

Brian Friel

**FATHERS
AND SONS**

after Turgenev



Gallery Books

Characters

ARKADY NIKOLAYEVICH KIRSANOV (22), student
YEVGENY VASSILYICH BAZAROV (22), student
NIKOLAI PETROVICH KIRSANOV (44), Arkady's father; estate owner
PAVEL PETROVICH KIRSANOV (45), Arkady's uncle; retired
guardsman
VASSILY IVANYICH BAZAROV (60s), Bazarov's father; retired
army doctor
ARINA VLASSYEVNA BAZAROV (50s), Bazarov's mother
FENICHKA FEDOSYA NIKOLAYEVNA (23), Nikolai's mistress
ANNA SERGEYEVNA ODINTSOV (29), estate owner; widow
KATYA SERGEYEVNA (18), Anna's sister
PRINCESS OLGA (70s), Anna's aunt

Servants in Kirsanov home

DUNYASHA (20s)
PROKOFYICH (60s)
PIOTR (19)

Servants in Bazarov home

TIMOFEICH (60s)
FEDKA (16)

Fathers and Sons was first produced at the Lyttelton Theatre, South Bank, London, on 8 July 1987, with the following cast:

ARKADY NIKOLAYEVICH KIRSANOV	Ralph Fiennes
YEVGENY VASSILYICH BAZAROV	Robert Glenister
NIKOLAI PETROVICH KIRSANOV	Alec McCowen
PAVEL PETROVICH KIRSANOV	Richard Pasco
VASSILY IVANYICH BAZAROV	Robin Bailey
ARINA VLASSYEVNA BAZAROV	Barbara Jefford
FENICHKA FEDOSYA NIKOLAYEVNA	Lesley Sharp
ANNA SERGEYEVNA ODINTSOV	Meg Davies
KATYA SERGEYEVNA	Robin McCaffrey
PRINCESS OLGA	Joyce Grant
DUNYASHA	Hazel Ellerby
PROKOFYICH	Antony Brown
PIOTR	Jay Villiers
TIMOFEICH	Peter Halliday
FEDKA	Jim Millea

Director

Designer

Music

Michael Rudman

Carl Toms

Matthew Scott

Music

ACT ONE

Scene One

Beethoven's Romance (for violin and orchestra) in F-major, Op.50.

Scene Two

Piano duets. In marching, military style.

ACT TWO

Scene One

Beethoven's Romance in G-major, Op.40.

Scene Two

As in Act One Scene One.

Scene Three

Te Deum Laudamus.

Scene Four

'Drink to me only' (vocal and piano).

'Drink to me only' (played on piano-accordion).

ACT ONE

Scene One

Before the scene begins bring up the sound of Beethoven's Romance in F-major, Op.50, played by NIKOLAI on the cello. Early afternoon in May, 1859. The garden lawn in front of the Kirsanov home. We can see into the living room. A veranda runs across the front of the house with two steps leading down to the garden. Some potted plants in front of the veranda. Downstage left there is a gazebo/summer house. Various summer seats and stools (left and right from the point of view of the audience). Characters enter from the left — i.e. the yard, outhouses, servants' quarters off — or from the house.

NIKOLAI is playing the cello in the living room. FENICHKA is sitting in the gazebo, knitting a garment for her baby who is sleeping in a pram at her side. She is an attractive young woman with innate dignity and confidence; but because she is no longer a servant and not yet mistress in the house she is not fully at ease in her environment. Occasionally she glances into the pram. She leaves aside her knitting, closes her eyes and sits listening to the music.

DUNYASHA enters left carrying a laundry basket full of clothes. She is a plump, open-natured, open-hearted, practical-minded girl who loves to laugh.

DUNYASHA Oh my God, this heat has me destroyed. How do you stick it?

FENICHKA You should have something on your head.

DUNYASHA I met the new estate manager over there at the clothesline. Do you know him?

FENICHKA Only to see.

DUNYASHA He is just so beautiful — isn't he? I could spend my days just gazing at him, with that glossy black moustache and those sleepy brown eyes. Did you notice that beautiful black 'tash?

FENICHKA Dunyasha!

DUNYASHA *flops down beside her.* FENICHKA
begins knitting again.

DUNYASHA Honestly. All he'd have to do is raise his little finger and I'd kiss his feet. Anyhow he looked at me and he said, 'Are you going to faint, little one?' All the same that was nice, wasn't it? — 'little one'. And I said, 'What d'you mean — am I going to faint?' 'Oh,' he said, 'your face is all bloated and red.'

FENICHKA (*Laughing*) He did not. That's another of your stories.

DUNYASHA Cross my heart. (*Into pram*) Hello, Mitya. How are you today, my little darling? Are you well?

She spreads out under the sun.

Beautiful. This must be the hottest May ever. (*Eyes closed*) Is that the big fiddle he's playing?

FENICHKA You know very well it's called a cello.

DUNYASHA Sort of nice, isn't it? Bit lonely — like himself.

FENICHKA Is he lonely?

DUNYASHA You should know. Not much good for dancing.

FENICHKA I heard you were dancing last night.

DUNYASHA Five this morning. Oh, that heat's lovely.

FENICHKA Any good?

DUNYASHA You mean did I click? (*She sits up*) Tell me this, Fenichka: remember all those young fellows used to be at the dances when you and I went together — all that laughing and all that fun — remember?

FENICHKA Yes.

DUNYASHA Well, where in God's name have they gone to, those boys? Or haven't they young brothers? All you see now are half-drunk louts that say things like, 'My God, girl, but you're a powerful armful of meat.' (*FENICHKA laughs*) It's true. That's what a big clodhopper said to me last night. And if it's

not the clodhoppers it's the usual old lechers with their eyes half closed and their hands groping your bum.

She sees PAVEL entering left with a book under his arm. She gets quickly to her feet. PAVEL is the typical 'Europeanized' Russian of the nineteenth century — wears English clothes, speaks French. His manner is jaded but his emotions function fully and astutely.

Jesus, here comes the Tailor's Dummy! He must have spotted you.

FENICHKA Don't go, Dunyasha. Stay with me.

DUNYASHA You're well fit to handle that old goat. And Dunyasha's place is in the kitchen.

FENICHKA Please.

DUNYASHA You're too gentle. Tell him straight out to bugger off.

She rises, makes a curtsy to PAVEL and exits quickly left, leaving her basket behind her. The relationship between PAVEL and FENICHKA is uneasy. He looks into the pram and then at FENICHKA.

PAVEL Am I intruding?

FENICHKA No. Not at all.

PAVEL Will you be sending into town for groceries today?

FENICHKA Yes.

PAVEL Would you order something for me?

FENICHKA What do you want?

PAVEL Tea. Green tea. If you would.

FENICHKA Of course.

PAVEL Half a pound would suffice.

FENICHKA I'll see to that.

PAVEL *Merci bien.* (*Into pram*) Hello-hello-hello-hello. He has very strong fingers. Maybe he'll be a cellist like his father. How do you like your new bedroom, Fenichka?

FENICHKA I love it. It gets the sun in the early morning.
PAVEL I see your light on very often in the middle of the night.

She rises and gathers her things.

FENICHKA That's his lordship — cutting a new tooth. (*Into pram*) Aren't you cutting a new tooth, you rascal, and keeping your mother awake at night?

PAVEL *Tu es très belle.*

FENICHKA Sorry?

PAVEL Look — he won't let me go.

FENICHKA Let your uncle go, Mitya.

PAVEL Fenichka —

FENICHKA I think I'll take him inside. This sun's a bit hot for him.

PAVEL All I want to say is —

He gets no further because PROKOFYICH enters left. He is an elderly retainer, excessively dignified and formal in manner; but now he is so excited, indeed so confused, that he almost runs across the stage and proclaims too loudly to nobody in particular:

PROKOFYICH The carriage has arrived! He's back! Master Arkady is back!

PAVEL That's early. They must have made good time.

PROKOFYICH The carriage is here! He has arrived! He has arrived!

PAVEL A bit of life about the place.

FENICHKA Yes.

PAVEL Fenichka, forgive me if —

PROKOFYICH Master Arkady is back! The carriage is here! Arkady's home from Petersburg!

PROKOFYICH is now on the veranda and calling into the living room. NIKOLAI emerges with the cello bow in his hand. He walks with a slight limp. He is

a kind, decent, generous-spirited man, vague and bumbling at times but always fully alert to what is happening around him.

The carriage is here! Arkady's home! He's back! He's back!

PAVEL All right, Prokofyich, we hear you.

NIKOLAI Did you hear the news?

PAVEL I think so, Nikolai.

NIKOLAI Arkady has arrived from Petersburg. Wonderful! Where's Piotr? Piotr! Somebody help him with the luggage. Go and meet him, Pavel. (*To FENICHKA*) He'll probably want something to eat, won't he? Everything's in such confusion. This is no welcome. Piotr! I'm really going to have to reprimand that young scamp.

General confusion and excitement. PROKOFYICH rushes off left. DUNYASHA rushes on and picks up her basket.

DUNYASHA (*Privately to FENICHKA*) He has a friend with him! Get out your smelling salts! O sweet Saviour!

FENICHKA Take the pram inside, Dunyasha, will you?

DUNYASHA Wait till you see *him*! A dark god! Jesus, could this be my lucky day?!

PAVEL Who is he bringing with him, Nikolai?

NIKOLAI Dunyasha, tell Piotr I want him — immediately!

She dashes off with the pram and basket.

Yes, he's bringing a friend with him — a young man called — called — I'm sorry, I've forgotten, Pavel. I'm really going to sack that boy.

ARKADY enters.

Ah! There he is! Arkady! Arkady!

ARKADY Father! How are you!