Side 5 - Arkadina, Sorin

Start **SORIN** It's depressing to be here by myself when you're leaving.

ARKADINA But what is there to do in town?

SORIN Nothing in particular, but still . . . They're laying the foundation stone for the municipal buildings, and the rest of it—I want to get myself going if only for an hour or two, I've been lying about the place like an empty cigarette packet far too long. I've ordered the trap round for one o'clock—we'll set off together.

ARKADINA Well, your place is here, don't let yourself get bored, and don't catch colds. Keep an eye on my son, look after him and keep him out of trouble. I'm going, and I still don't know why Konstantin tried to shoot himself. I think it was mostly jealousy. So the sooner I take Trigorin away from here the better.

SORIN Well, look now, how do I say this?—there's other things. It's obvious—he's an intelligent young fellow, buried in the country, without a penny or a position or a future—he has nothing to do and he's ashamed of it and frightened by it. I'm very fond of him and he's attached to me but when it comes down to it he feels he has no place here, that he's a sponger, a parasite. It's his pride—only natural.

ARKADINA Oh, that boy is a constant trial! Perhaps if he got a job . . .

Sorin whistles to himself for a moment.

SORIN I think the best answer is if you were to give him a bit of money—It would be a good start if he dressed like a human being, and the rest of it. He's been wearing out the same coat for three years and does without an overcoat—It would do him good to have a bit of fun—go abroad perhaps—it wouldn't have to cost very much.

ARKADINA Just the same . . . well—I might manage a suit of clothes for him, but as for going abroad . . . No—just at this moment I can't even manage the suit. I haven't any money!

Sorin laughs.

I haven't.

SORIN (*whistles*) I'm sorry, don't get angry, my dear—I believe you—you're a wonderful woman, too generous for your own good.

ARKADINA I have no money!

SORIN Of course, if I had any money I'd give it to him, but I haven't, not a five-kopeck piece. My farm manager takes every penny of my pension and spends it on cattle-breeding, bee-keeping and the rest of it, and that's the last I see of it, the bees get lost, the cows die, there's never a horse when I want one . . .

ARKADINA I mean, I *have* some money, but I'm an artist!—my outfits alone have simply ruined me.

SORIN You're a dear kind girl . . . I really do sympathize . . . I . . . I'm having another of my . . . (*He staggers.*) . . . the room's going round . . . I've just come over a bit queer, that's what.

Arkadina, frightened, tries to support him.

ARKADINA Petroosha!—Oh, Petroosha!, my dear—(*calls*) Someone come and help—Help!

End

Konstantin, with a bandage round his head, and Medvedenko come in.

He's take

SORIN It's n nothing . . . (*He drinks som* . . . all gone, that's what.

KONSTANTIN (*to Arka* t's] nothi afraid of, Mama, it's not serious—Uncle has th m) You should go and lie down.

SORIN I will for a while, a I'll be going into town just the same—I'll have do what, and then I'll go . . .

Medvedenko la by the arm.

MEDVEDEN ere's a riddle—in the morning t midday o n the evening on three.