

**From *The Seagull*
Act 3**

TRIGORIN is having breakfast, MASHA is standing by the table.

MASHA. I'm telling you all this because you're a writer. You'll be able to use it. I'll tell you the truth, if he'd seriously hurt himself I wouldn't have gone on living another minute. Still, I'm a brave person. I've made my mind up: I'm going to tear this love out of my heart, just tear it out by the roots.

TRIGORIN. And how will you do that?

MASHA. I'm getting married. To Medvedenko.

TRIGORIN. The schoolmaster?

MASHA. Yes.

TRIGORIN. I don't see any need for that.

MASHA. Loving without hope, constantly waiting for something, years on end . . . Once I'm married there'll be no more time for love. I'll have new cares to drown out the old. Anyway, it'll be a change, you know? Shall we have another?

TRIGORIN. Do you think we should?

MASHA. Oh, come on. (*Pours them both a glass.*) Don't look at me like that. Women drink a lot more than you imagine. A few do it openly, like me, but most women drink on the sly. And it's always either vodka or cognac. (*The clink glasses.*) Cheers! You're a decent man, I'll be sad to see you go.

They drink.

TRIGORIN. I don't really want to leave.

MASHA. So why don't you ask her to stay?

TRIGORIN. No, she won't stay now. Kostya's behaving extremely tactlessly. First, he tries to shoot himself, now I hear he wants to challenge me to a duel. And what for? He's in a constant sulk, snarling all the time, going on about new forms. But there's room for both, surely, the old and the new. Why all this pushing and shoving?

MASHA. Well, that's jealousy, isn't it. Anyway, it's none of my business.

A pause.

My schoolmaster isn't particularly clever, and he's poor, but he's a kind man, and he loves me very much. I feel sorry for him. And his old mother. Well, I wish you all the best. Don't think badly of me. (*Shakes his hand warmly.*) I'm most grateful for all your kindness. Please send me your books, and make sure you sign them. Don't write the usual 'To my dear so-and-so . . .', just put: 'To Masha, origin unknown, and no purpose in life.' Goodbye!