

Kovalev looks around and finds the church empty...except for his Nose, who is kneeling and praying, his absurd hat beside him.

Kovalev approaches cautiously, unsure about how to proceed. Kovalev clears his throat. No response. He coughs. No response.

KOVALEV (whispering)
Excuse me. Sir. Excuse me.

The Nose looks up at him.

KOVALEV (whispering louder)
It's very strange to find you here. In church, I mean. Instead of where you belong. On my face.

The Nose rises. He is taller than Kovalev, who is a bit intimidated.

KOVALEV (full voice)
Yes, well. Look for yourself! You see?!?

Kovalev removes the handkerchief to show his lack of nose. His Nose is not impressed.

KOVALEV
I am a man of position. And you are - well, you're my nose. It just isn't done for a man like me to go around town like this. Without you. My nose, I mean. Surely you understand!

The Nose kneels and returns to his prayers.

KOVALEV
Think of the rules and conventions of society! To go about without a nose. It isn't done! It just isn't done. And you, sir, are MY nose! My OWN nose!

Kovalev realizes he is getting nowhere and stomps off just as Karolina has entered the church. She quickly kneels and says a prayer. He sees her and forgets all about his lack of nose. Kovalev straightens his shirt, makes sure his lapel pin reading "Tuesday" is straight. He approaches her.

KOVALEV (whispering loudly)
Why, my dear Madame Varlamovich.

He bows, waving his handkerchief with a flourish. She looks up to see him...sans nose. She screams. She now realizes whose nose has gone missing. Kovalev realizes he's accidentally exposed his lack of nose. Karolina quickly exits. Kovalev bursts into tears.

Madame Magda and the unrolled Oksana enter the church.

MADAME MAGDA
Oksana, who is the patron saint of lost animals? Saint Philomena or Saint Nikolai the Wondermaker? Never mind, we'll light candles to both.

She weeps. Kovalev weeps. They weep together. Magda spots the weeping Kovalev and approaches.

MADAME MAGDA
Why, Konstantin Kovalev. I had no idea you loved our little pooch as much as we do! I knew you had a kind soul. Not to worry. I'm sure Fidele will be home soon.

Kovalev quickly dries his tears, tries to blow his nose...but remembers and just uses the handkerchief to cover his face again.

KOVALEV
Yes, yes. Must go. Good day.

He walks away from Magda. He thinks. He decides. He turns.

KOVALEV
This is absurd! I'll give that nose a piece of my mind!

But the Nose has left the church.

Kovalev rushes out to Nevsky Prospect, looking left and right for his Nose. He spies Teplov, whose hat now sports large feathers.

KOVALEV

Aha! Captain Teplov! Exactly the man I need! Such a catastrophe!

Kovalev still holds the handkerchief to his nose.

TEPLOV

Isn't it, though? What has happened to this town? It was once such an orderly place. But now, littering is rampant!

KOVALEV

What? Listen, Captain! (he whispers) I am told you are a man with ... connections.

TEPLOV

Connections?

KOVALEV

Please! I must find him! He's - tall.

TEPLOV

Small nose, large nose?

KOVALEV

Large. Very large. Wearing a hat with an absurd feather.

TEPLOV

Feather you say?

They look around. And suddenly it seems hats with absurd feathers are all the rage. Everyone - men and women - is strolling about in hats with absurdly large feathers. Kovalev notices Teplov's befeathered hat. Teplov stares back at him.

TEPLOV

Something wrong?

KOVALEV

Oh, never mind!