CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that performance of CHERRY ORCHARD is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission for which must be secured from the Author's agent in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for CHERRY ORCHARD are controlled exclusively by DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., 440 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., and paying the requisite fee.

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Susan Gurman Agency, 14 Penn Plaza, 225 West 34th Street, Suite 1703, New York, NY 10122.

SPECIAL NOTE
Anyone receiving permission to produce CHERRY ORCHARD is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears, including printed or digital materials for advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. Please see your production license for font size and typeface requirements.

Be advised that there may be additional credits required in all programs and promotional material. Such language will be listed under the “Additional Billing” section of production licenses. It is the licensee’s responsibility to ensure any and all required billing is included in the requisite places, per the terms of the license.

SPECIAL NOTE ON SONGS AND RECORDINGS
Dramatists Play Service, Inc. neither holds the rights to nor grants permission to use any songs or recordings mentioned in the Play. Permission for performances of copyrighted songs, arrangements or recordings mentioned in this Play is not included in our license agreement. The permission of the copyright owner(s) must be obtained for any such use. For any songs and/or recordings mentioned in the Play, other songs, arrangements, or recordings may be substituted provided permission from the copyright owner(s) of such songs, arrangements or recordings is obtained; or songs, arrangements or recordings in the public domain may be substituted.
The world premiere of CHERRY ORCHARD was produced by Steppenwolf Theater Company (Martha Lavey, Artistic Director; David Hawkanson, Executive Director) in Chicago, Illinois, on November 4, 2004. It was directed by Tina Landau; the scenic design was by Riccardo Hernandez; the costume design was by Jennifer Roberts; the lighting design was by Scott Zielinski; the sound design was by Rob Milburn and Michael Bodeen; and the stage manager was Malcolm Ewen. The cast was as follows:

LOVEY RANEVSKAYA ............................................ Amy Morton
ANYA ................................................................. Chaon Cross
VARYA ................................................................. Elizabeth Rich
LEONID GAEV ....................................................... Francis Guinan
YERMOLAI LOPAKIN ............................................. Yasen Peyankov
PETER TROFIMOV .................................................... Ned Noyes
BORIS SEMYONOV-PISCHIK, PASSERBY .......... Robert Breuler
CHARLOTTA ........................................................... Rondi Reed
SEMYON YEPIHODOV ............................................ Guy Adkins
DUNYASHA ............................................................ Anne Adams
FIRS ................................................................. Leonard J. Kraft
YASHA ............................................................... Ben Vicellio
GUESTS, OTHER SERVANTS ........Chris Yonan, Julian Martinez
CHERRY ORCHARD was subsequently produced by Trinity Repertory Company (Curt Columbus, Artistic Director; Edgar Dobie, Executive Director) in Providence, Rhode Island, on September 20, 2006. It was directed by Curt Columbus; the set design was by Eugene Lee; the costume design was by William Lane; the lighting design was by Deb Sullivan; the sound design was by Peter Sasha Hurowitz; and the production stage manager was Alden Vasquez. The cast was as follows:

LOVEY RANEVSKAYA ........................................... Phyllis Kay
ANYA ...................................................................... Emily Young
VARYA ................................................................. Crystal Finn
LEONID GAEV ................................................ Brian McEleney
YERMOLAI LOPAKIN ........................................ Joe Wilson Jr.
PETER TROFIMOV ........................................ Stephen Thorne
BORIS SEMYONOVA-PISCHIK, PASSERBY ... Fred Sullivan Jr.
CHARLOTTA ....................................................... Anne Scurria
SEMYON YEPIHODOV ....................................... Stephen Berenson
DUNYASHA ........................................................ Angela Brazil
FIRS ................................................................. Barbara Meek
YASHA ............................................................ Mauro Hantman
GUESTS, OTHER SERVANTS ....... Nicholas Few, Jason Hart
CHARACTERS

LOVEY RANEVSKAYA, a landowner
  ANYA, her daughter, 17
  VARYA, her adopted daughter, 24
  LEONID GAEV, her brother
  YERMOLAI LOPAKIN, a merchant
  PETER TROFIMOV, a student
  BORIS SEMYONOV-PISCHIK, a neighboring landowner
  CHARLOTTA, a governess
  SEMYON YEPIHODOV, a bookkeeper
  DUNYASHA, a maid
  FIRS, a servant, an old man of 87 years
  YASHA, a young servant
  A PASSERBY
  THE STATIONMASTER
  THE POSTMAN
  GUESTS, OTHER SERVANTS

PLACE

The action takes place on Mme. Ranevskaya’s estate.
CHERRY ORCHARD

ACT ONE

A room, which is still referred to as “the play room.” Early dawn, just before sunrise. It is already May, and the cherry trees are in bloom, but there is a morning frost in the garden.

Dunyasha enters with a candle, and Lopakin enters carrying a book.

LOPAKIN. The train’s come in, thank God. What time is it?
DUNYASHA. Almost two. (Blows out the candle.) It’s light out.
LOPAKIN. How late was that train anyway? An hour or two, at least. And I’m some kind of an idiot. I came over here just so I could go meet them at the station, and all of a sudden, I fall asleep… Sitting up. Too bad… Why didn’t you wake me up?
DUNYASHA. I thought you’d left. (Listens.) They’re here already, I think.
LOPAKIN. (Listens.) No. They have to get their luggage, and then, you know… (Pause.) Miss Lovey’s been abroad for five years now, I can’t imagine what she’s like anymore… She’s a good person. A sweet, simple person. I remember once, when I was fifteen, my father, rest his soul, he was still a servant around these parts then. And he’d punched me in the face with his fist, the blood was running out of my nose… We’d come out in the yard together for some reason, and he was completely drunk. Miss Lovey, I’m just remembering, she was so young, so thin, took me over to that wash basin over there, in this very room, the play room. She says, “Don’t cry, you poor little country boy, you’ll live to see your wedding day…” (Pause.) Little country boy… Now my father really was a hick, but here I am, in my white waistcoat and my cream shoes. A silk purse out of a sow’s ear…
Look at me, rich, lots of money, but I can’t stop worrying about people saying, “Once a little country boy, always…” (Thumbs through his book.) I read this book, didn’t understand a word. Read it, fell asleep. (Pause.)

DUNYASHA. The dogs didn’t sleep all night long, they can sense their mistress is coming.

LOPAKIN. Come on, that’s ridiculous…

DUNYASHA. My hands are shaking. I’m going to faint.

LOPAKIN. You’re so dainty, Dunyasha. All dressed up like a lady. And that hairdo. It’s not right. You need to remember your place. (Yepihodov enters with flowers. He is wearing a jacket and spit-polished boots, which squeak loudly. As he enters, he drops the flowers.)

YEPIHODOV. (Picking up the flowers.) The gardener sent these over, he recommended that you put them on a table. (Gives them to Dunyasha.)

LOPAKIN. And bring me some beer while you’re at it.

DUNYASHA. Yes. Sir. (Exits.)

YEPIHODOV. There’s a frost, it’s below the point of freezing outside, and yet the cherry trees are all in blossom. I cannot say that I approve of our climate. (Sighs.) I cannot. At the same time, one cannot assist the climate in any way. And, sir, allow me to say in addition, that it has been three days since I bought these boots and they, let me tell you, squeak with utter abandon. Can you tell me what I might lubricate them with?

LOPAKIN. Shut up. You’re boring.

YEPIHODOV. Something unfortunate befalls me daily. But I don’t complain, I’m inured to it, it even causes me to smile. (Dunyasha enters and gives Lopakin his beer.) I better go. (He bumps into a chair and knocks it over.)

LOPAKIN. (Listens.) Wait, I think I hear them coming.

DUNYASHA. They’re coming! What’s wrong with me, all of a
sudden I’m cold.

LOPAKIN. It’s them, they’re coming. Let’s go meet them. Is she going to recognize me? We haven’t seen each other for five years.

DUNYASHA. (Excited.) I’m really going to faint, I’m just going to faint! (Lopakin and Dunyasha quickly exit. The stage is empty. Noise comes from the next room. Firs enters, leaning heavily on his cane, and hurries across the stage. He seems to be talking to himself, but it’s impossible to make anything out. The noise in the next room gets louder. Someone says, “Let’s go through here.” Enter Lovey, Anya, Charlotta with a little dog on a leash, all dressed for travel. Enter Varya, Gaev, Semyonov-Pischik, Lopakin, Dunyasha, servants with the baggage. They all pass through the room.)

ANYA. Let’s go through here. Mama, do you remember this room?

LOVEY. (Happily, through tears.) The play room!

VARYA. It’s so cold, I can’t feel my hands. (To Lovey.) Your rooms, the white one and the violet one, are exactly like you left them, Mama.

LOVEY. The play room, my sweet, beautiful room… I used to sleep here, when I was little… (Cries.) And I feel so little again… (Kisses her brother, Varya, then her brother again.) Varya hasn’t changed at all, you still look like a nun. And I knew Dunyasha right away… (Kisses Dunyasha.)

GAEV. That train was two hours late. What is that? Is that standard procedure?

CHARLOTTA. (To Pischik.) My dog eats nuts.

PISCHIK. Can you imagine! (They all exit, except Anya and Dunyasha.)

DUNYASHA. We almost gave up waiting for you…

ANYA. I didn’t sleep for the last four nights on the way home… now I’m freezing.

DUNYASHA. When you left before Lent, there was snow, and everything was frozen, and look at it now. Sweetheart! I’d almost given up waiting for you, my sweetheart, darling… I have so much to tell you, I can’t stand it another minute…

ANYA. (Fading.) Always something…

DUNYASHA. The bookkeeper, Yepihodov, he proposed to me the day after Easter.

ANYA. It’s always the same thing with you. (Fixes her hair.) All my hairpins fell out… (She seems to be near collapse with fatigue.)

DUNYASHA. I don’t even know what to think. He loves me, so much!

ANYA. My room, my window, it’s like I never left. I’m home!
Tomorrow morning I’ll get up and run through the orchard… If only I could fall asleep! I didn’t sleep the whole way, I was worn out worrying.

DUNYASHA. And guess who came three days ago—Peter Trofimov.

ANYA. Peter!

DUNYASHA. He’s been sleeping out in the shed, living out there. They say he’s afraid, of getting in the way. I should go wake him up, but Varya won’t let me. “You,” she says. “Let him sleep.” (Enter Varya, with a large key ring on her belt.)

VARYA. Dunyasha, go make coffee, now… Mama is asking for some.

DUNYASHA. Right away. (Exits.)

VARYA. Well, thank God, you all made it. And you’re home. My little baby is back. My beautiful girl is back!!

ANYA. I went through so much.

VARYA. I can only imagine.

ANYA. We left the week of Lent, when it was so cold. Charlotta talked the whole way, kept doing her magic tricks. Why did you have to shackle her to me?

VARYA. You couldn’t go by yourself, my baby. You’re only seventeen!

ANYA. We made it to Paris, it was cold there, too, snowing. My French is terrible. Mama was living on the sixth floor, we went up, there are all of these French people there, men, women, an old priest with some book, it’s smoky, it’s crowded. Suddenly I felt so bad for Mama, so bad, I held her so tight, I squeezed her hands, I couldn’t let go. Mama just melted, she started to cry…

VARYA. (Through tears.) Don’t tell me, please don’t tell me…

ANYA. Her house near Menton, she’d already sold it by then, she had nothing left, nothing. I didn’t have a single kopeck either, I barely made it there. And Mama doesn’t get it! We’re sitting in the station, having dinner, and she orders the most expensive things, then tips the waiters a whole ruble. Charlotta, too. Yasha demands his own cut, it’s just awful. You know she has her servant, that Yasha, we brought him back with us.

VARYA. I saw him, that hooligan.

ANYA. So? Have they paid the interest?

VARYA. With what?

ANYA. Oh my God.

VARYA. In August they’re going to auction off the estate.

ANYA. My God.
LOPAKIN. (Sticks his head in the door and bleats.) Baaaa-a! (Exits.)

VARYA. (Through tears.) I am going to beat that one… (Shakes her fist at him.)

ANYA. (Hugs her, softly.) Varya, did he propose? (Varya shakes her head no.) It’s obvious he’s in love with you… Why haven’t the two of you talked, what are you both waiting for?

VARYA. I think about it, but nothing ever happens. He’s so busy, we just never… he doesn’t pay attention to me anyway. God help me, it’s even hard for me to look at him… Everyone keeps talking about our wedding, they keep congratulating me, when in fact there’s nothing to it, it’s like a nightmare… (In a different tone.) Your pretty pin looks like a little bee.

ANYA. Mama bought it. But in Paris, I got to ride in a balloon!

VARYA. My little baby’s back! My beautiful girl is back! (Dunyasha returns and begins to prepare the coffee.) I work all day long, baby, and all I do is dream. I want to find you a rich husband, then I can rest easy, wander off by myself into the wilderness, go to Kiev, to Moscow, make pilgrimages to all the holy places… Just walk and walk. So beautiful!

ANYA. The birds are singing. What time is it?

VARYA. It must be three. Time for you to go to bed, baby. (Leads Anya into her room.) So beautiful! (They exit. Enter Yasha with a travelling blanket and suitcase.)

YASHA. (Crossing.) May I pass through?

DUNYASHA. I didn’t recognize you, Yasha. Look at what being abroad has done to you.

YASHA. Hm… And you are?

DUNYASHA. When you left, I was this tall… (She shows him with her hand.) Dunyasha, Kosoyedov’s daughter. Don’t you remember!

YASHA. Hm… you little peach! (Looks around and grabs her. She screams and drops a saucer. Yasha quickly exits.)

VARYA. (Appears at the door.) What is it now?

DUNYASHA. (Through tears.) A saucer broke.

VARYA. That’s good luck.

ANYA. (Entering from her room.) We should tell Mama that Peter is here.

VARYA. I told them not to wake him up.

ANYA. It was six whole years ago that Father died, then a month later, our little Grisha drowns in the river. He was such a pretty little boy, was he seven? Mama couldn’t take it, she left, left and
CHERRY ORCHARD
by Anton Chekhov
translated by Curt Columbus

6M, 6W (doubling, flexible casting)

An aristocratic Russian family tries to hold on in challenging economic times, hoping to preserve a way of life amidst the inevitable pressures of “progress.” When presented with options to fend off impending foreclosure, can the family rise to the challenge? A new translation of Chekhov’s funny, sensual classic about change, loss, renewal, and moving forward.

“Curt Columbus’ new translation [is] a clear, distinct and unfussy rendition that avoids anachronistic language without overplaying the dignity card… it shows us the aristocrats’ greed as well as their sense of loss. … fair-minded and right-headed.”
—Variety

“Columbus’s translation triumphs through its clarity and consistent use of the active voice…”
—Chicago Reader

“CHERRY ORCHARD, as conceived by Columbus, moves quickly and has a wealth of humor. It is approachable and accessible, without being ‘dumbed down.’ Columbus’ translation makes Chekhov quotable. It plays the tragedy for what it is; not a capital ‘T’ tragedy, but a tragedy of indecision, immovability and human frailty.”
—BroadwayWorld.com

Also by Curt Columbus
SPARROW GRASS
THREE SISTERS (Chekhov)
UNCLE VANYA (Chekhov)
and others

DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.