

OLGA: This is my brother, Andrei.

VERSHININ: Vershinin.

ANDREI: Nice to meet you. (*Wipes his face.*) You're the new battery commander?

OLGA: He's from Moscow!

ANDREI: Oh? Well, congratulations, now my sisters won't leave you alone.

VERSHININ: I think I've already bored your sisters.

IRINA: Look at this picture frame Andrei gave me today for my birthday! He made it himself.

(Pulling it out.)

VERSHININ: (*Looking at frame and not knowing what to say.*)
Oh - yes - what a thing-

IRINA: And this one on the piano, he made that too.

(Andrei waves his hand and moves away.)

OLGA: Andrei's our little scholar; he plays the violin and can carve so many objects out of wood. He's practically a Renaissance Man. Andrei, don't go! He's always wandering off. Come back!

They lead him back, laughing.

MASHA: Come on, come on!

ANDREI: Leave me alone -

MASHA: You're being silly! Vershinin used to be called the lovesick major, and he didn't get upset.

VERSHININ: Not in the least!

MASHA: I'll call you - the lovesick violinist!

IRINA: Or the lovesick professor!

OLGA: Andrei's in love! Andryusha's in love!

IRINA: Bravo, bravo! Andryusha's in love!

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ANDREI: Enough, enough already. I didn't sleep at all last night, and I'm not myself today. (*wiping his face*)

I stayed up reading until four, then I went to bed, but nothing happened. I thought of this and that, and suddenly the sun is climbing into my bedroom, so early. This summer, while I'm here, I want to translate this wonderful English novel -

VERSHININ: You read English?

ANDREI: Yes. Father, may he rest in peace, oppressed us with education. He really cracked the whip. I know it sounds funny, but after he died, I started to put on the pounds. It was like my body was suddenly freeing itself of my father and his discipline. Thanks to my father, we all know French, German, English, and Irina knows *Italiano*. But at what cost!