

*The Seagull* by Anton Chekhov, translated by Michael Frayn

NINA: It's all right - it's a relief . . . I haven't cried these two whole years. Then last night I went to look at the garden to see if our theatre was still there. And it is - it's been standing there all this time. I cried for the first time in two years, and I felt a weight lifting, I felt my heart clearing. You see? - I've stopped crying. (Takes him by hand.) So, you've become a writer now . . . You're a writer - I'm an actress . . . We're launched upon the world, even us . . . I used to be full of joy in life, like a little child - I'd wake up in the morning and start singing - I loved you - I had dreams of glory . . . And now? First thing tomorrow morning I'm off to Yeletz - third class, with the peasants - and in Yeletz I shall have the more educated local businessmen pressing their attentions upon me. It's a rough trade, life!