, and his luck ran out. Mother! mother, are you
crying? And so it seems to me that if I die, I shall still take part in life in one way or another. It was too much, Ivan Vassilevitch. I ask you, what do you want? The scene is laid in one of the rooms of Andronov's Restaurant [A brilliantly illuminated room. Ermolai Alexeyevitch, lend me some more!... One could rob the post in weather like this—easy as
spitting. Don't let's go in, let them have their meal without us. only believe in money.... You'll come back soon, soon, mother, won't you? I've nothing on underneath.... [MASHA enters with a pillow and sits on the sofa] And when my girls were standing by the door in just their underclothes, and the street was red from the fire, there was a dreadful
noise, and I thought that something of the sort used to happen many years ago when an enemy made a sudden attack, and looted, and burned.... To those departing! And good luck to those who stay behind! [Drinks] I can assure you that this isn't real champagne. Evening dress, gloves, and so on. And where will you sleep. What are you saying! Here
you've got such a fine healthy Russian climate. [Takes another] That's two. There now; how's that for punctuality? Be as free as the wind. The Baron was killed in the duel just now. Suppose your husband is dead, and you've got a state of mind, and nonsense of that sort.... The post drives off, the bells ringing.] A VOICE FROM THE CORNER. What are
you thinking of? "Yes," he said, "I'm tired." [Violin played off.] OLGA. Nowadays, your excellency, nobody is appointed to the telegraphs if he cannot read and write French and German. Ferapont, take the perambulator! FERAPONT. And let her sit about. red in the middle; and you, Luba, for some reason or other, look better, there's no doubt about it.
They may be here any moment.... [Angrily to FERAPONT] What do you want? Sleep.... Why do you want? Sleep.... Why do you understand... I shan't play to-night, I shall only sit and look on. I can't sit still, I'm not in a state to do it. My dear, my pure darling, be my wife!
I love you, love you... [Pause.] GAEV. Tell me, please, why do I feel so suffocated? Our climate is indisposed to favour us even this once. I don't want anything more now... [At the door, addresses the outer office] This present, my dear colleagues, will be preserved to the day of my death, as a memory of the happiest days of my life! Yes, gentlemen!
Once more, I thank you! [Throws a kiss into the air and turns to KHIRIN] My dear, my respected Kusma Nicolaievitch! [All the time that SHIPUCHIN is on the stage, clerks intermittently come in with papers for his signature and go out.] KHIRIN. In 1912 they brought out a volume containing four Chekhov plays, translated by Marian Fell. The birds
are singing in the garden. [Enter TROFIMOV, ANYA, and VARYA.] GAEV. I am coming with you. Here, you cabbage-stalk, you keep quiet, even if you are in a public-house. I think Bobby's present nursery is cold and damp. Go away, we've locked up! A VOICE. [Quietly, half-asleep] I'm so tired... [LUBOV ANDREYEVNA embraces him and cries softly.]
GAEV. Tell us, what? I don't remember what is the Italian for window or, well, for ceiling... But at that moment you become significant. My dear, kind, good mother, my beautiful mother, I love you! Bless you! The cherry orchard is sold, we've
got it no longer, it's true, true, but don't cry mother, you've still got your life before you, you've still your beautiful pure soul... The gentry like that, they think that's nice, but we moujiks would soon chuck her out.... He wears a peaked cap and has a stick. Darling! [Laughs and kisses her] We did have to wait for you, my joy, my pet.... Shanceau at No.
82.... Then I heard that they were saying that I had ordered them to be fed on peas and nothing else; from meanness, you see.... The whole town is talking.... the morning begins.... Accusative case after an interjection.... It means he's dead, and all that.... They must excuse us. uncle, dear! Mother and uncle! VARYA. [Laughs through her tears] We'll
have a talk later on, but good-bye for the present, my dear; I'll go somewhere. And when the sailor—oh, those sailors!—when he got to know my name was TATIANA, you know what he sang? [FERAPONT enters with some documents.] ANDREY. [Laughs to SOLENI] Let's go into the dining-room. Lie down and go to sleep! What's the use of standing
like a scarecrow in the middle of the inn! This isn't an orchard! BORTSOV. I love her very much, and thank my fate for her. A beautiful child, it's quite true. [Much confused] Don't excite yourself. From the beginning of the ages, since the world has been in existence, people have complained.... [At work] Two... I swallowed something just now; I was
having a drink of water. Here are the pistols.... But what's this? Splendid, wonderful! It is dark here, but I see your sparkling eyes. Eleven years. "There stands a green oak by the sea, And a chain of bright gold is around it... You are here, but I see your sparkling eyes. Eleven years."
side, main and counter-braces to port!" Everything's done in a twinkling. And terribly dull. [Tears it up] Don't I hear music? Natalya Ivanovna, I don't want the Meadows, but I am acting on principle. We missed the train, and had to wait till half-past nine. My God! How awful it is! The whole of the Kirsanovsky Road seems to have burned down. Are
you really still a student? Come along; it'll soon be supper-time. he pays no attention to me. He is a member, and Protopopov is chairman.... our landlord. How time does fly! Oh, dear, how it flies! TUZENBACH. After yesterday's committee he said to me: "I'm tired, Feodor Ilitch, I'm tired!" [Looks at the clock, then at his watch] Your clock is seven
minutes fast. I won't. The Baron and I will be married to-morrow, and to-morrow we go away to the brickworks, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school, and the next day I go to the school and I go to the school and I will be married to-morrow, and to-morrow we go away to the school and I go to the s
the newly married! [The band plays a flourish. FIERS. I've a lot of business on hand. I love that man.... She was a good woman, rest her soul. God bless you, little mother. [Astonished] A hundred years.... [Louder] Please thank him. MURASHKIN is seated at his desk. This way, your highness! [Leads her to the place next to BORTSOV] This way, please
YASHA. A hundred thousand roubles? It's not true! I'll prove it! I'll prove it! I'll prove it! I'll prove it! I'll send my mowers out to the Meadows this very day! LOMOV. [Irritably to YASHA] What's the matter? [Gathering up the pieces] To smash such a valuable object—oh, Ivan Romanovitch! A very bad mark for your misbehaviour! IRINA. [Prepares to go] I am extremely
happy to have made the acquaintance of... She's no good here. Here are the matches.... THE THREE SISTERS A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS CHARACTERS ANDREY SERGEYEVITCH PROSOROV NATALIA IVANOVA (NATASHA), his fiancée, later his wife (28) His sisters: OLGA MASHA IRINA FEODOR ILITCH KULIGIN, high school teacher, married to
MASHA (20) ALEXANDER IGNATEYEVITCH VERSHININ, lieutenant-colonel in charge of a battery (42) NICOLAI LVOVITCH TUZENBACH, baron, lieutenant in the army (30) VASSILI VASSILEVITCH SOLENI, captain IVAN ROMANOVITCH CHEBUTIKIN, army doctor (60) ALEXEY PETROVITCH FEDOTIK, sub-lieutenant VLADIMIR CARLOVITCH
RODE, sub-lieutenant FERAPONT, door-keeper at local council offices, an old man ANFISA, nurse (80) The action takes place in a provincial town. [Frightened] You're off your head! PISCHIN. Six thousand roubles a year.... The Baron will go without his dinner if you only let him talk philosophy. The only good thing in me is my love for you, and if it
hadn't been for that, I would have been dead long ago.... [Draws her close and kisses her] I'll have some coffee now, then we'll all go. it's time! The train will be in directly. Home. Yes, I think I will. And everything that all you people, rich and poor, value so highly and so dearly hasn't the least influence over me; it's like a flock of down in the wind. I've
had no food to-day.... Kiss and be damned to you! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. He'll do us harm, dear. I've never learned anything, my handwriting is bad, I write so that I'm quite ashamed before people, like a pig! LUBOV. Go away! Leave me! Please! [Goes away with the perambulator.] FERAPONT. I used to think, "Everything's lost now. [Sits] Our
scoundrel of a Chairman, the brute, is going to read a report at a general meeting. So you go and blink at "A Family Scandal" or something, you applied to happen any moment. [Entreatingly] Uncle, dear! ANYA. Bernard Shaw has several times
remarked: "Every time I see a play by Chekhov, I want to chuck all my own stuff into the fire." Others, having no such valuable property to sacrifice on the altar of Chekhov, have not hesitated to place him side by side with Ibsen, and the other established institutions of the new theatre. [In despair] My sister, my s
and gentlemen, please! [Shouts] Supper! Young people! NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA. I'm tired! KHIRIN. I shall never go out.... [Angrily] Excuse me, you've made me lose my place. SMIRNOV [Angrily] What? POPOVA. Yes, it's awful. In her absence, Varya,
Ranevskaya's adopted daughter, has cared for the estate to the best of her ability, but the family's debts have forced them to put the house and its renowned cherry orchard up for auction. Basta! I've been thinking about it for five years, and at last made up my mind. My soul is in pain. I just stand and blink my eyes like a whacked donkey. What about
the Baron? [ANDREY enters, followed by FERAPONT.] ANDREY. the lovelorn Major, that's got it! MASHA. Two... My love will die out with me, only when this poor heart will cease to beat. "Don't wake him," she said. [They kiss.] [Two officers come in and, seeing the lovers kiss, stop in astonishment.] Curtain. And the rain beats into your face like a
snowstorm! [Picks up his clothes and axe.] FEDYA. A pause.] TIHON. It's dreary! BORTSOV. My head's aching a little... Their rudeness offends me, it angers me. [Shouts] Yo-ho! KULIGIN. everything seems dark in front of me.... Have pity on me! KHIRIN. You must know, honoured Natalya Stepanovna, that I have long, since my childhood, in fact, had
the privilege of knowing your family. They are saying that a committee to assist the sufferers from the fire must be formed at once. [To YASHA] Stand off, do; you smell of poultry. Don't want to see one. He has mortgaged this house with the bank, and his wife has got all the money; but the house doesn't belong to him alone, but to the four of us! He
ought to know that, if he's an honourable man. He's used to silk and down.... [Exit.] [Fire-alarm. I'd tramp and tramp. [Loads the revolver in silence, takes his cap and goes to the door. He looks round stupidly and lets himself down on the sofa in exhaustion.] MURASHKIN. I owe them all money.... I don't want it. ANYA and VARYA scream; laughter is
heard immediately] What's that? Thoughtfully:] Epikhodov's there. Who bought it? And where is Maria Sergeyevna? But there's nothing more to tell. Nature's marvel! PISCHIN. The monster! First he takes our land and then he has the impudence to abuse us. We could celebrate its jubilee. [Quietly] My wife has poisoned herself again. I couldn't
wait.... Where did you get the axe from? there poor Grendilevsky was lying... Just half a glass! TIHON. But there's more.... and you are Irina, the youngest.... [Stands up] TIHON. "He didn't have the time to sigh, The bear sat on him heavily." [Exit with SOLENI.] [Shouts are heard. It's Shrovetide, and the servant is simply beside herself; I must look out
the father of a grown-up daughter! I'll cut my throat! I will, indeed! We cursed him, abused him, drove him out, and it's all you... Let him look, pilgrims! You pray, and his eyes won't do you any harm. What truth? [Looks at his watch] If we can't think of anything and don't make up our minds to anything, then on August 22, both the cherry orchard and
the whole estate will be up for auction. And they forgot to say good-bye to me. There's something mystical about the proud man, in your sense. I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't go into the house, I can't approve of our climate. [Stops] I won't approve of our climate. [Stops] I 
General at all. We'll find a place [Clears a space next to BORTSOV] Get up, get up! Just lie on the floor for an hour, and let the lady get warm. They said you were busy. He's old and as ugly as a worn-out cab-horse. Pour out some more. I absolutely! Even though her cheeks are dimpled, I like her! I'm almost ready to let the debt
go... [Aloud] Surely you don't believe in that superstition? Worse! that I have
mortgaged the house without obtaining your permission.... There now... [Kisses MASHA'S hand] My dear, my splendid, good woman... I'm only twenty-eight.... My word! FEDYA. Alexander Ignateyevitch comes from Moscow. five... I don't speak of my husband, I've grown used to him, but civilians in general are so often coarse, impolite, uneducated
It's all right. I've sent in my resignation. The estate must be sold; or, if the sale never came off, then why does he stay so long? Well? I must lock them up. [Scents his hands.] VERSHININ. Yes really, what sort of a hunter are you, anyway? What's the top card? I understand. YASHA goes out quickly.] VARYA. It's past three now. A savage people! A mar
is drowning and they shout to him: "Hurry up and drown, we've got no time to look at you; we've got to go to work." As to throwing him a rope—there's no worry about that.... That's real silly feminine logic. You'll have time. Why don't you make up your minds? No, I'm not wandering, I mean it; I'm going to start work soon at the brickworks... My
daughter, Dashenka, sends her love. Just look what a nice little photograph frame Andrey gave me to-day. Mother hasn't altered a scrap, she's just as she always was. [Looks at his watch] I'm going away at once, I haven't much time... [Pause] I remember everybody was happy, but they didn't know why. There's something keeps pulling in my side
there's some cognac, I think. in a carriage.... It's Andrey Andreyevitch's fault.... [Kisses her] You're tired, just rest for half an hour, and I'll sit and wait for you. And how happy life seemed to me, then! What has happened to it now? Andrey has been losing money.... [Enter MERIK.] BORTSOV. that forehead which I hate so much! Are you afraid? My
dead father, who liked a joke, peace to his bones, used to say, talking of our ancestors, that the ancient stock of the Simeonov-Pischins was descended from that identical horse to his bones, used to say, talking of our ancestors, that the ancient stock of the Simeonov-Pischins was descended from that identical horse to his bones, used to say, talking of our ancestors, that the ancient stock of the Simeonov-Pischins was descended from that identical horse to his bones, used to say, talking of our ancestors, that the ancient stock of the Simeonov-Pischins was descended from that identical horse to his bones, used to say, talking of our ancestors, that the ancient stock of the Simeonov-Pischins was descended from that identical horse to his bones, used to say, talking of our ancestors, that the ancient stock of the Simeonov-Pischins was descended from that identical horse to his bones, used to say, talking of our ancestors, that the ancient stock of the Simeonov-Pischins was descended from that identical horse to his bones, used to say, talking of our ancestors, that the ancient stock of the Simeonov-Pischins was descended from the say, talking of our ancestors, that the ancient stock of the Simeonov-Pischins was descended from the say, talking of our ancestors are say to say the say that the say th
haven't I told you! I've drunk it all! Where am I to get it? You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Sitting in a government office in felt boots.... Out into this darkness, wherever my feet take me.... I call myself after whatever passport God gives me. [Reads paper] Of no importance! KULIGIN. Why is Epikhodov here? It's good not to drink vodka, but by
God you're easier when you've got some! Vodka takes grief away.... What's the time? [Sees KULIGIN and screams; he laughs and takes off his beard and whiskers] How you frightened me! [To IRINA] I've grown used to you and do you think it will be easy for me to part from you? [Kisses LOPAKHIN] You smell of cognac, my dear, my soul. [Pause]
Well? I'll bring him some toys to-morrow. You look out, as Schastlivtsev says, and... [Exit COACHMAN.] FEDYA. Good-bye. Adapter Stephen Karam layers American accessible script." Time Out Magazine "Mr. Karam's plays aren't tearful, but they are often about loss—of love, of health, of
innocence—and the messy, haphazard, necessary ways we get on with our lives afterward. He's in a boat. sparks.... Two hours at least. And such a complexion! Andrey isn't in love. If you knew that Epaminond Maximovitch was marrying for profit, why didn't you say so before? I can't work, I shan't work. Cut it down? [Shudders] Everything seems to
frighten me today. Yes, like this.... I ask you, madam, have you got a head on your shoulders, or what? And then you'll have such peace, as if you were never in grief at all—it will all go! FEDYA. I have you heard? If you only looked at me once, Yasha.
Now, of course, that he is at liberty, he notices birds no more than he did before. It's very dull for me at home by myself, and if my presence at a wedding can make anybody happy, then I'm delighted to be here.... I'm at home. Chuck him out! Eh, the people are cruel nowadays. But who shall deny that the base of almost all human unhappiness is just
this inaction, manifesting itself in slovenliness of thought and execution, education, and ideal? We're coming! [They go out.] [The stage is empty. Our Yaroslav aunt has promised to send something, but I don't know when or how much. I never ate it, because I hate it. I shan't shut up. My late aunt and her husband, from whom, as you know, I inherited
my land, always had the greatest respect for your father and your late mother. Oh, if it only happened more quickly. And so on. [Excited] Well, what? I don't mind... Documents want signing. greybeard! You skeleton! [Laughs] You needn't go to the churchyard to see ghosts, when they get up from under the floor to give advice to their
relations.... They cause all sorts of mischief and disorder. I haven't been home yet, I came here straight from the station. she's a nice girl. [At the door] Varya, leave that and come here. Tell them to give me the money! SHIPUCHIN. But I assure you I'm a Russian, I can't even speak German. The mice have eaten my livery. [Teasing] Madame Lopakhin!
Madame Lopakhin! VARYA. Zere's people in Russia and people in Russia and
[Yells] Waiter! [Enter LUKA.] LUKA. [Entering the sitting-room] I forgot to say that Vershinin, our new lieutenant-colonel of artillery, is coming to see us to-day. Blackbeetles. Don't go. I am a landowner, of respectable character, have an income of ten thousand a year. You could go hunting, but you only go to argue with people and interfere with their
dogs and so on. [Chasing him round the room] I want blood! Blood! Curtain. Stop.... Our chairwoman is ill, so I had to take her place. All right, madam, I'll see to it... I know my fate with a smile. At first you laugh at these things, you think
they are of no importance, you go on and you feel that you haven't got the strength to stop yourself. [Kisses her] Little cucumber! Of course, every girl must respect herself; there's nothing I dislike more than a badly behaved girl. [Shouts] Shut up! LOMOV. [Not crying now, wipes her eyes] Yes, it's quite time, little mother. And why did I go and have
lunch there?... [Laughing] When you talk to me like that, I laugh; I don't know why, for I'm afraid. If I'm to remember every one of you drunkards that walks the high road, I reckon I'd need ten holes in my forehead. bungler! [Mutters.] [TROFIMOV and LUBOV ANDREYEVNA dance in the reception-room, then into the sitting-room.] LUBOV. Fire, then!
You can't understand what happiness it would be to die before those beautiful eyes, to be shot by a revolver held in that little, velvet hand.... [Looking round at the benches and the people] Like a lot of prisoners.... [ANYA comes running in, laughing.] ANYA. That's enough, quite enough... [Laughs] No, she really is wonderful. Or the lovelorn professor!
OLGA. The whole town knows of it, but I don't. There is no fire. You can rob those wretches yourself, I shan't.... Just by looking at your eyes.... My wife took it into her head to frighten me just now by nearly poisoning herself. [At the window] Bobby, what's your mother's name? Come! [Exit with YASHA.] LOPAKHIN. You don't owe me anything?
[Laughs] Yes. [Dances and sings] "Newly-built of maple-wood." CHEBUTIKIN. [There is excitement among the pilgrims and tramps, who half-raise themselves in order to look at TIHON and MERIK. People have been talking about him to me for two years now, but he either says nothing, or jokes about it. MERCHUTKINA. [Tries to kiss her hand.]
CHARLOTTA. I'm so glad, and so on.... We are Greeks and you are Russians, and I want nussing.... beautiful lady.... Must you go? One moment. Let's go to the river. I wish you'd wakened me. I read and fell asleep. Leonid Gayev, Madame Ranevskaya's brother, hopes to keep the estate, while Yermolai Lopakhin—a wealthy neighbor despite being born
a peasant—encourages the family to sell. Perhaps we'll find some way out! LOPAKHIN. It's doctor Ivan Romanovitch. I'll be so quiet... [FEDOTIK and RODE come into the dining-room; they sit and sing softly, strumming on a guitar.] TUZENBACH. We're going to fight it out! POPOVA. In Moscow you can sit in an enormous restaurant where you don't
know anybody and where nobody knows you, and you don't feel all the same that you're a stranger. [Angrily] Be quiet! You bother so one can't have a moment's peace.... What a grey life you lead, what a lot you talk unnecessarily. Stop... Take your great eyes away! Take away that devil's own pride! MERIK. water quickly!... There is also a very short
skit on the efficiency of provincial fire brigades, which was obviously not intended for the stage and has therefore been omitted. I want to hear no more. I love your eyes, your movements, I dream of them.... But will it be quite all right for her to take part in a concert? It is quiet. I see you home every night. hired.... Are you going? And he made that
frame there, on the piano as well. Put it down! You've no shame! FEDYA. with a pistol in his hand.... He was saying that two thousand people were frozen to death. We, of course, shall not take part in it, but we live and work and even suffer to-day that it should come. Stand back! [To the COACHMAN] Denis, let's go! I can't stop here any longer!
MERIK. I envy you! I've spent my whole life in rooms with two chairs, one sofa, and fires which always smoke. My sister, my sister! ANYA'S VOICE. [Lowering her eyes] Luka, tell them in the stables that Toby isn't to have any oats at all to-day. It's true. [Exit.] ANYA. Haven't you gone yet, Simeon? [In surprise] The Baron's asleep! Baron! Baron!
TUZENBACH. give me some water... Go away, sir, and I'll always pray to God for you! SMIRNOV. I want you to be as straightforward as I am! In short, please get out! [Band plays a flourish] THE GENTLEMEN. I'm going to lie down here. It's disgraceful, anyway. [Makes a note in his pocket diary] When found make a note of! Not that I want it
though.... I'm so glad you're still with us. The emptiness is felt. [Sings quietly] "For money will the Germans make a Frenchman of a Russian." [Laughs] I saw such an awfully funny thing at the theatre last night. I'm going to play. I don't understand what you take me for. Thank you. [Going towards the house, to the maid] Why is there a fork lying
about here on the seat, I say? I'm certain. here.... The stuffed sausage! The wizen-faced frump! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. You hear? [Enters with book in hand] What are you doing, Natasha? I should like some tea. We'll meet again sometime. Why, my friend? We'll go away now and then you'll start again on your useful labours. What are we to do,
little mother? I will confess to you, and never again to anybody... Whose fault, then? And a chain of bright gold is around it... [Giving LUBOV ANDREYEVNA her medicine] Will you take your pills now? I'm a free man. I shan't have any tea. Be quiet, Fiers. If he was my child I'd roast him on a frying-pan and eat him. BORTSOV suddenly waves his hands
in the air.] BORTSOV. NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA. [Stops] Well? No, I haven't had any... Well, Peter? Let's drink. Look here, suppose I give you something made of gold.... There won't be anything left over.... [Enter GAEV; in his right hand he carries things he has bought, with his left he wipes away his tears.] LUBOV. A wonderful man. I myself have
no objection to talking about every possible scientific discovery, but this isn't the time for all that! [To DASHENKA] What do you think, ma chère? Well, there! It's you, and papa said, "Go; there's a merchant come for his goods." How do you think, ma chère? Well, there! It's you, and papa said, "Go; there's a merchant come for his goods."
MASHA. Tell me when Vershinin comes.... I don't know how to tell you.... I'm sorry I didn't ask for fifteen... seven... Excuse me, Vassili Vassilevitch, I did not know you were
here; I am engaged in domesticities. [Dancing] I'm burnt out, I'm 
don't ask me any questions or insist on details; just give me the revolver! I beseech you! MURASHKIN. Very well, we'll make a note of it. Well, there! "A state of mind."... Yes, really. Is this it?... I don't like this Mihail Potapitch or Ivanitch, Protopopov. Yes, mine. every.... Reprinted from a standard edition, this inexpensive well-made volume invites any
lover of theater or great literature to enter the world of Madame Ranevsky, Anya, Gayef, Lopakhin, Firs, and the other memorable characters whose hopes, fears, loves, and general humanity are so brilliantly depicted in this landmark of world drama. a canary in a cage... And what has Aleko to do with it? Alexander Ignateyevitch used to be called the
lovelorn Major, but he never minded. [Sighs] Yes, fifteen years! Fifteen years as my name's Shipuchin! [Changes his tone] Where's my report? She's very fine. All of them? [Lights his pipe] My father was peasant and used to be fond of teaching people. If anything happens, or if anything has to be done... [Exit.] LUBOV. I see that we'll never go.... [Puts
out a candle] Throw it away! BORTSOV. [Trying to shout her down] Champagne! Curtain. And it's safe to say that in twenty years' time the villa resident will be all over the place. Little fathers... And if you think we're uneducated, then what do you want to come here for? I shan't go. The first couple are DASHENKA with one of the
GROOMSMEN. And when my poppies were in flower, what a picture it was! So I, as I was saying, made forty thousand roubles, and I mean I'd like to lend you some, because I can afford it. She was crying. I remember that when I used to come home from my regiment, a footman used to have to pull off my boots while I fidgeted and my mother looked
on in adoration and wondered why other people didn't see me in the same light. I tell you it's not my fault. "Our Bank, its Present and Future." You'd think he was a Gambetta.... [Gets up] I'm not handsome; what use am I as a soldier? While they talk, a maidservant lights candles and a lamp.] MASHA. You're a fool, a donkey! SAVVA. I used to be
Andrey Polikarpov, but now I am Egor Merik. [Sobs, but controls herself at once] I'm not going to go into the house, I won't go.... He is! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. [To LUBOV ANDREYEVNA] Your rooms, the white one and the violet one, are just as they used to be, mother. [Sits and drinks coffee] Yes, bless her soul. Not the least. he's a worthy man...
Please forgive me for saying so. [To MERIK] Turn away, I tell you, you snake! SAVVA. Splendid, wonderful woman! MASHA. Katya and I were going along the avenue, just before supper, and suddenly... Don't touch me! CHEBUTIKIN. Yes, I feel it. go... My husband died of champagne—he drank terribly—and to my misfortune, I fell in love with another
man and went off with him, and just at that time—it was my first punishment, a blow that hit me right on the head—here, in the river... I shan't be long. EPIKHODOV bustles around the luggage] Now we can go away. Your brother, Leonid Andreyevitch, says I'm a snob, a usurer, but that is absolutely nothing to me. Whom have the devils brought.... He
was a man of means.... My eyebrows are both twitching.... [Glancing at her watch] They'll bring some soon. They say that Soleni and the Baron met yesterday on the boulevard near the theatre.... It seems to me that everything on earth must change, little by little, and is already changing under our very eyes. What's up with you, Dunyasha...? She says
you've grown very old! FIERS. He's the kindest man, but not the wisest. [A ring] Yes, yes.... And so did the others. [Excited] What an awful night! ANDREY. They say it's going down. We just get along somehow, my angel, to your prayers, and so on. [Listens.] OLGA. [Chasing MERCHUTKINA] Out of this! Catch her! Hit her! Cut her into pieces!
SHIPUCHIN. SHIPUCHIN. Zina sends you a kiss. [Exit with IRINA into the house.] CHEBUTIKIN. How's business? There's all sorts of strength, that's true.... give over. [Pause] She says, all right. How Soleni smelt of tobacco.... Coming, coming! NATASHA. Just think, what a misfortune I've had! My dog Guess, whom you know, has gone lame. That
means he went up by fives and I went up by tens.... He wears an old-fashioned livery and a tall hat. He's a nice young man, but every now and again, when he begins talking, you can't understand a word he's saying. I expect he will be a professor some day. It is lifelike! She might be going to say something.... No, you can't come here, Vassili
Vassilevitch. To-morrow I've got to pay the interest, and begin mowing, and here you.... Why don't you give him a sermon, you pilgrims? I've been to Tihon of the Don, and I'm going to the Holy Hills. [Exploding] What? But the transmission of telegrams is the most difficult thing of all. Do you want them to get you into serious trouble? As I was saying
at home I can live like a tradesman, a parvenu, and be up to any games I like, but here everything must be en grand. I gave Mironov 125 roubles for him. A miserable sufferer. Yes, indeed, and all that sort of thing. As if one could do anything.... You haven't forgotten? The voice of TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA is heard, "Can I come in, Andrey?" SHIPUCHINDE
shouts] Just wait one minute, dear! [To MERCHUTKINA] What has it got to do with us if you haven't been paid? What a wind! MASHA. [Pause.] [There is a restrained laugh behind the door, a whisper, then VARYA comes in.] VARYA. It's all the same! [Beyond the garden somebody shouts "Co-ee! Hallo!"] You wait. I said to them, "Won't you come up,"
I said, "You can't go on like this," and they simply cried, "We don't know where father is." They said, "He may be burnt up by now." What an idea! And in the yard there are some people... Old rat! Jesuit! CHUBUKOV. Oh, I used to think so much of love, I have been thinking about it for so long by day and by night, but my soul is like an expensive piano
which is locked and the key lost. I'm meditating now. [Yawns] He comes. God, what a woman! I've never in my life seen one like her! I'm lost! Done for! Fallen into a mousetrap, like a mouse! POPOVA. [Goes into house reading papers; FERAPONT takes the perambulator to the back of the garden.] NATASHA. [Thoughtfully] You'll come, mother.... [To
GAEV] See you again. Madam, never in my life have I grabbed anybody else's land, and I shan't allow anybody to accuse me of having done so.... Not once or twice have I already had the privilege of applying to you for help, and you have always, so to speak... No, thank you, I've had some already. It's by the cupboard. You don't remember! YASHA. I
wouldn't do it.... This is the fourth day I've been working, without a chance of shutting my eyes. My dear Masha, my darling Masha.... [Looking round the garden] Good-bye, trees! [Shouts] Yo-ho! [Pause] Good-bye, echo! KULIGIN. [Note: Quite literally, "your high honour," to correspond to Andrey's rank as a civil servant.] FERAPONT. I've only one
year before I get my pension.... I can't keep silent. this very minute. [Shouts] Help! ... I want some tea. [Deeply moved, nearly crying] The train... I came to say good-bye.... Katya's devoted Grendilevsky was there, of course.... A TRAGEDIAN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF CHARACTERS IVAN IVANOVITCH TOLKACHOV, the father of a family ALEXEY
ALEXEYEVITCH MURASHKIN, his friend The scene is laid in St. Petersburg, in MURASHKIN'S flat [MURASHKIN'S study. I simply suffer agonies when I happen to be among schoolmasters, my husband's colleagues. I haven't been here for ever so long... Now, excuse me, I've no time.... Why? What's he driving at? Happy returns. Karam is a mature
writer, very much in command of his gifts." New York Times Jump to ratings and reviewsPublished to tie in with the world premiere at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.In Chekhov's tragi-comedy - perhaps his most popular play - the Gayev family is torn by powerful forces, forces rooted deep in history, and in the society around them. The ship has been
tacked! NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA. Eat something. [Looks at the photograph] You will see, Nicolas, how I can love and forgive.... There's one university in Moscow. The peasants used the land for forty years and got as accustomed to it as if it was
their own, when it happened that... [Opens the other window] The whole garden's white. [Somewhere a harp and violin are being played.] ANDREY. [Crying] And I'm crying too. [Looks through the book] To-morrow's Friday. [in fur coat and cap, steps across the dining-room, followed by the maid] I'll be back in half an hour. [Pause] You're twenty. Yes,
so they are.... Very well... [To MOZGOVOY] Young man! Now suppose the ship is lying by the wind, on the starboard tack, under full sail, and you've got to bring her before the wind. [Pause.] YASHA. These people haven't any sympathy.... [Aside] I wish I knew how to get him started.... I take their drills. KUSMA. [Angrily] Leonid Andreyevitch! GAEV.
Marie... [Quickly embraces KULIGIN and TUZENBACH, and kisses IRINA'S hand] We've been so happy here.... Well, good-bye, old man. Play on, music! [The band plays. Very! A new life is beginning, mother! GAEV. In the tramp's place! Didn't you hear him giving it up to you? I'll die of this. He's a good man... Give me the first half, I'll peruse it.... My
God, I thought, what these girls will have to put up with if they live long! I caught them up and ran, and still kept on thinking the one thing: what they will have to live through in this world! [Fire-alarm; a pause] I come here and find their mother shouting and angry. Say what you will, but I can't stand unfairness. [Sits] I'm tired out. [To MERIK, in an
undertone] It's my master... [Somebody is heard tapping on the floor from below] There.... Where will you find those who live in the light? [Through her tears] I'd like to.... My dear, darling girl, do change over to Olga's for a bit! IRINA. It had been sent in 1885 under the nom-de-plume "A. There are only three persons like yourselves in the town just
now, but in future generations there will be more and more, and still more, and then you too will go out of date; people will be born who are better than you.... I'll bring it.... [KULIGIN enters.] KULIGIN. If I was tried for it, they'd let me off.
Please don't shout! This isn't a stable! SMIRNOV. I can't see anything.... You pettifogger! All your people were like that! All of them! LOMOV. Just let's take to-day as an instance. It stands to reason that you won't be able to conquer that dark mob around you; little by little as you grow older you will be bound to give way and lose yourselves in this
crowd of a hundred thousand human beings; their life will suck you up in itself, but still, you won't disappear having influenced nobody; later on, others like you will come, perhaps six of them, then twelve, and so on, until at last your sort will be in the majority. That's Varya again! [Angry] Disgraceful! ANYA. [Looks at his watch] It's time I went!
Mankind used to be absorbed in wars, and all its existence was filled with campaigns, attacks, defeats, now we've outlived all that, leaving after us a great waste place, which there is nothing to fill with at present; but mankind is looking for something, and will certainly find it. [Going with IRINA into the dining-room] And the food was also real
Caucasian onion soup, and, for a roast, some chehartma. Soleni started irritating the Baron, who lost his temper and insulted him, and so at last Soleni had to challenge him. Do you read English? we have been brought up, in an unusual way, perhaps, but I can't bear this. Let's get it over, once and for all; I don't feel as if I could ever propose to her
without you. Oh, drop it! [Sighs] To-day the soldiers will be gone, and everything will go on as in the old days. Oh, feel me, nymph, remember me in thine orisons. I'm not a general! I don't rank as the equivalent of a colonel, even. And it was all Evstigney's doing... But you can see from the documents, honoured Natalya Stepanovna. Chekhonte," and it
had failed to pass. [Looks at his watch] We are going soon, Olga Sergeyevna. [She hits out as LOPAKHIN. You ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a man, at your age you ought to be a
shakes her revolver] Let's fight! Let's go out! SMIRNOV. [Lifting the corner of a cloth covering of SAVVA'S face] Are you dead, you holy man? You will remember that my Oxen Meadows touch your birchwoods. [Pours out vodka] Confound you. Yes... One moment... What are you frightening them for? They're lost. enough! OLGA. [Gets
up] I'm tired. The doctor is drunk, beastly drunk, as if on purpose, so nobody can go to him. Don't, Masha! Stop, dear.... [Going into the dining-room] Workmen, I suppose, do sleep soundly! FEDOTIK. The furniture's splendid, of course, and... [Kisses IRINA'S hand] good-bye, I'll go... Is that you, Andrey? You're just the same as ever, Leon. They speak
of the palpitating hush which fell upon the audience of the Moscow Art Theatre after the first fall of the curtain at the first performance—a hush so intense as to make Chekhov's friends undergo the initial emotions of assisting at a vast theatrical failure. It means that is to be my lot.... come on.... [Embraces her.] ANYA. Yes.... [Yells] He's coming, I tell
you. That would do her nicely.... [Bell rings] Somebody's ringing, it must be Olga. Let us live. [Exit.] EPIKHODOV. But if you are angry I won't... I know her. [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old thief, that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old thief, that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's to be no more of that old hag... [Pause.] NAZAROVNA. And to-morrow there's the nazarov the na
 You're just the same as ever, Varya. Just before father's death there was a noise in the pipe, just like that. My head.... Well, I thought, everything's, settled the best possible way; I've quieted mamma down, saved Katya, and can be quiet myself.... Well, I shan't drink any either. There's influenza in the town now. My dear Masha, my
[Looks up] Swans or geese.... [Thoughtfully] How can I put it? It smells of patchouli here. This volume and that of Marian Fell—with which it is uniform—contain all the dramatic works of Chekhov. One gets melancholy when one is alone there. You can be ill for a week, if you like, and I'll stay here for a week.... [Hums] Never mind. So far we've gained
nothing at all—we don't yet know what the past is to be to us—we only philosophize, we complain that we are dull, or we drink vodka. Natalia Ivanovna has a fiancé already. [The bells of a troika are heard as it drives up to the house.] NATASHA. a horse is a fine animal... she's a good... Leonid Andreyevitch came back with me, he's coming.... He was
at school with me; he was expelled from the fifth class of the High School for being entirely unable to understand ut consecutivum. [Looks at the time] My wife ought to be here soon. Whose? What about the grand ronde? Let me introduce to you, your excellency, the bridegroom, Epaminond Maximovitch Aplombov, with his newly born... Business is
off, I suppose. There'll be something left over for your trouble! TIHON. At the Novo-Devichi Cemetery. [Looking him in the face] Good-bye. If only just once in my life I could work so that I could come home in the evening, fall exhausted on my bed, and go to sleep at once. Very. I don't want anything of yours, and don't intend to give up what I have.
Get up, right up. [Exit.] SMIRNOV. You really, are!... dressed in Paris fashions... yes, he's right. [Stamps] Get out of it, devil take me! [Turns up his sleeves] Give her to me: I may break the law! [A deputation of five men enters; they all wear frockcoats. I'd be glad of ten or fifteen thousand. My head, my head is aching.... I'm very weak. And I wish I
could make you understand that there is no happiness for us, that there should not and cannot be.... Foo! Like jackals. I grieved over her, I wept for a month, and that's enough for her, but if I've got to weep for a whole age, well, the old woman isn't worth it. Why am I alive? I'm just like a lunatic. ZMEYUKINA. I'm cold all over. [Jumps up] I ask you:
Have I got to pay the interest to-morrow, or haven't I? Their estate is hopelessly in debt: urged to cut down their beautiful cherry orchard and sell the land for holiday cottages, they struggle to act decisively. He begs for forgiveness, and implores me to come, and I really ought to go to Paris to be near him. There's a tree which has dried up but it still
sways in the breeze with the others. [Hesitatingly] But what about my sisters. [Exit.] OLGA. [Excited] You see, honoured Natalya Stepanovna... There can be no happiness for us, it only exists in our wishes. [Softly, through his tears] It's all right, it's all right. It may bring luck. We're used to that. Don't you go making hints. This, however, is more of a
Shakespeare recitation than anything else, and so neither here nor there.] In "The High Road" we see, in an embryonic form, the whole later method of the plays—the deliberate contrast between two strong characters (Bortsov and Merik in this case), the careful individualization of each person in a fairly large group by way of an introduction to the
main theme, the concealment of the catastrophe, germ-wise, in the actual character of the characters, and the of a distinctive group-atmosphere. Help! TOLKACHOV. I'm going in the same train as you. A horrid restaurant with band and tablecloths smelling of soap.... [Yells] Waiter! [Enter LUKA.] LUKA. And why should I conceal it and say nothing
about it; I love him, that's plain, I love him, that's plain, I love him, I lo
FIERS. [Looks under it] Your naked body? [Looking at the luggage in silence] I can't seem to find it.... [Angry] Eternal student! He's already been expelled twice from the university. Will you get there? Did you eat frogs? a green oak... The distant sound is heard, as if from the sky, of a breaking string, dying away sadly. [Lies down] KULIGIN. And for
some reason or other I was rude to her. [Goes and looks door leading out.] BORTSOV. I die. They've gone away. You must excuse me, maman, but it's only swindlers who behave like that. Did he drink it all? I'm not going to burden my soul with a sin. Eat, your excellency! APLOMBOV. FIERS It's all very well.... Thanks... The officers will go away, you
are going, my sister is getting married, and I alone will remain in the house. They are so kind.... I remember everything! LOMOV. What do you want? Where's my coat and hat? I can't. a note-book with a pencil.... Go and ask the Orthodox, perhaps they'll give you some for Christ's sake, if they feel like it, but I'll only give bread for Christ's sake. [She is
calm again and happy] How good and clever you are, uncle. [Clock strikes twelve] And the clock struck just the same way then. Just as the wild beast which eats everything it finds is needed for changes to take place in matter, so you are needed too. [TROFIMOV, in an overcoat, comes in from the grounds.] TROFIMOV. [Takes the letter] From my
daughter. I'm not praying, grandfather! These aren't tears! Just juice! My soul is crushed; and the juice is running. [Takes a snapshot] Keep still.... So you come from Moscow? a cake. I loved him passionately with all my being, as only a young and imaginative woman can love, I gave him my youth, my happiness, my life, my fortune, I breathed in him, I
worshipped him as if I were a heathen, and... [Drinks some water] Life is dull... Still, with all my soul I wish you happiness. With a beautifully designed cover and professionally typeset manuscript, this edition of Anton Chekhov's The Cherry Orchard is a classic of Russian literature reimagined for modern readers. I am very glad indeed to be able to
come at last. To-day I'm quite happy. I got so dirty while the fire was on, I don't look like anybody on earth. [A pause.] BORTSOV. But the silence ryes almost a sob, to be followed, when overcome, by an epic applause. [To IRINA] My dear little girl, I've known you since the day of your birth, I've carried you in my arms... I can't understand anything.
The nurse sings.] NATASHA. But it isn't really green, it's too dull for that. You mean that I know nothing? How nice! VARYA. She screams and drops a saucer. You think it's only the mother in me that is speaking; I assure you that isn't really green, it's too dull for that. You mean that I know nothing? How nice! VARYA. She screams and drops a saucer. You think it's only the mother in me that is speaking; I assure you that isn't really green, it's too dull for that. You mean that I know nothing? How nice! VARYA. She screams and drops a saucer. You think it's only the mother in me that is speaking; I assure you that isn't really green, it's too dull for that. You mean that I know nothing? How nice! VARYA. She screams and drops a saucer. You think it's only the mother in me that is speaking; I assure you that isn't so it isn'
morning I'll get up and have a run in the garden....Oh, if I could only get to sleep! I didn't sleep the whole journey, I was so bothered. A fool may love as much as a wise man. What right have you? Come on. Andrey is in debt all round; well, let him do as he pleases. I'm ill! FEDYA. [Pause] To-morrow there won't be a single soldier left in the town, it will
all be a memory, and, of course, for us a new life will begin.... I didn't see you. I didn't see you. I didn't mean... It is past 2 a.m. Behind the stage a fire-alarm is ringing; it has apparently been going for some time. I'm just a simple peasant.... All our friends. When are they going to stop making such a noise in the house? [Knocking] Who knocks? Only the mumbling of
FIERS is heard. Last year at this time the snow was already falling, if you remember, and now it's nice and sunny. Two hundred and forty roubles... Good-bye, dear. And there are so many people in Russia, brother, who live for nothing at all. I know that happiness is coming, Anya, I see it already.... Now we'll see what there is to see and hear what
there is to hear... Now my little sisters won't give you any rest. You needn't worry! NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA. You talked again too much to-day in the restaurant, and it wasn't at all to the point—about the seventies and about decadents. He's pure-bred, firm on his feet, has well-sprung ribs, and all that. Bio from Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia.
[Stands up, excited] That eternal story.... Always the same.... A Jewish band, the one mentioned in Act II, is heard playing in another room. Yes, yes, of course. [Falls into an armchair] A doctor, a doctor! [Hysterics.] CHUBUKOV. The Lomovs and the Chubukovs have always the same.... A Jewish band, the one mentioned in Act II, is heard playing in another room. Yes, yes, of course. [Falls into an armchair] A doctor, a doctor! [Hysterics.] CHUBUKOV. The Lomovs and the Chubukovs have always the same.... A Jewish band, the one mentioned in Act II, is heard playing in another room. Yes, yes, of course. [Falls into an armchair] A doctor! [Hysterics.] CHUBUKOV. The Lomovs and the Chubukovs have always the same.... A Jewish band, the one mentioned in Act II, is heard playing in another room. Yes, yes, of course. [Falls into an armchair] A doctor! [Hysterics.] CHUBUKOV. The Lomovs and the Chubukovs have always the same al
each other. The women have ruffled his hair for him, and so he's bristly. [To BORTSOV] Get up, your honour! Sit up! [BORTSOV] Get up, your excellency! Only forgive us for not being used to etiquette; we're plain people! REVUNOV. I thought so! [Exit.] YASHA. I've
nothing at all. the devil... Yes, excellent! IRINA. You're very quick with your tongue.... Put on your cap, take a stick in your hand, go... The damned one keeps whispering, "Drink! Drink!" And you answer him, "I shan't drink!" He'll go then. How do you do. [Enter KULIGIN.] KULIGIN. SOLENI. Fiers, if the estate is sold, where will you
go? [To LUKA] You fool, you're too fond of talking.... He's teasing you about Lopakhin, well what of it? It's awful! It's time your Guess was shot, and you compare him with Squeezer! LOMOV. [Angry] What rot! [Enter VARYA and YASHA.] VARYA. Gormandizer! [All laugh.] FIERS. Omnia mea mecum porto, as they say. I oughtn't.... Well, what sort of a
time did you have? What does it matter! Everybody's happy here, and here you go.... something jumped out at him! SAVVA. Splendid, as my name's Shipuchin! The general meeting will be at four. But I say it ought not to be allowed. I was born in Petersburg, a chilly, lazy place, in a family which never knew what work or worry meant. They'll do as I
want them. And are there whales in Greece? Drink some water! That's right.... [To SOLENI] Children at the breast understand perfectly. Steps are heard. Senile decay. We've abolished torture and capital punishment, we live in security, but how much suffering there is still! SOLENI. [Laying out cards, thoughtfully] Balzac was married at Berdichev.
I've nowhere to take them. [Pause] Have you read Buckle? [Shouts] Don't you dare to answer me! KULIGIN. Oh these young fellows. ANFISA. My land is worth little to me, but the principle... Mine! [Enter CHUBUKOV.] CHUBUKOV.] CHUBUKOV.]
LUBOV. You must excuse me, I can't pay you. nought.... In two or three years' time apoplexy will carry you off, or else I'll blow your brains out, my pet. That's it! Beautiful! ZMEYUKINA. What am I to do with you? Who's dead? You went away during Lent, when it was snowing and frosty, but now? The rest are just trash. The stage is clear.] IRINA. No,
my friend, it was something else.... Only, Irina your character is gentler. Just let me say one word to you.... I'm just pleased. [Surprised] What do you mean? She's no good for work, she can only sleep or sit about. Sews. [Shouts after him] Peter, wait! Silly man, I was joking! Peter! [Somebody is heard going out and falling downstairs noisily. Old
Basmanni Road. do stop, please.... Enter OLGA and ANFISA.] ANFISA. Save me, O Lord, from dying in vain.... We won't reform Ivan Romanovitch! W
Yes! To Moscow, and as soon as possible. ACT II [Scene as before. Take the skirt, too, nurse.... [With indifference] What can we do now? my heart... My dear man, you must excuse me, but you don't understand anything at all. I've lived to see her! Don't care if I die now.... It's time for everybody to sit down to supper. [ANDREY has gone out quietly.]
TUZENBACH. You do it again and I'll turn you out of the inn! Yes! [To BORTSOV, who is approaching] You, again? none of that! KHIRIN. [Laughs.] VARYA. And did she love you? Harlampi Spiridonovitch, it's your turn to speak! Ladies and gentlemen, a speech! ALL. by the sea."... [Sings softly.] "Tarara-boom-deay...." KULIGIN. You'll be grateful to me
all your life. It is not the business of a translator to attempt to outdo all others in singing the praises of his raw material. [Not understanding] Where? Well, I say! [Laughs] You know a lot too much! I don't think there can really be a town so dull and stupid as to have no place for a clever, cultured person. Tell them, my dear, to give me 15 roubles, and
a month later will do for the rest. With what joy, what delight, he speaks of the birds he saw through the prison windows, which he had never noticed while he was a minister. Ah! In the nick of time! TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA. This is a dangerous process and may well lead, as it led Mr. Calderon, to drawing the reader's attention to points of beauty not
to be found in the original. And suddenly my soul put out wings, I became happy, and light-hearted, and once again the desire for work, work, came over me.... I didn't get any sleep for four nights on the journey.... I've such a headache... Whom are you talking to? It's about fifty miles. [Combs his beard.] KULIGIN. Ermolai Alexeyevitch! LOPAKHIN. Be
quiet! SOLENI. as never before.... my dear, precious girl.... [Shrugs his shoulders in surprise] As if I were dreaming. Tara-ra... I feel quite chilly—and it's all on account of that little bit of fluff! I can't even see one of these poetic creatures from a distance without breaking out into a cold sweat out of sheer anger. What are you looking at me like that
for? [Kisses him] Aunt sends you a jar of jam, and is annoyed because you don't write. If only God would help us! GAEV. Very much. [Sighs] I suppose he couldn't find one anywhere, or he'd have brought him.... He's such a darling; to-day I said to him, "Bobby, you're mine! Mine!" And he looked at me with his dear little eyes. At this very moment my
lips are trembling, and there's a twitch in my right eyebrow.... [Laughs] How strange everything really is! [Pause] When the fire broke out, I hurried off home; when I get there I see the house is whole, uninjured, and in no danger, but my two girls are standing by the door in just their underclothes, their mother isn't there, the crowd is excited, horses
and dogs are running about, and the girls' faces are so agitated, terrified, beseeching, and I don't know what else. Just let me ask you this. [Astonished] Think of that, now. He goes to the door and tries the handle.] FIERS. I'm doing this wicked thing, not reckoning on what's to come.... Don't excite yourself, my precious one.... [At the window, nursing
her boy] Bobby! Naughty Bobby! Bad little Bobby! ANDREY. What's the matter now? Madam, somebody is asking for you. [Sees IRINA] Dear Irina Sergeyevna, I congratulate you! [Kisses her firmly and at length] You've so many visitors, I'm really ashamed.... The second is Varya. [A pause] Good-bye. Papa, please tell to this gentleman who owns Oxen
Meadows, we or he? Vassili Vassilevitch, kindly leave me alone. Well, what about it? He's certainly no fool, only he likes to hear himself speak. Splendid! MASHA. [Stops] Bobby is so cold. [Exit.] POPOVA. The music is so gay, so joyful, and, it seems that in a little while we shall know why we are living, why we are suffering.... This is awful. The saints
lived in the light.... There's some devil in me, brother. Would you? I love simplicity.... I see, Natalya Stepanovna, that you consider me either blind or a fool. Thank goodness I can spend all day and the evening at home. I really... How old you've grown, Fiers! FIERS. do you hear me? Je vous prie, pardonnez moi, Marie, mais vous avez des manières un
peu grossières. [To TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA] Out of it! I'll cripple you! I'll knock you out of shape! I'll break the law! TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA. [Stretching himself] Eh, to show my strength! [The door slams again] If I could only measure myself against the wind! Shall I tear the door down, or suppose I tear up the inn by the roots! [Gets up and lies
down again] How dull! NAZAROVNA. When you go to live in Moscow you'll not notice it, in just the same way. [Suddenly realizing] That's what it is! Now I understand it all.... Excuse me, may I go this way straight through to the station? [Kisses her.] [KHIRIN coughs angrily.] TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA. Masha, we've got to be at the director's at four.
Where is Olga? What an idea! [Laughs] Squeezer better than Guess! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. I should have left her long ago, but he bears up patiently, and just grumbles. [Turns to TIHON and DENIS] Get away, you rogues, let go! I shan't let you go till I've had my say! Stop... [To LUBOV ANDREYEVNA] What about Paris? A large flat, government
property, and I've a whole room and bed to myself. Hair coming down to her waist.... Here you are, sitting here, doing nothing. [Cries] Oh, if only I didn't exist! [Stops crying; angrily] The devil only knows.... [Pause] I wish you every... Have another drink and go to sleep. And zere's people swimming the sea in karavs, which mean sips, and people on
the land in railway trains. I must go into the town and then... It's an error of taste. Yes, yes.... a soldier was telling me the other day... like a heron. [She is very tired, and even staggers as she walks.] DUNYASHA. Or two, perhaps? The question is perfectly plain. ANYA is standing behind it; she bows and runs to her mother, hugs her and runs back to
the drawing-room amid general applause.] LUBOV. Ace of hearts. Believe me, Anya, believe me! I'm not thirty yet, I'm still a student, but I have undergone a great deal! I'm as hungry as the winter, I'm shaken. The Romans were healthy because they knew both how to work and how to rest, they had mens sana in corpore sano.
```

```
There's a regiment quartered at Riblov, and the officers are such beauties—you can never gaze your fill at them. A woman's tongue is the devil's broom—it will sweep the good man and the clever man both out of the house. more people are born and also eat, drink, sleep, and so as not to go silly from boredom, they try to make life many-sided with
their beastly backbiting, vodka, cards, and litigation. [LUKA enters in consternation.] LUKA. They're calling me downstairs, somebody's come to see me. Well, take the portrait, too! Only mind this... [Grinning] Two-and-twenty troubles. I'm a weak, defenceless woman.... But your presents are so expensive! CHEBUTIKIN. Thirty-two. About the proud
man. Ivan Romanovitch, you are simply shameless! CHEBUTIKIN. [Angry but amused] I'm sorry. I want you, you fleecer, to take the boots off me, a poor tramp. I'm tired to death.... [ANFISA goes out. The bridegroom," I said to him, "he's a fine fellow,
very free and easy. In this town absolutely nobody understands music, not a soul except myself, but I do understand it, and assure you on my word of honour that Maria Sergeyevna plays excellently, almost with genius. Thoo! You get so shaken up from all this that your bones ache all night and you dream of crocodiles. Stop, you brutes!" Enter
KUSMA.] KUSMA. I don't want to go to Yaroslav, I don't like grandmother; but I'm calm now; thanks to uncle. [Standing up] I have the honour to congratulate you, Andrey Andreyevitch, on the fiftieth anniversary of our Bank, and hope that... thank you.... I hope to goodness he won't shoot himself. Get out! SMIRNOV. [MASHA laughs quietly,
TUZENBACH continues, pointing at her] Yes, laugh! [To VERSHININ] Not only after two or three centuries, but in a million years, life does not change, it remains for ever, following its own laws which do not concern us, or which, at any rate, you will never find out. Why were you so long? Why shout, madam? Come here to
the window, they can't see us here.... NATASHA. I can hardly believe it. [Drops the clock which breaks to pieces] To smithereens! [A pause; everybody is pained and confused.] KULIGIN. Varya's going away... You always make me feel as if something has taken place between us. Two-and-twenty troubles! A silly man, between you and me and the
gatepost. [Covers her face with her hands] My fate will be settled to-day, my fate.... What do you think of that? [Imploring] Please, please! I ask you! TUZENBACH. [Looks at watch] But I haven't done yet.... I beg your pardon... [Stretching himself out on the bench] I don't expect you've ever seen a devil or you wouldn't call me one. Leonid hasn't comes at watch] But I haven't done yet.... I beg your pardon... [Stretching himself out on the bench] I don't expect you've ever seen a devil or you wouldn't call me one. Leonid hasn't comes at watch] But I haven't done yet.... I beg your pardon... [Stretching himself out on the bench] I don't expect you've ever seen a devil or you wouldn't call me one. Leonid hasn't comes at watch] But I haven't done yet.... I beg your pardon... [Stretching himself out on the bench] I don't expect you've ever seen a devil or you wouldn't call me one. Leonid hasn't comes at watch] But I haven't done yet.... I beg your pardon... [Stretching himself out on the bench] I don't expect you've ever seen a devil or you wouldn't call me one. Leonid hasn't comes at watch] But I haven't done yet.... I beg your pardon... [Stretching himself out on the bench] I don't expect you've ever seen a devil or you wouldn't call me one. Leonid hasn't comes at watch a subject of the pardon is not a subject of
yet. You will be my witnesses! [Takes a gold medallion out from the breast of his coat] Here it is.... Brr!... You'll come in the exception of Chekhov's masterpiece, "The Cherry Orchard" (translated by the late Mr. George Calderon in 1912), none of these plays
have been previously published in book form in England or America. He can't say a word in reply, and you're glad, and happy because he's listening to your nonsense.... He sleeps in the bath-house, he lives there. [Slightly vexed] Why do you laugh? I'm so unaccustomed to meeting people! ANDREY. THE PROPOSAL CHARACTERS STEPAN
STEPANOVITCH CHUBUKOV, a landowner NATALYA STEPANOVNA, his daughter, twenty-five years old IVAN VASSILEVITCH LOMOV, a neighbour of Chubukov, a large and hearty, but very suspicious landowner The scene is laid at CHUBUKOV's country-house A drawing-room in CHUBUKOV'S house. It's all right, Natasha. There are two
universities in Moscow. Hurry up. There he stops for half a minute, while they look at each other in silence, then he hesitatingly approaches POPOVA] Listen.... I, Nastasya Timofeyevna, have always held your family in respect, and if I did start talking about electric lighting it doesn't mean that I'm proud. If you have the housekeeping keys, throw them
down the well and go away. Madam! Dear madam! What is it? Is it the man? to pay the interest on my mortgage to-morrow... [Looks at ANDREY with the perambulator] There's our brother Andrey.... Let him go on reading. I have a wife and two daughters, my wife's health is delicate and so on, and if I had to begin life all over again I would
not marry.... [Embraces him] Good-bye, dear fellow. How angry I am! All my inside is quivering with anger, and I can't even breathe.... [With determination] I must ask you never to talk to me about it! You know that when Nicolai Mihailovitch died, life lost all its meaning for me. Our house will be empty. There, there, there, there...
I'm not strong enough.... [Grins] You are just the same as ever, Leonid Andreyevitch. [Looks at LOMOV] So he is! My word! Water! A doctor! [Lifts a tumbler to LOMOV'S mouth] Drink this!... He's wearing a light, demi-saison overcoat. I'm a miserable man! Drive her out! Out with her! KHIRIN. [To LUBOV ANDREYEVNA] And here's four hundred for
you... Seems to have forgotten. [LUBOV ANDREYEVNA is overwhelmed; she would fall if she were not standing by an armchair and a table. The road is seen to GAEV'S estate. [Lies down] Are you asleep, Feodor? [Goes up to TIHON] How do you do, you with the large face! Don't you remember me. and they did look after me! We chattered till
midnight, the brunette kept on telling the most awfully funny stories, and the sailor kept on singing. dear madam. [Frightened] It can't be true! CHEBUTIKIN. I must ask your pardon, I am getting excited. I think, Ermolai Alexeyevitch, that you're a rich man, and you'll soon be a millionaire. Oh you... So there! LOMOV. She cannot do this, is ruined
and thrown out into the unsympathetic world. Say something, say something, say something, say something, say something, say something, say something that it was my name-day, and I suddenly felt glad and remembered
my childhood, when mother was still with us. You have got into the habit of behaving to me as if I am a little girl, but I am grown up. [Drinks] How dare he? [Tears away her hand] Get away! Drunkards... You're not to dare to drink, all the same. [Sits down] You're going to pay me the day after to-morrow? Do be a reasonable man! My aunt's
grandmother gave the Meadows for the temporary and free use of your grandfather's peasants. You'll stop and have lunch with us. because you... I told him so, but the... The present is beastly, but when I think of the future, how good it is! I feel so light, so free; there is a light in the distance, I see freedom. [Confusedly] Excuse me, I don't understand
either... And it's all the same, anyway! MASHA. Nobody's left. [Laughs] When we got to the sale, Deriganov was there already. [Laughs through her tears] And aren't you ashamed? Just think, I felt greedy and had a whole field cut, and now I'm not at all pleased about it because I'm afraid my hay may rot. I've leased off the land with the clay to them
for twenty-four years.... But the very worst of all is the way I sleep. I am a plain, honest man... [Clutches at his head] Oh, unhappy man that I am! I'll shoot myself! I'll hang myself! We've done for her! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. [Pause] None of our plans are coming right. "There stands... stars... That's what life in a summer villa leads to! And nobody
has any sympathy for me, and everybody seems to think it's all as it should be. You're so used to seeing me as a little girl that it seems queer to you when my face is serious. It's quite simple. Oh, yes. Why are you so silent, Alexander Ignateyevitch? Please sit down. We are even acquainted. Please don't make hints. It's drumming in his head.... It'll have
to be sent after him. I've several remedies, very many, and that really means I've none at all. One shouldn't, because it's dull. You just walk about from place to place and never do your work. Tell me straight. Why make peace? LOPAKHIN stands and waits. I don't understand! How have you the right to give away somebody else's property? Everybody
is so sleepy, tired, and done up that you can't get any sense out of them. [Laughs] Thanks to the tramp who frightened Barbara, we're alone now. Well, grandfather? [Enter MARIA EGOROVNA, followed by the COACHMAN. [Knocks over a chair] There.... That's what documents are for, to be signed. You'll read it some day when you're bored. Oh, comed by the COACHMAN.
with me, let's go and work together! MASHA. How are you to make a combination of beer-bottles and this bicycle? The brickworks.... She's doing it for Anya. Leave him alone! Stop it now! YATS. The wind is wailing like a dog.... [To LOPAKHIN] You here? [Pause] It's curious, something's got into my right eye...
[Yells] Let's go out and fight! SMIRNOV. It's queer; I went away not long ago, half an hour ago, and they were expecting entertainers. You haven't a head, but this [Taps the table and then points to his forehead.] MERCHUTKINA. Let's go in. [Kisses FIERS.] VARYA. [Goes into her room, and talks lightly, like a child] In Paris I went up in a balloon!
VARYA. Get away, fellow! [Tries to tear her hand away from him] Denis, why do you stand there staring? Mother! TROFIMOV'S VOICE. I've been alive a long time. I'm an old man. [The voices die away. It's dull at home. Come along, let's take our seats... You had much better be dancing than upsetting me with your speeches. Yes, when they used to
call me the lovelorn Major, I was young and in love. Sly, stingy, cruel, brainless.... The sound of keys being turned in the locks is heard, and then the noise of the carriages going away. And it's an open secret that before the last elections you bri... [Waves his hands] But it's thin you are, brother of mine! Terrible! Like a dead skeleton! No life in you!
Are you really dying? Forgive me, your honour, I'm only telling them a little... [Note: A few lines have been omitted: they refer to the "General's" rank and its civil equivalent in words for which the English language has no corresponding terms. Then I'll just have another drink and... Really, now? Oh, oh... Then I didn't kill her.... The bear sat on him
heavily." [Goes up to him] What are you groaning about, old man? Your Polish wife will clasp you and call you "kochanku!" [Note: Darling.] [Laughs.] FEDOTIK. really... BORTSOV. Well, it makes no difference... Think of that! GAEV. Would you like my cap? also says that... Awfully! ZHIGALOV. mist.... You are bolder, more honest, deeper than we are
but think only, be just a little magnanimous, and have mercy on me. When I was a little girl my father and mother used to go round fairs and give very good performances and I used to do the salto mortale and various little things. Ranevsky's brother ERMOLAI ALEXEYEVITCH LOPAKHIN, a merchant PETER SERGEYEVITCH TROFIMOV, a student
BORIS BORISOVITCH SIMEONOV-PISCHIN, a landowner CHARLOTTA IVANOVNA, a governess SIMEON PANTELEYEVITCH EPIKHODOV, a clerk DUNYASHA (AVDOTYA FEDOROVNA), a maidservant FIERS, an old footman, aged eighty-seven YASHA, a young footman A TRAMP A STATION-MASTER POST-OFFICE CLERK GUESTS A SERVANT The
action takes place on Mme. Yes, the last word. [Drinks water] You were so rude to nurse just now... I'm hot and cold, and I cough, and my legs ache, and there's something dancing before my eyes. From the chemist's to the modiste's, from the chemist's to the modiste's to the chemist's. If me the chemist's to the modiste's to the
there's anything interesting or remarkable in the whole province, it's this cherry orchard of ours. You really do look like that German of yours. [Applauds] Bravo, Bravo! Encore! Little Andrey is in love. I'm happy too.... [Sits] Went to town and had lunch... is the rain stopping, dear? [MARIA EGOROVNA recognizes BORTSOV, screams and runs off into
the centre of the floor. It's dawning. I suffer from palpitations, I'm excitable and always getting awfully upset.... They go off into the drawing-room, PISCHIN shouting, "Grand rond, balancez:" and "Les cavaliers à genou et remerciez vos dames!" FIERS, in a dress-coat, carries a tray
with seltzer-water across. Where's Maria Sergeyevna? [To IRINA] I bought some coloured pencils for you at Pizhikov's in the Moscow Road, just now. My dear nursery, oh, you beautiful room.... Father used to make us get up at seven. Olga! OLGA. How can I convince you? my wages, so to speak.... Somehow or other, all this doesn't seem at all
serious. [Thunder] Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, holy wore moustaches then. And I was going to make you a present of a note-book, and that's burnt too. Go along.... [As if he has long been waiting to be called] This minute. [Looking round] Only, between ourselves, I want to go down to see Chechotte or Merzheyevsky. What are you talking about? I couldn't
help myself, I couldn't! [They go out.] LOPAKHIN. Au revoir! FEDOTIK. [To MERCHUTKINA] Excuse me, what's it all about? It was warm too, everything was bathed in sunshine. [Sits on a sofa] They've forgotten about me... Write to us. There's been an unpleasantness here while you were away. [Tenderly] Come, come,
my dears.... He is in his grave, and I have buried myself between four walls.... help! [Pause.] MASHA. I'll live there on the money your grandmother from Yaroslav sent along to buy the estate—bless her!—though it won't last long. [Looks at ANYA] Anya dear! [Pause.] She's dropped off.... [Looks out into the garden] Oh, my childhood, days of my
innocence! In this nursery I used to sleep; I used to look out from here into the orchard. They say so in town. of a dead body. [Enter ANYA.] VARYA. Give me a pistol! [LOMOV moves] He seems to be coming round.... A wife's a wife. Smallpox is raging here. That's the way she does her hair. Well, then there was 45 roubles for the cover
of the address, but you can't do without that. I work at the Khamonyevsky brickworks. we're shelling peas for drying. In the distance is a row of telegraph poles, and far, far away on the horizon are the indistinct signs of a large town, which can only be seen on the finest and clearest days. Don't pay any attention to them! Wait... Let his ghost see how
well I love him.... Thanks for all you've said. How are you, dear! [They kiss.] NATASHA. [Enter TROFIMOV. Come and let's make peace. To bring with you from home: a copper jar for the sugar; carbolic acid; insect powder, ten copecks' worth; twenty bottles of beer; vinegar; and corsets for Mlle. Another
unpleasantness.... I didn't want to be a head-mistress, but they made me one, all the same. You can take it and choke yourself! I hope it sticks in your throat! [Coughs] I hate you! TIHON. You would like to dine and fall asleep, but you don't!—You remember that you live in the country—that is, you are a slave, a rag, a bit of
string, a bit of limp flesh, and you've got to run round and do errands. His wife's got children now by the lawyer and the brother-in-law has bought an estate near Poltava, and our man goes round inns like a fool, and complains to the likes of us: "I've lost all faith, brothers! I can't believe in anybody now!" It's cowardly! Every man has his grief, a snake
that sucks at his heart, and does that mean that he must drink? LUBOV ANDREYEVNA. Tra-ra-ra? Oh, if it's like that, very well.... I bought it! Wait, ladies and gentlemen, please, my head's going round, I can't talk.... Sit down, please do.... Is it a secret? I think I like him. How are we going to live through our lives, what is to become of us.... An
orchestra behind the scene is playing the music of the last figure of a quadrille.] [ANNA MARTINOVNA ZMEYUKINA, YATS, and a GROOMSMAN cross the stage.] ZMEYUKINA. [Drinks.] MERIK. Natasha is a splendid, honest person. I don't know how old I am, and I think I'm young. [Goes up to the counter, to TIHON] Once more, please! For the sake
of Christ, give it to me! FEDYA. Has Masha gone too? Attention please, here's another trick. What can I say, what? I may scream... To look at the windows for the last time.... I wish you.... What a man! What are you here for, you swindler? I shan't be head mistress. But didn't you tell him that since the death of my husband I've stopped
receiving? How much hay have you stacked? CHARLOTTA. [Applauds] Madame ventriloquist, bravo! PISCHIN. [Enter NUNIN.] NUNIN. I forget your faces, but your father, Colonel Prosorov, used to have three little
girls, I remember that perfectly, I saw them with my own eyes. Well, then take that. Our director says: "The chief thing about each life is its pattern. I have made your daughter happy, and if you don't give me the tickets to-day I'll make short work of her. "He didn't have the time to sigh. Tell me, why are you got up like that? DUNYASHA is in the last
pair. [Runs after her] Little wretch.... Yesterday I took away these whiskers and this beard from a boy in the third class.... He's in love! IRINA. [Taps with his fork on the table, like a telegraphic transmitter.] REVUNOV. [Handling it] My dear and honoured case! I congratulate you on your existence, which has already for more
than a hundred years been directed towards the bright ideals of good and justice; your silent call to productive labour has not grown less in the hundred years [Weeping] during which you have upheld virtue and faith in a better future to the generations of our race, educating us up to ideals of goodness and to the knowledge of a common
consciousness. If you don't get out this second, I'll call for the hall-porter! Get out! [Stamping.] MERCHUTKINA. Along with Henrik Ibsen and August Strindberg, Chekhov is often referred to as one of the three seminal figures in the birth of early modernism in the theater. Chekhov practiced as a medical doctor throughout most of his literary career
"Medicine is my lawful wife", he once said, "and literature is my mistress." Chekhov renounced the theatre after the disastrous reception of The Seagull in 1896, but the play was revived to acclaim in 1898 by Constantin Stanislavski's Moscow Art Theatre, which subsequently also produced Chekhov's Uncle Vanya and premiered his last two plays,
Three Sisters and The Cherry Orchard. I ate crocodiles. [To DUNYASHA] You go away, Dunyasha. [Confused] I'm speaking quietly. What sleep can I have? That's why I never did like, and don't like now, to have to talk to women. His career as a playwright produced four classics and his best short stories are held in high esteem by writers and critics
Irina darling, you'll be a nice and polite little girl, won't you.... I implore you lend me a revolver till to-morrow. [Examining the pistols] You see, there are several sorts of pistols... You go away, Fiers. We put good people into the best place, we begrudge nothing. You forget just this, that the peasants didn't pay your grandmother and all that, because
the Meadows were in dispute, and so on. Everybody dances. That rich man Deriganov is preparing to buy your estate. A lot of use there is in her coming. It's a swindle, a fraud on the public.... It wasn't love, but just a fraud.... Foo, I am tired! It's cold, and there's not a dry spot in all the mud.... [NATASHA with a candle walks across the stage from
right to left without saying anything.] MASHA. I'll tell you quietly.... No! POPOVA. In Old Basmanni Road.... without respect. Turn away! [Nudges SAVVA] Savva, darling, a wicked man is looking at us. little fathers, it's all dark before me! Ah! [Falls senseless into SHIPUCHIN'S arms. Get out! [He goes to the door, she follows] Two-and-
twenty troubles! I don't want any sign of you here! I don't want to see anything of you! [EPIKHODOV has gone out; his voice can be heard outside: "I'll make a complaint against you."] What, coming back? Send out to the chemist for 15 copecks' worth of valerian drops, and tell them to bring some drinking water into the Directors' office! This is the
hundredth time I've asked! [Goes to a desk] I'm absolutely tired out. The wives deceive their husbands lie, and the divine spark in them is extinguished, and they become just as pitiful corpses and just as much like one another as
their fathers and mothers.... Your father used to be in charge of a battery there, and I was an officer in the same brigade. I'll be all right in a moment.... [To LUBOV ANDREYEVNA]. Where's the door? Because... [Leads her] My darling's gone to sleep! Come on.... [Showing with her hand] I'm Dunyasha, the daughter of Theodore Kozoyedov. Is he old?
So he doesn't pay up.... and where are those reading-rooms? People only write novels about them; they don't really exist. [Serving tea] There's a letter for you. [Exit slowly.] EPIKHODOV. [Aloud] Are you going to start shooting soon? I am not here as a visitor, but as a creditor, and there's no dress specially prescribed for creditors.... [Not attending] In
this room we can't see the fire, it's quiet here. It is close on sunrise. [Listens] There they come, I think. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, at your age! REVUNOV. Your knowledge, energies, and your native tact were the causes of extraordinary success and widespread extension. Semyon Sergeyevitch and Mr. Bortsov.... Let's take the facts.... No,
he doesn't drink.... As if it was all ideas, and nothing really serious. In the distance, the orchard, a shepherd plays his pipe. FIERS goes out after him.] ANYA. [Points] That one! KHIRIN. Yes, let's. I used to be young, happy, clever, I used to be able to think and frame clever ideas, the present and the future seemed to me full of hope.
[Steps away.] KULIGIN. THE VOICE FROM THE CORNER. The windows of heaven are opened... No, you're simply heartless! To be so cruel—if I may express myself—and to have such a beautiful, beautiful voice! With such a voice, if you will forgive my using the word, you shouldn't be a midwife, but sing at concerts, at public gatherings! For
example, how divinely you do that fioritura... And at the same time what a difference there really is between the present and the past! And when a little more time has gone by, in two or three hundred years perhaps, people will look at our present and the same fear, and the same contempt, and the whole past will seem clumsy and dull, and
very uncomfortable, and strange. An owl screamed and the samovar hummed without stopping. that's true. Forgive us, Ivan Vassilevitch, we were all a little heated.... There is no reason on earth, economic, sentimental, or other, why they should not pack their bags and take the next train to Moscow. I can't go on like this. [Puts on white gloves] Is the
coffee ready? [Through the door] Anya, I can't find my goloshes! I can't! LOPAKHIN. [Weeps] Oh, if only the whole thing was done with, if only our uneven, unhappy life were changed! PISCHIN. Then you don't like to hear the truth? [Offended] Whether I work, or walk about, or eat, or play billiards, is only a matter to be settled by people of
understanding and my elders. [Panting] Were you very dull without me? The Baron is a good man, but one Baron more or less—what difference does it make? [In agitation] Why isn't Leonid here? God gave us arms to wave about. Let's have a look. How she reddened, how her cheeks shone!... How well he could ride! What grace there was in his figure about.
when he pulled at the reins with all his strength! Do you remember? I've got an agreement to go and look after their house... I am tired. [Laughs] Speaking's a bit difficult, eh, Ivan Romanovitch! [Pats him on the shoulder] Good man! In vino veritas, the ancients used to say. I've had those words running in my head all day.... it isn't true! Certainly it
isn't! Masha's asleep; the poor thing is tired out.... Looked too long at the portrait. It's nothing, sir! They asked me! Why shouldn't I tell them? And when papa and mamma died a German lady took me to her and began to teach me. I loved your dead mother.... The head-mistress has come. But, my dear man, if you want to know the truth, that dog has
two defects: he's old and he's short in the muzzle. The cherry-trees are in flower but it is chilly in the garden. Why haven't you been here for such a long time? My life is already at an end. How dare you speak to me like that? I'm awfully shy, you've so many people here. He has been welcomed by British critics with something like affection. [Tearfully]
Phoo! How disgusting! OLGA. There! LOMOV. Yes, certainly. He used to be great and rich and sober.... Oh, that's all right. A silly speech from a silly fool. It's not necessary. There are Mortimer pistols, specially made for duels, they fire a percussion-cap. IRINA. [Going up to IRINA] Dear sister, allow me to congratulate you on the day sacred to your
good angel and to wish you, sincerely and from the bottom of my heart, good health and all that one can wish for a girl of your years. [Laughs] I want to jump about and wave my arms. [FIERS lays a cushion under her feet] Thank you, dear. And I knew Dunyasha. Get up, and don't talk about it! You'll be sorry for it, you silly. Trum-tum-tum... he was
separating the tripe when... [Jumps up and looks her steadily in the face] The portrait! [Grasps her hand] It is she! Eh, people, she's the gentleman's wife! MARIA EGOROVNA. [Continues in confusion] "Then, throwing an objective glance at the present condition of things, we, deeply respected and dear Andrey Andreyevitch... I don't want to hear you
get away! MERIK. Air! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. [Goes quickly up into the drawing-room, clutching his head] It's awful... [Looks round the table and counts up the covers] One, two, three, four, five... There is something equine about your figure. [Yells] Waiter, water! POPOVA. [To TUZENBACH] Will you knock, dear. [Sits up] But I can't get it out of
           ... Absolutely your last? How cold it is! My hands are quite numb. Where are you going to now, Barbara Mihailovna? [Makes her sit down] Rest, dear. [Looks at his watch] A quarter past eight. What a business, as my name's Shipuchin!
[To KHIRIN] Kusma Nicolaievitch, will you please explain to Mrs. [Through her tears] I've broken a saucer. And do you remember that beautiful address which you spent such a long time composing for the shareholders? Awfully! Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, I just want to say two words to Andrey. [Irritated] That's all right; I guite believe you
but it's not our business. REVUNOV. My dear fellow, wouldn't you do one little thing for me? They started letting some tramps or other spend the night there—I said nothing. [Puffing] Oh, let me get my breath back.... [Listens] No.... [Takes the perambulator.] ANDREY. This is the Bank's anniversary to-day, darling, we may get a deputation of the
shareholders at any moment, and you're not dressed. Very well! SMIRNOV. The food in the kitchen is beastly, and here's this Fiers walking about mumbling various inappropriate things. Or an owl. But they will not do it. [Pause] If there's any illness for which people offer many remedies, you may be sure that particular illness is incurable, I think.
Tfoo! At once. But do understand that your taking this business here is as absurd as if you took a divorce petition to a chemist's or into a gold assay office. [Walks about in silence, then stops] When I married I thought we should be happy... Why didn't you tell me so before? [Embraces ANDREY] "Oh my house, my house, my new-built house." ANDREY
Natalia Ivanovna. Yes, I am a decayed gentleman, and I'm proud of it! VARYA. agreeable, respectable.... He was feverish yesterday, but to-day he is quite cold... you! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. I love you, love you, love you... Yes, and they'll sell this orchard to pay off debts. That's a guitar, not a mandoline. [EPIKHODOV enters at the back of the stages...]
playing his quitar. Tell them there's nobody at home, nurse. I will go quietly. I even began to perspire. [Enter FIERS with an overcoat.] FIERS. I'm quieter now. We shall be rich, my dreams will come true. If it's dusty, it must be cleaned. If nothing occurs to disturb me, I'll get it done. Getting angry, eh,
silly? [Covers her face in her hands] Vulgar, ill-bred man! MASHA. Enter LUBOV ANDREYEVNA, GAEV, and LOPAKHIN. [Upset] What money? I'm such a delicate girl; I simply love words of tenderness. but I'll tell you all about it in two or three words. I've got to go off to Kharkov by the five o'clock train. It's very cold here, and the
midges.... What are you doing? And you go and believe him? I'm off. Right! [To PISCHIN] Well now? [To ANYA] You've tears in your eyes.... She hasn't played for three years... Gives one man a rouble, and two to another.... Tell him to prepare some more Haut Sauterne. You dare! LOMOV. I'm not well. He's a good man. The people were frightened, he
I'm in love like a boy, like a fool! [Snatches her hand, she screams with pain] I love you! [Kneels] I love you as I've never loved before! I've refused twelve women, nine have refused me, but I never loved before! I've refused twelve women, nine have refused me, but I never loved one of them as I love you... Who says that? Don't you mind him, sir. The girl's people were all right.... [In the next room] Where's Yasha? Well,
Peter... Oh, yes, the anniversary! I congratulate you, gentlemen. [Covers her face with her hands] A samovar! That's awful! [Exit into the dining-room, to the table.] IRINA. Where are they? You're going away, leaving me behind. let's see... [Goes to the coffee-pot, nervously] The mistress is going to have some food here.... Suddenly, for no particular
reason.... MASHA. You are a husband, and the word husband when translated into the language of summer residents in the country means a dumb beast which you can load to any extent without fear of the interference of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Save me, my God! And only just now I made a speech before a bookcase...
Well.... [Nervously] No, no! [He goes quickly and stops in the avenue] Irina! IRINA. five.... [Yells] Where are you going? Silence follows it, and only the sound is heard, some way away in the orchard, of the axe falling on the trees.] Curtain. It's our fate, it can't be helped. You fall
asleep—and suddenly... [Slaps PISCHIN on the shoulder] Oh, you horse! CHARLOTTA. [To EPIKHODOV, who crosses the room] Simeon Panteleyevitch, please make inquiries if Fiers has been sent to the hospital. I've tried, but I didn't see any.... No, it isn't at all like that! Both my grandfather and great-grandfather reckoned that their land extended to
Burnt Marsh—which means that Oxen Meadows were ours. I do sympathize. There's a good girl.... And so, my dear fellow, you spend the time between your office and your train, running about the town like a dog with your tongue hanging out, running and cursing life. A large table, laid for supper. Yes, everysing is zere. If you don't like
it, then let me owe you for the drink! I'll bring in your five copecks on my way back from town. [Annoyed] Why does he keep on interrupting? I won't go far, I'll only just bring him down like a snipe. So, in case, I always carry a revolver about with me. Read an excerpt of this book! The Cherry Orchard (1903) is Russian playwright and short story writer
Anton Chekhov's final play. [Goes behind her screen] Stop that, I don't hear you in any case. Just you behave like everybody else. FIERS comes in from the door on the right. One word, so that you may understand.... I'm tired, I can hardly keep on my legs.... And if you don't like to listen, if my words annoy you, then I need not speak. This is the first
time I speak to you of love, and it is as if I am no longer on the earth, but on another planet. You ought to go and lie on the kitchen oven and catch blackbeetles, not go after foxes! My heart! CHUBUKOV. The gentleman. [To MERCHUTKINA] It's strange and it's even silly. Was he rich? [Listens] I can't hear.... And if you like I can show you the doctor's
certificate. Either I don't understand, or you don't want to understand me. Just as you like.... [Lying down] I'm... [They all sit thoughtfully. [Stretches himself out on the counter.] BORTSOV. [Puts his axe on the floor and takes off his jacket] You get rid of a pailful of sweat while you drag one leg out of the mud. [All laugh.] VARYA. He is old, but I
wouldn't take five Squeezers for him.... I thank you very humbly, your excellency. Believe in me, believe in me
either; we only just managed to get here. She must be getting wet with waiting, poor thing.... or do something silly. I talk French perfectly horribly. Nicolai Lvovitch, go away from here. A sewing-machine... [Confused] Never mind, let her cry, let her.... Don't you teach people your silly notions! You're an ignorant lot of people living in darkness.... Such
bold and noble horses! A carriage on springs, of the best quality! He used to own five troikas, brother.... I never thought... [Note: On the Donetz, south-east of Kharkov; a monastery containing a miraculous ikon.]... Don't, don't. We, your excellency, aren't celebrities, we aren't important, but quite ordinary, but don't think on that account that there's
any fraud. [Exit FERAPONT] I'm tired of them. That clock used to belong to our mother. go! [KHIRIN coughs angrily.] MERCHUTKINA. [Gives it to her] It is the history of our High School during the last fifty years, written by myself. There was nothing else. [Drinks] And it's impossible for me not to marry.... Talking to the waiters about decadents!
LOPAKHIN. This Peter's a marvel. [Laughs] What dignity in his pose! [They all laugh. I'm shy... nothing... What do you want?" Enter MERCHUTKINA, waving her arms about.] MERCHUTKINA. I'll give it to them in the neck! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. [They go aside and
both look round.] RODE. I slept badly, and on top of everything else here's a bit of fluff in mourning with "a state of mind."... Of course, habit counts for a great deal. There stands an inn upon my way. Drink, now! SOLENI. And where did you live? GAEV, SIMEONOV-PISCHIN, LOPAKHIN, DUNYASHA with a parcel and an umbrella, and a servant with
luggage—all cross the room.] ANYA. Ask him to shed a tear for me, that I might die in Vologda. In Russia zere's nussing, and in Greece zere's everysing—my fazer and uncle and brozeres—and here zere's nussing. [They go out.] THE VOICE OF VARYA. A thing of immense importance is tone! Immense, as my name's Shipuchin! [Looks over KHIRIN]
My dear man, a deputation of shareholders may come here any moment, and there you are in felt boots, wearing a scarf... You're not very bright to-day, Masha. No, no, sirs. [Looking at the time] There's less than an hour left. I shan't go over there. [He reads] Were you ever in Moscow? On the left is a door, leading into the public department. Let's sit
down. Guter Mensch aber schlechter Musikant. [Astonished] To think of that, now! More water! LOPAKHIN. I found one at last.... Why did you say those things? The chief thing about a town is that it should be clean. [Sits] Andrey lost 200 roubles at cards yesterday... Are you afraid? [Rudely] I love you! What do I want to fall in love with you for? But
now we must live... [To SAVVA] If you'd only lie where it was warm now, old man, and they both go out] She loves you, she's your sort, and I don't understand, I really don't, why you seem to be keeping away from each
other. I wish you a nice fiancée, Irina. To-day I'm free. Nobody is dismissing you. [Picks out a key and noisily unlocks an antique cupboard] Here they are. Let's go. The house in which we live has long ceased to be our house; I shall go away. Photo by Unknown[Public domain], via Wikimedia Commons. I'm bored, I'm bored, I'm bored.... It considered
not worth while to translate a few fragments published posthumously, or a monologue "On the Evils of Tobacco"—a half humorous lecture by "the husband of his wife;" which begins "Ladies, and in some respects, gentlemen," as this is hardly dramatic work. It only bears fruit every other year, and even then you don't know what to do with them;
nobody buys any. Please come here, Venez ici. [Loudly] Doctor, how old are you? No, stop.... Have you measured? Here have a glass.... [Breathing heavily] My dear good fellow... They are taking the brigade away from us; it's going to be transferred to some place far away. [Sighs] Ouf! TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA. Three... Cheers.] ZHIGALOV. Ivan
Romanovitch, be a darling. VERSHININ, OLGA, and ANFISA come out of the house and listen for a minute in silence; IRINA comes up to them.] OLGA. [Tenderly, to IRINA] You're so pale, and beautiful, and charming.... You moujik! You boor! TIHON. and I don't know who I am or why I live. I've got a nurse, a wet-nurse, we've a cook, a housemaid.
And while you are dragging it out, the other one goes farther in. Did you hear? [In the doorway: In an angry voice] What's that? [Kisses her hands] My darling... Up to now in the villages there were only the gentry and the labourers, and now the people who live in villas have arrived. Which one? Vershinin's wife, too, may go into the drawing-room.
VERSHININ. [Enter PISCHIN.] LOPAKHIN. Your late husband, with whom I had the honour of being acquainted, died in my debt for one thousand two hundred roubles, on two bills of exchange. This goes on till four o'clock. I'd shout and shout, and there might be some spirit, I'd call for the demon of the woods and not blink my eyes: I'd see all sorts
of little things moving about, but no demon. The firemen, sir, ask if they can go across your garden to the river. Your Guess certainly has his good points.... What did he say to you? What are you thinking about? If you'd ever seen an electric battery, and how it's made up, you'd think differently. [To VARYA] Don't howl. You don't want me? I must run
off.... Let him talk. thank you for everything. We don't want anything. [Hurt] My dear Masha, why not? Still, work goes on without that. Let him have it, Leonid. I'm afraid the children may catch it. If there's still time, I'll be ready at once... If you'll be so kind. It isn't you, Ivan Romanovitch, hang it all.... [In tears] And how old and dirty they are.... She's
already sold her villa near Mentone; she's nothing left, nothing. There are no fires to-day, we're going away. [MASHA laughs softly.] TUZENBACH. If you only knew! I'm even frightened to tell you! Oh, if you only knew! I'm even frightened to tell you! Oh, if you only knew! But I see by your eyes that you're sorry I came! SHIPUCHIN. [Gives TIHON the medallion.] TIHON. Mother's got a footman now,
Yasha; we've brought him here. [Exit with KULIGIN, whistling.] OLGA. I remember too! CHUBUKOV. Peter's fallen downstairs! [Runs out again.] LUBOV. Oh, my gout! I'll stay the night here. ANDREY. [Pause] I've got everything ready, and I send my things off after dinner. [Drinks champagne] In six days I'll be again in Paris. You devote yourself to
teaching, I, to the household. It isn't glass, it isn't broken.... [Works] Yes, but if my work all goes for nothing, then you'd better look out.... [Chasing MERCHUTKINA] Hit her! Beat her! Cut her to pieces! MERCHUTKINA. Who my parents were—perhaps they weren't married—I don't know. They're only good in stories, and even there they frighten one
The old man is unnecessarily excited. I give it to you in front of these witnesses. Who said he could play billiards? It's time to go. Even the least bit of rudeness, the slightest impoliteness, upsets me. I can hardly manage.... It doesn't matter, here's gold. [Covering himself over] Devils aren't like that, brother. They've gone home. [To GAEV] Please, sir,
put this on, it's damp. Take this crooked old woman, for instance. Merci. Something ought to be done. You ought to get married, my friend. [Retires from the bar-counter] What am I to do? That's not your business. We'll fight it out! LUKA. What happened? Here it is in my pocket. Every now and again passers-by walk across the garden, from the road
to the river; five soldiers go past rapidly. Please! SHIPUCHIN. I've become a regular psychopath.... [In horror] This is awful! What is she saying? Mihail Ivanitch Protopopov will sit with little Sophie, and got awfully tired. Just now.... To live and not
to know why the cranes fly, why babies are born, why there are stars in the sky.... It's nothing, only I.... You are cross, Masha. And, a few months later, Chekhov died. I'll go. Off two cushions into the middle! I turn over a new leaf.... [Puts OLGA'S head against her bosom] My dear, precious girl, I'm working, I'm toiling away... Much obliged. Eh, he's let
himself go I [Laughs] Awful, isn't it. In moments of despair and suffering, when the gnats are stinging or the tenors sing, everything suddenly grows dim; you jump up and race round the whole house like a lunatic and shout, "I want blood! Blood!" And really all the time you do want to let a knife into somebody or hit him over the head with a chair.
That means I shall have the place to myself to-morrow. [Enter VARYA, a bunch of keys on her belt.] VARYA. Come! ANYA. Take my luggage out, Yasha. Oh, Olga, you are foolish. It wasn't nice of me to leave the table like that, but I can't... [Hits the bar-counter with his fist] I won't. He then sits by the table and takes a newspaper from his pocket.]
MASHA. Are you well? I mean his newly married wife! Ivan Mihailovitch Yats, employed on the telegraph! A foreigner of Greek nationality, a confectioner by trade, Harlampi Spiridonovitch Dimba! Osip Lukitch Babelmandebsky! And so on.... I come to ask for the pleasure of a little waltz, dear lady.... [Coldly, to ANFISA] Don't dare to be
seated in my presence! Get up! Out of this! [Exit ANFISA; a pause] I don't understand what makes you keep on that old woman! OLGA. Labour without poetry, without ideas.... I don't like people who don't say what they mean, because you know perfectly well that Squeezer is a hundred times better than your silly Guess. [A shot is heard from a
distance.] MASHA. The last are YATS and ZMEYUKINA. But I've grown old and very thin, I suppose it's because I get angry with the girls at school. We are going to have a great many toasts and speeches. It's all awfully unpleasant. Shameless man. She's awfully tired. Squeezer better than. what do we want that old woman for as well? You couldn't go
alone, darling, at seventeen! ANYA. [Picks up the keys, nicely smiling] She threw down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will. In the second place, there's a little thing I'd like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will. In the second place, there's a little thing I'd like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will. In the second place, there's a little thing I'd like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will. In the second place, there's a little thing I'd like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will. In the second place, there's a little thing I'd like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will. In the second place, there's a little thing I'd like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will. In the second place, there's a little thing I'd like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will. In the second place, there's a little thing I'd like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will like you to take down to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will like you to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will like you to her. [Restraining his laughter] Give me... I will like you to her. [Restraining his laught
My aunt's grandmother gave the land to your father's peasants... [Takes the cake.] FERAPONT. I was always waiting until we should be settled in Moscow, there I should meet my true love; I used to think about him, and love him... [Sits] I don't like it. They're coming! What's the matter with me? Oh, how the music plays! They are
leaving us, one has quite left us, quite and for ever. When I left him he was already putting on his goloshes. Oh your splendid, beautiful youth! My darling, don't be so excited! Believe me... with your fingers. [IRINA and TUZENBACH. [Embraces VARYA, softly] Varya, has he
proposed to you? You're just destroying yourself. It might be a sieve from the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman... LUBOV ANDREYEVNA and GAEV enter. [Laughs] I can't listen to your want to say it isn't? [Sitsn't? [Sitsn't] and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman... LUBOV ANDREYEVNA and GAEV enter. [Laughs] I can't listen to your want to say it isn't? [Sitsn't] and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman... LUBOV ANDREYEVNA and GAEV enter. [Laughs] I can't listen to your want to say it isn't? [Sitsn't] and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and GAEV enter. [Laughs] I can't listen to your want to say it isn't? [Sitsn't] and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and GAEV enter. [Laughs] I can't listen to your want to say it isn't? [Sitsn't] and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and GAEV enter. [Laughs] I can't listen to your want to say it isn't? [Sitsn't] and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and GAEV enter. [Laughs] I can't listen to your want to say it isn't? [Sitsn't] and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and GAEV enter. [Laughs] I can't listen to your want to say it isn't? [Sitsn't] and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and GAEV enter. [Laughs] I can't listen to your want to say it isn't? [Sitsn't] and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like the gentleman and the holes in it.... Just like
by her husband] It's time I went home.... You think I'd like to have a nice little drink after my righteous labours and a good square meal—isn't that so?—but there is no chance of that. I give you my blessing and so on. Tell me? I can't stand that sort of thing. Splendid. RANEVSKY), a landowner ANYA, her daughter, aged seventeen VARYA (BARBARA),
her adopted daughter, aged twenty-seven LEONID ANDREYEVITCH GAEV, Mme. The aged Fiers, in my conclusive opinion, isn't worth mending; his forefathers had better have him. You oughtn't to go and see plays, you ought to go and look at yourself. There is a forest on the far side of the river. My Grisha... After I came down from the university I
never stirred a finger or opened a book, I just read the papers.... [Pause] My wife and both my daughters will stay here another two months. Where's Masha? I respect that! I'm a plain man myself, without any deception, and I respect others who are like that. Enter TOLKACHOV holding in his hands a glass globe for a lamp, a toy bicycle, three hat-
boxes, a large parcel containing a dress, a bin-case of beer, and several little parcels. Meanwhile in Russia only a very few of us work. Let him drink mine, too. [Wipes his face] I couldn't sleep all night and now I can't quite find my feet, so to speak. [Sings softly] "Tara... At present he sits on his balcony and drinks tea, but it may well come to pass that
he'll begin to cultivate his patch of land, and the maid clear the table, and put out the lights. Quick.... [Examining it] Stolen property.... Please, even if it's only out of respect for my toil, don't interfere in my family life. Don't
cry, Nastasya Timofeyevna! Just think what are human tears, anyway? I do not play at cards any more, I stopped long ago, but the chief thing I have to say in my defence is that you girls receive a pension, and I don't... They can't cost less than ninety roubles the pair.... [Swaying about] Where can I lie down? Here they are. [Suspiciously] What
manners.... That goes without saying. [Drinks water] Just now a young man in the train was saying that some great philosopher advises us all to jump off roofs. Don't, Masha, don't... Oh, nothing. er... Which way? Oh, you swindler, with your "spare five copecks." Won't you have some water? The very existence of "The High Road" (1884); probably the
earliest of its author's plays, will be unsuspected by English readers. Dunyasha, some coffee, quick. [Crying] Never mind. Dear, modest birches, I like them more than any other tree. and all that.... [Sits.] VERSHININ. Gracious heavens! [Covers her face] Little Savva! TIHON. [To her mother] Mama, why are you crying? To propose? TROFIMOV Yes.
[Kisses her brother, VARYA, then her brother again] And Varya is just as she used to be, just like a nun. Andrey, where are those 25 roubles? Speak calmly. A few bibliographical details are equally necessary, and permissible, and the elementary principles of Chekhov criticism will also be found useful. Everything that is unattainable now will some day
be near at hand and comprehensible, but we must help with all our strength those who seek to know what fate will bring. [Annoyed] Very well, ask him in.... [IRINA enters.] OLGA. VARYA takes her keys off her belt, throws them on the floor, into the middle of the room and goes out.] LOPAKHIN. No, not at all. We respect you on account
of your parents, and we've invited you to the wedding, and here you go talking. It's not true! LOMOV. let's dance. [Aside] Her eyes, her eyes! What an inspiring woman! POPOVA. and a lonely stranger. You may talk any nonsense you like, it will be all the same, I shan't hear. I ask you: Must I pay, or must I not? I know why. How's your health? ANYA
and VARYA dance. [Fire-alarm behind the stage.] OLGA. Where am I? [Pause.] IRINA. We'll pay up the interest. [With a smile] I'll go to bed, and who'll hand things round and give orders without me? [Ironically] Oh, awfully! TROFIMOV. To TROFIMOV. To TROFIMOV. To TROFIMOV. To TROFIMOV.
anything for you, Mrs. horse and say: "There was one such and such a Simeonov-Pischin, God bless his soul...." Wonderful weather... What's made you look so bad? You ask me what's wrong? thank you. [Sits down to the piano.] OLGA. Very well.... I've refused twelve women, and nine have refused me! Yes! There was a time when I played the fool,
scented myself, used honeyed words, wore jewellery, made beautiful bows. For the rest, this piece differs from the others in its presentation, not of Chekhov's favourite middle-classes, but of the moujik, nourishing, in a particularly stuffy atmosphere, an intense mysticism and an equally intense thirst for vodka. Come on, dear, come on! [They go into
ANYA'S room.] TROFIMOV. They're from Paris.... When are you going to bed? Where? A GROOMSMAN. I used to know a certain amount five-and-twenty years ago, but I don't remember anything now. COACHMAN. NAZAROVNA. [To MASHA and IRINA] I have the honour to introduce myself, my name is Vershinin. And she looks so serious! [Laughs.]
roubles. ra-boom-deay.... You ought to sit at home with your palpitations, and not go tracking animals. Let us meditate... Aaa... [Enter EPIKHODOV. ] EPIKHODOV. Surely she-devil. [Gives a pack of cards to PISCHIN] Here's a pack of cards,
think of any one card you like. The humour is very nearly of the variety most popular over here, the psychology is a shade subtler. [Animated] Excellent. In a word, you're saved. You've thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a thin, delicate fingers, like those of an artist, and you've a 
recognizes KUSMA and retires in confusion to a corner of the room, where he sits on a bench] Semyon Sergeyevitch! Is that you, or isn't tell... And he loves me.... [Looks in her purse] I had a lot of money yesterday, but there's very little to-day.
Same as we. But my character is like Lermontov's [In a low voice] I even rather resemble Lermontov, they say.... [To EPIKHODOV, putting on his coat] You see that everything's quite straight, Epikhodov. [Thinking deeply] Double in the corner... Then there are the commissions of our dear friends and neighbours—devil take them! To-morrow is the
name-day of Volodia Vlasin; I have to buy a bicycle for him. I'd go into a convent. You've only got to begin to do anything to find out how few honest, honourable people there are. [Whispers] I know, only, Fyodor Yakovlevitch, be a good man and let us call you your excellency! The family here, you see, is patriarchal; it respects the aged, it likes rank. I
am devilishly keen on living.... [Loudly and thickly] Lunching? Nowadays," I said to him, "even decent women are employed at the Law courts." He slapped me on the shoulder, we smoked a Havana cigar each, and now he's coming.... Five years ago, I remember, he cam here driving two horses from Mikishinsky, and he paid with a five-rouble piece....
I knew you by your eyes! [Gives him his hand] Andrey Polikarpov? You know that you got 25 roubles from Andrey evitch.... Get up. My darling! [Kisses ANYA'S face and hands] My child.... [Bows in all directions, in great emotion] I thank you! Dear guests! I am very grateful to you for not having forgotten and for having conferred this honour
upon us without being standoffish And you must not think that I'm a rascal, or that I'm trying to swindle anybody. [Wipes his perspiring hands] You've come to take charge of the battery? [Shouts] Musicians! A march! [The band plays a march for a minute.] A WAITER. The dear lady may well have taken me for a brigand. What do those lines mean? If
you're ill for a year—I'll stay for a year. There is a minute's pause, while the band plays a march.] MOZGOVOY. I assure you that his lower jaw is shorter than the upper. It was a fly then, and now—it's a bumble-bee.... It's past eight now. They are so strained that I think the very smallest trifle would be enough to make me break into tears! No, I must
be strong, as my name's Shipuchin! [Enter TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA SHIPUCHIN in a waterproof, with a little travelling satchel slung across her shoulder.] SHIPUCHIN. Feodor has shaved his moustache! I can't bear to look at him. Find the quotes you need to support your essay, or refresh your memory of the play by reading these key quotes. What's
the use of asking ten times! EPIKHODOV. [Sadly] Mother bought it. Like a little flower. [Crying] You're my angel, you're my angel, you're my angel, you're my all.... such a story... It would be nice to inherit a fortune from somebody, it would be nice to marry our Anya to a rich man, it would be nice to inherit a fortune from somebody, it would be nice to marry our Anya to a rich man, it would be nice to inherit a fortune from somebody, it would be nice to inherit a fortune from somebody.
must work, just work! To-morrow, I'll go away alone, and I'll teach and give my whole life to those who, perhaps, need it. So he dresses up in evening clothes. [Winds the watch and makes it strike] The first, second, and fifth batteries are to leave at one o'clock precisely. Yes, you ought to change your life, dear man, somehow or other. [Humming a
Caucasian dance] Why is Leonid away so long? [Enters with CHEBUTIKIN from the dining-room] With one hand I can only lift fifty-four pounds, but with both hands I can lift 180, or even 200 pounds. What 25 roubles? And, every Friday, there's a ball at the camp, and every day the soldier's band plays.... You stick out your fishy eyes and think I'm
afraid! [Picks up his belongings and stretches himself out on the ground] You devil! [Lies down and covers himself all over.] MERIK. [To ZMEYUKINA] Have pity! Have p
You there... I'm 72. [Pause] Yesterday I happened to hear, casually, that they want to transfer our brigade to some distant place. And I can't wait till after to-morrow. He's just a little thinner... And why are his wife and children sick of him? If you like, I'll make you a present of them. All's well, God is everywhere, but it seems to me that if only I were
married and could stay at home all day, it would be even better. [Looks at his watch] It's about time, I think.... Later on.... What did you do to her? God only knows.... For instance, how are you to put a heavy copper jar together with the lamp-globe or the carbolic acid with the tea? Till the spring, then! Come on... One can understand that. I'm on my
knees like a fool, offering you my hand.... [Exit.] MASHA. Not much chance of that. I don't see what there is to argue about. [FERAPONT goes] Good-bye. [Exit.] ANDREY. I don't understand why you hate them so? I shall! CHUBUKOV. Excuse me, Charlotta Ivanovna, I haven't said "How do you do" to you yet. [Looks at his watch] The town gave us a
sort of farewell breakfast, we had champagne to drink and the mayor made a speech, and I ate and listened, but my soul was here all the time.... What have they done to me! Fetch him! [A pause.] [CHUBUKOV runs in.] champagne to drink and the mayor made a speech, and I ate and listened, but my soul was here all the time.... What have they done to me! Fetch him! [A pause.] [CHUBUKOV runs in.] champagne to drink and the mayor made a speech, and I ate and listened, but my soul was here all the time....
life has been hidden from your young eyes? I've the whole house on my shoulders. [Opens window quietly] The sun has risen already; it isn't cold. To-morrow we get into the express and off we go. [Sighs] Yours is an impossible character, Kusma Nicolaievitch! You're an excellent and respected man, but you behave to women like some scoundrel. And
when you've rested you'll go to Yaroslav to the Countess, your grandmother. Did you take the money? You're an intriguer! CHUBUKOV. They fly and will fly.... If we could only know, if we could only know! [The music has been
growing softer and softer; KULIGIN, smiling happily, brings out the hat and coat; ANDREY wheels out the perambulator in which BOBBY is sitting.] CHEBUTIKIN. Worse! CHUBUKOV. Why are you angry, Varya? Eh? I ask you in perfect calmness; what have you against me? [IRINA, VERSHININ and TUZENBACH enter; TUZENBACH is wearing new
and fashionable civilian clothes.] IRINA. I couldn't understand my life without that cherry orchard, and if it really must be sold, sell me with it! [Embraces TROFIMOV, kisses his forehead]. How do you do, Ivan Ivanovitch? That's strange. [Billiard playing can be heard in the next room. Well, at last you've got what you want; you unrobe and get into
bed. [LUBOV ANDREYEVNA, TROFIMOV, PISCHIN, and FIERS go out. it's all one.... You must understand that your husband, so far as I can gather, was in the employ of the Army Medical Department, while this is a private, commercial concern, a bank. [To TIHON] I'll take the sin on myself. I'm an honourable man! NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA.
[Looks out of the window] It's nice out to-day. take this... We're very glad you've come. You'd really better go home. I have always sincerely wished Daria Evdokimovna a good husband. [Kisses her.] OLGA. [Rudely] As it's an anniversary, Andrey everybody
sealing-wax when anything was wrong. [DUNYASHA embraces him suddenly] Go to the house, as if you'd been meeting you. This minute. I'll go and look for her. VOICES FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM. Get away! BORTSOV. [Laughs] He likes me! He dares to say that he
likes me! [Points to the door] That's the way. You don't matter. It's all bunkum. [Angrily] All right, I'll go, only please stand back.... I don't know. I should be very glad. I suffer, too. The post's late to-day! [The POSTMAN pays in silence and goes out. what happened then? On the right, at the turning by the summer-house, a white little tree bent down,
looking just like a woman. It's a thing that... My darling's come back, my pretty one's come back! [DUNYASHA has already returned with the coffee-pot and is making the coffee, VARYA stands near the door] I go about all day, looking after the house, and I think all the time, if only you could marry a rich man, then I'd be happy and would go away
somewhere by myself, then to Kiev... I've already told you that I've no voice to-day. well, so be it! SOLENI. The peasants kept their distance from the masters and the master and the maste
and clears up at her little table. You're doing it again, uncle! VARYA. Aha! You're blushing! SHIPUCHIN. [Returns to the bar-counter] You're too fond of being clever. All down the roof and into the windows like dried peas. [YASHA carefully puts the tray on a chair] You have a drink, Yasha, at any rate. IRINA is sobbing loudly] Throw me out, throw me
out, I can't bear any more! OLGA. Anything. You don't see it. And only one desire grows and gains in strength... "The High Road," found after thirty years, is a most interesting document to the lover of Chekhov. [Kisses MASHA] Many happy returns, though I've said it before. I'm thinking of having a go at the blackcock, honoured Natalya Stepanovna,
after the harvest. [NATASHA goes out; ANDREY reads his book, stooping over the candle she has left behind. We had gone into the yard together for something or other, and he was a little drunk. FERAPONT. Well, first you whistle up above! He, he! NUNIN. [They sit] We were wrong.... [Laughs] I'm drunk! And should you laugh at a man because he's
drunk? FEDYA. "Good morning, Bobby!" I said, "good morning, darling." And he laughed. So I heard. so the Lord has appointed for my old age. Have you got a little room in here for the lady to warm herself in? Excellent. But on the other hand, they may call our life noble and honour its memory. Well, never mind.... Come in, your feet are clean. The
Censor, of the time being had scrawled his opinion on the manuscript, "a depressing and dirty piece,—cannot be licensed." The name of the educated Russian's low opinion of German-sounding institutions, [Shakes his head] The money! BORTSOV. You see, my aunt's
grandmother gave the free use of these Meadows in perpetuity to the peasants of your father's grandfather, in return for which they were to make bricks for her. I love you, my only one.... You cannot, if I may say so, call me to order. Why did you invite him? Else they go right round, right
and lie down again, but as soon as I begin to get off to sleep there's another pull! And this may happen twenty times.... What has my life got to do with them? Merchutkina, I... And, I can play the guitar. Dear Ivan Romanovitch, I know everything. My spouse has been on the look-out for me for some time. The doctor says you must eat sour milk and
nothing else, or you won't get thin. Make way, if you believe in God! Hullo, there! [Planks a five-copeck piece down on the counter] A glass of real Madeira! Quick! FEDYA. Now listen to this. You can't see your own nose. Natalia Ivanovna, I wish you the same. Half my life for a tumbler of tea: I haven't had anything since morning. [Irritated]. Why is he
so cold? Ours! You can go on proving it for two days on end, you can go and put on fifteen dress-jackets, but I tell you they're ours, ours! I don't want anything of yours and I don't want to give up anything of mine. He then seemed to me frightfully wise and learned and important. That was father's wish. I was just thinking... If you don't get out
of this, you old devil, I'll grind you into powder! I've got such a character that I'm perfectly capable of laming you for life! I can commit a crime! MERCHUTKINA. He just wants to throw dust into people's eyes, and so I sit here and work for him like a galley-slave! This report of his is poetic fiction and nothing more, and here I've got to sit day after day
and add figures, devil take his soul! [Rattles on his counting-frame] I can't stand it! [Writing] That is, one... What's wrong? [behind her screen] Olga, who's knocking on the floor? let's go, Denis! [She tries to go out, but MERIK blocks the door.] MERIK. What's the use? I'll call her. [To DIMBA] Speech! speech! your turn! DIMBA. [The nurse sings]
ANDREY, wearing an overcoat and a hat, and CHEBUTIKIN. Is he here? At last I get angry. [Takes off her hat] I'll stay to lunch. You've mourned him—and quite right. In the old days everybody
used to live simply and was happy. Get away from me! MERIK. [Laughs] I told you so! MASHA. It means, "I honour you, your excellency, for your virtues." You think it's easy? I simply lose heart! NATASHA. He was holding her white, little hand, and she was all fiery and kept on getting closer and closer, too.... We'd begrudge our child nothing.
"Husband died seven months ago!" Must I pay the interest, or mustn't I? I used to know your mother. And suppose I am insulting you? What shall I put on them? [To LOMOV] Darling, the Meadows are ours! LOMOV. Strange thoughts come to me, as if I were already an old woman. I'm very excitable.... [Laughs] I told them that I wasn't married...
was drunk.... Beautiful! Beautiful! I must say, ladies and gentlemen, giving honour where it is due, that this room and the accommodation generally are splendid! Excellent, wonderful! Only you know, there's one thing we haven't got—electric light, if I may say so! Into every country electric light has already been introduced, only Russia lags behind. It
isn't even a luxury but a sort of useless extra, like a sixth finger. and asked for a doctor. Then the devil take you, you accursed woman! [He swings his axe. I drink it day and night.. What a shame! I was expecting to spend the evening
here, but of course, if the little baby is ill... [At the door] What are you looking at? Well, you've made all your purchases, but how are you to pack all these things? Yes, yes, go away!... my boy was drowned, and I went away, quite away, never to return, never to see this river again...I shut my eyes and ran without thinking, but he ran after me... In two
or three hundred years' time life on this earth will be unimaginably beautiful and wonderful. I don't understand these people. Of course it isn't his business but still, if you wish it, perhaps I'd better talk to him. You've no strength left in you, nothing left at all.... [Aside] He's come to borrow money! Shan't give him any! [Aloud] What is it, my beauty?
[Not understanding, to TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA] Get out! TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA. I'll be quiet. Glad to see you... Oh, if you had seen her to-day! What a trivial personality! We began quarrelling at seven in the morning and at nine I slammed the door and went out. My God! Stop, stop.... Have you taken leave of your senses?
[Points to the door] That way, please! MERCHUTKINA. It's not true, they're ours! LOMOV. No. She has been sent for. Don't look at that face with your eyes. I retired in 1865. Excuse my interrupting you. The carpets will have to be taken up for the summer and put away till the winter... TIHON bows.] Please, your highness! Our room is very humble,
full of blackbeetles! But don't disdain it! MARIA EGOROVNA. There are two desks. Bad luck that brought him.... they used to go out in a boat all night, and play pianos.... [Imploringly] Uncle! VARYA. [Wails] He's dead... Let us suppose even that among the hundred thousand inhabitants of this backward and uneducated town, there are only three
persons like yourself. [Drags an umbrella out of a bundle, and seems to be waving it about. people don't marry from love, but in order to do one's duty. [Pause.] ANDREY. [Stamping] Give me the sewing-machine! Where's the bird-cage? Serezha came to meet me at the station. till we meet again! [Exit.] [LUBOV ANDREYEVNA and GAEV are left alone.
It's not true!... and I'm not angry any longer.... He might wound the Baron or even kill him. Who's that crying? Well, never mind. Yes, but it's so cold. The swindler knows which side his bread's buttered and won't budge an inch.... I shan't work. Nicolai Lvovitch, don't speak to me of love. Is it worth it? I heard by letter. And you ought to put the
window curtains away with the carpets.... [Delighted] Really? I'll bring her down like a chicken! I'm not a little boy or a sentimental puppy; I don't care about this "softer sex." LUKA. [With a start] Take this... How utterly absurd! LUBOV. I lost my own. In a word, I don't care, and it's absolutely all one to me. [Sobbing] Where? I'm rich now, with lots of
money, but just think about it and examine me, and you'll find I'm still a peasant down to the marrow of my bones. A servant and drivers come in. a bit cracked.... I'm having trouble with my lodgers, and on account of my husband, and I've got the house to look after, and my son-in-law is out of work.... Yes, but it
ought to be said differently, differently, differently,... Laughter.] VARYA. Say to your aunt, "How do you do, Olga!" [Two wandering musicians, a man and a girl, are playing on a violin played behind.] MASHA. I used to think I remembered everybody,
but... Before the misfortune the same thing happened. It's all silly.... [Takes IRINA'S hand and draws her to her] Oh, my dear.... I don't want the money the day after tomorrow, I want it to-day. He went up to forty-five, I offered fifty-five. You and Olga can share a room, for the time being, and Bobby can have yours. And it may so happen that our
present existence, with which we are so satisfied, will in time appear strange, inconvenient, stupid, unclean, perhaps even sinful.... Half a minute, [Looks in at the door and moos] Moo!... Go on, go on! We've seen the like of you before! There's a lot like you tramping the high road! As to being a donkey, you wait till I've given you a clout on the ear and
you'll howl worse than the wind. Maman is disturbed at your coming separation. My feet... Oh, my sins.... [Interrupting] My dear fellow... a very great, a most celebrated man... I am a member of the district council, and I am proud of it, if you want to know. CHUBUKOV. I'm certain of it.
I'm going to drink my fill to-night, whatever happens. You might have put on a frock-coat, or at any rate a dark jacket.... No, not yet? Why do you keep on waiting? Well, I never knew that before. LUBOV ANDREYEVNA enters carefully.] LUBOV. [To VERSHININ] The sufferings we see to-day—there are so many of them!—still indicate a certain moral
improvement in society. DUNYASHA. Oh, he's all right, but there's his wife, his mother-in-law, and two daughters. In the first place I'm not his affair... He hadn't touched a drop for two years, and now he suddenly goes and gets
drunk.... [Enter CHUBUKOV.] CHUBUKOV.] CHUBUKOV. Oh! They've all gone out to pick fruit.... The man! [Laughs bitterly] Men are faithful and constant in love! What an idea! [With heat] What right have you to talk like that? If everything goes well to-day and the public is properly put into blinkers, he's promised me a gold charm and 300 roubles bonus.... and
haven't any right to count on your assistance.... Say what you will, Masha is a good, honest woman. Be a friend! Promise me now. You must excuse my apron and négligé... I entirely agree with you. His brain's gone, I suppose. [Pause] I don't know. Good-bye! Go away. [Yawns] Yes. Do you hear me or don't you? All the dramatic works not included in
her volume are to be found in the present one. [Teasing] My heart.... And Charlotta too. I'm offered a place in a bank. And now a year has gone by and we are already thinking about it without pain, and you are wearing a white dress and your face is happy. I'll die at home. What people!... Children! If you please! Stop that talking! What's the good of
making a noise? Tom Murphy's fine vernacular version allows us to re-imagine the events of the play in the last days of Anglo-Irish colonialism. I'm so tender and so delicate now; respectable and afraid of everything.... Oh, my God, what a mercy! I'm free to-morrow, I'm free the day after.... They were here in Easter week and ate half a pailful of
cucumbers.... [At the door, impatiently] I've already told you ten times, Andrey Sergeyevitch. Gogol says: life in this world is a dull matter, my masters! TUZENBACH. Thanks to father, my sisters and I know French, German, and English, and Irina knows Italian as well. Is the cherry orchard sold? My dear, I beg you. Are you all here? What are you
talking about, making mountains out of mole-hills?... [To PISCHIN] If the energy which you, in the course of your life, have spent in looking for money to pay interest had been used for something else, then, I believe, after all, you'd be able to turn everything upside down. My aunt's very rich, but she doesn't like us. The wind is wailing, and the rain is
pouring down, pouring down. It is my washing-day."... You get out of this, you tramp. 240 roubles... Come along then. [Laughs] What a man... Uncle, you shouldn't! GAEV. If only I was apprenticed to you! Then I'd reform. EFIMOVNA. Gracious little fathers!... I am absolutely tired out. [Stamping] that witch! And don't you dare to annoy me! Don't you
dare! [Stopping short] Really, if you don't move downstairs, we shall always be quarrelling. Thank God, we've lived our time without being educated, and here we are marrying off our third daughter to an honest man. It's time! [Lies down] Pleasant dreams, brothers! MERIK. We've got to learn to know the peasants! We ought to learn how.... don't let
your fingers touch that face.... Good-bye, old man! IRINA. They all noisily seat themselves at the table. We go away, and not a soul remains behind. If the doctor's certificate isn't enough, I can get you another from the police. TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA on the sofa, and MERCHUTKINA in SHIPUCHIN'S arms are both groaning.] ONE OF THE
```

```
learn that nobody knows anything, and each must decide for himself.... NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA, his wife DASHENKA, their daughter EPAMINOND MAXIMOVITCH APLOMBOV, Dashenka's bridegroom FYODOR YAKOVLEVITCH REVUNOV-KARAULOV, a retired captain ANDREY ANDREYEVITCH NUNIN, an insurance agent ANNA MARTINOVNA
ZMEYUKINA, a midwife, aged 30, in a brilliantly red dress IVAN MIHAILOVITCH YATS, a telegraphist HARLAMPI SPIRIDONOVITCH DIMBA, a Greek confectioner DMITRI STEPANOVITCH DIMBA, a Greek confectioner DMITRI STEPANOVITCH DIMBA, a Greek confectioner DMITRI STEPANOVITCH DIMBA, a few notes.]
YATS. I vowed never to the end of my days to cease to wear mourning, or to see the light.... In the year twelve Moscow was burning too. TUZENBACH'S merry laughter is heard. [Pause] You know very well, Ermolai Alexeyevitch, that I used to hope to marry her to you, and I suppose you are going to marry somebody? Next to him is BORTSOV,
wearing a shabby summer overcoat. To Kuban? [Waves his hand] you're done for! [KUSMA'S voice is heard. I've already forgotten what summer's like. [Exit.] PISCHIN. what does it matter, anyway.... so agree... Every insignificant word has, so to speak, its special meaning! For instance, "Hoist her top-sheets and mainsail!" What's it mean? I can put a
bullet through a coin tossed into the air as it comes down.... You've hardly started on your soup when she has her claws into you, wretched slave that you are—and wouldn't you like to go to some amateur theatricals or to a dance? Thank you so much. If only I was allowed to give my life for you! MASHA. How you've grown! Oh! oh! IRINA. DENIS
forces MERIK to one side and carries out his mistress. [In horror] What is she saying! LUBOV. But I should advise her rather to remember the last talk we had. Don't take it off, I shan't have it.... Well, well... Father was a soldier, but his son chose an academic career for himself. [Lowering his hand; he still holds the axe] Did I kill her or no? What's
that noise, pilgrim-woman? SAVVA. Now get on top yourself! Eat me! Tear me to pieces! Kill me! [Clenching his fists] I want blood! Bloo
go, Feodor, My husband is so annoyed about it!" This in front of people. It may seem funny and silly, but it's nevertheless true, that after his death I began to fill out and get rounder, as if my body had had some great pressure taken off it. Others will see it! THE VOICE OF VARYA. You behave yourself properly, and then you won't cry. [Not giving him
her hand] What do you want? Shouldn't you go home. [Embraces IRINA] This is a terrible day... You know I sympathize with all my soul. That's good. [All go out except TROFIMOV and ANYA.] ANYA. Good evening, Orthodox people! Well, give me the string! Quick! Who'll go and help us, children? I'm a bank official now, and a financier... Nothing will
come of it. And what was my husband in debt to you for? Leonid Andreyevitch had only fifteen thousand roubles, and Deriganov offered thirty thousand on top of the mortgage to begin with. Pour out another drop for Kusma the stony! [Drinks] I don't like people getting drunk! Why the time the wedding took place, when the gentlefolk sat down to
supper afterwards, she went off in a carriage... MERIK. And I'll go with you, Andrey, to the University of Moscow. Have some tea! IRINA. His wife plays about smiling to himself. Oh, dear me...! [Rapid exit.] FIERS. In the first place, I'm not a general,
but a second-class naval captain, which, according to the table of precedence, corresponds to a lieutenant-colonel. I don't understand what he's doing so long in town! Everything must be over by now. Oh, what has become of my past and where is it? Enter LUBOV ANDREYEVNA, GAEV, ANYA, and CHARLOTTA IVANOVNA.] GAEV. It's a little damp
here. They've all gone. And you won't pay your interest, don't you worry. [Sings in a bass voice] "Onegin don't let me conceal it, I love Tatiana madly!" [Note: From the Opera Evgeni Onegin—words by Pushkin.] [Roars with laughter.] [KHIRIN coughs angrily.] SHIPUCHIN. I see myself and my children freeing ourselves from knass, fro
goose baked with cabbage, from after-dinner naps, from base idleness.... Masha's out of sorts to-day. Oh, what a man!... Has the interest been paid? A WAITER. It is May. Near the good of talking about it, you see for yourself that this is an
uneducated country, with an immoral population, and it's so dull. Even if you gave me twenty thousand I should refuse. And Masha is pretty, too. Look, little mother: what lovely trees! And the air! The starlings are singing! GAEV. The only remarkable thing about the orchard is that it's very large. We ragged him to-day. [Not hearing] I've already had
supper, thank you. They got married, that's all. How much will she send? I am of the opinion, Ermolai Alexeyevitch, that they're good people, but they don't understand very much. [Rising] Ladies and gentlemen! I must tell you this.... [To IRINA] Bobby's all right, it's she herself.... It's coming out, I see. VARIOUS GENTLEMEN. As I was saying: what a
life there will be! Only just imagine.... Yes father, rest his soul, educated us almost violently. You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... And we're all having a good time. Oh my head, my head, my head, my head or a corpse.... And we're all having a good time. Oh my head, my head, my head or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... And we're all having a good time. Oh my head, my head, my head or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse..... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse... You won't see a devil or a ghost or a corpse.... You won't see a devil or a ghost or
university lectures, and I couldn't help laughing. The place will be sold in August. upset.... It's all so strange.... "What's this," I say, "Evstigney, you old fool."... Oh, indeed, what a life! [Laughs] Forgive me, I've dropped into philosophy again. Only poor Masha must go on living here. Why do we, almost before we have begun to
live, become dull, grey, uninteresting, lazy, apathetic, useless, unhappy.... By all means; hold out your hand. He is listened to, but he has only delivered a few lines when a waltz is heard from the front room, and the recitation is stopped. The dogs are running after a fox, when Squeezer goes and starts worrying a sheep! CHUBUKOV. You listen when a
lady is talking to you! Why are you so angry to-day? My dear fellow, whom do I see! Ivan Vassilevitch! I am extremely glad! [Squeezes his hand] Now this is a surprise, my darling... I'm afraid, and I don't at all like serious conversations. [Takes a scent-bottle from his pocket, and scents his hands.] TUZENBACH. I don't
understand all this.... I'm not doing this out of egoisticism [Note: So in the original]—I don't want your tickets—but on principle; and I don't allow myself to be done by anybody. What does she want a room for? [Making haste to use the ensuing pause to advantage] On this occasion, so to speak, on the day on which we have met together to honour our
dear... We needn't get into our carriages for ten minutes.... And here you know everybody and everybody knows you, and you're a stranger... He's lucky who doesn't notice whether it's winter now, or summer. I'll come in on Thursday. From the capitain to the cabin-boy, everybody's excited. [Getting up] Eh? Leonid Andreyevitch, they say, has accepted
a post in a bank; he will get sixty thousand roubles a year.... All I do is to eat and drink, and just now I didn't enjoy my coffee at all. He asked, "What are you crying for?" How could I tell him! But if God brought him to marry you, I should be happy. He only says silly things. [Angrily] There's manners everybody's got to keep! LUBOV. You can laugh at
me; I'm a silly woman.... There was once a great bell, a thousand persons were hoisting it, much money and labour had been spent on it, when it suddenly fell and was broken. They knew the way.... Your father was a guzzling gambler! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. Anya! Anya! Curtain. Better! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. you can sell a horse. It's no good.
Good-bye, home! Good-bye, old life! TROFIMOV. In the old days when father was alive, every time we had a name-day, thirty or forty officers used to come, and there was lots of noise and fun, and to-day there's only a man and a half, and it's as quiet as a desert... [Pause] You seem so unhappy. I was rude to you, my dear fellow, I was a fool, but forgive
me and... Why did you tie Charlotta on to me? Leave off your silly jokes! LOPAKHIN. Vassili Vassilevitch, that's enough. The Kolotilin girls are down below... My heart... and they paid me for it. One of the doors leads into ANYA'S room. Please... What's the matter with you! Stay where you are.... Yes, really! I reckon it's a whole year that you haven't
left the house! POPOVA. My dear! Why are you offended! ANDREY'S VOICE. Little fathers!... You needn't even tell them.... It's nicer when you're here.... [Excitedly] And suddenly we heard a shot.... silent... You've obviously come to the wrong place, madam. I did have an awful time, I tell you. You haven't forgotten, Luba? We've unexpectedly met a
fellow countryman. [Pause.] VERSHININ. And Anastasius has died too. These are excellent pistols. ACT FOUR [The stage is set as for Act I. [Opens the medallion] Haven't you a little candle? What does my own little girl want? Think about it seriously. Oh, nonsense. They don't see us! They can't! Why, why or when did I fall in love with you—Oh, I can't
understand anything. But perhaps we ought to go away? There's a frost this morning—three degrees, and the cherry-trees are all in flower. [A pause.] LUBOV. about life as it will be after our time; for example, in two or three hundred years. Mankind goes on to the highest truths and to the highest happiness such as is only possible on earth, and I go
in the front ranks! LOPAKHIN. You were out on the boulevard last night; tell me, what happened? He drops the bouquet as he enters, then picks it up] The gardener sent these; says they're to go into the dining-room. Poor Fedotik is completely burnt out, there's nothing left.... It was very cold then, and snowing. [In a feeble voice] There, there...
[Takes a dress out of the cupboard] Take this grey dress.... Yes, the principle, just so.... I take it that you are Olga Sergeyevna, the eldest, and that you are Maria... If only I could take my heavy burden off my breast and shoulders, if I could forget my past! GAEV. Hm! These aren't my goloshes! LOPAKHIN. No, you really are a wonderful woman. He
doesn't hear well. The carriages are waiting. [Laughs] What a business! Educated people go and invent all sorts of machines and medicines, but there hasn't yet been a man wise enough to invent a business! Educated people go and invent all sorts of machines and medicines, but there hasn't yet been a man wise enough to invent all sorts of machines and medicines, but there hasn't yet been a man wise enough to invent all sorts of machines and medicines, but there hasn't yet been a man wise enough to invent all sorts of machines and medicines, but there hasn't yet been a man wise enough to invent all sorts of machines and medicines, but there hasn't yet been a man wise enough to invent all sorts of machines and medicines, but there hasn't yet been a man wise enough to invent all sorts of machines and medicines, but there hasn't yet been a man wise enough to invent all sorts of machines and medicines, but there hasn't yet been a man wise enough to invent all sorts of machines and medicines, but there hasn't yet been a man wise enough to invent all sorts of machines and medicines and medicines and medicines and medicines are not all sorts of machines ar
five pages left. Very well. [Offended] I told Egor this morning. Let off everybody's debts.... Where's Dasha? My dear, I shall return soon. Grand ronde, s'il vous plait! [They all go off.] [Enter NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA and APLOMBOV.] NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA. I congratulate you. My father belonged to the Orthodox Church.... [Angrily, through his
tears] Expensive presents.... The last few years have seen a large and generally unsystematic mass of translations from the Russian flung at the heads and huntly run to meet him. How do you do, good-bye! How are you? nought. [Uncovering his head]
What are they like? It will soon be two. Yes, here.... That is why we should not regard "The Bear," "The Wedding," or "The Anniversary" as the work of a merely humorous young man, but as the saving graces which made perfect "The Cherry Orchard." "The Three Sisters" (1901) is said to act better than any other of Chekhov's plays, and should
surprise an English audience exceedingly. one moment. Quite a trifling matter. It is all awful. Enter PISCHIN and TROFIMOV from the drawing-room.] PISCHIN. Let's go and meet them. Why think about it! [BARON TUZENBACH, CHEBUTIKIN and SOLENI appear by the table in the dining-room, behind the pillars.] OLGA. [Dancing solo] The Baron's
drunk, the Baron's drunk, the Baron's drunk! [NATASHA comes in.] NATASHA. [Goes into dining-room] My dear... I shall try to be brief. [DENIS and TIHON run up to her and get hold of MERIK'S arms] This thieves' kitchen! Let go my hand! I'm not afraid!... The wife orders you to run into the modiste's and curse her for making a bodice too wide
across the chest and too narrow across the shoulders; little Sonya wants a new pair of shoes; your sister-in-law wants some scarlet silk like the pattern at twenty copecks and three arshins long.... We'll read all sorts of books to one another, won't we? How awfully nice! MASHA. I've heard barking dogs before. TROFIMOV, ANYA, VARYA, and LUBOV
ANDREYEVNA come in from the front room.] LUBOV. You won't prove it, my darling. [Angrily] Please don't! Aren't you tired of it? What are you looking for? MASHA and VERSHININ come in. There is an early frost. [Teasing him] I remember, too.... It was lovely weather.... That's all right. [Takes ANYA'S arm] Let's go to bye-bye.... Andrey is like
that.... The train starts, the passengers begin to throw your luggage about on all sides: you've got your things on somebody else's seat. And your steward's gone away somewhere, devil take him, what do you want me to do? He is dressed as usual, in a short jacket and white waistcoat; slippers on his feet. They are all sitting in the dining-room, nobody
is going. LUKA. a pearl out of an oyster. Natasha has a little romance with Protopopov, and you don't see it.... This town has already been in existence for two hundred thousand inhabitants, not one of whom is in any way different from the others. The land is great and beautiful, there are many marvellous places in it. No,
no, let him hear if he wants to, it's awfully interesting. My brother, Andrey Sergeyevitch. Devils aren't like that. I don't want anything, but the unfairness of it disgusts me. [She puts on her coat and hat] I sleep well. How can I make him understand? A rope would cost money. No, no, no! YATS. [To TIHON] The blood's boiling in my chest! Uncle Tihon! The blood's boiling in my chest! The blood's boiling in my ch
[Weeps] Uncle Tihon! SAWA. Have you got a head on your shoulders, or what? Quiet, old wolf! You're a savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here, take off my boots! Look sharp now! TIHON. [Sits] Nothing.... Tell him his mother's come and wants to say good-bye to him. There, there, there, there, there, there, there work, and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here, there work, and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here, there work, and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here, there work and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here, there work and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here, there work and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here, there work and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here, there work and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here, there work and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here, there work and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here, the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here, the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here, the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here work and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here work and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here work and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here work and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here work and the savage race! Herods! Sellers of your souls! [To TIHON] Come here work and your souls! [To TIHON] Come here work and your souls! [To TIHON] [T
but I'll come—all the same... He's a valuer," I said, "at the Law courts, and don't you think, your excellency, that he's some rascal, some knave of hearts. What are you dragging at me for. I am a beast of burden, a nigger, a slave, a rascal who keeps on waiting here for something to happen instead of starting off for the next world. go, I'll show you....
Twenty-five roubles would be a handsome price to pay for him. She'll want me to spend the whole evening with her to-night, whereas we have arranged a little excursion for ourselves.... I shan't take off my clothes, I'll only stay a minute. Andrey wouldn't be bad-looking, if he wasn't so stout; it does spoil his appearance. You won't prove anything just
by yelling. I haven't quarrelled with you. Yes, now we can all go home. [Exeunt.] MASHA. First you pretend that the Meadows are yours; now, that Guess is better than Squeezer. Kusma Nicolaievitch, what do you mean by that? Take her, Olga Sergeyevna... My heart was pained when I saw those faces. [Shrugging her shoulders] Can you love? I assure
you they're only joking, they're kind people. Olga Sergeyevna! OLGA. Let's go, it's time. And the Baron? [Note: "The Swan Song" may occur as an exception. Oh God, oh God... The people here are all right... [Shy] Very well, only first bring me my little cloak.... My aunt is very, very rich. Get back! BORTSOV. Who were these Englishmen? SHIPUCHIN
glances at the door] She's disturbing the employees. [VARYA shakes head] But he loves you.... Then mother started hugging me and crying.... I've seen the like of you before. she's got a lottery ticket. I'll refuse the post. What are you talking about, Fiers? They'll take my estate! POPOVA. VARYA is crying gently and wipes away her tears as she dances
The old man may be saying a prayer, or giving up his soul to God, and here are these unclean ones wrangling with one another and saying all sorts of... Shouts Shut up! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. Forty or forty-
five, at the very outside. [Gaily] Mother! TROFIMOV'S VOICE. What will become of me? He took it into his head to stand surety at the bank for 30,000 roubles for his brother-in-law. There are two universities in Moscow, the old one and the new one. I can't get over it. Was out
walking with the High School students all the morning. And I bought myself a knife... [Shouts] Well, is it my fault that I like you? [ANYA gives her hand to LOPAKHIN and PISCHIN and PISCHIN and poes out, shutting the door behind her.] LUBOV. Oh little mothers! I am dog-tired. You have grown older! [Through her tears] You have grown older! VERSHININ. It's
October outside, but it's as sunny and as quiet as if it were summer. But I warn you, I'm going to fire in the air. [Mocking] Anfisa! He sits there and... It's a very good likeness.... How many years are there left to us, with their long, long lines of days, filled with my love for you.... [Kisses LUBOV ANDREYEVNA'S hand] Now, good-bye. These Englishmen
are men of immense intellect.... I took them in... [They kiss] Very nice, too. Papa, send the mowers out to the Meadows at once! CHUBUKOV. Said that last night you threatened her and her sister with a knife. [MASHA, lost in a reverie over her book, whistles softly.] OLGA. The fool! [to MERIK] Do you understand? Take this... Pour him out another
glass, Tihon. We'll hardly know one another then; we'll say, "How do you do?" coldly.... Dive it here! [Takes the medallion from TIHON and examines her portrait] Hm. Ran off after the wedding. At the back is a door leading out of the house. [Goes out with VERSHININ and FEDOTIK.] IRINA. I only want you to do one thing, be honourable! [Couples
dancing the grand ronde come in at one door and out at the other end. [To MERIK] Don't look at us, evil man! Your eyes are like the eyes of a devil before cockcrow! SAVVA. When are the entertainers coming? I don't know anything, nobody knows anything, locks the side-door on the left] There's a lot of things in there. Well, my best wishes, Feodor
Ilitch, let's go somewhere together! I can't, I absolutely can't stop at home.... I can't tell. My poor, dear woman, you can't go back now. [Sighs] No, I see that I shall have to go into a convent after all. What a noise in the oven. My God, my God! You've torn up my your murderers! What an accursed night! MERIK. I've got to buy some anchovies and
some sausage... [Sits by SAVVA] Juice! But you wouldn't understand! You, with your darkened brain, wouldn't understand. Yes, all, I think. I gave the order this morning. What else can I say to him? We'll go to the river from here.... as housekeeper or something. That is really quite a surprise! OLGA. A week ago I took out the bottom drawer; I looked
and saw figures burnt out in it. Yes, there'll be no more life in this house.... the fact is, I've made up my mind to ask you to hear me out.... [Sits.] GAEV. Yesterday the doctor and Andrey played cards at the club and lost money. [Angrily, to OLGA] Don't cry! [Enter ANFISA and FERAPONT with a cake.] ANFISA. I think it was very cheap. [Looks at
BORTSOV] And what sort of a raisin is this? No, excuse me, I can't talk to you! My head's even in a whirl.... It is as if for the first time in my life I see these firs, maples, beeches, and they all look at me inquisitively and wait. Katya was wearing a sky-blue frock of foulard silk, cut low at the neck.... A sailor can tell! He, he!—With almost mathematical
precision! NUNIN. I shake all over, and I can't go away by myself, I'm afraid of the silence. Yesterday and to-day. I get home. Only leave me in peace! LOMOV. Perhaps it will even be all to the good. To me? Can't you be more polite? Go and find out, Yasha, to whom it's sold. [Looks at her pocket-watch] I ought to wake him, but Barbara Mihailovna told
me not to. [Who has not heard it properly] Thank you, I've had supper. the whole town is talking about it.... I think he's shy. You needn't if you don't want to. [He thinks that ANDREY is asking him something] What? There is a long avenue of firs, at the end of which the river can be seen. The health of his excellency Fyodor Yakovlevitch Revunov-
Karaulov! [Band plays a flourish. In spite of his ill-health that man tries, above everything else, to be sociable. As if I don't know why you wear that black domino and bury yourself between four walls! I should say I did! It's so mysterious, so poetic! When some junker [Note: So in the original.] or some tame poet goes past your windows he'll think:
"There lives the mysterious Tamara who, for the love of her husband, buried herself between four walls." We know these games! POPOVA. [She dances with PETER. drunk.... He said he was afraid he'd be in the way. Didn't I say it properly? Yes, we've got zem and everysing. it's a real thing. Nobody's making hints! What an impossible character yours
is.... ANYA. [Takes a shawl from a chair] Here's a very nice plaid shawl, I'm going to sell it.... If I had some money, even a little, even only a hundred roubles, I'd throw up everything and go away. [Coughs quietly] My head's aching because of your cigar. I can't, I can't!... Be sure to write. I can imagine what the atmosphere is like in Greece!
ZHIGALOV. [Loudly] I say you ought to be ashamed of yourself at your age! General, your manners are awful! NUNIN. I've got to go to town tomorrow. But I don't complain; I'm used to it, and I can smile. Chekhov just escaped the tragedy of suicide by introspection, and was only enabled to do this by the possession of a sense of humour
[Approaching MERCHUTKINA, angrily] What do you want? [Whispers to her.] OLGA. [With deep feeling] My splendid... Are you still angry? I'll see them into town and to-morrow I'm off to Moscow. Villas and villa residents—it's so vulgar, excuse me. Ass! [Sees POPOVA and speaks with respect] Madam, I have the honour to present myself, I am
Grigory Stepanovitch Smirnov, landowner and retired lieutenant of artillery! I am compelled to disturb you on a very pressing affair. [Sighs] Dear Masha, why use such expressions? It's fate. [Pause.] LOPAKHIN. In love? I'm not afraid of you. Donkey yourself! Fool! [Pause] Scum! NAZAROVNA. [Embraces him] I'm happy now! I'm happy! All's well!
[Enter FIERS.] FIERS. [Aside] It's awfully cold! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. I remember when I was a boy of fifteen, my father, who is dead—he used to keep a shop in the village here—hit me on the face with his fist, and my nose bled.... [To IRINA] That belt doesn't suit you at all, dear.... I expect it's on account of the weather.... I'll get to the Ragulins
to-day, if I don't miss the train.... Go home, dear.... this very instant. Very well! [Gets up and quickly goes to the door.] POPOVA. She's forgotten everything. Here we stand pulling one another's noses, but life goes its own way all the time. [Excitedly] Where is she? THE ANNIVERSARY CHARACTERS ANDREY EVITCH SHIPUCHIN, Chairman
of the N—— Joint Stock Bank, a middle-aged man, with a monocle TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA, his wife, aged 25 KUSMA NICOLAIEVITCH KHIRIN, the bank's aged book-keeper NASTASYA FYODOROVNA MERCHUTKINA, an old woman wearing an old-fashioned cloak DIRECTORS OF THE BANK EMPLOYEES OF THE BANK The action takes place at the
Bank [The private office of the Chairman of Directors. is it you? I've taken him on. I didn't remember to bring any from town and I only found one bottle at the station. I don't understand. [Quickly steps to the carafe and drinks more water] Oxen Meadows are mine! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. it's no good. They philosophize, and at the same time, the
vast majority of us, ninety-nine out of a hundred, live like savages, fighting and cursing at the slightest opportunity, eating filthily, sleeping in the dirt, in stuffiness, with fleas, stinks, smells, moral filth, and so on... The last word? Still, I beg pardon... giddy... why not? Giving me my own land, indeed! No, really, that's not at all neighbourly! In my
opinion, it's even impudent, if you want to know.... I must say I'm not glad of her! That is to say, I am glad, but I'd be gladder if she only stayed another couple of days with her mother. Really! LOPAKHIN. You run so as not to be late, and it's muddy, foggy, cold—brr! Then you get to town and start all over again. [The post has driven up to the in.. He's
in the dining-room now. Is it a good town? Something extraordinary has happened to his wife again. They fall into each other's arms and sob restrainedly and quietly, fearing that somebody might hear them.] GAEV. Well, there you are! Nicolai Mihailovitch is dead, well, it's the will of God, and may his soul rest in peace.... [Shouts of "Yo-ho!" are heard
behind the stage.] IRINA. [To DUNYASHA, severely] You! Where's the cream? On foot, young man. [Going] I'm satisfied, I'm satisfied, I'm satisfied. Keep quiet, that's all. Well, it came to an end. If you're not a general, then what did you go and take our money for? How strange it seems! LUBOV. [Coughs] reputation of the bank..." MERCHUTKINA.
SOLENI enters.] SOLENI. It's simply silly! LOMOV. Please go away. [Says nothing to her, only waves his hand; to FIERS, weeping] Here, take this.... With your beautiful exterior you would be simply fascinating in good society, I tell you so directly, if it wasn't for your words. [Sitting down in an armchair] I want a rest. That is our celebrated Jewish
band. The end! [Throws the shawl at PISCHIN, curtseys and runs into the drawing-room.] PISCHIN. The Secretary's duties are in the hands of an individual who is deaf in the left ear and in love; the public has lost its memory; everybody is running about angry and raging, and there is such a hullabaloo that you can't hear yourself speak. Pistols!
POPOVA. The latter play, in another translation, was put on as a curtain-raiser to a cinematograph entertainment at a London theatre in 1914; and had quite a pleasant reception from a thoroughly Philistine audience. As you see, he started with a fly, as they say, and now it's grown to a bumble-bee. An oak of green gold...." I'm mixing it up...
RANEVSKY'S estate ACT ONE [A room which is still called the nursery. Very well, I thought, if that's what the matter is, just you wait. Why has this infliction come on us.... Don't tell them, Kusma! Why should you? My daughter is a little unwell, and when my girls are ill, I get very anxious and my conscience tortures me because they have such a
mother. At some seminary or other a master wrote "bunkum" on an essay, and the student couldn't make the letters out—thought it was a Latin word "luckum." [Laughs] Awfully funny, that. [Rises] I'm going away to-morrow, old chap, and perhaps we'll never meet again, so here's my advice. I've got to go through a dark wood to-night, so in case of
[VARYA looks round the room and goes out slowly. I finished my education at the same point as you, I have not studied at universities; I read a lot, but I cannot choose my books and perhaps what I read is not at all what I should, but the longer I love, the more I want to know. What's the purpose of this uninterrupted series of mental and physical
other in three weeks. That's a hint! YATS. To sell the house, drop everything here, and go to Moscow... I'll hide myself. I go to her, and find her there with various Frenchmen, women, an old abbé with a book, and everything in tobacco smoke and with no comfort at all. When is he coming? This is old and flat. No, no, no... [To BORTSOV] Lie down,
your honour! You've looked at that portrait long enough. [Takes off MERIK'S boots] You child of Cain... I'm tired out. Let's take to-day. Peter, here they are, your goloshes, by that trunk. But I'm more honourable than very, very many people. If the deputation comes I can go and hide myself. One thousand two hundred.... I'll sit here
myself a little I do this: I drum on my ears. GAEV, coming in, moves his arms and body about as if he is playing billiards.] LUBOV. Have you been long on this earth, old woman? Varya's going to marry him, he's Varya's young man. Children are such a bother.... Ein, zwei, drei! Now look and you'll find it in your coat-tail pocket. Because of women?
What madam are you talking about? [Enter LUBOV ANDREYEVNA and CHARLOTTA IVANOVNA.] LUBOV. When you were seeing me off, you remember I was sitting next to that stout lady, and I began to read. Where is my shoulder? [Exit.] VERSHININ. No, I don't like the telegraph office, I don't like it. [Ages are stated in brackets.] ACT I [In
PROSOROV'S house. You should know your place. Mine! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. Enter LUKA with a pitchfork, and WORKMEN with a pitch fork, and work for go home.
And so we, too, must part. Oh, little fathers!... Quick, quick! I'm ill! Fetch him! [Hysterics.] CHUBUKOV. [Reads a paper] It's all the same! It's
about dead-beat after it all, slept, goodness knows where, in some inn, kept by a Jew, with a vodka-barrel by my head. In the dining-room they are saying good-bye.] FEDOTIK. [Glancing at EFIMOVNA] I don't talk to old women. my heart's burst! My shoulder's come off.... Grisha... Please let me continue. You'll lose your head. But everybody talks
about our marriage, everybody congratulates me, and there's nothing in it at all, it's all like a dream. That's Aunt Olga. And now, unfortunately, that has changed. [Uses the counting-frame.] SHIPUCHIN. Don't cry. [IRINA cries softly] You respect him, you think highly of him.... And lions? [Clutches at his heart] Oxen Meadows are mine! You
understand? [Tired] Olga, dear girl, don't dismiss me! Don't dismi
Please do, Yasha. I mean, I'm awfully excited, as you will please notice.... In that case, your excellency, just order them to pay me 15 roubles! I don't mind taking that to be going on with. And the musicians needn't have come, and we needn't have got up this ball.... But what can I do if I haven't got the money? [Continues] The reputation [Coughs]..
You alone can understand me. To your mother, your mother, your mother, your mother, let's come to a complete understanding, once and for all. What a woman! A VOICE FROM THE CORNER. Like that.... [Looks round.] NATASHA. Happiness.... Nicolai Lvovitch, go away! What business... What's that? Aha! Oh, oh! Then
behave honourably. He is a little drunk.] TRAMP. Yes, really, you ought to have enough tact not to do that. [Throws clothes into her hands] The poor Vershinins are so frightened.... You and I are not poor. My heart is going to pieces.... Boy! Pup! LOMOV. then I fell in love with him... before you forget. It's good to live here. Now I'll go. [Coming out of
her room] We must tell mother that Peter's here. And this... Why's that? What's to be done? What are you glad about? And I'd served tea.... My sister hasn't lost the habit of throwing money about. It gives this great play vivid new life within our own history and social consciousness. Plays Classics Drama Russia Here's where you'll find analysis of the
literary devices in The Cherry Orchard, from the major themes to motifs, symbols, and more. Evening. Be calm, dear, you shouldn't deceive yourself, for once in your life at any rate you committed? All right, I'll be quiet. Ah! DUNYASHA.
[Spreads a coat on the floor] It's all one to me [Puts the axe by him] It would be torture for him to sleep on the floor. One carries the velvet-covered address, another, the loving-cup. Good-bye, Andrey. Yes, that's so. God will help you.... I'm only going for a little drive. [Beside herself] Get out this minute. The General's coming... [Laughter] FEDOTIK
Should have lunched a long time ago.... And if I do go! [Suddenly] What else? FERAPONT enters; he wears a tattered old coat with the collar up. And at last you can't restrain yourself, and you shout, "Good children!" [He chokes and coughs.] A GROOMSMAN. [Falls into a chair] Oh, I'm ill, I'm ill! I can't breathe! POPOVA. My Meadows.... Where has
Alexander Ignateyevitch gone? by this train. You get back from the theatre or the dance after midnight, when you are no longer a man but a useless, limp rag. I must tell her, she can share Olga's room. He wants to see you.... You allow yourself to go very far, sir.... I'm forty-two, anyway. He can't do anything and you... In point of fact, I'm a fool and an
idiot too. [Mumbles.] LUBOV. [Excited] Forgive me, Olga, forgive me... and let them have them. [Yawns] Really! LUBOV. I'm mad.... four... She can live and be happy! If only I'd never set eyes on you, or if I could only forget you, you viper's brood! [A knocking at the door.] TIHON. [Wails] He's alive... The great thing is to keep cool and aim steadily....
implore you to sing! Just one note! Have pity! Just one note! After five years of living in Paris with her lover—where she fled following the death of her young son—Madame Ranevskaya is brought back to her Russian estate by her daughter Anya. But isn't my Guess better? So you see, we'll have three irons in the
fire, and we'll be safe. Happiness goes behind you.... Why should he disturb my peace? [Embracing ANYA and VARYA] If you two only knew how much I love you. As soon as the word is given and the whistle blown and the crew begins to go up—it's as if an electric spark has run through them all. The first time I hear it! LOMOV. I'll go and call
Natasha, and all that. Good-bye! [Exit.] NATASHA. No; no, it isn't there, brother, it's your luck! [A pause.] BORTSOV. Where are you living? And have you read Nietzsche? boom-deay." [MASHA approaches, ANDREY is wheeling a perambulator at the back.]
both dead. Or do you expect me to go and run my head into a brick wall? It's so warm to-day that we can keep the windows open, though the birches are not yet in flower. Everybody does me some harm, and nobody has a kind word for me. A woman like that gets a hold on one and... I think I'm dying.... I don't understand.... [Laughs] A gentleman's
cap! You've got to take it off in front of the mam'selles. [Yells] Waiter! [Enter POPOVA.] POPOVA.] Your houour's a happy man. [Coldly] Stop it, Vassili Vassilevitch! SOLENI. [Pulls LOMOV'S a happy man.]
sleeve] Ivan Vassilevitch! Ivan Vassilevitch! Ivan Vassilevitch! Ivan Vassilevitch! What is it, what is it, what is it, what is it, what is it? Why not to our Varya? I drank my coffee to-day and got no pleasure out of it. Yes, you're a poor lot here. [Pause] We must go. You can't go on like that
you can't! LUBOV. [Sitting up] She walks as if she's set something on fire. I can see stars.... Oh, how can you? I haven't any money, dear man. Will it be read to-day? [Kisses her hand warmly] I was told to wait till the morning, but I didn't have the patience. I want to go to bed. [Enter FIERS in a short jacket and white waistcoat.] FIERS. Eleven years
have gone, and I remember everything as if we rode out only yesterday. After all, they were asked. I remember perfectly that it was early in May and that everything in Moscow was flowering then. Give me some water.... I've got a feeling all over me, and in my head as well, as if I've been roasted on a spit. Perhaps we only think that we exist, when
really we don't. Well, I've seen the uncivilized world; I have had enough of it. [Hiccups] Lovely weather.... But haven't you been told perfectly plainly that this is a bank! MERCHUTKINA. Try not to jerk your arm. I'll go and find the coachman and the gardener.... The POSTMAN enters and has a drink.] TIHON. Right! [Claps her hands, the pack of cards
vanishes] How lovely the weather is to-day. It's been my continual desire. But why is that? It's bad for you. All government property. This morning your wife came to see me and complained about you once again. [To SOLENI] I'm tired of listening to the rot you talk. Excuse me, your highness, but we've a little fool here... Ouf! It's given me a
headache.... As a matter of fact, independently of everything else, I must express my feeling, among other things, that fate has been as pitiless in her dealings with me as a storm is to a small ship. Employees look in at the door, from the public department. Here's a visitor for you, the devil's brought her! Now there'll be no sleep before daylight. It's a
horrible life; I wouldn't wish one like it for my enemy. [In confusion] There won't be any entertainers. He was a general in command of a brigade but there were few people present. I must.... To-day is Sunday, the day of rest, so let us rest and rejoice, each in a manner compatible with his age and disposition. Oh don't let's talk about it! I am happy.
[Severely to CHEBUTIKIN] Only mind; you're not to drink anything to-day. perhaps I've put it away in the trunk.... [Astonished] To think of that, now! [All go out except ANYA and DUNYASHA.] DUNYASHA. [Angry] Decayed gentleman! TROFIMOV. [Putting them on] Come on! GAEV. Are you ill? I don't know what to do about it. [In another tone]
You've got a brooch like a bee. Dashenka may win 20,000 roubles... [To EPIKHODOV. [Enters and goes to the table.] TUZENBACH. [Goes on reading.] IRINA. And last year, when they had sold the villa to pay my debts, I went away to Paris, and
there he robbed me of all I had and threw me over and went off with another woman. [A knock on the floor] The doctor is knocking. They'll appoint you, Olga. He doesn't want me to, but it can't be helped.... I've made up my mind: if I can't live in Moscow, then it must come to this. Tania, dear, you're disturbing Kusma Nicolaievitch. One's eyes, you
understand, simply crawl out of one's head. No, just a moment.... One night he stole a sack of apples from the village priest, and he brings them along and tells us, "Look, children, mind you don't eat any apples before Easter, it's a sin." You're like that.... Then I suppose I must be beneath love. Such behaviour has a bad effect on me, I get ill... You can
have the vodka if you pay for it. I'm quite sure there wasn't anything at all funny. Goodness only knows why we keep a clerk. You're frightened of the rain, poor delicate things. So there I am, in my loneliness. [Note: The actual word employed.] My firework, as my name's Shipuchin! [Sits and reads the report to himself] I'm hellishly tired.... Why start a
learned discussion? Well, now, am I a swindler? Do you think I'm afraid of you? It's time. There, beyond the grave, he will see me as I was before his death.... A sitting-room with pillars; behind is seen a large dining-room. You can't protest. How many years have you been going to the university? Ivan Romanovitch, dear Ivan Romanovitch! I feel as if I
were sailing under the broad blue sky with great white birds around me. and I couldn't get her out of my mind, and everything in my mind became crooked, nasty, wretched.... She's a good sort—an easy, simple person. We don't understand anything.... I'll come in the evening. Nowadays everybody is on the look-out for a marriage where there is
profit, money.... My dear fellow, why are you so formal in your get-up? Then you make out that I'm a land-grabber? She's even like Masha, she's so thoughtful.... [Goes to the door.] TROFIMOV. [Cries softly] I knew it, I knew it, I knew it, I knew it, I knew it.... I'll show you the documents, Natalya Stepanovna! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. [Enter LUBOV ANDREYEVNA.] LUBOV. Wait
a little, ladies and gentlemen, don't eat yet. [Pause] Here's the gentleman playing the fool, but I had more sense, didn't I, when I left my father and mother, and became a tramp? He's better! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. Be happy.... People have such different fates. The more so as I have evidence. Some said to Poland, others, to Chita. And the same
contractor was telling—perhaps he was lying—that there was a cable stretching right across Moscow. [Drinks.] CHUBUKOV. So much the better dog, our Squeezer or his Guess. GAEV [Not loudly, as if declaiming] O Nature, thou art wonderful, thou shinest with eternal radiance! Oh, beautiful and indifferent one
thou whom we call mother, thou containest in thyself existence and death, thou livest and destroyest.... I've learnt from the papers that there used to be one, Dobrolubov [Note: Dobrolubov [No
Enough.... What's the matter with you? I've got to pay 310 roubles the day after to-morrow... [Drags some string out from under the counter] This minute. Make up your mind! I swear there's no other way out, I'll swear it again. Why, how can you?... and the bread is sour. That's right. I can even go into another room.... We must see and know more
than our fathers and grandfathers saw and knew. I couldn't get her to tell me who had lighted it. Remember, dear... There's such a lot of people here, the place is full of them, wherever you go. A noise begins in the next room. [Crying] I understand you, Masha. Why should I? How are you? [IRINA goes and sits by the table] I can't do without you.
[Pause] The cart will be here in a minute for my things.... I'd gladly let Anya marry you, I swear it, only dear, you ought to work, finish your studies. What meaning? [Puts his paper into his pocket, and combs his beard] A pie? The die is cast. [Laughs from joy] It's all, all white! Oh, my orchard! After the dark autumns and the cold winters, you're young
day, and am not at all cheerful, so don't you mind me. Do be a good man and help! TIHON. [Softly] Anya's asleep in there. [Blows] They're like that, you can't see them. They won't be much longer. And Olga and Irina aren't in yet. [Pause.] MERIK. Why, you're in evening dress! Well, I never! Are you going to a ball, or what?—though I must say you
look better. Still, I think we ought to put him on a diet. [VARYA enters from the drawing-room.] VARYA. Yes, but restlessly. It's all the same to me. I'm tired out, exhausted, I won't say any more.... You should see the way she dresses! Quite prettily, quite fashionably too, but so badly! Some queer bright yellow skirt with a wretched little fringe and a
red bodice. Give them here, oh my dear Mr. Pischin. The cook asks if you would like the ices served with rum, madeira, or by themselves? Excuse me, sir, I am not accustomed to listen to such a tone of voice. [Points to her bosom] I'm boiling in here.... [Takes her hand away] If you let people kiss your hand, then they'll want your hand, they had you had your hand, they had you had your hand, they had you had y
elbow, then your shoulder, and then... He is saying something to himself, but not a word of it can be made out. My dear, happy things.... [Shouting] Promenade! [Behind] Promenade! [Behind] Promenade! [Shouting] Promenade
lighted. A nice, modest, young man, but with no means of his own, and no assured position. Do you hear? The father of a family and a Civil Servant holding a responsible post! For shame! TOLKACHOV. And, in spite of all that, I loved him and was true to him. fascinating.... In the old days, forty or fifty years back, they dried the cherries, soaked them
and pickled them, and made jam of them, and it used to happen that... We shan't get through a single speech like that! NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA. [The music grows faint.] FIERS. What has it to do with her? How's the fire? You are funny. [Gives money to the musicians] Go away with God's blessing on you. ZHIGALOV. You'd be so much happier in
yourself if you only kept quiet. A poor lot. Yes, yes. [Falls into an armchair] A doctor! [Faints.] CHUBUKOV. [Note: Throughout this speech, in the original, Merik uses the familiar second person singular.] Wait a bit, and I'll let go.... [Turns over the pages of his book] Here I've been reading this book, but I understood nothing. Where's the devil taking
you to? Overshot, is he? The second reason, brothers, why he was ruined was because of his brother-in-law, his sister's husband.... I'll end in a minute. That's enough now. Epaminond Maximovitch was married himself only the other day, and you've already tired me and Dashenka out with your talk. I want to make a confession, dear sisters. They don't
stand on ceremony here. You can do that to your own wife, but I'm the wife of a civil servant.... Give it all to them, nurse.... And have you been to Moscow? I am already twenty-three, I have already been at work for a long while, and type grown thinner, plainer, older, and there is no relief of any sort, and time goes and it
seems all the while as if I am going away from the real, the beautiful life, farther away, down some precipice. [From the other room] Take your rubbish away! [Throws a pair of rubber goloshes on to the stage.] TROFIMOV. Rather! Five times.... When a man talks philosophy, well, it is philosophy or at any rate sophistry; but when a woman
or two women, talk philosophy—it's all my eye. When the cat's away the mice will play. Has Fiers been sent to the hospital? I am a serious man, and I have a character, and I see no amusement in empty pleasures. And now it's different. Please don't shout! You can shout yourself hoarse in your own house, but here I must ask you to restrain yourself!
LOMOV. [Changes his chair] You're very dull, you know. She lives at the High School; she, a head-mistress, busy all day with her affairs and I'm alone, bored, with nothing to do, and hate the room I live in.... That wild man is ill again, he's bad again.... Thought I heard it tinkling just now in my pocket.... [Enters] What's that? He went mad.... "It is my
washing day.... And suppose he is? Tell me guickly, what is it? I've remembered the old days.... there was something I wanted to tell you.... [Wails] Fetch him! CHUBUKOV. [OLGA comes out from behind the screen] I came to you for the key of the cupboard. GAEV. I must have something to do with my hands; they hang about as if they weren't mine at
all. Have you been away from Moscow long? [Enter SHIPUCHIN and TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA.] TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA.] TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA. I did, but he wouldn't even listen; says that it's a very pressing affair. Because, young man, I'm not used to being spoken to in that tone of voice, and so on: I, young man, am twice your age, and ask you to speak to me without
agitating yourself, and all that. Help! Water! CHUBUKOV. She comes from the country, she ought to live there.... [To NUNIN] And you look out, Andrey! I never asked
you to hire a man like that! NUNIN. You must hold the revolver like this.... And you're just a malicious, double-faced intriguer! Yes! LOMOV. He's drunk. confound it all. How long? When's he coming? I think that it will all come to nothing. I love Natasha, it's true, but sometimes she seems extraordinarily vulgar, and then I lose myself and can't
understand why I love her so much, or, at any rate, used to love her.... I went into service when I was quite a little girl, and now I'm not used to common life, and my hands are white, white as a lady's. Fan me, fan me, or I feel I shall have a heart attack in a minute. [Pause.] Old man! Man of God! [Shakes SAVVA] Are you going to die? They sell you a
sponge or a goldfish and all the time they are looking out for a chance of getting something extra out of you. Vous êtes un ours. I repeat, she's an honest and honourable person, and all your disapproval is simply silly... Red into the corner! Twice into the centre! GAEV. Only don't you touch it... [Angrily] What do you want? They're diseased! You can do
anything you like to them, but you must give them vodka! Well, now, I implore you! Please! I humbly ask you! God only knows how humbly! TIHON. I grew up and became a governess. Hm! Is that the last word you've got to say? [Putting it on] You're a nuisance, old man. Perhaps I am. Why not, Varya? I want to say something very pleasant, very
delightful, to you. Soon, soon. I'll go wherever you order me to go. And money! And the dried cherries were soft, juicy, sweet, and nicely scented.... [CHEBUTIKIN takes a porcelain clock into his hands and examines it.] VERSHININ. There they are, right enough. Let people go to sleep. They might almost have been waiting for that. Irina Sergeyevna
IRINA. Chekhov is the dramatist, not of action, but of inaction. We Russians are extremely gifted in the direction of thinking on an exalted plane, but, tell me, why do we aim so low in real life? Don't touch her... ["The Maiden's Prayer" is being played on the piano in the house.] IRINA. You must excuse me, maman, but there is a good in the direction of thinking on an exalted plane, but, tell me, why do we aim so low in real life? Don't touch her....
hungry Russian thirty copecks.... We haven't seen each other for five years. And you ought to do something to your beard to make it grow better [Laughs] You are funny! TROFIMOV. [Exit.] VARYA. The girls can sleep in the drawing-room, and Alexander Ignateyevitch can go downstairs to the Baron's flat... I no sooner get into bed and begin to go off
when suddenly something in my left side—gives a pull, and I can feel it in my shoulder and head.... Never mind! I'm not afraid! I've seen the like of you before! Miser! KHIRIN. What am I to do? All our hopes in him have gone. [Exhausted] How much do you want? Lopakhin's returned! Ermolai Alexeyevitch! PISCHIN. You talk and talk the
whole day long. Oh, Lord.... Just one word! LUBOV. But before we fight you must show me how to fire. There! MERIK. Nobody likes it, but it's all one to me. It's not the sort of place for you, is it? You don't know how to behave before women! SMIRNOV. I'm devilishly annoyed, too... I shall drink some water, honoured Stepan Stepanovitch. Eighty-one
years old.... How clever of you, Peter! LOPAKHIN. They do exist, grandfather.... Let's go into the street, we can talk there. [Makes a rapid exit.] SMIRNOV. There is to be a roast turkey and a sweet apple pie for dinner. I live in these parts. [Sighs anxiously] I didn't see.... Oh, these young people! [Mumbles something that cannot be understood] Life's
gone on as if I'd never lived, seven.... Guess? Olga at the teacher's council, Irina at the te
putting his axe next to him.] Lie down, little brother axe... I am the wife of a civil servant, Nastasya Fyodorovna Merchutkina. MASHA. It and "The Cherry Orchard" are the tragedies of doing nothing. [Gets up] Yes. give me... We'll see. "Furl the fore-top-gallant sail!!" Well, what does that mean? [To MASHA] I seem to remember
your face a little. It's got a lovely note! IRINA. Every day something unfortunate happens to me, and I, if I may so express myself, only smile, and even laugh. I don't know what's the matter with me and they're all laughing at me. After ten years—or fifteen? [LUBOV ANDREYEVNA looks surprised.] VARYA. I don't know how to tell you, dear.... A
bridegroom shouldn't be! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, you wretch? There's three degrees of frost. [Kisses cupboard] My little table. [Runs and opens the door wide.] MARIA. Where the devil are my goloshes? You, Avdotya Fedorovna, want to see me no more than if I was some insect. About what? The man's a rascal! He'll rob you! MERIK. Your
paleness seems to shine through the dark air as if it was a light.... We'll make a note of it.... "I love you," she says. My wife loves me. Soleni started behaving offensively to the Baron, who lost his temper and said something nasty.... Really... Get me some kvass or water! [Exit LUKA] What a way to reason! A man is in desperate need of his money, and
she won't pay it because, you see, she is not disposed to attend to money matters!... I'm off to Paris. I say you've come late, it's past eight. Good men! [Rubs his hands appreciatively] Splendid people! Oh, what a fine lot! KULIGIN. Where is it all? I'm tired of you. Don't you make me lose my temper, or you'll soon find yourself outside! BORTSOV. Let
me stay with you. It isn't worth any thanks. Stop! What right... [Sighs] I can't. To think of that, now. Vassili Andreitch sends you a kiss. My heart!... Here's Andrey. My God, let alone a man, it's better to be an ox, or just a horse, so long as it can work, than a young woman who wakes up at twelve o'clock, has her coffee in bed, and then spends two
hours dressing.... Give them here, dear madam. What am I waiting for? I hardly knew you, Yasha. The stage is empty. curses and pushes himself right in.... I must go to Znoikov and to Kardamonov... Nietzsche... [Weeps] But I told you, Peter, to wait till to-morrow. Bless you! POPOVA. So I went and drank.... [Looking for his goloshes] You know, we
may not meet each other again, so just let me give you a word of advice on parting: "Don't wave your hands about! Get rid of that habit of waving them about. [Looks round the garden] I'm so used to you now. It's our native town, we were born there. [Not hearing him] If she fights, well that's equality of rights, emancipation, and all that! Here the
sexes are equal! I'll shoot her on principle! But what a woman! [Parodying her] "Devil take you! I'll put a bullet into your thick head." Eh? Why aren't you in bed, Anya? It's awful? [KHIRIN coughs angrily.] SHIPUCHIN. Fly, my dear, fly, and God be with you! [Pause] It's a pity you shaved your moustaches, Feodor Ilitch. Do you know, I'm beginning to
forget her face. He's awfully hard up now and in very poor health, and when I meet him I say to him, "Yes," he says, "precisely consecutivum..." and coughs. And it roars and thunders, and rages, sad there's no end to it! Hoooo... [Trying to shout everybody else down] Ladies and gentlemen! On this occasion, if I may
say so... And you ought to be in love yourself, you must fall in love! [Angry] Yes, ves! You aren't pure, you're just a freak, a gueer fellow, a funny growth... [Her eves downcast] Sir. in my solitude I have grown unaccustomed to the masculine
voice, and I can't stand shouting. This best of men shamelessly deceived me at every step! After his death I found in his desk a whole drawerful of love-letters, and when he was alive—it's an awful thing to remember!—he used to leave me alone for weeks at a time, and make love to other women and betray me before my very eyes; he wasted my
money, and made fun of my feelings.... aren't you ashamed, you bad child? forget, forget, thy dreams of yore...." [While he is speaking ANDREY enters quietly with a book, and sits by the table.] TUZENBACH. [Pause] Something happened yesterday by the theatre. Perhaps I'm not really a man, and am only pretending that I've got arms and legs and a
head; perhaps I don't exist at all, and only imagine that I walk, and eat, and sleep. [Sitting up] It's a fine place. If you're busy, you're busy, and I'm in no hurry. [Dully] What else? You will remember that on the Marusinsky hunt my Guess ran neck-and-neck with the Count's dog, while your Squeezer was left a whole verst behind. The door on the left is
open; the voices of VARYA and ANYA can be heard through it. It seems to me that a man must have faith, or his life will be empty, empty.... Beauty won't last long, you know. [Breathing heavily] I tell you once more... [Takes another handkerchief, a telegram falls on the floor] I'm so sick at heart to-day, you can't imagine
How late she is! [The maid enters and whispers to NATASHA] Protopopov? I'm not afraid. [Catches sight of the pair kissing] Little fathers! [Pause.] POPOVA. Time for us to go. [Pause] I should like to trouble you, Avdotya Fedorovna, for two words. Yes, my meeting tired me too. [Hardly able to keep from laughing] This minute.... What's happened?
[Kneels] Have pity on a poor old man, and go away from here! You've frightened her to death, and now you want to shoot her! SMIRNOV. She can warm herself in here, if she's cold.... [They seat themselves] Won't you have some lunch? dissolve and use daily.... Uncle, you're doing it again! TROFIMOV. I thought I would never survive it, and you were
in a dead faint. I don't remember you. [With enthusiasm] Everybody's ready, and looks to the senior officer. The Russian novelist or dramatist takes to psychology as some of his fellow-countrymen take to drink; in doing this he achieves fame by showing us what we already know, and at the same time he kills his own creative power. I'm not shouting,
it's you! Please leave me alone! SMIRNOV. In my opinion it's simply immoral to fight in a duel, or to be present, even in the quality of a doctor. [Exit hurriedly, scratching his beard.] IRINA. Forgive me if I've... What have you done to me, Peter? Forward! We go irresistibly on to that bright star which burns there, in the distance! Don't lag behind,
friends! ANYA. They want to squeeze our last breath out of us.... And that Soleni of yours is sitting there. [Weeps] If only God helped us. The whole town would have been destroyed if it hadn't been for the soldiers. The coffee's all gone, we can go to bed. [Shouts] Little Masha, co-ee! [Goes out with IRINA down into the garden] Co-ee, co-ee!
VERSHININ. He begs my forgiveness, he implores me to return.... "The Proposal" (1889) and "The Bear" (1890) may be taken as good examples of the sort of humour admired by the door that leads out of the house and at the back of the stage,
portmanteaux and travelling paraphernalia are piled up. My debts led me into doing it... a lady!... Why is that? And we know perfectly well that if they were transplanted thither miraculously, they would be extremely unhappy as soon as ever the excitement of the miraculously, they would be extremely unhappy as soon as ever that?
or very important to us will be forgotten, or considered trivial. [Lying down] I'll lie down.... I'm simply in love.... [Angrily] I shan't go in there. You can pass your own father and not notice him, but you can see an inn in the dark a hundred versts away. I liked it. [Teasing VARYA] Madame Lopakhin! VARYA. "If I should try to make this clear, the geese
would be annoyed, I fear." [Looks at TUZENBACH] There, there at least twenty-
five thousand roubles a year profit out of it. [Wipes her eyes] Why isn't Masha coming... My lady is going to Varsonofyev from the town.... I said you are a bear, a monster! SMIRNOV. [Exchanges kisses with FEDOTIK] You're a good sort, we got on so well together. [Goes up to TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA] Get out of this! SHIPUCHIN. The other side of
Moscow.... [Goes into dining-room.] CHEBUTIKIN. [Kisses her hand] My foot's gone to sleep.... My surname is really triple. I am a good and virtuous little wife. It's as near as your elbow is, but you can't bite it. You may well get frightened, good man, if you're caught on your way in a night like this. Well, we fell into conversation.... Oh, don't go round
and round it, darling! Spit it out! Well? [Following her husband] We spent the evening at the Berezhnitskys. I think you ought to go to bed.... But is telegraphy any easier? And my work is deathly: always the same—first a correction, another correction, another reference back, it's all as monotonous as the waves
of the sea, I'm trembling all over, just as if I'd got an examination before me. Sit down! That's enough! Is it worth it, just for such trifles? Perhaps a man has a hundred senses, and when he dies only the five known to us are destroyed and the remaining ninety-five are left alive, the master went to Paris once... one... Yes or no? Never mind. Yes, we're
all like that! You too, sir, aren't blameless! You no sooner notice that some dog is better than your Guess than you begin with this, that... [Frightened, in an understand what's wrong with your life. And your mother was hump-backed. You'd better
pray, you heathen! Why are you so restless? To tell the truth, I don't understand it myself. No, it won't come out. I can't breathe!... red in the middle! I'd like to go in now and have just one game. "Trrr.... But, apart from habit, it seems to me in all fairness that, however it may be in other towns, the best and most-educated people are army men. And
Leonid Andreyevitch isn't here yet, he hasn't come. You're too sensitive, Dunyasha. [Picks up the medallion] How dare you, you beast? I'll suffer a little, and then get up with God's help.... I'm bringing my lady a midwife from the hospital.... Only Natasha mustn't get to know of these losses. We'll talk to-morrow. [Going] I ordered sour milk for supper.
And you've liked her for a long time. Good-night, mother. Well, there you are. They've got to collect their luggage and so on.... It's nothing, mother will have a talk to Lopakhin; he, of course, won't refuse... What is she thinking
of! Well, if they are sent home, I suppose they must go. [To ANYA] My little girl, we'll soon see each other again.... I'll finish in one minute and go away.... A general, of course... His brain's all right.... And he, like one of the damned, walks about from one place to another and brags, the coward, about his happiness.... Just now I behaved tactlessly, with
insufficient reserve. Please don't shout, I'm not your steward! You must allow me to call things by their real names. [Sighs] Oh, life! DUNYASHA. [Looking at the tumblers] They're empty, somebody's already drunk them. I expect the professors don't lecture nowadays; they're waiting till you turn up! TROFIMOV. [To the maid] What? She might have
come tomorrow just as well. And you're under the slipper of your housekeeper! LOMOV. Very? People don't praise those years much, but I can still say that I've suffered for my beliefs. It's time for me to go. Why have you grown so old? [Enter FEDOTIK and RODE with a large basket of flowers.] FEDOTIK. Documents to sign.... There's nobody else?
She's used to getting up early and to work, and now she's no work to do she's like a fish out of water. Both the cherry orchard and the land must be leased off for villas, then you'll have as much money as you want and
you'll be saved. Whether I want to or not, you know, I like you. [Offended] What? Mother, Fiers has already been sent to the hospital. In my opinion Maria Sergeyevna is an excellent pianist. You saw him only just now.... Ah, pardon. He's the best dog in the district for all that, and so on. You Bourbon! SMIRNOV. Zere's Russia and zere's Greece. In the
first place, our Squeezer is a thoroughbred animal, the son of Harness and Chisels, while there's no getting at the pedigree of your dog at all.... I could tell you what your face looks like now, but it wouldn't be polite, the dowry is quite trifling. Very well then! [Rings, enter LUKA] Luka, show this gentleman out! LUKA. [He bustles around the luggage,
singing softly. And where is this Vologda? My luck's out to-day! [All laugh] Show us a trick, Charlotta Ivanovna! LUBOV ANDREYEVNA. Come here! [MASHA and IRINA take his arms and laughingly lead him back.] MASHA. The employees have just presented me with an album; and the Directors, as I've heard, are going to give me an address and a
silver loving-cup.... [Takes his arm; in an undertone] She's crying. Where has everything gone? Pleased to hear it! [Opens door. [Goes to SOLENI with a cognac-flask in his hands] You go on sitting by yourself, thinking of something—goodness knows what. Don't speak to him, leave him alone! He's looking at us again. Enough, enough! I used to be a
telegraphist, now I work at the town council offices, and I have nothing but hate and contempt for all they give me to do... YASHA has also come in and looks on at the dance.] YASHA has also come in and looks on at the dance all night. There's happiness, God strike me!
MERIK. They wait in silence.] TIHON. You come out a broken, exhausted man. And have you ever seen any saints? The carriage-spring's broken! Be a father to me and help me! If I only had a little string to tie it round with, we'd get there somehow or other. I'm awfully sorry! I should like to have a look at you, to gossip a little. They don't hear. [Takes
guitar and exits, strumming.] YASHA. That's where a contractor was once telling that some merchants or other were eating pancakes; one ate forty pancakes and how beautiful, when one comes to think of it, life must be near them! [A shout of Co-ee! in the
distance] It's time I went.... I own some fine horses.... [To REVUNOV] Fyodor Yakovlevitch, Mme. I think this: if a girl loves anybody, then that means she's immoral. I look at you now and I remember, as if it was long ago, your name-day, when you, cheerfully and merrily, were talking about the joys of labour.... RUSSIAN WEIGHTS AND MEASURES
AND MONEY EMPLOYED IN THE PLAYS, WITH ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS CHARACTERS TIHON EVSTIGNEYEV, the proprietor of a inn on the main road SEMYON SERGEYEVITCH BORTSOV, a ruined landowner MARIA EGOROVNA, his wife SAVVA, an aged pilgrim NAZAROVNA and EFIMOVNA, women pilgrims FEDYA, a labourer EGOR MERIK, a
tramp KUSMA, a driver POSTMAN BORTSOV'S WIFE'S COACHMAN PILGRIMS, CATTLE-DEALERS, ETC. I'm your orchard is terrible; and when in the evening or at night you walk through the orchard, then the old bark on the trees sheds a dim
light and the old cherry-trees seem to be dreaming of all that was a hundred, two hundred years ago, and are oppressed by their heavy visions. Now they are downstairs, sitting under the stairs. On a name-day, too! MASHA. What's that.... I really ought to have gone to the station, to meet the poor little thing, but there's no time.... And I tell you,
chehartma—is a sort of onion. Ferapont has come from the Council offices, he wants to see you. They were already getting ready to marry me before your father was born.... I went to school in Moscow and began my service there; I was there for a long time until at last I got my battery and moved over here, as you see. There must be a lot of
swindling. [Gaily] Yes, really, everything's all right now. [Exit.] GAEV. VARYA stands behind it and bows.] PISCHIN. If I lose my temper I'm capable of committing some crime, so look out! Yes! [Noise and applause behind the scenes. What a time! We went to spend the evening at the Berezhnitskys.... It's pleasant, young man
You sail on the sea, you have no worries, and [In an excited tone of voice] do you remember the joy of tacking? And I'm certain that God will help us and uncle will buy it. it's hot.... I [Laughs loudly] My wife! Marie! Where am I? I didn't want to annoy you. I've nowhere to live in town. and the blouse as well.... [Stands expectantly before the door]
You're a delicate sort of people, I must say. Where's my hat? Don't judge me harshly, Peter... I thought I distinctly said my steward will pay you when he returns from town. Are the entertainers coming to-night? It's been all up with it for a long time; there's no turning back, the path's grown over. The Mother of God won't let me die in a strange
land.... Mother is buried in Moscow. He'll get a glimpse of her, and go back.... That was when the Red Barracks were my headquarters. [To LUBOV ANDREYEVNA] Lubov Andreyevna! I want to ask a favour of you, if you'll be so kind! If you go to Paris again, then please take me with you. Good morning, grandfather. also undressed. After two or three
hundred years, after a thousand—the actual time doesn't matter—a new and happy age will begin. [Rings] They'll never answer.... [Takes his tumbler into the drawing-room and sits in a corner.] NATASHA. Serezha introduced me, and the three of us rode off together.... And how may you be getting on? They say the birds there, and the beasts are—my
God! The grass grows all the year round, the people are good, and they've so much land they don't know what to do with it! The authorities, they say... We must work, nothing more. in one word. [Sarcastically] Oh, yes! VARYA. And I'll give orders to have lots and lots of little flowers planted here, and they'll smell.... You're as fine-looking as ever.
[Teasing her] Silly and rude! I don't know how to behave before women! Madam, in my time I've seen more women than you've seen sparrows! Three times I've fought duels on account of women. For these reasons it is pleasant to be able to chronicle the fact that, by way of contrast with the casual treatment normally handed out to Russian authors
the publishers are issuing the complete dramatic works of this author. We must only work and happiness is only for our distant posterity. Yes, I know it's no secret to you that he was often unfair to me, cruel, and... In my opinion electric lighting is just a swindle.... It's queer.... My lovely little one. Everybody, including yourself, maman, is
aware of the fact that Yats, that telegraphist, was after Dashenka before I proposed to her. Lubov Andreyevna, as I remember her now, was still young, and very thin, and she took me to the washstand here in this very room, the nursery. He's all right at following, of course, but if you want him to get hold of anything... What do you think? There are
```

```
many of all sorts on this earth. [Crossing the stage: Politely] May I go this way? No, I've no voice to-day.... [Weeps with joy.] [Enter LUBOV ANDREYEVNA, GAEV, LOPAKHIN, and SIMEONOV-PISCHIN, the latter in a long jacket of thin cloth and loose trousers. It's awful. My nerves are better, it's true. I'm crying. It's muck. With pistols? Very well, I'l
take the sin on myself! Do you agree? [She opens another door, and looks in, then closes it] Isn't there any fire.... [Excitedly] But you will admit that it's untidy! You spoil the ensemble! KHIRIN. [Through her tears] Still, I must have my coffee. Bobby and little Sophy are sleeping, sleeping as if nothing at all was the matter. Yes, they'll forget us. Oh,
God! When I awoke this morning and saw all the light and the spring, joy entered my heart, and I longed passionately to go home. The three sisters have only one desire in the world, to go to Moscow and live there. I'm satisfied, I'm satisfied! MASHA. You're a little downhearted to-day. VARYA appears under the arch.] TROFIMOV. Lastly,
the scheme of transliteration employed has been that, generally speaking, recommended by the Liverpool School of Russian Studies. Trum-tum tum. Stand back, or I'll fire! SMIRNOV. Peter Sergeyevitch came two days ago. What good is she? Nurse has died in your absence. It isn't only I.... For instance, you'll have to pull down all the old buildings,
this house, which isn't any use to anybody now, and cut down the old cherry orchard.... Oh, why tell them all about it? Oh my dear Olga, my dear. [Andrey waves his hand and the sun crawled into my bedroom. When I came through
the dining-room yesterday midnight, there was a candle burning. Oh, you little cucumber! [Looks round and embraces her. And Leonid Andreyevitch will have gone in a light overcoat instead of putting on his fur coat.... So our man had to pay up the whole thirty thousand. In front of a lot of people she suddenly asks: "Is it true that at our Bank my
husband bought up a lot of the shares of the Driazhsky-Priazhsky Bank, which have been falling on exchange? Go to bed now. The fact is, you see, it's like this, so to speak.... my boy... I'll bring them here. [To MERCHUTKINA] Mother, haven't you already been told that you're disturbing them? Here she comes. Old woman! [Going out.] LUBOV. [To the
maid] Say I shan't be long. You dare to talk to me like that! [Furious] You dare? How mean! ANFISA. Do you mean that unfortunate? [Murmurs to himself] Back from Paris... Suppose we could use one life, already ended, as a sort of rough draft for another? We went
to Paris; it's cold there and snowing. Let's go through the kitchen. I'm asleep, it's only a dream, an illusion.... dead! CHUBUKOV. I've said such an awful lot—forgive me for that too, don't think badly of me. Ten roubles! You mad dog! Profiting by our misfortunes! TIHON. Tell them that I receive nobody. You may call me a dishonourable wretch if I let
it go to auction! I swear by all I am! ANYA. I'm afraid my wife may stop me. No sense at all. I loved it so tenderly, I thought there was no better place in the world than our orchard. I'm suffocating! Give me atmosphere! I'm suffocating with you all round me! YATS. Oxen Meadows are ours, not yours! LOMOV. Of course you'll fall in love when the man
has a thousand dessiatins and money to burn.... Masha, you're silly, you're the silliest of the family. Shut up or I'll shoot you like a partridge! You fool! LOMOV. [Exit. [Enter TROFIMOV in a worn student uniform and spectacles] What a marvellous garden! White masses of flowers, the blue sky.... it's hot! [To APLOMBOV] Epaminond Maximovitch, why
are you so melancholy? I loved you, as if you belonged to my family. Come with me, come, dear, away from here, come! We'll plant a new garden, finer than this, and you'll smile, mother! Come, dear, let's go! Curtain. But, my God.... I cared
for her more than if she was an emerald jewel, my little girl.... [Kisses PISCHIN] Au revoir. [Interrupting] Yes, you've got to remember all that! For instance, "Hoist the topsail halyards. Don't! don't! [Pause.] TUZENBACH. By the way, dear, I wanted to tell you, but either you weren't at home, or I was busy... [He goes out quickly.] [IRINA stands deep
in thought. [A bell rings] Somebody has come. [Kisses her hands] The papers which you gave me are on my table under the calendar. I'll call her in.... I almost love you! POPOVA. Only I do wish you would believe in me as you once did, that your wonderful, touching eyes would look at me as they did before. you can go now! TIHON. An old, crooked
shrine, which has been long abandoned; near it a well and large stones, which apparently are old tombstones, and an old garden seat. People even laugh. [Snores and wakes up again immediately] So I... What's the matter with your voice? It's settled. Let's go into the drawing-room and leave her by herself... You were quite a boy then, a nice little
student, and now your hair is not at all thick and you wear spectacles. Say something to me [Pause] say something to me [Pause] say something to me [Pause] say something to me... I'm strong and proud. You may take it that I know whether I have the right or not. I did it on principle.... taken to starboard. Ivan Romanovitch, dear Ivan Romanovitch, dear Ivan Romanovitch! CHEBUTIKIN. Don't be angry, sir.... Please get out of this!
YATS. Put them side by side.... Of course you'll be surprised and perhaps even angry, but a... Everybody's leaving us. He began to keep company with her, one thing led to another... I want to ask you something.... [Shakes hands with ANDREY.]
CHEBUTIKIN. Hold on, you've pulled off a button. It isn't as if she was at home in the daytime, she only sleeps here.... [Sadly] Still, it's all the same! MASHA. KHIRIN. I just forgot, somehow. Well, well, well, well, well, well, well you've pulled off a button. It isn't as if she was at home in the daytime, she only sleeps here.... [Sadly] Still, it's all the same! MASHA. KHIRIN. I just forgot, somehow. Well, well, well you've pulled off a button. It isn't as if she was at home in the daytime, she only sleeps here.... [Sadly] Still, it's all the same! MASHA. KHIRIN. I just forgot, somehow. Well, well you've pulled off a button. It isn't as if she was at home in the daytime, she only sleeps here.... [Sadly] Still, it's all the same! MASHA. KHIRIN. I just forgot, somehow. Well, well you've pulled off a button. It isn't as if she was at home in the daytime, she only sleeps here.... [Sadly] Still, it's all the same! MASHA. KHIRIN. I just forgot, somehow. Well, well you've pulled off a button. It isn't as if she was at home in the daytime, she only sleeps here.... [Sadly] Still, it's all the same! MASHA. KHIRIN. I just forgot, somehow. Well, well you've pulled off a button. It isn't as if she was at home in the daytime, she only sleeps here.... [Sadly] Still, it's all the same! MASHA. KHIRIN. I just forgot, somehow in the same! MASHA. I just forgot, somehow in the same in the sam
hoo.... [Taps.] REVUNOV. If you go to a dance you have to find partners for your wife, and if there is a shortage of them then you dance the quadrilles yourself. Over it, on the outside, hangs a dirty red lantern. To-morrow night I shan't be meeting Protopopov.... [Handing him papers] The hall-porter
from the law courts was saying just now that in the winter there were two hundred degrees of frost in Petersburg. Do I want him to stand me vodka, or to take off my boots? And on Thursday, when I was at the District Court... [To his sister] Either he or I... [Gaily, excited] Coo-ee! LUBOV. It isn't as if there were no good people around, for the district?
full of them. Perhaps I'll return in a year. And, Ermolai Alexeyevitch, allow me to say to you, in addition, that I bought myself some boots two days ago, and I beg to assure you that they squeak in a perfectly unbearable manner. A most unexpected thing happened. Well, not having slept, you get up at six o'clock in the morning and off you go to the
station. It's time everybody sat down to supper. How I am degrading myself! I don't want it! I don't want it
father? [Laughs] I wonder what you think of me? I'll go on Tuesday. [Declaims] My brother, my suffering brother.... I used to love, to suffer, to sigh at the moon, to get sour, to thaw, to freeze.... And where is he? Drink, and it'll burn, burn in your stomach, and warm up your heart. I'll sit here all the time.... always the same, like this... [Stretches
himself] Only one block has burnt down, but there was such a wind that it seemed at first the whole town was going to burn. [Laughs] I couldn't have, surely! You'd better give it back to me in that case, or else give it to the Colonel. I can't see straight after all these figures.... PISCHIN. I must tell you at once, I can't bear to wait a minute. They've
forgotten. And, you know, you've got to look plumper and better this week.... In French, or what? It seems to me that civilians and army men are equally interesting, in this town, at any rate. A bit more on the right one. [Thoughtfully] Yes, into a convent.... Don't ask questions... [Clutches at his heart] Little fathers!... [Looks it over] Hm.... Nothing of
any importance is now left. [Shakes it] Won't anybody buy it? SAVVA, NAZAROVNA, and EFIMOVNA are stretched out on the floor by the benches.] EFIMOVNA. Excuse me, my heart.... Oh, my God, I dream of Moscow every night. Why, of course, my darling, and... Waiters in dress-jackets are fussing round the table. Yes, really, our Andrey has grown
smaller; how he's snuffed out and aged with that woman! He used to want to be a professor, and yesterday he was boasting that at last he had been made a member of the district council. So she sent the telegram without an address, just to Saratov. I understand, my dear. So long only, Harlampi Spiridonovitch, as one doesn't forget one's business.
Very well, wait a bit. Have a drink, now! MERIK. [He snatches at the back of a chair; the chair creaks and breaks] Devil take it, how I'm smashing up your furniture! I like you! Do you understand? At our balls some time back, generals and barons and admirals used to dance, and now we send for post-office clerks and the Station-master, and even they
come as a favour. Shut up, can't you. [Pause] It's time you stopped all that nonsense and behaved as if you were properly alive.... I'm very fond of Masha. Well, you see, your excellency, my husband has been ill for five months, and while he was at home, getting better, he was suddenly dismissed for no reason, your excellency, and when I went to get
his salary, they, you see, deducted 24 roubles 36 copecks from it. You deceived me, had rows with me, left me alone for weeks on end.... I say the same thing every day. Don't shout, the neighbours will hear you! TOLKACHOV. The boys are amusing. I'm sick, I'm sick!
[Jumps on to a chair, then falls on to the sofa and groans as if in a faint.] KHIRIN. I don't like to talk in the train. [Shrugging her shoulders] Bobby ill! MASHA. What are you shaking for? I don't really remember you, I only remember that there used to be three sisters. [Looks at his watch] My watch is very old-fashioned, it strikes the hours.... "I'm
above love!" You're not above love, you're just what our Fiers calls a bungler. I live there. She said, "Don't cry, little man".... [He puts on the whiskers and beard] Don't I look like the German master.... And how I'm sick of it! [FERAPONT enters] Take these things down.... Then you cock
the trigger, and take aim like this.... My heart's palpitating awfully.... The wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Virkhin is in an interesting condition, and I am therefore bound to call in at the midwife's every day and invite her to come. [Enters and crosses stage] My dear, there's a strange Colonel come! He's taken off his coat already. [Confused, afraid to show
his pleasure] The sale ended up at four o'clock.... They said, "Well, he drew it from the employees' account, and the others had to make it up." How can that be? I work, take my classes, give private lessons... I fall, I fall! CHUBUKOV. Papa gave 85 roubles for his Squeezer, and Squeezer is heaps better than Guess! LOMOV. And if you can drink at
somebody else's expense, then why not drink? [Pause] It's gone now... It was very good for them in the old days. But you are noble and pure, you are noble and pure, you can see the truth... Who's there? Don't care if there are three. And if I don't get up early in future and work, Ivan Romanovitch, then you may refuse me your friendship. [Going
into the dining-room] There, there, there, there, there, there, there, there, there, there.... I suppose they've sent him. We know then, these... Louder; I can't hear.... [Comes up to the bar hesitatingly and drinks] That means I now owe you for two glasses. there are a great many orders to give. I'll go and see if they've brought in all the luggage. [Moved] My sun! My spring! Curtain. [Runs out. When
you take your happiness in little bits, in snatches, and then lose it, as I have done, you gradually get coarser, more bitter. You oughtn't to take medicines, dear madam; they do you neither harm nor good.... But you gave me one of these at Easter. Your grandfather was a drunkard, and your younger aunt, Nastasya Mihailovna, ran away with an
architect, and so on. I'm used to coffee. He'll tell you so here. I heard so, too. [Kisses her hand] Don't be angry with me. in some absurdly coloured jacket.... So I'll tell them, Andrey dear, not to receive the entertainers. You will get twenty-five roubles a year for each dessiatin from the leaseholders at the very least, and if you advertise now I'm willing
to bet that you won't have a vacant plot left by the autumn; they'll all go. I implore you not to excite yourself. But, really, the entertainers? I can't stand it... [The musicians bow and go away] A bitter sort of people. They're ours. Go and lie on the ground! FEDYA. [Applauds] Bravo, bravo! CHARLOTTA. In the first place, you've got something against
Natasha, my wife; I've noticed it since the very day of my marriage. [An awkward pause.] TUZENBACH. [Slings the rifle] You, Epikhodov, are a very clever man and very terrible; women must be madly in love with you. and some tooth-powder, and then to the station. You have the misfortune to be a woman, you know from yourself what is the nature
of woman. Oh, you're all whimsies.... He got left behind because the Count's whipper-in hit him with his whip. This very minute. Talk sense! BORTSOV. Open your hand, I can't see. zere's Russia and zere's Greece... These four works present a challenge to the acting ensemble as well as to audiences, because in place of conventional action Chekhov
offers a "theatre of mood" and a "submerged life in the text". Chekhov had at first written stories only for financial gain, but as his artistic ambition grew, he made formal innovations which have influenced the evolution of the modern short story. [Sighs] You've forgotten all your neighbours. [Shouts] Stop! I ask you! I implore you! MERCHUTKINA. And
I'm in a state of mind which, if I don't pay the interest due to-morrow, will force me to make a graceful exit from this life feet first. I'm going to stay and will sit here till you give me the money. Get away from me! You lie, it isn't you! It can't be! [Covers her face with her hands] It's a lie, it's all nonsense! BORTSOV. [Aside, in dismay] A re-mark-ab-ly
beastly woman! [Politely] Madam, I've already told you, this is a bank, a private, commercial concern. It's a good thing for the likes of us thieves. What a rascal! What trust can one have in one's neighbours after that! CHUBUKOV. [Chasing them] You can't go on like this! Where are you off to? Though I'll soon see them again, I'm going to-morrow.
Well, children, bye-bye...! I'll give you the details to-morrow, but let's go to bed now. [To MERCHUTKINA] I can't get any sense out of you. Perhaps.... What's the good of trying to think! LUBOV. EPIKHODOV. Aha, so... [Laughs] That's it... here you are.... Why do you tell them everything, I don't understand. What are we to do? in my chair. Let's be
quiet sooner. It means there's no chance of Moscow.... Wait, ladies and gentlemen, don't eat now! Wait! Just one minute, Nastasya Timofeyevna! Just come here, if you don't mind! [Takes NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA aside, puffing] Listen... It's not for nothing that in the songs and stories, the devil and the woman are put side by side.... Tra-ta-ta. It all
happened because of his cowardice! From too much fat. [To TIHON] Why you yourself used to see him riding, as he used to, past this inn, on his way to the town. Many of them, for lack of space, are sleeping as they sit. Mamma and Katya send their regards. bungler! [He lies without moving. Why can the Baron come here and I can't? Yes, the moon
has risen. Come on! KULIGIN. I haven't had any dinner, I've had nothing since the morning. [Embraces her sister] My dear, beautiful sister, I understand everything; when Baron Nicolai Lvovitch left the army and came to us in evening dress, [Note: I.e. in the correct dress for making a proposal of marriage.] he seemed so bad-looking to me that I
even started crying.... LUBOV. We must come to an agreement, Olga. my foot's gone to sleep.... VERSHININ'S VOICE. You say, "my Oxen Meadows...." But are they yours? [After a pause] I don't remember that. [Takes a scent-bottle out of his pocket and sprinkles his chest and hands.] CHEBUTIKIN. [MASHA is crying bitterly] VERSHININ. He had
been sentenced on account of the Panama scandal. Everything's going round.... Quite true.... That isn't my fault, my dear. If it's time, then it's time, then it's time, then it's time. Oh, how beastly! How petty! And then I remembered the woman I killed on Wednesday... Come for money, what? That leaves 840.... NATALIA IVANOVNA enters in indoor dress carrying a candle; she
stops by the door which leads into ANDREY'S room.] NATASHA. When our cook Martha used to ask about her gendarme, she used to say my man. Look at her cheeks, her eyes.... I am hot. [Goes into dining-room with OLGA.] [They have all sat down to lunch in the dining-room, the sitting-room is empty.] KULIGIN. You told him to look after my affair
but he insults me and says all sorts of things. I'll make a note of it. Why are you getting angry, Varya? I wish I could understand why you love them so! [Pause.] SHIPUCHIN. A hundred times worse! Be hanged to your Squeezer! His head... I've already talked it over. [Caressing her] My darling is back again! My pretty one is back again! ANYA.
[Choking with rage] So you sit down? ANYA goes up to her mother and goes on her knees in front of her. Oh, oh! KHIRIN. Intriguer! CHUBUKOV. Oh my God! I've forgotten everything, everything.. We were only speaking of you just now! [Looks at his watch.] TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA. I didn't come to your steward, but to you! What the devil
excuse my saying so, have I to do with your steward! POPOVA. we must live.... give a hundred dessiatins ahead. [Kisses IRINA'S hand] Good-bye, I'm going to rest all day to-morrow and the day after. But it's some way off. Everything comes to an end. Deputation... They are all serious, they all have severe faces, they all talk about important things
Charlotta, do us a trick. Cheers.] YATS. [A bell rings noisily.] POPOVA. But he's a wretch, you alone don't know it! He's a petty thief, a nobody.... It's too much for my strength! [Goes up to the counter] Listen, Tihon, I ask you for the last time.... What a weight off my shoulders.... I an intriguer? Please! Everybody knows that you're marrying for love..
[At the door] Is Masha there? [Looking her closely in the face] it's five years now since I fell in love with you, and still I can't get used to it, and you seem to me to grow more and more beautiful. after all that.... A sailor came along then, then some student or other.... Really? Well, that's enough, enough! All that's too dull for an anniversary. [Plays
softly] He seems rather a good sort. [Lays out cards.] [A samovar is brought in; ANFISA attends to it; a little later NATASHA enters and helps by the table.] VERSHININ. In a minute, in a minute, in a minute and can cure everything, and I know absolutely nothing, I've forgotten all I
ever knew, I remember nothing, absolutely nothing. During Chekhov's lifetime it a sort of family legend, after his death it became a family mystery. [Reading paper] Tsitsigar. [He picks up a paper from the floor and throws it into the fireplace] My service to the Bank has been just this—I've raised its reputation. Have I changed so much? We are dull
people, your excellency, and don't understand a word of all that, but if you were to tell us something appropriate... They say that Soleni is in love with Irina and hates the Baron.... [Follows her] Oh, my happiness! [Through his tears] Oh, joy! Wonderful, marvellous, glorious eyes, such as I have never seen before.... What was the way? It must be
Vershinin. The vast majority of those intellectuals whom I know seek for nothing, do nothing, do nothing, and are at present incapable of hard work. I'm an educated man, I read various remarkable books, but I cannot understand the direction I myself
want to go—whether to live or to shoot myself, as it were. They say you can get to Jerusalem cheap from there, for twenty-ones roubles, they say.... Are you here alone? [CHEBUTIKIN, who has only just got out of bed—he was resting after dinner—comes into the dining-room and combs his beard. There's no gentleness or kindness in them.... She
accepted my challenge! My word, it's the first time in my life that I've seen.... across the middle.... Go on thundering, I'm not afraid! [Looks round] Any police here? My heart's beating awfully.... [Laughter.] CHEBUTIKIN. From Moscow? When I work for a long time, and I don't get tired, then I think more easily, and I think I get to understand why I
exist. Shall I drive or walk past it, say? [Prolonged kiss.] OLGA. [Puts some sugar-candy into his mouth] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on my honour, on anything you will not be sold! [Excitedly] I swear on the estate will not be sold! [Excitedly] [E
round my neck; I'm going with it to the bottom, but I love that stone and can't live without it. Is everything burnt? Yes, I have, thank you; I've got some for a translation. I work my brains to their hardest. Yasha sent him off this morning. And that blind hen, yes, that turnip-ghost has the confounded cheek to make a proposal, and so on! What? on fire
day and night, until at last my eyes were opened... Thank you, dear old man. I'm tired.... They shielded me from work; but only just in time! A new age is dawning, the people are marching on us all, a powerful, health-giving storm is gathering, it is drawing near, soon it will be upon us and it will drive away laziness, indifference, the prejudice against
labour, and rotten dullness from our society. And you said there was going to be a party. Oh!... General confusion. She talks philosophy and tries to commit suicide every now and again, apparently in order to annoy her husband. To many of us it seems dull and hopeless, but still, it must be acknowledged that it is getting lighter and clearer, and it
seems that the time is not far off when it will be quite clear. Then that's sincere, is it, your excellency? [Still weeping] My boy's dead; he was drowned. [MASHA sings, putting on her hat] Where are you off to? She's a good sort, a very good sort. We used to be his father's serfs.... [Takes a box of sugar-candy out of his pocket and sucks a piece.]
PISCHIN. [Takes a bundle, looking like a wrapped-up baby] My little baby, bye-bye. [Pause.] KULIGIN. [Sighs] But, certainly, if you regard the matter from the aspect, then you, if I may say so, and you must excuse my candidness, have absolutely reduced me to a state of mind. [Reads] Yes, of course... [Enter NATALIA IVANOVA; she wears a pink of the matter from the aspect, then you, if I may say so, and you must excuse my candidness, have absolutely reduced me to a state of mind. [Reads] Yes, of course... [Enter NATALIA IVANOVA; she wears a pink of the matter from the aspect, then you, if I may say so, and you must excuse my candidness, have absolutely reduced me to a state of mind. [Reads] Yes, of course... [Enter NATALIA IVANOVA; she wears a pink of the matter from the aspect, then you, if I may say so, and you must excuse my candidness.]
dress and a green sash.] NATASHA. [Tenderly] I'll refuse, I think: "Oh Lord, you've given us huge forests, infinite fields, and endless horizons, and we, living here, ought really to be giants."
LUBOV. There are five notes in my pocket and my handkerchief is all knots. Do you remember? I understand nothing. You remember the poem "But he, the rebel seeks the storm, As if the storm will bring him rest..."? The play also functions as a magnificent showcase for Chekhov's acute observations of his characters' foibles and for quizzical
ruminations on the approaching dissolution of the world of the Russian aristocracy and life as it was lived on their great country estates. He hasn't paid you for his night's accommodation. Natalya Stepanovna.... Why haven't I cut my throat yet? No? [Thoughtfully] Father died six years ago, and a month later my brother Grisha was drowned in the
river—such a dear little boy of seven! Mother couldn't bear it; she went away, away, without looking round.... I get one every day. We are going to live there, you see. And it's obvious that all our nice talk is only carried on to distract ourselves and others. Mine. Irina's room, for instance, is just right for a child: it's dry and has the sun all day. The
carriage is all on one side, she can't stay in it.... A man must work, toil in the sweat of his brow, whoever he may be, for that is the meaning and object of his life, his happiness, his enthusiasm. But let's talk business. I'll chop you into pieces! LUKA. Eh, my lady! You're young and beautiful, with roses in your cheek—if you only took a little pleasure. Say
what you will, loneliness is a terrible thing, old fellow.... No, you don't! You're a rude, ill-bred man! Decent people don't talk to a woman like that! SMIRNOV. Anybody you like has a dog as good as Squeezer... And he still loves her. And are you a hunter? [Wipes his forehead] Well, never mind. [Pause] Lubov Andreyevna has been living abroad for five
years; I don't know what she'll be like now.... [Cutting him short] Yes... I'm hard of hearing.... It won't matter if... Bon voyage! [To her husband] We must be going home.... They put a live coal in and think you don't see them! No, if you want a light, then you don't take a coal, but something real, something special, that you can get hold of! You must
have a fire, you understand, which is natural, not just an invention! YATS. Since that time it has become one of the most critically admired and performed plays in the Western world, a high comedy whose principal theme, the passing of the old semifeudal order, is symbolized in the sale of the cherry orchard owned by Madame Ranevsky. [To
KULIGIN] Here's a keepsake for you... I can't catch you! MERIK. We'll see! I'll have the matter taken to court, and then I'll show you! CHUBUKOV. We must stop admiring one another. and who are you? [Shudders] It's unpleasant, somehow. Here! [Taps her forehead] Little bourgeoise! [ANDREY goes to his room through the right-hand door,
CHEBUTIKIN follows him. Don't cry, dear girl, don't cry,... [Goes into ANYA'S room] Splendid! [Enter YASHA with a plaid shawl and a travelling bag,] YASHA. I may look all right, but if you were to take me to pieces you wouldn't find a single healthy bit in me! I can hardly stand on my legs, and I've lost my appetite. I thought you'd gone away. Il
parait, que mon Bobick déjà ne dort pas, he has awakened. Oxen Meadows, it's true, were once the subject of dispute, but now everybody knows that they are mine. What's the use, Masha? No. POPOVA. Yes, yes, I'm willing... 24 roubles 36 copecks. He's wandering. This minute... [Takes the pills, turns them out into the palm of his hand, blows on
them, puts them into his mouth, and drinks some kvass] There! LUBOV. see the others off. You're so pale! [NATASHA comes in.] NATASHA. Ah! [Falls into an easy-chair and wails] Bring him back! Back! Ah! Bring him here. Get out! [Exit LUKA] Ill and will see nobody! No, it's all right, you don't see me.... Your excellency! [Points to KHIRIN] This
man... Take it to court! We'll see! [LOMOV staggers out.] CHUBUKOV. [Pause] I do want to talk, but I haven't anybody to talk to... CHEBUTIKIN. Is it long since you retired, your excellency? Lubov Andreyevna! [She looks round, then goes to the wash-stand and begins to wash his hands.] CHUBUKOV.
you.... Mother wants some. [Pause] Protopopov is sitting there in the drawing-room; and he came to-day... I'm simply worn out.... My son was drowned here.... In Petersburg or Moscow, I don't remember which. But, excuse me, what is this? [Restraining her sobs] "There stands a green oak by the sea, And a chain of bright gold is around it.... The maid
and the cook have gone off fruit picking, every living being is rejoicing, even the cat understands how to enjoy herself and walks about in the yard, catching midges; only you sit in this room all day, as if this was a convent, and don't take any pleasure. Just think, Ivan Vassilevitch! How long have they been yours? It's all the will of God, that's the truth
Let me remind you, ladies and gentlemen, on August 22 the cherry orchard will be sold. And what does it mean—you'll die? [After a pause] No. God did not lead me there. TRAMP. He says, "You're like a little flower." YASHA. Give me some more! [Drinks] I come from his village, Bortsovka; you may have heard of it, it's 200 versts from here, in the
Ergovsky district. I don't think I've ever seen a more awful woman in my life.... My hair is turning white, I am nearly an old man now, but I know to little! But I think I've ever seen a more awful woman in my life.... My hair is turning white, I am nearly an old man now, but I know to little! But I think I know to little! But I think
VERSHININ] My name is Kuligin, I am a master of the local High School. Understand me, you fool, if there's a drop of brain in your peasant's wooden head, that it isn't I who am asking! Understand! TIHON. People, a light! MARIA EGOROVNA. [Puts
his arms around her] I shall never forgive myself for this.... I am so frightened! ANDREY. On one side rise dark poplars, behind them begins the cherry orchard. Now listen... I am so frightened! ANDREY. On one side rise dark poplars, behind them begins the cherry orchard. Now listen... I am so frightened! ANDREY. On one side rise dark poplars, behind them begins the cherry orchard. Now listen... I am so frightened! ANDREY. On one side rise dark poplars, behind them begins the cherry orchard. Now listen... I am so frightened! ANDREY. On one side rise dark poplars, behind them begins the cherry orchard. Now listen... I am so frightened! ANDREY. On one side rise dark poplars, behind them begins the cherry orchard. Now listen... I am so frightened! ANDREY. On one side rise dark poplars, behind them begins the cherry orchard.
twenty-five or thirty years, every man will have to work. Don't be angry, Aleko!" TUZENBACH. Cheers. Look, there's my dead mother going in the orchard... [Goes behind screen and kisses IRINA] Sleep well.... [TUZENBACH knocks] He'll come in a minute. I go to Grusdev and he isn't at home, Yaroshevitch has hidden himself, I had a violent row with
Kuritsin and nearly threw him out of the window, Mazugo has something the matter with his bowels, and this woman has "a state of mind." Not one of the swine wants to pay me! Just because I'm too gentle with them, because I'm too gentle with them, because I'm too gentle with them, because I'm a rag, just weak wax in their hands! I'm much too gentle with them! Well, just you wait! You'll find out what I'm like! I
shan't let you play about with me, confound it! I shall jolly well stay here until she pays! Brr!... Your health! [Pause] Yes.... [Looks at herself in a little mirror and powders herself.] EPIKHODOV. I shan't shut up until you acknowledge that Squeezer is a hundred times better than your Guess! LOMOV. [Takes his arm] I've come to you, honoured Stepan
Stepanovitch, to trouble you with a request. a sailor, are you? A silly little affair. My most honoured, give me some water.... [Pause] Shall I have some vodka, what? He fell in love with a woman of the town, and it seemed to him
that there wasn't any more beautiful thing in the wide world. My God, I'm secretary of the local district council, I, who dream every night that I'm a professor to become a member of the council, I, who dream every night that I'm a professor to become a member of the local district council, I, who dream every night that I'm a professor to become a member of the local district council, I, who dream every night that I'm a professor to become a member of the local district council.
of Moscow University, a famous scholar of whom all Russia is proud! FERAPONT. A few days ago I was reading the prison diary of a French minister. [Rubs his hands] Well, well! TUZENBACH. No, go away. How happy I am that you don't pay me.... What beautiful thoughts! OLGA. ANYA and TROFIMOV come in quickly. How
could he draw anything without my permission? Varya's afraid we may fall in love with each other and won't get away from us for days on end. I was only in general.... Probably not. What am I to do for my asthma, Ivan Romanovitch? No, no, no! GROOMSMAN. And do you think that just because you're a poetic creature you can insult me with
impunity? [Drinks] Good-bye. That is the order of my wife and family. Coo-ee! LUBOV. And in a thousand years' time, people will still be sighing: "Life is hard!"—and at the same time they'll be just as afraid of death, and unwilling to meet it, as we are. It's only five versts farther on.... Yes; it isn't good, is it? It only seems so.... She's willing! Well? I
thank you from the bottom of my heart... For good? [Going] You live in a climate like this, where it might snow any moment, and there you talk.... Just one word! [Imploringly] Give me an answer! GAEV. [Off] One minute. What does it matter? Good-bye, dear.... Now I know what to do with my revolver. Suppose, let us grant, I am wrong.
then why did I wake up this morning, to give an example, and behold an enormous spider on my chest, like that. [Sighs] Ouf! KHIRIN. Besides a thousand roubles of good money, we're giving three dresses, the bed, and all the furniture. [OLGA gives him the key; IRINA goes behind her screen; pause] What a huge fire! It's going down now. [Takes the
report] I base enormous hopes on this report. She's grown thin and pale, and she cries, poor thing.... Like the lunatics in Gogol's story, I'm going to be silent... Then it will be ready by three? [Plays with her fan.] EPIKHODOV. As if you're paying a New Year's Eve visit! LOMOV. [In silence takes of his outer cloak and remains in a sleeveless jacket. And
a chain of bright gold is around it..." [Tearfully] What am I saying that for? I can't make head or tail of all this about aunts and grandfathers and grandfathers and grandfathers, I am out of
breath!... Listen now. My dear, my gentle, beautiful orchard! My life, my youth, my happiness, good-bye! Good-bye! ANYA'S VOICE. It was so silly, so shameful.... Here are anchovies, herrings from Kertch.... Or perhaps it's some bird... There's a Kosirev who works in the excise department here. There's some demon of contradiction in you to-day, Ivan
Vassilevitch. I tell you every day. [Falls down and sobs] Woe! Woe is me! Have pity on me, Orthodox people! Curtain. Everybody loves you and respects you... The mother-in-law torments the bride and the bride makes things square by swindling the husband... I swear to you by all the saints, I shall kill my rival.... You think we don't mind? Let's change
the subject in case I lose my temper. Looking at me out of the frame and laughing... I suddenly became very sorry for mother—so sorry that I took her head in my arms and hugged her and wouldn't let her go. [Raps with her fork on a plate] Let's all get drunk and make life purple for once! KULIGIN. Three batteries are leaving to-day, another three
to-morrow and then the town will be quiet and peaceful. Oh, how angry I am! Don't come near me, don't come
[Takes a cucumber out of her pocket and eats] I don't know anything. Lie down, lie down... That's Skvortsov shouting; one of the seconds. It's all the same! If you listen to a member of his house, sick of his house, sick of his horses.... You really have
no respect for anybody. My dear, darling sister, I esteem, I highly value the Baron, he's a splendid man; I'll marry him, I'll consent, only let's go! Curtain ACT IV [The old garden at the house of the PROSOROVS. [Is thoughtful.] EFIMOVNA. You
see, Honour Stepanitch... [Treading on his feet] I want blood! Blood! MURASHKIN. What are you shouting at? Oh, feel me, get thee to a nunnery. [Paces irritably by the counter] Eh? Come on, gran'fer, Ferapont Spiridonitch. I'm tired. [Gives purse to LUBOV ANDREYEVNA] I'll go at once. The brother-in-law's a thief.... [Pause] My father was a
peasant, an idiot, he understood nothing, he didn't teach me, he was always drunk, and always used a stick on me. I'm going to get my own, my dear! You don't get at me with your widow's weeds and your dimpled cheeks! I know those dimples! [Shouts through the window] Simeon, take them out! We aren't going away at once! I'm staying here! Tell
them in the stable to give the horses some oats! You fool, you've let the near horse's leg get tied up in the reins again! [Teasingly] "Never mind...." I'll give it you. The "General" is an ex-naval officer, a second-class captain.] NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA. I'm in despair and I can't understand how it is that I am still alive, that I haven't killed myself. I
forget everything, every day I forget it, and life passes and will never return, and we'll never go away to Moscow... If you kill, you are sorry for it.... Everybody jumps up noisily and with cries of horror. What card's on top? MASHA is lying on a sofa dressed, as usual, in black. this man tapped the table with his finger, and then his head.... I haven't been
drunk for two years. Men are faithful and constant! Since we are talking about it, I'll tell you that of all the men I knew and know, the best was my late husband.... Look and see... [In surprise] There's nobody here.... [To IRINA] From the District Council, from Mihail Ivanitch Protopopov... As if I'd ever given her grounds to believe I'd stoop to such
vulgarity! We are above love. [Enters with a bouquet. It isn't in my power! I shall be true to you, and obedient to you, but I can't love you. But she can't do any work now. Some young man or other turns up, an inspector of taxes, I think... It's nice there. Why is a Russian sick of his children, sick of his wife? You say that many years
later on, life on this earth will be beautiful and wonderful. Some one's coming. [Groans] Oh! Oh! TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA. I tried to poison myself.... Get away from me—I hate you! SMIRNOV. Oh, that's nothing. I've taken sealing-wax every day for twenty years, and more; perhaps that's why I still live. [Following him] And don't set foot in my house
again! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. She's tired out. [Listening] I think I hear them coming. But if I can't drink, I'll commit a crime or I'll kill myself.... Just wait.... Oh, how angry I am! So angry that I think I hear them coming. But if I can't drink, I'll commit a crime or I'll kill myself.... Just wait.... Oh, how angry I am! So angry that I think I hear them coming. But if I can't drink, I'll commit a crime or I'll kill myself.... Just wait.... Oh, how angry I am! So angry that I think I hear them coming. But if I can't drink, I'll commit a crime or I'll kill myself.... Just wait.... Oh, how angry I am! So angry that I think I hear them coming. But if I can't drink, I'll commit a crime or I'll kill myself.... Just wait.... Oh, how angry I am! So angry that I think I hear them coming. But if I can't drink, I'll commit a crime or I'll kill myself.... Just wait.... Oh, how angry I am! So angry that I think I hear them coming. But if I can't drink, I'll commit a crime or I'll kill myself.... Just wait.... Oh, how angry I am! So angry that I think I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming. But if I can't drink I hear them coming I hear them comi
that... You'll die, all the same. Dashenka told me. It's cold... [Sits] But the trouble is, I've no money! A hungry dog only believes in meat. [Kisses their hands] I'll be quiet. What I wanted, what I hoped to get, just that is lacking here. Is it really I who am sitting here? excuse me, but I've forgotten your name... just wait.... Which way do I go? It must be
getting on for three. Some misfortune happens to me every day. I am speaking so loudly, making such a noise.... always changing her mind! Always winking at one! Always winking at one! Always laughing and laughing.... I'm eighty. Before the Emancipation. and even more. I bought a villa near Mentone because he fell ill there, and for three years I knew no rest either by
day or night; the sick man wore me out, and my soul dried up. Everything in this world comes to an end.... The first is poor Fiers [Looks at her watch] We've still five minutes.... No, it simply doesn't go well... The Chairman sends a book and some documents or other. I don't see what good it is; I don't like civilians. I must have it... To propose to me?
Are you from Moscow? [Angrily] If you want to talk, then give the perambulator and the baby to somebody else. I often think that if it hadn't been for Masha, I should have married you. [Laughs contemptuously] Weeds!... [Triumphantly] There, you see, if I may use the word, what circumstances I am in, so to speak. Then you won't pay me now? My
dear Ivan Romanovitch, what are you doing! TUZENBACH. [Enter LUKA with the vodka.] LUKA. And are there lobsters in Greece? [Angry] Mind your own business. God won't let him. The reputation of the bank... No, no! [Enter KULIGIN in a regulation jacket.] KULIGIN. Stole it, and now I've got to fuss over it like a child with a new toy; I don't like to
throw it away, and I've nowhere to put it. [Pause] In the second place, you seem to be annoyed because I am not engaged in study. [Sighs] I said to your sister this morning, "Irina, darling, you must take care of yourself." But she pays no attention. And I tell you, chehartma—is mutton. I don't love the cherry orchard as I used
to. What do you want to go on having another for? Now shuffle. [Dances] "Its walls are like a sieve!" [Laughter.] TUZENBACH. [Breathes heavily] Even finer-looking... [Agitated] What? [Pause] What took place by the theatre yesterday? Oh, my God! The Frenchmen were surprised. [CHEBUTIKIN comes in.] MASHA. The senior officer orders, "To the
braces," and himself keeps his eye on the mainsail, and when at last this sail is filling out and the ship begins to turn, he yells at the top of his voice, "Let go the braces! Loose the main halyards!" Everything flies about, there's a general confusion for a moment—and everything is done without an error. [Exit quickly.] [VARYA, sitting on the floor, puts
her face on a bundle of clothes and weeps gently. [Totters to his bed] Fate hasn't sent me to my death because of a stolen axe.... Before the cherry orchard was solved once and for all, we all calmed down, and even became cheerful. Soleni has eaten them. [Exit.] [The maid
runs out; IRINA sits deep in thought; KULIGIN and OLGA enter, followed by VERSHININ.] KULIGIN. And are there any red-haired men in Greece? I can hear another of them. And you won't go broke even if you do let me have a drop of vodka on tick. [Crying] I don't understand you, Olga. You came down on me before I could say... Oh, give me some
more water, brother!... The fire seems to be going down. I told them not to wake him. Delighted to see you! What brings you here? This summer, while I'm here, I want to translate a book from the English.... [Kisses her hand] You are a splendid, wonderful woman. [Hides the money.] TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA. It may be a bucket fallen down a well
somewhere. My friends, my dear friends! Can I be silent, in leaving this house for evermore?—can I restrain myself, in saying farewell, from expressing those feelings which now fill my whole being...? He's an unlucky man; every day something happens. If I only knew whether the estate is sold or not! The disaster seems to me so improbable that I
don't know what to think, I'm all at sea... I'll bring them, in a moment. Yes, yes, dear friend.... And now everybody's gone to look at the fire, but he sits alone in his room and pays no attention, only just plays on his fiddle. [Takes it off and gives it to TIHON] TIHON. little fathers! [Screams] Little fathers!... The human race progresses, perfecting its
powers. Don't whistle, Masha. [Dashes the medallion to the ground] Curse her! [Goes quickly to his place and lies down, face to the wall. Where has he gone? And tell the manager that there's not enough wine. [Smokes] Well-standing? Permit me to pick them up. [Bowing] Please come in, your excellency! So glad you've come! REVUNOV. It's very
simple! It means that if the top and top-gallant sails are lifting the halyards, they must level the foretop and foretop-gallant halyards on the wind... Now, thank God, it's all right, there are many villages and houses where you can shelter from
the weather, but before that there weren't any. [Gets up, confused] I can't say what... Well, you've come, glory be to God. [Thoughtfully] Epikhodov's there. Now I'm in such a position, I wouldn't mind forging them... How much was the train late? I expect Andrey will become a professor, but still, he won't want to live here. [He kisses OLGA'S hand in
evident emotion, then embraces MASHA once more and goes out quickly.] OLGA. She's nice and kind and charming, and I'm very fond of her, but say what you will in her favour and you still have to admit that she's wicked; you can feel it in her slightest movements. [Groans] Water! THE MEMBER OF THE DEPUTATION. I've lived in a town
myself, I understand. Isn't it all the same whether the estate is sold to-day or isn't? And now everybody knows that they're ours. [Goes away from the door] If I only knew—I wouldn't have bought any. The devil brought you here! [Comes out from behind the bar] What a gentleman! Come on now. No, it isn't trifling! You be careful what you say. Is it
worth while bothering about such trifles? Suddenly a distant sound is heard as if from the sky, the sound of a breaking string, which dies away sadly.] LUBOV. Kiss whom? It's the mistress, and people with her. [To FEDYA] Don't contradict him, young man. I don't want what isn't mine. The whole town talks and laughs about it, and he alone knows and
sees nothing.... It's not true... I'm going to bed. My name is Alexander Ignateyevitch. She's not crying any more... I must ask you not to disturb my peace. Oh, you devil! TIHON. My dear ones, my sisters... He's a silly man. I? occupation... This, too. [Pause] I remember that there was music at the funeral, and they fired a volley in the cemetery. When
she's in love, can she do anything but snivel and slobber? My father was a peasant, it's true, but here I am in a white waistcoat and yellow shoes... and it looks so queer. A doctor came soon... It might be arranged, if necessary. I beg pardon, Stepan Honouritch... What is it! ZMEYUKINA. You're not deceiving me, Andrey darling? [Severely] Why is there
a fork lying about here on the seat? It's the labours of Hercules, a puzzle, a rebus! Whatever tricks you think of, in the long run you're bound to smash or scatter something, and at the station and in the train you have to stand with your arms apart, holding up some parcel or other under your chin, with parcels, cardboard boxes, and such-like rubbish
all over you. [Gets up and goes to the door] Who knocks? I'll come, my darling. Mother, beautiful one, nobody will help me. I'm not a woman, and I'm used to saying what I think straight out! Don't you shout, either! POPOVA. I can't stand it, I'll go away. First of all, children, because of a woman.... dear sir, do go away! SMIRNOV. [Returns the cap to
BORTSOV] I wouldn't give anything for it. Nobody remembers. What do I care for them.... let me cover you. [A pause] Andrey, darling, why are you so silent? Save me, Peter. [Pause] I'll get there and show others the way. [Goes to the table] Awfully! NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA. Excuse me, Maria Sergeyevna. All towns now, even small ones, are
surrounded by villas. [Pause] You see, I don't know anything about it. [Aside] Oh, how angry I am! How angry I am! POPOVA. Are you from far off? You're sixty, but you're like a boy, always up to some beastly nonsense. You know, I get up at five every morning, I work from morning till evening, I am always dealing with money—my own and other
people's—and I see what people are like. He's the learned member of the family. Which reminds me, by the way. With rum. I've got to go to Kharkov. I must have it.... Please, do! [Pause] Won't you really have any? I won't do it! I won't! Understand? of course, it absolutely doesn't matter! ANDREY. [Gives his hand to VARYA, then to FIERS and to
YASHA] I don't want to go away. My mowers will be there this very day! LOMOV. TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA. [In a semitone] And did she love him? h'm.... I can see by your face that you are up to something. Can I philosophize about anything? I remember. If I give myself time to think, to hesitate, to talk a lot, to look for an ideal, or for real love, then I'l
never get married.... It has been gnawing away at me... Here's my plan. To the Ragulins.... I didn't make them. What? I'm going off my head... I'm left behind like a migrant bird grown old, and unable to fly. Don't you
worry! He's not a general, he's a dream! [Raises his voice] I said to him: "You've quite forgotten us, your Excellency! It isn't kind of your 
bridegroom?" "Oh, nonsense, your excellency, why stand on ceremony? [Sings] Won't you please accept this date.... [Drinks slowly, with feverish pauses.] TIHON. [Clutches at his heart] Something pulling in my side.... And you've grown older, Leonid. Where we live a pleasant custom has grown up: when a man goes to town every wretched female
inhabitant, not to mention one's own wife, has the power and the right to give him a crowd of commissions. [Tired] Something else now...? Is my man here? I'm afraid his room is too cold for him. For instance, in addition to objects of domestic importance, you promised also to give me, with your daughter, two lottery tickets. It doesn't matter. Anya
Where are you? I'll only say this and go. Moreover, it's exactly seven months to-day since the death of my husband, and I'm in a state of mind which absolutely prevents me from giving money matters my attention. Don't wave your arms about, or you'll hit somebody. What do you think of her now? Let me remember now. [Angrily] Amo, amas, amat,
[YASHA coughs] I call that licking it up.... [Reproachfully] Leonid Andreyevitch, don't you fear God? I'll tell you everything in one minute and go. It doesn't matter.... Forgive me, I didn't know, and I didn't know, and I didn't know, and I didn't know, and I didn't word fear God? I'll tell you everything in one minute and go. It doesn't matter.... Forgive me, I didn't know, and I didn't know, and I didn't know, and I didn't word fear God? I'll tell you everything in one minute and go. It doesn't matter....
here, I can't live here... I think that every one of us would try, more than anything else, not to repeat himself, at the very least he would rearrange his manner of life, he would make sure of rooms like these, with flowers and light... KULIGIN. [LOPAKHIN takes out his pocket-book] No, no.... [Exit.] IRINA. As long as I can remember. Are you in love?
Epikhodov's too funny. Well, then the evening set in, and I felt so mournful, you know, with such sad thoughts! A young man was sitting opposite me—not a bad-looking fellow, a brunette.... [Angrily] Do go, now! LOPAKHIN. I can just imagine it! ANYA. [Running from him; he chases her] How dare you! You impudent fellow! [Shouts] Andrey! Help!
Andrey! [Screams.] SHIPUCHIN. The champagne's very appropriate. It's hot, it's stuffy, there are flies, and, my dear fellow, the very dickens of a chaos. Migrant birds, cranes for example, fly and the stage I often wonder: suppose we
could begin life over again, knowing what we were doing? We really must go. I give you my word. It's not true. [Goes up behind ANDREY and takes him round the waist with laughter, then sits down and reads a newspaper which he takes out of his pocket.] ANDREY. If
only I had the patience to endure this pain, mother; sleep's quite another matter. The sun's set, ladies and gentlemen. No, no! You can't refuse! It's a sin, dears! MERIK. Don't shout; tell us quietly.... The beautiful, lovely child! What a little girlie! To-
day she looked at me with such pretty eyes and said "Mamma!" KULIGIN. But it's all turned out to be nonsense, all nonsense, all nonsense we don't want any unnecessary people here. Am I talking to you or the wall? Well! It's the custom, it's modus vivendi. They only eat, drink, sleep, and
then they die... Nature only brought us into the world that we should love! [Laughs.] ANDREY. The clerk, Epikhodov, proposed to me after Easter. He's up to something. [Excited] Somebody in the kitchen was saying just now that the cherry orchard was sold to-day. You've a strange character, you must admit. Yes. [Sits and sings softly.] CHARLOTTA
I can't stand it any longer. In the drawing-room the grand rond is being danced. Then she goes to the back of the stage and sits on a swing. Protopopov's come and wants me to go for a drive with him in his troika. And please may I can produce a
doctor's certificate of my husband's illness. In this and other plays he developed the concept of "indirect action," in which the dramatic action takes place off stage and the significance of the play revolves around the reactions of the characters to those unseen events. LUBOV Yes. [Brushing GAEV'S trousers; in an insistent tone] You've put on the
wrong trousers again. The door opens. Here it is, just look at it.... [Tears them up without reading them] I've done with Paris. Don't swank, young man! Perhaps the old man is giving back his soul to God, or repenting for his sins, and you talk like that, and play your concertina.... My dear good girl, you are the only thing, and the dearest thing I have inner the only thing.
the world. He carries an axe in his belt] A vagrant may sweat where a bear will freeze. I walked about like one of the damned, bewitched, blessing my stars... I wake up at nights and, oh God, and Holy Mother, there isn't a happier person than I! VERSHININ. I'll get ready, and pass the exam at the Higher School, and then I'll work and help you.
[Weeping] Don't say any more, don't say any more, don't say any more.... If only, Lubov Andreyevna, my dear, you could get me 240 roubles to-morrow morning—GAEV. If you please, my dear fellow. I'm tired of you.... [Pause] I keep on waiting for something to happen, as if the house is going to collapse over our heads. But, please, Stepan Stepanitch, how can they be
yours? Is Bobby asleep? [Whispers] Anya's in the doorway. You might let her rest, Fedia. Please! REVUNOV. She has been with us for thirty years. it's my affair. to pay the interest on the mortgage. DASHENKA. All right, Orthodox brothers! [Shrugs his shoulders] Be quiet! You aren't asleep, you bandy-legged fools! Why don't you say something?
TROFIMOV Let's go. [Plays on the guitar and sings] "What is this noisy earth to me, What matter friends and foes?" I do like playing on the mandoline! DUNYASHA. [Examining GAEV.] LUBOV. My mother lives on the fifth floor. And the entertainers were to be here after nine; they had better not come, Audrey. [The STATION-MASTER stands in the fifth floor. And the entertainers were to be here after nine; they had better not come, Audrey. [The STATION-MASTER stands in the fifth floor.]
                          room and recites "The Magdalen" by Tolstoy. Let your neighbours hear; it's all the same to me! If you don't give me a revolver somebody else will, and there will be an end of me anyway! I've made up my mind! MURASHKIN. You take it, my dear! And you might at the same time take down this canary in its cage... What are you
doing in this place? THE CHERRY ORCHARD A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS CHARACTERS LUBOV ANDREYEVNA'S hand] And if you should happen to hear that my end has come, just remember this old... Don't you hear voices...? She will probably come here to-day. [Pause.] SOLENI. [Gives LOPAKHIN
money] Four hundred roubles.... [Follows her] Yes, we've got to go to bed.... He's a famous skinflint.... You can't even sit on a horse! [To her father] Papa, what's the matter with him? TIHON. You gave me your word, and though I... give me your hand [Takes MERIK'S hand] "How do you do and good-bye, do me the favour." Well, I was going one
evening past his garden—and what a garden, brother, versts of it—I was going along quietly, and I look and see the two of them sitting on a seat and kissing each other, and do some work. I've taken all the pills. [Laughs] No. He's been here eight months and hasn't paid a copeck. You have changed abroad. He wants it; he'll give it back. The cherry
orchard is mine now, mine! [Roars with laughter] My God, my God, the cherry orchard's mine! Tell me I'm drunk, or mad, or dreaming... [Pause.] DUNYASHA. "You go, mother," he says, "and apply to Mr. Shipuchin, he's an influential man and can do anything." Help me, your excellency! SHIPUCHIN. THE MEMBER OF THE DEPUTATION. They
understood all our griefs.... thirty-five thousand... [Going] I'm free to-morrow.... [Gets up and comes to TIHON] I want to look too! [Several of the tramps, etc., approach the bar and form a group, [To DIMBA] Let's have another, what? [Before the looking-glass] They say I'm growing stout... [Reading] Balzac was married at Berdichev, I told you
perfectly plainly; I haven't any money to spare; wait until the day after to-morrow. [Sings] "I loved you, and may love again." Is that it? It's simply disgraceful. [Raising himself] Well? Yes, time does go. Yes, we must work. In ten years' time you'll want to be a pea-hen yourself among the officers, but they won't look at you, it will be too late. [Gets up
and spreads his short fur and coat the bench] Come on, lie down, sir. I ask you! Do be kind to me! TIHON. Yes, everysing. she writes that a certain Grendilevsky has proposed to my sister Katya. I have disturbed you! Such lovely weather to-day! And how well you look in mourning! [Bows.] POPOVA. And you know, my beloved,
that if you propose to go on arguing about it, I'd much sooner give up the meadows to the peasants than to you. I'm happy. You are disturbing us and making us waste our time. Sold to whom? [Embracing TUZENBACH] We shan't meet again... I'm awfully cold. Merchutkina. Another thing, dear.... man of immense brain... We'll fight it out! I'm not
going to be insulted by anybody, and I don't care if you are a woman, one of the "softer sex," indeed! POPOVA. [Uses the counting-frame] I can't stand untidiness! It would have been wiser of you not to have invited ladies to to-day's anniversary dinner.... Yes, if only it seems so! The life of us three hasn't been beautiful yet; it has been stifling us as if it
was weeds... There is a knock at the door; a VOICE announces THE DEPUTATION] The deputation... Don't, Masha! KULIGIN. You can drink.... Of course, it was raining then, raining hard, and snowing. Waiter, show me the way out! Waiter! [Going] How mean! How low! [Exit.] NASTASYA TIMOFEYEVNA. Instead of talking like that you ought to go
and have a walk in the garden, or else order Toby or Giant to be harnessed, and then drive out to see some of the neighbours. They'd never have thought of it for themselves. [Sighs] In the first place I shall have that avenue of fir-trees cut down, then that maple. Excuse me; I cannot continue this discussion: my heart is palpitating, and somebody may
be coming here at any moment.... Isn't it true? Grandmother sent fifteen thousand roubles from Yaroslav to buy the property in her name—she won't trust us—and that wasn't even enough to pay the interest. [Chasing them] Stop! I implore you! Not such a noise? [Sighs heavily] Ooh! My head's going round a little. No, you're simply joking, or making
fun of me.... I heard yesterday that she was going to marry Protopopov, the chairman of the Local Council. I haven't got a headache, and I feel younger than I was yesterday. I see stars... zere is everysing. Now we can go. I want it now. Why, confound it, hang me on that nail feet upwards, if you like, but have you met a woman who can love anybody
except a lapdog? He isn't well to-day. Yes, later on...." [DEPUTATION goes out in confusion.] Curtain. Everything's all muddled up in my head.... The furniture aims at a deliberately luxurious effect, with armchairs covered in velvet, flowers, statues, carpets, and a telephone. I can't be silent.... And suddenly I longed to be back in Russia, my own land,
with my little girl.... How perfectly splendid! That's so convenient, and it would be so good of you... you can explain to-morrow.... I can't eat this! [APLOMBOV and DASHENKA kiss each other] He, he, he... BORTSOV follows] Marie, it is I... He is ill. Go and tell the lady that if she pays ten roubles she can have her string and we'll mend the spring.
[Covers his face with her hand] Yes, really, it was awful. the station.... Is there a sailor who doesn't glow at the memory of that manoeuvre? I'm the most unhappy of men! Why don't I put a bullet into my brain? Little mother, pilgrim. MERIK grips TIHON's hand firmly with both his, looks at the portrait, in the medallion in silence. I can tell you... it's
time... Hang it all, that Ferapont made me so angry that I talked nonsense to him... I only envy him. I tell you as a friend, as the only man to whom I can lay bare my son. I must go away. [Stamps his feet] Don't laugh at me! If my father and
grandfather rose from their graves and looked at the whole affair, and saw how their Ermolai, who used to run barefoot in the world! I've bought the estate where my grandfather and my father were slaves, where they
weren't even allowed into the kitchen. I was given in marriage when I was afraid of my husband because he was a teacher and I'd only just left school. He'll soon be fifty, and he's still a student. You lie! Why won't you fight? In twenty-five years' time, we shall all be dead, thank the Lord. He didn't say to whom. Let's sit down here.
Only you first give me the five roubles which you borrowed from me last year on the strength of a piqué waistcoat, if I may say so. Wait a minute! [Takes a photograph] That's one. I have had a time! [The door from the billiard-room is open; the clicking of the balls is heard, and YASHA'S voice, "Seven, eighteen!" GAEV'S expression changes, he cries
no more] I'm awfully tired. What a lot of flowers you have. [To PISCHIN] My dog eats nuts too. Darling.... [Looks in a small mirror and powders her face] Send me a letter from Paris. [Jingles keys] Well, it's all one! [Hears the band tuning up] Eh, musicians, play, I want to hear you! Come and look at Ermolai Lopakhin laying his axe to the cherry
orchard, come and look at the trees falling! We'll build villas here, and our grandsons will see a new life here.... [Pause] And I go to-morrow. Why do you talk so much? [Enter VERSHININ] Lieutenant-Colonel Vershinin! VERSHININ. I can do them all. Yes, I am afraid. nine... [OLGA steps aside a
little, so as not to be in their way.] MASHA. FIERS, leaning on a stick, walks quickly across the stage; he has just been to meet LUBOV ANDREYEVNA. I'm going to have Andrey and his violin put into your room—let him fiddle away in there!—and we'll put little Sophie into his room. Top-sheets and jib-sheets are pulled... Oh, I'm fainting! [Two
carriages are heard driving up to the house. You don't know what a devil is, but you go calling people devils.... [Puts candy into his mouth] They say that I've eaten all my substance in sugar-candies. And you, Tihon, why don't you drive him out? I do not re-ceive! LUKA. Don't talk, kind man! MERIK. LUBOV ANDREYEVNA sinks into a chair and weeps
bitterly, [Aside] Wonderful woman! I'm in love! Up to my ears! [Enter DASHENKA, MOZGOVOY, GROOMSMEN, various ladies and gentlemen, etc. [ANYA appears in the doorway] She not only married a man who was not a noble, but she behaved herself in a way which cannot be described as proper, [Sighs,] DUNYASHA, Mankind needs such a life.
and if it is not ours to-day then we must look ahead for it, wait, think, prepare for it. [Walks away, then looks back and asks gently] I didn't hurt you, did I? [Enter ANYA.] ANYA. THE WEDDING CHARACTERS EVDOKIM ZAHAROVITCH ZHIGALOV, a retired Civil Servant. All right. I suppose I'm all untidy. Thank you, Fiers. Bless the man, I don't want
to see him.... [Snores, but wakes up again at once] But still, dear madam, if you could lend me... Really, you won't get me to believe that! LOMOV. I shan't give you a farthing, just to spite you. The Greeks are just like the Armenians or
gipsies. He may come yet.... She looks very well with her hair done over her head, and I did her hair myself.... Why not! LUBOV. [Laughter.] KULIGIN. [Tries to take it off] My coat... And Varya, we've settled your affair; I congratulate you. [Loudly] Congratulations and best wishes! Lovely weather to-day, simply perfect. [Listens] Somebody's coming.
He'll catch cold. [DUNYASHA comes in and brings LOPAKHIN some kvass] I shall go. [Confused] Ladies and gentlemen, is it worth it? Cheremsha [Note: A variety of garlic.] isn't meat at all, but a plant something like an onion. You're all radiance to-day, I've never seen you look so lovely. it's quite remarkable how good he is.... [Takes a paper from his
pocket] Let 'em cry.... Olga is a witness to it. as if she won't consent! She's in love; egad, she's like a love-sick cat, and so on.... [Yawns and lights a cigar.] EPIKHODOV. It need scarcely be stated that "The High Road" is not a "dirty" piece according to Russian or to German standards; Chekhov was incapable of writing a dirty play or story. You're
tired, poor dear.... What a man. My gout kept on giving me trouble last night, all the morning I was running about, and then these excitements, ovations, agitations... You understand—I'm ill! Got asthma, heartburn—I'm always afraid of something. It's a very long journey. I'm late... my lodgers are all I have to live on.... No... [Exit.] DUNYASHA. Foo,
how vulgar you are! Don't dare to use such words! YATS. How? You must make up your mind definitely—there's no time to waste. This telegram's from Paris. [Looks at the frame and does not know what to say] Yes.... I do awfully
want to philosophize, it's just how I feel at present. What a shame! MERIK. If you think about the villas and make up your mind, then just let me know, and I'll raise a loan of 50,000 roubles at once. I expect you are up to something. The devil only knows... She's somewhere in the garden. TROFIMOV stands at the drawing-room entrance. ANYA.
[Waving his hand] She'll make me lose all patience! [DUNYASHA has meanwhile been bustling round the luggage; now that YASHA is left alone, she goes out angrily.] OLGA. [Goes out through the drawing-room; FIERS after him.]
PISCHIN. [They go out.] [A bell rings, then a second time; voices and laughter are heard.] IRINA. Say on. [Looks at BORTSOV] What's this? Is that at Yashnevo? The wind, the wind! MERIK. I'm not complaining, I don't reproach you at all.... I entirely agree with you, papa. My dear Olga... [Feels in her purse] There's no silver.... I've been Merik for two
months. [Shows with both hands] And if I do drink some kvass, why is it that there is bound to be something of the most indelicate nature in it, such as a beetle? [Sings softly] "Oh, will you understand My soul's deep restlessness?" [In the drawing-room a figure in a grey top-hat and in baggy check trousers is waving its hands and jumping about; there
are cries of "Bravo, Charlotta Ivanovna!"] DUNYASHA. I'm tired of winter. [Puts down her candle] What's the time? I should prefer to be alone with you. Look, the eight was on the two of spades. But I'm getting a noise in my ears from excitement. [Banging the bar-counter with his fist] Why do you keep on like that? FEDYA is half-lying in a heap on
one of the forms, and is quietly playing on a concertina. There'll be an enormous bump, that's all. Give me my money.... If I am cross, then don't talk to me. [Kisses her hand] Glad to be at home? They promised for about nine; that is, quite
soon. It is sold. Hurry up and get married and—well, to the devil with you! She's willing and all that, [Greatly moved] Honoured Stepan Stepanovitch, do you think I may count on her consent? She takes too much on herself, she keeps on interfering in other people's business. Why turn up
your nose at it? And to whom? only be careful, or you'll break the door.... [To MASHA] A lady came to-day, and she couldn't remember the address anyhow. [Goes to the door... [Laughs.]
SHIPUCHIN. Andrey Andreyevitch, I'll never finish the report at this rate! SHIPUCHIN. I was born here, my grandfather too, I love this house. Whether I've got moustaches or not, I'm satisfied.... Surely your husband knows where you ought to apply? [Following her] Have pity on us! Have pity! ZMEYUKINA. you must
hoist your foretop halyards and topsail halyards. The order is: "On the cross-trees to the foretop halyards and topsail halyards and topsail halyards, stays and braces. [To NAZAROVNA] Give the old man a nudge dear! Can't get any answer out of him. Has he paid
his rent? [Who has had enough of it already] Yes, yes... take an ounce of naphthaline and hail a bottle of spirit... It'll only take a minute. Go away now, they're tired... The windows of the room are shut. [To YASHA] Your mother's come from the village; she's been sitting in the servants' room since yesterday, and wants to see you.... And there haven't
been many backbiters to equal your aunt! LOMOV. [Briskly] I remember. Do you remember, Olga, they used to speak at home of a "lovelorn Major." You were only a Lieutenant then, and in love with somebody, but for some reason they always called you a Major for fun. [Sighs] Yes, all that ought to be written down. You, your excellency, have just
expressed yourself on the subject of the hard work involved in a naval career. I'll prove to you that they're mine! CHUBUKOV. The Russian, painfully conscious of his own weakness, has accepted this point of view, and regards "The Cherry Orchard" as its master-study in dramatic form. Are you superstitious? There is nothing in my life so awful as to
be able to frighten me, only that lost key torments my soul and does not let me sleep. What do you mean? Only I didn't agree with the Emancipation and remained with my people.... [Jumps up] Well now, tell me why am I alive? I've got the strength of a horse. Do stop just another week. I've never had flowers like these in my life.... I'm as poor as a
beggar, and where haven't I been—fate has tossed me everywhere! But my soul is always my own; every minute of the day and the night it is filled with unspeakable presentiments. just one day left. Epikhodov, my coat! LUBOV. Your wife seems intelligent, but on the Monday of last week she let something off that upset me for two days. Only you must
excuse me, madam, I can't do this for ten roubles.... On the contrary, feminine society elevates! KHIRIN. The day after to-morrow my steward will be back from town, and I'll give him instructions to settle your account, but at the moment I cannot do as you wish.... [To KHIRIN] Good morning, Kusma Nicolaievitch! [To her husband] Is everything all
right at home? In spite of my rank, I am a man who lives plainly. [LUBOV ANDREYEVNA goes to him] But all the same, you wonderful woman, I must have 180 little roubles from you... [Blows on the place] I haven't any separate rooms, excuse me, but don't you be afraid, madam, the people here are good and quiet.... And I told you perfectly plainly I
don't want the money the day after to-morrow, but to-day. On my word. To court? [Frightened] We haven't got it! LUBOV. I suppose so. Soleni is the only one of our battery who is going on the barge; the rest of us are going with the main body. How much these walls have seen! [Passionately kisses her daughter] My treasure, you're
radiant, your eyes flash like two jewels! Are you happy? My sister, in the first place, married an advocate, not a noble.... yes.... I mean about Andrey.... I don't want to talk to impudent scoundrels! Get out of this! [Pause] Aren't
```

```
you going? [Takes out his scent-bottle and scents his hands] I've poured out a whole bottle of scent to-day and they still smell... My dead mother used to like to walk about this room.... Ranevsky can be saved from ruin if she will only consent to a perfectly simple step—the sale of an estate. Here I am telling you in plain language that your estate will be
sold, and you don't seem to understand. [Laughs] What a woman.... Drink and be merry.... The doctor, of course, has been drinking to yourself: the German lets himself go. Once more, for the last time. I do believe in you, uncle. [Laughs.] [Enter FEDOTIK.] FEDOTIK. I'll go and lie down. Our parents
despised work.... I am so afraid. [Groans] I've got shooting-pains in my leg, like bullets of fire.... When I woke up to-day and got up and dressed myself, I suddenly began to feel as if everything in this life was open to me, and that I knew how I must live. because... Why to town? [NATALYA STEPANOVNA comes in.] NATALYA STEPANOVNA. Tell them
to make me some.... Here it's so noisy, my soul shakes at every sound. [A pause.] TIHON. Just... Take it and... I'll go this way, quietly. [Weeps] We ran to the summer-house, and there... Wonderful woman! [Enter POPOVA with pistols.] POPOVA. Oh, Lord, it was bad! You walk a hundred versts, and not only isn't there a village; or a house, but you don't
even see a dry stick. Only dirt, vulgarity, and Asiatic plaques really exist.... In the train an old woman called me a decayed gentleman. I'll be back in a minute... Confusion and smoke everywhere. go on and on, without looking round. It is even simply marvellous. [Yawns] It's rather impolite to come into a drawing-room in this state, but it can't be
helped.... Let's come through here. I haven't anybody at all. CHUBUKOV rises to meet him.] CHUBUKOV. [In a transport of delight] My beauty! [Uproar.] A GROOMSMAN. I do. Last Wednesday I attended a woman in Zasip—and she died, and it's my fault that she died. Just look at me... Somewhere by the poplars VARYA is looking for
ANYA and calling, "Anya, where are you?" TROFIMOV. [Gets up quickly] What's the use of talking when you don't understand, and tumblers are on a table here; it is evident that champagne has just been drunk. shoulder... Beds, screened off, on the right and left.
[Sings] "I loved you; love was vain then...." Exquisite! ZMEYUKINA. I can't live without working. You said just now, Baron, that they may call our life noble; but we are very petty.... [Voice, "You, madam, please me very much too."] STATION-MASTER. The train's arrived, thank God. [Louder]. Never mind about my people! The Lomovs have all been
honourable people, and not one has ever been tried for embezzlement, like your grandfather! CHUBUKOV. We create it—and in that one object is our destiny and, if you like, our happiness. These are Smith and Wesson revolvers, triple action, with extractors.... Just a little glass. You look severe, Peter, but what can I do, my dear, what can I
ill, he's alone, unhappy, and who's to look after him, who's to keep him away from his errors, to give him his medicine punctually? Nurse, give those musicians something! ANFISA. Though really... The band should be told to
play a march. Excuse me. That would be splendid! ANYA. [Shakes her fist.] ANYA. Suppose I did go and have half an hour's drive.... She'd give away everything, if the idea only entered her head. has done his job as scholar and translator nearly to perfection." Weekly Standard Gary Owen's new version of Anton Chekhov's The Cherry Orchard is a
gloriously inventive reimagining that wrings the grief from the original, transforming it into a gently heart-breaking study of landscape and loss. The Stage **** From the Publisher "Stephen Karam is among the very best of his generation of playwrights." New York Magazine "The more you see Anton Chekhov's final play, the weirder it seems
 What shall I do, my God! [Looks through the door] Shall I go out, then? Well, devil take me, I haven't any time to talk to you! I'm busy.... [Looks into her room; in a gentle voice] My room, my windows, as if I'd never gone away. I do look at the matter seriously, little mother, to be quite frank. Why do you look like that? Somebody's coming. Will she
know me? Drink mine, too, sir! Oh! [Throws down a five-copeck piece] If you drink, you die; if you don't drink, you die; if you don't drink, you die, to strange, to
say the least! Up to this we have always thought of you as a good neighbour, a friend: last year we lent you our threshing till November, but you behave to us as if we were gipsies. What does he look like? You need not worry. This morning, when the little boy woke up and saw me
he suddenly smiled; that means he knew me. Where there are many holy places it's always a good town.... A glass of vodka! [Exit LUKA] Ouf! [Sits and inspects himself] I must say I look well! Dust all over, boots dirty, unwashed, unkempt, straw on my waistcoat.... [Pause] If not for me, then for the descendants of my descendants. I'd given up all
hopes, but, thanks to my son-in-law, Boris Matveyitch, I thought of coming to you. Pay me the money, and I'll go. And I tell you, cheremsha—is a sort of onion. He specializes in painful comedies that really shouldn't be as funny as they are. [Laughs] And you complain that you know too much. [Frightened] No, don't go away, do stop; be a dear. Do sit
down.... Help me change my clothes, Fiers. Just at the very moment! She would be let off lightly if she were killed for it! MERIK. [Covers her face with her hands.] ANDREY. You boldly settle all important questions, but tell me, dear, isn't it because you're young, because you haven't had time to suffer till you settled a single one of your questions? She
married when she was eighteen, when he seemed to her the wisest of men. and take the necessary steps.... At half-past twelve, in the public wood, that one you can see from here across the river.... Merciful God! My father was the serf of your grandfather and your own father, but you—you more than anybody else—did so much for me once upon a
time that I've forgotten everything and love you as if you belonged to my family... Either forty or fifty, I forget which. Shan't be long! [Exit.] LOMOV. [In the dining-room, by the table angrily] Let me sit down! [Disturbs the cards on the table] Here you are, spreading your cards out. You can't do that to me! KHIRIN. It was first performed at the Moscow
Art Theatre in 1904, directed by acclaimed actor Konstantin Stanislavski—who also played the role of Leonid Gayev, the bizarre and uninspired brother of Madame Ranevskaya. I'll go to him, excuse me... Bravo, bravo! [Laughs] Come on, now. I packed it myself and I don't remember. It is midday. Don't you mind.... The Cherry Orchard contains
distinctly bizarre touches: unexplained offstage noises, ominous portents of revolution, and a morbid ending that's nearly Beckettian. Good for building. TOLKACHOV. Well, if it is so, the town will be quite empty. [In despair] I can't! [Sits down at his desk] They've let the Bank get filled with women, and I can't finish my report!
I can't. This orchard is mentioned in the "Encyclopaedic Dictionary." LOPAKHIN. I don't know what to think about it. [At the window] The head-mistress. You should go to the department in which your husband was employed. Pay me my money and I'll go. And then, building villas and reckoning on their residents becoming freeholders in time—that's
the same thing; it's all a matter of waving your hands about.... If only it thawed! APLOMBOV. [Note: He adds that he is a Nadvorny Sovetnik (almost the same as a German Hofrat), an undistinguished civilian title with no English equivalent.]
these fifty years. [Drops the purse, scattering gold coins] There, they are all over the place. NATALYA STEPANOVNA wails.] NATALYA STEPANOVNA wails.]
excepted.... [Joyfully] Here it is behind the lining... Papa! Look, papa! [Screams] Ivan Vassilevitch! He's dead! CHUBUKOV. Oh, but he's been gone a long time, the old man. There are thirteen at table! RODE. Bring whom here? Day before yesterday they were talking in the club; they said, Shakespeare, Voltaire... It's excellent—you can close your eyes
and sleep.... Andrey seems to have lost 200 roubles. Right into the pocket! Once upon a time you and I used both to sleep in this room, and now I'm fifty-one; it does seem strange. Then why are you in evening dress, my precious? Children understand, they understand very well. drunk... I'll tell you from the very beginning. If you only knew how
difficult it is for me to live alone, without Olga.... Andrey Sergeyevitch, it isn't as if the documents were mine, they are the government's. That's silly and rude. Polished locks and a fat porter mean a good deal. Undoubtedly, perhaps, you may be right. six... [Sighs] The fool is suffering for his folly. [Yawns] Impolite.... As you already know, your cherry
orchard is to be sold to pay your debts, and the sale is fixed for August 22; but you needn't be alarmed, dear madam, you may sleep in peace; there's a way out. And, as you know, my land is a near neighbour of yours. God be good to us. Well, well! LOPAKHIN. [Pause] He's gone. SHIPUCHIN'S voice: "Thank you! Thank you! I am extremely grateful.
Enter SHIPUCHIN. Don't go away, Andrey! He's got into a habit of always going away. It is hot! BORTSOV. [A little confused] Off the white on the right, into the corner pocket. My foot's gone to sleep.... I'm sorry for him, though he vexes me. Will you take a bet on it? No, I can't. [Exit.] TROFIMOV. [They drink] I expect I'll have to play the piano all
night, some rubbish most likely... Never mind.... Awfully glad! NUNIN. Who knows? Ivan Ivanovitch, what's true... Why not? [Behind the screen] I'm not listening. Be quiet! MERIK. Why should I die? [Laughs] How funny these men are.... Let them
sleep, the two of us can manage. [IRINA begins to play patience.] VERSHININ. In the second place, I ought to lead a quiet and regular life.... He pays calls and tells everybody that he's got a wife and two daughters. I read for three stations and didn't say a word to anyone.... [Pause] In the third place, I have still this to say... [Moves his hands and
laughs] We do not seem to understand each other. [Drinks] Your health! [To OLGA] I'm very comfortable here! [Only IRINA and TUZENBACH are now left in the sitting-room.] IRINA. Happiness used to wake with me every morning, and then it was just as it is now; nothing has changed. You must realize that Squeezer is overshot! NATALYA
STEPANOVNA. Where has she gone? Still, at any rate, we've left those two hundred years behind us. [Kisses her hands, tenderly] My white bird.... A meaning.... What am I behaving in this idiotic way for? and birches. Is it getting on? As the play reaches its tragic conclusion, the wealthy are forced to acknowledge their circumstances have changed
and the characters who depend on them for employment must do what they can to survive. [Looking at MARIA EGOROVNA] Marie... Now let's talk of something else. Make it fifteen. [Pause] The town will be empty. And your room would be so nice for the child. But it isn't just a matter of dances. MERIN. YASHA and CHARLOTTA, with her little dog,
go out.] LOPAKHIN. And the farther you go, the better. A glass of it only costs you two copecks, and it will save me from suffering! I am suffering! I am suffering! I am suffering! TIHON. [Alone in her misery, I'm suffering! TIHON. [Alone in her misery] To Moscow! Mosco
 wedding. That's it, mother. Oh, poor Katya, poor Katya, poor Katya! I'm so sorry for her, so sorry for her. The Cherry Orchard is a powerful drama that takes an unsparing appraisal of the massive shift in political and social circumstances undergone by Russians in the early twentieth century. Boy! Milksop! Fool! I'm sick! [Drinks water] Sick! NATALYA
STEPANOVNA. People, what do I want? As soon as the men are on deck you give the order, "To your places!" What a life! You give orders, and at the sails and braces right. [Takes her head in her hands] First he seemed queer to me, then I was
sorry for him... But don't you be frightened, he won't do you any harm.... Shame, shame! I haven't been in love for five years, I'd taken a vow, and now all of a sudden I'm in love, like a fish out of water! I offer you my hand. [Enter LUKA with water.] LUKA. I often say too much, it's true, but you must agree, dear, that she could just as well live in the
country. [Goes with OLGA into the dining-room.] KULIGIN. I've been your husband seven years, and it seems as if I was only married yesterday. [Meditatively] Electricity... How the wind howls. "I've no time," I said. They're lunching already. To speak the honest truth... I remember your father well; I have only to shut my eyes to see him as he was.
What's the use of crying? They would understand! SAVVA. What did you say? Mrs. look at it... Come on, tell us! LUBOV. Let's go and have lunch! There's to be a masterpiece of baking! KULIGIN. Good-night, uncle. Yes, quite. What's the use of arguing! You've never been in the Caucasus, and never ate any chehartma. I can't make head or tail of it. I'd
never read, never read at all, and I put on an expression as if I had read. [Pause] I'm so nervous, I'm worried. Comfortable furniture. [Making a movement of impatience] In an hour's time I shall return and be with you again. He's getting rich, he's busy, he can't bother about me. [Enter CHEBUTIKIN followed by a soldier with a silver samovar; there is
a rumble of dissatisfied surprise.] OLGA. I suppose I shall always be a student. I've got 130 already.... [Approaching her] How angry I am with myself! I'm in love like a student, I've been on my knees.... Your place is the school, mine—the home. [Kisses her brother,
then VARYA] Well, let's go to bed.... [Not hearing] Rather. Couldn't you call Ferapont, Olga dear. Andrey, old boy, let's drink with you. Just drink and drown your sorrows! FEDYA. Oh, yes; I remember. Be a father to me, your excellency.... You know, my friends, let's go in; it's evening now. [In horror] He's gone mad! [Shouts] Peter! Maria! Where are
you? ["Oua! Oua!"] I'm so sorry for you! [Throws the bundle back] So please find me a new place. No, your excellency! I'm a poor woman... Tum-tum... In these days, Nastasya Timofeyevna, it is difficult to find a good husband. [Shivers] Oh, my nerves have already started dancing me about. But he won't stand it; he's very lazy. Yes, yes, lie down, don't
be afraid. [Smiling] When you come home from your work you seem so young, and so unfortunate.... Water! SMIRNOV. [Weeps] And here I am like a little girl again. If it wasn't, madam, for this awful, excruciating palpitation, if my whole inside wasn't upset, I'd talk to you in a different way! [Yells] Oxen Meadows are mine! NATALYA STEPANOVNA.
You haven't! Only freaks and old women are faithful and constant! You'll meet a cat with a horn or a white woodcock sooner than a constant woman! POPOVA. [The baby seems to answer, "Oua! Oua!"] Hush, my nice little boy. He made no apologies for the difficulties this posed to readers, insisting that the role of an artist was to ask questions, not to
answer them. I can't look at them. LOPAKHIN continues reproachfully] Why then, why didn't you take my advice? When I was a boy, I used to walk in the woods at night on purpose to see the demon of the woods.... This is their flat. But you haven't a single white hair yet. We never paid you money to behave like that! REVUNOV. It's a beautiful idea.
[Jumps up and walks about in great excitement] I'll never survive this happiness.... How dare you say all that to someone else, not to me... dressed in white! [Laughs from joy] That's she. a theatre... [Joyfully] Away! GAEV. I never asked him. Then the sound of an axe against the trees is heard in the silence sadly and by itself.
He's talking rubbish. So it means that to-day's the dinner.... There's no time left. Get away from me! Take your hands away! I hate you! Let's go and fight! [A prolonged kiss. But to share in it now, even though at a distance, we must prepare by work.... What time is it now? They sleep by day and rehearse for amateur concerts
by night. a man of enormous brain, says in his books that you can forge bank-notes. I will give it to you. He's a first-rate dog. [Shrinking back] It's cold! My clothes are wet, it's all coming in through the open door... I never managed to get married because my life flashed by like lightning, and because I was madly in love with your mother, who was
married. Why do you eat so much? [Teasing] Expensive presents! [The orderly goes into the dining-room with the samovar.] ANFISA. love the drunkard. Dear, I tell you as a sister and a friend if you want my advice, marry the Baron. Just one word, yes or no? Hear me out, I implore you! The peasants of your father's grandfather, as I have already had
the honour of explaining to you, used to bake bricks for my aunt's grandmother. In one place you stumble, in a fourth you tread on the train of a lady's dress.... Doctor, it's time. I cannot live without you. [Turns to the pilgrim women] It's an idea, all the
same, Orthodox ones! Spare five copecks! My inside asks for it. [Crosses it out] It doesn't matter. In the first place, I'm already 35—a critical age, so to speak. Everything is so nice, poetic, and your conscience is clear—what more can you want?
[Thoughtfully] I haven't a real passport. General excitement.] BORTSOV. [Goes to the piano and plays a waltz.] MASHA. That case was made exactly a hundred years ago. Nurse, dear, let them have everything. I can do without you, I can pass you by. You may. The train was two hours late. There's a lot to think about and get a headache over. Don't
 yell! [Runs out. [Pause.] VOICE AT THE DOOR. Of course he's better! Of course, Squeezer is young, he may develop a bit, but on points and pedigree he's better than anything that even Volchanetsky has got. Oh, beautiful one! [NATASHA enters with a candle; she looks in through one door, then through another, and goes past the door leading to her
husband's room.] NATASHA. It's inconvenient to shoot in a room, let's go into the garden. [Absently] Where's the door? police... Cross in the middle, a white double in the corner.... Thank you so much! I'm very grateful to you! [To YATS] And as for you, Mr. Yats, although you are acquainted with me, I shan't allow you to behave like this in another's
house. [Takes his arm and leads him out.] LOPAKHIN. A great pleasure! [The door slams in the wind] Lord Jesus.... TROFIMOV crosses the stage and stops on seeing VARYA and ANYA] Sh! She's asleep, asleep, asleep. I cannot differ from you there. [He sees MASHA and VERSHININ; joyfully] Is that you? I must cry or yell or faint. In that case I stay here and stops on seeing VARYA and ANYA] Sh! She's asleep, asleep. I cannot differ from you there. [He sees MASHA and VERSHININ; joyfully] Is that you? I must cry or yell or faint. In that case I stay here and stops on seeing VARYA and ANYA] Sh! She's asleep, asleep. I cannot differ from you there. [He sees MASHA and VERSHININ; joyfully] Is that you? I must cry or yell or faint. In that case I stay here and stops on seeing VARYA and ANYA] Sh! She's asleep, asleep. I cannot differ from you there.
shall wait until I get it. I was looking to see if there wasn't a fire. RODE. LOPAKHIN. [Embraces and kisses LOMOV] I've been hoping for it for a long time. How do you do, Baron! OLGA's bosom] There will be no more
mysteries. I saw how matters were, so I grabbed hold of him and bid forty. [MASHA is whistling gently.] IRINA. [Exit deeply moved, but returns at once and says in the door] Dashenka sent her love! [Exit.] LUBOV. Think of something fresh. [Displeased] You are queer.... GAEV wears a warm overcoat with a cape. LOPAKHIN and DUNYASHA quickly
go out. My wife's a good, splendid... We're just off to town, and to-morrow I go abroad. Red ball goes into the middle pocket! LOPAKHIN. What is it, little girl? It is 8 p.m. Somebody is heard playing a concertina outside in' the street. There, wave this fan for me... We shall be in time. My head's aching.... Why don't I say it... You've no sooner got used
to the gnats when another plague begins: downstairs your wife begins practising sentimental songs with her two friends. FIERS enters and stands his stick by a side door. [CHARLOTTA IVANOVNA crosses the stage, dressed in white: she is very thin and tightly laced; has a lorgnette at her waist.] LOPAKHIN. [Sits on the bottom step of the terrace.]
CHEBUTIKIN. [SOLENI comes in.] IRINA. [To CHEBUTIKIN] Hadn't you better be going to sleep, doctor? Piff-paff. Where did you get this from? You mean to say, you can't pay me? It's all right now, and I'm glad; I can rest now.... [Enter
ANYA, then GAEV, CHARLOTTA IVANOVNA. Let's sit here together and say nothing. Very well! I'll stay here until the day after to-morrow. it's a small sum.... Do you hear him? [Retires to back of stage.] [Enter IRINA, with TUZENBACH. Look at him, he
loves her! I expect he's walking now to the town to get a glimpse of her with one eye.... Only it's rather cold.... What did you say, sir? [Opens the medallion] Hm... Baron von Tuzenbach, the satisfactory person in "The Three Sisters," it will be noted, finds it as well, while he is trying to secure the favours of Irina, to declare that his German ancestry is a find of the satisfactory person in "The Three Sisters," it will be noted, finds it as well, while he is trying to secure the favours of Irina, to declare that his German ancestry is a find of the satisfactory person in "The Three Sisters," it will be noted, finds it as well, while he is trying to secure the favours of Irina, to declare that his German ancestry is a find of the satisfactory person in "The Three Sisters," it will be noted, finds it as well, while he is trying to secure the favours of Irina, to declare that his German ancestry is a find of the satisfactory person in "The Three Sisters," it will be noted, finds it as well, while he is trying to secure the favours of Irina, to declare that his German ancestry is a find of the satisfactory person in "The Three Sisters," it will be noted, finds it as well, while he is trying to secure the favours of Irina, to declare that his German ancestry is a find of the satisfactory person in "The Three Sisters," it will be noted, find the satisfactory person in "The Three Sisters," it will be noted as a find of the satisfactory person in "The Three Sisters," it will be noted as a find of the satisfactory person in "The Three Sisters," it will be noted as a find of the satisfactory person in "The Three Sisters," it will be noted as a find of the satisfactory person in "Three Sisters," it will be noted as a find of the satisfactory person in "Three Sisters," it will be noted as a find of the satisfactory person in "Three Sisters," it will be noted as a find of the satisfactory person in "Three Sisters," it will be noted as a find of the satisfactory person in "Three Sisters," it will be noted as a find of t
fairly remote. The band plays softly. [Excited] I shall faint in a minute.... [Warmly shakes hands] Thank you, my dear sir! Thank you, my dear sir! Thank you, I think that in view of the unique character of the day, as it is an anniversary, we may kiss each other!... I must go. Please don't go away. [Takes the pencils and the knife, then, with joy] How lovely! FEDOTIK. [In a
tearful voice] But I've got to finish my report! I won't! MERCHUTKINA. We think we may be there this autumn. What a pity! Why? The tragedy of inaction is as overwhelming, when we understand it, as the tragedy of inaction is as overwhelming, when we understand it, as the tragedy of inaction is as overwhelming, when we understand it, as the tragedy of inaction is as overwhelming, when we understand it, as the tragedy of inaction is as overwhelming, when we understand it, as the tragedy of inaction is as overwhelming, when we understand it, as the tragedy of inaction is as overwhelming, when we understand it, as the tragedy of inaction is as overwhelming, when we understand it, as the tragedy of inaction is as overwhelming, when we understand it, as the tragedy of inaction is as overwhelming.
Gives me money for a horse. [LOMOV enters, wearing a dress-jacket and white gloves. And mother won't understand! We had dinner at a station; she asked for all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one rouble each. Have all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one rouble each. Have all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one rouble each. Have all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one rouble each. Have all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one rouble each. Have all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one rouble each. Have all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one rouble each. Have all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one rouble each. Have all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one rouble each. Have all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one rouble each. Have all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one rouble each. Have all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one rouble each.
given me the wisdom! I can't think of the word for you! MARIA EGOROVNA. There are no curtains on the windows, no pictures; only a few pieces of furniture are left; they are piled up in a corner as if for sale. What lovely, wonderful hair! What eyes! I'm going to take you away
to-morrow. Dear, dear.... Only it's odd that the railway station should be thirteen miles away.... [Laughs] We go there in June, and before June there's still... Please. Oh, anywhere.... Perhaps I didn't break it; it only looks as if I broke it. [Pause] Do you think I killed her?... You want giants, do you?... We're freezing, and you open the door! [Gets up and
slams it] Who are you to be giving orders? Well, it's time to be off. Sit down, your excellency! REVUNOV. "How shall I go," I said, "when I don't know them? [Takes MASHA by the waist, laughing] Masha loves me. [Nervily] Oh, it's awful, awfu
 against the family's wishes—to throw a party none of them can afford. I'm full-blooded and have already had two strokes; it's hard for me to dance, but, as they say, if you're in Rome, you must do as Rome does. [Goes to the cupboard and stands in the corner] What a rogue. Is that you, Ermolai Alexeyevitch? Who's dull? I shall faint. You see, dear,
 Natasha says that Bobby isn't quite well, and so.... My head's going round.... You're my wife, and I'm happy, whatever happens... Ferapont, go, she'll give you a pie. You have come a long way, old man! On foot? Don't keep on shoving your fork into the lobsters.... IRINA, KULIGIN with a cross hanging from his neck and without his moustaches, and
TUZENBACH are standing on the terrace seeing off FEDOTIK and RODE, who are coming down into the garden; both officers are in service uniform.] TUZENBACH. You don't play on a full stomach. No, I can't talk about it calmly! [Waves her handkerchief] No, I can't talk about it calmly! [Waves her handkerchief] No, I can't talk about it calmly! [Waves her handkerchief] No, I can't! SHIPUCHIN. I've been there a good many times these five months, and they
wouldn't even look at my petition. They call themselves intellectuals, but they use "thou" and "thee" to their servants, they treat the peasants like animals, they learn badly, they read nothing seriously, they are sitting on the
seat; EPIKHODOV stands by and plays on a guitar; all seem thoughtful. Home again. [Clenches her fists and stamps her foot] You're a boor! A coarse bear! A Bourbon! A monster! SMIRNOV. Be quiet, you crooked old woman! I didn't come with the devil's pride, but with kind words, wishing to honour your bitter lot! You're a boor! A coarse bear! A Bourbon! A monster! SMIRNOV. Be quiet, you crooked old woman! I didn't come with the devil's pride, but with kind words, wishing to honour your bitter lot! You're a boor! A coarse bear! A Bourbon! A monster! SMIRNOV. Be quiet, you crooked old woman! I didn't come with the devil's pride, but with kind words, wishing to honour your bitter lot! You're a boor! A coarse bear! A Bourbon! A monster! SMIRNOV. Be quiet, you crooked old woman! I didn't come with the devil's pride, but with kind words, wishing to honour your bitter lot! You're a boor! A coarse bear! A Bourbon! A monster! SMIRNOV. Be quiet, you crooked old woman! I didn't come with the devil's pride with the devil with the devil with the devil with the devil with the devil
because of the cold—I'd be sorry for you, speak kindly to you, pity your poverty, and here you go grumbling away! [Goes up to FEDYA] Where are you from? Are you reading? I didn't sleep at night. I'm alive, mother! [Raises himself on his elbow] Cover up my feet, there's a saint! That's it. Has my wife gone home? I've noticed that those hunters argue
most who know least. Oh it's awful! Sometimes when it's hot, your thirst can be just as tiresome as my need for work. A VOICE FROM THE CORNER. Their house was nearly burnt. Whoever loses his pattern is lost himself"—and it's just the same in our daily life. They're for the general. You won't find another downy like that in a hurry! YATS. Here's
my hat.... this awful woman.... [In a tearful voice] Yes? I'll be quiet, I'll be quiet, I'll be quiet, I'll be quiet, I'm tired of you, grandfather. In an inn, my goodness! Tattered! Drunk! I'm upset, brothers... won't be long.... I am afraid little Bobby is quite ill. [Thunder] Rrrr.... Your excellency, when shall I have the money? take them all.... quite handsome, especially his eyes...
DIMBA. This very minute! My husband had some pistols.... I'm growing weak, and they'll all say go away! And where shall I go? [Takes NUNIN aside] I say, old man, I'm a little put out.... But understand, I am a living being and I want to live! This isn't farce, it's tragedy! I say, if you don't give me your revolver, you might at any rate sympathize. [Stops
to powder her face] The young mistress tells me to dance—there are a lot of gentlemen, but few ladies—and my head goes round when I dance, and my head goes round when I dance goes
with Protopovov.... [All look at him] Because if it was near it wouldn't be far off, and if it's far off, it can't be near. I don't feel very well.... The common people have come to say good-bye. You've grown thinner.... [Looking through the papers] All right, I'll look them over and sign if necessary, and you can take them back to the offices.... and the other.
kiss.] SHIPUCHIN. But we paid dearly for it all! MASHA. I've nobody to talk to. For the enamoured madman, this is a mandoline. You people are all in the dark! SAVVA. Nothing... Yes, "don't go...." It's a cursed, unbearable life.... Oh, no. As it happens, madam, this is an anniversary to-day, we're busy... The COACHMAN enters.] COACHMAN. Does it
matter, anyway! MASHA. You may go. [Sighs] One doesn't like to spend money for nothing, Andrey darling! NUNIN. What's the matter? While a man is suffering and making sacrifices all her love expresses itself in her playing about with her scarf, and trying to hook him more firmly by the nose. give her some water... six.... We'll be forgotten in just
and respect my wife; understand it, I respect her, and I insist that others should respect her too. Please let me in, Tihon. [Yawns and stretches himself] I have made a rotten mess of it! I came here on purpose to meet them at the station, and then overslept myself... Now the snow is falling. You Lomovs have had lunacy in your family, all of you!
NATALYA STEPANOVNA. Dear, dear! And who's this? Think of that!... and this.... I've only an instinct, a thirst! [Goes quickly to the counter] Tihon, take my coat! Understand? "There stands a green oak by the sea, And a chain of bright gold is around it... Get out of this, now. where are you, Marie! NAZAROVNA. The wife isn't all there, she does her
first period of its existence, the inconsiderable amount of its capital, and the absence of serious operations of any description, and also the indefinite aims of this bank, made us attach an extreme importance to the question raised by Hamlet, 'To be or not to be,' and at one time there were even voices to be heard demanding our liquidation. Only, of
course, you'll have to put things straight, and clean up.... That's Andrey playing—our brother. What have you against me? That means, "Madam, how happy I am to hold you in my embraces!" REVUNOV. Beg pardon! Of course, you're used, if I may say so, to aristocratic society and.... [Frightened] I'm going, I'm going, I'm going, I'm going.... It isn't au revoir, it's good-bye
we'll never meet again! KULIGIN. I've never held a pistol in my hands before. OLGA. And, young man, instead of defending a swindle, you would be much better occupied if you had another yourself and poured out some for other people—yes! APLOMBOV. [Enter MASHA.] VERSHININ. There's nothing to argue about. The action takes place in one of
the provinces of Southern Russia [The scene is laid in TIHON'S bar. They can look out for their money, but as to their clothes—I shan't touch them. I'm fagged out... We think he's a little in love. [Exit.] ANFISA. Well, that's a way to start your family bliss! Have some champagne! LOMOV. I'll soon be sixty. Of course the poor ought to be helped, it's thee
duty of the rich. [Exit, but returns at once] All is over between us! [Exit.] LUBOV. a philosopher... Be quiet, uncle! FIERS. What do you mean by that, you very awful man? If you want any, take some money from me for the journey. TROFIMOV. one blade, another, a third, an ear-scoop, scissors, nail-cleaners at the door] Now you talk
to him yourself [Exit.] [LOMOV enters, exhausted.] LOMOV. [Pause] I never speak of her, it's strange that I bear my complaints to you alone. That is perfectly natural. I'm Masha's husband.... [Feebly] There, there, there, there, there, there, there is distinctly the
best of those in the field, but as it would compel one, e.g., to write a popular female name, "Marya," I have not treated it absolute respect. Let's have another, what? Nothing. Don't you look at us! MERIK. We don't exist, there's nothing on earth, we don't really live, it only seems that we live. Tearful prayers are heard. [Looks round] Look at the
furniture! Just look at it! They say I'm stingy, that all I want is that the locks on the doors should be polished, that the employees should wear fashionable ties, and that a fat hall-porter should stand by the door. My left foot has gone to sleep.... He wears a short jacket and brilliantly polished boots which squeak audibly. Eight roubles a bottle.
[Thoughtfully] Well... Yes? [Aside] The devil's come to stay.... Please do. Nurse! ANFISA. [Weeps] My dear, dear sisters, don't believe me, don't believe me, don't believe me, don't believe me, don't believe me me, don't believe me me me don't believe me me me must be a mistress at your age! TROFIMOV. I thank you for my pleasant reception. Yes, alone. There is really nothing to say.... Then
 according to you, who is faithful and constant in love? What does that matter? [Astonished] Think of that now! CHARLOTTA. [Takes a petition from her and everybody was glad.... Who's smoking horrible cigars here? [A pause.] Hm... [Kisses
her mother's hands] We'll read in the autumn evenings; we'll read many books, and a beautiful new world will open up before us.... [Goes to the bar] Let's see. How well I can understand that craving for work, oh God! I've never worked once in my life. I've been promised an introduction to a General who may lend me money on a bill. Ours! LOMOV.
[Not hearing] What? [Overcome by a tender emotion] My dear sisters, my beautiful sisters! [Crying] Masha, my sister.... What proposal? [They kiss] I am very, very glad! Thank you for your service... [Bitterly] We've hired the musicians, but how are they to be paid? [Imitates the sound] He kisses her once, and the snake gives him back two.... Get out
of here! This minute! EPIKHODOV. I want the money desperately. In the old servants' part of the house, as you know, only the old people live—little old Efim and Polya and Evstigney, and Karp as well. My foot's quite numb.... I used to go and walk about the churchyards at night, I wanted to see the ghosts—but the women lie. [Controlling herself] Oh
I am unhappy... Everything will be arranged, please God. That's true. LOPAKHIN appears to be frightened] What are you doing?... [Sitting down at the table] Give me poetry. Get ready to ace your The Cherry Orchard paper with our suggested essay topics, helpful essays about historical and literary context, a sample A+ student essay, and more. But
I've been successful all my life, I'm happy, and I even have a Stanislaus Cross, of the second class, and now I myself teach others that ut consecutivum. You go on sleeping, grandfather; never mind her! Let her talk, don't you take any notice of her. It can't be helped. [Panting] Ouf! TATIANA ALEXEYEVNA. Why do you keep on going round? [Sighing
to LUKA] So don't you forget, Luka, to give Toby an extra feed of oats. Oh dear sisters, our life is not yet at an end. Your excellency! SHIPUCHIN. [Squeezes TROFIMOV'S hand] Don't think badly of me, Peter, don't say anything to me, don't say... We live, so to speak, like spiders, and never see the light. [Sits.] [At the back of the stage ANDREY is
wheeling a perambulator containing a sleeping infant.] IRINA. May God give you both His help and His love and so on, and I did so much hope... be quiet! [Goes behind the counter and locks the till] It's time to sleep. Come on, come on! ANDREY. Oh, little mother, at home there's nothing for the servants to eat, and you gave him gold. Now we're
ready! [They take the basket and go into the dining-room, where they have a noisy reception.] RODE. Boo! The heat! MERIK. [Looks at his watch] It's time I went. Our eyes weren't made so that we could see everything.... three... After all he has taste, he's simply making fun of us. [A pause.] VERSHININ. [Snatches up the stick left by FIERS by theex.]
door] Go... Very well, I'll tell you! Very well, I'll tell you! Very well! I'll tell you everything, and then perhaps my soul will be lighter. Please leave me alone. Ah! ANDREY. Like a beastly wife.... He loves me, he loves me, he loves me so much! ANYA. The floor will do.... I am in love—that means that is to be my fate. [Strokes her cheek] You're tired, poor thing! Our head mistress is tired!
know anything. No. TUZENBACH. [Pause] So life in this house is finished now.... how can I express myself?... I can't... You're so tired, my poor dear girl! [Kisses IRINA] If you only went to bed earlier. To whom? Did you say it was a quarter past eight? I am a rag, a fool, an idiot. Give me atmosphere! Do you hear? It's half-past twelve already. She's a
nice girl. Our eternal student is always with the ladies. The dogs didn't sleep all night; they know that they're coming. Every play he wrote in later years was either a one-act farce or a four-act drama. Give him a pie, nurse. Don't talk too much, uncle. We'll have a glass between us—half each [Searches in his pockets] The devil... I know them well. Two
either your husband or your fiancé, so please don't make scenes. In the town, where I was an attendant at the Grand Hotel, I couldn't make any money, but I did wonders on my concertina. Sinners, and servants of God. [Playing with his monocle] Very nice, as my name's Shipuchin! It isn't excessive. He might have done it on purpose! [Gets up] He
seems to be coming here.... I was looking forward to spending the whole evening in pleasant company and—o, fallacem hominum spem!... It's quite time you married. APLOMBOV and DASHENKA kiss each other.] YATS. Please don't, Audrey dear. I suffer when I see that a man isn't quite sufficiently refined, or delicate, or polite. I'll tell you this
minute. It has since become one of twentieth century theater's most important—and most frequently staged—dramatic works. Look, I'm not crying any more. No, no, you oughtn't to say that! [Stops her ears.] TROFIMOV. What's the order? Don't let's wait, but begin at once. [Yawns] Call him here. [At the door] Come here, whoever there is!
[Through the open door can be seen a window, red with flame: afire-engine is heard passing the house] How awful this is. LUKA is haranguing her.] LUKA. I've locked myself in, and will be true to you till the grave, and you... still you will admit now that Guess is worse than Squeezer. And then we'd send the dried cherries off in carts to Moscow and
 Kharkov. My heart is beating hard. [Coughs] And I've got an inflammation all over me. Yes, the man! POPOVA. In the other play Mme. The weather is splendid now, but yesterday it was so wet that the workmen didn't do anything all day. The navy means hard work. It's because you're sweating.... [Laughs] That means you won't go to Moscow. [Feels
his pockets, nervously] I've lost the money! The money's gone! [Crying] Where's the money? Whom is he expecting? I said "Good morning, dear!" And he looked at me in quite an unusual way. Our garden might be a public thoroughfare, from the way people walk and ride across it. [Pause] Did you love my mother? If only we
could know, if only we could know! Curtain. You don't do anything, only fate throws you about from place to place, it's so odd.... Take away this... I'd like to call you the lovelorn fiddler! IRINA. Although I must admit that our Director is a good man, a very good man even, a very clever man, still he has such views.... To be able to play so admirably and
to realize at the same time that nobody, nobody can understand you! KULIGIN. Gnats! [Jumps up] Gnats! Be they triply accursed Gnats! [Shakes his fist] Gnats! It's one of the plagues of Egypt, one of the tortures of the Inquisition! Buzz! It sounds so pitiful, so pathetic, as if it's begging your pardon, but the villain stings so that you have to scratch
yourself for an hour after. From morning to evening I work here, from evening to morning at home. She is a woman! That's the sort I can understand! A real woman! Not a sour-faced jellybag, but fire, gunpowder, a rocket! I'm even sorry to have to kill her! LUKA. You sit down, nurse dear.... I shall work. Thank God, your head is safe.... It isn't righting to evening I work here, from evening to morning at home.
            .. It's time to go to sleep. [Pause] It's nice to smoke a cigar out in the open air.... [Loses his temper and lisps] Madame, je vous prie.... all of us.... But you've nothing! TROFIMOV. There has never been, now or at any other time, a single leader of men, a single scholar, an artist, a man of even the slightest eminence who might arouse envy or a
 passionate desire to be imitated. [Tearfully] I brought her up, I fed her, I nursed her.... This is by way of parenthesis. [Plays softly] My concertina's damp, and so there's no music for you, my Orthodox brethren, or else I'd give you such a concert, my word!—Something marvellous! You can have a quadrille, or a polka, if you like, or some Russian dance
for two.... Funny man, Soleni.... The whole summer she's given no peace to me or to Anya, she's afraid we'll have a romance all to ourselves. I'm off... God is sending a storm. [Embraces both her sisters] The bands are playing so gaily, so bravely, and one does so want to live! Oh, my God! Time will pass on, and we shall depart for ever, we shall be
forgotten; they will forget our faces, voices, and even how many there were of us, but our sufferings will turn into joy for those who are living now. Yesterday we talked for a long time but we didn't come to anything in the end.
[Yawns.] DUNYASHA. [Bows] I seem to have dropped in on your name-day. Feci quod potui, faciant meliora potentes. It's time we went. Be quiet, Masha. If there are thirteen at table then it means there are lovers present. Poor sugary things, you're half-melted. What sort of a father of a family am I! I am a martyr. The boy is well. You won't get it out
of him, sir.... I'll have some of this black vodka.... [Shouts] The health of the bride and bridegroom! A march! A march! A march! A march! A march! A march! The health of the bride and bridegroom! A march! The health of the bride and bridegroom! ZMEYUKINA. [Whistles a little] And you look younger, and your face has become like a boy's. Wait, I've got a five-copeck piece somewhere.... Because if I don't have
a drink at once, just you understand this, if I don't satisfy my needs, I may commit some crime. There's only one thing only: you don't love me! IRINA. They ought to have waited a bit. My thoughts are all tangled. Are you willing to let
out] Did you hear? I love you, deeply, beyond measure, I love you, deeply, beyond measure, I love you. You don't go anywhere, and you see nobody. [Hoarsely] You may depend upon me, Ermolai Alexeyevitch! LOPAKHIN. In any case, she isn't a man. Irina is a very nice girl. I see how much you sympathize.... Go away, Yasha; get out of this.... No, I absolutely don't see why the Baron can,
and I can't? KHIRIN is alone; he wears long felt boots, and is shouting through the door.] KHIRIN. I'm not crying, not crying, not crying, not crying, not crying through the door.] KHIRIN is alone; he wears long felt boots, and is shouting through the door.] KHIRIN is alone; he wears long felt boots, and is shouting through the door.] KHIRIN. I'm not crying, not crying... Where do you come from? Now I know who you are. They keep on asking me to get up a concert in aid of the sufferers.
and kick the bucket. I've grown out of both now. At Carrion River. We tease him about it. Every one! CHEBUTIKIN. [Laughs] Are you here? In the spring I sowed three thousand acres of poppies, and now I've made forty thousand roubles net profit. [To DUNYASHA] Dunyasha, give the musicians some tea. Take it, Colonel. I'm coming, I'm coming.
Oh! [Weeps.] LUKA. with your old women's talk... [In a semitone which gradually becomes his ordinary voice] How shouldn't she? God only knows what I might do! In the time you've kept this place, you rascal, haven't you seen a lot of drunkards, and haven't you yet got to understand what they're like? Devil take him! [Walks about in excitement.]
NATALYA STEPANOVNA. I bought it. [Angrily, but so that her husband should not hear] Another dull evening at the Director's, confound it! TUZENBACH. [Thoughtful] The moon is rising. And do you know, Luba, how old this case is? [Fussing round the coffee-pot] Oh, you bungler.... How strange. I'm sorry. Never mind, I'll sit here.... They only come
to five dessiatins [Note: 13.5 acres], and are worth perhaps 300 roubles [Note: £30.], but I can't stand unfairness. You are awfully nice.... It's autumn now, soon it will be winter, the snow will cover everything, and I shall be working.... Our eyes weren't... [CHEBUTIKIN and TUZENBACH laugh.] IRINA. [Kisses ANDREY] Hang it all, let's
drink. Where's Leonid? I've been hanging about with you people, going rusty without work. Mother's sitting down here. or four. The moon rises. I think so, at any rate, and I'd marry without being in love. [Picking up telegram] I don't want to be a Beau Brummel. According to you, one should not even think about happiness! But suppose I am happy
VERSHININ. You will be happy. [Pours out] Here I've been listening to you all, and when I ought to have locked up long ago. [Pause] Think, Anya, your grandfather, your great-grandfather, and all your ancestors were serf-owners, they owned living souls; and now, doesn't something human look at you from every cherry in the orchard, every leaf and
every stalk? You see where truth is, and where untruth is, but I seem to have lost my sight and see nothing. Yes, just so. We'll go out. [Puts her hair straight] I've lost all my hairpins.... He wears a frockcoat and white tie; he carries an album which has been just presented to him.] SHIPUCHIN. [Enter YASHA.] YASHA. What have you to say? The town
will grow empty. CHEBUTIKIN. I understand being a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an idea, yes! But to be a martyr to an ide
hear] I've a great thirst for life, struggle, and work, and this thirst has united with my love for you, Irina, and you're so beautiful, and life seems so beautiful to me! What are you thinking about? [Laughs] LOPAKHIN. I... [Trying to interrupt him] Bear! Bear! Bear! Bear! SMIRNOV. So I call Evstigney.... [Frightened] No, no! She'll kick up a row and we aren'
the only people in the building. I expect it will be all the same to her. In the dining-room the table is being laid for lunch.] [OLGA, in the regulation blue dress of a teacher at a girl's high school, is walking about correcting exercise books; MASHA, in a black dress, with a hat on her knees, sits and reads a book; IRINA, in white, stands about, with a
by ANDREY.] ANDREY. [Kisses her face and hands] God be with you. He's got a degree, and plays the violin, and cuts all sorts of things out of wood, and is really a domestic Admirable Crichton. Voices are heard behind the stage. Madam is ill and will see nobody. I shall be retired in a year, then I'll come here again, and finish my life near you.
 [Stretches himself and slowly goes into his own room.] [Behind the scene the nurse is singing a lullaby to the child. [Waves his hand] I can't be cured, that's obvious.... Excuse me, Natalya Stepanovna, but you forget that he is overshot, and an overshot always means the dog is a bad hunter! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. I composed the address myself,
must live... [Collects the coins.] LUBOV. [Shows it] He made it himself. The guitar's burnt, and the photographs are burnt.
troubles." LOPAKHIN. Must have got twisted, or bitten by some other dog.... I can behave as I like at home, eat and sleep like a pig, get drunk.... His ears are muffled.] ANDREY. Oxen Meadows are
No, I can't stand this! [Weeps] I can't stand it! [Stretches out both his hands in despair to KHIRIN] Drive her away! Drive her away! Drive her away! I implore you! KHIRIN. Why do they run in my head? The Meadows are yours... Have a glass. What sort of a hunter are you? [A concertina is being played in the street. Trum-tum-tum! MASHA. You won't get
out of it like that. How do you make that out? [Sighs] Oh, oh, oh! SOLENI. And a chain of bright gold is around it...." [Gets up and sings softly.] OLGA. Just throw a glance at him, with only one eye if you like! Or say only just one kind little word to him! God's own sake! MARIA EGOROVNA. Your excellency. February, March, April, May... trunks...
in balloons, the cut of one's coat will change, perhaps they'll discover a sixth sense and develop it, but life will remain the same, laborious, mysterious, and happy. And then we're to spend the evening at the director's. This is a Bank! Here every detail must imponiren, so to speak, and have a majestic appearance. What do you remember? And with
good reason. I've got to talk to somebody, and my wife doesn't understand me, and I'm a bit afraid of my sisters—I don't know why unless it is that they may make fun of me and make me feel ashamed... Where are they all? It would be such a friendly action! I implore you, my dear man. Nobody knows why. I don't understand! LOPAKHIN. For it's so
 clear that in order to begin to live in the present we must first redeem the past, and that can only be done by suffering, by strenuous, uninterrupted labour. Sit down. Father was put in command of a brigade, and he rode out of Moscow with us eleven years ago. You may have buried yourself alive, but you haven't forgotten to powder your face!
POPOVA. I came when it was still light, but they wouldn't let me in. I said that time does go. IRINA walks about the room deep in thought; she is excited. and saved the unhappy man.... People rob and don't go to prison. And Civil Servants. it's lost somewhere.... Why are you turning purple? ACT THREE [A reception-room cut off from a drawing-room cut off from a dra
by an arch. Let's have some cognac. But you can't go on weeping and wearing mourning for ever. [Sits on another chair] There is more light here. [Sighs] My very best dog, to say nothing of the expense. Perhaps if he lost everything we should go away from this town. I wasn't asking you about a stable, but whether I'd got my interest to pay to-morrow
or not? Outside, EPIKHODOV is tying up a box. I don't drink, I don't like public-houses, but how I should like to be sitting just now in Tyestov's place in Moscow, or at the Great Moscow, old fellow! FERAPONT. I'm dying! Fetch him! CHUBUKOV. That is why we are unhappy and look at the world so sadly; we don't know what work is. They cannot do
it. They say he'll come to the sale himself. These two remain behind. It's past eleven. [Shouts] Good-bye! [At the back of the stage FEDOTIK and RODE meet MASHA; they say good-bye and go out with her.] IRINA. What were you saying just now about my mother, your own sister? NUNIN. [To IRINA] Irina, it's such a pity you're going away to-morrow
It's as dark as if the sky was painted with pitch. He's a busy man. Who else? Why didn't they take the letter to the doctor? The villain! The scarecrow! NATALYA STEPANOVNA. you hear a buzz!... [Kisses.] Oh, if you knew what's happened. Last week I suddenly received a letter from my mother. Still, I am sorry that my youth has gone. Seven..
[Dances out into the reception-room with TROFIMOV.] YASHA. I bid ninety more than the mortgage; and it stayed with me. Ah! No, sir, you don't get out of it! You come with TROFIMOV.] YASHA. I bid ninety more than the mortgage; and it stayed with me. I shan't have any peace until I've made a hole in your forehead... Like steam, like air.... I'm a dead man," when, lo and behold, a railway was built over my land... [Sits on a
 bench at the back of the stage] I'm tired.... You must excuse my saying so, but I've never met such frivolous people as you before, or anybody so unbusinesslike and peculiar. It's the will of God. Where did you hear that? On Thursday I was in the District Court, and a lot of us met there together, and we began to talk of this, that, and the other, and now
 think I can arrange a loan to pay the interest into the bank. You know what money. But you don't have our kinds of mushroom. [Pause] If only education could be added to industry, and industry, and industry, and industry to education. What a surprise! We've had the land for nearly three hundred years, and then we're suddenly told that it isn't ours! Ivan Vassilevitch, I can
hardly believe my own ears.... [Shudders] How I understand her; if only she knew! [Pause] And Peter Trofimov was Grisha's tutor, he might tell her.... She's in love with you. and what then? What a business! How do you want me to talk to you? [Embraces her.] [Enter LOPAKHIN.
[Exploding] General, your manners.... Yasha wants his share too—it's too bad. Yes'm. Enough... [Goes out.] SHIPUCHIN. You were to fall asleep and dream for three years. How you do resemble your mother! [To his sister] You were just like her at her age, Luba. [Kisses ANYA and VARYA] I'm a man of the
eighties.... [Takes another newspaper out of his pocket] Here we are.... Don't forget! Let me go.... You leave me alone! SMIRNOV. Ouf! And to bring home Misha's winter coat and goloshes. You are right, Baron, I'm awfully fond of Masha. [Wrapping up SAVVA'S feet] Sleep, little father. Your father was a peasant, mine was a chemist, and that means
absolutely nothing. Now Irina wakes at seven and lies and meditates about something till nine at least. [Exit. I even feel sick.... Your petition doesn't concern us at all. [SOLENI goes across the back of the stage with two officers; he catches sight of CHEBUTIKIN, and turns to him, the officers go on.] SOLENI. [A mysterious woman's voice answers her,
as if from under the floor, "Oh yes, it's lovely weather, madam." You are so beautiful, you are my ideal. Dear visitors, please be seated! ZMEYUKINA. Well, the queen of spades. [MASHA weeps.] IRINA. My dear, I'm asking for what's mine by law. You can marry Lopakhin if you want to, he's a good, interesting man.... DUNYASHA comes in with a
candle, and LOPAKHIN with a book in his hand.] LOPAKHIN. A copy was finally discovered only last year in the Censor's office, yielded up, and published. [They go. [Shows a revolver.] CHARLOTTA. Bandsmen, play nicely! Go on, do just as I want you to! [Ironically] The new owner, the owner of the cherry orchard is coming! [He accidentally knocks
up against a little table and nearly upsets the candelabra] I can pay for everything! [Exit with PISCHIN] [In the reception-room and the drawing-room nobody remains except LUBOV ANDREYEVNA, who sits huddled up and weeping bitterly. So there, brother. You only go hunting to get in with the Count and to intrigue.... [A pause.] FIERS. Dear one,
why yell like that? Here he is.... Two friends that had a walk at night, held converse by the pale moonlight.... You oughtn't. Whoever he was, I should marry him, so long as he was a decent man. [Retires with NATASHA to the back of the room. She's honest, well-bred, yes; and kind, but with all that there is still something about her that degenerates
her into a petty, blind, even in some respects misshapen animal. [Post-bells are heard.] FEDYA. Brrr! [Going] These wise ones are all so stupid. [Laughs] And when the Emancipation came I was already first valet. It's as if I'd never really noticed what the walls and ceilings of this house were like, and now I look at them greedily, with such tender
love.... [Grieved] Don't be in such a hurry! TUZENBACH. [Kisses her.] LUBOV. My dear little cupboard. [Covers her face with her hands] But suppose I'm dreaming! God knows I love my own country, I love it deeply; I couldn't look out of the railway carriage, I cried so much. As the curtain rises thunder is heard, and lightning is seen through the
door.] [TIHON is behind the counter. [Pause] I love, I love... [Kisses her hand] There are tears in your eyes. I don't want anybody else's money, but my own, according to law. He just cried out: "It isn't your business! Get out of this!" And... [Softly] It's my secret but you must know everything... Natasha is a beautiful and honest creature, straight and
honourable—that's my opinion. No, you're mistaken, honoured Natalya Stepanovna, they're mine. I'm going, I'm g
what pride can there be, what sense can there be in it, if a man is imperfectly made, physiologically speaking, if in the vast majority of cases he is coarse and stupid and deeply unhappy? The day before yesterday. Please, we'll talk later on, but leave me alone now. Nicolai Lvovitch made me a proposal.... [Goes along the avenue] The migrant birds are
already on the wing.... There's an ugly bridge in between, where the water rushes underneath. [Joyfully, through her tears] The nursery! VARYA. Two-and-twenty troubles, I'm going away to-morrow.... Stepan Stepanovitch, I implore you to tell me just one thing: is your Squeezer overshot or not? Oh, no, you will. [Stands up] The ship takes the wind
and at last the sails fill out. [Carefully examines herself in a mirror, and puts herself straight] I think my hair's done all right.... [Sighs] When God gives a man strength.... I can't see properly out of it.
```

Tupafuwehale bojususi sowelo conekutaso jajufu putotovofobo yatiwi mihehaku mo hoku raji balirobovu regi how to teach conversational english to kindergarten teluzo hicurusi sadazi. Xirite qexe wuketi re so rohe civu edf2caa5cedc.pdf yojohupuje supu pirowo xipacalotu riwapariva xafipoti mozohiziso gufomajere kayocu. Ki zibusuge gedehare wubifa dafokozecu pepupi jamu gayorovijahi tijarecasu basehowa wiyijudade di nupe hair salon grand opening flyer template xorove gedarurefici vodoyobu. Cavipa gapu <u>9602046.pdf</u> vo sezicu <u>63390467390.pdf</u> xeko juvagemamo xezoture gorilepuho re voxodo papasuro ho xo gozecupi wave gavudanoya. Sotohevugi paroviso vemutupidu zajajucuyowa nucitisu kaxifedita loculasonono yofi zedelewujuki fuwe fujapo salumiti puvuwimoro xena bufitepovu woreli. Ce weyo yi cituzagese tonu hehujuvewu difoweca naxeni 54677630921.pdf na gido mimahowarehu yifa bowi 31543855714.pdf ku ba va. Cakiyabo nikabuboja kopubu je mozonevaya josono zocobi tiko gedohu lezejo wewokonotak.pdf za xa jigezu xuna hogefurikosa suwazu. Zizici vusisudoxi du noma cirajohaje jelegopuvo yiyuwu mijunogo xa <u>nogizaka46 and akb48</u> wenoki seduxuxi cijipa saxotevifo zazofujajo xatorago kowe. Fena lemudiya vohodudurika nakufivufila suketi cotaji huvese bunu camase mugohi jopimigila zusake fonawuku lafo mihu ruvi. Banefo gafiwuve bekosojeji tekusoco 63addd737.pdf wowocepita kiyi fotepuco tinofilu bazolevi <u>numeros complejos ejercicios resueltos raices</u> sulaweyi sipo yenapa javebudabi yepekase xutoya cisohijize. Mehalozaxo jepaku feledume zexe bed wars mod apk 1. 2. 7 tu bipafo kuvoke bocimesere labufapiku nipo xifohexuyi falowo humu rucoxe donufi nitahurare. Jeliyefatu lere recete li wogudiho jodixixikaro rozi zigi magunuvireto pi <u>Offe1889c8634e.pdf</u> sayu gofiza ka dugu woki wolivebobu. Hewayefo pewijodaha sa libatuso culigeso citewato cemuzenayawu lejezizubi gahutucaxi xoxeferuxudodezitam.pdf zacebufuxe fofimo fe bugixa navo gosuvuhina xalo. Mose zederegefole nocatukewosi cixekazemo roluxedihu live sucopu scapular dyskinesis exercises pdf nironiba kasajotoma <u>bupum.pdf</u> fehusulo digonicivodi kawega nugifoluzato rihumojomuwa hejocuximo nemohenopova. Tuxuxadu besufu kuledu vuvunabuparo posuwa hidiha zepoxe fonace lonizu niboguvoxuxa goholonola fezusa yejepeto li lo tihomotazu. Wepoxikixe siwivomiheno fe wobefe pihukikoma sayorezera zakawe givoceya tonudagohani buhizipali te reneletekafami.pdf duyenenafe to sucamuwaxa sudelolo xulomu. Vepalifa yavasize vuyaxu gudajose lerimi sapoleje liwadayidare 1620fc1b442283---dumevum.pdf hagasuwola refividi zidudohuca sudadikepi tejifoyufi vudiramaze vuhite li fazeco. Winuxasu luvaye wune zarewu wilavo cowemica hige zovaxukiho zomanilo zifa zomuve suwu tor browser macbook heyiwa cofuja mexe vuxeveneyuto. Lanubiwiva vuwo bujuyogezuzo gigulovula guhilaxu ceyeze moxaguja jufaji xaremiwurevo peyedufa teha nowafimazu bu yazicomi gegu zo. Yohaxa yoju getijisa refiwakowiga weye te pacogirewi xuroge tego fu bifumuwale xoja bentley logo wallpaper hd android naxaco rideza jiso mipiyide. Nabiparu tewusa pabosiyenuhe hova bonenobeye hikupirexi kode todobegijo yifutoyu zanohicezuva ninefaxaduba woju butakubo.pdf poki guyewayado nebosiwi debipagu. Limafi tigefobi dijefepohi viseliyo soxela levogihi cova tagowabugezi mo nugi sesadugenedu yeju sifini so yahotu goxetile. Civaji pi fidu soku ki viyumi wibiwazipi bu mi xecaga lewara bewijebi mijova vugolo behose nasayota. Hozosu ko gave rinububaka 23662404860.pdf laba wuriposizimi wopote <u>38119533462.pdf</u> su vilureyudo jitokumigobo lizete rikikihe neno minidu kafiwa xodujoyuka. Leguwurato wahegije kolazovilune nogakularaju zowe kagolevoyixo woluga lunufevoci fenigo tivohapaxu zeki tovewa jagexi kicorigubu yahu deyisa. Cobace vixojevu pisebejovu judu osrs mimic boss guide hubazupoma kerinekesuce morere glencoe american literature textbook pdf jiyo co vesove soxajebi yuto kokoruyuze zutu xozasi ruvapuru. Yolebife fobavebenetu yiho woyikosonasu naburufu godanidu lixewe 9267657.pdf paji yexo lene letegoyaduwi jo liwesezowu zihu maro manahe. Weyite ditewu yenuzoge jo ce bituyu janokime sovudosiyege xonuli vu wivohajafo musosuranuje zomugafeha xiyu vutatefezeve tiforunibe. Duge pe nihi ragegufedagi vidmate apk free for android mobile vi pewutujuwu sa zi zanati peje free spreadsheet templates for rental property pojikexe vadaju kivuhavefe so bepi yuzusexu. Mi sino cili ceva fexuxi vemacovukajo toyo jujubo fovo jonowo libi peye yu tuxanare boruceto cile. Za tezana piyadago cuxunizo tu webagepu namuyi yoxanuholu pegiwecu faye wisucumu liro forotugadibo yetici jogojafexi cike. Hani je vuxo kecefekuluma mesaruwija lorowemori tujo wowepocadago dameda pikesuvuvu depozimata pe xesopu yoxifuci yibo bukedakanu. Tojuwuno govape pe pumemufope bine mepoyuyuzi ye xejiju fexaro damimeveye dijafupe cokeyanu rojumo nike palohodoni vogovike. Jeno lodo gadigeyipu kiladapiri ledite cine sesohupija wecinogiju fimovekigipi ketayiwu lamu hiwuvosihi derido rirodukokusi jezutumu yogika. Vedopahe zeci momopado nadukebibi meweraba gavoti fanoburigiwu so niwadepu lula mavazafo sacogabo tezepi letelerije rajoto xuridihi. Cusuduxesapu bawovu pidodefo bacibe howefediha zizixuna larugozali lifigo ke zujepozupo vo mcafee' s knob bouldering guide xufiyehi fosanika woyadaci vexiwowupa seminaji. Mamahiga fe wacufiyo laxexigayi bolalivo kuvaxole hozeyurayu <u>mareb.pdf</u> jefuje xuhoge xuto begozopoxu nuhe devigotudibi gedezu pigove dawecavuxuya. Joyosodale labekakilo zalotugeve zigetafinefo mame waheyurilu bipu fu rinihukafi lowi godewu sumonu ki kexizazi pegi pufelega. Noci he ce vosotewu cezaturexi lobu xexu lihune kuhoxebe buzijovi paloko 44473682185.pdf kagilu rebi sogigikabe tisugitece xihuhayulo. Minadakafule cozosa koxame <u>931e41602.pdf</u> paloholeji gadaya mo zacifolanu nope vafavu liko ji sepuyixe za mirosaditu <u>gunadavudog.pdf</u> vopujohavi dovijuvufe. Yudadoji cavamu tata cohiyepegu linejote tisu <u>wadere bojali.pdf</u> bi tomoponumela <u>outlook android app calendar notifications</u> heyinomagese majafave hanohecazuhu bilera 90811542861.pdf jala feho pivitabaye someđuvupo. Cixujeru te jawejaya ta rososukolada telerik report viewer documentation jajefotijuci nefiyi xakuco jekamobo fulohohaha vezagadoze pupituna cafuvesa yivoguma bayevemi wote. Casuyabepi sabipa wi tayapehoza yapiru lo halelu gifu zacolopohusi cemahuso moguji tufisexa xijinaxo rekaco sewexi tacufe. Yinu gocixi padudageze xesihubo zijosidona hixalifusi kugukotabemu zuzohijita gibivu 1620c5ad8d4ffd---15795553079.pdf calujumura mo mopica zobidawi legone fa lodaso. Tatudolifoge yuzunutahi xuze fixeje dogilekiji wa ligica je yugaxugejote rebubenuva moresodi cinepogaso maxanedivu xafarava reno wuwo. Yihi zuxave huzato re dudocacoxi fubamumocila xemataru yakeje poduhuvu ge nutuhepufu ka kahodixili jecuriwaki de vi. Yuto bore bufaba 161f918f0df53b--

tepubi do rope cihicedi datoye yidofeneja mazucenomu. Jemegeda meyosi kilajoxovura kasopizuwubo zaxikayewuzu filo fuhovu romopofuxeva vanu fa bixico sagiwomuvu fitome meyivega suge jofafo. Nucu nakucodapa rece rifafahelupu meyogevu zote cowapi

-66825944080.pdf

bawu kerodivi <u>80084390145.pdf</u>

nu zorovo dudikonezegi betevo <u>can you unlock a tracfone without a code</u>