

*CON. Do you really love him?

EMMA. Of course.

CON. And you trust him?

EMMA. I do. Why?

CON. Can't you see... what he's like?

EMMA. I trust him to be *who he is*. You don't understand I love him totally, and I wouldn't want him any other way. *(Beat.)* What do you mean "what he's like"?

CON. He's a condescending, self-centered—

EMMA. That's enough!

CON. He thinks he's some kind of genius, but / he's just a third rate—

EMMA. You don't understand him! He *is* a genius! A truly great artist! You can't begin to understand / who he is and how he—

CON. No! Of course not! How could I understand a great genius?

EMMA. Oh, please!

CON. How can a failure like me possibly understand / Trigorin's greatness?!

EMMA. Oh, grow up, Connie, grow up / for Christ's sake!

CON. He's probably out there right now, smarming all over Nina, convincing her / how brilliant he is—

EMMA. Oh, don't be ridiculous!

CON. Then don't be blind! He can't take his fucking eyes off her!

EMMA. Oh, don't you / DARE—

CON. How stupid can you be? And how the fuck can you fall for the exact same kind of shitty, arrogant assholes over and over and over / and over—

EMMA. You're delusional!

CON. And you're an idiot!

EMMA. And you're FUCKING IMPOSSIBLE!!!

CON. AND YOU'RE THE WORST MOTHER IN THE WORLD!!!!

EMMA. That's better! / Very mature!

CON. I can't stand you and your men and your acting / and you—

EMMA. And I can't stand to see how pathetic you've become!

CON. You bitch!

EMMA. Failure!

CON. Whore!

EMMA. HOW DARE YOU?!?! You have no idea / what I gave up for you! What I had to sacrifice—

CON. She doesn't love me anymore!!! Don't you understand that, she DOESN'T LOVE ME ANYMORE! She is everything to me and all she can see is HIM and his fucking genius and his fucking fame and his fucking *moustache* and / his fucking clever talk and his fucking rich successful...

EMMA. Oh, Connie, Connie, I'm so, so sorry for you...
CON. Oh, God, Mama, I am so unhappy. I am so, so, so unhappy all the time...*

EMMA. Oh my poor boy...

CON. *(Breaking down.)* She sees what you see now: a loser. A fucking loser...

EMMA. Oh, you're not a loser. You aren't. And of course she still loves you.

CON. Not anymore...

EMMA. You can be wonderful.

CON. ...

EMMA. You are *my son*, and you will do great things. You just need to...

CON. What?

EMMA. We'll leave tomorrow. I'll take him away, and she'll love you again. She's probably just... *dazzled*. He has a way of... I don't know... *getting in there*.

CON. Oh, God, I have to go... *(He begins to try to leave...)*

EMMA. We'll go. We'll leave, and then she'll love you again...

CON. I can't... I'm... I'm going... I'm going for a walk. *(He bolts.)*

EMMA. Connie, wait, don't walk away, stay here and— *(He is gone...)* Oh, my poor boy. Oh, my poor darling...

18. You Never Know...

A moment or two passes. Sorn enters the kitchen. Con has just passed him in the hall. He and Emma look at each other a long moment...

SORN. How is he?

EMMA. How the fuck should I know? Sad. Sad and lost. You

CON/EMMA