

# Character analysis: konstantin treplyov (the seagull) essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

In-Depth Character Analysis (The Seagull) Name: Konstantin Treplyov Sex: Male Age: 25 Marital Status: My heart is bound to one. History: I've lead a forlorn and artistic life.

Many nights of mine were spent in the parlor or my bedroom slaving over words, reading countless works – struggling, striving for uniqueness. I have lived, and still continue to live under the roof of my mother for I am without much funds and have little to show for my life. Just notebooks with torn pages and ridiculous ideas. Ideas that are easily misunderstood – so misunderstood that sometimes when I come back to reread them, I can barely comprehend! My works though that I feel are worth a damn I've tried to transform into pieces that people, all walks of people will praise for its innovative quality. Most of my early audiences were those of my selfish mother's friends – actors, writers, doctors, all high-society with little appreciation for my work.

My work is too early for their time. Nina, oh my wonderful Nina. That is a story within itself. I will come by her side in sickness or in health at the drop of a hat.

She is my one, my only, my love. I live for Nina, I will die for Nina. She's acted in some of my plays, so beautifully on stage. Her jaunty glimmering green eyes always lifting up my darkened heart.

She is an angel that I am bound to, and would much rather have my life be taken than to go through a lifetime without her. Educational Level: Having gone through many agonizing years of schooling, the only useful knowledge I took away was the use of words on paper. Adjectives, adverbs, nouns,  
<https://assignbuster.com/character-analysis-konstantin-treplov-the-seagull-essay/>

propositions, all the basic literary devices that I now use in my writings. As for my creativity, I have always been one with a spark – perhaps inherited by my mother, though I dare not make her credible for me. Economic / Social Status: Though I am the offspring of an acclaimed actress, a socialite of high society, one would never tell because of her miserly ways.

I have little in the ways of money, so I must perfect my skills in writing in able to depend on it for income. Home Environment: I live with my mother in the same house we've lived all my life – an enormous estate on the outskirts of the city, guests always coming and going. You enter into the welcome room from the lemonade porch where an exquisite chandelier hangs high above your head, and the sounds of music dance onto your eardrum from all angles. There are the basics: a kitchen, living room, dining room, den, and washroom on the first floor, and on the second there lies a second washroom (larger than the one downstairs), my mother's bed chamber, and my bed chamber and study. My room is very spacey with polished chestnut paneling and dark crimson carpet. The lighting is dimmed, though it adds to the comfort and aids my state of being and mind, especially when writing.

Speaking of writing, my desk is where I spend most of my time. There is a small green lamp and papers strewn all over – including the floor surrounding. Also, I have the basics of any bed chamber, a bed (of course), a reading chair, several bookcases, a loveseat, and a set of doors leading out to a small balcony. I enjoy my room, though I feel it's past time for me to leave and get out on my own. Political and Moral Views: Living life mostly in the dark with my mind on my writings and Nina, I have had very little exposure to politics.

<https://assignbuster.com/character-analysis-konstantin-treplov-the-seagull-essay/>

I've only read small excerpts about it, and it does not intrigue me. Mother has never been one for religion, and nor have I. If she had it her way she would make herself a base figure for me, with the way she flaunts and expects others' worship of her and her acting "prowess". In the ways of morals I know right from wrong, how to respect my elders, and how to present myself at a dinner party. Goal / Obstacle / Tactics: Nothing would please me more than to be loved and understood.

I've suffered most my life alone without much love or care. My writings of new forms are brilliant, yet so easily misconstrued and underappreciated. As for love, I could live my life happily being loved by one – Nina. We loved each other and those were the brightest years of my life, but now that blasted Trigorin has swayed her love for me and persuaded her to love him.

I have challenged him to a duel for I know his intentions and feelings towards Nina, and the only reasonable compromise for this is to see him lying dead! Though I am weak and easily influenced to act otherwise, so Trigorin lives and I live to suffer with this tormenting pain. If I can not have Nina in my life, I wish to not live at all. I can not, will not lose my focus and see things differently. I will not allow my love for her to die.

She once loved me, so she must be able to again! She must love me.

Expectations: I am coming from the kitchen where I had made myself some hot tea and stole a biscuit off a plate on the counter. I enter my Uncle Sorin's parlor which I transformed into a personal study to sit and concentrate on my writings whilst enjoying an evening snack. I expect to revise and edit my

work. Playing with words has always been a treat within itself to me, though being over-critical and my own worst critic dampens my potential.

To become a famous author of plays and stories alike is my fantasy, and to have Nina by my side throughout – acting in my plays and sharing affections. While I am lost within my critiques I hear an unexpected knock. Who is there? NINA! Nina is here. Oh how I have longed to see her face again, to hear the beauty that is her voice, look into the stars which are her eyes, and feel the tender adoration we once had felt.

I must have her. I will have her. I am so desperate to be cherished. I need her at all costs, or I feel I may be forced to end my sorrows.