

for? Why don't you stay

twenty-five . . ."

's ready.

*bag, suitcase, and briefcase*  
Watch out you don't crush

I'm tied up all winter. . . .

ed me, just let me know—

*d*) Thanks for your kind-

anything. *(Crosses to Marina*

ou go?

d it yesterday, when they

on my way home. Can't  
*and looks at it*) It must be

*vodka and a piece of bread*)

it.

*(Beat)* So! I wish you all  
ny. No need to come out

*h him; Marina sits in her*

VÁNYA: *(Writes)* "February second, corn oil, twenty  
February sixteenth, another twenty gallons . . . Buckw.

*(Pause. The sound of the departing carriage.)*

MARÍNA: He's gone.

*(Pause.)*

SÓNYA: *(Comes in, sets down the candle on the table)* He's gone.

VÁNYA: *(Adding up his totals)* Fifteen . . . twenty-five . . .

*(Sónya sits down and starts writing.)*

MARÍNA: *(Yawns)* Oh, Lord help us all. . . .

*(Telégin enters on tiptoe; he sits by the door and quietly begins to  
tune his guitar.)*

VÁNYA: *(Strokes Sónya's hair)* I'm so unhappy, dear! If you only knew  
how unhappy I am!

SÓNYA: I know. But we have to go on living.

*(Pause.)*

You and I, Uncle Ványa, we have to go on living. The days will be  
slow, and the nights will be long, but we'll take whatever fate sends  
us. We'll spend the rest of our lives doing other people's work for  
them, we won't know a minute's rest, and then, when our time  
comes, we'll die. And when we're dead, we'll say that our lives were  
full of pain, that we wept and suffered, and God will have pity on us,  
and then, Uncle, dear Uncle Ványa, we'll see a brand-new life, all  
shining and beautiful, we'll be happy, and we'll look back on the  
pain we feel right now and we'll smile . . . and then we'll rest. I  
believe that, Uncle. I believe that with all my heart and soul. *(Kneels  
down by Ványa and puts her head in his hands; wearily)* Then we'll rest.

*(Telégin plays softly.)*

We'll rest! We'll hear the angels singing, we'll see the diamonds  
of heaven, and all our earthly woes will vanish in a flood of com-  
passion that overwhelms the world! And then everything will be  
calm, quiet, gentle as a loving hand. *(Wipes away his tears with her  
handkerchief)* Poor Uncle Ványa, you're crying. . . . *(Almost in tears  
herself)* I know how unhappy your life has been, but wait a while,  
just a little while, Uncle Ványa, and you and I will rest. *(Embraces  
him)* We will, I know we will.