

## ACT TWO

*The scene is the same as in ACT I. It is eight o'clock in the evening. The faint sound of an accordion is heard coming from the street. The stage is unlit.*

*(Enter NATALIA IVANOVA in a dressing gown, carrying a candle. She crosses the stage and stops by the door leading to ANDREY'S room.)*

NATASHA: Whit ir ye daein, Andriusha? Ir ye readin? It's awricht, Ah juist wantit ti ken.... *(Goes to another door, looks inside and shuts it again)*  
Naebodie's left a licht on oniewhaur.....

ANDREY: *(Enters with a book in his hand)* Whit is it, Natasha?

NATASHA: Ah wes juist daein the roonds for ti see if oniebodie haed left a licht on oniewhaur. It's the carnival week an the sairvants ir aw up ti hie doh about it...oniething nicht happen. Ye hae ti keep an ee on thaim. Lest nicht about twal o'clock, here did Ah no happen ti gang intil yeir parlor, an wad ye credit it---dae ye ken whit Ah seen---the war a lichtit caunil on the table heid? Ah haena fund oot wha lit it yit.  
*(Puts the candle down)*  
Whit tyme is't?

ANDREY: *(Glances at his watch)* Quarter past echt--!

NATASHA: An Olga an Irena ir still oot! The'r no back frae thair wark yit, puir things! Olga's aye at sum teachers' conference, an Irena is at the Post Office.  
*(Sighs)* This mornin Ah says til Irena, says Ah: 'Mynd an tak care o yeirsell, ma dear! But she never heeds ME. Did ye say it wes a quarter past echt?  
Ah dout ma Bobik is no at aw weill. Hou did he git sae cauld?  
Yestrein he wes fevert, but the-day he feels cauld lyke ti the touch.....  
Ah'm that worrit about him.

ANDREY: He's awricht, Natasha. The bairn's weill aneuch.

NATASHA: For aw, Ah think he soud hae a special diet. Ah'm concerned about him.  
Bi the by, they tell me sum carnival pairtie is expekkit ti be cummin here the back o nyne. Ah wad raither THEY DIDNA CUM, Andrae!

ANDREY: Aweill, Ah dinna ken whit Ah can dae about that. They hae been askit ti cum aince eirant.

NATASHA: This mornin whan the wee fallae waukent up an look't at me, aw at aince, he gied me a wee smyle. He kent me, ye see. It wes as mukkil as ti say, 'Ah ken you. Ye'r ma Mammie!' 'Guid mornin, Bobik!' says Ah. Guid mornin ma praiCIUSS darlin.' An syne he laucht. Bairns unnerstauns awthing, ye ken, they unnerstaun perfitlie weill.

Onie road, Andrey, Ah'l tell the sairvants no ti lat that carnival pairtie ower the houss door.

ANDREY: (*Irresolutely*) Weill..... it's really for ma sisters ti say, is't no? It's thair houss eftir aw.....

NATASHA: Ay, it's thair houss anaw. Ah'l tell **thaim** tae...  
They'r that kynd, sae they ir.....

(*Walks off*)

Ah've ordert soor milk for supper. The doctor says ye soud eat naething but soor milk, or ye'l never git onie thinner.

(*Stops*)

Bobik feels that cauld, Ah dout his room is ower cauld for him.

He soud move intil a cosier room, at laest or the warm weather cums.

Irena's room, for instance---that's juist a perfit room for a wee bairn---

it's dry an it gits the sun aw day. We'l hae ti tell hir: mebbe she wad share Olga's chaumer for a bit.....Oniewey, she's never hame throu the day. She onlie sleeps thare.

(*a pause*)

Andrey, ye'r no sayin oniething!

ANDREY: Ah wes ferr awa for a meinit. The'r naething ti say, oniewey.

NATASHA: Weill.... Whit wes it Ah wes gaun ti tell ye? Ai, ay, Ferapont, frae the Council Office, wants ti see ye anent sumthing.

ANDREY: (*Yawns*) Tell him ti cum up!

(*NATASHA goes out. ANDREY, bending over the candle she has left behind, begins to read his book.*)

(*Enter FERAPONT in an old shabby overcoat, his collar turned up, his ears muffled in a scarf*)

ANDREY: Hullo, auld yin! Whit did ye want ti see me about?

FERAPONT: The chairman's sent ye the register an a letter or sumthing.  
Here they ir! (*Hands him the book and a letter*)

ANDREY: Thank ye! That's fyne, but hou ir ye sae late, man?  
It's eftir echt areddies.

FERAPONT: Eh----? Whit's that?

ANDREY: (*Raising his voice*) HOU HAE YE CUM SAE LATE.  
IT'S EFTIR ECHT O'CLOCK NOU.

FERAPONT: That's richt. It wes still licht whan Ah arrived, but they wadna lat me see ye. 'The maister's gey thrang the-nou' they said.

'Weill, gin ye'r thrang, ye'r thrang. Ah'm in nae hurry'.

(*Thinking that Andrey has said something*)

Whit's that?

ANDREY: *(Turns over the pages of the register)*  
The-morn's Friday, the'r nae meetin, but Ah'l gang ti the office for aw,  
an dae a pikkil wark. Ah'm that bored at hame !.....  
*(a pause)*  
Ay, ay, ma dear auld chap, hou things chynge an whit a swick lyfe is!  
The-day Ah picked up this book juist wi be-in wearie an haein  
naething ither ti dae. Here, it's a copy o a whein lecters Ah attendit at  
the University....  
Michtie, juist think, Ah'm the secretary o the local Cooncil nou, an  
Protopopov's the Chairman, an the maist Ah can ever howp for is ti be  
a member o the Cooncil masell. Me, a member o the local Cooncil---!  
Me---that dreams ilka nicht Ah'm a weill-kent professor in Moscow  
University, a namelie academic, a lad o pairts an the pride o the hail o  
Russia.

FERAPONT: Ah'm vext Ah canna tell ye. Ah'm kynd o ill o hearin.

ANDREY: Aweill, gin ye coud hear richt, Ah dinna think Ah'd be speakin til ye  
this gait. But AH MAUN speak ti sumbodie. Ma guidwyfe disna  
seem ti unnerstaun me, an as for ma sisters.....Ah've growne feart  
for thaim, for sum reason or ither. Ah'm feart for thaim lauchin at me  
an an pouin ma leg.... Ah dinna drink an Ah dinna mukkil care for gaun  
ti pubs, but Govey Dick! Hou Ah wad enjoy an oor or twa at  
Tyestov's or the Gret Moscow Restaurant! Ma dear fallae, Ah fairlie  
wad!

FERAPONT: The ither day at the office, a contractor wes tellin me aboot sum  
business men that war eatin pancakes in Moscow. Yin o thaim gorbilt  
up fortie pancakes an syne dee'd on his saet. It wes aither fortie or  
fiftie. Ah canna mynd richt. It wes ower monie oniewey.

ANDREY: Ye can sit aw yeir lane in sum mukkil restaurant in Moscow athout  
seein a kent face, an naebodie kennin you; yit sumhou ye dinna feel ye  
dinna belang thare... But here ye ken awbodie, an awbodie kens you,  
an yit ye dinna feel ye belang here, ye dinna feel at hame, lyke.....  
Ye ir lanesum an ye feel an ootlin.

PERAPONT: Eh---? Whit's that?  
*(a pause)*  
It wes the same fallae that telt iz---mynd he micht hae been tellin a lee-  
--he said the'r a mukkil raip streikit oot athort Moscow---frae ae syde  
o the toun til the tither.

ANDREY: Whit wad that be for, A wunner?

FERAPONT: Ah'm vext Ah canna tell ye. That wes whit he said oniewey.

ANDREY: Whit haivers---! (*Reads his book for a moment*)

HAE YE EVER BEEN TI MOSCOW?

FERAPONT: (*after a pause*) Na, no me. It wesna God's wull Ah soud gang.  
(*a pause*) Can Ah gaun awa nou?

ANDREY: Ay, awa ye gae? Guidby!  
(*PERAPONT leaves*)  
(*Reading*) Fareweill---!  
Cum the morn's morn an pick up sum letters! ..... Ye can awa nou.  
(*a pause*) He's gaen.  
(*a bell rings*)  
(*Shakes his head, ruefully*) Ay, ay, that's the wey it is.....  
(*Stretches and slowly goes to his room*)

(*Singing is heard offstage. A nurse is putting a baby to sleep*)  
(*Enter MASHA and VERSHININ. While they talk together, a maid lights a lamp and candles in the ballroom.*)

MASHA: Ah dinna ken. (*a pause*) Ah dinna ken, it's aw whit ye'r uised wi, mynd ye. For instance, eftir ma faither dee'd, for a gey whyle we coudna git uised ti the idea we haed nae orderlies ti serr us haund an fuit. But apairt frae that, in this toun, the military fowk certainly seem ti be the nicest an best-mainnert.

VERSHININ: Ah hae an awfu drouth. Ah coud fair dae wi a guid cup o tea.

MASHA: (*Glances at her watch*) They'l be bringin it in in a meinit.  
Ye see, they mairrit me aff whan Ah wes echteen. Ah wes feart for ma man, kis he wes a skuilmaister, an Ah haed onlie juist left the skuil masell.  
He haed glowerin een, an seemed awfu wyce an clivver an important than.....but nou it's different awthegither, Ah'm vext ti hae ti say.

VERSHININ: Ay, ..... A see....

MASHA: Ah'm no sayin oniething agin ma man, mynd. Ah've gotten uised wi **him** nou --- but the'r sic a lot o vulgar an nestie fowk among the ither civvies – the *hoi polloi*. Ah canna be daein wi vulgarity. Ah feel insultit bi it. It hurts me whan Ah meet in wi oniebodidie coorse, wi orra mainners an nae courtesy. Whan Ah'm wi the ither teachers – ma man's freins, it's terrible. Ah canna thole thaim, but Ah juist hae ti pit up wi thaim.

VERSHININ: But Ah wad hae thocht that in a kintrie toun lyke this, baith the civvies an the airmie fowk wad hae been uninterestin. The'r naething ti pick atwein thaim, shuirlye. Ye speak ti onie educatit bodie here, civilian or military, he'l generally tell ye he's fair worn oot.. It's aither his wyfe, his houss, or his estate, or his cuddie, or sumthing. Us

Russians ir capable o sic graund thochts--- but we'r gey coorse in practical maitters.  
Whit ir we lyke that for, dae ye think?

MASHA: Whitfor, Ah wunner?

VERSHININ: Ay, hou did his wyfe weir him oot? An hou did his bairns weir him oot? But whit about HIM weirin oot his wyfe an bairns.

MASHA: Ye'r in gey puir fettil, the-day, ir ye no?

VERSHININ: Mebbe Ah im. But Ah haena haen onie denner the-day. Ah've had naething ti eat sen this mornin. Yin o ma dochters is aff color, an whan the bairns ir seik, Ah git that worrit, lyke. Ma conscience bathers me for landin thaim wi a mither lyke hir. Ai, if ye coud hae seen hir this mornin! Whit a contemptible jaud o a wumman! We stertit catter-batterin at seivin o'clock, an at nyne, Ah juist walkit oot an banged the door on hir.  
(*a pause*) Forordnar, Ah never speak aboot sic maitters, but ye ir the onlie sowl Ah feel Ah daur speak til. (*Kisses her hand*)  
Dinna be roosed wi me, Masha! Ah hae naebodie but yeirsell Ah can turn til. (*a pause*)

MASHA: Whit a lyke dirdum the wund's makkin in the stove!  
Juist afore ma faither dee'd, the wund yowled in the lum lyke that.

VERSHININ: Ir ye supersteitious?

MASHA: Ay, whyles---!

VERSHININ: That's funny. (*Kisses her hand*)  
Ye really ir a wunnerfu lass, a marvellous craitur.  
It's gey derk in here but Ah can see yeir een shynin.

MASHA: (*Moves to another chair*) The licht is better ower here.

VERSHININ: Ah luiv ye. Ah luiv ye.....Ah luiv yeir een, Ah luiv the wey ye move.....Ah dream about thaim.  
Ye'r a wunnerfu marvellous be-in awthegither.

MASHA: (*Laughing softly*) Whan ye speak ti me lyke that, sumhou Ah canna help lauchin, tho Ah'm feart at the same tyme. Ye'd better no say it again, please!  
(*Half audibly*) Weill no.....cairrie on. Ah dinna mynd.  
But sumbodie's cummin....Speak about sum ither thing!

(*Enter IRENA and TOOZENBACH through the ballroom*)

TOOZENBACH: Ah hae a triple-barreled name: Baron Toozenbach – Krone-  
Alschauer – but Ah'm a richt Russian for aw. Ah wes baptised in the  
Greek Orthodox Kirk. Juist lyke yeirsell--- Ah'm no German at aw,  
Apairt frae the dour stubborn wey Ah keep on pesterin ye. Look hou  
Ah aye bring ye hame safe, everie forenicht!

IRENA: Ai, hou tired Ah im!

TOOZENBACH: An Ah'l gae on feshin ye frae the post office an bringin ye hame  
everie nicht for the neist twantie year—binna ye send me awa.  
(*Noticing MASHA and VERSHININ with pleasure*)  
Oh, it's you pair! Hou ir ye?

IRENA: Aweill, here Ah im at lest.  
(*to MASHA*) A wumman cam intil the post office juist afore Ah left.  
She wantit ti send a wire til hir brither in Saratov, for ti tell him hir son  
haed juist dee'd, but she coudna mynd the address, juist Saratov.  
She wes greitin an Ah gied hir snash for nae reason at aw. 'Ah haena  
tyme ti waste on you!' says Ah. That wes richt stuipt o me. Ah'm an  
awfu besom gittin.  
We'r ti hae the carnival croud in the houss the-day, ir we no?

MASHA: Ay!

IRENA:: (*Sits down*) Ah'm that gled ti git a saet. Ah'm fair wabbit.

TOOZENBACH: (*Smiling*) Whan ye cum hame frae yeir wark, ye look sae yung, sae  
waesum lyke. (*a pause*)

IRENA: Ah'm tired. Na, Ah dinna lyke ma wark at the post office.  
Ah dinna lyke it at aw.

MASHA: Here, ye've gotten thinner!.....(*Whistles*)  
Ye look yungir, tae, an yeir face looks lyke a laddie's.

TOOZENBACH: It's the wey she dis hir heid.

IRENA: Ah'l hae ti hunt for anither job. This yin disna suit me.  
It's naething lyke whit Ah've aye dreamed about.  
It's the kynd o wark ye dae lyke a zombie – athout thinkin.  
(*Someone knocks at the floor from below*)

That wul be the doctor chappin.  
(*to TOOZENBACH*) Wul ye aunsir him, dear?  
Ah canna.... Ah'm that wabbit.

(*TOOZENBACH knocks on the floor*)

IRENA: He'l be up this meinit. We wul hae ti dae sumthing aboot aw this cairrie-on. Andrey an the doctor gaed til the club lest nicht an they lost at the cairds again. Ah hear tell Andrey lost twa hunder roubles.

MASHA: *(with indifference)* Weill, whit ir **w**e ti dae aboot it?

IRENA: He lost a fortnicht syne, an he wes down in December anaw. Ah wush ti guidness he'd loss awthing we hae, an the suiner the better. Mebbe then we'd flit oot o here. Michtie me, Ah dream o Moscow ilka nicht. Whyles Ah feel lyke Ah wes gaun aff ma heid.  
*(Laughs)* We'r gaun ti Moscow in the month o Juin. Hou monie months ir the till Juin/ ..... Febrie, Mairch, April, Mey---verra near hauf a year!

MASHA: We'l need ti watch Natasha disna finnd oot aboot him lossin at the cairds.

IRENA: Ah dinna think she cares a docken, she's that taen up wi that bairn o hers.

*(Enter CHEBUTYKIN. He has been resting on his bed since dinner and has only just got up. He combs his beard, then sits down at the table and takes out a newspaper)*

MASHA: Thare he is! Look at him! Haes he peyed his rent yit?

IRENA: No him---! No a penny for the lest echt month. Ah daursay he haes forgotten.

MASHA: *(Laughs)* He looks that solemn sittin glowerin thare.

*(They all laugh. A pause)*

IRENA: Hou ir ye no sayin oniething, Alexandr Ignatyevich?

VERSHININ: Ah dinna ken. Ah'm juist deein for sum tea.  
Ah'd gie oniething for a cup. Ah haena haed a bite ti eat sen this mornin....

CHEBUTYKIN: Irena Serghyeevna!

IRENA: Whit is't?

CHEBUTYKIN: Please cum you ower here! *Venez ici!*  
*(IRENA goes over to him and sits down at the table)*  
Ah canna dae athout ye.

*(IRENA lays out the cards for a game of patience)*

VERSHININ: Weill, an we canna hae onie tea, let's dae a bit o philosophisin, onie wey.

TOOZENBACH: Ay, cum on! Whit about?

VERSHININ: Whit about? Weill...lat's try ti imagine whit lyfe wul be lyke eftir we'r aw deid, say twa or thrie hunder year hence!

TOOZENBACH: Awricht than.... Eftir we'r aw deid, fowk wul flie about in balloons up in the lift, the cut o thair claes wul be different, the saxt sense wul be discuivert, an mebbe even uised, for aw Ah ken..... But lyfe itsell wul byde the same: it wul aye be difficult an fou o meisterie an happiness. An cum a thousan year's tyme, fowk wul aye be girnin an complainin: 'Hou dour this business o leevin is!' But for aw, they'l still be feart ti dee, an sweir ti leave this world, Lyke they ir nou.

VERSHININ: *(after a moment's thought)* Weill, ye ken..... Ah think awthing in the world is lyke ti chyng gradually--- But aw the tyme we can see it chyngin afore oor verra een. In twa-thrie hunder year, or mebbe a thousan year, lyfe wul be different awthgither. It wul be happy, for a stert. We'l no be here ti enjoy it, lyke, but aw the same, whit we'r here for the-nou, is ti bigg the foonds for the new world. We tyauve an aye we suffer, juist for ti create it. That is the gret goal o oor lyfe, an in oor ain day, that is the best we can ever dae.

*(MASHA laughs quietly).*

TOOZENBACH: Whit ir **you** lauchin for?

MASHA: Ah dinna ken. Ah hae been lauchin ti masell aw day.

VERSHININ: *(to TOOZENBACH)* Ah gaed til the same cadet skuil as you, but Ah never gaed on til the Military Academy. Ah read a guid lot, o course, but Ah never kent the richt books ti pick, an Ah lykelie read a hantil stuff that's no wurth oniething. But the langir Ah leeve, the mair Ah thirst for knowledge. Ma hair is gaun gray an Ah'm gittin on in years, but Ah ken sae little. For aw, Ah think Ah div ken yae thing that's true an important. Ah'm shuir o't. Ai, if Ah coud onlie convince ye that the'r no gaun ti be onie happiness for oor ain generation. The canna be an winna be..... We juist hae ti wurk an darg. Aw the happiness is reserred for oor descendents ferr ahead. *(a pause)* Onie road, gin Ah'm no ti be blyth in ma lyfe, syne ma bairns' bairns **wul** in thairs.

*(FEDOTIK and RODÉ enter the ballroom; they sit down and sing quietly, one of them playing a guitar)*



TOOZENBACH: Sae ye winna allou us even ti dream aboot happiness in this lyfe!  
Gey mean speirited---! But whit if Ah im happy nou?

VERSHININ: But ye'r no!

TOOZENBACH: (*Flinging up his hands and laughing*) We dinna unnerstaun ither,  
That's for shuir. Hou can Ah convince ye?

(*MASHA laughs quietly*)

TOOZENBACH: (*Holds up a finger to her*) Show her a finger an she'l lauch!  
(*to VERSHININ*) An lyfe wul be juist the same as ever, no onlie in a  
couple o hunder years' tyme, but in a million year. Lyfe disna  
chynge; it aye gaes on the same. It follaes its ain roads; that disna  
concern us, we canna fathom that oniewey. Think on the burds that  
flies awa til ither kintries in the Back End: the cranes, for instance,  
they juist flie on an on, athout kennin whaur they'r gaun or whitfor.  
An they'l cairrie on fliein, nae maitter hou monie clivver philosophers  
ir fliein along wi thaim. Lat thaim theorise as mukkil as they lyke, as  
lang as they cairrie on fliein.

MASHA: Ir the no sum meanin?

TOOZENBACH: Meanin---? Juist you look oot thare! It's snawin.  
Whit's the meanin o that? (*a pause*)

MASHA: Ah think a human be-in haes ti hae sum faith, ot at laest he's got ti try  
ti finnd faith. Gin he disna, his haill lyfe wul be boss an tuim---- Hou  
can ye leeve an no ken hou the cranes flies, hou the bairns ir born, hou  
the sterns shyne in the lift?..... Ye maun ken whit ye leeve for, or  
naething maitters....awthing is nae mair nor wyld gress. (*a pause*)

VERSHININ: Aw the same, Ah'm vext ma youth is ower an by.

NASHA: 'It's a deid bore ti be alive in this warld, freinds!  
That's whit Gogol says.

TOOZENBACH: An Ah feel lyke sayin: it's uissless argiein wi you, ma freins.  
Ah gie up.

CHEBUTYKIN: (*Reads out of the paper*) Balzac's mairriage taen place at  
Berdichev.

(*IRENA sings softly to herself*)

CHEBUTYKIN: Ah maun write this down in ma notebook.  
(*Writes*) Balzac's mairriage taen place at Berdichev.  
(*Reads on*)

TOOZENBACH: Weill Ah've thrawn in ma haund. Did ye ken Ah'd sent in ma resignation, Maria Serghyeevna?

MASHA: Ay, Ah heard aboot it. Nae guid wul cum o that, aither. Ah dinna lyke civvies.

TOOZENBACH: Never heed! (*Gets up*) Whit kynd o sojer im Ah, oniewey? Ah'm no even guid-lookin or smert. Whit dis it maitter? Ah'l wurk. Ah'd lyke ti dae sic a hard day's darg, that whan Ah cum hame at nicht, Ah'd faw forfochen on ma bed an faw ti sleep at aince. (*Goes to the ballroom*) Ah imagine wurkin men sleep gey soond at nicht.

FEDOTIK: (*to IRENA*) Ah've bocht ye sum colort crayons at Pyzhikov's, in Moscow Street. An this wee penknyfe anaw!

IRENA: Ye still treat me lyke a wee lassie. Ah wush ye wad mynd Ah'm growne up nou. (*She takes the crayons and the penknyfe joyfully*) They **ir** awfu nice!

FEDOTIK: Look here, Ah bocht a knyfe for masell, tae.. Ye see it haes anither blade, here, an syne anither..... The'r a tuith-pick, this thing is for cleanin oot yeir lugs; thir is nail shears an this is for cleanin yeir fingir nails.....

RODÉ: (*in a loud voice*) Doctor, juist hou auld ir ye?

CHEBUTYKIN: Me---? Thertie-twa.

*(Laughter)*

FEDOTIK: Ah'l show ye anither kynd o patience. (*Sets out the cards*)  
*(The samovar is brought in, and ANFISA attends to it. Shortly afterwards, NATASHA comes in and begins to fuss around the table.)*

*(SOLIONY enters, bows to the company and sits down at the table)*

VERSHININ: Whit a lyke wund ootby the-day!

MASHA: Ah'm seik tired o the wunter. Ah've verra near forgotten whit the simmer is lyke.

IRENA: (*Playing patience*) It's cummin oot. The echt haes ti gae on the twa o spades. (*Laughs*) An that means ye winna gang yeir fuitlenth ti Moscow!

CHEBUTYKIN: (*Reads the paper*) Tzitzikar---! Smawpox haes brukken oot!.....

ANFISA: *(Goes up to MASHA)* Masha, the tea is maskit, ma dear.  
*(to VERSHININ)* Wul ye please cum til the table, yeir Hieness?  
Ye maun forgie me, yeir name haes slippit oot ma maimorie!.....

MASHA: You bring it ower here, Nanny!  
Ah'm no cummin ower thare ti fesh it.

IRENA: NANNY!

ANFISA: Cum.....in!

NATASHA: *(to SOLIONY)* Ye ken, even wee babbies kens fyne whit we say  
perfitlie weill! Guid mornin, Bobik,' Ah said til him, onlie the-day,  
'Guid mornin ma praiciuss!' .... An syne he lookit at me in a special  
kynd o wey. Ye nicht say it's onlie a mither's norie, but it's no, A tell  
ye. Na, Na, he's a maist byordnar bairn! He kens ilka wurd Ah say.

SOLIONY: Gin that bairn wes mynes, Ah'd birsil him up in the fryin pan an eat  
him.  
*(Picks up his glass, goes into the drawing room and sits down in a  
corner)*

NATASHA: *(Covers her face with her hands)* Whitna coorse ill-mainnert keelie!

MASHA: Fowk that disna notice whuther it's simmer or wunter ir lucky, Ah aye  
think.  
Ah think Ah wad never ken whit season it wes an Ah leaved in  
Moscow.

VERSHININ: Ah hae juist been readin the diary o sum French cabinet meinister.  
It wes wruten in the jyle. He wes pitten in the jyle ower the heid o the  
Panama affair. He wrate wi delicht aboot the burds he coud see fliein,  
throu the bars o his cell---the burds he haed never noticed whan he wes  
a cabinet meinister. But nou he is oot the jyle again, he winna notice  
thaim onie mair....an in the same wey, ye winna notice Moscow, aince  
ye ir back bydin thare again.

We'r no happy, an the'r nae wey we can be happy: but we aw want  
happiness, for aw.

TOOZENBACH: *(Picks up a box from the table)* Say, whaur aw the chocolates?

IRENA: Soliony gorbilt thaim up.

TOOZENBACH: He et thaim aw?

ANFISA: *(Serving VERSHININ tea)* Here a letter for ye, Sir!

VERSHININ: For me---? (*Takes the letter*) Frae ma dochter! (*Reads it*)  
Ay, ay, Ah soud hae kent. Forgie me, Maria Serghyeevna, Ah'l juist  
leave quaetlyke.... Ah'l no hae onie tea. (*Gets up, agitated*)  
Aye the same thing..... The'r nae end til't.

MASHA: Whit is it? A secret---?

VERSHININ: (*in a low voice*) The wyfe haes taen puzzin again.  
Ah maun awa nou. Whitna grief this is!  
It's aye maist embarassin for me---! (*Kisses MASHA'S hand*)  
Ma dear lass....Ah'l juist slip oot this road....  
(*Goes out*)

ANFISA: Whaur's **he** aff til? An here Ah've juist brocht him sum tea!  
Whitna queerlyke fallae---!

MASHA: (*Flaring up*) LEAVE ME ALANE! Whit dae ye keep worriein me  
for? Ir the ti be nae peace in this houss? Wul ye never leave me in  
peace? (*Goes to the table*)  
Ah'm seik an tired o YOU, ye dottilt auld besom!

ANFISA: Mercie.....Ah didna mean ti offend ye, ma dear.  
(*Andrey's voice offstage*) Anfisa---!  
(*Mimics him*) Anfisa! Huh, sittin thare in his den---!  
(*Goes out*)

MASHA: (*By the table in the ballroom, crossly*) Wul ye lat me sit doun  
sumwhaur? (*Jumbles up the cards laid out on the table*)  
You tak up the haill table heid wi yeir cairds!  
Whit dae ye no git on wi yeir tea for?

IRENA: Mercie, ye'r that ill-naiturt turnt, Masha!

MASHA: Weill, an Ah'm ill-naiturt, juist dinna you speak ti me, then!  
Leave iz alane! Dinna touch me!

CHEBUTYKIN: (*Laughs*) Dinna touch hir!..... Leave hir alane!  
Watch ye dinna touch hir!

MASHA: Ye'r mebbe saxtie, but ye'r aye bletherin sum demned styte or ither.  
Ye'r lyke a mukkil bairn.

NATASHA: (*Sighs*) Dear Masha, dae ye hae ti be sae coorse lyke? Ye ken, wi yeir  
guid looks, fowk wad think ye a richt chairmer, sae they wad; even the  
best cless o fowk --- gin ye wad juist watch that ill tung o yours.  
*Je vous prie, pardonnez moi, Marie, mais vous avez des manières un  
peu grossières.*

TOOZENBACH: *(with suppressed laughter)* *Raxez moi ower* ..... Ah mean ye wadna be sae guid as ti pass me ..... Is that the cognac ower thare or whit?....

NATASHA: *Il parait que mon Bobik dèjà ne dort pas.....* Ah think he's wauken. He's no been verra weill the-day, naither he haes. Ah maun gae see him.... Perdon me! *(Goes out)*

IRENA: Say, whaur haes Alexandr Ignatyevich gaen

MASHA: He's awa hame. His guidwyfe haes duin sumthing daft again.

TOOZENBACH: *(Goes over to SOLIONY with a decanter of cognac)*  
Ye'r aye sittin thare yeir lane lyke a craw in a mist---tho whit ails ye naebodie richt kens. Weill, wad ye no lyke ti beirie the hatchet. Lat's hae a dram thegither, an nae ill feelin.  
*(They drink)*  
Ah daursay Ah'l hae ti play the pianae the hail forenicht the-nicht---a lot o rubbishy tuins, o coorse..... But never heed!

SOLIONY: Whitfor did ye say, 'Lat's beirie the hatchet!' We haena quarrelt.

TOOZENBACH: Ye aye gie me the feelin the'r sumthing wrang atwein us.  
Ye'r a queer yin, nae dout aboot it.

SOLIONY: *'I am strange, but who's not so? Don't be angry, Aleko!'*

TOOZENBACH: Whit haes Aleko ti dae wi it whan he's at hame?

SOLIONY: Whan Ah'm ma lane wi sumbodie, Ah'm fyne. Ah'm juist lyke onie ither bodie. But in companie, Ah feel dounhauden. Ah git depressed, lyke an shy, an Ah stert haiverin. For aw that, Ah'm a sicht mair strecht an weill-meanin nor a hantil ither fowk.

TOOZENBACH: Ye aften roose me, man, kis ye aye wul keep on pittin ma back up whan we'r in companie thegither – but for aw, for sum reason, Ah seem ti lyke ye .... Ah'm gaun ti git fou the-nicht whitever befaws!  
Lat's hae anither dram!

SOLIONY: Ay, thare a guid idea. *(a pause)*  
Ah've never haed oniething agin ye, personally, Baron, but ma temperament is raither lyke Lermontov's.  
*(in a low voice)* Ah even look a wee bit lyke Lermontov, sae Ah've been telt.  
*(Takes a scent bottle from his pocket and sprinkles some scent on his hands)*

TOOZENBACH: Aweill, Ah've sent in ma resignation. Ah've feinisht wi the airmie!  
Ah've been switherin about it for the lest five year, an nou ma mynd is  
made up at lest. Ah'm gaun ti dae sum richt wark.

SOLIONY: *(Recites) 'Don't be angry, Aleko...Away, away, with all your dreams!'*

*(During the conversation, ANDREY enters quietly with a book, in his  
hand and sits down by the candle)*

TOOZENBACH: Ah'm gaun ti wurk!

CHEBUTYKIN: *(Comes into the drawing room with IRENA)*

An the maet they gied me wes the rael Caucasian stuff: ingan soup, wi  
chehartma eftir --- that's a dish made wi butcher maet ye ken .

SOLIONY: A tell ye, chereemsha is no butcher maet at aw. It's a vegetable, no  
unlyke an ingan.

CHEBUTYKIN: Na, Na, ma friend, chehartma, isna an ingan, it's roast mutton

SOLIONY: Ah tell ye, chereemsha is a kynd o ingan --- the neibor o an ingan.

CHEBUTYKIN: Ah dinna see hou Ah soud argie aboot this wi YOU! As ferr as Ah  
ken, ee've never been ti the Caucasus an never tastit chehartma.

SOLIONY: Ah haena tastit it, kis Ah canna thole the ming o it. Chereemsha stinks  
lyke garlic.

ANDREY: *(Imploringly)* Wul ye drap it, friends? For the luiv o Guid, stap it!

TOOZENBACH: Whan is the carnival croud cummin alang?

IRENA: They promised ti be here bi nyne---that means onie meinit nou.

TOOZENBACH: *(Embraces ANDREY)* Lat's hae a drink, the Deil tak it!  
Andriusha, lat's drink til eternal freinship! Ah'l cum wi ye whan ye  
gae back ti Moscow University.

SOLIONY: Which university? The'r twa universities in Moscow.

ANDREY: The'r onlie the yin.

SOLIONY: Ah tell ye the'r twa.

ANDREY: Never mynd, mak it thrie. The mair the merrier.

SOLIONY: THE'R TWA UNIVERSITIES IN MOSCOW.

*(Murmurs of protest and cries of 'Wheisht! Sit down, man!')*

SOLIONY: The'r twa universities in Moscow, an auld yin an a new yin. But gin ye dinna want ti tak tent ti whit Ah'm sayin, gin ma conversation fashes ye, Ah can haud ma tung. Ah can dae better. Ah can gang til anither room.  
*(Goes out through one of the doors)*

TOOZENBACH: Hurray, hurray! Lat's git stertit, ma friends, Ah'l play for ye. Whitna queerlyke stick that Soliony is! .....

*(Sits down at the piano and plays a waltz)*

MASHA: *(Dances alone)* The Baron is fou, the Baron is fou, The Baron is fliein....

*(Enter NATASHA)*

NATASHA: *(to CHEBUTYKIN)* Ivan Romanych!  
*(Speaks to him, then goes out quietly)*

*(CHEBUTYKIN touches TOOZENBACH on the shoulder and whispers to him)*

IRENA: Whit is it?

CHEBUTYKIN: It's tyme we war awa. We've haed oor mairchin orders. Guid nicht!

IRENA: But Mercie---whit about the carnival pairtie?

ANDREY: *(Embarrassed)* Ah dout the carnival pairtie's no cummin. Ah'm rael vext aboot that. Ye see, Natasha says that Bobik is no weill, an sae...Oniewey, Ah dinna ken—an Ah certainly coudna care less.

IRENA: *(Shrugs her shoulders)* Bobik's no verra weill!.....

MASHA: Never heed, we'l keep oor end up! Gin they turn us oot, oot we maun gae!  
*(to IRENA)* It's no Bobik that's no weill, it's hir....  
*(Taps her forehead with her finger)* A heid case---!  
She's a control freak! A richt wee suburban housswyfe.

*(ANDREY goes to his room on the right, CHEBUTYKIN follows him. The guests say goodbye to the ballroom.)*

FEDOTIK: Whit a peitie! Ah've been howpin ti spend the forenicht here, but gin the bairn's no weill...whit can ye dae? Ah'l bring him sum toys the-morn.

RODÉ: *(In a loud voice)* Ah haed a guid lang sleep eftir lunch the-day, kis Ah thoct Ah'd be hoochin an dancin aw nicht. Ah mean ti say – it's onlie nine o'clock.

MASHA: Lat's gang ootby an speak aboot it! We'l decide whit ti dae than.

*(Voices are heard saying, 'Guidby! God bliss ye!' and TOOZENBACH is heard laughing boisterously)*

*(Everyone goes out. ANFISA and a maid clear the table and put out the lights. The nurse sings to the baby off-stage)*

*(Enter ANDREY, wearing an overcoat and hat, followed by CHEBUTYKIN. They move quietly.)*

CHEBUTYKIN: Ah never fand tyme ti git mairrit, sumhou—pairtlie kis ma lyfe haed wheicht past me lyke lichtnin—the months gaed by lyke days—an pairtlie kis Ah wes aye daft aboot yeir mither, an she wes mairrit....

ANDREY: A bodie soud never mairrie. Ye soudna mairrie kis it's sae borin.

CHEBUTYKIN: That's aw verra weill, but whit aboot be-in lanesum—left aw bi yeirsell. Ye can theorise as mukkil as ye lyke ma laddie, but it's a waesum weird ti be left aw yeir lane..... Mynd ye, frae anither pynt o view, it disna maitter a demn!

ANDREY: Cum on, lat's git on quick!

CHEBUTYKIN: Whit's yeir hurry? The'r plentie tyme.

ANDREY: Ah'm feart ma wyfe nicht try ti stap me.

CHEBUTYKIN: Oh....! Ah....!

ANDREY: Ah winna play at the cairds the-nicht. Ah'l juist sit an watch. Ah'm no feelin up ti the merk. Whit soud Ah dae for ma braithlessness, Ivan Romanych?

CHEBUTYKIN: Dinna speir at me,ma dear laddie! Ah canna mynd. Ah juist dinna ken onie mair.

ANDREY: Lat's gae oot throu the back kitchen!

*(They go out. A bell rings. The ring is repeated and voices and laughter are heard.)*

IRENA: *(coming in)* Whit's aw that dirdum?



ANFISA: *(in a whisper)* The carnival pairtie---!

*(the bell rings again)*

IRENA: Ai, whit an affront---! Tell thaim the'r naebodie here, Nanny.  
Apologise ti thaim. *(ANFISA goes out)*

*(IRENA walks up and down the room, lost in thought. She seems agitated. Enter SOLIONY)*

SOLIONY: *(Puzzled)* The'r naebodie here. Whaur is awbodie?

IRENA: They'r awa hame.

SOLIONY: That's funny! Then ye'r here bi yeirsell?

IRENA: Ay, it looks lyke it. Aw ma lane---!  
*(a pause)* Weill, guidnicht ti ye then---!

SOLIONY: Ah ken Ah wes tactless the-nicht. Ah lost the place for a meinit.  
But ye'r different frae the lave. You staun oot heich abuin thaim  
aw.—ye can see whaur the truth is.... ye'r the yae sowl in aw the  
warld that coud possibly unnerstaun me . Ah hae fawn in luiv wi ye...  
Ah luiv ye wi a deep, bounless....

IRENA: Behave yeirsell! That wul juist dae! Guidnicht!

SOLIONY: Ah canna leeve athout ye. *(Follows her)*  
It's aye sic a delicht for me ti look at ye. *(with tears)*  
Yeir glorious een—yeir een ir lyke nae ither wumman's Ah've ever  
seen.

IRENA: *(Coldly)* Wul YOU please stap this, Vassily Vassilich?

SOLIONY: Ah've never spoken o the wey Ah felt aboot ye afore....it gars me feel  
lyke Ah wes leevin in anither planet.  
*(Rubs his forehead)* Never mynd, Ah canna force ye ti feel for me, for  
shuir. But Ah'l tell ye this: Ah'l no hae onie successfu rivals. Na, na,  
Ah sweir ti ye bi onie thing Ah haud sacred, gin the'r oniebodie else,  
Ah'l kill him.  
Ai, but ye'r wunnerfu.

*(Enter NATASHA, carrying a candle)*

NATASHA: *(Pokes her head into one room, then into another, but passes the door  
leading to her husbands's room)* Andrey's readin in thare. Better lat  
him read! Ye maun forgie me, Vassily Vassilich, Ah didna ken ye war  
here. Ah fear Ah'm no richt dressed. Mercie, Ah'm no wycelyke!  
*(Closes her dressing gown)*

SOLIONY: Whit dae Ah care? Guidnicht! (*Goes out*)

NATASHA: Ye wul be tired, ma puir lass. (*Kisses IRENA*)  
Ye soud git ti yeir bed aerlier, sae ye soud!

IRENA: Is Bobik sleepin?

NATASHA: Ay he's asleep, but he's no sleepin peacefu lyke.  
Bi the by, ma dear, Ah've been meanin ti mention it for a whyle, but  
thare haes aye been sumthing .....aither ye'r no here, or Ah'm ower  
thrang..... Ye see, Ah think that Bobik's nursery is that cauld an  
damp...an your chaumer is juist perfit for a wee bairn.  
Darlin, dae ye think ye coud move yeirsell inti Olga's room?

IRENA: (*Not understanding her*) Whaur---? Whaur til?

*(The sound of jingling bells is heard outside and a 'troika' is driven up to the house)*

NATASHA: Ye can share a room wi Olga for the tyme be-in, an whan you ir oot the  
road, Bobik can hae your room.  
He is sic a wee darlin! This mornin Ah said til him, 'Bobik, ye'r ma  
verra ain! Ma verra ain!' An he juist goved up at me wi his dear wee  
een.

*(The door bell rings)*

That wul be Olga. She's geyan late the-nicht.

*(A maid comes up to NATASHA and whispers in her ear)*

NATASHA: Protopopov! Ai, whit a man--- Protopopov's cum for ti ask me ti gae  
for a hurl wi him. In a troika---

*(Laughs)* Ir the men no funny craiteurs?

*(The door bell rings again)*

Sumbodie's ringin. Wul Ah gang for a short turn? Juist for a quarter o  
an oor, lyke---- Ah'm shuir it wad dae me guid.

*(to the maid)* Tell him Ah'l be down in a glisk.

*(The door bell rings)*

That's that bell again! Ah expek it's Olga. (*Goes out*)

*(The maid runs out. IRENA is lost in thought)*

*(Enter KOOLYGHIN and OLGA, followed by VERSHININ)*

KOOLYGHIN: Weill, whit's aw this? Ah thocht ye said we war gaun ti hae a pairtie.

VERSHININ: It's a funny thing. Ah left here aboot hauf an oor syne, an they war  
expekkin a carnival pairtie then.

IRENA: They'r aw gaen awa.

KOOLYGHIN: Masha's gaen tae? Whaur haes she gaen til? An whitfor is Propopov daein ootby in a troika? Wha is **he** waitin for?

IRENA: Please dinna speir onie mair quaistens at me. Ah'm ower tired.

KOOLYGHIN: You.....spylt bairn!

OLGA: The conference is onlie juist feinisht. Ah'm fair worn oot awthegither wi hearin fowk speak even on. The heidmistress is no weill an Ah'm staunin in for hir or she's richt better. Ma heid is stoondin---Ai ma puir heid!

*(Sits down)* Andrey lost twa hunder roubles at the cairds lest nicht. The haill toun's speakin about it.

KOOLYGHIN: Ay, the conference haes taen it oot o me, tae. Ah maun hae a saet.  
*(Sits down)*

VERSHININ: Sae nou ma wyfe haes taen it intil hir heid ti gliff me. Hir latest ploy is tryin ti puzzin hirsell. Houanever, awthing's awricht nou, sae Ah can relax for a wee whyle---God be thenkit! Sae we hae ti leave again? Weill, guidnicht til ye aw; aw the best. Fiodor Illyich, wad ye care ti cum alang wi me sumwhar or ither? Ah canna byde at hame the-nicht, sae Ah canna.....Please cum!

KOOLYGHIN: Ah'm gey tired. Ah dinna think Ah'l cum. *(Gets up)*  
Ah'm fair forfochen. Haes the wyfe gaen hame?

IRENA: Ah believe sae.

KOOLYGHIN: *(Kisses Irena's hand)* Guidnicht! We can hae a rest the-morn an the day eftir the-morn---twa haill days! Weill, Ah wush ye aw the best.

*(Going out)* Hou Ah coud dae wi sum tea! Here Ah wes, expekkin ti spend the forenicht in guid companie, but---*O fallacem hominum spem!* Aye uise the accusative in exclamation!

VERSHININ: Weill, it looks as if Ah'l hae ti gang sumwhaur ma lane.

*(Goes out with KOOLYGHIN, whistling)*

OLGA: Ai, ma heid, ma sair heid.... Andrey haes lost at the cairds again....  
The haill toun's speakin about it....Ah'l gang an lie doun---

*(Going out)* The-morn A'm free.  
Ma heid's achin.... Ai, ma sair heid....

IRENA: *(Alone)* They'r aw gaen. Nobody's left.

*(Somebody is playing an accordion in the street.  
The nurse sings in the next room)*

*(NATASHA crosses the ballroom, wearing a fur coat and cap.  
She is followed by the maid.)*

NATASHA: Ah'l be back in hauf an oor. Ah'm juist gaun for a wee hurl.  
*(Goes out)*

IRENA: *(Alone, with intense longing)* Moscow! Moscow! Moscow!

CURTAIN