Cast of Characters

KOROLYOV: A doctor in his 30's-40's who is trying hard to get a practice off the ground. He is a good man, but can be impatient at times.

BORIS: The doctor's eager apprentice, barely twenty, but he looks younger.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA: A thin spinster of indeterminate age, with horn-rimmed glasses, and mannerisms such as wiping her lips as she talks. A bossy know-it-all. Comic role.


MADAME LYALIKOV: Liza's mother. A stout, timid woman in her 50's who helplessly flutters about.

Time and Place

A street in Moscow, later a small factory town outside Moscow. 1890's
(The stage is dark. Dawn: lights gradually come up but remain dim. From afar we hear frogs croaking and birds singing. A young woman wanders, disoriented, across the stage in her nightgown. She trips and falls. There are buildings in the distance, but we cannot make them out. Suddenly, a burning furnace creates the effect of making two windows glow, and we hear factory noises. Frightened, the woman runs off. Lights fade to black. Lights come up on a street in Moscow. At one end of the stage, a window, elevated from the ground. The doctor’s apprentice, BORIS, runs across the stage, stopping abruptly in front of the window.)

BORIS
(out of breath)
Doctor Korolyov! Doctor Korolyov!

(Pause.)

BORIS
Are you awake?

(We hear yawnning off stage.)

BORIS
Come quickly!

KOROLYOV
(off stage, yawning)
Has Ekaterina’s water broken?

BORIS
Not that.

KOROLYOV
Has Ivan Ivanovich’s gouty great toe been acting up?

BORIS
Not that either.

KOROLYOV
Well, I’ve only got two patients.

BORIS
(loudly)
Please get up!
And one student. One very loud student. First thing in the morning.

Sorry doctor, but...

Do you not wish to become a doctor some day?

Greatly!

Then memorize all the books on my bookcase, dissect all the rats and frogs you can find.

(yawning)

And come back at noon.

But sir, you have been asked... asked...

More charity work? I can’t pay my bills with rutabagas and turnips.

No, you have...

Out with it, young man!

That is, the professor has been asked. But he cannot. Did you not say I should... if he should...

(interrupting)

He has finally made a referral.

(KOROLYOV enters, in a sleeping gown.)

Why did you not just say so?

(loudly)

I was trying...

(KOROLYOV covers BORIS’s mouth.)

You will raise the dead with that voice.

...you see why...
KOROLYOV  
(suspiciously)  
Why indeed. Why send me a patient all of a sudden?

BORIS  
...the professor also said...

KOROLYOV  
Said what? That I will be paid in radishes?

BORIS  
That he cannot be bothered to see a new patient if it requires a long train ride.

KOROLYOV  
Aha! He is just trying to dump...

BORIS  
No matter how outrageously rich that patient might be.

KOROLYOV  
Now I am wide awake.  
(Beat.)  
Fetch my bag, Boris. We depart directly.

BORIS  
Yes, doctor!

KOROLYOV  
Your first real case. At last I will have something to teach you.

(BORIS excitedly runs across the stage.  
Lights go off. We hear factory noises, then a door slam, then voices in the dark.)

MADAME LYALIKOV  
Where have you been all night, Liza?

Liza?  
(Pause.)

LIZA  
Nowhere.

MADAME LYALIKOV  
Your bed is not even slept in. If only your dear father were still here. I do not know what else to do. I have sent for another doctor.

LIZA  
Yet another?
MADAME LYALIKOV

This one comes from the city.

LIZA

All the way from Moscow?

(She weeps.)

Am I that sick?

MADAME LYALIKOV

Do not cry, my daughter. Please do not.

(LIZA weeps louder.)

MADAME LYALIKOV

How can you have left me, Pyotr Nikanoritch? What shall we do? My God, what shall we do?

(Weeping, then factory noises fading to the sound of horses’ hooves on the street. The stage remains dark. We hear the voices of KOROLYOV and BORIS, being driven in a horse-drawn carriage by a coachman.)

BORIS

Why are they bowing?

KOROLYOV

Who is?

BORIS

All those people.

KOROLYOV

So they are. Not yet an hour outside Moscow, and what a different world we are in. These ghastly factory towns!

(loudly, to an unseen coachman)

Driver, how far to the house of Madame...Madame...

(Pause.)

(to BORIS)

It would be helpful, to be sure, if we knew the name of the family we are calling on.

(Pause.)

(to the coachman)

I see you are a man of many words.

BORIS

It is Lyalikov, sir. Says so on this paper.

KOROLYOV

(to the coachman)

And the factory? Driver, how many souls in there barely ever see the light of day?

(Pause.)
(to the coachman)
I do not bite you know. My grandfather was a serf.

(We hear the neighing of horses. The carriage comes to a halt. We hear the sound of passengers disembarking.)

BORIS
Watch your step getting off the coach, doctor.

KOROLYOV
I have gotten nowhere with this fellow.

BORIS
The people here are quiet.

KOROLYOV
Beaten down is more like it. This is your first lesson, Boris.

BORIS
It is?

KOROLYOV
It does not matter that we have not two kopecks to rub together. They will always hate us. And when we meet with the Lyalikovs you will see why.

(Lights come up on KOROLYOV and BORIS, carrying a medical bag, standing by the front door of an imposing mansion with bushes in front of it. To one end of the stage, the edge of a factory, smoke bel lowing from the chimney.)

BORIS
(gasping)
What a big house!

KOROLYOV
Big indeed, and very very ugly. Do you know why we are here?

BORIS
To see a patient?

KOROLYOV
Of course.

BORIS
To make enough money to pay the rent?

KOROLYOV
That too.
BORIS

Is that not all?

KOROLYOV

We are here because I have been entrusted with your education. Let us use this as an opportunity to sharpen your skills. Your eyes were glued to the window. Tell me what you saw from the coach.

People.

BORIS

Anything else?

KOROLYOV

Houses? Trees?

BORIS

Saturday evening. The sun is setting. The little farmhouses, the birch trees...

Oh!

KOROLYOV

As if fields, woods, and sun were all getting ready, together, on the eve of the Sabbath to rest, perhaps even to pray.

BORIS

I did not see any of that.

KOROLYOV

And once inside the factory gates, tiny houses of workmen, linens hanging on railings, five enormous blocks of buildings with tall chimneys, pitiful gardens, vermin, faces filled with nervous exhaustion, bewilderment, vodka...

BORIS

How can I not have seen those things!

KOROLYOV

And over it all a sort of grey powder.

(We hear women’s voices coming from the house.)

KOROLYOV

All around us the effects of wearisome, of unhealthy toil. And what is the result? You see here, right by the front door, a beautiful lilac bush, coated with soot.
BORIS
Perhaps there is no gardener.

KOROLYOV
We have not been asked to tend to the plants, nor to the needs of the factory workers.

(The door to the mansion opens.)

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
(off stage)
Please come in, doctor. We are in real trouble.

KOROLYOV
The life expectancy here is probably thirty-five. But it is a pampered rich girl we have been asked to care for. End of lesson.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
Here, this way.

(We hear sighs and whisperings, then two hand claps.)

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
Prepare the mistress for the doctor. You! Olga! Go upstairs!

(The sound of footsteps running up the stairs. CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA pokes her head out the door. As KOROLYOV and BORIS enter the house, the scene changes to the foyer, which contains a staircase and a table with a lamp. MADAME LYALIKOV, a short, stout, timid lady anxiously flutters about. She is eclipsed by CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA, a very thin woman with short hair and horn-rimmed glasses. KOROLYOV holds out his hand.)

KOROLYOV
You must be Madame Lyalikov.

(MADAME LYALIKOV looks to CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA for approval, then takes his hand.)

MADAME LYALIKOV
(timidly)
Yes.

(She quickly drops his hand.)
KOROLYOV
I am sorry to hear your daughter is unwell.

MADAME LYALIKOV
She is unwell. So unwell.

(She wipes a tear from her cheek. CHRISTINA DMITRYENA walks in front of her.)

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
Decidedly unwell.

KOROLYOV
Then let us dispense with the usual formalities. I will go to her immediately.

MADAME LYALIKOV
I would be so very grateful.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
He will stay, if he pleases. There is much to tell him about the mistress.

MADAME LYALIKOV
Yes, Christina Dmitryevna.

(CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA speaks in a singsong voice, continually wiping her lips with her hand.)

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
On the one hand it is all extremely urgent. On the other hand, she has been, one might say, ailing since she was a child.

KOROLYOV
May I examine her?

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
The doctors say it is all nerves. Well, doctors, at least in this district, are ignoramuses. Personally, I do not believe one single word that comes out of their mouth. Not one.

KOROLYOV
In my experience...

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
As a girl she was scrofulous, or at least it appeared that way. The doctors drove it inwards. Well, that is what I postulate. Of course, I am not a doctor.

(She snorts.)

And yet I do have opinions. Do I not, Madame Lyalikov?
MADAME LYALIKOV
You do, Christina Dmitryevna.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
To make a long story short, short indeed for the sake of brevity, for two nights no one has slept. How can one even entertain the possibility of doing so, when an heiress — and she is an heiress, make no mistake — suffers from morning till night with a most violent, fearsome palpitation.

MADAME LYALIKOV
She is unwell.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
Acutely unwell.

(We hear an off stage cry. MADAME LYALIKOV swoons.)

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
That will have to suffice. I shall direct you to the mistress.

KOROLYOV
(to BORIS)
Fetch my stethoscope.

(CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA notices BORIS for the first time.)

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
A young man! That is liable to drive the invalid into a state of apoplexy.

MADAME LYALIKOV
Would you like a cup of cocoa?

(CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA glares.)

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
I most assuredly do not admit young men into the mistress’s bedchambers.

KOROLYOV
And I most assuredly do not make house calls without my junior doctor.

(BORIS takes the stethoscope from the bag and hands it to KOROLYOV.)

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
(icily)
We have expected the professor. And we have not had the pleasure of receiving him.
You have had the pleasure of receiving Doctor Korolyov. And his assistant.

(We hear another off stage cry.)

Hmph.

(She picks up the lamp, and KOROLYOV and BORIS follow her as she ascends a staircase. They enter the bedroom of LIZA, a young woman of about twenty, but more like a child, lying in bed with the covers over her. KOROLYOV approaches her.)

I am the doctor come to see you.

(LIZA slowly pulls the covers away.)

Good evening.

(He takes her hand. She sits up.)

Who are you?

Doctor Korolyov. Do you mind if I examine you?

(She nods. He gently pulls down her nightgown to expose her shoulders, then palpates and knocks on her chest.)

I have palpitations of the heart. They were very bad last night.

I see.

Will you give me something?

Perhaps.

(He examines her with the stethoscope, then shrugs his shoulders.)

The heart is in good shape.
LIZA
Have I not had a heart attack?

KOROLYOV
Absolutely not. It is all satisfactory. As for your nerves, they seem to be better too.

(LIZA sees BORIS.)

LIZA
(surprised)
Who is that?

KOROLYOV
If you do not want him here, I will ask him to leave.

LIZA
Oh! No.

(She makes a gesture to BORIS to come closer to her. KOROLYOV lets him use the stethoscope.)

KOROLYOV
You should rest now.

LIZA
All right.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA enters with a lamp, brightening the room uncomfortably. LIZA covers her eyes.

LIZA
Now you will all see how unhappy I am!

(She begins to sob. MADAME LYALIKOV enters, weeping.)

MADAME LYALIKOV
My daughter! What have I done that you might suffer like this?

LIZA
Mother.

MADAME LYALIKOV
Have I not hired the best tutors money can buy? Have I not hired the best doctors?

LIZA
You have...given me everything.
MADAME LYALIKOV
Please tell me what it is!

LIZA
If I knew I should tell you.

MADAME LYALIKOV
I am a terrible mother.

LIZA
You are not.

MADAME LYALIKOV
Have I not devoted my whole life to you? Have pity on me.

(LIZA cries. MADAME LYALIKOV throws herself at her feet.)

KOROLYOV
There there. There is no use crying.
(quietly, to BORIS)
What is the diagnosis?

BORIS
I can see nothing wrong with her.

KOROLYOV
(He chuckles.)
Can one imagine the extravagance of bringing a doctor all the way from the city for this. But at least from such a house a doctor will not come home with rutabagas.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
The factory doctor gave her a bromide. I told the fool it would make her worse, but he would not listen. I am no doctor, and yet I know if she is given anything for the heart it should be drops. Am I not correct in thinking that Convallaria is the thing that is used?

KOROLYOV
Quite correct. However, she does not have a heart condition.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
What?

KOROLYOV
I find no evidence of it whatsoever on my examination.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
When was your equipment calibrated?

KOROLYOV
Excuse me?
CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
I have read extensively about Convallaria.

KOROLYOV
Perhaps I might speak with the patient’s mother.

Alone?

(KOROLYOV leads BORIS and MADAME LYALIKOV back into the foyer.)

KOROLYOV
Dear lady, I am afraid I find nothing to be seriously wrong.

MADAME LYALIKOV
You did not see her last night.

KOROLYOV
I did not say nothing was the matter.

MADAME LYALIKOV
But the crying, the sounds.

KOROLYOV
It is my opinion that if your daughter is being attended by the factory doctor, he should go on treating her.

But...

MADAME LYALIKOV
This is not a life or death situation.

(He looks at his watch.)

Boris, we can still catch the ten o’clock train.

(BORIS hands him his gloves.)

MADAME LYALIKOV
Doctor, my husband died a year and a half ago.

I am sorry.

(He puts on his gloves.)

MADAME LYALIKOV
I feel ashamed to trouble you. But...

KOROLYOV
I do not think I should prescribe if the factory doctor is already doing so.
MADAME LYALIKOV
You do not understand.

KOROLYOV
That is my final decision.

MADAME LYALIKOV
I wished to ask you to stay the night.

KOROLYOV
That is out of the question.

MADAME LYALIKOV
You will see what happens if you stay.

KOROLYOV
We do not even have a change of clothing.

MADAME LYALIKOV
She is all I have. Do not leave us, for God’s sake.

(KOROLYOV sighs, takes off his gloves and hands them to BORIS. MADAME LYALIKOV bows and exits.)

KOROLYOV
Another lesson for you.

BORIS
Which one?

KOROLYOV
Money talks.

(CHristina Dmitryevna suddenly enters.)

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
So you will be our guests.

KOROLYOV
You overheard us.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
As well as something about a lesson. I did not realize we were running a medical school.

BORIS
May we have something to eat, ma’am?

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
We feed our guests exceedingly well. The dining room is this way.
(She points BORIS and KOROLYOV towards the dining room, then she disappears.)

BORIS

Where did she go?

KOROLYOV

Having her dinner in some back room. She is a servant, after all.

(KOROLYOV and BORIS enter a lavishly decorated dining room.)

BORIS

Look at these paintings, doctor.

KOROLYOV

One cannot help but look. They are everywhere.

You do not approve.

KOROLYOV

They are expensive and garish, like everything.

What is “garish”?

BORIS

It means this is new money.

KOROLYOV

How can money be old or new?

Some day you will understand.

BORIS

I think I do. Ha!

(He points to the wall.)

A monk with a wineglass!

KOROLYOV

Someone must have thought such a thing impressive. Oh excuse me.

(He adopts an elegant accent.)

How elegant.

BORIS

(He adopts the same accent.)

The floors are so polished you can see the chandeliers in them.
KOROLYOV

Quite an understated effect, that.

(They both laugh. Suddenly we hear harsh metallic sounds. For a moment they are distracted. The sounds stop.)

KOROLYOV

What was that?

BORIS

I don’t know, but if you stand over here the snores of the servants drown it out.

KOROLYOV

You are starting to get the hang of this.

(They laugh.)

BORIS

Nothing would make me want to live in a place like this. I cannot believe we have to stay for even one night.

KOROLYOV

It is an experience.

BORIS

I am dying of hunger.

(CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA enters out of nowhere, ringing a dinner bell.)

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA

Dinner! Dinner time!

KOROLYOV

At last! Well, I hope you have enjoyed yours.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA

I will be joining you, of course.

KOROLYOV

Just leave us some bread and cheese.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA

No one accuses us of being parsimonious. In your honor: sturgeon, chicken rissoles, and stewed fruit.

KOROLYOV

All my favorites.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA

Mine as well.
(She claps her hands twice.)
And the most expensive Madeira money can buy.

(They all sit at the table.)

KOROLYOV
At least it will put us to sleep.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
One can barely sleep when one is surrounded by such splendor. This is such a fine place to work, doctor. Eleven years and counting.

KOROLYOV
I am glad someone here has a pleasant life.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
I do!

(Hastily)
And the workers too, of course.

KOROLYOV
Sturgeon and madeira for them as well?

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
They act in their own show at the factory every winter. They have lectures with a magic lantern. They have a splendid tea room.

KOROLYOV
Splendid like this dining room?

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
I detect a note of disbelief, doctor. The workers may have no education, but they have got feelings.

KOROLYOV
Real feelings?

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
Do not seem so surprised.

BORIS
Ma’am, I have a question about one of the pictures.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
Paintings, young man.

(She looks up.)
You may put that over there. You! Olga!

(She smiles greedily.)
And that one. Next to me.
(She loudly clears her throat and spits into a napkin.)

Since you have a question, and since you are here for instruction, I shall instruct you on the objets d’art.

BORIS

Did they cost a pretty penny?

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA

(chuckling)

More than a penny. This – at a thousand roubles– is “A boat on a stormy sea.” Lifelike, no?

BORIS

(to KOROLYOV)

I feel I am in a shipwreck.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA

If you like that one, you will like the ones behind you.

(BORIS turns around.)

BORIS

There must be a hundred of them!

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA

Eighty-nine. We begin with the upper right hand corner and move clockwise. This very beautiful, very costly, landscape depicts the...

(Lights dim. CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA babbles on, although her voice is distorted so that we do not hear what she is saying. We also hear servants serving, and the eating of food. Time passes, the lights come up, and CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA continues to babble. From time to time, she wipes her mouth with her fist. BORIS dozes off, and eventually his head sinks onto his plate.)

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA

...and last, but not least, the portrait of the gentleman, that is our own Pyotr Nikanoritch. Gone forever.

(She wipes a tear away.)

But this fine –not to mention costly- frame, will never die. More stewed prunes?

(BORIS groans.)

KOROLYOV

Are more courses coming?
CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
Still hungry, doctor? Do not stand on ceremony.

(She belches.)

KOROLYOV
I am quite through. As for my assistant...

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
I did not think I could tolerate a child, but this one is not half bad.

KOROLYOV
He does not look half good.

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
Overcome. Happens more than you might think.

(She claps her hands twice.)

I will have him carried upstairs.

(KOROLYOV rises.)

KOROLYOV
A walk in the yard will do us both a world of good.

(He rouses BORIS and they exit. We are outside. Frogs are croaking. The factory is dark. KOROLYOV and BORIS enter the scene.)

KOROLYOV
Are you all right?

BORIS
Fresh air feels good.

KOROLYOV
Fresh when the factory is not belching out fumes.

BORIS
I hear frogs. They are the only ones awake at this hour.

(The windows on the factory begin to glow red.)

KOROLYOV
(sarcastically)
Do not speak so soon. It is only midnight. The workers may put on shows. They may have a tea room. But the sad faces are the same faces I saw in such towns when I was your age. Thousands of workers work like slaves night and day to make poor quality cotton goods.
Dozens of overseers impose fines all day. A handful of owners enjoy themselves. What lesson do you derive from that?

BORIS
They do not look as if they are enjoying a thing.

KOROLYOV
It makes one wretched merely to look at them. With the exception of Christina Dmitryevna, a ridiculous middle-aged spinster. And so thousands of workers slave away so that Christina Dmitryevna may eat sturgeon and drink Madeira.

BORIS
It gave me a stomach ache.

(Suddenly we hear the sound of striking on a sheet of metal. Then stillness. Then, from another direction, a watchman striking the hour twelve times. From yet another direction, another repetitive, unpleasant metallic sound, accompanied by the glowing of two windows created by the burning of a furnace.)

BORIS
It looks like a devil with red eyes.

KOROLYOV
It sounds like a devil. A devil that controls the Lyalikovs and the workers. And deceives both.

(He approaches the factory. A whistle blows. He quickly moves away.)

KOROLYOV
It is like being in prison.

(From far away we hear frogs croaking.)

KOROLYOV
Christina Dmitryevna. All work for her benefit. But the real one, for whom everything is done, is the devil.

(The glow in the windows intensifies.)

KOROLYOV
And he is watching us.

(KOROLYOV sits, BORIS dozes off, time passes, and dawn approaches.)
We again hear the sound of striking on a sheet of metal, a watchman striking the hour four times, then another repetitive metallic sound, then silence.)

KOROLYOV
It is all horribly disagreeable.

(We hear a different kind of noise. KOROLYOV covers the sleeping BORIS with his coat and goes into the house. He runs up the stairs. The door to LIZA’s bedroom is open, and he enters. It is barely dawn and some light filters in through the window. We hear birds singing. LIZA sits in a chair beside the bed, wrapped in a shawl.)

KOROLYOV
I thought I heard something. How do you feel?

LIZA
I am all right.

(KOROLYOV checks her pulse.)

KOROLYOV
It is spring. The birds are singing, yet you sit in the dark. Why do you sit in the dark?

LIZA
I sit in the dark all the time.

(The watchman strikes five.)

KOROLYOV
Do the sounds bother you?

LIZA
Everything bothers me. But I knew from the first time I saw you I could tell you all about it.

(KOROLYOV nods.)

LIZA
I am never asked what I think, but my opinion is that I have no illness. That I am like this because I am bound to be like this. I am constantly seen by doctors. What I should like is to talk with a friend.

KOROLYOV
Have you no friend?
LIZA
I have a mother. I am lonely. I worry. Have you ever read Lermontov’s Demon? Tamara was lonely. Then she saw the devil.

KOROLYOV
You read in your free time.

LIZA
All my time is free, from morning till night. I read by day, and by night I see shadows.
(Beat.)
I am crazy, am I not?

KOROLYOV
You are not crazy. No, not at all. But...I’m sorry, this is rather awkward...

LIZA
You are a doctor. You must say whatever you wish.

KOROLYOV
You have everything, yet you are unhappy. You do not believe you deserve it, and you can’t sleep. Well, has anyone ever told you your sleeplessness does you credit?

LIZA
No one ever gives me credit for anything.

KOROLYOV
This kind of conversation would have been unthinkable for your parents. For mine. At night, they did not talk, but they slept soundly. Your generation do not sleep. But they talk.

LIZA
It feels good to talk.

KOROLYOV
For your grandchildren these questions will have been settled. Life will be good in fifty years time. Of course, you and I will not be around to see it.

LIZA
What will they do, our grandchildren?

KOROLYOV
I suppose they will give it all up and go away.

LIZA
Go where?
KOROLYOV
(He laughs.)
That will be the least of their problems. There are lots of places a good, intelligent person can go.

(He looks at his watch.)
Look at where the time has gone. I hope you sleep soundly from now on.

(He presses her hand.)
You are a very interesting woman.

(He exits. Blackout. Later that day, outside the house. It is sunny, birds are singing, and church bells are pealing. KOROLYOV and BORIS enter the scene through the door to the house. BORIS is holding the medical bag.)

KOROLYOV
Do you have everything?

BORIS
I did not bring anything.

KOROLYOV
Nothing but your doctorly powers of observation.

(CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA enters.)
CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
The coach will be here presently.

(She claps her hands twice. LIZA enters, smiling, in a white dress, with a flower in her hair, followed by MADAME LYALIKOV.)

KOROLYOV
Have you slept well?

LIZA
For the first time in many weeks.

I am glad.

LIZA
Thanks to you.

(KOROLYOV bows.)

MADAME LYALIKOV
Thank you, doctor, for bringing my daughter back to me.
CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
(interrupting)
On the one hand I would have given the patient Convallaria, but on the other hand...

KOROLYOV
(sharply)
Thank you for your consultation.

(He turns away.)

BORIS
(whispering)
What did you do to her?

(KOROLYOV shrugs.)

KOROLYOV
You will learn, if you are to be a doctor, you do not always have to do a thing.

(We hear the coach arriving.)

BORIS
(to LIZA)
Do you see the devil today?

(LIZA shakes her head no.)

Neither do I.

LIZA
Good luck.

(KOROLYOV and BORIS step forward as if boarding the coach.)

CHRISTINA DMITRYEVNA
Watch your step.

(Lights go off, and we hear the sound of horses hooves.)

KOROLYOV
Let us think of the time, perhaps sooner than we think, when life itself will be as bright as on this Sunday morning. How pleasant it is on a day like this to bask in the sunshine. How marvelous it is on a day like this to drive with three horses in a good carriage.

(Sound of the carriage pulling away.)

(END OF PLAY)