



I'm not robot



Continue

## The cherry orchard anton chekhov pdf

This edition is in a large file (about 125KB) for your convenience. Select chorch2.htm to read the piece by actions. [Note: The AltaVista search engine indexes only the first 100KB of a file.] Kindly contributed by James Rusk &lt;lrusk@cyberramp.net>; See the original in Russian on the excellent pages of C. S. Kuhn. You may need to follow the hints on our Russian fonts page to display the correct Cyrillic fonts for that page. No license, royalty or permission is required to perform this edition of this game in public. From: Plays, by Anton Tchekoff. 2d series, tr. with an introduction by Julius West. New York, Scribner's, 1917. 277 pp. CHARACTERS LUBOV ANDREYEVNA RANEVSKY (MME. RANEVSKY), a landowner ANYA, her daughter, seventeen YEARS OLD VARYA (BARBARA), her adopted daughter, twenty-seven LEONID ANDREYEVITCH GAEV, Ms. Ranevsky's brother ERMOLAI ALEXEYEVITCH LOPAKHIN, a merchant PETER SERGEYEVITCH TROFIMOV, a student BORISOVITCH SIMEONOV-PISCHIN, a landowner CHARLOTTA IVANOVNA, a governess SIMEON PANTELEYEVITCH EPIKHODOV, a clerk DUNYASHA (AVDOTYA FEDOROVNA), a maid FIERS, an old sheet, age eighty-seven YASHA, a young sheet A TRAMP A STATION-MASTER POST OFFICE CLERK GUESTS A SERVANT The ACTION TAKES PLACE ON Mme. RANEVSKY's estate A room that is still called the nursery. One of the doors leads to ANYA's room. It's close to sunrise. It's May. The cherry trees are in bloom, but it's cold in the garden. There's an early frost. The windows of the room are closed. DUNYASHA comes in with a candle, and LOPAKHIN with a book in his hand. LOPAKHIN. Thank God the train has arrived. What time is it? DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. It'll be two soon. [Blows candle] It's light. LOPAKHIN. How much was the train late? At least two hours. [Yawning and stretching] I made a mess of it! I came here on purpose to meet them at the station, and then overslept myself . . . in my chair. It's a shame. I wish you'd woke me up. DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. I thought you were gone. [Listening] I think I hear them coming. LOPAKHIN. [Listens] No.... They have to pick up their luggage and so on. [Pause] Lubov Andreyevna has been living abroad for five years; I don't know what she's going to be like now. She's a good kind, an easy, simple person. I remember when I had 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. . . . We'd gone to the garden together for something or something, and he was a little drunk. Lubov Andreyevna, as I remember her now, was still young, and very thin, and she took me to the sink here in this room, the nursery. She said, Don't cry, little man, you'll be fine in time, your wedding. [Pause] Little man. . . . My father was a farmer, it's true, but here I am. &lt;lrusk@cyberramp.net>&gt; &lt;lrusk@cyberramp.net>&gt; a white vest and yellow shoes... a pearl from an oyster. I'm rich now, with a lot of money, but think about it and research me, and you'll find that I'm still a farmer right down to the marrow of my bones. [Runs over the pages of his book] Here I read this book, but I didn't understand anything. I read and fell asleep. [Pause;] DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. The dogs did not sleep all night; They know they're coming. LOPAKHIN. What's wrong with you, Dunyasha? DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. My hands are shaking. I'll pass out. LOPAKHIN. You're too sensitive, Dunyasha. You dress like a lady, and you do your hair like a. You shouldn't be doing that. You should know your place. EPIKHODOV. [Comes in with a bouquet. He wears a short jacket and brilliantly polished boots that can beep audibly. He drops the bouquet when he enters, then picks it up] The gardener sent it; They have to go to the dining room. [Gives the bouquet to DUNYASHA.] LOPAKHIN. And you're bringing me some kvass. DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. Very good. [Exit.] EPIKHODOV. There is a frost this morning-three degrees, and the cherry trees are all in bloom. I can't approve of our climate. [Sigh] I can't. Our climate is not able to benefit us even this time. And, Ermolai Alexeyevitch, allow me to say to you, moreover, that I bought myself some boots two days ago, and I beg to assure you that they squeak in a completely unbearable way. What am I supposed to do on it? LOPAKHIN. Go away. You bore me. EPIKHODOV. There's a little accident going on with me every day. But I'm not complaining; I'm used to it and I can laugh. [DUNYASHA comes in and brings LOPAKHIN some kvass] I'll go. [Knocks over a chair] There.... [Triumphant] You see, if I may use the word, in what circumstances I'm in, so to speak. In fact, it's just amazing. [Exit.] DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. I may confess to you, Ermolai Alexeyevitch, that Epikhodov introduced me. LOPAKHIN. Ah! DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. I don't know what to do about it. He's a nice young man, but every once in a while, when he starts talking, you don't understand a word he says; I think I like him. He's madly in love with me. He's an unhappy man. Every day something happens. We tease him about it. They call him Two-and-twenty problems. LOPAKHIN. [Listen] Here they come, I think. DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. They're coming! What's wrong with me? I'm cold everywhere. LOPAKHIN. There they are, just enough. Let's meet them. Will she know me? We haven't seen each other in five years. DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. [Excited] I'll pass out in a minute. I'm fainting. Two carriages are heard driving up to the house. LOPAKHIN and DUNYASHA go out quickly. The stage is empty. A sound starts in the next room. FIERS, leaning on a runs quickly across the stage; he has just gone to meet LUBOV ANDREYEVNA. He's wearing an old-fashioned ivory and a top hat. He says something to himself, but no word of it can be made. The sound behind the stage gets louder and louder. A voice is heard: Let's go inside. Enter LUBOV ANDREYEVNA, ANYA and IVANOVNA with a doggy on a chain, and all dressed in traveling clothes, VARYA in a long coat and with a headscarf on her head. GAEV, SIMEONOV-PISCHIN, LOPAKHIN, DUNYASHA with a package and an umbrella, and a servant with luggage --all cross the room. Anya. Let's get through this. Do you remember what this room is. Mother? LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. [Joyful, through her tears] The nurse! VARYA. How cold it is! My hands are again numb. [TO LUBOV ANDREYEVNA] Your rooms, the white and the violet, are exactly the way they used to be, mother. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. My dear nursery, oh, you beautiful room. . . . I slept here when I was a baby. [Crying] And here I am again as a little girl. [Kiss her brother. VARYA, then her brother again] And Varya is just like she used to be, just like a nun. And I knew Dunyasha. [Kiss her.] GAEV, GAEV. The train was two hours late. There now; How's that for punctuality? CHARLOTTA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. [To PISCHIN] My dog eats nuts, too. PISCHIN, P.S. [Surprised] To think about that, now! All go except ANYA and DUNYASHA. DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. We had to wait for you. Takes off ANYA's cloak and hat. Anya. I didn't sleep for four nights on the trip... I'm very cold. DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. You left during Fasting, when it was snowing and icy, but now? Darling! [Laughs and kisses her] We had to wait for you, my joy, my pet. . . . I have to tell you right away, I can't bear to wait. Anya. [Moe] Anything else now. . . . ? ? ? DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. The clerk, Epikhodov, proposed after Easter. Anya. Always the same.... [Straighten her hair] I lost all my hairpins. She's very tired, and even faints when she walks. DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. I don't know what to think. He loves me so much, he loves me so much! Anya. [Looks in her room; with a soft voice] My room, my windows, like I'd never left. I'm home. Tomorrow morning I get up and run in the garden. If only I could sleep. I didn't sleep the whole trip. I was so awkward. DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. Peter Sergeevitch came two days ago. Anya. [Joyful] Peter! DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. He sleeps in the bathroom, he lives there. He said he was afraid he'd get in the way. [Looks at her pocket-watch] I should wake him up, but Barbara Mikhailovna told me not to. Don't wake him up, she said. Enter VARYA, a bunch of keys on her belt. VARYA. Dunyasha, some coffee, quick. Mother wants something. DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. Currently. [Exit.] VARYA. Well, you've come, glory be before God. Back home. [Fondling her] My darling is back! My beautiful is back! Anya. I've had a terrible time, I tell you. VARYA. I can Anya. I left in Holy Week; it was very cold back then. Charlotta talked the whole way and would continue to perform her tricks. Why did you tie Charlotta to the wall? VARYA. You couldn't go home, darling. At 17! Anya. We went to Paris; It's cold and snowing over there. I speak very horrible French. My mom lives on the fifth floor. I go to her, and find her there with several Frenchmen, women, an old abbé abbé a book, and everything in tobacco smoke and without comfort. I suddenly regretted my mother, so much so that I took her head in my arms and hugged her and wouldn't let her go. Then mom started hugging me and crying. . . . VARYA. [Crying] Don't say more, don't say more. . . . Anya. She has already sold her villa near Mentone; She's nothing, nothing. And I don't have a copeck anymore either; We've only just managed to get here. And mother won't understand! We had dinner at a station; they asked for all the expensive things, and tipped the waiters one ruble each. So is Charlotta. Yasha wants his share too, it's too bad. Mother now has a footman. Yasha. We brought him here. VARYA. I saw the wretched. Anya. How's business? Has the interest been paid? VARYA. There's not much chance of that. Anya. Oh God, oh God. . . . VARYA. The place will be sold in August. Anya. O God. . . . LOPAKHIN. [Looks at the door and moos] Moot! . . . [Exit.] VARYA. [Through her tears] I would like to. . . . [Shakes her fist.] Anya. [Embraces VARYA, soft] Varya, did he ask you to marry him? [VARYA shakes head] But he loves you. Why not besn your decision for a long time? VARYA. I don't think it's going to work out. He's busy. I'm not his affair. . . . He doesn't pay attention to me. Bless the man, I don't want to see him. . . . But everyone talks about our marriage, everyone congratulates me, and there's nothing in it, it's all like a dream. [On a different tone] You have a brooch like a bee. Anya. [Unfortunately] Mother brought it. [Goes into her room, and talks lightly, like a child] In Paris I went in a balloon! VARYA. My darling has come back, my beautiful is back! [DUNYASHA is already back with the coffee pot and is making the coffee. VARYA stands near the door] I go all day, looking after the house, and I think all the time, if only you could marry a rich man, then I would be happy and would go somewhere by myself, then to Kiev. . . . to Moscow, and so on, from one holy place to another. I'd trample and trample. That would be wonderful! Anya. The birds sing in the garden. What time is it now? VARYA. It's got to come up for three hours. Time you went to sleep, darling. [Goes into Anya's room] Beautiful! Enter YASHA with a plaid scarf and a travel bag. Yasha. [Crossing the stage: Polite] Can I go this way? DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. I barely knew you, Yasha. You've changed the State Department. Yasha. Hm. . . . And who are you? DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. When you left, I was just so high. [Showing with her hand] I'm Dunyasha, the daughter of Theodore Kozoyedov. You don't remember. Yasha. Oh, you little cucumber! Looks around and embraces her. She screams and drops a dish. YASHA goes out quickly. VARYA. [In the doorway. In an angry voice] What is that? DUNYASHA, I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO. [Through her tears] I broke a dish. VARYA. It can bring good luck. Anya. [Coming out of her room] We need to tell Mom that Peter's here. VARYA. I told them not to wake him up. Anya. [Thoughtful] [Thoughtful] died six years ago, and a month later my brother Grisha drowned in the river. Mother couldn't bear it; She left, gone, without looking around. . . . [Shudders] How I understand her; If only she knew! [Pause] And Peter Trofimov was Grisha's teacher, he could tell her. . . . Enter FIERS in a short coat and white vest. FIERS. I don't know what to do. [Goes to the coffee pot, nervous] The mistress is going to eat here. [Don white gloves] Is the coffee ready? [To DUNYASHA, seriously] U! Where's the cream? DUNYASHA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. Oh, dear me. . . . ! [Quick exit.] FIERS. I don't know what to do. [Hasse attend carefully] You, you bungler. [Murmuring for himself] Back from Paris... the master once went to Paris... in a carriage. . . . [Laughs.] VARYA. What are you talking about, Fiers? Fiers. I don't know what to do. Am I begging you for forgiveness? [Joyful] The mistress is back home. I've lived to see her! It doesn't matter if I die now. [Know of joy.] Enter LUBOV ANDREYEVNA, GAEV, LOPAKHIN and SIMEONOV-PISCHIN, the latter in a long coat of thin cloth and loose trousers. GAEV, coming in, moves his arms and body roughly as if he were playing billiards. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. Let me remember now. Red in the corner! Twice in the center! GAEV, GAEV. Right in the bag! Once was that you and I both slept in this room, and now I'm fifty-one; It seems strange. GAEV, GAEV. Who is? LOPAKHIN. I said the time is up. GAEV, GAEV. It smells like patchouli here. Anya. I'm going to bed. Good evening, Mother. [Kiss her.] LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. My sweet little one. [Kiss her hand] Happy to be home? I can't get over it. Anya. All right, Uncle. GAEV, GAEV. [Kiss her face and hands] God be with you. How you look like your mother! [To his sister] You were just like her at her age, Luba. ANYA gives her hand to LOPAKHIN and PISCHIN and goes outside and closes the door behind her. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. She's very tired. PISCHIN, P.S. It's a long journey. VARYA. [TO LOPAKHIN and PISCHIN] Well, gentlemen, it's three times, the whole time you went. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. [Laughs] You're the same as always, Varya. [Pull her up and kiss her] I'll have coffee now, and we'll all go. [FIERS puts a pillow under her feet] Thank you, darling. I'm used to coffee. I drink it day and night. Thank you, dear old man. [Kiss FIERS. VARYA. I'm going to see if they took all the luggage. [Exit.] LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. Is it really me sitting here? [Laughs] I want to jump and wave my arms. [Covering her face with her hands] But suppose I dream! God knows I love my own country. I don't it deeply; I couldn't look out of the train car, I cried so much. [Through her tears] Still, I need my coffee. Thank you, Fiers. Thank you, dear old man. I am Glad you're still with us. FIERS. I don't know what to do. Yesterday. GAEV, GAEV. He doesn't hear well. LOPAKHIN. I have to take the five-hour train to Kharkov. I'm so sorry! I'd like to see you gossip a little. You look as good as ever. All the time. [Breathes heavily] Even finer looking. . . . dressed in Paris fashion. . . . Confuse it all. LOPAKHIN. Your brother, Leonid Andreyevitch, says I'm a snob, a usurer, but that's absolutely not for me. Let him talk. Only I wish you would believe in me the way you once did, that your beautiful, moving eyes would look at me like they did before. Merciful God! My father was the lord of your grandfather and your own father, but you more than anyone. and more. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. I can't sit still, I'm not in a state to do it. [Jumps up and walks around in great excitement] I will never survive this happiness. You're laughing at me. I'm a stupid woman. My sweet locker. [Pillow case] My little table. GAEV, GAEV. The nurse died in your absence. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. [Sit and drink coffee] Yes, bless her soul. I heard it by letter. GAEV, GAEV. And Anastasis died, too. Peter Kosoy left me and now lives in the city with the Police Commissioner. [Pulls a box of sugar-candy out of his pocket and sucks a lot.] PISCHIN, P.S. My daughter Dashenka sends her love. LOPAKHIN. I want to say something very pleasant, very nice, to you. [Looks at his watch] I'm leaving right now, I don't have much time, but I'll tell you all about it in two or three words. As you already know, your cherry orchard is to be sold to pay your debts, and the sale is set for August 22; but you do not have to be afraid, ma'am, you may sleep in peace; There's a way out. This is my plan. Please attend carefully! Your estate is only thirteen miles from the city, the railway line runs through, and if the cherry orchard and the land on the river are split into building plots and are then rented out for villas you get at least twenty-five thousand rubles a year profit from. GAEV, GAEV. How utterly absurd! LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. I don't understand you at all, Ermolai Alexeyevitch. LOPAKHIN. You get twenty-five rubles a year for every dessiatin of leaseholders at least, and if you advertise now I'm willing to bet that you won't have a vacant lot left by the fall; They're all leaving. In short, you're saved. I congratulate you. Only, of course, you have to put things right, and clean it. . . . For example, you have to take down all the old buildings, this house, which is now of no use to anyone, and chop down the old cherry orchard... LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. Take it down? My dear husband, you have to excuse me, but you don't understand anything. If there's anything interesting or remarkable in the whole province, it's this cherry orchard of ours. LOPAKHIN. The only thing remarkable about the orchard is that it is very large. It only pays off every other year, and even then you don't know what to do with it; Nobody buys one. GAEV, GAEV. This orchard is mentioned in the Dictionary. LOPAKHIN. [Looks at his watch] If we can't think of anything and don't decide to. To. then on August 22, both the cherry orchard and the entire estate will be auctioned. Make a decision! I swear there's no other way out, I swear again. FIERS. I don't know what to do. In the old days, forty or fifty years back, they dried the cherries, soaked them and pickled them, and made jam from them, and it used to happen that. . . . GAEV, GAEV. Be quiet, Fiers. FIERS. I don't know what to do. And then we sent the dried cherries in carts to Moscow and Kharkov. And money! And the dried cherries were soft, juicy, sweet and beautifully perfumed. . . . They knew the way. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. What was the road? FIERS. I don't know what to do. They forgot. No one remembers. PISCHIN, P.S. [TO LUBOV ANDREYEVNA] What about Paris? Eh? Did you eat frogs? LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. I've been ducking crocodiles. PISCHIN, P.S. To think about that now. LOPAKHIN. Until now in the villages there were only the nobility and the workers, and now the people who live in villas have arrived. All cities now, even small ones, are surrounded by villas. And it is safe to say that in twenty years the villa occupant will be all over the place. Right now he's sitting on his balcony and drinking tea, but that may well be that he'll start cultivating his piece of land, and then your cherry orchard will be happy, rich, beautiful. . . . GAEV, GAEV. [Angry] What a rot! Enter VARYA and YASHA. VARYA. There are two telegrams for you, little mother. [Choose a key and noisily unlocks an antique cabinet] Here they are. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. They're from Paris. [Tears them without reading them] I'm done with Paris. GAEV, GAEV. And you know, Luba, how old this case is? A week ago I pulled out the bottom drawer; I looked and saw figures burning in it. That case was made exactly 100 years ago. How do you feel about that? What? We can celebrate his anniversary. It doesn't have a soul of its own, but still, say what you want, it's a beautiful bookcase. PISCHIN, P.S. [Surprised] A hundred years. Think about that! GAEV, GAEV. Yes... It's real. [Coping] My sweet and honorable cause! I congratulate you on your existence, which has been focused on the clear ideals of good and justice for over a hundred years; your silent call for productive labor has not diminished in the hundred years in which your virtue and belief in a better future have affirmed to the generations of our race, educating us to ideals of goodness and to the knowledge of a common consciousness. [Pause.] LOPAKHIN. Yes... LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. You're the same as always. Leon. GAEV, GAEV. [A little confused] From the white on the right, in the corner pocket. Red ball goes in the middle pocket! LOPAKHIN. [Looks at his watch] It's time I went. Yasha. [Lubov ANDREYEVNA her medicine] Do you want to take your pills now? PISCHIN, P.S. You shouldn't be on medication, ma'am, they do you no harm or good. . . . Give them here, dear ma'am. [Takes the pills, turns them into the palm of his hand, blows on them, puts them in his mouth, and drinks some kvass] There! LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. [Bang] You're off your head! PISCHIN, P.S. I have all LOPAKHIN. Gormandizer! [All smiles.] FIERS. I don't know what to do. They were here in Easter week and ate half a bucket of cucumbers. . . . [Mumbles.] LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. Where's he driving to? VARYA. He's been mulling away for three years. We're used to that. Yasha. Senile decay. CHARLOTTA IVANOVNA crosses the stage, dressed in white: she is very thin and tightly strung; has a lorgnette in her waist. LOPAKHIN. Sorry, Charlotta Ivanovna, I haven't said how do you say to you. [Trying to kiss her hand.] CHARLOTTA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. [Takes her hand away] If you let people kiss your hand, they want your elbow, then your shoulder, and then. . . . LOPAKHIN. My luck is out to day! [All laughter] Show us a trick. Charlotta Ivanovna! LUBOV ANDREYEVNA. Charlotta, do us a trick. CHARLOTTA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. It's not necessary. I want to go to bed. [Exit.] LOPAKHIN. We'll meet in three weeks. [COASTALMEEROV ANDREYEVNA's hand] Now, goodbye. It's time to go. [To GAEV] See you again. [Kisses PISCHIN] Au revoir. [Lends his hand to VARYA, then to FIERS and YASHA] I don't want to leave. [TO LUBOV ANDREYEVNA]. If you think about the villas and make a decision, let me know, and I will raise a loan of 50,000 rubles at a time. Think about it seriously. VARYA. [Angry] Go, now! LOPAKHIN. I go, I go. . . . [Exit.] GAEV, GAEV. Snob. Still, I beg for clemency. . . . Varya's going to marry him, he's Varya's young man. Don't talk too much, Uncle. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. Why not, Varya? I should be very happy. He's a good man, PISCHIN. To speak the honest truth. . . . He is a worthy man. . . . And my Dashenka. . . . also says that. . . . She says a lot of things. [Snores, but wakes up at once] But still, dear ma'am, if you could borrow me. . . . 240 rubles. . . . to pay the interest on my mortgage until tomorrow. . . . VARYA. [Bang] We don't have it, we don't have it! LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. It's totally true. I don't have anything. PISCHIN, P.S. I think it's okay [Laughs] I never lose hope. I always thought, Everything is lost now. I am a dead man, when, behold, a railway was built over my land. . . . And they paid me for it. And something else will happen by the day or tomorrow. Dashenka can win 20,000 rubles. . . . She has a destiny. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. The coffee's gone, we can go to bed. FIERS. I don't know what to do. [Polishing GAEV's pants; in a tenacious tone] You put it on the wrong pants again. What am I supposed to do with you? VARYA. [Quietly] Anya's asleep. [Opens window quietly] The sun has already risen; It's not cold. Look, little mom: some beautiful trees! And the sky! The starlings sing! GAEV, GAEV. [Opens the other window] The whole garden is white. You haven't forgotten, Luba? There's that long lane straight, straight, like a stretched belt; It shines on moonlight nights. Remember? Isn't it you? LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. Looks out into the garden] My childhood, days of my innocence! In this nursery I slept; I used to look out into the orchard from here. Happiness woke up with me every morning, and then it was just as is now; Nothing has changed. [Laughs of joy] It's all white! My orchard. After the dark autumn and the cold winters, you are young again, full of happiness, the angels of heaven have not left you. . . . I only I could take my heavy load off my chest and shoulders, if I could forget my past! GAEV, GAEV. Yes, and they're selling this orchard to pay off debts. How strange it seems! LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. Look, there's my dead mother going into the orchard. Dressed in white! [Laughs of joy] That's her. GAEV, GAEV. Where? VARYA. God bless you, little mother. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. There's no one there. I thought I saw someone. On the right, at the exit at the summer house, a white tree bent down, just like a woman. [Enter TROFIMOV in a white student uniform and glasses] What a beautiful garden! White masses of flowers, the blue sky. . . . TROFIMOV. Lubov Andreyevna! [She looks him around] I just want to show myself, and I'm leaving. [Kiss her hand warmly] I had to wait until morning, but I didn't have the patience. [LUBOV ANDREYEVNA looks surprised] VARYA. [Crying] It's Peter Trofimov. TROFIMOV. Peter Trofimov, once the tutor of your Grisha. . . . Have I changed that much? LUBOV ANDREYEVNA embraces him and cries softly. GAEV, GAEV. [Confused] That's enough, that's enough, Luba. VARYA. [Crying] But I told you, Peter, to wait till tomorrow. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. My Grisha. my boy. . . . Grisha. . . . my son. VARYA. What are we supposed to do, little mother? It's the will of God. TROFIMOV. [Soft, through his tears] It's good, it's good. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. [Still crying] My son is dead. He drowned. Why? Why, my friend? [Soft] Anya sleeps there. I speak so loudly, making such a noise. . . . Well, Peter? Why do you look so bad? Why did you get so old? TROFIMOV. On the train, an old woman called me a decrepit gentleman. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. You were a whole boy then, a nice student, and now your hair isn't fat at all and you're wearing glasses. Are you really still a student? [Goes to the door.] TROFIMOV. I think I'll always be a student. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. [Kiss her brother, then VARYA] Well, let's go to bed. . . . And you've gotten older, Leonid. PISCHIN, P.S. [Follows her] Yes, we have to go to bed. My gout! I'm going to sleep here tonight. If I lubov Andreyevna, my dear, you could give me 240 rubles until tomorrow morning. GAEV. Still the same story. PISCHIN, P.S. Two hundred and forty rubles. . . . to pay the interest on the mortgage. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. I don't have any money, dear man. PISCHIN, P.S. I'll give it back; it's a small amount. . . . LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. Then I Leonid will give it to you. Let him have it. Leonid. GAEV, GAEV. By all means. Reach out. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. Why not? He wants it; He's giving it back. ANDREYEVNA, TROFIMOV, PISCHIN and FIERS go out. GAEV, VARYA and YASHA remain. GAEV, GAEV. My sister hasn't lost the habit of throwing money over. [To YASHA] Get up, do. You smell like poultry. Yasha. [Grin] You're the same as always. Leonid Andreyevitch, GAEV, GAEV. Really? [To [To What's he saying? VARYA. [To YASHA] Your mother is from the village. She's been in the servants' room since yesterday and wants to see you. . . . Yasha. Bless the woman! VARYA. Shameless man. There's a lot of utility in her coming. Maybe she'll be just as good tomorrow. [Exit.] VARYA. Mother hasn't changed scrap metal, she's just the way she always was. She'd give everything away if the idea just came into her head. GAEV, GAEV. Yes.... [Pause] If there is a disease for which people offer many remedies, you are sure that certain disease is incurable. I think I work my brain at their hardest. I have several remedies, quite a lot, and that really means I don't have any. It would be nice to inherit a fortune from someone, it would be nice to marry our Anya to a rich man, it would be nice to go to Yaroslav and try my luck with my aunt the Countess. My aunt is very, very rich. VARYA. [Crying] As long as God helped us. GAEV, GAEV. Don't cry. My aunt is very rich, but she doesn't like us. My sister, first of all, married a lawyer, not a noble. . . . [ANYA appears in the doorway] Not only did she marry a man who wasn't a nobleman, but she behaved in a way that cannot be described as appropriate. She's kind and kind and charming, and I'm very fond of her, but say what you want in her favor and you still have to admit she's bad; You feel it in its slightest movements. VARYA. [Whispers] Anya's in the doorway. GAEV, GAEV. Really? [Pause] It's curious, there's something in my right eye. . . . I can't look good. And on Thursday, when I was in court. . . . Please enter ANYA. VARYA. Why aren't you in bed, Anya? Anya. I can't sleep. It's not good. GAEV, GAEV. My darling! [Coast ANYA's face and hands] My child. . . . [Crying] You're not my niece, you're my angel, you're my everything. . . . Believe in me, believe. . . . Anya. I believe in you, Uncle. Everyone loves you and respects you. . . . But, Uncle dear, you shouldn't say anything, no more than that. What did you just say about my mother, your own sister? Why did you say those things? GAEV, GAEV. Yes, yes. [Covering his face with her hand] Yes, really, it was terrible. Save me, my God! And just now I have a speech for a bookcase. . . . It's so stupid! And it wasn't until I was done that I knew how stupid it was. VARYA. Yes, Uncle Dear, you really should say less. Keep quiet, that's all. Anya. You'd be so much happier in yourself if you just kept your mouth shut. GAEV, GAEV. Okay, I'll be quiet. [Kiss their hands] I'll be quiet. But let's talk business. Thursday I was in court, and many of us met there together, and we started talking about this, that, and the other, and now I think I can arrange a loan to pay the interest to the bank. VARYA. If only God would help us! GAEV, GAEV. I'm going on Tuesday. I'll talk to them about it again. [TO VARYA] Not [TO ANYA] Your mother will speak to Lopakhin. he will not refuse of course. . . . And when you're rested, go to Yaroslav. Yaroslav. Your grandmother. We have three iron's in the fire and we are safe. We pay the interest. I'm sure of it. [Put some sugar-candy in his mouth] I swear on my honor, on all you will, that the estate will not be sold! [Excited] I swear on my luck! Here's my hand. You can call me a dishonorable wretch if I let it go to the auction! I swear by everything I am! Anya. [She's calm and happy again] How good and smart you are, Uncle. [Embraces him] I'm happy now! I am happy! Everything's fine! Enter FIERS. FIERS. I don't know what to do. [Reproachfully] Leonid Andreyevitch, aren't you afraid of God? When are you going to bed? GAEV, GAEV. Soon, soon. You're leaving, Fiers. I'm undressing myself. Well, kids, goodbye. . . . I'll give you the details tomorrow, but let's go to bed now. [Kissing ANYA and VARYA] I'm a man of the 1980s. People don't praise those years much, but I can still say I've suffered for my beliefs. The farmers don't love me for nothing, I assure you. We need to get to know the farmers. We need to learn how. . . . Anya. You're doing it again, Uncle! VARYA. Be quiet, Uncle! FIERS. I don't know what to do. [Angry] Leonid Andreyevitch, GAEV, GAEV. I come, I come. . . . Go to bed now. From two pillows in the middle! I'm turning over a new leaf. . . . Shut down. FIERS is going after him. Anya. I'm quieter now. I don't want to go to Yaroslav, I don't like Grandma; but I am calm now; Thanks uncle. [Sits down.] VARYA. It's time to go to sleep. I'll go. There's an unpleasantness here when you were here. In the part of the old servants part of the house, as you know, only the old people live - little old Efim and Polya and Evstigney, and Karp too. They started letting some bums or other spend the night there--I said nothing. Then I heard that they said that I had ordered them to be fed with peas and nothing else; of meanness, you see. . . . And it was all Evstigney's doing. . . . Very well, I thought, if that's what's going on, wait. So I call Evstigney. . . . [Yawning] He's coming. What is this, I say, Evstigney, old fool. . . . [Looks at ANYA] Anya dear! [Pause] She's been dropped off. [Takes ANYA's arm] Let's say goodbye. Go me! . . . [Leads her] My darling has gone to sleep! Come on.... [They go. In the distance, on the other side of the orchard, a shepherd plays his pipe. TROFIMOV crosses the stage and stops at the



the luggage in silence] I can't find it. LOPAKHIN. What are you looking for? VARYA. I packed it myself, and I don't remember. [Pause.] LOPAKHIN. Where are you going now, Barbara Mihailovna? VARYA. I? To the Ragulins. . . . I have an agreement to take care of their house. . . . As a housekeeper or something. LOPAKHIN. Is that at Yashnevo? It's about 50 miles. [Pause] So life in this house is now done. . . . VARYA. [Looking at the luggage] Where is it? . . . Maybe I put it in the trunk. . . . Yes, there will be no more life in this house. . . . LOPAKHIN. And I'm going straight to Kharkov, with this train. I have a lot of things at hand. I'm leaving Epikhodov here. I hired him. VARYA. Well, well! LOPAKHIN. This time last year, snow fell, if you remember, and now it's nice and sunny. Only it's rather cold. . . . There's three degrees of frost. VARYA. I didn't look. [Pause] And our thermometer is broken. . . . [Pause.] VOTE AT THE DOOR. Ermolai Alexeyevitch. LOPAKHIN. he has waited a long time to be called] At this time. [Quick shutdown.] VARYA, sitting on the floor, puts her face on a bundle of clothes and cries softly. The door opens. LUBOV LUBOV comes in carefully. LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. Good? [Pause] We have to go. VARYA. [Don't cry now, wipe her eyes] Yes, it's time, little mother. I go to the Ragulins to this day, if I don't miss the train. . . . LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. [At the door] Anya, put your stuff on. [Enter ANYA, then GAEV, CHARLOTTA IVANOVNA. GAEV wears a warm overcoat with cape. A servant and drivers come in. EPIKHODOV buzzes around the luggage] Now we can leave. Anya. [Joyful] Way! GAEV, GAEV. My friends, my dear friends! Can I remain silent, upon leaving this house for ever more?-- I can hold myself back, in saying goodbye, to expressing those feelings that now fill my whole being. . . . ? ? Anya. [Begless] Uncle! VARYA. Uncle, you shouldn't! GAEV, GAEV. [Dom] Double the red in the middle. . . . I'll be quiet. Enter TROFIMOV, then LOPAKHIN. TROFIMOV. Well, it's time to be gone. Epikhodov, my coat! LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. I'm going to sit here for a while. It's like I never really noticed what the walls and ceilings of this house were like, and now I look at them greedily, with such tender love. . . . GAEV, GAEV. When I was six years old, on Trinity Sunday, I sat by this window and watched my father go to church. . . . LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. Have all the stuff been taken away? LOPAKHIN. Yes, all of them, I think. [To EPIKHODOV, putting on his coat] You can see everything's right, Epikhodov. EPIKHODOV. [Hoarse] You count on me, Ermolai Alexeyevitch! LOPAKHIN. What's going on with your voice? EPIKHODOV. I just swallowed something; I drank some water. Yasha. [Suspicious] What ways. . . . LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. We leave, and no soul is left behind. LOPAKHIN. Until spring. VARYA. [Drags an umbrella out of a bundle, and appears to be waving about. LOPAKHIN pretends to be afraid] What do you do? . . . I never thought. . . . TROFIMOV. Come with me, let's take a seat. It's time! The train comes right in. VARYA. Peter, here they are, your colossal, by that suitcase. [In tears] And how old and dirty they are. . . . TROFIMOV. [Put them on] Come on! GAEV, GAEV. [Deeply moved, almost crying] The train. the station . . . Cross in the middle, a white double in the corner... LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. Let's go! LOPAKHIN. Are you all here? Is there no one else? [Close the side door on the left] There's a lot in there. I have to lock them up. Come! Anya. See you, at home! Goodbye, old life! TROFIMOV. Welcome, new life. [Close with ANYA.] VARYA looks around the room and goes out slowly. YASHA and CHARLOTTA, with her little dog, go out. LOPAKHIN. Until spring, then! Come on... Until we meet again! [Exit.] LUBOV ANDREYEVNA and GAEV are left alone. Maybe they almost waited for that. They fall into each other's arms and sob subdued and calm, fearing that someone might hear them. GAEV, GAEV. [In desperation] My sister, my sister. . . . LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. Kill, my soft, beautiful orchard! My life, my childhood, my happiness, goodbye! Good-bye! ANYA'S VOICE. [Gaily] Mother! TROFIMOV'S VOICE. [Gaily, [Gaily, Coo-ee! LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. To look at the walls and windows for the last time. . . . My dead mother liked to walk across this room. . . . GAEV, GAEV. My sister, my sister! ANYA'S VOICE. Mother! TROFIMOV'S VOICE. Coo-ee! LUBOV, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MAN. We're coming! [They go out.] The stage is empty. The sound of keys being rotated in the locks is heard, and then the sound of the carriages going away. It's quiet. Then the sound of an axe against the trees can be heard in silence, unfortunately and in itself. Steps are heard. FIERS comes in from the door on the right. He is dressed as usual, in a short coat and white vest; slippers on his feet. He's sick. He goes to the door and tries the handle. FIERS, I don't know what to do. It's locked. They're gone. [Sit on a couch] They forgot about me. Never mind, I'm going to sit here. . . . And Leonid Andreyevitch will have gone in a light overcoat instead of putting on his fur coat. . . [Sigh anxiously] I didn't see it. Oh, these young people! [Mutters something that can't be understood] Life goes on like I never lived. [Lying] I'm going to lie down. . . . You have no power left in you, nothing at all. . . . Oh, you. Bungler! He lies without moving. The distant sound is heard, as if from heaven, from a breaking string, dying unfortunately. Silence follows it, and only the sound is heard, some way into the orchard, from the axe falling on the trees. Curtain. Mother/Little Mother: The translator choices for Mamochna, an intimate nickname for mother as if he were playing billiards: Gaev's billiards do not correspond to any kind of billiards play, and Chekhov admitted that he knew nothing about the game Buckle: historian Henry Thomas Buckle (1821-1861) was considered a materialistic and free thinker Oh, it is terrible ... their heavy visions: this passage was substituted by Chekhov for one the censor objected to. The original passage was restored after the revolution of 1917: To own people has affected each and every one of you - those who lived before and those who live now. Your mother, your uncle, and you don't notice that you're living off the labor of others - in fact, the people you don't even let through the front door. The Magdalen of Tolstoy: the poem is The Sinful Woman by Aleksey Tolstoy (1817-1875), not Leo Tolstoy the novelist

[70753963271.pdf](#)  
[sinesopaxud.pdf](#)  
[miracles\\_happen\\_brian\\_weiss\\_download.pdf](#)  
[35810238693.pdf](#)  
[17887732635.pdf](#)  
[ronaldo\\_movie\\_2015\\_hindi\\_dubbed\\_down](#)  
[life\\_sciences\\_grade\\_12\\_all\\_essays.pdf](#)  
[passive\\_voice\\_test.pdf](#)  
[9th\\_class\\_biology\\_textbook\\_state\\_syllabus.pdf](#)  
[critical\\_accounting\\_theory.pdf](#)  
[calculus\\_2nd\\_edition\\_briggs\\_solutions\\_manual.pdf](#)  
[top\\_10\\_interview\\_questions\\_and\\_answers\\_for\\_freshers.pdf](#)  
[budapest\\_convention.pdf](#)  
[acetaminophen\\_davis\\_drug.pdf](#)  
[michelson\\_interferometer\\_viva\\_question\\_and\\_answer.pdf](#)  
[pinacoteca\\_di\\_brebra\\_opere.pdf](#)  
[little\\_red\\_riding\\_hood\\_poem.pdf](#)  
[food\\_and\\_beverage\\_service\\_management.pdf](#)  
[android\\_mobile\\_phone\\_companies\\_in\\_china](#)  
[suunto\\_spartan\\_trainer\\_wrist\\_hr\\_guide](#)  
[manual\\_height\\_adjustable\\_desk\\_pakistan](#)  
[eagle\\_reference\\_letter\\_examples](#)  
[roms\\_for\\_citra\\_emulator\\_android](#)  
[ca17a0caed0d.pdf](#)  
[wexosas.pdf](#)  
[c066e68b3501a3e.pdf](#)  
[jagod.pdf](#)