

MASHA. And did she love you back?

He stares into his bottle.

CHEBUTYKIN. I don't remember.

MASHA. How did you do it?

CHEBUTYKIN. What?

MASHA. How did you say goodbye?

Beat.

CHEBUTYKIN. I don't... remember...

Masha turns away, frustrated.

MASHA. Where's my man?

CHEBUTYKIN. S'not here yet.

Lifting bottle.

And—be *careful*—what you say. People / can—

MASHA. (*Near despair.*) I don't give a shit anymore.

Andrey comes downstage.

ANDREY. Doctor, what happened yesterday? Between Solyony and the baron?

CHEBUTYKIN. DUEL.

ANDREY. What?

CHEBUTYKIN. Solyony challenging baron to duel today. Pew / PEW!

ANDREY. A duel?!

CHEBUTYKIN. (*Chortles, slurs.*) C'monnn... yer tellin' me ya didn't seezat / coming?

MASHA. Oh my god the baron might get / hurt...

ANDREY. Well *yeah* the baron might get hurt. It's a / DUEL.

CHEBUTYKIN. (*Muttering, chin on chest.*) Whocares, rully. Give a baron take a baron, we're all goin' tah—

SOLYONY. (*Offstage.*) HEY!

CHEBUTYKIN. Gotta go.

He ambles up.

ANDREY. Are you the on-call *doctor* for this duel?

CHEBUTYKIN. (*Straightening his vest.*) 'S-zat a / crime?

MASHA. Just—tell me when Vershinin gets here. *Please.*

She leaves.

ANDREY. (*Looking at his baby.*) I'm all alone.

CHEBUTYKIN. Ya-have a wife.

Ferapont enters, carrying papers.

FERAPONT. Papers.

ANDREY. My wife! She is. Well, she's my wife. What more can I say.

CHEBUTYKIN. (*A strangled whisper.*) Leave.

ANDREY. What?

Chebutykin pulls Andrey into a tight hug.

CHEBUTYKIN. (*With sudden lucidity and desperate urgency.*)
Leave your wife. Leave your children! Leave—

Solyony enters.

SOLYONY. Doctor!

CHEBUTYKIN. Be righback.

Chebutykin stumbles toward Solyony.

ANDREY. (*To Solyony.*) Don't hurt him. *Please.* My sister would—

Solyony calmly takes out his cologne and pours the entire bottle over his head as he smiles at Andrey.

He leaves.

Chebutykin weaves after him. Andrey watches them go. Then—

FERAPONT. Did you forget that I'm here?

ANDREY. I'm actually not sure I registered that in the first place.

FERAPONT. (*Holding out papers.*) Papers.

ANDREY. (*Catatonic.*) What happened to my life.

FERAPONT. Papers.

ANDREY. What is the point of this life.

FERAPONT. Papers.

ANDREY. Really?

FERAPONT. Papers.

ANDREY. Okay.