**The Sea- Gull, by Anton Chekhov**

**ACT III**

**Scene between Arkadina and Trigorin**

Trigorin.

[Looking through the pages of a book] Page 121, lines 11 and 12; here it is. [He reads] “If at any time you should have need of my life, come and take it.”

Treplieff picks up the bandage off the floor and goes out.

Arkadina.

[Looking at her watch] The carriage will soon be here.

Trigorin.

[To himself] If at any time you should have need of my life, come and take it.

Arkadina.

I hope your things are all packed.

Trigorin.

[Impatiently] Yes, yes. [In deep thought] Why do I hear a note of sadness that wrings my heart in this cry of a pure soul? If at any time you should have need of my life, come and take it. [To Arkadina] Let us stay here one more day!

Arkadina shakes her head.

Trigorin.

Do let us stay!

Arkadina.

I know, dearest, what keeps you here, but you must control yourself. Be sober; your emotions have intoxicated you a little.

Trigorin.

You must be sober, too. Be sensible; look upon what has happened as a true friend would. [Taking her hand] You are capable of self-sacrifice. Be a friend to me and release me!

Arkadina.

[In deep excitement] Are you so much in love?

Trigorin.

I am irresistibly impelled toward her. It may be that this is just what I need.

Arkadina.

What, the love of a country girl? Oh, how little you know yourself!

Trigorin.

People sometimes walk in their sleep, and so I feel as if I were asleep, and dreaming of her as I stand here talking to you. My imagination is shaken by the sweetest and most glorious visions. Release me!

Arkadina.

[Shuddering] No, no! I am only an ordinary woman; you must not say such things to me. Do not torment me, Boris; you frighten me.

Trigorin.

You could be an extraordinary woman if you only would. Love alone can bring happiness on earth, love the enchanting, the poetical love of youth, that sweeps away the sorrows of the world. I had no time for it when I was young and struggling with want and laying siege to the literary fortress, but now at last this love has come to me. I see it beckoning; why should I fly?

Arkadina.

[With anger] You are mad!

Trigorin.

Release me.

Arkadina.

You have all conspired together to torture me to-day. [She weeps.]

Trigorin.

[Clutching his head desperately] She doesn’t understand me! She won’t understand me!

Arkadina.

Am I then so old and ugly already that you can talk to me like this without any shame about another woman? [She embraces and kisses him] Oh, you have lost your senses! My splendid, my glorious friend, my love for you is the last chapter of my life. [She falls on her knees] You are my pride, my joy, my light. [She embraces his knees] I could never endure it should you desert me, if only for an hour; I should go mad. Oh, my wonder, my marvel, my king!

Trigorin.

Some one might come in. [He helps her to rise.]

Arkadina.

Let them come! I am not ashamed of my love. [She kisses his hands] My jewel! My despair! You want to do a foolish thing, but I don’t want you to do it. I shan’t let you do it! [She laughs] You are mine, you are mine! This forehead is mine, these eyes are mine, this silky hair is mine. All your being is mine. You are so clever, so wise, the first of all living writers; you are the only hope of your country. You are so fresh, so simple, so deeply humourous. You can bring out every feature of a man or of a landscape in a single line, and your characters live and breathe. Do you think that these words are but the incense of flattery? Do you think I am not speaking the truth? Come, look into my eyes; look deep; do you find lies there? No, you see that I alone know how to treasure you. I alone tell you the truth. Oh, my very dear, you will go with me? You will? You will not forsake me?

Trigorin.

I have no will of my own; I never had. I am too indolent, too submissive, too phlegmatic, to have any. Is it possible that women like that? Take me. Take me away with you, but do not let me stir a step from your side.

Arkadina.

[To herself] Now he is mine! [Carelessly, as if nothing unusual had happened] Of course you must stay here if you really want to. I shall go, and you can follow in a week’s time. Yes, really, why should you hurry away?

Trigorin.

Let us go together.

Arkadina.

As you like. Let us go together then. [A pause. Trigorin writes something in his note-book] What are you writing?

Trigorin.

A happy expression I heard this morning: “A grove of maiden pines.” It may be useful. [He yawns] So we are really off again, condemned once more to railway carriages, to stations and restaurants, to Hamburger steaks and endless arguments!