Dora: Stepan, say 'hate'.
Stepan: What?
Dora: I just want to hear you say that word... 'hate'.
Stepan: Hate.
Dora: Yes, that's right... Yanek could never say it well.
Stepan (after a short silence, coming towards her): I see... you despise me... Are you sure you're right though? (Pauses and then continues with rising passion.) You're all the same, grudging what you do in the name of your despicable love!... I don't love anything... I hate, yes I hate, my fellow men. Why should I want their precious love? I knew that three years ago in prison... Three years I've borne its marks on me... and you want me to turn sentimental and carry the bomb like a cross! Oh, no! I've seen too much! Look!... (He tears his shirt open... Dora, horrified, shrinks away at the sight of scars on his back.)
Dora: There you are! There are the marks of their love! Now... do you still despise me? (She quickly embraces him.)
Stepan: Who could despise suffering? I love you too.
(He looks at her... murmuring): I'm sorry, Dora. (A pause... he turns away.) Perhaps I'm just worn out. All those years of struggling and suspense, of police-spies and prisons, and finally... (points to the scars)... this. How could I have the strength to love? At least I've got the strength to hate... that's better than feeling nothing.
Dora: Yes, it is better. (He looks at her... seven o'clock strikes in the distance.)
Stepan (repeating round): The Duke will be going by... (Dora runs to the window and presses her forehead against it... a long silence... then in the distance a carriage can be heard... it draws nearer and then goes by the window.) Let's hope he's alone! (The noise of the carriage grows fainter... then a violent explosion... Dora starts violently and buries her head in her hands. A long silence.) Dora hasn't thrown his bomb... Yanek has done it! The people have triumphed!
Dora (in tears, she flings herself against Stepan): It's we who have killed him... it's we who have killed him! I have killed him!
Stepan (with a shout): Who have we killed? Yanek?
Dora: The Duke!

Curtain
Passage taken from ACT IV of the ST, pages 97 - 101.

Quand le rideau se lève, Kaliayev est dans sa cellule et regarde la porte. Un gardien et un prisonnier, portant un seau, entrent.

LE CARDÉN
Nettoie. Et fais vite.

Il va se placer vers la fente.

Foka commence à nettoyer sans regarder Kaliayev. Silence.

KALIAYEV
Comment t'appelles-tu, frère?

FOKA
Foka.

KALIAYEV
Tu es condamné?

FOKA
Il paraît.

KALIAYEV
Qu'as-tu fait?

FOKA
J'ai tué.

KALIAYEV
Tu avais faim?

LE GARDIEN
Moins haut.

KALIAYEV
Comment?

LE GARDIEN

Appendices
Tu avais faim ?

Non, j'avais soif.

Alors ?

Alors, il y avait une hache. J'ai tout démoli. Il parait que j'en ai tué trois.

Kaliyev le regarde.

Eh bien, barine, tu ne m'appelles plus frère ? Tu es refroidi ?

Non. J'ai tué moi aussi.

Combien ?

Je te le dirai, frère, si tu veux. Mais réponds-moi, tu regrettes ce qui s'est passé, n'est-ce pas ?

Bien sûr, vingt ans, c'est cher. Ça vous laisse des regrets.

Vingt ans. J'entre ici à vingt-trois ans et j'en souris les cheveux gris.

Oh ! Ça ira peut-être mieux pour toi. Un juge, ça a des hauts et des bas. Ça dépend s'il est marié, et avec qui. Et puis, tu es barine. Ça n'est pas le même tarif que pour les pauvres diables. Tu t'en tireras.

Je ne crois pas. Et je ne le veux pas. Je ne pourrais pas supporter la honte pendant vingt ans.
Appendices

FOKA
La honte? Quelle honte? Enfin, ce sont des idées de barmes. Combien en as-tu tué?

KALIAYEV
Un seul.

FOKA
Que disais-tu? Ce n'est rien.

KALIAYEV
J'ai tué le grand-duc Serge.

FOKA
Le grand-duc? Eh! comme tu y vas. Voyez-vous ces barmes! C'est grave, dis-moi?

KALIAYEV
C'est grave. Mais il le fallait.

FOKA
Pourquoi? Tu vivais à la cour? Une histoire de femme, non? Bien fait comme tu l'es...

KALIAYEV
Je suis socialiste.

LE GARDIEN
Moins haut.

KALIAYEV, plus haut.
Je suis socialiste révolutionnaire.
ACT IV

Scene: A cell in the Pougatchev Tower, Boutsiki prison. It is morning. When the curtain rises, KALIAYEV is in his cell, staring at the door. Enter a guard shoving a prisoner, who is carrying a bucket.

GUARD: Get on with it. (He stands by the window... FOKA, the prisoner, begins to clean without looking at KALIAYEV... silence.)

KALIAYEV: What's your name, friend?
FOKA: Foka.
KALIAYEV: Are you a prisoner?
FOKA: Looks like it.
KALIAYEV: What did you do?
FOKA: I killed a few people.
KALIAYEV: Were you hungry?
GUARD: Keep it quiet.
KALIAYEV: What?
GUARD: I said keep it quiet! You're not really meant to talk—so keep your voice down like 'im.
KALIAYEV: Were you hungry?
FOKA: No, I was thirsty.
KALIAYEV: What happened?
FOKA: Well... there was this hatchet lying around, and I really laid about with it good and proper: I killed three people, so they tell me. (KALIAYEV looks at FOKA.) Ahh, my young gentleman, I see you aren't calling me friend any more. Gone all 'aughty, eh?
KALIAYEV: No... I killed someone as well.
FOKA: How many?
KALIAYEV: I'll tell you if you like, my friend... but, tell me, you regret what you did now, don't you?
FOKA: Gawd! Do I regret it? Huh... twenty years, it's a long time... enough to make anyone regret it.
KALIAYEV: Twenty years! I come here when I'm twenty-three... I'd be an old man by the time I got out.
FOKA: Well, it probably won't be so bad for you. You never can tell with these judges; depends whether he's married and what his wife's like... and anyway, you're a gentleman, and it ain't the same for you gentlemen and us poor buggers.
You'll get away with it.
KALIAYEV: I doubt it... I don't want to get away with it anyway: being ashamed for twenty years... I couldn't stand it.
FOKA: What yer mean, ashamed? That's just the sort of thing a gentleman like you would say... How many people did you kill?
KALIAYEV: Only one.
FOKA: Only one? Well... that's nothing.
KALIAEV: I killed the Grand-duke.

FOKA: The Grand-duke, eh? Go on! Typical of you gentlemen . . . You're really in trouble then, aren't you?

KALIAEV: Yes . . . but I had to do it.

FOKA: Why? You lived at Court, didn't you? A woman, eh? Was that it? Yeh . . . a good-looking young lad like you . . .

KALIAEV: I'm a socialist.

GUARD: Not so loud!

KALIAEV (louder): I'm a revolutionary socialist!
Passage taken from ACT V of the ST, pages 149 - 152.

**STEPAN**

Il est monté. Il s’est enfoncé dans la nuit. On a vu vaguement le linéol dont le bourreau l’a recouvert tout entier.

**DORA**

Et puis, et puis...

**STEPAN**

Des bruits sourds.

**DORA**

Des bruits sourds. Yanek! Et ensuite...

*Stepan se tait.*

**DORA, avec violence.**

Ensuite, te dis-je. *(Stepan se tait.)* Parlez, Alexia. Ensuite?

**VOINOV**

Un bruit terrible.

**DORA**

Aah. *(Elle se jette contre le mur.)*

*Stepan détourne la tête. Annenkov, sans une expression, pleure. Dora se retourne, elle les regarde, adossée au mur.*

**DORA, d’une voix changée, égarée.**

Ne pleurez pas. Non, non, ne pleurez pas! Vous voyez bien que c’est le jour de la justification. Quelque chose s’élève à cette heure qui est notre témoignage à nous autres révoltés : Yanek n’est plus un meurtrier. Un bruit terrible! Il a suffi d’un bruit terrible et le voilà retourné à la joie de l’enfance. Vous souvenez-vous de son rire? Il riait sans raison parfois. Comme il était jeune! Il doit rire maintenant. Il doit rire, la face contre la terre!

*Elle va vers Annenkov.*
DORA
Boria, tu es mon frère ? Tu as dit que tu m'aiderais ?

ANNENKOV
Oui.

DORA
Alors, fais cela pour moi. Donne-moi la bombe.

ANNENKOV la regarde.

DORA
Oui, la prochaine fois. Je veux la lancer. Je veux être la première à la lancer.

ANNENKOV
Tu sais bien que nous ne voulons pas de femmes au premier rang.

DORA, dans un cri.
Suis-je une femme, maintenant ?

Ils la regardent. Silence.

VOINOV, doucement.
Accepte, Boria.

STEPAN
Oui, accepte.

ANNENKOV
C'était ton tour, Stepan.

STEPAN, regardant Dora.
Accepte. Elle me ressemble, maintenant.

DORA
Tu me la donneras, n'est-ce pas ? Je la lancerai. Et plus tard, dans une nuit froide...  

ANNENKOV
Oui, Dora.

DORA, elle pleure.
Y en a ! Une nuit froide, et la même corde ! Tout sera plus facile maintenant.

RIDEAU
Passage taken from ACT V of the TT, pages 177 - 178.

**STEPAN:** He climbed the steps and was swallowed up by the darkness. You could just see the shroud which the hangman put over his head.

**DORA:** And then? (A pause) What then? (A pause)

**STEPAN:** Muffled sounds.

**DORA:** Muffled sounds! Oh, Yanek! And then? . . . (STEPAN says nothing . . . violently.) Tell me what happened next! . . . go on . . . (STEPAN still says nothing.) You tell me Alexis!

**VOINOV:** A . . . a horrible thud.

**DORA:** Aah! (She flings herself against the wall . . . STEPAN turns away . . . ANNENKOV weeps, expressionless . . . DORA turns round and looks at them . . . leaning against the wall . . . in a changed, distraught voice.) Don't cry . . . no, no, don't cry. Don't you realize . . . that today is the day of our justification! Something has been born today which is our testimony, the testimony of us revolutionaries. Yanek is no longer a murderer! A horrible thud! That's all it took . . . one thud and he was plunged back into the joys of childhood! Do you remember his laugh? He used to laugh sometimes . . . for no reason at all . . . How young he was! He's laughing now . . . I know he is, his face pressed to the earth . . . (She goes towards ANNENKOV.) Boria? . . . you are my brother . . . you'll help me . . .

**ANNENKOV:** Yes, of course I will.

**DORA:** Then do this for me: let me throw the bomb . . . (ANNENKOV looks at her.) Yes . . . the next time, I want to throw the bomb . . . I want to be the first to throw it!

**ANNENKOV:** We don't let women throw the bombs.

**DORA:** (with a shriek): Am I a woman at last? (They all look at her in silence.)

**VOINOV** (very quietly): Let her, Boria.

**STEPAN:** Yes, let her.

**ANNENKOV:** It's your turn, Stepan . . .

**STEPAN** (looking at DORA): Let her . . . She's . . . like me . . . now.

**DORA:** You will let me, won't you?

**ANNENKOV:** Yes, Dora.

**DORA:** I shall throw the bomb . . . and then one cold night . . . (She cries uncontrollably.) Oh, Yanek! . . . yes . . . one cold night . . . the same rope . . . everything will be easier . . . now . . .

**CURTAIN**
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