

# **Heart of a Dog**

**By  
Michael Franco**

**Based on the Novella by Mikhail Bulgakov**

**Revisions by Michael Franco 2002**

**Revisions by Michael Franco 2004**

**Current Revisions by Michael Franco 2020**

**Michael Franco  
323-533-7710  
Michaelfranco68@gmail.com**

This work is based on Mikhail Bulgakov's novella of the same name. I used the translations of Michael Glenny, Mirra Ginsburg and the original Russian text for reference in the creation of this adaptation.

Thanks as well to the resources from The Russian Studies Department at Middlebury College and the Russian Studies Department at Indiana University. Special Thanks to Paul Plunkett for his red pencil.

Heart of a Dog is a much angrier play than The Master and Margarita, probably the better known of Bulgakov's work, it is about living under the ridiculousness of a totalitarian government. It is set in Stalinist Russia but I think it serves as a brilliant allegory to the life we were leading here in the United States under Bush in 2002 and certainly now more than ever under Trump's thumb, in 2020.

At it's core is the story of a dog turned into a man by science with less than stellar results. All around are clashes of ideology and morality where the old Russia clashes with Stalin's new Russia. Heart of a Dog is a fable and mirror of the not too distant past that looks a lot like our future and a happy ending that's not such a happy ending

For my mother - Michael Franco 4/22/02

Amended and again rededicated to my mother in 2020.

The action of the play takes place in the rooms of Professor Preobrezhensky and on the Moscow streets in Stalin's Russia.

The sets are suggestions of rooms and can be easily turned into any playing space by a roving band of dogs. The scene changes are indeed part of the show and are to be performed.

A scrim between the audience and the stage for the surgery scene shadow work with a moving backlight to silhouette and heighten the scene as it starts to come off the rails.

The play is to be performed relentlessly.

## THE CAST

Sharik/Sharikov - a dog and then a man

Profesor Preobrezhensky - A Scientist and a Professor

Doctor Bormenthal - A Doctor

Darya Petrovna - The Professor's Cook and Housekeeper Zina

Prokofievna - The Professor's Secretary and Nurse

Fyodor - The Doorman

Shvonder - Head of the Building Committeee

Vyazemskaya - a memeber of the Building Committee

Sharovkyan - a member of the Building Committee

Petrushkin - a memeber of the Building Committee

The Rustling lady - a patient of the Professor's

The Green Haired Man - a patient of the Professor's

Young Girl - a young Girl

Young Man - a young Man

Old Woman - an old Woman

Cook - a Cook

Police Inspector -

Police Captain -

Pale Girl - a victim of Sharikov

The World Premiere of Heart of a Dog was performed on September 7, 2002 at the Ivan Franko National Theater in Kiev, Ukraine with the following cast and crew.

CAST

Sharik/Sharikov	Ben Simonetti
Professor Preobrezhensky	Pat Towne
Doctor Bormenthal	Graham Jackson
Darya Petrovna	Mami Arizono
Zina	Ariel Narkevicius
The Young Man, Fyodor	Joe Seely
Shvonder	Lorenzo Gonzalez
Young Girl, Vyazemskaya,	Gleason Bauer
Rustling Lady, Pale Girl	
Petrushkin, The Green Haired Man,	Charles Wilson
Police Inspector	
The Cook, Sharovkyan, Ensemble	Paul Plunkett
Police Captain, Ensemble	Loren Lazerine
Old Woman, Ensemble	Melina Bielefelt

Directed by Antony Sandoval

Produced by Michael Franco and Paul Plunkett

Production Design-Barry Wyatt, Peter Smith & Gleason Bauer  
Graphic and Web Design-D Morris  
Lighting Design-Peter Smith  
Set Design-Barry Wyatt  
Costume Design-Kara Feely  
Sound Design-Travis Just  
Stage Manager-Chris Childs

Tour Management

Michael Franco, Yana Shukman and Brett Paesal  
Associate Producers - Charlie Wilson and Yana Shukman  
Suzuki Coach - Lorenzo Gonzalez

special thanks

Peter Alton, Sarah Sido, Joe Fria, Vitaly Malakhov, The theater on Podol, the First International Bulgakov Festival, the staff and crew of the Ivan Franko, Zoo District, the Trust for Mutual Understanding.

The United States Premiere of Heart of a Dog opened on October 15, 2004 at The Lillian Theater in Los Angeles, California with the following cast and crew.

The show received LA Weekly Awards for Best Adaptation of 2004, Best Masks and Best Actor nominations for both Paul Dillon and Joe Fria.

CAST  
(in order of appearance)

Sharik/Sharikov	Joe Fria
Cook, Sharovkyan, Kartushka, Ensemble	Michael Dunn
Dustman, Green Haired Man, Inspector	Bill McCormack
Professor Prebrazhensky	Paul Dillon
Doctor Bormenthal	Loren Lazerine
Darya Petrovna	Laura Pruden
Young Girl, Karpov, Pale Girl, Ensemble	Galit Levi
Young Man, Petrushkin, Karpusta, Ensemble	Mark Engelhardt
Ensemble	Michelle LaVon
Shvonder, Ensemble	Jeffrey Emerson
The Rustling Lady, Ensemble	Jerri Tubbs
Vyazemskaya, Ensemble	Tina Gloss-Finnell
Old Woman, Spassky, Ensemble	Dean Jacobson
Fyodor	Adam Bitterman
Zina	Lara Phillips

Kristina Webber, Matt Rimmer & Gary Seven - Understudies

Directed by Michael Franco.

Produced by

Michael Franco, Tanja Raaste, Don Cesario and David Fofi

Choreography by Brian Frette

Lighting Design by Boscoe Flanagan

Set Design by Joel Daavid

Sound Design by Veronika Vorel

Costume Design by Maro Parian

Masks & Specialty props by Joe Seely

Production Stage Manager - Shannon Simonds

Rehearsal Stage Manager - Jon Winans

Assistant Diector - Allison Evans

Assistant Sound - Mark Johnson

Assistant Costumes - Talin Mardirosian

Fight Captains - Michael Dunn and Joe Fria

Publicity - Janis Hashe

Graphic & Web design - D Morris

Lighting Crew - Amanda Lewis, Cory Pearson, Aaron

Rosenthal, Sean Russell, Mark Russo.

ACT ONE

ACT 1/SCENE 1

*Moscow, 1925. It is winter.*

*The two primary locations are the  
Moscow streets*

*and the house and rooms of PROFESSOR  
PHILIP PHILLIPOVICH PREOBRAZHENSKY, an  
elderly scientist and surgeon.*

*At rise the stage is bare, dimly lit.  
In the half light we detect  
movement US. It is a dog, sniffing,  
searching, foraging for food. **SHARIK**,  
the dog moves downstage and begins to  
root through the garbage. **A COOK**  
appears from out of a doorway and  
throws a pail of scalding water on the  
dog.*

COOK

GET OUT OF THE DUSTBIN YOU CUR!

*Sharik yelps in pain and scurries off  
to another part of the stage to lick  
his wounds as the Cook disappears.*

SHARIK

Owww-oooohhh-owow-owww. Look at me I'm dying!

*(trying to lick his wounds)*

Some bastard in a dirty white cap. The Cook from the office  
canteen at the National Economic Council, the filthy swine  
and a Proletarian too! Owww-owowow! I'm scalded under my fur  
right to the bone. If they break out into ulcers how will I  
ever get them to heal. If it was summer I could go to  
Solkiniki Park where there is a special grass that could do  
some good. I could get a free meal of sausage ends and there  
are always plenty of greasy wrappers to lick, but where can I  
go now? Still, I can take a lot. I'm not licked yet. It takes  
a lot to keep a good dog down.

*(Sharik moves across the stage)*

But I'm scalded under my fur. No way to keep the cold out of  
my left side, I could easily catch pneumonia and if I get  
that citizens I'll die of hunger for sure.

*Sharik attempts to enter a covered  
vestibule to get out of the weather.  
**A DUSTMAN** appears with a broom.*

DUSTMAN

Oh no you don't. Get on your way!

SHARIK

Owwwwwwww-awoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

*(to audience)*

A Dustman! Dustmen are the lowest form of Proletarian life, human rubbish is the filthiest stuff there is!

*(to the Dustman)*

Owwwwwwww-wooooooooooooooooooooo!

DUSTMAN

*(lifting his broom)*

I'll give you something to cry about!

SHARIK

Owwww-wooooooooooooo. Awoooooooooooooooooooo!

*Sharik moves off and the Dustman disappears.*

SHARIK

Haven't I been kicked around enough? I'll get a chill in my lungs and I'll have to crawl on my belly till it will take only one poke from someone's stick to finish me off. Then the Dustman will pick me up by my legs and toss me into his cart.

Cooks vary, some good, some bad. There was Vlas from Prechistenka street, God rest his soul. He saved I don't know how many dogs, because when you're sick you've simply got to eat to keep your strength up and when Vlas threw you a bone there was always at least a good eighth of an inch of meat on it. Of course Vlas worked for Count Tolstoy's family and not for the stinking Food Rationing Board or National Economic Council like that bastard in the dirty white cap. They make soup out of rotten salt beef, the cheats.

*Sharik finds an empty vestibule and curls up trying to stay warm, and begins to lick his wounds.*

LIGHTS FADE.

ACT 1/SCENE 2

*Lights up in the dining room of **PROFESSOR PREOBRAZHENSKY**, where the Professor and his assistant, **DOCTOR IVAN ARNOLDOVICH BORMENTHAL** enjoy their luncheon. The Professor's housekeeper, **DARYA PETROVNA** is serving the soup.*

PROFESSOR

I think the host should be a dog.

DR. BORMENTHAL

A dog?

PROFESSOR

Yes, a dog, a good durable host.

DR. BORMENTHAL

I see.

*Darya serves the soup and exits.*

PROFESSOR

We replace the dog testes with human ones and then of course the pituitary --

DR. BORMENTHAL

The pituitary?

PROFESSOR

Of course! And that will be the most difficult part of the operation, replacing the dogs pituitary with the human one.

DR. BORMENTHAL

Never been done --

PROFESSOR

Of course it's never been done. That's why I must do it. A new course of study, though I fear the human donor will be more difficult to come by than our canine host --

DR. BORMENTHAL

Though people are dropping dead in Moscow at an alarming rate.

PROFESSOR

Not fast enough I'd say, what with the blasted House Management Committee constantly moving people into this house.

DR. BORMENTHAL

Housing is of course a priority --

PROFESSOR

Please --

*Beat.*

DR. BORMENTHAL

This is an extraordinary soup.

PROFESSOR

Yes, the soup is quite good, but no sour cream.

DR. BORMENTHAL

What's that?



PROFESSOR

There's no dollop of sour cream in my borscht. I miss that.

DR. BORMENTHAL

I see --

PROFESSOR

Perhaps Darya has forgotten that I like a dollop of sour cream in my soup, no matter. I'll pick up a little sausage at the Co-op and see if I can't find a subject on my afternoon walk.

DR. BORMENTHAL

A real break through in the field --

PROFESSOR

That's what I've been saying, with the combined transplantation we shall be able to observe and study the functional viability of cellular rejuvenation in a host organism.

*Darya enters with the main course and starts to clear the soup bowls.*

PROFESSOR

Look at this wonderful Sturgeon. Darya Petrovna, you've outdone yourself. A wonderful Sturgeon and a wonderful soup.

DARYA

Thank you, Professor.

DR. BORMENTHAL

A wonderful soup, indeed!

DARYA

Why thank you, Doctor.

PROFESSOR

Yet, there was no dollop of sour cream in my borscht. Did you forget that I like a little sour cream in my soup?

DARYA

There is no sour cream to be found in the shops --

PROFESSOR

Not even on Arbat?

DARYA

Not even on Arbat, what with the stupid Food Rationing Board and the lines everywhere we're lucky that I'm able to bring anything home at all.

PROFESSOR

Really?

DARYA

Really.

*Darya serves the fish and exits.*

PROFESSOR

No sour cream in Moscow? Tragic --

DR. BORMENTHAL

Things are changing --

PROFESSOR

And not for the better if you ask me! My God, she could have made a bit of sour cream, a little lemon, a little vinegar, a little effort, for the soup --

DR. BORMENTHAL

I'm sure you won't have any problem finding a stray on the streets --

PROFESSOR

No sour cream, but plenty of dogs.

DR. BORMENTHAL

I have spoken to the authorities at the Peoples Hospital and we will have the full cooperation of the state when a donor becomes available.

PROFESSOR

Excellent, if I'm right then we'll have opened a new door in the study of cellular rejuvenation and reconstruction.

DR. BORMENTHAL

It certainly would be a feather in your cap, the prestige, the acclaim of the state. Perhaps your own dacha in the country --

PROFESSOR

Maybe then I could keep the House Management Committee from moving more people into this house. Maybe then I could get some sour cream for my soup.

*BLACKOUT.*

ACT 1/SCENE 3

*Lights up.*

*The Moscow streets. We find Sharik where we left him. Curled up in the vestibule, licking his wounds. A **YOUNG WOMAN**, sweeps into the vestibule out of the storm.*

*She is young and pretty wearing silk stockings and a coat too thin for the weather. Shaking off the cold and snow she notices Sharik huddled against the wall.*

YOUNG GIRL

Here Doggy, here boy. What are you whining for you poor little fellow? Did somebody hurt you?

*(looking back toward the street)*

Where is he? Always late. Ugh, my stomach aches.

It's that rotten salt beef. God, look at this awful weather.

*(kneeling down to Sharik)*

When is all this going to end? Sshh, don't cry Sharik. Look at us, we're a fine pair.

*(pause)*

You know he's married. You know that don't you? He fancies me, but I know he'll never leave his wife. Does that make me bad? In another minute he'll be here and he'll sweep me into his arms and take me to a warm room. There will be fine food and wine and maybe he'll have a gift for me. Probably some new silk panties to replace my old stained ones, though I think I'd prefer a warmer coat. Then we'll hold each other and I won't feel ashamed and just for a little while, I'll feel warm and loved and I guess that's about the best we can hope for, eh, Sharik?

**A YOUNG MAN** sweeps into the vestibule.

YOUNG MAN

Dasha, what are you doing?

YOUNG GIRL

Poor things been hurt.

YOUNG MAN

We'll be late --

*He sweeps her into his arms, a quick embrace.*

YOUNG MAN

Let's go --

*They push out into the storm.*

SHARIK

Humans? Sharik, she called me. What a name to choose. Sharik is the sort of name for a round, fat, stupid dog that's fed on porridge. Has a pedigree, not a tattered mongrel with a scalded side like me.

*(starting to cry)*

I don't want to die in this doorway --

*US Professor Preobrazhensky appears in a fox fur coat, hat and gloves. He spots Sharik DS and heads directly towards him.*

SHARIK

A citizen coming way. A citizen, not a comrade. Though even Proletarians wear overcoats these days, but not with a collar like that. Even so, at a distance you can be mistaken. It's the eyes, eyes mean a lot. They tell you everything.

*The Professor enters the vestibule and Sharik begins to growl and back up against the wall.*

PROFESSOR

Easy boy, here boy --

SHARIK

*(sniffing)*

This man is a brain worker! And he's never been afraid because he's never been hungry, but the smell of him. A bad hospital smell and cigars.

PROFESSOR

*(bending down)*

Come here boy, I think I've got something that you'll like.

*The Professor reaches into his pocket and pulls out some white paper, unwraps it. It is sausage, he breaks off a piece and offers it to the dog.*

PROFESSOR

Come on Sharik, take it, take it boy --

SHARIK

He's christened me Sharik as well.

*(sniffing)*

My God, Cracower sausage, he's offering me Cracower sausage, not the rotten stuff from the food rationing board!

*Sharik gobbles the sausage down in two bites, withdraws and then starts to shyly lick the gloved hand of the Professor.*

SHARIK

You've saved my life!

PROFESSOR

That's enough, now let's have a look at you. No collar and you've been wounded, no matter. You are just what I want.

*The Professor rises.*

PROFESSOR

Alright now, Sharik, come with me.

*The Professor starts to leave the vestibule. He claps his hands, moving back US. Sharik shyly crawls out on his belly. The Professor breaks off another piece of sausage and drops it in the street. Sharik cautiously approaches the sausage and gobbles it down.*

Good boy! Now come on Sharik, follow me.

*The Professor starts US, Sharik bounds after him, limping slightly, but quickly falling into step. The street starts to become populated. **ANOTHER COUPLE** rushing out of the weather. **THREE WORKERS** sharing a bottle of vodka. Sharik now takes the lead clearing the way for the Professor. An **OLD WOMAN** pulling a cart appears. Sharik barks loudly, causing her to slip and fall on the pavement.*

Good Heavens! Quiet, you bad boy!

*The Professor helps the Old Woman to her feet as Sharik whimpers.*

My dear, are you alright?

OLD WOMAN

I think I'm fine, Professor.

PROFESSOR

If you have any discomfort you come around immediately, without fail --

OLD WOMAN

Your dog startled me and I slipped --

PROFESSOR

I know dear, now as I said if you should encounter any difficulties, come immediately and we shall make it right.

OLD WOMAN

Thank you Professor, you are very kind, I'm sure I'm fine.

PROFESSOR

Never the less --

*The Old Woman exits.*

PROFESSOR

*(to Sharik)*

And you. We shall have no more of that you naughty little fellow!

SHARIK

Whatever you say! I'll follow you through all the streets of Moscow if you like!

*The Professor and Sharik come to the entrance of a very nice building. FYODOR appears, wearing a uniform with a gold braid. He stands in front of the staircase. Sharik bristles.*

SHARIK

A Porter. Porters, my worst enemies. Worse than Dustmen, worse than Butchers! Cats in gold braid!

PROFESSOR

Quiet you! Good evening, Fyodor.

FYODOR

Good evening, Philip Phillipovich. What do we have here?

PROFESSOR

Just a little gypsy that I found this evening.

SHARIK

My God, who is this genius who can move a stray dog past a Porter. And look at this bastard, not a move, knows his place. That's right, I'm with this gentleman, this brain worker!

PROFESSOR

Quiet Sharik! Any letters, Fyodor?

FYODOR

No letters, but four more people have been moved into number three --

PROFESSOR

What? I can't imagine what it must be like in that apartment. What type of people are they?

FYODOR

They are the new House Management Committee. They've gone for a load of bricks and some screens. I think they plan on building some partitions.

PROFESSOR

What happened to the old House Management Committee?

FYODOR

There was a general meeting and they were kicked out.

PROFESSOR

What in the world is this building coming to?

FYODOR

Extra tenants are being moved into all the flats, except for yours of course, Philip Phillipovich --

PROFESSOR

Yes, of course, I see. Well, good night, Fyodor. Alright Sharik, up the stairs, here we go...

*They come to a door with a fancy name plate.*

SHARIK

P-R-O -- I can't make out the rest. It's some big word like Proletarian. Any dog with half a brain has learned to read. That's how you know where the Bistros and Cafes are. Once, I misread a sign and burst into an Electrical shop thinking it was the Butchers. They whipped me with electrical cable which stung worse than any Dustman's broom.

PROFESSOR

Quiet, you little monster!

*The door opens to reveal **ZINA**, the Professor's beautiful maid and assistant.*

ZINA

Where in the world did you get that?

PROFESSOR

Get in there you little devil.

ZINA

Oh, no Professor. That beast is not coming in here.

*The Professor moves into the apartment, Sharik quickly follows. Zina helps the Professor with his coat and hat.*

ZINA

Does Darya Petrovna know about this? God, he looks lousy.

PROFESSOR

He doesn't look lousy to me at all, but let's see.

*Zina hangs up the Professor's coat and hat as the Professor bends down to examine Sharik.*

PROFESSOR

Hold still boy, let's have a look. Keep still you little fool.

ZINA

Darya is going to have a fit and you know it.

PROFESSOR

That's not lice or mange, it's a scald. Who was mean enough to throw boiling water on you?

SHARIK

It was that bastard of a cook!

ZINA

The poor dear!

PROFESSOR

Zina take him into the consulting room and bring me a white coat.

ZINA

Of course, Professor. This way, boy.

*Sharik follows Zina into the consulting-room. Zina turns on the light. Sharik is startled by the mirrors, tables and lights. He panics.*

SHARIK

You've tricked me into a dog hospital. You want me to swallow castor oil and cut up my wounded side. Well, you won't catch me!

*Sharik bounds for the door smashing into it with his good side. He spins off it like a top knocking over and breaking a glass jar full of white cotton. The dog waits in the far corner planning his next escape.*

ZINA

You little devil! Where do you think you are going?

SHARIK

You won't catch me!

*Sharik springs across the room knocking over another glass container. The Professor rushes in.*



PROFESSOR  
WHAT THE DEVIL! YOU LITTLE BEAST!

*The Professor grabs Sharik by the hind legs.*

Zina, grab him by the scruff of the neck and help me get him onto the table. BORMENTHAL!

*Zina and the Professor struggle with Sharik finally getting him on the table. Bormenthal runs in.*

BORMENTHAL  
What the devil!

PROFESSOR  
Bormenthal, sedate this dog!

*Bormenthal goes to the cabinet, grabs a jar of liquid and some cotton, pours the liquid onto the cotton and approaches Sharik on the examining table.*

SHARIK  
So, this is it! Goodbye Moscow! I shan't see Cracower sausage again! I'm going to the heaven of long suffering dogs. YOU BUTCHERS! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?

*With his last bit of strength Sharik manages to roll off the table and bites Bormenthal on the ankle.*

BORMENTHAL  
Son of a bitch!

*Bormenthal stays with it and gets the cotton over Sharik's snout until the dog succumbs.*

BORMENTHAL  
Sweet dreams, you little bastard.

BLACKOUT.

ACT 1/SCENE 4

*Lights up. Sharik's eyes flutter open in the consulting-room as the Professor and Zina tend to Bormenthal's bitten ankle. Sharik's wounded side is tightly bandaged.*

SHARIK

So, these bastards did cut me up, though I admit they seem to have done a clean job of it. So, that's the swine I bit. That's my doing, now there will be trouble.

PROFESSOR

Our little gypsy is awake. Why did you bite the good Doctor? Why did you break all that glass, eh?

*Sharik whimpers as Bormenthal stands, rolls his pant leg down and lights a cigarette. Zina grabs a broom and a dust pan and starts to clean up the broken glass.*

BORMENTHAL

How did you ever manage to entice such a nervous, excitable dog into following you here?

PROFESSOR

With kindness my dear Ivan Arnoldovich --

ZINA

And sausage --

PROFESSOR

Kindness is the only possible way of dealing with another living creature. You'll get nowhere with an animal by using terror, no matter what it's level of development is. People who think that you can use terror are quite wrong --

ZINA

It was the sausage --

PROFESSOR

Terror is useless no matter what it's color, white, red or even brown! And yes, Zina, I bought this little scamp some Cracower sausage for 1 rouble, 40 kopecks --

ZINA

Cracower! You should have bought him 20 kopecks of scraps from the Butcher. I'd rather eat the Cracower myself!

PROFESSOR

Don't you dare! That stuff is poison to human stomachs. Now be a dear, and run out and pick some more up. Our little trouble-maker will be hungry when he gets over his nausea.

ZINA

Cracower sausage, I tell you I will eat it myself.

PROFESSOR

When your stomach finally gives out I promise you that neither the Doctor or myself will lift a finger to help you.

ZINA

Is that so?

PROFESSOR

A grown woman and ready to poke anything into your mouth like a child --

ZINA

Alright, Professor I shall pick him up some Cracower sausage.

PROFESSOR

Thank you, Zina.

*Zina finishes sweeping up the broken glass.*

ZINA

You are welcome, Professor and by the way Darya Petrovna is furious with you.

PROFESSOR

Thank you, Zina.

*Zina exits.*

BORMENTHAL

Time for your afternoon appointments.

PROFESSOR

Fine.

BORMENTHAL

Do you want me to watch the beast?

PROFESSOR

No, he can stay with me.

BORMENTHAL

As you wish.

PROFESSOR

Come on Sharik, come with me.

*Sharik rolls off the table, a bit wobbly and follows the Professor and Bormenthal down the hall towards the Professor's office.*

BORMENTHAL

You'll see them in your office.

PROFESSOR

Yes.

*Bormenthal splits off as Zina appears walking toward the front door in her coat.*

PROFESSOR

Zina.

ZINA

I'm going.

*Darya Petrovna appears holding the broom and the dust pan and she is not happy. The Professor never stops.*

DARYA

Professor, I am furious with you!

PROFESSOR

Zina mentioned it --

DARYA

I'm not going to be cleaning up after a dog as well. It's bad enough I have to clean up after all of you --

PROFESSOR

No time, patients to see.

*The Professor enters his office with Sharik. A desk, two chairs and another examining table. A hospital screen. Book cases filled with books, files and jars. A couch, a small throw rug next to it and a stuffed Owl, sitting on an end table.*

PROFESSOR

Lie down there. What a good boy you are.

*Sharik lays down on the throw rug as the Professor takes a seat behind his desk and starts to read some files.*

SHARIK

This can't be a hospital. I've landed somewhere else. I wish I knew what that owl was looking at? What's it doing here anyway?

*Bormenthal enters, hands the Professor a chart. The Professor takes it and starts to read.*

PROFESSOR

How does he look?

BORMENTHAL

You'll have to see for yourself I think you'll find this interesting.

PROFESSOR

Well, send him in.

*Bormenthal exits. The Professor starts to organize his charts on his desk, his back to the door. A moment later the door opens again and the **GREEN HAired MAN** enters. His appearance so odd that Sharik yelps.*

PROFESSOR

Quiet Sharik!

*(turning around)*

What the devil? My dear fellow, what in the world? I hardly recognize you. Behind the screen, please old man.

GREEN HAired MAN

You're a wizard, Professor. An absolute magician!

PROFESSOR

Take down you're pants, old man.

*The Green Haired man drops his trousers to reveal black silk boxers covered in -*

SHARIK

CATS!

PROFESSOR

Quiet, or I shall beat you! He won't bite --

SHARIK

Won't I?

PROFESSOR

Behind the screen, please.

GREEN HAired MAN

It's indescribable, 'Parole d'honneur,' - I haven't known anything like this in twenty-five years. Would you believe it Professor, hordes of naked girls, night after night. I am absolutely entranced!

*The Professor and the Green Haired Man have moved behind the screen. The Professor starts to examine the Green Haired Man.*

PROFESSOR

Well, don't tax yourself, old man. We didn't rejuvenate the heart! You shouldn't over do it.

GREEN HAired MAN

I'm not overdoing it. Just a little experiment.

PROFESSOR

An experiment, eh? What are the results?

*Sharik gets up and looks at the front of the screen and then behind.*

GREEN HAired MAN

I swear to God, Professor. You are a magician!

PROFESSOR

You may dress.

*The Professor emerges from the screen as Sharik heads back to the rug, stops cold and just stares at the Owl, as the Green Haired man struggles with his trousers. The Professor sits down behind his desk and starts to write on the chart.*

GREEN HAired MAN

*(emerging from behind the screen)*

The last time was the Rue de la Paix. Paris, 1899. Ah, Paris!

SHARIK

You better stop staring at me, stupid Owl!

PROFESSOR

Now perhaps you can tell me why have you turned green?

GREEN HAired MAN

You wouldn't believe the stuff those rogues palmed off on me as dye. I can't go around looking like this, I haven't been to work in two days. What am I going to do Professor?

PROFESSOR

You shall have to shave off all of your hair.

GREEN HAired MAN

But then it will just grow in all gray again! Oh, Professor if only you'd come up with a way of rejuvenating hair!

PROFESSOR

One thing at a time, old man.

SHARIK

This Owl is bugging me!

PROFESSOR

Quiet, Sharik! Well, everything seems to be in fine shape! Splendid, to be honest even I didn't expect such results, but you mustn't over do it!

GREEN HAired MAN

I won't over do it, Professor --

PROFESSOR

And you shall shave off that ridiculous hair --

GREEN HAired MAN

You are my dearest friend in the world, a magician!

PROFESSOR

I won't need to see you for a few weeks, but I must beg you to take it easy! Bormenthal will schedule your next appointment.

*The Green Haired Man hands the Professor a handful of bank notes.*

GREEN HAired MAN

Thank you, Professor. I shall see you soon. A wizard --

PROFESSOR

Yes of course, old man.

*The Green Haired Man exits and Sharik's attention is diverted from the Owl. The Professor opens a drawer on his desk and removes a metal box. He places the bank notes in the box and replaces the box in his desk. Bormenthal enters handing the Professor another chart.*

BORMENTHAL

She has lied about her age. It's probably about fifty. Muffled heart beat and inflammation of the --

PROFESSOR

Yes, I see. Send her in.

*Bormenthal starts to leave. The Dog and the Doctor regard each other for a moment. Bormenthal exits. The Professor sits on the corner of his desk fiddling with a cigar and the chart. A moment later The **RUSTLING LADY** enters. She is painted, well dressed, older than she wants to admit.*

SHARIK

What the devil is this?

RUSTLING LADY

What a charming little dog.

SHARIK

Grrrrrrrrrrr --

PROFESSOR

How old are you, madame?

RUSTLING LADY

Honestly... Well, forty-five --

SHARIK

HA! Grrrrrrrrrrr --

RUSTLING LADY

What a vocal little dog --

PROFESSOR

Madame, I am a very busy man. Do not waste my time.  
You are not my only patient you know!

RUSTLING LADY

I have come to see you, a great scientist. I swear to you,  
Professor, it's horrible --

PROFESSOR

I need to know your correct age, madame!

RUSTLING LADY

I've never experienced anything like this before.  
I suppose that I should be taking better care --

PROFESSOR

HOW OLD ARE YOU!

RUSTLING LADY

Fifty-two!

PROFESSOR

Fine. Now, please take off your underwear.

*The Rustling Lady moves behind the  
screen, as the Professor writes in the  
chart.*

RUSTLING LADY

I swear, Professor, this boy Moritz will be my last affair!

*The Professor heads behind the screen  
as does Sharik.*



*The Rustling Lady removes her garments and climbs on the examining table.*

RUSTLING LADY

He's such a brute. All of Moscow knows that he's a card sharper and that he can't resist any tart of a dress-maker that catches his eye, but he's so deliciously young!

*Sharik emerges from behind the screen with the Rustling Lady's panties on his head.*

SHARIK

To hell with all of this, it's indecent. I'm not even going to try and guess what any of this is all about.

PROFESSOR

I've seen enough! You may dress.

*The Professor emerges from the screen. The Rustling Lady searches for her panties.*

RUSTLING LADY

Is it serious, Professor?

*The Professor see's the panties on Sharik's head.*

PROFESSOR

Will you give me those!

*He grabs the panties and tosses them over the screen.*

RUSTLING LADY

Thank you, Professor --

*The Rustling Lady finishes dressing and emerges from behind the screen.*

PROFESSOR

Sit down.

RUSTLING LADY

What is it Professor?

PROFESSOR

I'm afraid I'm going to have to implant some monkey ovaries into you --

RUSTLING LADY

Oh, Professor, not monkey.

PROFESSOR

Yes, monkey, it's our only recourse.

RUSTLING LADY

It's that serious --

PROFESSOR

I'm afraid so --

RUSTLING LADY

Professor, when will you operate?

PROFESSOR

Monday. You will have to be admitted into the hospital --

RUSTLING LADY

Oh, Professor, not the hospital! I couldn't possibly --

PROFESSOR

I urge you not to wait --

RUSTLING LADY

Couldn't you operate here?

PROFESSOR

Here, impossible. I only operate here in special cases. It would be very expensive --

RUSTLING LADY

I'll pay.

PROFESSOR

It's 2500 roubles --

RUSTLING LADY

*(going into her purse)*

I can pay in advance.

PROFESSOR

If that is your wish, see Doctor Bormenthal on the way out and he'll schedule you. I beg you not to aggravate your condition. I shall see you next week.

RUSTLING LADY

*(handing the Professor 2500 roubles)*

Bless you, Professor.

*The Rustling Lady stands and exits.  
Sharik watches her go.*

SHARIK

Grrrrrrrrrrrrr.

*The Professor makes a few notes on the chart, puts the money in the box in his desk.*

SHARIK

This being a brain worker pays well, even if it is indecent, monkey's, it's the devils business!

*The Professor lights his cigar as Bormenthal enters, takes a seat and lights a cigarette.*

What is it with humans and smoking?

PROFESSOR

Is that all for today?

BORMENTHAL

Patients, yes, but you have some other visitors --

PROFESSOR

What now?

BORMENTHAL

The new House Management Committee --

PROFESSOR

The ones from number three, you can't be serious?

BORMENTHAL

I'm serious and they seem very serious.

PROFESSOR

What the devil! Do they have an appointment? It's awfully close to dinner --

BORMENTHAL

Shall I send them in?

PROFESSOR

Do I have any choice in the matter?

BORMENTHAL

Not really, might as well get it over with.

PROFESSOR

House Management Committee, don't they realize that I am exempt! That I have a certificate stating that exemption!

BORMENTHAL

Zina says that dinner will be ready soon, are you ready?

PROFESSOR

This is ridiculous, let's see what these awful people want?

*Bormenthal exits and a moment later the Doctor returns with four poorly dressed people. The leader is **SHVONDER**, a shock of red hair sprouting from the top of his head. **VYAZEMSKAYA**, an attractive woman dressed like a man. The other two comrades are **PESTRUHKIN** and **SHAROVKYAN**. Sharik comes to attention upon the arrival of this odd assemblage.*

SHARIK

What's all this?

PROFESSOR

Quiet, Sharik! What can I do for you?

SHVONDER

The reason we've come to see you, Professor --

PROFESSOR

Gentlemen, you ought not go out in this weather without wearing your galoshes. Firstly, you'll catch cold and secondly you've muddied all my carpets and my carpets are all Persian!

VYAZEMSKAYA

Firstly, we are not gentlemen --

PROFESSOR

Secondly, are you a man or a woman?

SHVONDER

What difference does that make. Comrade?

VYAZEMSKAYA

I am a woman --

PROFESSOR

Then you may keep your hat on, but as for the rest of you gentlemen, and you my dear sir, I must insist that you remove your rather interesting head gear.

PESTRUHKIN

I am not your dear sir!

PROFESSOR

Never the less!

*All but Vyazemskaya remove their hats.*

SHVONDER

We have come to see you --

PROFESSOR

First of all - who are, 'we?'

SHVONDER

We are the new House Management Committee for this block of flats. I am Shvonder, she is Vyazemskaya, and these are the comrades Pestruhkin and Sharovkyan. So, we --

PROFESSOR

Are you the new tenants that have moved into number three?

SHVONDER

Yes, we are --

PROFESSOR

I can't imagine what that flat must be like. What is this place coming too?

SHVONDER

Are you laughing at us, Professor?

BORMENTHAL

The Professor is not laughing at you --

PROFESSOR

Laughing? I'm in absolute despair. What's going to become of the central heating now?

VYAZEMSKAYA

Are you making fun of us, Professor?

BORMENTHAL

The Professor is not making fun of you!

PROFESSOR

Thank you, Ivan Arnoldovich. No, I am not making fun of you as you all seem perfectly capable of doing that for yourselves. Now, why have you come to see me? Please come directly to the point as you are keeping me from my dinner!

SHAROVKYAN

Roast Beef --

PESTRUHKIN

Smells lovely --

VYAZEMSKAYA

QUIET!

SHVONDER

We, the new House Management Committee, have come to see you as the result of the general meeting of tenants on this block. We are charged with increasing the occupancy of this house --

PROFESSOR

What do you mean, 'charged?' Please try and express yourself more clearly?

VYAZEMSKAYA

It is our responsibility to increase the occupancy!

PROFESSOR

As I'm sure you know, my rooms are exempt as of the August 13th regulation from any increase in occupancy!

SHVONDER

We know that, but when the general meeting examined the question, it was determined that, that you are occupying too much space --

VYAZEMSKAYA

Far too much! You live alone in seven rooms --

PROFESSOR

I live and work in seven rooms and I could do with eight!

SHAROVKYAN

Eight rooms!

PESTRUHKIN

Unheard of!

PROFESSOR

Yes, eight! I need a proper library! Do you know why my servants live with me? My servants live with me because the House Management Committee for their block of flats increased the occupancy to the point where my servants found themselves living in the streets! I assure you that will not be occurring here!

SHAROVKYAN

That's rich that is!

PESTRUHKIN

It's indescribable, unheard of!

VYAZEMSKAYA

Professor, do you realize that we have twenty-six comrades living in six rooms in number three!

PROFESSOR

Twenty-six people in six rooms, really?

VYAZEMSKAYA

Yes, Professor, really?

PROFESSOR

That is horrible and absolutely no concern of mine. I have a waiting room, which you may notice also has to serve as my library, a dining-room, and my study - that makes three. Consulting-room - four, operating-theatre - five. My bedroom - six, and the servant's room - seven. So you see, it's really not enough, but that's not the point. My apartment is exempt and our conversation is therefore at an end. May I go and have my supper?

SHVONDER

It is because of your dining-room and consulting-room that we have come to see you. The general meeting request was that as a matter of labor discipline you give up those two rooms voluntarily.

VYAZEMSKAYA

No one in Moscow has a dining-room!

PESTRUHKIN

Not even Isadora Duncan!

SHVONDER

You can easily combine your consulting-room with your study!

PROFESSOR

And where am I to eat?

SHAROVKYAN

In the bedroom of course!

PROFESSOR

So, I can eat in the bedroom, read in the consulting-room, dress in the hall, examine patients in the maids room and operate in the lavatory! I expect that's what Isadora Duncan does. Perhaps she eats in her study and dissects rabbits in the bedroom. Perhaps, but I AM NOT ISADORA DUNCAN --

BORMENTHAL

Professor, please --

PROFESSOR

I shall eat in the dining-room and operate in the operating theatre! Tell that to the blasted general meeting! In the meantime will you kindly go and mind your business and allow me to have my supper in the place where all normal people eat, IN THE DINING-ROOM, NOT IN THE HALL AND NOT IN THE NURSERY!

SHAROVKYAN

Roast beef --

PESTRUHKIN

With potatoes --

VYAZEMSKAYA

QUIET!

SHVONDER

In that case we will be lodging a formal complaint against you with a higher authority!

PROFESSOR

So, that's your game is it? One moment please! Bormenthal the telephone!

SHARIK

He's just like me! Any minute now, he'll bite them! I don't know how, but he'll bite one of them alright! I could get the red-headed one, the tendon right behind the knee!  
Grrrrrrrrrrrrrr --

PROFESSOR

*(dialing the telephone)*

Quiet, Sharik! I shall take care of this... Yes, hello... Yes, this is Professor Preobrazhensky, please put me through to Pyotor Alexandrovich! Yes, thank you...

SHVONDER

Professor, I, uh --

PROFESSOR

Pyotor Alexandrovich, so glad I was able to get you on the telephone. Very nice of you to say... Thank you... Well, in that regard I'm afraid that I have some bad news for you. Your operation will have to be cancelled... Yes, cancelled... I'm cancelling all my operations, can't be helped... I'll tell you why, I'm not going to work in Moscow anymore. As a matter of fact I don't think that I'm going to work in Russia any longer... Well, I'll tell you why. I'm just having a visit from four people, one of whom is a woman disguised as a man, and two of whom are armed with revolvers. They are terrorizing me in my own flat and they are threatening to evict me --

SHVONDER

Hey, hold on a minute Professor, that's not right --

PROFESSOR

I can't quite make out what they are saying. Roughly speaking they have told me give up my consulting-room, which will oblige me to dissect rabbits in the operating theatre, which is completely impossible! Not only can I not work in such conditions, I refuse to... No, that's it I'm closing down my practice. I'll be shutting up the apartment and moving to Sochi, or maybe back to Kiev... I am completely serious...

SHVONDER

Professor, what are you saying?



PROFESSOR

I'll leave the keys with Shvonder... Bormenthal can operate for me... No, it's too much really... Of course I'm upset, can't be helped... No, I couldn't possibly, my patience has snapped, I flatly refuse... This is the second time since August... No, no, no, no, no... I suppose so... I suppose but it must be the ultimate in certificates, armor plated... As long as it's understood that Shvonder and his ruthless gang are never to darken my door again... Well, I'll just hand him the telephone.

*(to Shvonder)*

You're wanted on the telephone.

SHVONDER

But, Professor, what you've told him is all wrong --

PROFESSOR

*(handing Shvonder the phone)*

Please don't speak to me like that.

SHVONDER

*(taking the telephone)*

Hello... Yes, I'm Shvonder... Yes, I'm the Chairman of the House Management Committee -- Yes, well -- Yes, well we were only acting in accordance with the regulations -- We understand that the Professor's work is very important... I understand that it's a special case... Yes, well we were going to leave him five whole -- Yes... Yes... Yes, I understand... I understand. Well, if that's the way it -- Yes... Yes... Yes, sir.

*(to the Professor)*

He'd like to speak to you.

PROFESSOR

*(taking the telephone)*

Yes, hello... No, thank you, Pyotor Alexandrovich... Next week, that will be fine. I'll just hand you over to Doctor Bormenthal and he can schedule you. No, thank you, I'm so glad... Here's Doctor Bormenthal.

*The Professor hands the telephone to Bormenthal and relights his cigar.*

BORMENTHAL

Hello, Pyotor Alexandrovich, well we could get you in Monday morning...

SHVONDER

This is a disgrace!

BORMENTHAL

Well, we shall see you then, goodbye.

*Bormenthal hangs up the telephone.*

VYAZEMSKAYA

To the devil with Pyotor Alexandrovich, if only he were here right now!

PROFESSOR

Would you like to speak with him, I can reach him.

*Bormenthal holds up the telephone.*

VYAZEMSKAYA

Be as sarcastic as you like, Professor, we're going now, but as Manager of the building --

PROFESSOR

Manager-ess!

VYAZEMSKAYA

I want to ask you to buy a few magazines to aid the children of Germany.

*(pulling magazines from her tunic)*

50 kopecks a piece!

PROFESSOR

Have you lost complete control of your faculties? I will not!

VYAZEMSKAYA

Why not?

PROFESSOR

I don't want to.

VYAZEMSKAYA

Don't you feel sorry for the children of Germany?

PROFESSOR

Yes, yes I do.

VYAZEMSKAYA

Can't you spare 50 kopecks?

PROFESSOR

Yes, yes I can.

VYAZEMSKAYA

Then, why won't you?

PROFESSOR

Because, I simply don't want to.

VYAZEMSKAYA

You know, Professor, if you weren't world famous and protected by certain people in the most disgusting ways --

SHVONDER

Which we propose to investigate --

VYAZEMSKAYA

You should be arrested!

BORMENTHAL

For what.

VYAZEMSKAYA

The Professor hates the Proletariat!

SHARIK

And I hate the Proletariat too, and I'll take a bite out of the next citizen that makes a move!

PROFESSOR

Settle down, Sharik. Well, as you can see you have succeeded in upsetting my dog and putting my staff and I off our dinner. Leave at once or I shall release my Dog and I shall not be responsible --

SHARIK

Say the word, I'll take a piece out of whoever you like! The cheeky fellow who wouldn't take his hat off, or the one with the ridiculous hair, you name it!

BORMENTHAL

I think you'd better leave --

PROFESSOR

Yes, you had better go. I'm having a hard time controlling my dog!

SHVONDER

This isn't the end of this, Professor --

SHARIK

Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr...

SHAROVKYAN

You better control that dog, Professor.

PESTRUHKIN

Yeah, Professor.

*Sharik bounds and snaps at the House Management Committee, pushing them toward the door!*

SHARIK

GET OUT! GET OUT AT ONCE! MY MASTER WANTS HIS DINNER!



*Bormenthal and Zina lead the House Management Committee out. The Professor releases Sharik and starts to rub his stomach.*

PROFESSOR

What a good boy you are.

DARYA

What a performance. Dinner is ready.

*Darya exits, Bormenthal passes her on the way back in.*

BORMENTHAL

That went well.

PROFESSOR

Splendidly!

*BLACKOUT.*

*In the darkness we hear a hammer nailing a board together. Then another hammer, then another and another, until...*

SACT 1/SCENE 5

*Lights come up in the dining-room. The Professor and the Doctor are being served by Zina. Sharik sits next to the Professor, refusing to leave his side.*

PROFESSOR

I urge you to leave the caviar alone, and if you want a good piece of advice don't touch the English vodka, stick with the clear stuff.

BORMENTHAL

What make is it?

PROFESSOR

My dear fellow, it's pure alcohol. Darya Petrovna makes the most delicious homemade vodka.

BORMENTHAL

But surely, Philip Phillipovich, everyone says that thirty degree vodka is quite good enough.

PROFESSOR

First of all, vodka must be at least forty degree, not thirty and secondly the devil only knows what muck they make into vodka these days!

BORMENTHAL

Good point.

PROFESSOR

*(throwing back his vodka)*

Ivan Arnoldovich, drink that at once and if you ask me it's make, you shall be my enemy for life!

*Bormenthal drinks.*

PROFESSOR

Not too bad, eh?

BORMENTHAL

It's excellent.

PROFESSOR

Of course it is. Forty degree!

*From above the hammers go back to work.*

SHARIK

Awooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

PROFESSOR

What the devil is going on now! ZINA, ZINA WHAT THE DEVIL!

*(Zina enters with the last course.)*

PROFESSOR

*(shouting over the din)*

Zina, what in the world are they doing now?

ZINA

Still building the partitions!

PROFESSOR

My God, how long can it take, they've been at it for the last hour!

*The Professor feeds Sharik a tidbit from the table. The hammering stops.*

PROFESSOR

Thank God!

ZINA

If you feed a dog at the table you won't get him out of here after for love or money!

PROFESSOR

Hush Zina, the poor things hungry. How do you like that, eh, boy?

SHARIK

I am the luckiest dog in all of Moscow!

ZINA

*(pouring the wine)*

You shall spoil him miserably, I can see it all now.

PROFESSOR

Thank you, Zina.

ZINA

You are welcome.

*Zina exits.*

PROFESSOR

Food, Ivan Arnoldovich, is a subtle thing. One must know how to eat. Just think, most people do not know how to eat at all! One must not only know what to eat, but when and how, and what to say while they are eating!

BORMENTHAL

These days I think it's enough for most people to just be able to eat at all. I don't think they much care what or how.

PROFESSOR

I see, quite right, a piece of advice though, if you care about your digestion don't talk Bolshevism or Medicine at the table. And God forbid, never read the Soviet papers before dinner.

BORMENTHAL

Professor, there are no other papers.

PROFESSOR

Then you shouldn't read at all, at least not that nonsense.

*The hammering begins again.*

SHARIK

Awoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

PROFESSOR

*(over the noise)*

I did a clinical study!

BORMENTHAL

What's that Professor?

PROFESSOR

I DID A CLINICAL STUDY AND WHAT DO YOU THINK I FOUND --

*The hammering subsides.*

PROFESSOR

And what do you think I found? The people who never read the papers were all in excellent health and those who I made read Pravda, all lost weight. Not only did they lose weight, their knee reflexes became retarded, and they lost appetite and exhibited a general depression.

BORMENTHAL

Seriously, Professor.

PROFESSOR

I am being completely serious, but listen to me I'm talking medicine at the table.

*The Professor puts a piece of fish on a plate and offers it to Sharik. The Dog sniffs at it and tilts his head as if asking a question. Zina enters and starts clearing the dishes.*

PROFESSOR

Zina, be a dear and bring Sharik some roast beef. I don't think he fancies the fish.

ZINA

I can't recall many dogs that are partial to fish. At least they've stopped the construction for the evening in number three.

BORMENTHAL

That is good news.

Zina exits. The Professor lights a cigar, pours himself another glass of wine. The Doctor lights a cigarette.

SHARIK

What's with this smoking? It makes no sense what-so-ever. Smoking after eating, humans.

PROFESSOR

Don't worry, your roast beef will be here in a moment. This Saint Julien is a wonderful wine.

BORMENTHAL

French.

PROFESSOR

Yes, French, pity there is no more to be had, at least not for us in Moscow, anyway.

*Coming from above muffled voices in a chorus can be heard singing party songs along with a noisy commotion.*



PROFESSOR

What now! Zina! ZINA!

*Zina enters with a bowl of roast beef scraps and places it in front of Sharik who wastes no time and dives in.*

PROFESSOR

Zina, what the devil is going on up there now?

ZINA

They are having another general meeting.

PROFESSOR

What, again, another? Well, this really is the end of this house. We really will have to go away, but where to, Odessa, Kiev? I can see exactly what will happen. First comes the community singing in the evening, then the pipes will freeze in the lavatories, then the central heating boiler will blow up and so on. This really is the end.

ZINA

Philip Phillipovich worries himself to death.

PROFESSOR

I can't help it! You remember what this house used to be like.

ZINA

I was a little girl. My memory is sketchy.

BORMENTHAL

You take too black a view of things, Professor. There is considerable change for the better.

PROFESSOR

Really?

ZINA

More wine, Professor?

PROFESSOR

My dear Doctor, I am a man of facts. I am the enemy of the unsupported hypothesis. I am known as such, not only in Russia, but in Europe, too! If I say something that means it's based on some fact on which I base my conclusions. Here is a fact for you: there is a hat stand and rack for boots and galoshes in this house --

SHARIK

To hell with galoshes, I'd like more roast beef --

PROFESSOR

Yes, a rack for galoshes. I have been living in this house since 1903, and from then until March of 1917 there was not one case, and let me underline in red pencil, not one case of a pair of galoshes disappearing from the rack even when the front door was wide open --

ZINA

That I seem to remember the front door always wide open.

PROFESSOR

Quiet, Zina!

ZINA

Here it comes.

PROFESSOR

Then one fine day in March of 1917 all the galoshes disappeared. Two pair were mine, three walking sticks, an overcoat and Fyodor's samovar!

ZINA

And now the boiler.

PROFESSOR

I wasn't going to mention it, but now that you bring it up. The rule there apparently is - once a social revolution takes place there's no need to stoke the boiler! Why must we keep our galoshes under lock and key? Why has the carpet been removed from the front staircase?

BORMENTHAL

I'm sure I don't know.

ZINA

*(to Bormenthal)*

Don't bother.

PROFESSOR

Did Karl Marx forbid people to keep their staircases carpeted? Did Karl Marx say anywhere that the front door of Number Two, Kalabukhov house on Prechistenka Street be boarded up so that people have to go around and come in the back?

*Zina grabs a glass and pours herself some wine and takes a seat at the table.*

What good does it do, that's what I'd like to know? Why can't the Proletarians leave their galoshes downstairs instead of dirtying the staircase?

BORMENTHAL

But, Philip Phillipovich, they don't have any galoshes.

ZINA

*(shaking her head)*

Oh, no.

PROFESSOR

Nothing of the sort! The Proletarians do have galoshes and those galoshes are mine! The very same ones that disappeared in the spring of 1917. Who removed them? I certainly didn't!

ZINA

I was just a little girl, I'm above suspicion, but of course I remember the flowers on the landing --

PROFESSOR

Exactly! The flowers on the landing! Why on Earth do they need to remove the flowers from the landing? Does the new Communism have a problem with flowers? Why does the electricity, which to the best of my recollection has only failed twice in the last twenty years, now seem to go out on a regular basis! Statistics, Doctor Bormenthal are a terrible thing.

BORMENTHAL

*(smiling to Zina)*

It sounds as if you think the place is going to ruin.

*From upstairs the singing rises up again. A party work song.*

ZINA

This place is going to ruin.

PROFESSOR

Stop it, you two. AND STOP THAT WARBLING UPSTAIRS!

ZINA

Ruin --

SHARIK

Roast beef --

PROFESSOR

You must all refrain from using that word. What do you mean by ruin? Zina gone mad, a witch on a broom stick, smashing all the windows and lights? No such thing!

ZINA

Don't be so sure, Professor.

PROFESSOR

I'll tell you what it is. If instead of operating or seeing patients every evening, I STARTED A GLEE CLUB IN MY APARTMENT, that would mean that I was on the road to ruin. If when I go to the lavatory, I didn't, pardon the expression, 'pee in the bowl,' and Zina and Darya Petrovna did the same --

ZINA

Really, Professor!

PROFESSOR

If none of us peed in the bowl then the lavatory would be ruined. Ruin, is therefore not the caused by lavatories, but by people! Something that starts in people's heads. So when these clowns start shouting, 'Stop the ruin,' it's laughable.

BORMENTHAL

And you have a solution?

PROFESSOR

I do! Everyone of them needs to be hit in the back of the head repeatedly, preferably with a large piece of wood. Then once all the hallucinations have been knocked out of their heads they can get on with their real jobs, sweeping out backyards, and stoking the boilers. And then, all this 'ruin' will automatically disappear! You can't serve two Gods! You can't sweep the dirt off the streets and solve the Spanish beggars at the same time --

ZINA

German orphans, I think. That's what's on now.

BORMENTHAL

Professor, you sound almost counter-revolutionary. I hope no one hears you.

ZINA

Just friends finishing the last glass of wine of the evening, that's all.

PROFESSOR

Counter-revolutionary? Nonsense, I'm doing no harm! What I say is full of sound sense and a lifetime of experience. Nothing counter-revolutionary in that at all, incidentally that's a word I can't stand, counter-revolutionary, what's it mean anyway? No one knows.

BORMENTHAL

These are the new times, Professor. A new way and we citizens are all accountable for the things we say.

PROFESSOR

Are we? I see, as for myself I shall be going to the Bolshoi!

ZINA

Professor, no. It's much too late.

PROFESSOR

I think I can just catch the second act, "Aida," is on this evening. You see, Doctor, I believe in the division of labor. The Bolshoi's job to sing and mine is to operate. That is how things should be.

*The Professor rises and finishes his wine, reaches into his pocket pulls out a wallet and counts out five hundred roubles. He hands it to the Doctor who quickly pockets it.*

PROFESSOR

This should cover today.

BORMENTHAL

Will you need me this evening.

PROFESSOR

I think not. Make sure that our little Arab is well attended.

SHARIK

*(following the Professor)*

I'm going.

PROFESSOR

No, Sharik, you stay here with Zina and the Doctor. I shall see you soon. Good night Zina, Doctor.

*The Professor exits. Zina rises and immediately starts clearing the table. The Doctor lights another cigarette.*

BORMENTHAL

The Professor needs to be more careful about the things he says, especially these days.

ZINA

Do you mean the things he says around you?

BORMENTHAL

Excuse me? I just mean that I worry about the Professor.

ZINA

Please! Do you worry about the five hundred roubles that he puts into your pocket everyday? Do you think about the plight of the workers while you eat his food and drink his spirits? It seems like you have it pretty good both ways, Doctor. I'm sure you can let yourself out.

BORMENTHAL

I have offended you.

ZINA

No, you have merely embarrassed yourself. I shouldn't think it unusual.

BORMENTHAL

*(rising)*

I shall be leaving --

ZINA

Please.

*Bormenthal awkwardly stubs out his cigarette, drops his napkin and silently makes for the door. He pauses at the door and then exits. Zina locks the door behind him sighing as she meets Sharik's eye.*

ZINA

Come on you little trouble-maker. Let's find you a place to sleep and don't give me those eyes, you won't be sleeping in my room. We shall put you in the Professor's room and I swear if you climb into his bed there will be hell to pay. Now, follow me.

SHARIK

I was right to bite him, wasn't I?

ZINA

Come to bed.

*Zina turns off the light, as we...*

*BLACKOUT.*

ACT 1/SCENE 6

*Lights up.*

*Two weeks later and Sharik bounds across the stage being chased by Zina with a rolled up copy of Pravda in her hand. She can't catch him. Sharik treats it like a game, Zina is not amused.*

ZINA

You little beast! Wait till I get my hands on you!

*Sharik bounds off the stage, Zina chasing.*

*A moment later Sharik re-appears races to stage center and drops down onto his stomach, his front paws bouncing on the floor in anticipation. This time the Stuffed Owl is in his mouth. Zina enters.*

ZINA

I am not playing you little gypsy!

*Zina takes a swat at Sharik with the rolled up newspaper but he's too fast and bounds off the stage again, Zina in hot pursuit.*

ZINA

Wait until the Professor sees the mess you've made of his study!

*Sharik bounds onto the stage again, taking center again. He drops the Owl and looks very pleased with himself. Zina enters, exhausted.*

ZINA

TO THE DEVIL WITH YOU! You shall stay locked in here until the Professor returns! I have had enough of your terrorizing this house, but the Owl, really Sharik. You've gone quite too far! I am extremely upset with you!

*Sharik attempts to turn on the charm.*

ZINA

Oh, no you don't, not this time. You are worse than a man!

*Zina exits.*

SHARIK

She loves me! I have obviously drawn the winning ticket in the dog lottery. Perhaps, I am a dog Prince, it's possible. After further inspection I am quite a good looking dog. Perhaps my Grandmother had an affair with a Labrador. All I know is that I have eaten more in this last two weeks than I had in six on the streets. Every day Darya Petrovna brings home 20 kopecks worth of meat from the Smolensk market just for me! At first I thought it was a dream. I thought that I'd wake up freezing in that doorway with a scalded side and Pneumonia, but it's no dream. I must be a very special dog! A brain worker like the Professor wouldn't pick up just any stray mongrel. So I took care of that creepy Owl, so what.

*The Professor enters with Zina in tow.*

PROFESSOR

You little monkey! Why did you ruin the Owl?

ZINA

I left everything as it was, so you could see what the little monster gets into while you're away.

PROFESSOR

Was the Owl doing you any harm? Afraid of what you don't understand, typical.

SHARIK

Afraid, balls. That Owl was just plain creepy, never moving, always staring at you.

ZINA

It's pointless. He is completely and hopelessly spoiled, Philip Phillipovich, and it's all your doing. He needs at least one good whipping, look at what he has done to your galoshes!

SHARIK

Excuse me?

PROFESSOR

No one is to be whipped, remember that once and for all!

SHARIK

There you go --

PROFESSOR

Animals and people can only be influenced by persuasion.

*(pause)*

Have you given him his meat today?

ZINA

Professor, he's eaten us out of house and home. He eats so much I'm surprised he doesn't burst!

PROFESSOR

It's good for him. You little ruffian, look at what you've done.

The Professor takes Sharik by the back of the neck, the dog begins to whimper and cry.

ZINA

He jumped on the table, the little brute and then, bang! He had the Owl by the tail and was ripping it to pieces. Rub his nose in it Philip Phillipovich so he learns not to ruin things.



SHARIK

Beat me, do whatever you like just don't put me out! I'll never do it again, I swear!

PROFESSOR

Quit your whining you little fool. He seems sorry enough.

ZINA

PROFESSOR!

PROFESSOR

Zina take 20 roubles from my desk and what's left of the Owl to the taxidermist and have it restored. Then pick up a decent collar and lead.

ZINA

Yes, Professor.

PROFESSOR

You are a very naughty fellow, aren't you?

SHARIK

Rrrrufffffff!

*BLACKOUT.*

ACT 1/SCENE 7

*Lights up.*

*The Moscow streets. Sharik, miserable wearing a collar and a leash being walked by Zina. As they walk people pass by, two dogs start to follow at a distance. Sharik starts to feel more comfortable with the collar and leash as he sees that the other two dogs, seem envious.*

SHARIK

Every dog we passed on Prechistenka street had a look of mad envy in their eyes. This collar means I belong to somebody. It means that I am an important dog!

ZINA

Here we are, home. That wasn't so bad, was it Sharik?

*Fyodor appears and opens the door for Zina and Sharik. The two dogs share a look with Sharik as he enters the building.*

ZINA

Thank you, Fyodor.

FYODOR

Good afternoon, Miss Zina and look at Sharik, all proper with a beautiful collar. What a sight he was when Philip Phillipovich first brought him here and now look at him, Look at how fat he is.

*Sharik looks outside, shares a look with the two dogs.*

ZINA

He eats enough for six. Good day. Fyodor.

FYODOR

Good day, Miss Zina.

*Sharik and Zina race up the stairs and into the flat. Zina removes the leash and hangs up her coat.*

ZINA

Try and be a good boy, while I return some calls for the Professor.

*Zina exits.*

SHARIK

*(to the audience)*

A collar is just like a brief-case, now, time to visit the kitchen!

*Sharik enters the kitchen, where we see Darya Petrovna, her hands kneading bread on the table, the stove roaring, sauce pans bubbling.*

SHARIK

This is the place to be!

DARYA

Get out! Get out of my kitchen you no good little thief! Get out at once or I shall get the poker!

SHARIK

What's all this barking about? Thief? Don't you see my collar?

DARYA

I don't care, you get out at once. You might have everybody else fooled, but not me!

*Sharik exits the kitchen.*

SHARIK

(to the audience)

I must have a special talent for winning people's affections. It took two days to win Darya Petrovna over. After that I had my own spot in the kitchen. I'd watch her work and she always tosses me a scrap of meat or a grouse's head to gnaw on to pass the time. Sometimes, when no one else was in the apartment, Darya would have a certain visitor over.

*Lights up on a screen upstage, behind the screen we see the silhouette's of Darya Petrovna and Fyodor locked in an embrace. Sharik cocks his head, as if watching through a door.*

DARYA

Don't go too far! Zina will be back soon. My God, have you been rejuvenated too?

FYODOR

I don't need rejuvenation, all I need is you! You're so passionate!

DARYA

Hurry!

*Darya throws her leg around Fyodor as the lights fade to black on the upstage screen. Sharik shakes his head, turns around and grins at the audience.*

SHARIK

(to the audience)

Life was good! I was walked three times a day. In the morning, it was Darya Petrovna. We would go the market or sometimes just once around the block. In the afternoons, it was the beautiful Zina and we would go everywhere together. In the evening after dinner, the Professor would walk me himself, and if he didn't go out to the Bolshoi, he would read in his study. I would lay on the little rug, next to the couch.

*The lighting transitions into the Professor's study. Sharik lays down on the rug. The Professor sits behind his desk reading file after file, chart after chart, book after book. The telephone rings.*

PROFESSOR

Yes, Hello... Bring it here at once! Yes, I'll get things ready here... Good, see you soon,

(hanging up the telephone)

Zina! ZINA! Come in here at once!

*Sharik's ears perk up as Zina comes rushing into the room.*

ZINA

What is it, Professor?

PROFESSOR

Zina, you must tell Darya to serve supper immediately. Then we must prepare the consulting-room and the operating theater. Tonight is the night!

ZINA

I see, I understand Professor, I'll tell Darya.

*Zina gives Sharik an odd, sad look and then rushes out of the room.*

SHARIK

I don't like this a bit! I hate it when there's a commotion and why did Zina look at me like that?

*The Professor rushes out of the study and runs into the dining-room, Sharik follows. Darya Petrovna is quickly setting the table. Zina is rushing back and forth between the dining-room and the consulting-room.*

SHARIK

What the devil!

PROFESSOR

Quiet, Sharik!

DARYA

The goose is not finished, Philip Phillipovich!

PROFESSOR

Serve as soon as possible, there can be no delay!

DARYA

You can't hurry a goose! It's either done or it isn't.

PROFESSOR

It can't be helped and the both of you, do not feed Sharik!

SHARIK

Wait a minute.

*The front bell rings. The Professor rushes to the door. Bormenthal and Fyodor appear with an oblong wooden box on wheels.*

PROFESSOR

How long has he been dead?

SHARIK

Dead? Who's dead?

BORMENTHAL

Less than three hours.

PROFESSOR

Excellent, bring him into the consulting-room.

*Bormenthal and Fyodor wheel the box  
into the consulting-room.*

PROFESSOR

Darya, we must delay supper!

DARYA

Philip Phillipovich, you just told me to serve!

PROFESSOR

No time, supper will have to wait. I need you to take care of the telephones and instruct Fyodor to admit no one, and make sure not to feed Sharik!

*Fyodor and Bormenthal emerge from the  
consulting-room. Bormenthal wears a  
white coat, goggles and black rubber  
gloves. Sharik gets under foot and nips  
at the Professor.*

SHARIK

What's going on, Professor, what's happening?

PROFESSOR

Out of the way, you little scamp.

BORMENTHAL

Professor.

PROFESSOR

Yes, Bormenthal, I'm coming.  
(to Fyodor)

Admit no one!

FYODOR

Yes, Professor.

SHARIK

What do you mean don't feed me! What has any of this to do with me?

PROFESSOR

Darya, will you watch over him?

DARYA

What am I supposed to do with him?

BORMENTHAL

Professor!

PROFESSOR

Yes, Bormenthal I'm coming. Lock him in the toilet, just keep him quiet and out of the way and do not feed him!

*The Professor disappears into the consulting-room with the Doctor.*

SHARIK

The toilet, what have I done? Lock me in the toilet, I don't think so!

*Sharik shares a look with Darya Petrovna and Fyodor and bounds off the stage. Darya and Fyodor in hot pursuit.*

BLACKOUT.

ACT 1/SCENE 8

*Lights up on an isolated area of the stage. The toilet.*

SHARIK

I don't deserve this. I'll you what this means Philip Phillipovich, it means the end of your galoshes! And that Owl, the one you're so fond of, wait until I get a hold of it. I'll tear it to pieces. THAT WILL TEACH YOU TO LOCK UP DOGS! I could escape, I could jump through the window and take my chances on the streets.

*Sharik scratches at the door desperately.*

It's no good. Who am I kidding, I could never leave this place now that I've tasted the finer things. I'm a gentlemen's dog now, an intelligent being and what is freedom anyway? Vapor, mirage, fiction... Democratic rubbish.

*The bathroom door opens and Zina enters dressed in a white coat, she gently grabs Sharik's collar averting his eye.*

Zina, what do they want me for? Zina, please!

ZINA

Sshhh, easy Sharik.

*Zina leads Sharik out of the bathroom holding onto his collar and into the consulting-room, the door to the operating-theater opens and we see the Professor and the Doctor both dressed head to toe in white. Both wearing goggles and black rubber gloves and black rubber aprons.*

SHARIK

What do you want with me? My side is healed, I don't have worms.

*They move into the operating theater. In the room are two surgical tables. On one table is the cadaver of a man whose organs have been freshly harvested. The table next to him is empty and in the middle is a smaller table full of shiny medical instruments. The Doctor starts to pour a strange liquid over cotton.*

PROFESSOR

Zina, remove his collar gently, don't excite him. Bormenthal are you ready?

BORMENTHAL

Ready, Professor.

PROFESSOR

Go ahead, Zina.

*Zina gingerly approaches. Sharik glances at the Doctor who averts his eye as well. Zina removes the collar.*

SHARIK

Why are you doing this to me? All three of you, why? I'll do better. I'll stay away from the Owl --

PROFESSOR

Hurry, Ivan Arnoldovich --

SHARIK

Bastards! Okay, take me if you want to but you should all be ashamed of yourselves!

*The Doctor places the cotton over Sharik's snout, he doesn't struggle and succumbs quickly.*

PROFESSOR

Hurry, get him on the table.

*Sharik is lifted onto the table.*

PROFESSOR

Zina, shave the stomach. Ivan Arnoldovich, the head. Not a moment to spare! The vital part of the operation is when I enter the Turkish Saddle, you must be ready to pass me the gland and start suturing immediately, Ivan Arnoldovich. If we have a hemorrhage then we may well lose the dog.

BORMENTHAL

I understand, Professor, almost finished.

PROFESSOR

Do you know I feel sorry for him, I've actually gotten used to having him around.

ZINA

Finished, Professor.

BORMENTHAL

Ready, Philip Phillipovich.

*Both the Professor and the Doctor place their gloved hands over a basin and Zina pours a sterilizing liquid over them.*

PROFESSOR

I think we're ready to proceed.

ZINA

Professor, will you be needing me?

PROFESSOR

No, Zina, please help Darya Petrovna with the phone and remember, admit no one.

ZINA

Yes, Professor.

*Zina quickly exits. As she does a dog dressed in surgical gear appears at the opposite side of the stage and pulls the scrim across stage between the audience and the surgical theater. This can also be created with over large surgical screens. A single back light comes up and the doctors and the entire surgery is in perfect silhouette on the scrim.*



Is he sleeping?  
PROFESSOR

He's sleeping nicely.  
BORMENTHAL

*Zina and the other Nurse have enclosed the surgical theater. We now see the shadows of the surgery.*

Scalpel.  
PROFESSOR

*Bormenthal hands the scalpel to the Professor who makes a vertical incision from the Dog's sternum to it's lower abdomen.*

Gauze and clamps.  
PROFESSOR

*Bormenthal starts swabbing and clamping.*

How is the pulse?  
PROFESSOR

Strong and steady.  
BORMENTHAL

*The Professor inserts the scalpel into the wound and makes a few quick twists.*

Scissors!  
PROFESSOR

*The Doctor hands the Professor the scissors, a few snips and twists and the Professor's hands emerge with the dog's testes. Bormenthal holds an open glass jar filled with liquid. The Professor drops the Dog's testes into the jar. Bormenthal retrieves the human testes from another fluid filled jar. The Professor inserts the human testes into the Dog and immediately begins to sew them into place.*

Gauze! Good, suture at once!  
PROFESSOR

*Bormenthal removes the clamps and quickly starts to sew the Dog's belly, as the Professor moves towards Sharik's shaved head.*

PROFESSOR

Hurry, Ivan Arnoldovich --

BORMENTHAL

Almost finished, there --

PROFESSOR

Scalpel!

*Bormenthal drops the suture kit into the tray and hands the scalpel to the Professor, who with one swift incision filets the Dog's scalp, peeling it back to reveal the skull.*

PROFESSOR

Trepan!

*Bormenthal hands the trepan to the Professor, who starts to drill a circle into the top of the Dog's skull, each hole a centimeter from the last.*

*The shadows start to move. Slowly at first.*

*The Professor then starts to cut from tiny hole to tiny hole. After a moment the top of the skull is removed and the brain is revealed.*

*The shadows starting to move more frenetically as the energy of the scene builds.*

*The Professor takes the scalpel and attempts to separate the membrane. Blood spurts across the screen.*

PROFESSOR

CLAMP!

*Bormenthal descends on the wound as the shadows dance.*

*He stops the bleeding, as the Professor peels away several layers of cerebral membrane.*

BORMENTHAL  
Pulse falling sharply --

PROFESSOR  
Adrenaline!

*The Professor keeps working deep in the Dog's brain as Bormenthal quickly prepares the injection. The shadows dancing from big to small.*

BORMENTHAL  
In the heart?

PROFESSOR  
Don't waste time asking questions! Inject man, what are you waiting for?

*Bormenthal injects the Dog in the heart as the Professor continues to work. The sound of the Dog's beating heart can be heard lightly.*

BORMENTHAL  
He's alive, but only just.

PROFESSOR  
No time to argue whether he's alive or not, I'm in the saddle, give me the gland!

*Bormenthal grabs another jar, containing a rather odd glob with a few tendrils.*

*With one hand in the Dog's brain the Professor deftly retrieves the gland with the other.*

*The shadows have become as chaotic as the surgery.*

*The gland quickly disappears into the Dog's brain, as Sharik's old gland come out with the Professor's other hand and is dropped into a waiting jar. The Professor then starts to carefully sew the membranes back into place. The shadows start to calm down, the Dog's heart still beating lightly.*

PROFESSOR  
I suppose that he has died.

BORMENTHAL

There is a flicker of a pulse.

PROFESSOR

Give him another shot of adrenaline.

*Bormenthal prepares another injection as the Professor carefully replaces the sawed-off lid to its exact position and then pulls the scalp back over it. Bormenthal injects Sharik. The heart beat starts to grow stronger.*

*The shadows grow more realistic with every heart beat.*

PROFESSOR

Suture!

*Bormenthal begins to quickly sew the scalp back into place. The shadows have stopped moving, heart beat evening out. Bormenthal finishes and checks the Dog's pulse.*

*The Professor and the Doctor walk through the scrim or around the screens and start to remove their surgical clothing leaving them in a pile on the floor.*

*The shadow of the Dog can still be seen behind the screens. His light heart beat still audible.*

PROFESSOR

Zina, Zina come at once! Bormenthal, do you have a cigarette?

*They have finished shedding their surgical gowns and aprons and the Doctor hands the Professor a cigarette taking one for himself. Zina enters, doing her best not to look at the curtain. They light up.*

PROFESSOR

Zina, have Darya Petrovna serve the supper.

ZINA

Yes, Professor.

*Zina quickly exits.*

PROFESSOR

I'm starving. You're staying for dinner of course?

BORMENTHAL

Yes, thank you, Philip Phillipovich.

PROFESSOR

How was the pulse?

BORMENTHAL

He's still with us.

PROFESSOR

I'll be, the little devil, still he'll die. I feel sorry for the Dog, Bormenthal. He was naughty but I couldn't help liking him.

*The Professor and the Doctor walk off as the stage lights dim.*

*The heart beat grows louder, stronger.*

*The stage goes black except for one light shining on Sharik behind the curtain. The curtain becomes translucent and we can see Sharik clearly.*

*The heart beat grows louder as Sharik blinks open his eyes. We hold for a moment and the lights start to fade to black.*

*In the darkness the heart beat grows unbearably loud and then suddenly stops.*

END OF ACT 1

ACT TWO

*One week later.*

ACT 2/SCENE 1

*The Entra act music ends and a single light comes up revealing three dogs howling at the Professor's consulting-room window.*

*Lighting cross fades to reveal Doctor Bormenthal looking over a chart in the consulting-room. Sharik in bed, asleep. Zina changes the dressings. From below, we hear the dogs baying at the window.*

BORMENTHAL

We almost lost him last night --

ZINA

*(looking out window)*

What is going on down there?

BORMENTHAL

It's a miracle but his pulse steady at 180, respiration 92.

ZINA

Go away! Get out of here!

BORMENTHAL

What is it?

ZINA

*(returning to Sharik)*

There's a pack of dogs down there just staring up at the window. Doctor, look at this, his fur, he's losing all his fur.

BORMENTHAL

What the devil? He's moulting.

*Sharik's eyes flutter open and he groans like a man.*

ZINA

Doctor, what's happening here?

BORMENTHAL

Zina, call Philip Phillipovich at once!

ZINA

Right away, Doctor.

*Zina exits.*

SHARIK

Nes-set-a... Nes-set-a-C-il-ed!

BORMENTHAL

My God!

PROFESSOR

*(rushing in)*

What is it Bormenthal? What's he saying?

*Zina enters.*

BORMENTHAL

I can't make it out, but look at his fur, he's moulting and look at his hind legs, his paws.

PROFESSOR

Have you measured his weight today?

BORMENTHAL

Thirty kilograms, he's growing. Legs straightening, look at his hind quarters, his paws becoming --

SHARIK

Nes-set-ac-il-ed!

PROFESSOR

Take it easy my fine fellow. Has he taken any food today?

BORMENTHAL

I had Zina call you as soon as he awoke.

PROFESSOR

Zina, have Darya Petrovna bring some meat and bread and would you grab a pitcher of water and a glass.

ZINA

Of course, Professor.

*Zina exits.*

PROFESSOR

Let's see if he'll take some nourishment.

*The Professor takes up a stethoscope and listens to Sharik's respiration.*

SHARIK

NES-SET-A-C-IL-ED!

PROFESSOR

Yes, my dear boy. Well, Bormenthal the cardiac injections seem to have done the trick. Strange, his pulse and respiration are almost normal for a --

BORMENTHAL

A man.

SHARIK

NES-SET-AC-IL-ED!

PROFESSOR

These are words, Bormenthal, he's talking. We need to get a recording machine in here immediately. In the mean-time, Doctor, write down everything he says.

*Zina has returned with a pitcher of water and a glass. She sets it on the cabinet. The Professor pours Sharik a glass of water.*

ZINA

Darya Petrovna will be here in a moment.

PROFESSOR

Let's see if he'll take some water --

SHARIK

NES-SET-AC-IL-ED!

PROFESSOR

Easy, Sharik, take some water.

*The Professor puts the glass to Sharik's snout. The Dog starts to drink, instead of lapping it up as a dog would he swallows it easily finishing the glass.*

PROFESSOR

Did you see that?

BORMENTHAL

I've never seen anything like it.

*The Professor pours Sharik another glass of water.*

SHARIK

NES=SET-AC-IL-ED! NES=SET-AC-IL-ED! NES=SET-AC-IL-ED!

*The Professor places the glass to Sharik's snout.*



*He starts to drink, this time his front legs acting like arms, his front paws working as hands taking the glass away.*

ZINA

Look at his front paws, they --

*Sharik finishes the glass, the professor takes it back. Darya enters with some bread and meat.*

SHARIK

NES=SET-AC-IL-ED! NES=SET-AC-IL-ED! NES=SET-AC-IL-ED!  
NES=SET-AC-IL-ED! NES=SET-AC-IL-ED! NES=SET-AC-IL-ED!

PROFESSOR

What the devil is he saying?

DARYA

That's not natural, Professor --

SHARIK

Nes-Set-ac-il-ed. Nesselaciled! NESSETAC-IL-ED!

PROFESSOR

Are you getting this, Ivan Arnoldovich?

SHARIK

NES-SET-AC-IL-ED! NES=SET-AC-IL-ED!

DARYA

If it's all the same I'm going back to the kitchen.  
I don't hold with any of this, I think it's unnatural.

PROFESSOR

Quiet, Darya. Bormenthal, read it backwards --

BORMENTHAL

DE-LI-CATES-SEN? Delicatessen, what in the --

SHARIK

DE-LI-AC-ES-SEN. DELI-CATESSEN! DELICATESSEN!

*Sharik laughs a very human laugh that sends Darya running out of the room, causes Zina to faint straight away. The Doctor and the Professor stare at one another mouths agape.*

SHARIK

Delicatessen!

*BLACKOUT.*

ACT 2/SCENE 2

*Light's up in the consulting-room.*

*Bormenthal talks into a recording machine. Sharik now sits upright in the bed.*

BORMENTHAL

January 7th. The creature has completed the moulting process, and is almost totally bald. His skull has grown considerably, his brow low and receding. Weight is now 38 kilograms and he has a voracious appetite.

SHARIK

GET STUFFED! TAXI!

BORMENTHAL

The tail has fallen off and he stands quite easily on two legs. Hind paws have grown into feet, front paws into perfectly working hands, claws receding into nails --

SHARIK

Another one, MAKE IT A DOUBLE!

BORMENTHAL

His genitals resemble that of an immature human male --

SHARIK

OSETROSHNA!

BORMENTHAL

The subject speaks disjointed words and phrases, his vocabulary is crude and vulgar and is increasing at a rapid pace. Could the brain be growing?

SHARIK

LIQUOR! FILL UP!

BORMENTHAL

Sharik, you must be quiet, the Professor is trying to see patients in the next room --

SHARIK

GET OUT OF THE DUSTBIN!

*Bormenthal turns off the recording machine. The Professor rushes in.*

PROFESSOR

What is this racket, this language? Be quiet at once, you are disturbing my patients!

SHARIK  
GET STUFFED!

PROFESSOR  
What did you just say to me?

SHARIK  
BLOODY BASTARD!

PROFESSOR  
How dare you --

BORMENTHAL  
Professor, calm down. He doesn't know what he's saying --

SHARIK  
TAKE ONE HOME FOR THE KIDDIES!

PROFESSOR  
Take one home for the Kiddies? WILL YOU BE SILENT!

SHARIK  
UP YOUR ASS! BOURGEOISES SWINE!

PROFESSOR  
WHY YOU LITTLE --

BORMENTHAL  
PROFESSOR --

*The Professor lunges at Sharik who deftly moves up and out of the way causing the Professor to lose his balance and slip striking his head on the corner of the cabinet.*

BORMENTHAL  
Professor, are you alright? ZINA, DARYA COME QUICK!

PROFESSOR  
What the devil --

SHARIK  
AMERICAN RECOGNITION!

PROFESSOR  
I've cut my head --

BORMENTHAL  
No, Professor, don't try and get up. ZINA!

ROAST BEEF!  
SHARIK

BLACKOUT.

ACT 2/SCENE 3

*Lights up in the Professor's study.*

*Bormenthal is taking notes from the recording machine transcribing them into Sharik's chart. Zina enters.*

BORMENTHAL  
How is the Professor?

ZINA  
I can't get him to rest. I never seen him like this before. Office hours were impossible. We had over eighty phone calls today, and that pack of dogs won't leave the sidewalks outside of the consulting-room window. The Professor is cancelling all his appointments for tomorrow and wanted me to ask you if you wouldn't mind staying here for the next few days.

BORMENTHAL  
It would be my pleasure. If it's alright I could sleep on the couch here.

ZINA  
I'll bring you some bedding. Where is Sharik?

BORMENTHAL  
I gave him a sedative, don't want him wandering around the flat in the middle of the night.

ZINA  
That's a relief. Doctor, what's happening here?

BORMENTHAL  
I'm not altogether sure. It's obvious that the experiment has sparked some growth and he is obviously developing, his speech patterns are improving and --

ZINA  
Doctor, would you like to have a brandy with me?

BORMENTHAL  
Well, yes, of course.

ZINA

Good, you can explain it all to me then. I'll be in the dining room.

*Zina exits. The Doctor organizes his notes and smiles to himself.*

BLACKOUT.

ACT 2/SCENE 4

*Lights up in the consulting-room.*

*Sharik, sits upright on the examining table wearing a diaper and a stupid smile on his face.*

*The Professor has a bandage over his right eye. Darya Petrovna enters.*

DARYA

He's urinated in the hall again. It's depressing!

SHARIK

GET STUFFED!

PROFESSOR

WILL YOU SHUT UP!

SHARIK

Get off the bus - full up!

*Sharik smiles stupidly. Darya Petrovna rolls her eyes and exits.*

BORMENTHAL

Zina has gone down to the Moscow State Clothing Store to get him some clothes. The toilet training is not going so well.

PROFESSOR

So, I've gathered. The scars are healing nicely.

SHARIK

KEROSENE STOVE!

PROFESSOR

What do you make of this, Ivan Arnoldovich?

BORMENTHAL

He's coming up with a new word or phrase every five minutes.

PROFESSOR

You must have a hypothesis?

BORMENTHAL

Professor, you know much better than I.

PROFESSOR

Nonsense, you've been with him every moment, I assure you I am quite interested in your opinion.

BORMENTHAL

Well, I believe that the implanted pituitary has stimulated the speech center in the canine brain and the words are pouring out in a stream.

SHARIK

STOP PUSHING!

BORMENTHAL

I don't think we have a newly created brain, but a brain that has been stimulated to develop. I believe during the canine phase the Dog's brain had accumulated a massive amount of sense data.

SHARIK

ANOTHER AND ANOTHER!

BORMENTHAL

His swearing is methodical, uninterrupted and totally meaningless. There is something mechanical about it. It's as if the creature had heard all this bad language at an earlier phase of development and just regurgitates it out wholesale, like a recording machine.

SHARIK

RIPE BITCH!

PROFESSOR

I'll go you one step better, I'll venture to say that he can read. I have believed it from his first backward word.

BORMENTHAL

Of course, his dyslexia, the way a dog would see it.

PROFESSOR

When you said the word correctly it recognized it and the creature's brain made the synaptic adjustment.

SHARIK

PAY UP! PAY UP AT ONCE, YOU CHEAT!

BORMENTHAL

Now, as I walk down the streets I look at every dog I see in horror, God knows what is lurking in their minds.

*Zina enters with some clothing.*

SHARIK

SLUT!

ZINA

GOOD HEAVENS!

PROFESSOR

THAT IS QUITE ENOUGH! Zina, I apologize for this creature's horrible behavior and language!

ZINA

The language isn't the worst of it. It's the cleaning up after, poor Darya is at her wits end.

PROFESSOR

Yes, well, let's see what we've got here. Let's try the shirt first.

*Sharik takes to the shirt quite easily. He does not, however, take to the underwear and pants. He refuses to put them on. Sharik hops about the consulting-room swearing.*

SHARIK

STOP QUE-BARGING YOU BASTARDS!

*Bormenthal tackles the dog, holding Sharik down on the examining table as Zina gets his pants on.*

SHARIK

THIRD DEGREE OF FRESHNESS!

ZINA

Well, at least we've got him dressed. Now all we have to do is teach him how to use the toilet, you know he urinated in the hall again?

PROFESSOR

Darya mentioned it, yes.

ZINA

The devil only knows what's going on in Moscow! Seven black market traders jailed for spreading rumors that the end of the world is imminent and the fault of the Bolsheviks.

*The Dogs bay from below the window.*

ZINA

And that pack of dogs below the window is growing and they will not go away!

*The front bell rings.*

PROFESSOR

What the devil! NO VISITORS! ADMIT NO ONE!

A moment later voices can be heard, mostly Darya Petrovna and the House Management Committee, making their way into the consulting-room. The House Management Committee has grown by two. KARPOV and SPASSKY dressed in overcoats and party hats.

PROFESSOR

I said no visitors! What is the meaning of this intrusion?

*They all remove their hats instinctively, except for Vyazemskaya, who does so in frustration.*

DARYA

I tried to stop them, Professor --

*Karpov and Spassky split off and start casing the joint.*

PROFESSOR

What in the world? What do they think they're doing?

SHVONDER

Don't worry about them, Professor.

VYAZEMSKAYA

We have official business, Professor.

SHAROVKYAN

Yeah, Professor.

PESTRUHKIN

Yeah!

PROFESSOR

I am worried about them, and what are you doing here in the first place?

SHVONDER

We are here to see the unregistered citizen.

PROFESSOR

Bormenthal, keep an eye on them. Unregistered citizen?

*Sharik hops in place grabbing at his crotch. The House Management Committee is shocked by his odd appearance!*

SHARIK

ANTS IN MY PANTS!



VYAZEMSKAYA

We demand that you register this citizen!

SHARIK

INTERVENTIONISTS!

PROFESSOR

Register who, him? GET OUT AT ONCE! And you two, over there, stop doing that!

SHARIK

PROLETARIAN SWINE!

DARYA

I'm getting the mop.

*Pestruhkin and Sharovkyan block her path.*

VYAZEMSKAYA

You taught him to say that!

PROFESSOR

Will you get out of here!

SHARIK

FILTHY BASTARDS FROM THE NATIONAL ECONOMIC COUNCIL!

SHVONDER

That shall be reported.

SHAROVKYAN

We're definitely reporting that.

PESTRUHKIN

We're going to write it down --

VYAZEMSKAYA

You've gone too far this time, Professor, we will be filing a report.

*Sharik starts hopping madly trying to rip off his pants.*

DARYA

He's going to soil himself, I can tell!

PROFESSOR

File your blasted report, Darya, Zina get him to the lavatory!

SHARIK

SILK PANTIES!

*Darya and Zina grab hold of Sharik and head him to the door. Shvonder nods to Pestruhkin and Sharovkyan who let them pass.*

PROFESSOR

What is this? You were told to never enter these rooms again, and yet, here you are, uninvited, disrupting my experiments! LEAVE AT ONCE I SAY!

BORMENTHAL

*(to Spassky and Karpov)*

Okay you two, you heard the Professor, let's go!

SHAROVKYAN

You don't think you're going to put us out do you, Doctor?

PESTRUHKIN

Don't want to get your hands dirty with the likes of us do you, Doctor?

PROFESSOR

Are you threatening my associate in my very own rooms, you've gone too far!

*Heading for the telephone.*

SHVONDER

Looking for Pyotor Alexandrovich?

SHAROVKYAN

On holiday!

PESTRUHKIN

Recovering from his operation!

VYAZEMSKAYA

In Norve Sibiersk!

*Darya Petrovna bursts in with the mop.*

DARYA

I warned you, NOW GET OUT!

*Darya starts whacking members of the House Management Committee with mop, herding them toward the door.*

VYAZEMSKAYA

How dare you strike us, we are officials of the State!

SHVONDER

You'll be sorry for this, citizen --

DARYA

Not half as sorry as you're going to be if you don't start moving toward the door. WAIT A MINUTE!

*(to Spassky and Karpov)*

You two, empty your pockets.

VYAZEMSKAYA

How dare you, Citizen!

DARYA

Keep it closed, Sister, or I'll close it for you. Go on, empty your pockets.

*Spassky and Karpov empty their pockets revealing the Professor's cigar case, watch chain, ashtray, bottle of vodka, one hundred and fifty roubles...*

PROFESSOR

Bormenthal, I thought you were watching them?

BORMENTHAL

I was, they're experts!

DARYA

Keep going!

*The Professor's letter opener, pen set, set of vodka glasses, etc...*

PROFESSOR

Good Heavens, Bormenthal?

DARYA

Okay, now get moving! GO!

*Darya brandishes the mop and chases the House management Committee out of the apartment swatting them on the way out.*

DARYA

GET OUT AT ONCE! HAVE YOU NO RESPECT FOR DECENT PEOPLE!

*Much shouting and commotion as the House management Committee is forced out of the apartment. Zina runs back into the consulting-room.*

ZINA

Sharik has managed to soil himself and most of the lavatory. It's a disaster!

*The front door slams - silence.*

DARYA (V.O.)  
 WHAT THE DEVIL, PHILIP PHILLIPOVICH PREOBRAZHENSKY!

ZINA  
 I better go help. I'm coming, Darya!

*Zina exits. The Professor and Bormenthal share a look, they start to laugh.*

BORMENTHAL  
 It seems like we started quite a little rumpus with this pituitary experiment of yours.

PROFESSOR  
 So it would seem, you've been sedating him at night?

BORMENTHAL  
 Yes, Professor, it was the only way I was able to accomplish anything while you were resting.

PROFESSOR  
 Quite right, we shall do the same this evening. I think we could all stand with a little peace and quiet this evening.

*Darya Petrovna enters. She is not happy.*

DARYA  
 Sharik has destroyed the lavatory. Zina is hosing him down in the tub as we speak. He seems to like it. After we clean up that beast sent to us from the devil and restore the lavatory to some degree of usability we plan to drink vodka in the dining room. We plan to smoke as well.

PROFESSOR  
 Uh, of course and we may join you after we've secured our charge for the evening.

*Darya just stares at the Professor - long pause.*

DARYA  
 If you wish.

*Darya exits.*

BORMENTHAL  
 Quite a rumpus.

PROFESSOR  
 Quite a rumpus, indeed.

**BLACKOUT.**

ACT 2/SCENE 5

*Lights up in the Professor's dining room. It is late. Smoke dense in the air. The table is covered with trays of meats and pickles, bottles of vodka and brandy. The Professor, Doctor, Zina, and Darya are sitting at the table. The Professor reads a medical chart.*

DARYA

All day long the telephone rings, the front bell rings, people just showing up at the door trying to push their way in. Those dogs outside the window with their dog eyes and then there are those bastards from the House Management Committee --

BORMENTHAL

You certainly made short work of them.

DARYA

*(throwing back her vodka)*

Bastards!

PROFESSOR

It's obvious after reviewing the charts that I have been completely wrong about the pituitary glands importance in regard to rejuvenation.

ZINA

Professor.

PROFESSOR

As a scholar and a scientist I must base my conclusions on facts, and the biggest fact proving my error in prognosis is laying sedated in my consulting-room.

BORMENTHAL

My dear, Philip Phillipovich, don't you think you discovered something of equal importance?

DARYA

He was a very nice, Dog.

BORMENTHAL

Professor, look at what you have done. Isn't this a much more important discovery than your work in rejuvenation? You have created a new life!

PROFESSOR

I wonder if I haven't made a horrible mistake. It was never my intention to create life, just improve it. The creation of life is --

DARYA

God's domain. I'm sorry, Professor I spoke without thinking.

PROFESSOR

Nothing to apologize for, you read my mind exactly. I had no intention of playing Faust and yet here we are.

BORMENTHAL

You made no deal with the devil.

ZINA

You mustn't be so hard on yourself, Professor.

BORMENTHAL

Perhaps, we could develop Sharik into an intellectually advanced personality.

DARYA

Where's Fyodor?

ZINA

Time for bed.

PROFESSOR

It would now seem that the human pituitary determines human appearance. It's hormones may be regarded as the most important to the whole organism, the hormones of man's image. And look at the man that fate has chosen for us, have you read this file?

*Darya Petrovna attempts to stand and falls back down into the Doctor's lap.*

ZINA

Uh, oh.

DARYA

*(winking)*

Helloooo, Doctor.

*(turning to the Professor)*

Hello, Philip Phillipovich.

ZINA

*(up out of her chair)*

Time to call it a night

DARYA

Helloooo, Doctor.

*Zina pulls Darya out of the Doctor's lap and she stumbles into the table spilling a vodka bottle.*

DARYA

I must clean that up.

PROFESSOR

Don't trouble yourself, you've done enough. The Doctor and I can take care of this, you go to sleep.

*Darya falls into the Professor's lap.*

DARYA

You are a kind man, Professor. A very sweet man. With your little whiskers --

PROFESSOR

Alright then, Zina please help our friend Darya Petrovna to bed, she has had a very trying day.

ZINA

Yes, Professor. Okay, trouble, let's go.

*Zina gets Darya up out of the Professor's lap. Her arms around her waist. Darya spins around facing the Doctor.*

DARYA

*(seductively)*

Good night, Doctor.

BORMENTHAL

Good night, Darya Petrovna.

ZINA

Come on now, don't stay up too late, good night.

*Zina helps Darya off and they are gone. The Professor pours himself another brandy.*

BORMENTHAL

Do you really think it matters who the pituitary comes from?

PROFESSOR

We shall know soon enough, but look at our subject.

*(picking up the chart)*

Elim Grigoroviech Chugunkin, 25, unmarried, not a party member, but sympathetic to the Party. Isn't that what you are? Sympathetic toward the Party?

BORMENTHAL

So, we knew, I knew he came to a rough end.

PROFESSOR

*(reading)*

Stabbed in the heart at the Red Light Bar. Three times charged with theft, released the first time due to lack of evidence, released the second time due to his social origin. The third time he was put on probation with an additional sentence of FIFTEEN YEARS! Did you read this?

BORMENTHAL

I didn't think it mattered.

PROFESSOR

His Profession is listed as a Balalaika player, seems that he made his living playing in bars.

BORMENTHAL

He was in poor physical shape, and I suppose that we can surmise that he was an alcoholic by the size of his liver.

PROFESSOR

Bormenthal, I want you to go out and get a balalaika.

BORMENTHAL

A balalaika?

PROFESSOR

And stop by your flat and pick up your clothes, I'd like you to continue to stay here. You can continue to use the couch in the study if that is satisfactory to you.

BORMENTHAL

Of course, Professor.

PROFESSOR

*(rising)*

Well, Ivan Arnoldovich, we have a new organism and it must be studied as such. I'm going to bed.

*The Professor finishes his brandy and drops the chart in Bormenthal's lap on his way to bed. Not another word is spoken.*

*After a moment Bormenthal opens the chart and starts to read it. He slams it shut. He gets up and starts to clear the table, growing more and more upset.*

*Zina emerges and comes into the dining room. The Doctor just starts shaking his head.*

ZINA

I can take care of this. What is it, Ivan?



*Ivan Arnoldovich, starts to weep. Zina takes him in her arms.*

ZINA

Shhhhhh.

FADE TO BLACK.

*In the darkness we hear a balalaika playing.*

ACT 2/SCENE 6

*Two weeks later.*

*Lights up upstairs in Number Three. Sharik is playing the balalaika. The tenants of number three, the House Management Committee and Fyodor joining him in song.*

*Lights up in the Professor's study. The Professor sits behind his desk reading the paper. Bormenthal is going over charts. After a moment the Professor starts to hum along with the tune coming from Number Three. Bormenthal absentmindedly starts to bob his head to the music. After another moment the Professor starts to sing along.*

PROFESSOR

"The Moon is shining... Shining bright... The moon is shining, shining for us tonight," --

BORMENTHAL

Too-night --

PROFESSOR

My God, that damned tune is on my brain. ZINA!

*(reading)*

Listen to this. "There's no doubt that it is his illegitimate son. This is how the pseudo-learned amuse themselves. He will only keep his seven rooms until the glittering sword of revolutionary justice washes over him like a red ray," ZINA! This about me!

ZINA

What is it, Philip Phillipovich?

PROFESSOR

Please go upstairs and tell that band of hooligans that it is well past five o'clock and they must stop this racket immediately, and tell Sharik that I want to see him.

ZINA

Right away, Professor.

*Zina exits.*

BORMENTHAL

He's spending a lot of time in Number Three.

PROFESSOR

Better there, than here. That's what I say

*Zina appears upstairs in Number Three. Sharik stops playing, singing stops.*

PROFESSOR

Perhaps now we'll have some quiet.

*The lights fade on Number Three.*

*After a moment Sharik appears in the doorway, leaning against the door post. A short man of unpleasant appearance. His hair has grown back in clumps and his face is covered in an immature stubble. His jacket is torn at the left armpit, checked trousers, a hole in the fabric covering the left knee. A garish tie and a gilt pin, patent leather boots and white spats.*

PROFESSOR

You know there is to be no playing of music after five.

*Sharik says nothing, smoking, just staring at the Professor. He ashes on the carpet.*

PROFESSOR

We need to get a few things straight.

SHARIK

Fire away.

PROFESSOR

You have been asked on countless occasions by Darya Petrovna and myself to not sleep next to the stove in the kitchen, particularly during the day --

SHARIK

It's nicer in the kitchen --

PROFESSOR

I didn't ask you if it was nicer in the kitchen, Darya has requested that you stay out of the kitchen. So you are to stay out of the kitchen! Where did you get that awful tie?

SHARIK

Darya Petrovna gave it to me.

PROFESSOR

In that case Darya Petrovna has much poorer taste than I thought and those boots are just as bad.

BORMENTHAL

They're the only ones he's have.

SHARIK

Why shouldn't I have them, everybody else does.

*Sharik puts his cigarette out on the carpet.*

PROFESSOR

DO NOT PUT YOUR CIGARETTES OUT ON MY PERSIAN CARPETS!  
Do you hear? And no more sleeping in the kitchen, I've never heard of such behavior. You are a nuisance and the women don't like it!

SHARIK

So what if the women don't like it? They can get stuffed! They're just maids, but you'd think they were commissars. They act as if they owned the place. It's Zina, always bellyaching about me --

PROFESSOR

Don't you dare talk about Zina in that tone of voice!  
Do you understand? Do you understand?

*Sharik lights another cigarette.*

PROFESSOR

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

SHARIK

I understand.

PROFESSOR

I beg you for the hundredth time, not to ash on the carpet. I do not want to hear any more of your swearing in this flat, and don't spit everywhere! The spittoons over there. You will also kindly take better aim when you pee and you are to cease all further conversation with Zina and Darya Petrovna.

BORMENTHAL

Zina complains that he lurks about outside her room at night.

PROFESSOR

YOU WILL CEASE THE LURKING! Good God, where do you think you are, in some dive?

SHARIK

Don't be so hard on me, Dad.

PROFESSOR

Who are you calling, 'Dad?' What impertinent familiarity I never want to hear that word again. You will address me by name and patronymic.

SHARIK

Oh, why don't you lay off? Don't spit, don't smoke, don't go there, don't do this, don't do that. Sounds like rules on a streetcar. Why shouldn't I call you, Dad? I didn't ask you to do the operation, did I? Nice business, you get an animal, slice his head open and now you're sick of him. Perhaps, I wouldn't have given you the permission to do the operation, I'll bet I could sue you if I wanted too!

PROFESSOR

So, you object to have been turned into a human being, do you? Perhaps you'd prefer to be sniffing around dustbins again, or freezing in doorways? If I'd have known that --

SHARIK

So what if I had to eat out of dustbins, at least it was honest living. Suppose that I had died on your operating table, what about that, Comrade?

PROFESSOR

I am not your Comrade!

SHARIK

Oh, yes, I know. Of course we're not Comrades! How could we be? I didn't go to college, I don't own a flat with fifteen rooms and a bath.

*Instinctively Sharik clicks his teeth and buries his face into the arm pit of his coat.*

PROFESSOR

How can you possibly still have fleas?

SHARIK

You don't think I breed them on purpose. They just seem to like me.

PROFESSOR

Why are you sitting there with that self satisfied look on your face? What is it now?

SHARIK

I need some papers.

BORMENTHAL

What?

SHARIK

You know that I can't manage without papers. You know, damn well that people who don't have papers are not allowed to exist these days. The House Management --

BORMENTHAL

What does the House Management Committee have to with it?

SHARIK

A lot. Every time they see me, they ask me when I'm going register.

PROFESSOR

The House Management Committee wants to register you, it's absurd.

SHARIK

No need to be sarcastic about the House Management Committee. They protect people's rights?

BORMENTHAL

Whose rights?

SHARIK

The workers.

BORMENTHAL

So, what, now you're a worker? What makes you think that you're a worker?

SHARIK

I must be a worker, I'm certainly not a Capitalist, and I wouldn't be so smug if I were you, Doctor. Shvonder plans on filing a report that you are living here illegally, as you already have your own flat.

PROFESSOR

How does the House Management Committee propose to stand up for your Revolutionary rights?

SHARIK

Easy, put me on the register. They say that they've never heard of anyone living in Moscow without being registered and I must have an identity card.

PROFESSOR

And where am I supposed to register you? You are after all what you might call an unnatural phenomenon.

SHARIK

You can discuss it with Shvonder and the House Management Committee they will be down at any moment to take your statement.

BORMENTHAL

Ridiculous.

SHARIK

There is nothing ridiculous about it all. All I need is a name, that's easy enough, I'll just choose one, as a matter of fact I already have.

PROFESSOR

Let's hear it.

SHARIK

Poligraph Polligraphovich!

PROFESSOR

Stop fooling around.

SHARIK

I'm not fooling around, I'm completely serious.

BORMENTHAL

Poligraph Polligrapovich?

SHARIK

That's right.

PROFESSOR

And what about your surname? What surname will you choose?

SHARIK

My real name of course.

PROFESSOR

Your real name?

SHARIK

Sharikov!

*The front bell rings.*

PROFESSOR

What the devil?

*Zina enters.*

ZINA

The House Management Committee.

BORMENTHAL

Right on cue.

The House Management Committee pushes their way into the study. Their numbers have grown again. Sharikov turns the Owl around so it facing the wall.

PROFESSOR

Why are you in my flat? Have you not been expressly told to stay out of my flat?

VYAZEMSKAYA

We are here on official business.

PROFESSOR

Am I losing my mind, or are you multiplying?

SHVONDER

We have come to take your statement about the identity of Citizen, em, er --

SHARIK

Sharikov! Poligraph Polligraphovich Sharikov.

SHVONDER

Sharikov. Thank you, Comrade Sharikov.

SHARIK

You are welcome, Comrade Shvonder.

PROFESSOR

COULD WE JUST GET ON WITH IT!

SHVONDER

You're fond of certificates, Philip Phillipovich. You shall write a certificate for Citizen Sharikov.

PROFESSOR

Are you serious?

VYAZEMSKAYA

We have never been more serious, Citizen.

PROFESSOR

It's impossible, what in the world do you want me to write?

VYAZEMSKAYA

Oh, please. It's not that difficult. You know the sort of thing, This is to certify that the bearer is really Poligraph Polligraphovich Sharikov, who was, well, born --

PROFESSOR

You see, it's not as easy as all that. He wasn't born at all, he simply, well, occurred.

SHVONDER

I really don't care, Professor, it's up to you to decide. It was you, after all, who brought Citizen Sharikov into this world.

SHARIK

It's all quite simple!

PROFESSOR

Kindly keep out of this conversation, it's not at all simple.

SHARIK

Why shouldn't I join in?

SHVONDER

Citizen Sharikov, has absolutely every right to take part in a discussion about his affairs. Especially, as it's about his identity documents, and we all know that identity documents are about the most important thing in the world.

BORMENTHAL

I've never heard of anything so ridiculous.

PESTRUHKIN

You better watch what you say, Doctor!

SHAROVKYAN

Maybe it's time for us to have a conversation, Doctor.

KARPOV

Yeah, Doctor --

ALL

Yeah!

PROFESSOR

Good God, alright, let's get this over with.

*(grabbing a paper and pen)*

You come here make your self useful.

*Vyazemskaya steps forward letting  
the Professor use her back as a table.*

PROFESSOR

I hereby certify, that the bearer is a man created during a laboratory experiment by means of a brain operation and he now requires identity papers. I object in principle to him having these idiotic documents, but still -- Professor Philip Phillipovich Preobrazhensky.



*The Professor signs with a flourish and plants the pen in Vyazemskaya's back.*

SHVONDER

What do you mean by calling these documents, 'idiotic?'

VYAZEMSKAYA

We can't allow an undocumented tenant to go on living in this house.

SHVONDER

Especially, one that hasn't been registered for military service! As for you Doctor, we'll deal with the matter of you living here illegally at another time.

PESTRUHKIN

That's right, Doctor.

SHAROVKYAN

What do you think about those apples, Doctor?

SPASSKY

Some rotten apples, Doctor.

KARPOV

Apples that are not good!

ALL

Yeah!

BORMENTHAL

Oh, Good heavens.

SHARIK

Military service?

VYAZEMSKAYA

Of course! What if war should suddenly break out with Imperialist Aggressors?

SHARIK

I'm not fighting!

SHAROVKYAN

Everyone has to fight if called, Citizen!

SHARIK

I'm not fighting, no way.

SHVONDER

You must register for military service.

SHARIK

Fine, I'll register, but I'm not fighting.

VYAZEMSKAYA

I'm afraid you seem to be completely lacking of any political consciousness, Citizen Sharikov.

SHARIK

Look, I was badly wounded during the operation. They cut my head right open, look!

PESTRUHKIN

Are you an Anarchist-Individualist?

SHARIK

I ought to be exempt on medical grounds, that's all.

SHVONDER

Well, there's no hurry about it. I'll simply take these papers to the 45th precinct and they'll issue you your identity card.

PROFESSOR

Citizen Shvonder, I don't suppose we could find a room in one of the other flats for Citizen Sharikov, could we?

SHVONDER

No, Professor, I very much regret to say that would be quite impossible. Good night, Professor.

*Shvonder bows and with that Sharik and the House Management move en-masse out of the study. After a moment, silence.*

PROFESSOR

This is becoming an absolute nightmare. I've suffered more in this past fourteen days than I have in the last fourteen years and through that blasted revolution.

*From off stage, the sound of breaking glass, followed by Zina's scream.*

PROFESSOR

WHAT NOW!

*Sharik bursts into the study, looks around wildly and dashes out again, the sound of more breaking glass. Zina runs in.*

ZINA

It's a cat!

BORMENTHAL

Impossible! No cats allowed!

*From offstage the sound of a cat screeching, more breaking glass and a steady stream of cursing from Sharik. Zina runs out.*

PROFESSOR

I want to lie down.

*From offstage more screeching and cursing doors slamming, more glass breaking, and water running.*

DARYA (O.S.)

Oh, no you don't! COME OUT OF THERE AT ONCE!

*Zina rushes back into the study.*

ZINA

He's locked himself in the bathroom. He's broken all the lights and mirrors, and he's got the water running. It's starting to flow into the hall. Darya is doing her best to mop it up.

PROFESSOR

Call Fyodor, see if he can be some help. Let's see what's to be done before the little monster drowns us all.

*BLACKOUT.*

ACT 2/SCENE 7

*Lights up in the Professor's dining room.*

*Fyodor and the Doctor have their trousers rolled up, the Doctor is wearing galoshes and they are using mops. Zina and Darya are barefoot, have rolled up their skirts and are using mops as well.*

*The Professor sits cross legged on the center of the dining room table smoking a cigar.*

PROFESSOR

Where is he?

FYODOR

In the bathroom, says he's afraid to come out, thinks you're going to beat him.

PROFESSOR

*(shouting toward the bathroom)*

I am not going to beat you!

DARYA

I'd certainly like to beat him.

SHARIKOV (V.O.)

Will you beat me, dad?

PROFESSOR

I AM NOT GOING TO BEAT YOU!

FYODOR

I was barely able to turn it off, the water pressure was so strong. I'll have to replace the tap and most likely the door as well.

PROFESSOR

WILL YOU SHOW YOURSELF, YOU IDIOT!

*Sharikov enters the dining room,  
soaking wet, a long scratch down his  
cheek and nose.*

DARYA

The least you could do is grab a mop and help clean this mess up.

SHARIKOV

I'm injured.

DARYA

You are completely useless.

SHARIKOV

You're the one who let the cat in.

DARYA

I most certainly did not.

SHARIKOV

You know the rules. No cats allowed!

DARYA

Keep this up with me and you really will be injured!

SHARIKOV

Destructive animals!

PROFESSOR

What on Earth are you talking about?

SHARIKOV

I was talking about the cat, the filthy swine!

PROFESSOR

I swear I have never seen a more impudent creature than you. You are nothing but a lout. You caused this whole thing and now you have the gall --

BORMENTHAL

How much longer do you plan on chasing cats? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, it's disgraceful. You are a savage!

SHARIKOV

Get stuffed, Bormenthal, I'm no savage. I just won't stand for a cat in this flat, sneaking in to see what it can steal, I just wanted to teach it a lesson.

ZINA

Looks like you're the one who got the lesson, just look at your face in the mirror, if we have any mirrors left.

SHARIKOV

Nearly scratched my eyes out.

DARYA

That's about the best we can do for now.

FYODOR

Anything else I can do, Professor?

PROFESSOR

No, Fyodor, thank you very much. Will you have a glass of Darya Petrovna's vodka before you go.

FYODOR

Thank you very much, Professor.

SHARIKOV

I could do with a vodka.

PROFESSOR

NO VODKA FOR YOU!

*Darya and Zina collect the mops and disappear, returning a moment later with the vodka service. The Professor gives Fyodor two roubles and Darya pours him a vodka.*

FYODOR

There is one more matter, I hate to even bring it up, but it's about the broken window panes in number seven.

PROFESSOR

Number seven?

FYODOR

Citizen Sharikov threw some stones at it.

BORMENTHAL

Did he throw them at a cat?

FYODOR

He was throwing them at the owner of the flat, who is threatening to sue. Seems they had a bit of a fight, Sharikov tried to kiss their cook and they threw him out.

PROFESSOR

For God's sake, do you have to tell me about all these disasters at once? How much?

FYODOR

Fifteen roubles, fifty kopecks.

SHARIKOV

It was the cats fault.

PROFESSOR

Kissing the cook in number seven is the cat's fault?

SHARIKOV

Cats are--

PROFESSOR

SHUT UP! WILL YOU SHUT UP! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? SHUT UP I TELL YOU!

*The Professor leaps down off the dining room table grabs Sharikov and pushes them into the waiting room and locks the door.*

BORMENTHAL

Professor, please don't upset yourself.

FYODOR

Serves him right. A good punch in the mouth is what he needs.

ZINA

Professor, look, Darya has poured you a vodka,

PROFESSOR

I need to lie down.

DARYA

Drink some vodka, it will calm you down.

PROFESSOR

Kissing cooks, chasing cats, my carpets all ruined, a new door for the lavatory, I'm losing all my patients and those dogs under the consulting-room window, it's all too much.

*The Professor downs his vodka.*

*FADE OUT.*

ACT 2/SCENE 8

*Lights up on the sidewalk below the consulting room window where we see a large group of dogs staring up at the window.*

*Fyodor appears with a broom.*

FYODOR

Get out of here. Do you hear me! I said get out of here!

*The dogs ignore Fyodor and continue to stare and bay at the window*

FYODOR

Don't you understand Russian!

*Fyodor swats at one of the dogs, the dogs turn their attention to Fyodor and start to growl. Fyodor realizes he's out numbered and starts to back away.*

*FADE OUT.*

ACT 2/SCENE 9

*Lights fade up in the Professor's dining room.*

*Zina, the Professor, the Doctor and Sharikov are sitting at the table.*

BORMENTHAL

Tuck in your napkin.

SHARIKOV

Why the hell should I?

BORMENTHAL

Because, I shall not allow you to eat this table until you put on your napkin. Zina, take Sharikov's plate away!

SHARIKOV

I'm doing it! I'm doing it!

BORMENTHAL

And please eat with your fork.

SHARIKOV

Can I have some vodka?

BORMENTHAL

You've been at the vodka a little too much lately.

SHARIK

Do you grudge me it?

BORMENTHAL

Of course, I don't grudge you the vodka because it's not mine, it belongs to Philip Phillipovich, it's simply that it's harmful and you behave badly enough without the vodka.

ZINA

A little more fish, Professor?

*Sharik grabs the vodka and pours himself a glass giving Bormenthal a sideways glance.*

BORMENTHAL

You should offer it to the others first.

SHARIKOV

Should I pour one for Darya Petrovna? Should I call her in from the kitchen? You all act as if you were on parade here. Put your napkin here, your tie there, please, thank you, excuse me... Why can't you all just behave naturally? You stuffed shirts act as if it was still the days of the Tsars. Here's how!

*Sharikov tosses the glass of vodka back, pours himself another. Darya brings in the main course. Bormenthal pours wine for the Professor and Zina, he offers the wine to Sharikov.*

SHARIKOV

I prefer the vodka.

BORMENTHAL

What shall we do this evening?

PROFESSOR

Yes, thank you Doctor, please go out!



SHARIKOV

Let's go to the circus! I like that best!

PROFESSOR

Why go to the circus everyday? It sounds so boring to me.

SHARIKOV

I like it.

PROFESSOR

I'd go to the theatre.

SHARIKOV

I won't go to the theatre.

ZINA

Why won't you go to the theatre?

*Sharikov throws back another vodka, looks through the glass like an opera glass, pours himself another.*

SHARIKOV

It's just rot, rubbish, talk, talk, talk. Pure counter-revolution.

PROFESSOR

Then perhaps you should do some reading.

SHARIKOV

I read a lot.

BORMENTHAL

What do you read? Robinson Crusoe?

*Darya starts to clear the dishes as Sharikov downs another vodka.*

PROFESSOR

Darya, please take the vodka away, we won't be needing it any more.

DARYA

I understand completely.

*Sharikov attempts to hold on the vodka. He gives it up after a hard look from Darya. Darya exits.*

PROFESSOR

Go ahead, Sharikov, tell us what you've been reading?

SHARIKOV

This guy, what's his name - Engels, correspondence with, hell, what's his name --

BORMENTHAL

Kautsky?

SHARIKOV

Kautsky, that's it.

PROFESSOR

And what comment can you make on what you've read?

SHARIKOV

I don't agree.

PROFESSOR

With whom, Engels or Kautsky?

SHARIKOV

Both of them.

PROFESSOR

What would you suggest instead?

SHARIKOV

Suggest, I dunno. They just write and write all this garbage about some congress and some Germans, makes my head spin. They should just take everything away from the bosses and divide it up.

PROFESSOR

And how is this to be done?

SHARIKOV

Easy, fr'instance, here's one guy with seven rooms and forty pairs of trousers and there's another guy who has to eat out dustbins.

PROFESSOR

I suppose that remark is about me?

BORMENTHAL

You bit a lady on the staircase the day before yesterday.

SHARIKOV

She slapped me across the face! A woman can't do that to me!

BORMENTHAL

She slapped you across the face because you were humping her leg.

PROFESSOR

This is intolerable! Humping her leg? My God, the scene you created yesterday, the cat, the tap, leaping about the flat like a savage, breaking windows. WHO KILLED MADAME POLASUHKER'S CAT, THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW, RIGHT NOW!

ZINA

More wine, Professor?

PROFESSOR

You belong to the lowest possible stage of development!

ZINA

Would anyone like more wine?

PROFESSOR

You are intellectually weak, your actions purely bestial, and yet you allow yourself in the presence of two university educated men to offer advice with quite intolerable familiarity, on a cosmic scale and of quite cosmic stupidity, on the redistribution of wealth, and at the same time YOU CHASE CATS AND EAT TOOTHPASTE!

BORMENTHAL

Calm down, Professor.

PROFESSOR

You are going to have to learn to behave and become a marginally acceptable member of society!

BORMENTHAL

Who was fool enough to lend you that book?

SHARIKOV

There you go calling everybody fools. So what if Shvonder lent it to me. He's helping me with my education.

PROFESSOR

I can see where your education is heading. Zina, please find and burn that book it immediately!

BORMENTHAL

I'd like to hang that Shvonder from the highest tree!

SHARIKOV

Duly noted, Doctor, duly noted.

BORMENTHAL

Oh, please.

*Darya Petrovna enters with the dessert.  
A three layer cake and a coffee  
service.*

SHARIKOV

I'm not eating any of that.

DARYA

No one has offered you any.

SHARIKOV

You can't talk to me like that.

DARYA

If you don't behave I will beat you senseless. Professor, Doctor, Zina would you care for some.

*Sharikov lights a cigarette.*

SHARIKOV

What Bormenthal, what?

BORMENTHAL

You will address me by name and patronymic!

SHARIKOV

Then you will address me by my name and patronymic!

BORMENTHAL

I will not address you by that ridiculous name!

PROFESSOR

Darya, join us for coffee.

DARYA

Thank you, Professor.

SHARIKOV

I can't smoke, can't drink, don't do this, don't do that, don't talk to the women, they don't like it, but the servants are allowed to have the run of the place.

PROFESSOR

That is enough, Mr. Sharikov!

SHARIKOV

I'm not a "Mister," all the 'Misters.' are in Paris! Hell, I have rights, it says so right here!

*Sharikov pulls out some documents.*

PROFESSOR

*That is enough! I'll have you know that I am putting a room wanted advertisement in the paper and I intend to find you a room.*

SHARIKOV

You don't think that I'm fool enough to leave her do you? Now that I'm a member of the residential association I am entitled to thirty-seven square feet. I demand my rights!

BORMENTHAL

You demand?

PROFESSOR

Look here, Mister Sharikov, one more act of impudence and I shall deprive you of all your food. Thirty-seven square feet may be all very well, but there is nothing on that ridiculous piece of paper that says that I have to feed you!

SHARIKOV

I can't go without food! Where would I eat?

BORMENTHAL

A very good question.

PROFESSOR

One I beg you to ask yourself as you are killing other peoples cats and URINATING IN THE HALLWAY!

ZINA

So, it's the circus then?

BORMENTHAL

Let's pray that there are no cats on the bill tonight!

ZINA

It's elephants on tonight.

BORMENTHAL

Well, Mr.Sharikov, what is your attitude regarding elephants?

SHARIKOV

Hell, I don't know. Cats area special case. Elephants are useful animals.

PROFESSOR

Elephants are useful animals are they, excellent, then you can go and watch them. Do exactly as Ivan Arnoldovich tells you and don't get talking to anyone. Bormenthal, please do not let him drink.

SHARIKOV

Come on, Bormenthal, let's go the circus!

BORMENTHAL

Oh, goody.

*BLACKOUT.*

ACT 2/SCENE 10

*Lights up in the Professor's study later.*

*A single lamp. The Professor at his desk, smoking a cigar going over the charts from the operation. Rising, he goes to the cabinet and pulls out two jars, one containing the Dog's pituitary, the other his testes, makes a note in the chart and returns the jars to the cabinet. Bormenthal enters.*

BORMENTHAL

Sharikov, disappeared at the Circus.

PROFESSOR

Bormenthal --

BORMENTHAL

I turned around one moment and he was gone, I have no idea where he is.

PROFESSOR

At the Red Light bar, I expect. You know, I had two ten rouble notes under this paper weight earlier this afternoon and now they're gone. You see what's happening here, it's obvious? You see what he is becoming?

*FADE INTO.*

ACT 2/SCENE 10B

*Sharik and DRUNK 1 & 2, bang on the door to the house.*

*They are drunk and they are giggling, passing a bottle of vodka back and forth, more banging. Fyodor appears in his night shirt, slippers and overcoat. Sharik starts to hop up and down grabbing his crotch.*

SHARIKOV

Let us in Fyodor. I have to go!

FYODOR

Of course, Citizen Sharikov.

*Fyodor opens the door letting Sharik in, trying to block the path of the two drunks.*

SHARIKOV

They're with me.

DRUNK 1

We're with him.

DRUNK 2

Drink?

FYODOR

No thanks, Citizen Sharikov.

SHARIKOV

We'll be heading upstairs.

FYODOR

I can only permit, Citizen Sharikov into the apartment.

SHARIKOV

They're staying.

DRUNK 2

We're not going anywhere!

FYODOR

Citizen Sharikov, you need to ask your guests to leave.

DRUNK 1

Who's gonna make us leave? Huh, who's going to make us leave?

DRUNK 2

You gonna make us leave? You and who else?

FYODOR

The 45th Precinct.

DRUNK 1

Oooh, the 45th Precinct. Go ahead and call the 45th Precinct.

*Sharikov wanders to a corner of the lobby and drops his pants and begins to relieve himself.*

FYODOR

CITIZEN SHARIKOV! GOOD HEAVENS!

FADE INTO:

ACT 2/SCENE 10C

*Lights back up in the Professor's study.*

*On another part of the stage the Dogs bay at the consulting-room window.*

PROFESSOR

What now, those damn Dogs?

*Zina enters in her robe.*

ZINA

I can't sleep with those Dog's wailing, Professor we've got to do something.

*On the stairs Fyodor roughly handles Sharikov. The noise can be heard in the apartment.*

PROFESSOR

What the devil?

ZINA

What's, that?

BORMENTHAL

Sharikov?

*More thumping and bumping. Fyodor and Sharikov have reached the front door. The Professor, Zina and the Doctor go to the door, and the Professor opens it. We see Fyodor holding a up a very drunk Sharikov.*

PROFESSOR

What in the name of --

FYODOR

I had to call the 45th Precinct, there has been damage, things have disappeared.

PROFESSOR

What's, disappeared?

FYODOR

The malachite ashtray, your beaver hat, your walking stick, your fox fur coat, the Doctor's wool coat and Madame Polasukher's mink hat --



PROFESSOR  
 (to Sharikov)  
 Who were they?

FYODOR  
 Citizen Sharikov, appeared at the front door without his key and demanded entry. He was accompanied by two men I'd never seen before.

PROFESSOR  
 And you let them in?

FYODOR  
 I didn't have any choice, Citizen Sharikov is on the register, he lives here.

Darya Petrovna enters in her robe.

DARYA  
 What are you all doing? Oh, hello, Fyodor.

FYODOR  
 Hello, Darya.

SHARIKOV  
 Hello, pretty Zina.

PROFESSOR  
 Quiet, Sharikov! Get this beast inside. Now what happened, Fyodor.

FYODOR  
 The two citizens said that they would be staying in the flat with Citizen Sharikov. I explained that it would not be possible and it was at that point that the two citizens became agitated and started using threatening language. It was at that point that Sharikov relieved himself on carpet in the lobby.

ZINA  
 Oh, no.

FYODOR  
 I decided to call the 45th Precinct, as soon as I had hung up the receiver the two citizens had disappeared along with the above mentioned items.

ZINA  
 This is horrible!

*The Professor pulls twenty roubles out of his pocket. Sharikov leans against the wall.*

PROFESSOR

I trust you'll take care of the police when they arrive, and the, uh, mess.

FYODOR

Of course, Professor.

PROFESSOR

Thank you, Fyodor.

FYODOR

Good night, Professor. Good night, Darya.

DARYA

Good night, Fyodor.

*The Professor shuts the door and turns to Sharikov.*

PROFESSOR

Well, what have you got to say for yourself? Who were they?

SHARIKOV

A couple of bastards, but they were good chaps.

BORMENTHAL

You don't know who they were?

SHARIKOV

No, Bormenthal, I don't know who they were, they were drunk that's for sure.

PROFESSOR

And now to the matter of the missing currency. Sharikov, twenty roubles is missing from my desk, what about that?

SHARIKOV

I'm not the only one that lives in this flat.

PROFESSOR

And what do you mean by that? Do you mean to say that Doctor Bormenthal took it?

SHARIKOV

Maybe pretty Zina took it.

ZINA

What?

SHARIKOV

She's just the maid. You'd think she was the Tsarina. Maids steal, they steal all the time, just like cats!

PROFESSOR

Zina, you mustn't think for a second that we would take his word over yours.

*Sharikov starts to bang his head against the wall and moan.*

DARYA

He's going to be ill, I can tell. I'm going for a bucket, I'm in no mood to clean up after him.

SHARIKOV

You can all get stuffed! Maids acting like Queens! Queens acting like Cats!

PROFESSOR

Bormenthal, take Sharikov into the consulting room, let him sleep it off in there, then meet me in the study.

BORMENTHAL

Yes, Professor.

*Bormenthal exits with Sharikov.*

PROFESSOR

Zina, pay no attention to what that fool says and get some sleep, the Doctor and I will put a stop to this.

ZINA

Thank you, Professor.

*Zina exits. The Professor heads into his study, pours himself a brandy. A moment later Bormenthal enters and the Professor pours him one as well.*

PROFESSOR

Ivan Arnoldovich, do you think that I know a little about human anatomy and the physiology of say, the human brain?

BORMENTHAL

Professor, what a question.

PROFESSOR

I botched that operation worse than a third-year medical student. Yes, it resulted in a discovery, and the sole result of that discovery is that from now on we will have Citizen Sharikov hanging around our necks.

BORMENTHAL

A unique achievement.

PROFESSOR

What the devil! I didn't spend five years doing this work so that I could transform a perfectly nice dog into a specimen of so-called humanity so revolting it makes your head swim.

BORMENTHAL

Supposing the brain donor had been Spinoza or some other great mind.

PROFESSOR

Providing the creature didn't die on the table and what for? What in the name of heaven for? That's the point, why manufacture a Spinoza when some peasant woman can produce a real one any day of the week? Evolution takes care of all of that for us. This is what happens when a researcher tries to force the pace, result Sharikov.

BORMENTHAL

Professor.

PROFESSOR

Theoretically the experiment was interesting, fine the physiologists will be delighted, Moscow will go wild, but what is the practical value and what is this creature?

BORMENTHAL

A scoundrel and a thief.

PROFESSOR

And what was Chugunkin? A balalaika player, an alcoholic, a thief, three convictions, 'take away all the property and divide it up,' Madame Polasukher's mink hat, twenty roubles here, forty roubles there and this is surely just the beginning.

BORMENTHAL

There must be a way to get him to adhere to rule and order.

PROFESSOR

It seems that the pituitary is the magic box that determines the individual human image. It's the human brain in miniature - to hell with it, I was interested in something different. I wanted to improve the human race and now I've ended specializing in rejuvenation.

BORMENTHAL

Then I'll dose him with arsenic and be done with it.

PROFESSOR

No, I won't let you do it. Never do anything criminal, no matter what the reason. Keep your hands clean all your life.

BORMENTHAL

What with Shvonder at him, no telling what he could become.

PROFESSOR

Shvonder is the biggest fool of all, he thinks that he can set Sharikov against me, but in turn what if someone sets Sharikov against Shvonder? The only thing that will be left of him is bones and a beak.

*A large screen US appears and is lit to reveal Zina in shadow sleeping.*

BORMENTHAL

You're right, look at the way he chases cats! He's a man with the heart of a dog.

PROFESSOR

Let's not insult the dog. His reaction to cats is only temporary, in another month, he'll be able to control it. It's just a matter of discipline.

*A giant shadow of Sharik enters the screen, it watches the sleeping Zina for a moment and moves slowly towards her.*

BORMENTHAL

Why hasn't he stopped already?

PROFESSOR

The pituitary is not suspended in a vacuum. It is, after all grafted onto a canine brain, you must allow it time to take root. Sharikov shows only traces of canine behavior now and chasing cats is the least objectionable thing that he does.

BORMENTHAL

So the real horror of our situation is that his heart is turning into a human heart, not a dogs.

PROFESSOR

And that heart is about the most rotten heart in all of creation.

*Sharikov has reached Zina. She wakes up, turns to see him. The screen goes black. In the darkness Zina screams.*

BORMENTHAL

That was Zina!

*Bormenthal and the Professor start for the door but are stopped by the sound of a steady thumping heading their way from down the hall. The study door bursts open and Sharikov is tossed in a pile at the Professor's feet by Darya Petrovna. She has a cut over her eye.*

*Sharikov has a gash on his cheek. Zina stands behind Darya, visibly shaken.*

DARYA

I know the world, but Zina is an innocent girl.

*Bormenthal grabs Sharikov up off the ground and starts to bang his head into the wall.*

PROFESSOR

STOP AT ONCE, IVAN ARNOLDOVICH. I FORBID IT!

*The Doctor let's Sharikov drop to the floor.*

SHARIKOV

*(weakly)*

You have no right to beat me.

*The Doctor kicks Sharikov viciously.*

PROFESSOR

Would you kill him? Is that your intention?

BORMENTHAL

I should have locked the consulting-room door!

PROFESSOR

Why don't you do that now.

SHARIKOV

You won't be locking me up anymore, Bormenthal! None of you will!

*Sharikov leaps up pushing his way past Bormenthal and bolts out of the room. The Doctor giving chase.*

PROFESSOR

Darya. Let me look at you. You may need stitches.

DARYA

It's just lucky I woke up.

ZINA

Professor, he tried too --

PROFESSOR

I know, dear girl, I know.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT 2/SCENE 11

*Lights up, the Professor's consulting room, a few weeks later.*

*The House Management Committee which has grown yet again are stuffed into the consulting-room along with Zina, Darya, the Doctor and the Professor who stares absentmindedly out the window at the sidewalk below.*

PROFESSOR

Must you always come at meal time? I told you we don't know where he is, haven't seen him in weeks, don't much care to, either.

VYAZEMSKAYA

He took one hundred fifty roubles from the re-education fund.

BORMENTHAL

And you gave it to him?

VYAZEMSKAYA

He was to buy text books and materials for the house.

DARYA

Along with the fifty roubles that he took from my purse and what's he's pilfered from around the house, that makes about two hundred fifty roubles.

SHVONDER

We'd like to know where to find, Citizen Sharikov.

BORMENTHAL

I'd try the Red Light bar.

PESTRUHKIN

We have, Doctor.

SHAROVKYAN

We thought he might be hiding in the house.

KARPOV

So we searched.

SPASSKY

Top to bottom.

ALL

Twice!

PROFESSOR

Pity, is there anything else?

SHVONDER

We will be filing charges against, Citizen Sharikov.

BORMENTHAL

*(chuckling)*

Of course, you will.

SHVONDER

You think that's funny, Doctor?

BORMENTHAL

Yes, yes, I do.

VYAZEMSKAYA

Those won't be the only charges we'll be filing, Doctor.

SHAROVKYAN

Yeah, Doctor.

PESTRUHKIN

Yeah.

PROFESSOR

Well, we'll all be looking forward to that. If there's nothing else, good night to you all.

SHVONDER

You should take us seriously, Professor.

PROFESSOR

I know I should, somehow I just can't.

*The House Management Committee shuffles out, Zina leads the way. The Professor continues to stare out the window.*

DARYA

I'll be seeing to dinner.

*Darya exits.*

BORMENTHAL

Are you alright, Professor?

PROFESSOR

Just waiting for the other shoe to drop, Ivan Arnoldovich.

BORMENTHAL

Are they still down there?

PROFESSOR

Yes.

**BLACKOUT.**



ACT 2/SCENE 12

*In the darkness the dogs howl and bark.*

*Lights up in the Professor's flat.*

*Fyodor rushes up the staircase and into the flat.*

FYODOR

It's Citizen Sharikov! He has returned!

*The Professor, Zina, Darya and the Doctor have gathered in the foyer. Framed in the door way is Sharikov wearing a leather tunic and English riding boots laced up to the knee. He smells of cats.*

SHARIKOV

I've taken a job.

ZINA

Oh, no.

PROFESSOR

Papers?

*Sharik hands the Professor an official looking document.*

PROFESSOR

'This is to certify that the bearer, Comrade Poligraph Polligraphovich Sharikov, is appointed to the Ministry of Moscow Cleansing Department, as a Sub Controller responsible for eliminating vagrant quadropeds, cats,' oh good heavens. Have you seen your friend, Shvonder, he's very anxious to see you --

BORMENTHAL

Something about one hundred and fifty roubles.

SHARIKOV

Hello, Bormenthal. You can get stuffed.

PROFESSOR

What is that revolting smell?

SHARIK

Well, it may smell a bit, it's because of my job. I spent all day yesterday strangling cats.

*Bormenthal's arms explode from his chest, his hands wrapped around Sharik's throat.*

*The **PALE GIRL** walks into the flat.*

PROFESSOR

DOCTOR! You seem to be cutting off the air.

BORMENTHAL

Just a bit, not too much, just enough.

SHARIKOV

Help.

ZINA

He's not alone.

SHARIKOV

*(strangled)*

She's to be my wife.

BORMENTHAL

*(releasing Sharikov)*

What?

SHARIKOV

She's our typist and we're going to be married. We are going to move into the waiting room. I have come to claim my thirty-seven square feet.

PROFESSOR

Zina, please show this young woman into my study.

ZINA

If you'll follow me.

SHARIKOV

Wait a minute!

*Zina and the Pale Girl exit.*

PROFESSOR

Wait for me, here. Ivan Arnoldovich, Fyodor please make sure that Citizen Sharikov remains here.

*The Professor walks into his study and sits behind his desk, Zina moves behind him. The Pale Girl sits weeping in a chair.*

PALE GIRL

He's been staying in my flat for the last few weeks, he won't leave. He claims he has special rights, claims that he was revolutionary hero who was wounded in the war.

PROFESSOR

He's lying.

PALE GIRL

He said he was in the Red Army and that we would live in a posh flat. He took my ring, my emerald ring from my Grandmother and he won't give it back. He forced me to... Professor, I am so ashamed!

*The Professor opens up his desk and removes a stack of hundred rouble notes, offers the Pale Girl a handkerchief and pushes the money across his desk.*

PROFESSOR

Please take this and if you should need any assistance, if any complications should arise, contact me immediately. You're still very young, put this behind you.

PALE GIRL

He said that he was a party official, that he could have me sacked from my job if I didn't do what he said. Did you really find him in a doorway?

PROFESSOR

Yes, my dear girl. Zina, have Bormenthal bring Sharikov in here, please.

ZINA

Yes, Professor.

*Zina exits.*

PALE GIRL

Professor, you've saved my life. You have no idea what my life has been like.

*Zina enters with Sharikov and the Doctor.*

PALE GIRL

You lied to me! You lied to me about everything!

PROFESSOR

Sharikov, please tell this young woman how you received that scar on your head, try and remember.

SHARIKOV

How can I forget, I was wounded at the front fighting against Kolchak, I was carrying the flag across the lines during the charge and then, crack --

BORMENTHAL

That is a surgical scar! You have no doubt seen the other one.

PALE GIRL

I believed you, liar!

PROFESSOR

The girls ring please!

SHARIKOV

She gave it to me --

PALE GIRL

He took it!

PROFESSOR

THE RING!

*Sharikov grudgingly takes the ring from his finger and hands it to the Professor, who in turn gives it to the Pale Girl.*

PALE GIRL

Thank you, Professor!

SHARIKOV

You'll remember me! Tomorrow, I'll make sure they cut your salary --

*Bormenthal grabs Sharik by the throat.*

BORMENTHAL

He won't do you any harm. I shall make it my mission in life to make sure that nothing ever happens to you by his hand, Miss?

PALE GIRL

Basnetsova.

BORMENTHAL

Well, Miss Basnetsova, I shall make sure that you are not interfered with.

PROFESSOR

Zina, would you please arrange a taxi with Fyodor for Miss Basnetsova.

PALE GIRL

How can I ever thank you, Professor.

PROFESSOR

You needn't worry about a thing. If anything should, er, develop contact me immediately and feel free to call on me at any time. Good luck to you, Miss Basnetsova.

*The Pale Girl places the bank notes in her purse and kisses the Professor on the cheek and quickly exits with Zina. The Doctor releases Sharik roughly.*

SHARIKOV

I've had enough of you putting your hands on me, Bormenthal.

BORMENTHAL

If you harm that girl in any way, I shall take you out of this world. Take care, Sharikov, I mean what I say.

PROFESSOR

I want you to go and collect your things at once. I want you to leave here and never return.

SHARIK

*(drawing a revolver)*

Like hell I will, I've come to claim my thirty-seven square feet and I'm staying right here.

BORMENTHAL

The hell you are!

SHARIKOV

Stay right there, Bormenthal, and you Old Man, how many roubles do you have in that desk? Maybe you should just hand it all over to me, eh, dad?

BORMENTHAL

THAT'S ENOUGH!

Bormenthal grabs up the stuffed Owl, smashing the lamp and charging Sharik. Bormenthal attacks Sharikov with the Owl. Tackles him and takes him over the desk, as we...

*BLACKOUT.*

In the darkness, the sounds of a struggle. Two gun shots, the muzzle flash lighting the space, then silence.

ACT 2/SCENE 13

*Lights up in the Professor's flat one week later.*

*The front bell rings and rings.*

*as Zina heads for the door, tying her robe.*

ZINA

Who's there?

FYODOR (O.S.)

Open the door, Miss Zina.

ZINA

Fyodor?

*Zina opens the door to see Fyodor with two members of the Secret Police, wearing leather coats and caps. **KARPUSTA** and **KARTUSHKA**. The Professor enters in his dressing gown.*

PROFESSOR

What's all this about? What can I help you with?

KARTUSHKA

We'd like to see all the residents of this flat assembled.

*The Secret Police enter with Fyodor and the House Management Committee has assembled and follow them in to the flat.*

SHVONDER

They have a sworn warrant.

VYAZEMSKAYA

And you are all named.

ALL

Yeah!

*Bormenthal and Darya emerge from their rooms.*

KARPUSTA

The warrant names Zina Prokofievna, Darya Ivanova, Doctor Ivan Arnoldovich Bormenthal --

SHVONDER

And you Professor, you are named as well.

PROFESSOR

And there is no doubt about who named me.

SHVONDER

None, whatsoever.

PROFESSOR

Very well, what are the charges?

KARTUSHKA

Murder.

ZINA

Omigod!

PROFESSOR

I don't understand?

VYAZEMSKAYA

You understand very well, Philip Philipovich!

PROFESSOR

And who have we supposedly murdered?

SHVONDER

We heard the gunshots.

KARPOV

We know there has been foul play.

SPASSKY

And counter-revolutionary practices.

ALL

Yeah! Yeah!

KARPUSTA

You are under the arrest for the murder of Citizen Sharikov!

KARTUSHKA

Please come with us now, Citizens.

BORMENTHAL

You must be joking.

ZINA

Professor?

The **POLICE INSPECTOR** enters in uniform,  
we recognize him as the Green Haired  
man.

POLICE INSPECTOR

Murder is no joke, Ivan Arnoldovich.

KARTUSHKA

What are you doing here, sir?

POLICE INSPECTOR

The same as you, investigating the murder of Ministry of Moscow Cleansing Department, Sub Controller Sharikov.

DARYA

Okay, I'm going back to bed.

KARPUSTA

You're not going anywhere?

POLICE INSPECTOR

Don't speak to her in that manner.

PROFESSOR

Sharikov? You mean, Sharik, my dog, the one I operated on?

SHVONDER

Not a dog, Professor, a man.

PROFESSOR

Just because, he talked doesn't make him a man.

DARYA

Okay, I'm going to stick around this is going to be worth it.

PROFESSOR

It's irrelevant in any case as Sharik is alive and well at this very moment.

VYAZEMSKAYA

You're lying, Professor. We heard the shots.

POLICE INSPECTOR

Who are these people?

KARPUSTA

The House Management Committee, sir.

POLICE INSPECTOR

Make them be quiet!

KARPUSTA

Be quiet.

POLICE INSPECTOR

If he is alive then I must ask you to produce him, it seems that he held a job, an identity card and the statement written by the House Management Committee is most disquieting.



PROFESSOR

Then let's put a stop to this nonsense, Ivan Arnoldovich, would you be so kind as to fetch Sharik.

*Bormenthal exits.*

SHVONDER

What are you trying to pull, Professor?

POLICE INSPECTOR

I thought you were told to be quiet. It's a good thing that Fyodor telephoned me to let me know what's going on here. It's obvious that you two have botched this investigation!

KARTUSHKA

But, sir, we were going to take them to the 45th Precinct for interrogation.

POLICE INSPECTOR

I don't think that will be necessary.

*Bormenthal returns, he whistles and in walks Sharik on hind legs like a trained circus animal. He takes a few steps into the room and then drops down onto all fours, his tongue and growing tail wag with excitement. His fur starting to grow back in patches, bald on the top of his head. A fresh crimson scar is visible. Sharik stands back up on two legs, grins and then takes a seat in an armchair.*

POLICE INSPECTOR

What is this?

KARPUSTA

Are you telling me that he worked for the Ministry of Moscow Cleansing Department?

KARTUSHKA

He was a Sub Controller?

PROFESSOR

I certainly didn't send him there. I believe it was Citizen Shvonder that arranged for his employment.

*Sharik starts to try and lick himself.*

POLICE INSPECTOR

What job did this creature hold? Who issued this creature an identity card?

KARTUSHKA

Comrade Shvonder, had an identity card issued.

KARPUSTA

He was in charge of eliminating vagrant quadropeds.

BORMENTHAL

Killing cats, I believe.

POLICE INSPECTOR

Well, that would make some small degree of sense. Is that really him?

FYODOR

It's him alright, only fatter.

SHVONDER

But he talked!

PROFESSOR

And he still talks though less and less. Come on boy, come on Sharik, speak. Speak!

SHARIK

GET STUFFED!

PROFESSOR

That's good boy.

SHARIK

AIM BETTER WHEN YOU PEE!

POLICE INSPECTOR

I don't understand, Professor.

PROFESSOR

Science has not yet found a way of turning animals into people. I tried, unsuccessfully as you can see. He talked and then he started to revert back to his primitive state.

BORMENTHAL

Atavism.

POLICE INSPECTOR

Fascinating.

PROFESSOR

I know.

SHARIK

WHO KILLED MADAME POLASUKHERS'S CAT!

PROFESSOR

That's enough, Sharik, quiet you naughty boy.

POLICE INSPECTOR

And you two were ready to take these four fine people down to the 45th Precinct, don't you feel foolish.

KARTUSHKA

We were only acting on the statement sworn out by the House Management Committee.

KARPUSTA

We are as surprised as you, sir.

VYAZEMSKAYA

This is an outrage! Everything we've told you is the truth!

KARPUSTA

I'd be quiet if I were you.

VYAZEMSKAYA

I will not be quiet, don't you see what's happened here.

POLICE INSPECTOR

You will be quiet! Making false statements is serious business, take them out into the hall, I'll deal with them and you in a moment.

KARTUSHKA

Yes, sir.

SHARIK

CEASE THE LURKING!

*Kartushka and Karpusta herd the House Management Committee out of the Professor's flat and into the hall. Sharik drops down out of the chair, smiles at everyone and exits into the consulting-room.*

POLICE INSPECTOR

You'll have no more trouble from the House Management Committee, I can assure you of that. You truly are a magician, Professor.

PROFESSOR

Thank you, old friend.

POLICE INSPECTOR

Thank Fyodor. Well good night, Professor, Darya, Zina, Doctor.

PROFESSOR

Good night, good night Fyodor and thank you.

*Fyodor nods, shares a smile with Darya and exits with the Police Inspector. Darya heads back up to bed, Zina looks into the consulting-room.*

ZINA

He's urinating on the paper, what a good boy you are!

BLACKOUT.

ACT 2/SCENE 14

*Lights up in the Professor's study. The Professor sits behind his desk reading a file, finishing a brandy, a human brain in a liquid filled jar sits on the desk. Sharik lays curled up on the rug next to the couch. The Professor hums and Sharik pokes his head up.*

SHARIK

I have been very lucky. Incredibly lucky. I'm really settled into this flat. Sure they cut my head up a bit, none of my business really. Though, now I'm not so sure about my pedigree. I don't think I have any labrador in me, still, I am a very good looking dog, and popular. My friends no longer wait below the consulting-room window, we meet in the park. I am walked twice a day and Zina releases me from my lead so I can run and roll in the warm grass. I have a special place in the kitchen next to Darya Petrovna's stove, she even placed a little rug there for me and I sleep there on cold nights and I get scraps from the table.

*The Professor rises from the desk moves to the couch with his brandy and his file, sits down, reaches his hand down and starts to stroke Sharik behind the ear.*

PROFESSOR

That's a good fellow. Quiet, boy. Go to sleep, Sharik.

SHARIK

I am the luckiest dog in all of Moscow. I am warm, I am full and I am loved!

PROFESSOR

Shhh, quiet boy. Go to sleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

FIN.