



Uncle Vanya

Written By Anton Chekhov

Yelena

It's the worst thing in the world when someone is suffering in secret and you can do nothing to help. (Pondering) He doesn't love her, that's obvious but is that a good reason not to marry her? She isn't beautiful but he's only a country doctor and he's not young. She'll make a lovely wife; she's got a good mind, she's thoughtful, unspoilt....No, that's not it. She's not...(Pause.) I understand her, poor girl.

The tedium of this place. No human beings, just grey mists hovering, the only words you hear banalities from which you can vaguely distinguish arrivals, departures, someone's drinking, someone's asleep....Then he appears, utterly unlike everyone, beautiful, intriguing, compelling — like the moon against a dark sky....To yield to his allure, to lose control is

Perhaps I've also been swept away — a little. Yes. I'm bored when he's not here. And if I think of him I smile. Uncle Vanya says Rusalka's blood flows in my veins. 'For once in your life, let yourself go....' Perhaps I will.... Perhaps I'll fly away, free as a bird, far from you all — forget you ever existed, any of you. But I'm a coward, I'm trapped inside myself.... My conscience would torture me ... He comes here every day....and as soon as I think of why, I accuse myself, I feel I should fall on my knees in front of Sonya and beg her to forgive me, I ought to weep.....