



Male - 20s

THE SEAGULL by Anton Chekhov

Treplev has a very complex relationship with his mother, who is a famous actress. He only sees her a few months out of the year now that he is an adult. Treplev wishes to be a playwright, but abhors current standards of theatre. In this monologue, he addresses his uncle, Sorin. At the start of it, he is pulling the petals off of a flower.

*[Pulling the petals from a flower] She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me, she loves me not, she loves me, she loves me not. [Laughs] You see, my mother doesn't love me. Why should she? She wants to live, to love, to wear pretty frocks; and I, I am twenty-five years old, and a perpetual reminder that she is no longer young. When I'm not there, she is only thirty-two; when I am, she's forty-three, and she hates me for that. She also knows that I don't believe in the stage. She loves the stage; she thinks that she is advancing the cause of humanity and her sacred art; but I regard the stage of to-day as mere routine and prejudice. When the curtain goes up and the gifted beings, the high priests of the sacred art, appear by electric light, in a room with three sides to it, representing how people eat, drink, love, walk and wear their jackets; when they strive to squeeze out a moral from the flat, vulgar pictures and the flat, vulgar phrases, a little tiny moral, easy to comprehend and handy for home consumption, when in a thousand variations they offer me always the same thing over and over again--then I take to my heels and run, as Maupassant ran from the Eiffel Tower, which crushed his brain by its overwhelming vulgarity. We must have a new formula. That's what we want. And if there *are* none, then it's better to have nothing at all.*