

DR. DORN  
So much intrigue. Ah the young.

MASHA  
"Ah the young" is not an answer to  
all you see here.

DR. DORN  
So be it.

MASHA  
How do you feel Stanley?

STAN  
Like my life is over. Do you wear  
black for me Masha?

MASHA  
I wear black for myself.

STAN  
Why, are you in mourning?

MASHA  
Yes. For my life.

STAN  
There is a depth to you Masha.

MASHA  
And to you Stanley.

STAN  
How have I never seen this before?

DR. DORN  
Because when you aimed for the sky,  
you hit your foot. When you looked  
at what was at your feet, you saw  
the heavens.

Pause.

STAN  
Doctor. That was profound.

MASHA  
You are a poet.

STAN  
A visionary.

MASHA  
You should write. For the stage.

STAN  
Short stories.

DR. DORN  
No no no. I am a doctor. Medicine  
is my wife.

STAN  
But literature, literature can be a  
fine mistress.

MASHA  
We can all use a mistress doctor.

Trigorin and Nina walk by arm in arm oblivious to the rest.  
Laughing. Stan, Masha, and Dorn watch them pass.

DR. DORN  
It will end in tears.

From the other direction, Seymon and Irene walk by. Again,  
they are watched by the trio who they are oblivious to.

MASHA  
We all have our mistresses doctor.  
Maybe you should in fact consider  
literature.

STAN  
You should doctor. I support you.  
You liked my play, you are a man of  
taste. Take to literature. We all  
need our mistresses.

MASHA  
(gazing at Stan)  
We do, don't we.

STAN  
Yes.

Masha helps him up. They go off together.

Beat.

Dorn alone onstage.

DR. DORN  
An idea for a short story. Or a  
play. With seagulls. Ending  
happily. I see it now. They will  
love it in Kiev.