ACT TWO

A field. An old, tiny [wooden] chapel, long abandoned and leaning crookedly; next to it, a well, large boulders or stones which evidently were grave markers at some time in the past, and an old bench. The road leading to GHAYEV’s estate is in plain sight. Off to the side, a row of poplars loom dark and tall: they mark the edge of the cherry orchard. In the distance, a row of telegraph poles, and far, far away in the distance, on the horizon, the hazy outline of a large city, that can only be seen clearly on a fine, clear day. The sun will soon be setting.

CHARLOTTE, YASHA and DUNYASHA are seated on the bench; YEPIKHODOV is standing by, playing a guitar. All sit there occupied with their individual thoughts. CHARLOTTE is wearing a man’s old cap, the type that has a brim. She has taken her rifle down from one shoulder and is adjusting her belt buckle.

CH: (Thoughtfully.) I don’t have a proper passport, I don’t know how old I am, and so I keep thinking that I’m still a young girl. When I was just a small child, my father and my mama used to travel around the fairs and put on shows, very nice ones, in fact. I would perform with them, doing the salto-mortale, and assorted tricks. And then, when Papa and Mama passed away, I was taken in by a certain German lady, who began to teach me. Well. I grew up, and accepted a situation as a governess. But I have no idea who I am, where I come from… Who my parents were, maybe they were never married in a church… I don’t know. I have no idea. (She takes a cucumber out of her pocket and begins to munch on it.) I know nothing at all. (Pause.) I have such a yearning to talk to someone, but there’s no one… I have no one.

YE: (Plays on his guitar and sings [a song about passionate love]). “What good are you, world full of sounds, what good are foes or friends…” It’s such fun to play the mandolin!

DU: That’s not a mandolin, that’s a guitar. (Checks her make-up in a compact mirror, and dusts herself with powder, primping and preening.)

YE: For an amorous fool driven crazy with love, it’s a mandolin… “When only mutual love’s hot heat can warm us in the end…”

(Yasha begins to help out with the song.)
Such dreadful singers, these people... phooey! Like jackals.

Still, it is so lucky to get the chance to visit abroad.

Yes, certainly. I cannot disagree with you. (Yawns, then lights a cigar.)

Understandably so. Abroad they have everything already in complete complexion, and so it has been for quite some time now. Yes, indeedy.

As well it should be.

I am an informed, advanced human individual, I read a variety of excellent books, howsoever, I cannot no matter how much I exert myself fix upon any specific direction, what it is that I in fact at the heart of it desire, whether it is to live on, or perhaps rather to shoot myself in the head dead, to be perfectly plain, and so notwithstanding the other, I always make a point of carrying one with me, meaning a revolver. Here it is... (He produces his revolver and shows it off.)

That's it. We're through here. I'll be going now. (Raises her rifle back up to her shoulder, the way she was carrying it before.) You, Yepikhodov, you are a very intelligent person, as you know, and also really quite terrifying: women must be falling madly in love with you right and left. Brrrr! (She walks away.) These brainiacs are all so stupid there's no one at all left to talk to... I'm always alone, all alone, there's no one out there for me and... and who I am, why I am, it's all a perfect mystery to me. (She leaves gradually, not in any particular hurry.)

To be specific, without touching upon other subject matter, I must express this about myself, a propos, that fate conducts itself with me in a manner exhibiting not the slightest compassion, as a tempest unto a very small boat. If, shall we say, I err, then why is it that this morning I waken, as a for instance, and I see, there's an enormous spider sitting on my chest, of monumental proportions... This big (indicating with both of his hands). Or then again, another case in point, you take some cider to drink and there it is, wow, some absolutely indecent undesirable participation in the liquid, such as a cockroach. (Pause.) Have you read Buckley? (Pause.) I would like to disturb you, Avodtya Fyodorovna, if you permit, for a couple of words.

Speak away.
YE: It would be desirous of me that it were private, so to speak… *(He sighs.)*

DU: *(As if shy or embarrassed.)* Very well… Only please bring my wrap first… I left it next to the bookcase… It’s a little damp here…

YE: Very well, Miss… I’ll bring it, Miss… Now I know what to do with my revolver… *(Takes his guitar and walks off, strumming.)*

YA: Mr. Walking Calamity himself. A stupid man, just between the two of us. *(Yawns.)*

DU: God forbid, he might shoot himself. *(Pause.)* I’ve become nervous, I keep worrying all the time. The masters’ family brought me in to work in the household when I was just a little girl. I’ve lost my common ways, I’m no longer used to the way common people live, and see, my hands are perfectly, perfectly white, just like a young lady’s. Just like the young miss’s. I’ve become tender, so delicate, so noble, I’m afraid of everything…It frightens me. And if you, Yasha, were to deceive me, betray me, I don’t know what might happen to my nerves.

YA: *(Kisses her.)* Fresh as a cucumber! Ripe for the plucking! Of course, every young maiden must be mindful of her virtue, and what I hate above all is when a young maid acts improperly, and does very naughty things.

DU: I am passionately in love with you, you are so educated, you can reason about any subject at all. *(Pause.)*

YA: *(Yawns.)* Yes, miss… In my book, it’s like this: if a girl loves a man, that means she has no morals left. *(Pause.)* It’s so nice to have a whole cigar to smoke in the fresh air. *(Listening.)* Someone is coming… It’s the masters… *(Dunyasha throws her arms around him with abandon, for a brief clinch.)*

YA: Go home, make believe you went for a dip in the river, take that path there. Otherwise they’ll run into you and will get it in their heads that I was meeting you here for a tryst. I hate when that happens.

DU: That cigar’s given me a headache…. *She leaves.*

*(Yasha remains, sitting by the chapel. Lyubov Andreyevna, Ghayev and Lopakhin enter.)*
LO: You must come to a final decision. Time will not stand still for you. The question is really plain and simple. Are you willing to relinquish some land for vacation lots, or not? Just answer with a single word: yes, or no? Just one word!

RA: Who’s smoking those revolting cigars here… *(Sits down.)*

GH: Since they’ve built the railroad through here, it’s become very convenient. *(Sits down.*) Anytime we like, we can just go into the city and go out for a nice meal in a restaurant, just like to day… Yellow ball up the middle! I should really go home first and shoot a round…

RA: There’ll be time for that later.

LO: Just one word! *(Pleading, almost begging.)* Come on, give me an answer!

GH: *(Yawns.)* Whazzat?

RA: *(Looking in side her coin purse.)* Yesterday there was a lot of money, and today there’s hardly any left. My poor Varya is trying to conserve funds by feeding everyone with a thin milky broth; all the kitchen will serve the old folks are peas, and here I am mindlessly, senselessly spending what I have… *(She drops the coin purse, spilling the gold coins it contains.)* [The standard currency in Russia for this time among people with means were five- and ten-ruble gold coins, in addition to paper currency – M.A.] See, they’re scattering… *(She’s upset.)*

YA: Allow me, I’ll collect them. *(He finds and picks up the coins.)*

RA: Do be so kind, Yasha. Why on earth did I agree to eat out in town? That restaurant of yours, with the music, was really quite bad; the tablecloths smelled of soap… Why drink so much, Lonya? Why eat so much? Why speak so much? Today, at the restaurant, you went on and on again, and all of it was inappropriate. The seventies, the decadents. And with whom? To discuss the decadents with busboys!

LO: Yes.

GH: *(Waves his hand dismissively.)* I am evidently incorrigible… *(Addressing Yasha, with considerable irritation.)* What is it with you, why are you always busy doing something every time I turn around… I can’t get away from you!

YA: *(Laughing.)* Every time I hear the sound of your voice, I can’t stop laughing.
GH: (Addressing his sister.) It’s either me, or him…

RA: Go home, Yasha, please, go…

YA: (Returning the coin purse to Lyubov Andreyevna.) Right away, any moment now. (Barely able to contain his laughter.) This instant… (He leaves.)

LO: Your estate is going to be bought by Deriganov, the tycoon. They say he will be attending the auction in person.

RA: Where did you hear that?

LO: It’s the talk of the town.

GH: The aunt in Yaroslavl promised to send money, but when and how much she will send, nobody knows…

LO: How much will she send? A hundred thousand? Two hundred?

RA: Well… Maybe fifteen-twenty thousand, even that would be a boon.

LO: Forgive me, but such irresponsible people, as you, sir, as you, madam, such unbusinesslike, such strange people, are new to my experience. I have never come across this type before. I am telling you, in plain Russian: your estate is being sold. And you act as if you don’t understand in the least.

RA: But what are we to do? Teach us: what?

LO: I’ve been teaching you every day. Every day I keep repeating myself to you, over and over. You need to take your cherry orchard, and your landholdings, and let it be carved up to lease out parcels for vacation homes. And you need to do this right now, without delay, just as quickly as possible – the auction is right around the corner! You must understand! As soon as you make a final decision, to allow the vacation homes to be built, you will be able to obtain any amount of money you desire, and that will mean you are saved.

RA: Vacation homes, vacationers – that’s so banal, so vulgar. Forgive me.

GH: I couldn’t agree with you more.

LO: I’m either going to break down in a sobbing heap, or start shrieking at the top of my lungs, or perhaps I’ll faint. I can’t do this anymore! You’re torturing me! (Addressing Ghayev.) You’re a fishwife!

GH: Whazzit?
LO: A stupid, common, dimwitted peasant woman! *(Wants to leave.)* 

RA: *(Frightened.)* No, don’t leave, stay, please, my dear old boy. I’m asking you. Maybe all together we can come up with some kind of a plan. 

LO: There’s no plan to come up with! 

RA: Please, don’t leave. I’m asking you. It’s easier, it’s more cheerful with you here. Even so… *(Pause.)* I keep waiting for something to happen, as if the whole house is about to come crashing down on my head. 

GH: *(Deep in thought.)* Dupe to the corner pocket… Cross-shot up the middle… 

RA: We’ve sinned an awful lot in our lives… 

LO: What sins can you possibly… 

GH: *(Popping a candy drop into his mouth.)* It’s been said I spent my entire fortune on candy drops… Ate it all up. 

RA: Oh, my sins. My sins… I was always profligate with my money, utterly out of control, spent it like a woman mad, and married a man, who only made debts. Champagne killed my husband – he drank dreadfully – and to my great misfortune I fell in love with another man, I took up with him, and right at that time – it was the first punishment, a blow directly to the head – right here, right on the river here… my little boy drowned. And I fled the country, went abroad, left completely, intending never to return, never to see this river again… I clenched my eyes shut and fled, headlong, unheeding, and he gave chase… Mercilessly, cruelly, brutally he chased me down. I bought a villa near Menton, in France, and then he fell ill there. And for three years I knew no respite, neither by day, nor by night. He wore me out with his sickness; my soul dried up. And then a year ago, I sold that little villa to cover the debts and moved to Paris. And that was where he finally plucked me clean, deserted me, took up with another woman. I tried to poison myself… Such foolishness, the shame of it all… And all of a sudden, I had this longing to go home to Russia, back to my homeland, to see my little girl again… *(She wipes away her tears.)* Lord, oh, Lord, be merciful, forgive me my sins! Stop punishing me! *(She takes a telegram out of her pocket.)* It came today again, from Paris…
He’s asking for forgiveness, begging me to come back… *(Rips the telegram into pieces.)* Sounds like music somewhere near here. *(Listens.)*

**GH:** That’d be our famous Jewish orchestra. Remember? The four violins, the flute and the bass fiddle?

**RA:** They’re still around? We should invite them to come round sometime, have a little evening with music.

**LO:** *(Listening.)* I can’t hear them… *(Humming softly, sings a phrase or two.)* “Give them money and the Germans turn you Russians into French.” *(Laughs.)* I saw a play yesterday, at the theatre, it was very funny.

**RA:** Nothing whatsoever funny about it, I shouldn’t wonder. You shouldn’t be watching plays, you should have a good close look at yourselves, instead. How drab your lives are, how many unnecessary things you have to say.

**LO:** That’s true. Truth be told, we lead the lives of hopeless fools… *(Pause.)*

My old man was a peasant, a proper idiot, he understood nothing, he taught me nothing, never even thought to get me an education of any kind, all he did was beat on me when he was drunk, and with a stick, too. And in essence I am the same kind of dolt and idiot he was. I never learned anything, never went to school, my handwriting’s atrocious, when I write a line I’m ashamed of other people, I write just like a pig.

**RA:** You need a wife, my friend.

**LA:** Yes… It’s true.

**RA:** You should marry our Varya. She’s a good girl.

**LO:** Yes.

**RA:** She’s uncomplicated. I took her in from a common family, she works all day long, she’s used to it, but most importantly, she loves you. And you like her, too – you’ve liked her for years.

**LO:** Well, then? I don’t object… She’s a good girl. *(Pause.)*

**GH:** I’m being offered a position with the bank. Six thousand a year… D’you hear?

**RA:** You? Up to it? Stay home… *(Fierce arrives. He’s brought a long overcoat.)*
FI: *(Addressing Ghayev.)* Would you be so kind, sir, as to wear this. It’s damp.

GH: *(Donning the coat.)* I’m fed up with you, man.

FI: Stuff and nonsense… Going off in the morning like that, and never saying a word about it. *(Inspects him from head to foot.)*

RA: You’ve aged so much, Fierce!

FI: You called, Madam?

LO: She’s just saying you’ve aged a whole lot!

FI: I’ve been alive for ages. Small wonder. They were going to marry me off already before your Papa had ever even been born… *(Laughs.)* And by the time the freedom came, I was already head butler. And so I didn’t go along with the freedom laws, I stayed with the masters, instead… *(Pause.)* I remember the day, too: everyone so happy, but nobody knowing what it was they were all so happy about.

LO: It was a very good system, wasn’t it? At least there was a sense of decency, and limits? You could always have the offenders whipped. *[He’s deliberately taunting the old man – M.A.]*

FI: *(Not quite hearing.)* You betcha. The peasants had their masters, and the masters had their peasants. Everybody knew where they fit, but now it’s all smashed to pieces, bits o’ this and that all mixed up together, and no sorting us out. Can’t make heads or tails of us. No sense.

GH: Be quiet already, Fierce. Enough! I need to go into the city again tomorrow. They promised to introduce me to a general who might be able to advance me some money on a bond.

LO: Nothing will come of it. You won’t cover even the interest, so you might as well stop worrying about it.

RA: That’s just his fantasies. There’s no general.

*(Trofimov, Anya and Varya enter.)*

GH: And here come some more of us.

AN: That’s Mama sitting over there.
RA: *(Tenderly.)* Over here, over here… My darlings… *(She hugs Anya and Varya.)*
If only you knew how much I love you both. Sit down right here, side by side, like that. *(Everyone sits down.)*

LO: Our eternal student, always out promenading with the young ladies.

TR: And that’s none of your business.

LO: He’ll be fifty years old tomorrow, but he’s still studying away.

TR: Drop your stupid jokes already.

LO: What’re you angry about, you ridiculous man?

TR: Just get off my case, already, man.

LO: *(Laughing.)* Might I then inquire, sir, what exactly do you think of me?

TR: What I think, Yermolai Alekseyich, is this, then: you are a wealthy man. You will soon be a millionaire. Because as with the natural metabolism there is a need for the vicious predator to exist, so that he might devour everything that comes his way, well, that’s precisely how it is with you. You’re just another necessary kind of predator. *(Everyone laughs.)*

VA: Petya, why don’t you tell us about the planets, instead.

RA: No. Let’s continue yesterday’s discussion, instead.

TR: What about?

GH: About the traits of the proud man.

TR: We spoke at length yesterday, but we came to nothing. The proud man, according to you, has some kind of mystical dimension. You may be right in your own way, but if we reason it through more simply, without convoluted concepts, then really there is no pride to speak of in humanity. How could there be, rationally, when human beings are not especially well developed in a physiological sense, to begin with, as an organism; if, in its overwhelming preponderance mankind is coarse, rough, unintelligent, profoundly wretched. We must stop admiring ourselves in the mirror, singing our praises. We must only toil.

GH: You’re still going to die.
TR: Who knows? And what does it really mean, to die? Maybe human beings have a hundred senses, and at the time of death only five actually perish, the five that we know of. Maybe the remaining ninety-five senses continue to function.

RA: Petya! You’re so brilliant!

LA: (Sarcastically.) The wonder of it all!

TR: Mankind marches forward, perfecting its strengths. Everything that is unattainable today shall someday become accessible, familiar, intimately known… All that is necessary is to toil away, to help those who are searching for the truth with all the strength we can muster. Here, in Russia, very few actually toil at this time. The overwhelming preponderance of that intelligentsia, of the educated upper and middle classes that I know, is not searching for anything at all, and are incapable of any kind of productive work as of yet. They call themselves educated and enlightened, but they still address their servants using the informal you, they treat the peasants as if they were animals, they fail in school, they read nothing serious, they do nothing of any value whatsoever, they only speak of the sciences, they understand very little about art. They are all serious, everyone wears a stern expression on their face, everyone talks only of important matters, philosophizes, and at the same time, the overwhelming preponderance of us, ninety-nine out of every hundred, live like savages. The least little thing sets them off, they’re at each other’s throats, knocking out teeth, cursing, eating revolting meals, sleeping in filth, in stifling houses, with bedbugs everywhere, and foul smells, and dampness, immorality, impurity… And, evidently, all our hearty conversations are just a device to draw attention away from ourselves, and to distract others. Show me, where are our child care institutions for the people, the reading rooms we keep talking about? These are only details in fashionable novels; they don’t exist at all in real life. All that does exist is filth, vulgarity, an Asiatic mentality and customs… I fear and I feel an antipathy towards very serious faces. So let’s don’t talk!

LO: You know, I’m up before five every morning, I work from morning until late at night, and I am constantly putting my own and other people’s money to use, and, well, I see what kind of people there are out there. All it takes is for you to start
doing something productive, and it immediately becomes clear, how few honest, decent people there actually are. Sometimes, when I can’t sleep, I think: “Lord, You have given us these vast forests, these endless fields, these vanishing horizons, and, living here, we ourselves ought by rights to be giants…”

**RA:** You want us to become giants… They are only good as characters in fairy tales, the rest of the time they’re scary.

(*Yepikhodov crosses the stage far upstage. He is playing the guitar.*)

**RA:** (Pensive.) Here comes Yepikhodov…

**AN:** (Pensive.) Here comes Yepikhodov.

**GH:** Gentlemen, ladies, the sun has set.

**TR:** Yes.

**GH:** (In a voice that is not too loud, yet sounding as if he were giving a public recitation of some poetic work.) Oh, Nature, so miraculous, you are resplendent in your eternal glow, so beautiful and yet so indifferent, you, whom we call our Mother, being and death are made one in you, you live and you destroy…

**VA:** (Pleading.) Uncle-dear!

**AN:** Uncle, you’re at it again!

**TR:** Stick to the kick shot up the middle, why don’t you. It’s much better.

**GH:** I’m silent. I’m silent.

(*Everyone simply sits, lost in their own thoughts. Silence reigns. Only Fierce, quietly muttering under his breath as is his custom, can be heard. Suddenly, a single distinctive sound rings out, coming from afar, almost as if it were coming from on high in the heavens. It is a sound similar to that of a breaking string [on a string instrument], a sound that dies down slowly, and is tinged with sadness.*)

**RA:** What was that?

**LO:** I don’t know. Might be a cable, somewhere far away, in the mines, a cable that failed. But somewhere very far away.

**GH:** Or maybe a bird of some kind… a crane or some such.

**TR:** Or maybe a hoot owl…

**RA:** (With a slight convulsion.) Something unpleasant about it. (*Pause.*)
FI: Same sort of doings just before the calamity: owls screeching, the samovar blasting away like some trumpet… There was not stopping it.
GH: Before what calamity?
FI: Before they proclaimed the freedom. (Pause.)
RA: You know what, my friends? Let’s go in, the night time’s already closing in on us. (Addressing Anya.) There are tears in your eyes… What’s the matter with you, my darling girl? (She embraces her.)
AN: It’s not important, Mama. It’s nothing at all.
TR: Someone is coming.
(A Passerby appears, with a white, well-worn brimmed cap on his head, and wearing a winter coat; he is slightly drunk.)
BY: Might I make so bold as to inquire, is it possible for me by crossing here to arrive at the railway station?
GH: Yes, it is. Just follow this road here.
BY: I am most heart-rendingly obliged to you. (After an awkward little cough.) Such splendid weather… (Reciting a bit of verse.) My brother, my suffering brother…Come out to the Volga, whose groans… (Addressing Varya.) Mademoiselle, do permit a hungry Russian to receive a monetary contribution of thirty or so kopeks…
(Varya, alarmed by this development, cries out in fright.)
LO: (Angry.) All manner of indecency has its natural limits of propriety.
RA: (Completely taken aback by the effrontery.) Take this… here you are… (Searches in her coin purse.) There’s no silver left… Never mind, it’s all the same, here’s a gold piece for you…
BY: I am most heart-rendingly obliged to you! (Exits.)
(Laughter all around.)
VA: (Alarmed.) I’m leaving… I’m leaving… Oh, Mummy-dear, the servants at home have nothing to eat, and you just gave him a gold piece.
RA: Well, what’s to be done with silly old me! When we get home, I’ll give you everything I’ve got with me. Yermolai Alekseyich, you will lend me some more money, won’t you?
LO: At your service.
RA: Gentlemen, let’s go, it’s time. Oh, and by the way, Varya, we’ve just promised you in marriage, congratulations.
VA: (Through tears.) That’s nothing to kid about, Mother.
LO: Hopelia [accidental or deliberate mispronunciation of Ophelia’s name – M.A.], to a nunnery, go…
GH: I’ve got the shakes, look, my hands! It’s been too long since I’ve held a cue in them.
LO: Hopelia, o, nymph, remember me in thy orisons!
RA: Let’s go, gentlemen. It will be suppertime soon.
VA: He frightened me. My heart is just pounding.
LO: Gentlemen, ladies, I remind you: the cherry orchard will be auctioned off on the 22\textsuperscript{nd} of August. Think about it!… Think!
(Everyone leaves, except for Trofimov and Anya.)
AN: (Laughing.) That stranger who just came by gave Varya a good fright, and now at last we can be alone. We should thank him.
TR: Varya’s afraid we’ll fall in love, and so she spends all her time, every day, keeping us company. She can’t get it through her narrow head that we are beyond love. The goal and purpose of our life together is to circumvent any fleeting, picayune illusions that interfere with personal liberty and personal happiness. We go forward! We march on, relentlessly, towards that bright star that burns up ahead in the distance! Nothing and no one can keep up from going further and further! We cannot be controlled! We keep on going! Keep up with us, friends!
AN: (Clapping her hands in admiration.) You speak so beautifully! You say such good things! (Pause.) It’s so lovely here tonight!
TR: Yes, the weather’s astonishingly fine.
**AN:** What have you done to me, Petya… Why is it I can no longer love the cherry orchard the way I used to before. I used to love it with such tenderness. It seemed to me as if there couldn’t be a finer place anywhere on earth, than our orchard.

**TR:** All of Russia is our orchard. The earth is enormous and beautiful, it has many magnificent places all over. *(Pause.)* Just think, Anya: your grandfather, your great-grandfather and all your ancestors owned serfs, they held living and breathing souls as property. How can it be that you don’t hear human voices crying out to you from every cherry in this orchard, from its every leaf… Oh, it’s too horrible for words. Your orchard is a terrifying, hideous place, and when at night you happen to walk through it, the old bark on the trees glimmers dimly and it seems as if the cherry trees are seeing dreams of what they witnessed one hundred, two hundred years ago, and these monstrous hallucinations must torment them. Why even speak of it! We are backward, we are at least two hundred years behind everyone else in our development, we have exactly nothing to show for our efforts after all this, we have no defined, politically correct attitude to our own past; we merely keep on philosophizing, complaining of our gloomy dispositions, or drinking vodka. And it’s so simple, really! In order to begin to live in the present, we must first atone for the past, we must bury it – and it can only be atoned for by suffering, by toiling away at something, by some extraordinary, never ending toil. I hope you can understand this, Anya.

**AN:** The house in which we live has not been ours, by rights, for quite some time, now. And I will leave it, I promise you. I give you my word.

**TR:** If you have any keys to the household, you must toss them in the well, and just leave. Be as free as the wind.

**AN:** *(Enraptured.)* That was so beautiful, what you just said!

**TR:** Believe me, Anya, believe you me! I’m not even thirty yet, I’m young still, I’m still just a student, but I have already endured so much! Come winter, I am always hungry, ill, upset, as poor as any beggar and – fate has tossed me and flung me about all over the place! And still, no matter where I was, at every moment, by day and by night, my soul was always overflowing with inexpressible premonitions. I
can sense happiness about to descend, Anya, I can feeling it rising, coming at me,
I can already see it…

AN: (Pensive.) The moon is rising.

(Yepikhodov can be heard, playing the same mournful song on the guitar. The moon rises. Somewhere over by the poplars, Varya is searching for Anya, and calling out to her: “Anya, where are you?”)

TR: Yes, the moon is rising. (Pause.) There it is, our happiness, here it comes, drawing ever nearer and nearer, I can hear its footsteps already. And if we do not live to see it, and never recognize it, what difference does it make? Where’s the trouble? Someone else will see it!

Varya’s Voice: Anya! Where are you?
TR: There’s that Varya again! (Angry.) It’s an outrage!
AN: What of it? Let’s just go down to the river. It’s so nice there.
TR: Let’s go, then. (The walk off together.)

Varya’s Voice: Anya! Anya!

Curtain