

NIKOLAI

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Thirty years passed like a dream.
Seems like only yesterday I put a bullet in my foot.

A VOICE

“An accident.”

NIKOLAI

Accident? Sure it was!
And a damned lucky one, too!

(He listens for the voice... No answer. The game has resumed.)

If that pistol didn't misfire, god knows what woulda happened to me... To Arkady!
If Arkady even existed!

A VOICE

“An accident.”

NIKOLAI

You don't believe me?
What, you think I... on purpose?

(He listens for the voice... No answer.)

I tell you what woulda happened. They woulda shipped me home to my mother in a box. Not
me. Pieces of me, flung together in a crate.
Only bullet that ever saved a life!

A VOICE

Arkady needs health insurance.

NIKOLAI

He does, a job with –
(Catching himself) He just got home! It's too early for –

A VOICE

He needs dental.

NIKOLAI

Dental's not the crucial thing.

A VOICE

He drives a lime green Toyota Corolla.

NIKOLAI

Later! We'll deal with it later!

Look at me... What did I accomplish by twenty-two?

A VOICE

You shot yourself.

NIKOLAI

Exactly.

And if I didn't, I might be dead!

(He looks down the road in anticipation.)

I wonder if he knows...?

A VOICE

Why didn't you tell him? Why did you wait until –

NIKOLAI

I'm beginning to think they're not coming at all.

(He looks down the road.)

(Suddenly, he springs up, mouth agape in joy...)

Arkady... Arkady!

There he is! There's our boy!