

FERAPONT. (*Couldn't hear.*) What...?

ANDREY. HEY FERAPONT?

FERAPONT. Chairman Protopopov sent over some papers for you to sign.

*He ambles over to Andrey and hands him some papers.*

ANDREY. What are they?

FERAPONT. Papers.

ANDREY. (*Glumly.*) Thanks.

*Ferapont turns to leave.*

Wait where are you going?

FERAPONT. What?

ANDREY. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!

*Ferapont just looks at him.*

Sorry. I'm just bored.

*With a sad laugh.*

And lonely.

*With deep earnestness.*

I'm blonely.

*Ferapont just looks at him.*

Today I was so bored? I dug up this old notebook.

*Shows Ferapont his book.*

My diary from when I was a kid.

*Thumbs through the book.*

I thought I was going to be a scientist. A professor...!

*Tries not to cry.*

Instead? I'm just a *secretary*. At the City Council.

*Cracking up, pathetically.*

Where *Protopopov* is the chairman. And the greatest honor I can ever hope for is to be elected a full member.

*Contemptuously.*

Woo-hoo!

*Almost sobs.*

And every night I dream I'm at the University of Moscow.

*Ferapont looks at him. Then—*

FERAPONT. Sorry what?

ANDREY. Never mind. Do you want some tea?

FERAPONT. What?

ANDREY. TEA? TEA?! DO YOU WANT SOME / TEA?!?

FERAPONT. *(Shrugs.)* Okay.

*Ferapont sits.*

*Andrey pours them tea from Irina's new silver samovar.*

ANDREY. What I wouldn't give to be at the Grand Moscow right now. Sipping a *cognac*. Y'know?

FERAPONT. Pancakes.

*Beat.*

ANDREY. I'm / sorry?

FERAPONT. Man in Moscow the other day? Guy in the office told me. Ate forty pancakes. Maybe fifty. Can't remember. Anyway, he died.

*Beat.*

ANDREY. What I love the most about Moscow? Is that you can sit in a bar and no one knows who the hell you are. But you still don't feel alone...

*Beat.*

FERAPONT. Rope.

ANDREY. Sorry?

FERAPONT. In Moscow—guy at the office was saying—they have a rope. Hanging from one side of the town to the other.

*Beat.*

Rope.

ANDREY. Have you ever been to Moscow?

FERAPONT. Nope.

ANDREY. Oh, you would love it.

FERAPONT. I like it here.

ANDREY. Why?