

ACT FOUR

The old garden belonging to the Prozorov's house. A river is seen at the end of a long avenue of fir trees, and on the far bank of the river a forest. On the right of the stage, there is a veranda with a table on which champagne bottles and glasses have been left. It is midday. From time to time people from the street pass through the garden to get to the river. Five or six soldiers march through quickly.

CHEBUTYKIN, radiating a mood of benevolence which does not leave him throughout the act, is sitting in a chair in the garden. He is wearing his army cap and holding a walking stick, as if ready to be called away at any moment. KOOLYGHIN, with a decoration round his neck and his mustache shaved off. TOOZENBACH and IRENA are standing on the veranda, saying goodbye to FEDOTIK and RODÉ, who are coming down the steps. Both officers are in marching uniform.

TOOZENBACH: (*Embracing FEDOTIK*) Ye'r a braw chiel, Fedotik; we hae been guid freins!
(*Embraces RODÉ*) Yince mair than..... Fareweill ma dear freins!

IRENA: *Au revoir!*

FEDOTIK: Ah dout it isna *au revoir*, It's guidby. We'l never see ither again!

KOOLYGHIN: Wha kens? (*Wipes his eyes, smiling*)
Thare, ye've garred me greit.

IRENA: We'l meet sum tyme.

FEDOTIK: Mebbe in ten or fifteen year tyme. But syne, we'l haurlie ken yin anitherwe'l juist meet an say, 'Hou ir ye?' Cauldlyke---
(*Takes a snapshot*) Haud on a meinit!
Juist yin mair, for the lest tyme.

RODÉ: (*Embraces TOOZENBACH*) We'r no lyke ti meet again.....
(*Kisses IRENA's hand*) Thanks for awthing.....awthing!

FEDOTIK: (*Annoyed*) Juist haud on a glisk!

TOOZENBACH: We'l meet again gin we'r weirdit ti meet. Be shuir an wryte til us!
Be shuir an wryte, nou!

RODÉ: (*Glancing round the garden*) Fareweill trees!
(*Shouts*) Hoy-thare!
(*a pause*) Cheerio, echo!

KOOLYGHIN: Ah wadna be surprised an ye got yeirsell mairrit, oot thare in Poland.....Ye'l git yeirsell a Polish guidwyfe, an she'l pit hir airm round ye an say: 'Here ma jo!' (*Laughs*)

FEDOTIK: *(Glances at his watch)* The'r barely an oor ti gang.
Soliony is the onlie yin frae oor battery that's gaun doun the river on
the bairge. Aw the lave ir mairchin on fuit wi the diveision. Thrie
batteries ir leavin the-day bi road an thrie mair the-morn---syne the
toun wul be fair deid.

TOOZENBACH: Ay, an gey dowf, tae.

RODÉ: Bi the by, whaur Maria Serghyevna?

KOOLYGHIN: She's sumwhaur aboot in the gairden.

FEDOTIK: We maun tak oor leave o hir.

RODÉ: Guidby, Ah hae ti gang nou, or Ah'l burst oot greitin.

*(Quickly embraces TOOZENBAH and KOOLYGHIN, kisses IRENA's
hand)* Lyfe hae been guid here.

FEDOTIK: *(To KOOLYGHIN)* Here a wee souvenir for ye---a notebook wi a
pincil.....We'l gae doun ti the wattir throu here lyke.

(They go off, glancing back)

RODÉ: *(Shouts)* Hoy-ho!

KOOLYGHIN: *(Shouts)* Fare-ye-weill!

*(At the back of the stage, FEDOTIK and RODÉ meet Masha, and say
goodby to her; she goes off with them)*

IRENA: They'r gaen.... *(Sits down on the bottom step of the veranda)*

CHEBUTYKIN: They forgot ti say fareweill ti me.

IRENA: Whit about you? They didna need ti.

CHEBUTYKIN: That's true, Ah forgot, tae. Never heed!
Ah'l be seein thaim again fairlie suin. Ah'l be leavin the-morn.
Ay, onlie the yae mair day. An syne, in a year's tyme, Ah'l be retirin
awthegither. Syne Ah'l cum back here an feinish whit's left o ma days
near you. Juist yae mair year ti pit in or a git ma pension.
(Puts a newspaper in his pocket and takes out another)
Ah'l cum back here an lead a reformed lyfe.
Ah'l be a nice, quaet, weill-daein, wee, auld mannie.

IRENA: Ay, it's mair nor tyme ye reformed, ma frein. Ye soud lead a different
style o lyfe, Ah'm thinkin.

CHEBUTYKIN: Ay, Ah think sae, tae. *(Sings quietly)*
Tarara-boom-di-ay---Ah'm sittin on a tomb-aw-day.

KOOLYGHIN: Ah dout the'r no mukkil can be duin wi IVAN Romanych.
It's ill tryin ti lairn an auld dug new tricks.

CHEBUTYKIN: Ay, ye soud hae taen me in haund. Ye might hae reformed ma
character whyle the war still tyme.

IRENA: Fiador's shaved his mustache aff. Ah canna beir ti look at him.

KOOLYGHIN: Hou no?

CHEBUTYKIN: If Ah coud juist tell ye whit yeir gizz looks lyke nou---but Ah
daurna.

KOOLYGGHIN: Weill, we hae ti keep up wi the fashion! *Modus vivendi*, as the
auld Romans uised ti say. The Director shaved his mustache aff, sae
Ah shavit mynes aff ti be upsydes wi him whan they made me an
inspector. Naebodie lykes it, but that's naething ti me. Ah'm weill
content. Whuther Ah hae a mouser or no, it's aw yin ti me.
(Sits down)

*(ANDREY passes across the back of the stage pushing a pram with a
child asleep in it)*

IRENA: Ivan Romanych, ma dear friend, Ah'm fair worrit aboot sumthing.
Ye war oot in the toun perk yestrein---tell me whit happent thare!

CHEBUTYKIN: Whit happent? Naething happent---juist a bit triffil.

(Reads his paper) It disna maitter oniewey.

KOOLYGHIN: Ah hear tell that Soliony an the Baron met in wi ither in the toun
perk ootby the theater yestrein an.....

TOOZENBACH: Dinna, dinna, please! Whit's the guid?

(Waves his hand at him deprecating and goes into the house)

KOOLYGHIN: It happent forenent the theater. Soliony stertit on badgerin the
Baron, an he lost the heid an gied him sum snash that fair offendit
him.

CHEBUTYKIN: Ah ken naething aboot it. It's aw styte.

KOOLYGHIN: A skuilmaister yince wrate 'styte' in Russian on a laddie's essay, an the laddie wes fikkilt bi it, thinkin it wes a Latin wurd.

(Laughs) They say Soliony's fair taen up wi IRENA an that he's gotten ti hate the sicht o the Baron, mair an mair.... Weill, ye can unnerstaun that he nicht fancy Irena. Irena's a braw lass. But she's a bit lyke Masha: she's inclyned ti be ower taen up wi hir ain thochts.

(To IRENA) But your character is mair easy-gaun nor Masha's. Mynd ye, Masha haes a nice disposeition, tae. Ah luiv hir, Ah div luiv ma Masha.

(From the back of the stage comes a shout: 'Hey-ho!')

IRENA: *(Starts)* Awthing gars me lowp the-day. *(a pause)*

Ah hae aw ma luggage ready, tae. Ah'm sendin ma things aff eftir lunch.

The Baron an me ir gaun ti be mairrit the-morn, an strecht eftir, we'r flittin intil the brick-warks, an the day eftir the-morn, Ah'm stertin wark at the skuil. Sae, God wullin, oor new lyfe wul begin. Ye ken whan Ah wes ettlin for ma teacher's diploma, Ah stertit ti greit aw at yince for sheer joy, wi a feelin Ah wes blisst....

(a pause) The cairrier wul be cummin for ma luggage in a wee whylie....

KOOLYGHIN: That's aw verra weill, but sumhou, Ah canna feel it's meant ti be serious. Oniewey, Ah wush ye luck wi aw ma hert.

CHEBUTYKIN: *(Moved)* Ma dear lass, ma precious bairn--- Ye'r awa ferr ahead o me. Ah'l never catch up wi ye nou. Ah'm left alane lyke a draigilt burd that's growne ower auld ti keep up wi the lave o the flock. Flie awa,

Ma dears, flie awa an God be wi ye!

(a pause) Whit a shame ye've shaved yeir mouser aff, Fiador Ilyich!

KOOLYGHIN: Dinna yerp on aboot it, for onie sake!

(Sighs) Aweill, the sojers wul be on thair road the-day, an awthing wul gae back ti whit it wes lyke afore. Oniewey, whatever they say, Masha is a guid leal wyfe. Ay, Ah luiv hir dearlie. An Ah'm thankfu for whit the Guid Lord haes gien me. Fikkil Fortuin treats fowk different.

Tak the excise clerk here, bi name o Kozyrev. Dae ye ken, he wes at the skuil wi me, an he wes expelled frae his fift year kis he coudna gresp the *ut consecutivum*. They threw him oot on his lug. Weill, he's gey hard-up nou, an in puir health anaw. Whanever Ah meet in wi him, Ah juist say til him, 'Hello, *ut concecutivum*,' an he sterts aff wi his kirkyaird hoast. Ah dout he canna be lang for this warld. Nou me, Ah've been gey lucky aw ma lyfe. Ah'm a happy man. Ah've actually been awairdit th Order o Saunt Stanislav, saicont cless---an nou Ah'm

teachin the bairns the same auld *ut consecutivum*. Mynd ye, Ah'm clivver---
Clivverer nor a hantil ither fowk....but whyles Ah think ti masell, happiness wants mair nor juist be-in clivver.

(In the house, someone plays, 'The Maiden's Prayer')

IRENA: The-morn's nicht, Ah winna hae ti listen til 'The Maiden's Prayer'. Ah'l no hae ti meet Protopovov onie mair..... *(a pause)*
Bi the by, he's plankit hissell doun in the sittin room.
He's cum again.

KOOLYGHIN: Haes oor heidmistress no arrived yit?

IRENA: Na, we've sent for hir. Gin ye onlie kent hou ill it is for me ti byde here bi masell, athout Olia! She fair leeves at the skuil, nou she's the heidmistress, an she's thrang aw day. An Ah'm here ma lane, shiftless, wi naething ti dae, an Ah hate the verra room Ah byde in.

Sae Ah've juist made up ma mynd.---if Ah canna gang an leeve in Moscow, that's that. Naething can be duin aboot it. It's God's wull, awthing that befaws, an that's the truth. Nicolai Lvovich proposed ti me..... Weill, Ah thocht it ower an made up ma mynd. He's sic a nice innerlielyke man, it's extraordinar hou innerlie he is.... an aw at yince, Ah felt as tho ma saul haed taen flicht. Ah felt mair blyth an sae relieved. Sumhou, Ah wantit ti wurk again. Juist ti stert wurk--- But sumthing happent yestrein, an nou Ah feel sum unco dreid hingin ower me lyke a shrood.

CHEBUTYKIN: Haivers!

NATASHA: *(Speaking through the window)* Oor heidmistress!

KOOLYGHIN: Oor heidmistress haes arrived! Lat's gae inby!

(Goes indoors with IRENA)

CHEBUTYKIN: *(Reads his paper and sings quietly to himself)*
Tarara-boom-di-ay.....Ah'm sittin on a tomb-aw-day.

(MASHA walks up to him; ANDREY passes across the stage pushing the pram)

MASHA: Ye look verra comfortable lyke, sittin here.

CHEBUTYKIN: Weill, whit aboot it? Is oniething happenin?

MASHA: *(Sits down)* Na, naething. *(a pause)*
Wul ye tell me sumthing? War **you** in luiv wi ma mither?

CHEBUTYKIN: Ay, Ah wes that!

MASHA: Did she luiv you?

CHEBUTYKIN: *(After a pause)* Ah canna richt mynd, nou.

MASHA: Is ma **man** here? Oor cook ay uised ti caw hir husband, 'ma man.'
Is he here, dae ye ken?

CHEBUTYKIN: No yit!

MASHA: Whan ye hae ti tak yeir happiness in wee pikkils, in dribs an drabs, as
Ah dae, an syne loss it, as Ah've lost mynes, ye gradually git dour an
crabbit. *(Points at her breast)* Sumthing is bylin ower inby me, here)
(Looking at ANDREY), who again crosses the stage with the pram)
Thare Andrey, oor dear brither.....
Aw oor howps for him haes gaen down the plug.

It's lyke whan thousands o fowk hyst a mukkil bell intil a touer.
Naebodie kens whit siller an darg haes been spent on it, an syne, aw at
yince, it faws, doun it cums an gits brukken ti bits. Aw at yince, athout
rhyme or reason. It wes lyke that wi Andrae..

ANDREY: Whan ir they gaun ti settil doun in the houss? They'r makkin an awfu
lyke dirdum.

CHEBUTYKIN: They wul suin. *(Looks at his watch)*
This is a richt auld-farrant watch. It chaps the oor....
(Winds his watch, which then strikes)
The first, saicont an fift batteries wul be leavin sherp at yin o'clock.
(a pause) An Ah'l be on ma road the-morn.

ANDREY: For guid?

CHEBUTYKIN: Ah dinna ken.... For guid or for ill---
Ah might be back in about a year. Guid kens--- It's aw yin.

(The sound of a harp and a violin is heard)

Andrey: The toun wul seem fair emptie. Lyfe wul be snufft oot lik a caunil.
(a pause) Sumthing happent yestrein forenent the theater. Awbodie's
speakin about it. Ah'm the onlie sowl that disna seem ti ken about it.

CHEBUTYKIN: Howt, it wes naething. A lot o styte--- Soliony stertit badgerin the
Baron the wey he dis, or sumthing. The Baron lost his rag an insultit
him, an in the hinner end, Soliony haes ti challenge him til a duel.
(Looks at his watch) Weill, Ah think it's tyme ti gang. At hauf past
twal, in the wuids ower yonder on the ferr syde the wattir.....
Bang-bang! *(Laughs)*

Soliony imagines he's lyke Lermontov. He fairlie fancies his chaunce.
He actually wrytes poems, sae he dis.
But jokin asyde, this wul be his third duel

MASHA: Wha's third duel?

CHEBUTYKIN: Soliony's---

MASHA: Whit about the Baron?

CHEBUTYKIN: Weill, whit about him? *(a pause)*

MASHA: Ah'm aw raivilt.... Whit Ah mean ti say is, they soudna be allowed ti fecht. Mercie, he nicht mittil the Baron or even kill him.

CHEBUTYKIN: Aweill, Ah daursay the Baron can look eftir hissell, but whit dis it really maitter whuther the'r yae Baron mair or less, in aw the world. Lat it be. It's aw the same i the feinish.

(Shouts of 'Yoo-hoo' and 'Hey-ya' are heard from beyond the garden)

CHEBUTYKIN: That'l be Skvortsov, yin o the saiconts, bullerin frae the boat. Aweill, he can juist wait.

ANDREY: Ah think it's immoral for ti fecht a duel, or even ti attend yin as a doctor.

CHEBUTYKIN: That's juist the wey it seems ti **you**. We dinna exist at aw, naething exists, it's aw juist a kynd o dwam---an illusion. It onlie seems we ir here....an whit difference dis it mak?

MASHA: Blether, blether, naething but slaiverin blethers aw day lang!
(Starts to go)
Haein ti leeve in this dreich climate wi the snaw aye thraetenin ti faw at onie meinit, an syne on tap o awthing, haein ti listen til aw thir kynds o haivers, even on....
Ah canna beir ti gang in thare....
Wul ye lat me ken whan Vershinin cums?
(Walks along the avenue)
Look at thon burds, stertin ti flie awa areddies!
(Looks up)
Swans or geese, follaein the sun.
Dear burds, happy lucky burds.
(Goes off)

ANDREY: Oor houss wul seem fair desertit awthegither.
The officers wul gang, you'l be awa, ma sister wul git mairrit, an Ah'l be left aw ma lane i the houss.

CHEBUTYKIN: Whit about yeir guidwyfe?

(Enter FERAPONT with some papers)

ANDREY: Ma wyfe is ma wyfe. She's a guid dacent kynd o a wumman! She'd really a kynd wumman in hir air wey, but he'r sumthing about hir that puld hir down til the level o an animal.....a kynd o mean, blinnd, thick-skinned beiss, no a richt human be-in at aw. Ah'm tellin ye this as a frein, mynd! But whyles, she seems ti me that coorse an vulgar. Ah feel fair skunnert bi it, an syne Ah luiv hir---or oniewey, yince cam ti luiv hir.

CHEBUTYKIN: *(Gets up)* Weill, ma dear lad, Ah'm up an awa the-morn, an it might be we wul never see ither again. Syne Ah'l gie ye sum guid advice. Pit you yeir hat on yeir heid, tak a guid crummoch, an tak the gait oot o here!.....Gang awa, an dinna ever look back! An the ferrer ye gang, the better.

(SOLIONY passes across the back of the stage, accompanied by two officers. Seeing CHEBUTYKIN, he turns towards him, while the officers walk on.)

SOLIONY: It's tyme, Doctor. Hauf past twal areddies---

(Shakes hands with ANDREY)

CHEBUTYKIN: Gie me a meinit, wul ye?
Ai, im Ah no seik tired o the lot o ye?

(To ANDREY) Andriusha, gin oniebody speirs eftir me, you tell thaim Ah'l be back in a wee whyle.
(Sighs) Oh-ho-ho!

SOLIONY: *'He had not time to say, "Oh-ho"
Before that bear had struck him low'*

(Walks off with him) An whit ir ye graenin about, auld yin?

CHEBUTYKIN: Ah.....weill!

SOLIONY: Hou dae ye feel?

CHEBUTYKIN: *(Crossly)* Lyke a lest year's burd's nest.

SOLIONY: Ye maunna fash yeirsell about it, auld yin.
Ah dinna ettil ti dae him mukkil skaith.
Ah'l juist birsil his weings a wee, lyke a wyldcock's.
(He takes out a scent bottle and sprinkles scent on his hands)
Ah've gaen throu a haill bottle the-day, but ma haunds ir still mingin.
They smell lyke a corp. *(a pause)*

Dae ye mynd yon poem o Lermontov's.

*'And he rebellious, seeks a storm,
As if in storms the war tranquility.'*

CHEBUTYKIN: Ay!

*'He had not time to say, "Oh, oh!"
Before that bear had struck him low.'*

(Goes out with SOLIONY)

(Shouts of 'Hey-ho!', Yoo-hoo! are heard)

(Enter ANDREY and FERAPONT)

FERAPONT: Wad ye sign thir papers, please?

ANDREY: *(With irritation)* Leave iz alane!
Leave iz alane, for Heivin's sake!

(Goes off with the pram)

FERAPONT: Weill, whit im Ah supposed ti dae wi the papers than?
They'r meant ti be signed, ir they no? *(Goes to back of stage)*

(Enter IRENA and TOOZENBACH, the latter wearing a straw hat.)

*(KOOLYGHIN crosses the stage, calling, 'Yoo-hoo! Masha!
Yoo-hoo!')*

TOOZENBACH: Ah think he is the yae sowl in the haille toun that's gled the airmie
is gaun awa.

IRENA: That's no ti be wunnert at.
(A pause) The toun wul look richt empty.
It wul be gey dreich.

TOOZENBACH: Ah'l be back in a meinit.

IRENA: Whaur ir ye gaun til?

TOOZENBACH: Ah hae ti slip back til the toun, an syne, Ah wad lyke ti see sum o
ma comrades aff.

IRENA: That's no true.... Nicolai, hou ir ye sae absent-myndit the-day?
(a pause) Whit happent forenent the theater yestrein?

TOOZENBACH: *(With a movement of impatience)* Ah'l be back in an oor.
Ah'l be back wi **you** again. *(Kisses her hands)* Ma treisur!....
(Gazes into her eyes) It's fullie five year sen Ah first began ti luiv ye,
an Ah still canna git uised til it, an ye seem bonnier ilkie day that daws
on me.
(a pause)

TOOZENBACH: Whit wunnerfu hair ye hae! Whit marvellous een! Ah'l tak ye
awa the-morn. We'l wurk an we wul be rich. Ma dreams wul cum ti
lyfe again. An ye'l be blyth. But---the'r juist the yae 'but', ye dinna
luiv **me!**

IRENA: Aweill, we canna mak nae mair o that. Ah'l be leal an true ti ye, but
Ah canna luiv ye.....Ai, whit's ti be duin?
(Weeps)
Ah've never luived oniebodie in ma lyfe, tho Ah've fairlie dreamed
about it! Ah hae been dreamin aboot it for sae lang, day an
nicht.....But sumhou ma sowl is lyke a grand pianae sumbodie's
lockit up, an the key's gotten lost. *(a pause)*
Ye'r een ir that restless. Whit ails ye man?

TOOZENBACH: Ah never got richt slept aw nicht. It's no that the'r oniething ti be
feart for---naething thraetening....It's the thoct o that lost key o yours
that torments me an keeps me wauken. Say sumthing ti me! *(a pause)*
Say sumthing!

IRENA: Mercie, whit wad ye want me ti say? Whit?

TOOZENBACH: Oniething!

IRENA: Dinna, ma dear, dinna.... *(a pause)*

TOOZENBACH: Sic triffils, sic silly wee things whyles becums that important aw
at yince for nae guid reason! Ye lauch at thaim, juist as ye've aye
duin. Ye still see thaim as triffils an ye haena the pouer ti conter
thaim. But we maunna speak about aw that.
Ti tell ye the truith, the-nou Ah feel fair crouss---lyke Ah wes seein
thae fir trees an maples an birks for the first tyme in ma lyfe. It's lyke
they war aw keekin doun at me an waitin for sumthing---whit braw
trees, whit bewtie! Lyfe soud be lyke thir trees.

(Shouts of 'Yoo-hoo! Hey-ya!' are heard)

TOOZENBACH: But Ah maun awa. It's tyme. See yon deid tree! It's aw dried up
an wuzzent, but it's aye sweyin in the wund in kilter wi its neibors! An
in the same wey, it seems ti me that if Ah dee, Ah'l still hae a share in
lyfe, sumhou or ither.....Fareweill ma dearest!
(Kisses her hands) Yeir papers, the yins ye gied me, ir on ma desk,
ablo the calendar.

IRENA: Ah'm cummin wi ye.

TOOZENBACH: *(Alarmed)* Na, na! Ye maunna!
(Goes off quickly, then stops in the avenue)
IRENA!

IRENA: Whit is't?

TOOZENBACH: *(Not knowing what to say)* Ah-Ah didna hae onie coffee this mornin. Wul ye tell thaim ti git sum ready an het for me?

(IRENA stands, lost in thought, then goes to the back of the stage and sits down on a swing)

(Enter ANDREY with the pram; FERAPONT appears)

FERAPONT: Andrey Seerghyeevich, the papers ir no mynes, ye ken, they'r the office papers. Ah didna mak thaim up masell!

ANDREY: Ai, whaur haes aw ma past lyfe gaen til---the tyme whan Ah wes yung an gleg an clivver, whan Ah uised ti hae fyne dreams an gret thochts, an the present an the future war bricht wi howp? Whit gars us turn sae dowf an dreich an weariesum afore we hae even begun ti leeve? Hou dae we git ti be lazy, gumptionless an dowie?

This toun's been here for twa hunder year, a hunder thousan fowk bydes here, but naebodie stauns oot frae the lave. Thare never been a scholar or an artist or a saunt in this place; never a singil sowl wi aneuch mense ti admire an look up til. The fowk here dis naething but eat, drink an sleep.... Syne they dee, an ithers tak thair steid, an they eat drink an sleep anaw---an juist for a bit o variety, they aw gaun in for snash an clishmaclaivers an boozin doun the vodka, an gamblin an litigation.

The guidwyfes cheat on thair men, an the men tell lees til thair wyfes an pretend they dinna see or hear oniething that's gaun on. An aw this wecht o coorseness an smaw-myndit vulgarity, birzes aw the smeddum oot the bairns, sae that they, in thair turn, growe up inti meiserabil, hauf-deid-lyke craiturs, aw lyke yin anither, shauchlin throu lyfe, an juist lyke thair mithers an faithers afore thaim.

(To FERAPONT, crossly) WHIT DIV EE WANT?

FERAPONT: Whit? Eh?
Here the papers for ye ti sign!

ANDREY: Whit a pest ye ir!

FERAPONT: (*Hand him the papers*) The porter at the finance deapartment telt me The-nou.....he said lest wunter they haed twa hunder degrees o frost in Petersburg.

ANDREY: Ah hate the lyfe Ah leeve nou, but whit a lift Ah git whan Ah think on the future. Syne Ah feel that licht-hertit, sic a sense o freedom. Ah see masell free, an ma bairns, tae---free frae idleness, free frae eatin guiss an cabbage, free frae eftir-denner dovers, free frae be-in a parasite.

FERAPONT: They say twa thousan fowk war frozen ti daith. Awbodie wes fair terrified---at thair wuts' end. It wes aither in Petersburg or Moscow. Ah canna richt mynd nou!

ANDREY: (*With sudden emotion*) Ma dear sisters, ma dear sisters!
(*Tearfully*) Masha, ma dear sister!

NATASHA: (*Through the window*) Wha is that daein aw that lood speakin thare? Is that **you**, Andrisusha? Keep you yeir voice doun! Ye'l wauken Sofochka. *Il ne faut pas faire du bruit; la Sophie est dormie déjà. Vous êtes un ours.*
(*Getting angry*) Gin ye want ti speak, you gie the pram ti sumbodie else. Hou monie tymes dae Ah need ti tell ye? Ferapont, you tak the pram frae the maister!

FERAPONT: Ay, Madam! Richt, Mistress! (*Takes the pram*)

ANDREY: (*Shamefacedly*) Ah wes speakin quaet.

NATASHA: (*In the window, caressing her small son*) Bobik! Bobik!
Irna you a bad wee laddie?

ANDREY: (*Glancing through the papers*) Awricht, Ah'l gae through thaim, an sign thaim gin they want signin. Ye can tak thaim back ti the office later.

(*Goes into the house, reading the papers*)

(*FERAPONT wheels the pram into the garden*)

NATASHA: (*In the window*) Whit's Mammie's name, Bobik? Ye wee darlin!
An wha's yon wumman? Auntie Olia! Say 'Hello, Auntie Olia!'

(*Two street musicians, a man and a girl, enter and begin to play on a violin and a harp; VERSHIN, OLGA and ANFISA come out of the house and listen in silence for a few moments; then IRENA approaches them*)

OLGA: Oor gairden's fair lyke a public road. Awbodie gangs throu it. Here, Nanny, gie sumthing til the musicians!

ANFISA: (*Giving them money*) Alang ye gae, nou God bliss ye, guid fowk!

(*The musicians bow and go away*)

Puir hameless fowk! Whaever wad trauchil roond the cauld streets
playin tuins, gin he haed a hame ti gang til, an aneuch ti fill his wame?

(*To IRENA*) Hou ir ye, Irenushka?

ANFISA: (*Kisses IRENA*) Ai, ma bairn, whit a graund lyfe Ah'm haein!
Sic comfort! In a mukkil flat at the skuil wi Oliushka—an nae rent ti
pey aither. The Guid Lord's been guid ti me in ma auld age, auld
sinner that Ah im! A mukkil flat, nae rent ti pey, an a haill room ti
masell, wi ma ain warm bed. Aw free! Whyles whan Ah wauken up
throu the nicht, Ah think ti masell, Ai, Halie Mither o God, the'r
naebodie mair content nor me, naither the ir!

VERSHININ: (*Glances at his watch*) We'l be stertin in a meinit, Olga Serghyeevna.
It's tyme Ah gaed.
(*A pause*) Ah wush ye aw the happiness in the world.....
awthing ye'd wush for yeirsell.... Whaur Maria Serghyeevna?

IRENA: She's oot in the gairden, sumwhaur. Ah'l gae look for hir.

VERSHININ: That's guid o ye. Ah'l hae ti git a move on.

ANFISA: Ah'l cum help look for hir.
(*Calls out*) MASHENKA, YOO-HOO!
(*Goes with IRENA towards the far end of the garden*)
YOO-HOO! YOO-HOO!

VERSHININ: Awthing cums til an end, aye.
Weill, here we ir, an nou it's ti be, 'fare ye weill!'
(*Looks at his watch*)
The toun gied us a fareweill denner. The war champagne, an the
Provost made a wee speech, an Ah wired in an listened til him a bit,
but in speirit, Ah wes wi you here.....
(*Glances round the garden*)
Ah've growne that used wi ye aw.

OLGA: Wul we meet again, sum day, Ah wunner?

VERSHININ: It's no verra lykelie!
(*a pause*)
Ma guidwyfe is lyker hirsell, an the twa wee lassies wul be bydin on
here for a month or twa. Please, if oniething happens, ye ken, if they
need oniething lyke.....

OLGA: Ay, ay.o coorse. Ye needna fash aboot that.
(*a pause*) The-morn the'l no be a singil officer or sojer in the toun....
Aw that wul juist be a maimorie, an o coorse, a new kynd o lyfe wul
begin for us here.....
(*a pause*)
Naething ever turns oot the wey we want it. Ah never ettilt for ti be a
heidmistress, but here im Ah, a heidmistress: an auld maiden leddie.
It means we'l never be gaun ti byde in Moscow.

VERSHININ: Weill, thanks for awthing! Forgie me if Ah've ever duin onieething
oot the wey. Ah ken Ah've whyles blethert on ferr ower
mukkil....Forgie me for that an dinna think ower ill o me.

OLGA: (*Wipes her eyes*) Mercie! Ah wunner whit's keepin Masha?

VERSHININ: Whit mair can Ah tell ye, nou it's tyme ti say, 'Guidby'?
Whit wul Ah philosophise aboot nou, Ah wunner?
(*Laughs*) Ay, lyfe is dour an ill ti thole. It seems the'r no mukkil
howp for the fek o us. Ah dout we'r juist stuck in the bit.... but for
aw, ye maun admeit, it is gradually gittin easier an brichter, an it's
clear that the tyme is no ferr awa whan the licht wul spreid awhaur.
(*Looks at his watch*) Tyme nou, it's tyme for me ti gang.....
Langsyne, the human race wes ay makkin wars, an its tyme wes
maistlie taen up wi fechtin: wi campaigns, retreats, victories, killin
ither an the lyke..... But nou, that's oot o date, an in its steid the'r a
mukkil vacuum: a hole needin ti be filled. The human race is in sair
need o sumthing ti fill this hole, an for shuir, it wul finnd sumthing yae
day.
Ai , Ah div howp it happens suin.
Gin we coud educate the common wurkin fowk, the hoi polloi, an gar
the educatit fowk dae a pikkil wark.....sum howp.....gin porkers coud
flie, eh?
(*Sighs*) Aweill, Ah maun awa nou.

OLGA: Here she cums!

(*Enter MASHA*)

VERSHININ: Ah hae cum ti say, Guidby.

(*OLGA walks off and stands a little to one side, so as not to interfere
with their leave-takin*)

MASHA: (*Looking into his face*) Goodby! (*A long kiss*)

OLGA: That'l dae. Nou, that wul dae.

(*MASHA sobs loudly*)

VERSHININ: Wryte ti me..... Dinna you forget me! Lat me gae.... It's tyme.
Olga Serghyeevna, **please** tak hir awa Ah hae ti gang.....
Ah'm late areddies.....

(Deeply moved, kisses OLGA's hands, then embraces MASHA once again and goes out quickly)

OLGA: That wul dae Masha! Dinna, ma dear, dinna!.....

(Enter KOOLYGHIN)

KOOLYGHIN: *(Embarrassed)* Never heed, lat hir greit, lat hir.....
Ma dear sweet Masha.....Ye'r ma wyfe, an Ah'm blyth in spite o
awthing.....Ah'm no complainin. Ah'l no cuist it up ti ye, an Olga
here, is ma wutness.
We'l stert oor lyfe ower again in the same auld wey, an ye winna hear
a wurd o reproach frae me.....no a singil wurd.

MASHA: *(Suppressing her sobs)*
'A green oak grows by a curving shore,
and round that oak hangs a golden chain'
'A golden chain round that oak.....Ai! Ah'm gaun crazy!
'By a curving shore.....a green oak....'

OLGA: Caum yeirsell, Masha, try an settil doun!....
Gie hir a drap wattir!

MASHA: Ah'm no greitin onie mair.

KOOLYGHIN: She's no greitin onie mair....she's a guid lassie, sae she is.

(The hollow sound of a gunshot is heard in the distance)

MASHA: 'A green oak grows by a curving shore, and round that oak hangs a
golden chain'....a green cat..... a green oak.....Ah've got it aw raivelt
up....
(Drinks water)
Ma haill lyfe's aw messed up..... It's aw buggert up!
Ah dinna want oniething nou..... Ah'l caum doun in a meinit.....
It disna maitter..... Whit is 'the curving shore'?
Hou dis it aye keep cummin inti ma heid? Ma thochts is aw steired up.

(Enter IRENA)

OLGA: Settil doun, Masha. That's richt---thare a guid lass!
Lat's gae inby!

MASHA: *(Irritably)* Ah'm no gaun in thare!
(Sobs, but immediately checks herself)
Ah winna gang inti that houss nou, an Ah'm no gaun til....

IRENA: Lat's sit oorsells doun thegither for a meinit an no speak about
oniething at aw! Ah'm gaun awa the-morn, ye ken.....

KOOLYGHIN: Yesterday eftirnuin, Ah taen awa a fauss baird an a mustache frae a
laddie in Cless Thrie. Ah hae thaim wi me here. *(Puts them on)*
Div Ah look lyke oor German teacher?
(Laughs) Here, Ah div, div Ah no? The laddies is gey droll, whyles.

MASHA: It's true.ye div look lyke that German o yours!

OLGA: *(Laughs)* Ay, sae he dis. Ah think he suits the whuskers fyne.

(MASHA cries)

IRENA: That's aneuch, Masha!

KOOLYGHIN: Gey lyke him, Ah think!

(Enter NATASHA)

NATASHA: *(to the maid)* Whit? Oh ay, Maister Protopopov is gaun ti keep an ee
on Sofochka, an Andrey Serghyeevich is gaein ti tak Bobik for a bit
hurl in his pram. Whit a wark thir bairns mak!

(To IRENA) Sae ye'r really gaun the-morn? Whit a peitie!
Shuirlye ye'l byde anither week wul ye no?

*(Catching sight of KOOLYGHIN, shrieks; he laughs and takes off the
false beard and moustache)*

Awa wi ye, ye skunner! Whit a gliff ye gien me!

(To IRENA) Ah've growne that uised wi ye be-in here.....Ye maunna
think it wul be easy for me here ti be athoot ye. Ah'l git Andrey an
his auld fiddle ti move inti yeir room, an he can saw awa at it as
mukkil as he lykes in thare. An syne we'l move Sofochka intil his
room. She's sic a wee pet! Sic a lousum wee lassie bairn! This
mornin she lookit at me wi sic a douce innerlielik expression on hir
face an syne she said:
'Ma-am-ma!'

KOOLYGHIN: It's true, richt aneuch, she's a wee bewtie, sae she is!

NATASHA: Sae the-morn, Ah'l be aw ma lane here. Ah'l juist hae ti grin an beir it. *(Sighs)* Aweill, Ah'l juist hae this fir-tree avenue felled down for a stert, an syne that maple tree ower yonder. Ah've never lykit it. It looks awfu in the forenichts.....

(To IRENA) Ma dear, that belt ye'r weirin disna suit ye at aw. It's no in verra guid taste. Ye want sumthing mair genteel for ti gang wi that dress.... Ah'l tell thaim ti plant flouers aw roond here, a hantil flouers, sae that we git a rowth o scent frae thaim aw the tyme.

(Sternly) Whit is that fork daein lyin on this saet?

(Going into the house, to the maid)

Whit is that fork daein lyin on the saet for?

(Shouts) DINNA YOU DAUR AUNSIR ME BACK!

KOOLYGHIN: Thare she gaes again!

(Enter CHEBUTYKIN)

MASHA: The sojers ir on thair road. Weill.....A happy traivel til thaim.
(To her husband) We maun gae hame.....
Whaur ma hat an cape?

CHEBUTYKIN: Olga Serghyeevna!

OLGA: Whit is't? *(A pause)* Whit?

CHEBUTYKIN: Naething, A dinna ken hou ti tell ye..... *(Whispers in her ear)*

OLGA: *(Frightened)* Na, it canna be true!

CHEBUTYKIN: Ay, a richt bad business.....Ah'm that tired wi awthing
Fair worn oot.....Ah dinna want ti say anither wurd.

(With annoyance) Oniewey, naething maitters.....

MASHA: Whit's happened?

OLGA: *(Puts her arm round IRENA)* Whit a dreidfu day!
Guid God! Ah dinna ken hou ti tell ye, dear.

IRENA: Whit is't? Tell ne quick! Whit is't, for Heivin's sake?
(Cries)

CHEBUTYKIN: The Baron haes juist been killed in a duel.

IRENA: *(Cries quietly)* Ah kent it. Ah kent it....

CHEBUTYKIN: (*Goes to the back of the stage and sits down*)

Ah'm fair guttit awthegither.

(*Takes a newspaper out of his pocket*)

Lat thaim greit for a bittie....

(*Sings quietly to himself*) Tarara-boom-di-ay, Ah'm sittin
on a tomb aw day..... Whit difference dis it mak?

Naething maitters!

(*The thrie sisters stand huddled together*)

MASHA: Juist listen til yon band giein it big licks! They'r aw leavin us.

Yin o thaim's gaen foraye---forever! We'r left oor lane.....

Ti stert oor lyfes aw ower again. We maun gae on leevin....

We maun gae on....

IRENA: (*Puts her head on Olga's breast*) Yae day, fowk wul unnerstaun hou
sic things is weirdit, an whit it aw means..... Syne, the winna be onie
mair riddils ti fikkil us.

In the meantyme, we maun warsil on, leevin an wurkin! Ah'l gie ma
lyfe ower ti fowk that needs it.... It's weirin on near the back end nou;
wunter wul suin be here, an the snaw wul hap the haill warld.....

But Ah'l gae on tyauvin an tyauvin!

OLGA: (*Puts her arms round both her sisters*)

Ah feel Ah want ti leeve! Mercie o God, the years wul slip by an we'l
be gaen for guid, an forgotten aboot awthegither. We'l no be here ti
see it, an oor voices wul be forgotten an oot o mynd, an naebodie wul
ken the war yince the thrie o us here.

But aw oor dule an pyne nicht lead ti happiness for whaever cums
eftir.....The'l be a tyme whan peace an guidwull cums hame til the
haill warld, an syne fowk wul mynd o us kyndlyke an blisst.

Ma dear sisters, lyfe is no duin for us yit! We'r gaun ti leeve!

Yon band is that cheerie lyke. Mebbe, gin we byde a wee whyle ,

We'l finnd oot whit we ir here for---Ah wush Ah kent!

(*The music grows fainter and fainter. KOOLYGHIN happily brings
out the hat and the cape. ANDREY enters. He is pushing the pram
with BOBIK sitting in it.*)

CHEBUTYKIN: (*Sings quietly to himself*) Tarara-boom-di-ay. Ah'm sittin on a
tomb-aw-day.

(*Reads the paper*) Whit dis it maitter? It'l aw be the same a hunder
year hence an we'l no be here ti see it!

Naething maitters!

OLGA: If onlie we kent! If onlie we kent!

CURTAIN

END