

KONSTANTIN

(KONSTANTIN checks his watch.)

I love my mother, I do. But I think she leads a stupid life—drinking, flaunts her affair with her writer, her name is always in the papers. I hate all that. Maybe it is just me. Sometimes I wish she was just normal and not famous and I'd be happier.

(A beat.)

SORIN

That writer—Trigorin—what is he like? I don't understand him. He's never talks—just scribbles down notes.

KONSTANTIN

He's all right. A bit melancholy. Smart, talented. Not even forty and he's rich and famous, so he just drinks and chases older women now. His writing is...it's fine, but who wants to read Trigorin when they can read Tolstoy?

SORIN

I love writers. When I was young, I only wanted to two things—to be married and to be a writer. And I never did either. It must be nice to be a writer even if nobody ever knows.

(NINA races in from behind KONSTANTIN and SORIN.)

NINA

I'm not late—I'm not, am I?

KONSTANTIN

(Kissing her hands.)

No, no, no, no...

NINA

I've been worrying all day—my father wouldn't let me come, but he and my stepmother just left and the sky was getting dark and the moon was beginning to rise over the lake and I ran here—just as fast as I could!

(She laughs.)

I am so glad to see you.

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1. (V) (S) X (E)
2. (E) X (S) R
3. (N) enter X DSR → USL
4. (N) Run Hug / (S) X (N)

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Seagull
Director: Matt Foss

SEAGULL Rehearsal Draft 1 July 2013 9

(She shakes SORIN's hand.)

SORIN

You've been crying-

NINA X DS ①

It's nothing-nothing, I-I just out of breath. I have to go in half an hour so we have to hurry. My father doesn't know that I am here.

KONSTANTIN

It's time to start anyway. I'll get everybody.

SORIN

Let me.

(Laughs. Begins to sing Schumann's "Beiden Grenadieren".
He stops.)

One time, I was singing-like this. And this man in my office said to me: "You have a really loud voice." He thought a moment longer and then added, "...loud...and ugly."

(Laughs and exits.) ②

NINA

My father and stepmother hate me coming here. They say you are a bunch of bohemians and are afraid you will turn me into an actress...

(NINA looks around.) ③

KONSTANTIN

We're alone.

NINA

I thought I saw somebody-

KONSTANTIN

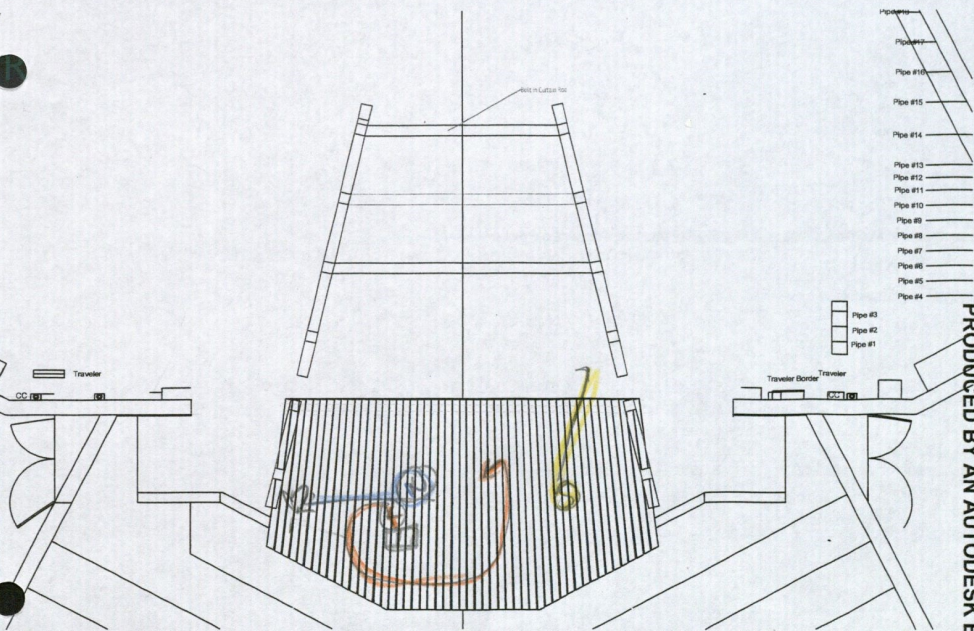
There's nobody here.

(KONSTANTIN kisses NINA.)

NINA

What kind of tree is that?

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Seagull

Director: Matt Foss

DORN (1)

Who's to say? I've had a lot of relationships with women. Most of them were good. Most just liked that I was a doctor. For years I was the only decent doctor they had in this part of the country, and I never took advantage of that, of any of my patients--honorable through it all.

(Taking his hand.)

DORN

Shh....they are coming.

(ARKADINA enters arm and arm with SORIN, followed by TRIGORIN, MASHA, MEDVEDENKO and SHAMRAYEV.)

It was twenty-five years ago, in Poltava--you were just wonderful. Magnificent. And that comedian--what was his--Tchadin?--Tchadin the comedian--do you remember him? Best comedian I have ever seen--where is he now?

I don't know. (4) on to deck

(Sits.)

Tchadin-none left like him. The theatre is not what it used to be, Madame. Giants back then-runts now.

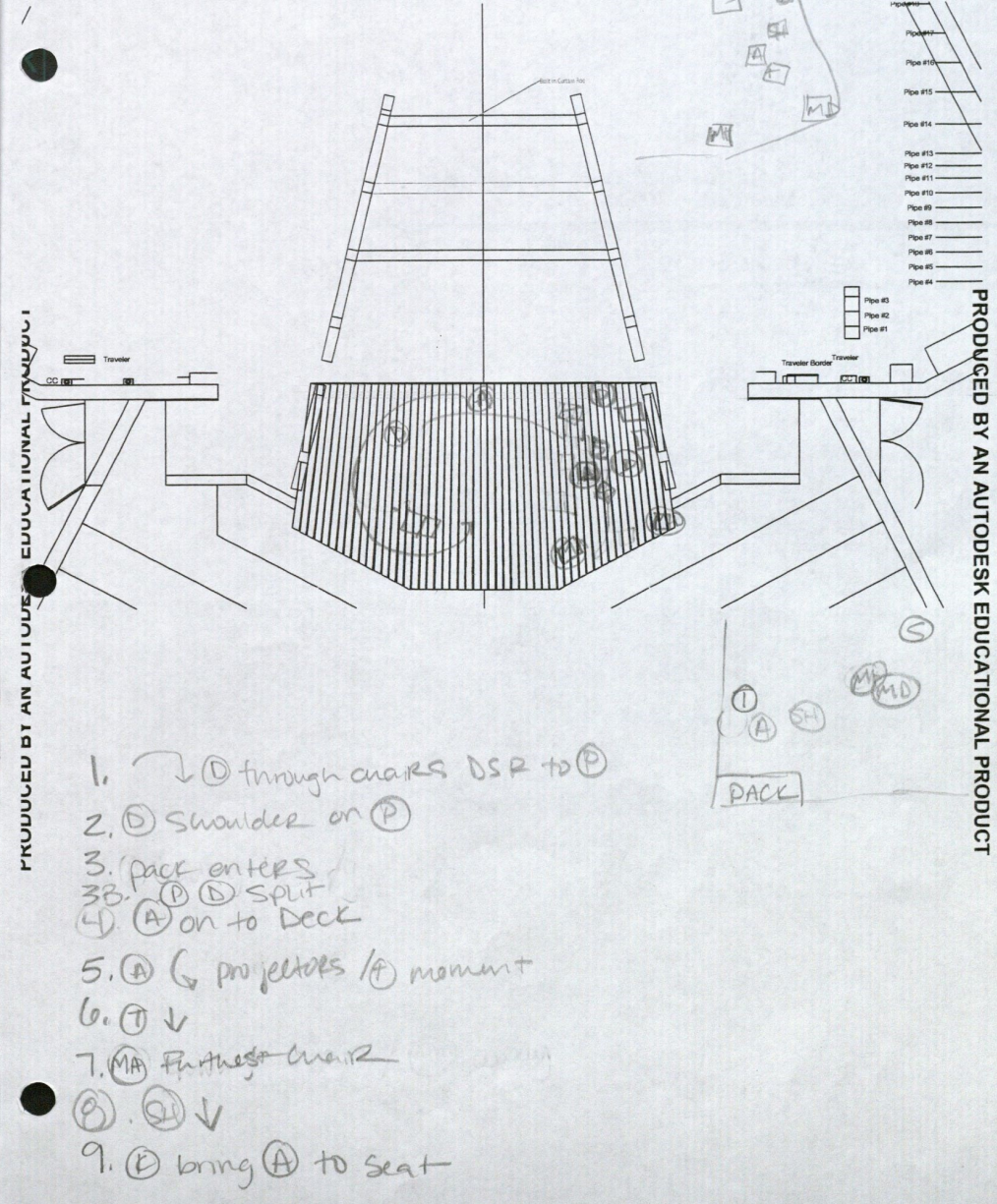
We may have fewer geniuses these days, but the acting in general, in the smaller roles for sure, has improved.

I disagree. \downarrow (3)

(KONSTANTIN enters. ARKADINA applauds.)

When will the play begin, my dear Konstantin?

In just a moment.



1. \curvearrowright ① through chairs DSR to ②
2. ① Shoulder on ②
3. pack enters
- 3B. ② ① Split
4. ① on to Deck
5. ① \searrow projectors / ① moment
6. ① \downarrow
7. MA ~~Further~~ chair
8. ① \downarrow
9. ① bring ① to seat