

Uh, Anton Pavlovich...

Country: Georgia

Category: Short Form

Title: Eh, Anton Pavlovich...

Company: Georgian Public Radio

Author, director: Zurab Kandelaki - Based on "Cherry Orchard" by Anton Chekhov

Producer: Natia Khoshtaria

Sound engineer: Bako Khvichia

Language: Georgian

Length: 9:45 min

SUMMARY

Oh, Anton Pavlovich Chekhov "The Cherry Orchard" is the last play by Anton Chekhov. In the play, one of the last places in the list of actors is occupied by Firs. There is written that he is 87 years old flunky. During the whole play he says just a couple words but his last phrase – "and I was forgotten by everyone" is taking an important place for presenting the idea of the play. Firs was forgotten as a useless thing, but due to his long life, he witnessed many events and maybe he loves the cherry orchard more than any other main characters. In this mini radio play, the author was interested in what the lonely Firs, the actor, who was chosen to play this role, thinks. Mostly the actor and the character appear as one, although their heartache is the same it's too difficult to distinguish which one is which. One laments a wasted life, and the other - why fate chose to play Firs, or why didn't Chekhov get one or two episodes where he could show off his acting talent for this role. During the long life of Firs, the play was staged in several different interpretations, sometimes it was sad, sometimes it was removed from the repertoire early due to the absurd decision of the director, sometimes it was staged in the totalitarian style of the Soviet era, or was modernist as well, all this you can find in our radioplay, It is told in details characteristic of that era. There was number of staged versions of the play, but none of them were such that made the poor flunky such a character who could felt himself like an important person like others, who with their ineptitude helped Lopikhin to cut down the cherry orchard. Firs, in a sad voice, asks to Anton Pavlovich Chekhov - Why did he let Lopikhin cut down the cherry orchard?!

Zurab Kandelaki

Uh, Anton Pavlovich Chekhov

A mini radio play

From the outside, you can hear how the doors and shutters are being closed, and how the carts are moving... Then there comes total silence. The sound of an axe penetrates the silence: trees are being chopped in the orchard. This knock sounds very orphaned and sad. Then the sound of footsteps is heard. FIRS is coming...

FIRS: It's me... (tries to open the door) It's locked... And they forgot me... What to do... I'll be myself and I'll sit here... Life has passed as if I never lived...

Suddenly, the terrible sound of a broken string breaks in from the distance. It seems to come from above - sad, bilious and gradually subsides. The silence is broken by the rhythmic knocking of an axe coming from the orchard.

FIRS: Uh, Anton Pavlovich, why so? Is this the last play? What's more, if he added one or two good episodes for me... Uh, it doesn't matter, I play my role both on stage and in life... He wrote the play himself and died, but I'm still alive... valet, in the list of roles he wrote. yes, valet ... valet. Everyone needs valets... even informers... of course. Who is coming, who is leaving, and what they are saying...? Everyone should watch

everyone... They aren't avoiding valet. (As if moving to another world. Energy increases.) Cherry orchard! What they mourned, if they didn't cut down the trees, the trees would wither by themselves. Here is my cherry orchard... it will live forever (sings the melody of "Cherry Orchard").

This melody played on the trumpet can be heard from far away. First, the sound seems shrouded in a fog, and then it gradually becomes a real sound and becomes stronger. FIRS tries to follow the music with rhythmic, dance-like movements.

FIRS: Uh, what a good time it was... (proudly) I'm an artist! Artist! So good is the empty stage... there's no one... now it's my time! To be, or not to be... (whispering) my old friend, the old closet. (loudly) my old friend!.. stupid... he didn't even care what was in the closet... (goofing Gaev) Doublet was in the corner... Doublet in the right drawer... and the closet... the director, who loves detectives, placed a radio set... (takes the radio set from the closet and knocks on the morse code transmitter several times) That director instructed me to observe the events unfolding on the stage. And tell me where it is! They also gave me a code... tu tu... tututu... vulture, vulture... I'm giving you information... you hear me... no, this code won't work now, but who cares... but... why not ... everyone needs information... it's an immortal profession... the detective lover was very interested in what Gaev would do when he found this device... but he didn't look at it even once in the closet... the experiment didn't work... the performance was quickly removed... The radio set also disappeared... now it's here again... Who brought it?!

Sad melody.

FIRS: The cherry orchard is for sale... He didn't believe it... Lyubov Andreevna Ranevskaya, God, she was so beautiful... It's sentimental, not someone, a famous critic wrote it... Hm, look at him... "My God, forgive me for so many sins! Please, don't punish me, don't torture me!..." When he said this, I had a thrill in my body, if this is sentimentality, then let it be sentimental... Anyway, it was a very sad play... (music is heard from somewhere) They were sitting in the cherry orchard, having tea and listening to music... and now, no more orchard, no more music... It's no secret, when I looked at him, my heart was beating... Well, it's his fault, he squandered money senselessly, after her husband's death, she fell in love with someone else, they went to Paris together... Then that man abandoned him, robbed him and left him... I would have been very happy to challenge him to a duel... I would have killed him, my hand would not have trembled... Now that man is sending telegram by telegram from Paris, asking for forgiveness, to return to me... And so what? but then I was dreaming If there was a director who would make poor valet a character, I wanted to spread my wings, it would be interesting, right? Will something happen to us, Comrade FIRS! Let's forget about sentimentality, and down with the classics! (Sings a revolutionary song, suddenly stops singing, as if he wants to remember something) And one modernist director... a swing... Ranevskaya in a leather jacket and her lover were swinging on a swing, and I, a very young person, was given the role of a FIRS, I stood and swayed this swing here and there I was able to. When I asked him why he gave me the role of an old man, he replied: Who told you that you are an old man, Valet has no age, you have such manners to play this role perfectly. Formalist! The leather jacket didn't help, they still exposed him and I also contributed a little to his

exposure... That's how the foundation of FIRS' career was laid, which continues to this day. Come, sir... get dressed... eat... everyone needs valet... (music) And the cherry orchard was sold... all the performers of Lopikhin's role had the same smug voice. (Imitating him) I want to remind you, gentlemen, on August 22, the cherry orchard will be sold! And then... the cherry orchard was sold! I bought it, gentlemen! I bought!

From the distance, "Cherry Orchard" is played on the trumpet, but this time it sounds sad

FIRS: (with sobbing voice) My cherry orchard... Uh, Anton Pavlovich, why did you let them cut down the cherry orchard...

Cut trees are falling with noise. FIRS is crying.

The END