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TATYANA from Enemies by Maxim Gorky in a new English translation by David Hare published by Faber and Faber.

TATYANA: Do I? Do I really? Once, yes, I stood on the stage with both feet. Rooted. Now it's gone. The feeling is gone. All I can feel are the audience's eyes, staring. I can hear them thinking, 'This is old. We've seen it before.' There were times – I remember the times I grabbed them and held them. And the truth is, I still want to. I want to play every feeling I can, from joy to despair. I want to be given the right words, words I can use like knives, words full of passion and fire and fury. I want to reach people, so they burst into flames, fall over with excitement. And then I'll turn round and throw them more words, beautiful words, words like flowers, full of joy and hope and love. They cry. I cry. All from the heart. They applaud me, they throw bouquets, they take me in their arms. For a moment, these people are mine. My whole life in that moment. In that one moment. But there are no such words.

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