Side 2 - Dorn, Konstantin, Masha

They kiss each other.

N must, you must. What a shame—it's a shame to l

NI only knew how much I'd like to stay.

ARK mebody should see you home, my p

NINA no—

SORIN P while—

NINA I reall

SORIN Just for more—surel

Nina hesitates a m

NINA (*through her tears*) *She shakes hands and goes off quickly.*)

ARKADINA Poor girl!—li her mother left her entire fortune to the husband and g to get nothing because he's leaving it all to his sec ly scandalous.

DORN Oh yes, her de e, to give him his due.

SORIN We should ood getting damp. My legs hurt.

ARKADINA Y ike peg-legs, t ork—well, off we go then, f old man.

Dorn sp e in particular; no one in pa note.

DORN ow—perhaps I'm fooling myse st my mind the play. There is something in it. ittle girl how lonely it was . . .

S (*offering his arm to his wife*) Madame?

DO . . . and then the Devil appeared with his red eyes, ds were shaking with excitement. There was something fresh and artless about it . . .

Meanwhile Arka na has taken Sorin by the ar

SORIN There's th howling again. (*mraev*) Would you be good enough to have et off the c

SHAMRAEV Not possible, r M ayevich—I'm afraid of thieves getting into the barn. I've got llet in there. (*to Medvedenko, who is walking beside him*) Yes, a w e lower—'Bravo, Silva!'. And he wasn't an opera singer d—si a member of our church choir.

MEDVEDENKO A ow much would a m er of the choir get paid?

Start

DORN That's him coming, I think. I feel one should say something encouraging . . .

But no one is listening to him. He is left alone.

Konstantin enters.

KONSTANTIN Cleared off already.

DORN I'm here.

KONSTANTIN Mashenka's been looking for me all over the park. Unbearable woman.

DORN Konstantin Gavrilovich, I liked your play very much indeed. It was a bit strange, and of course we never heard the end, but all the same it made a powerful impression. You're a young man with talent. You must carry on.

Konstantin shakes his hand warmly and embraces him impetuously.

Oh—go along—what a sensitive creature [he is]! Tears in his eyes! . . . What is it I'm trying to say? You took your subject from the realm of abstract ideas: which is right, because a work of art must express a serious idea. Without seriousness there can be no art . . . Now he's gone quite pale!

KONSTANTIN So what you're saying is—I should go on?

DORN Yes . . . but only write about what's important and permanent. You know, I've lived a pick-and-choose sort of life, plenty of variety, I'm not complaining, but let me tell you, if I'd ever experienced that transcendent feeling artists get in the moment of inspiration, then I believe I would have had nothing but contempt for my physical life and everything that goes with it and I'd have left the earth behind me and soared away into the skies.

KONSTANTIN Excuse me—sorry—where's Nina?

DORN And there's another thing. When you write something, you must have a clearly defined thought. You have to know why you're writing. Otherwise—if you set off along that enchanted path without a definite goal in mind—you'll lose your way, and your talent will turn on itself and destroy you.

KONSTANTIN Where is Nina?

DORN What? She went home.

KONSTANTIN What am I going to do? I have to see her!—it's vital that I see her—I'm going after her.

Masha enters.

DORN Now, you mustn't get so worked up—my dear boy—

KONSTANTIN I'm going anyway—I have to go.

MASHA Come indoors, Konstantin—your mother's waiting, she's worried about you.

KONSTANTIN Tell her I've gone away. I wish you'd all leave me alone! Just leave me! Stop following me about!

DORN No, no, don't talk like that—that's not the right way to . . .

KONSTANTIN (*through tears*) Goodbye, Doctor. Thank you . . . (*He goes.*)

DORN Oh . . . youth . . . youth . . .

MASHA When there's nothing more to be said, people say 'Youth, youth'.

Masha takes snuff. Dorn takes her snuff box and flings it away.

DORN Disgusting habit! (*Pause.*) They'll be playing cards now. I'd better go.

MASHA Stay a minute.

DORN What is it?

MASHA There's something quite apart from all this I want to . . . [tell you]. Can we talk for a bit? I don't love my father . . . but I feel I can open my heart to you . . . I feel somehow [that] you're close to me. You have to help me. Help me or I'll do something stupid and make a shambles of my life, I'll ruin it—I can't go on . . .

DORN What? Help you how?

MASHA I'm so unhappy. No one knows the agony I'm going through. (*She lays her head against Dorn's breast, quietly.*) I love Konstantin.

DORN Another one! They're all such sensitive creatures! So terribly sensitive! And [there's] all this love about!—It's that lake!—they're all bewitched! (*tenderly*) But what can I do, my child?—what can I do?

Curtain.

End