

VODKA, FUCKING, AND TELEVISION

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The author considers it necessary to make the following explanation: The author is not represented by the Hero in this play. Cognac and the author's private life have nothing in common with Vodka and Fucking. Television (a Sony) bears only a slight resemblance to the author's television (a Phillips). The Hero has no morals, the author does. Several, in fact. The author hardly ever uses obscenities in his personal life or his artistic creations. Even in the army, he steadfastly refused to curse for the first two and a half months, to which Private Leonov and Corporal Pampookha can bear witness. The author is incapable of speaking disrespectfully about women, which often gets him into sticky situations. The author never experiences artistic crises; he writes with ease and inspiration; he completes all the assignments he accepts on time. When the author hears the phrase "The Sixties Generation," he, like many of his peers, wants to puke.

Hero

I'm an old man. I'm 33 and according to science I haven't been able to learn anything new for the past eight years. After 25, people don't change. Everyone knows this, but the hero is the only one who accepts it. I, obviously, am the hero. Studying after the age of 25 is a waste of time. Not long ago, someone suggested I take a course - a freebie, with classes four times a week. I went with the fool, but later I wasn't even able to recall what they taught there. It might have been English, or how to scrawl some special tantric forms. I can't remember to save my life. I wasted three months on it. So here's how it is - I have to make a choice. I'm not some ageless fag! In order to live in harmony with my refined sense of beauty, I have to renounce something. When an old fart makes himself out to be an Ophelia, it's not pretty. But when he honestly and calmly declares - I am an aging aesthete who's been beaten down by life - that elicits, at a minimum, respect. And so now, at this very moment, I will decide - what I shall renounce. In order to... Well, you get the idea.

Fucking

I'm Fucking. What he wouldn't say there is that he'll hold onto me to the end. That's why I'm so calm. I'm not threatened by anything.

Hero

As I said, everything will be decided openly. A choice is a choice.

Fucking

Go on...

Hero

Plug it, will you. I hardly have any principles. But if you raise doubts about my integrity - I might start to lose my shit.

Fucking

I could shut up, or I could spout off, like Putin - it doesn't fucking matter. People don't voluntarily renounce fucking.

Hero

Are you that certain?

Fucking

Yes, I'm that certain.

Hero

So certain even that you won't hide?

Fucking

What do I have to hide from?

Hero

Fine. We'll see.

Fucking

We'll see.

Hero

Now where are the others?

Vodka

We're right here.

Television

Good evening. Good evening. Good evening.

Hero

Take a seat.

Fucking

Guys, are you aware that one of you has got to go?

Vodka

Hold on. It was clearly stated that one of the *three* has got to go.

Television

That's what I heard too.

Fucking

Well right... But that's a ... formality, like "fair elections." In point of fact, one of you is on the outs.

Hero

Gentlemen, don't listen to this nympho. I'm facing a difficult, sobering choice. But goddamnit, I swear by my mother - I will decide fairly..

Fucking

In brief, if I were in your place I'd cut a deal.

Vodka

Meaning what?

Fucking

Well, each one gets reduced by 50 percent and everyone stays.

Vodka

Do I understand you correctly - you're proposing to cut us in half?

Fucking

That would be the wisest thing to do. He's being serious here.

Vodka

And you would stay as you are?

Fucking

I'm staying regardless. That's not under discussion.

Vodka

We'd better think about this.

Television

I disagree. They don't show shit on me as it is.

Hero

That's not true. There's the news, the Simpsons, boxing, championship soccer...

Television

Compared with last year, I'm on the outs.

Hero

Let's be fair. Last year I was on the dole at the Red Army Theater. These days I have to engage in piracy in order to support you all.

Television

Television doesn't cost you a single cent.

Hero

My little friend... In order for you to stick your slim adaptable plug into an outlet, someone has to pay for an apartment where an outlet exists. And he has to do it without dying from hunger.

Vodka

And without dying from thirst.

Fucking

No comment.

Hero

You've sucked up my whole brain, like that monster from... uhh... that movie...

Vodka

Starship Troopers.

Hero

Right, Starship Troopers. You really have destroyed me.

Television

In other words, you've already determined who the scapegoat will be.

Hero

I haven't determined anything. It's just that you started waving your rights in the air...

Vodka

Yeah, flat-face, that's pointless. It seems to me that Fucking has proposed a fine alternative. We cut back by 50 percent and both stay.

Hero

Honestly guys, I've organized this whole thing out of hopelessness. I can't go on with all three of you... My health is already shot - remember how last Easter -

Fucking

Yes of course we remember. The question is do *you* remember?

Vodka

I was thinking the same thing that day. Well sure, he can survive at this pace for another five years or so. But then what? He'd get some kind of blood clot - and I'd be out on the streets. It'd be better for me if he showed some restraint and lived longer.

Television

Those are your worries. I'm not in the same boat as you guys. You're killers. Nobody has ever died from TV.

Hero

That's really weak.

Vodka

It's impertinent bullshit.

Fucking

I'm not able to disagree.

Television

Okay, fine. But statistically speaking - I'm in the better position.

Vodka

How sick I am of the word "statistics," you can't imagine.

Hero

Here's what I think. We have to somehow discuss everything calmly, properly. To make an objective decision.

Vodka

Now that's a sober proposal.

Hero

With whom shall we begin?

Fucking

We'll begin with Television.

Hero

We'll begin with Television.

Television

Did you see that? Word for word.

Hero

Don't you start with me.

Vodka

Really, mellow out...

Television

What - you don't see it? He dances to her fiddle.

Vodka

Listen... Everyone's on his own here.

Television

Right... It's people like you who caused -

Vodka

I'm the cause of Auschwitz, of Samashki... That's an old saw.

Television

Moral relativists! I hate them!!!

Hero

Hey guys, please don't fight. I... honestly. I love all of you.

Vodka

We know. Don't get upset...

Hero

Right. Well... I can't do this anymore! I don't have the strength.

Television

Okay, fine. I agree.

Vodka

That's more like it.

Television

But I have one condition...

Hero

No conditions.

Fucking

Now this is interesting...

Hero

What sort of condition?

Television

First - we draw lots - to see who goes first. In order to be fair.

Hero

Well... sure, why not.

Television

And also. I agree to take part in this, but I demand to be treated respectfully and without any bias.

Hero

As you wish... Look - you're all absolutely the same to me. I don't have a preference. It's a completely open situation.

Television

And without any cussing, please.

Hero

How can I deal with you guys without cussing?

Fucking

I, by the way, also believe that cussing doesn't suit you.

Hero

Really? Well, maybe...

Fucking

You swear like a polite young man: "Homo! Whore!" An intellectual having sex for the first time.

Hero

I swear just fine.

Fucking

It's not natural. Tell him.

Vodka

It's good enough for the beer hall.

Fucking

Hey, look. I've said what I think. Whether or not you accept the terms is your affair.

Hero

All right, all right. I can go without swearing. But then you guys also - have to take this seriously. Today, one way or another, one of you is gonna get fucked!

Fucking

And I even know who.

Television

How can anyone make a deal with you guys?!

Vodka

Sit!

Television

This is a farce. I don't want to be a part of this.

Vodka

You leave, and then what?

Television

Decide without me.

Fucking

Those who are absent are never in the right.

Television

Why not?

Fucking

I don't know. That's what Cardinal Mazarini said.

Television

Really?...

Vodka

Well if Mazarini says so then that's it.

Television

I'll stay, but...

Hero

Three matches. Whoever gets the short one - we discuss first.

After that we'll see what happens.

Vodka

Long.

Hero

Now you.

Television

Let her go.

Hero

What's the difference. Draw.

Television

I knew it.

Hero

Easy, easy...

Television

Television is a magical window onto the natural world, a source of knowledge, a reliable friend in times of sadness and depression -

Hero

Thank you. What a crock of shit.

Television

Well what did you expect?

Hero

Okay, look, someone's got to talk some sense here -

Television

No, come on, say - what you expected out of me...

Hero

Listen, you ugly mug, you're wearing on my nerves. You're constantly dissatisfied with something...

Television

Of course I'm dissatisfied.

Hero

You cast doubt upon my requests. What does that reveal? Your whole attitude. To you I'm - a spineless, undeserving, wacko

writer - Don't interrupt. I explained it all: we're talking here about life and death. I can no longer drink, fuck and watch television. That is, I can. But I cannot do so and remain a creative individual. I must, must renounce something. If I do not undertake this operation, I'll simply collapse. How come you don't get that? Why don't you respect my decision?

Television

How can you respect someone who willingly puts a hole in his head? Do you have to do something so stupid as to renounce television?

Hero

And who said that it's you I'm renouncing?

Television

It's not me that you're renouncing. You're renouncing Svetochka Sorokina, Flarkovskii...

Hero

Your Flarkovskii is shit.

Television

And Sorokina?

Hero

Sorokina - no.

Television

What did she ever do to you?

Hero

I repeat once again -

Television

Have you seen her little legs?

Hero

Her little legs... yes.

Television

The slim - but not skinny - strong, beautiful legs of a weary woman. They're miraculous!

Hero

Am I arguing?

Television

But what are you doing? You're preparing to say to her - I don't want you anymore, Sorokina, you're fired, you're an old, jack-off screen whore. Can you really say that to her?

Hero

Nowadays she's usually in slacks.

Television

Who cares. Can you really say that to her?

Hero

I can't!

Television

That's it. Discussion ended. Who's next over there? Heads or tails - call it.

Hero

We're not done with you yet.

Television

Sure we're done.

Hero

Who will speak up? Vodka, you?

Vodka

Well I would say -

Hero

Let's have it.

Vodka

I'm not feeling well. After yesterday's...

Hero

Okay then you...

Fucking

What's there to say? Everything's clear now.

Hero

What's clear?

Fucking

The one who's got to go.

Hero

Who?

Fucking

Well it's not me for god's sake...

Hero

You guys don't want to speak - I understand. Always look out for number one... Is that it?

Fucking

Fuck you.

Hero

You both want to stay clean. Fine. But afterwards there'll be no excuses...

Fucking

I'm terrified!

Hero

All right, everyone shut up...

Vodka

He's made up his mind.

Fucking

Here comes the bullshit.

Hero

My profession provides me with freedom. I don't have to go to an office. My wife gets ready for work, and I lay in bed, waiting for her to leave. Then I get up for a bit, and afterwards I lie down again. I have at my disposal two blankets and two pillows. Sometimes I grab a third one, which is in the wicker chest from Ikea. When the fox shows up, I bury myself deeper in the pillows and sand, and it can't get to me, because the fox doesn't see me. It sniffs about, but it can't find me and when the phone stops ringing, I leap out of the burrow and run barefoot to the jack and disconnect it. In the evening my wife comes in and asks what I did all day. I reply - "I worked." And that, basically, is the truth.

Fucking

The groundhog's monologue was performed by the National Artist of the Ukraine -

Vodka

It was a gopher, bitch.

Fucking

The gopher's monologue -

Television

Can someone explain to me what any of this has to do with television?

Hero

I'll explain.

Fucking

No I think I'd better explain.

Hero

Go for it.

Fucking

Listen here, you Trinitron weenie, I didn't want to hurt you; it's none of my business, and up to a certain point you had me... It makes no difference to me which of you they knock off, but in all honesty I hope you get throttled. Because you haven't yet uttered a single word of truth. You understand it all perfectly, but you play dumb to obstruct things.

Television

You know I've always wondered - what compels a person to open his mouth when no one has asked him to?

Fucking

You may laugh, but it's the natural love of justice.

Television

Who says that? Miss Just Fucking?

Fucking

Yes, imagine.

Vodka

Either explain or cuss him out. One or the other.

Fucking

I'm explaining. With his monologue the man wanted to tell us how hard he's got it, how he's a tender and delicate instrument of

feeling... How difficult it is for him to get in the mood to work and how easy it is for his instrument to get rattled. For this type of person, turning on the TV is like a boxer turning to pluck his eyebrows in the middle of a match.

Television

Are you saying boxers pluck their eyebrows?

Hero

It's a simile.

Television

A simile? Oh, forgive me... It's a simile of course. And I, I'm just a fool... I'm obtuse, yes?

Fucking

You're obtuse, yes.

Television

Good, I'm obtuse. May I ask a question?

Hero

Go right ahead.

Television

When did you stop reading?

Hero

I read a lot.

Television

I don't mean magazines on the toilet.

Hero

I'm a writer, I read a lot. I study documents.

Television

But when was the last time you clambered up into a garret and, having seated yourself in a well-worn armchair, gulped down the delicate pages, laughing wholeheartedly and jumping out of your seat at the moments when the hero was in danger?

Hero

Basically it's never been like that. I've never read anything in a garret.

Television

Bright streaks of sunlight paint the floor, playful dust floats in the air, which is a pleasure to breathe. It smells of old wood, and you are reading and you cannot stop. You hold a piece of straw in your teeth.

Hero

It was never like that. I always read on the sofa. Even when I stopped reading lying down. I sat and read. There were snacks and tea nearby, and there wasn't any straw or dust... Well, there was dust but not that kind, a different kind of dust. And as for the sun. The sun was there. But never any garrets.

Television

In your whole life there wasn't one garret?

Hero

Well, right - there wasn't.

Television

Fine, there wasn't. Then answer this simple question... Why, why didn't I - monster and a brainsucker that you claim I am... Why didn't I enslave you, cripple you - back then! In your childhood? You - the little boy who didn't have a garret full of old books! Why, tell me.

Hero

My parents forbade me from watching television.

Television

It was I who allowed them to forbid you. From morning to night I showed communist party proceedings, tractors, and meetings with foreign delegations... Do you think I enjoyed doing that? Do you really think they could have forbidden Disney? No fucking way. You would have cried, scratched and clawed, refused to eat... Tractors weren't worth all that. And I showed tractors. Ask me - why did I do that?

Hero

Why?

Television

I wanted you to come to me when you were fully conscious, so that you would choose me willingly... A slave is of no use to me.

Hero

I'm your slave now.

Television

That's not my fault. You didn't start watching TV until after the Soviet Union collapsed.

Hero

I was able to go for weeks without TV.

Television

Except Saturdays.

Hero

Saturdays?

Television

Uncle Scrooge.

Hero

Which means...?

Television

Duck Tales. And Rescue Rangers.

Hero

But when was that... Before I went into the army.

Television

Actually - it was after. From the time you were 20 until you were 24. Every Saturday. Disney. Duck Tales. And Rescue Rangers.

Hero

Chip and Dale rush to the scene.

Television

That's right...

Hero

I was like that when I was 24?

Television

You don't need to be ashamed of that. To be a late bloomer is - a blessing. People of the future will reach maturity in their forties.

Vodka

If they drink one hundred proof.

Television

What did you say?

Vodka

And they'll live to a hundred and two.

Television

Well yes...

Hero

Okay... I think you've made a strong case. The late bloomer - that's my favorite motif.

Television

I am your friend.

Hero

The Discovery Channel. That I respect.

Television

Science programs... Enormous windows onto the past, the mysteries of the deep blue sea...

Hero

All right, all right... I'm convinced. We're moving on to the next candidate.

Vodka

We're not going to draw lots?

Hero

No.

Vodka

Well okay...

Hero

Let's go - get right to the point.

Vodka

Right to the point. Man cannot live without vodka.

Hero

Yes he can.

Vodka

Easier said... than done.

Hero

Are you planning to construct your whole defense on ancient proverbs?

Vodka

What's the problem?

Hero

You don't respect me, you don't respect your colleagues...

Vodka

Why do you say that? I do.

Hero

You do not. And that's because you are - a tsar. There is certainty in your every gesture, in your every word. I'm nothing to you; my needs, the needs of the theater to you are - so much dust.

Vodka

You sound convincing, but you have no proof for what you're saying.

Hero

I am the hero. Yes? However, in essence, I don't have a will of my own. I - am not an actor, I'm the writer. Which is to say, I am an actor... But I'm more the writer. Well, let's say about 80 percent. But yes, I look like an actor. And as an actor I will continue to shove my ideas down your throats for a little while, but as the writer I'm going to put away my laptop right now - by the way, what do you think, does it have a harmful effect on your nuts if a laptop is sitting on them?

Fucking

It's harmful.

Hero

I thought so. They need to invent something... I don't get it, why don't they come out with special little tables - a desk with some clips - so you can write without frying your nuts? And some sort of foil screen - to protect against radiation. Hey! Ikea! Where are the nutprotecting environmentally friendly lap-desks?

Fucking

Stay on task.

Hero

All right then, I'm going to put away my laptop right now, take it off my thoroughly radiated nuts and go down to the nearest kiosk. Hey you people! I haven't left yet. You capitalist people - it's you I'm talking to. Because there aren't any other types left. There's little chance they'll produce this play in North Korea or Cuba. Capitalist people! Brothers! I'm still sober here. In Moscow they don't sell vodka from little kiosks anymore. Or "little tents" - as the locals call them. But I'm not a local, and therefore I say - kiosks. These days around my building you can only buy beer, while for vodka you have to walk another 150 or 200 meters. I have lived in many apartments and this distance is approximately the same everywhere you go. In earlier times they sold vodka from mobile trading posts. Today you can only get it in stores. This is very... bad. Brothers! I know that this situation is also not acceptable to you. But you've gotten used to it, you've submitted. But for us there's still time. It pains me to walk these 200 meters, when I recollect how marvelous it was to buy vodka right around the corner. It was only a few years ago. I can say this quite calmly right now, but the truth is I'm weeping inside.

Fucking

So have you gone?

Hero

Not yet. Okay, I'm hitting "save"... I've gone.

Fucking

And how did it go.

Hero

Poorly.

Vodka

Well, go on...

Hero

Is it really not obvious?

Vodka

It's obvious to me. Tell the story to the viewers.

Hero

I'll tell it just for the viewers' sake. I went the wrong way. The kiosk was closed. I should have gone to the left.

Vodka

You might have gone back.

Hero

Thanks - an extra 400 meters.

Vodka

So what did you do?

Hero

I bought beer. I'll poison myself. That is, I've already poisoned myself with one bottle, now I'll open a second... I've opened it. Beer. I don't like beer. I was born in the USSR, I lived in a country where the vodka tradition was an important element of the culture. And what can I do about... A month went by. Well, to be honest - two months. We're moving on to fucking.

Vodka

That's all I get?

Hero

Yes, for now that's all.

Vodka

Which means what?

Hero

Everything's clear to me.

Vodka

But I didn't get to say anything in my defense.

Hero

What kind of defense could there be? Because of you I put off writing plays for my esteemed theatrical partners for an eternity. I lost several fiancées, I lost time, money, talent, my conscience, my ideas; I've got silicone glue in my eyes, I've got headaches which I had before but not like this, I'm stupid, I'm accessible, I fell in love with scum, I haven't written everything that I was capable of not writing, I cleverly found time for the hair of the dog so nobody would notice... I find people who drink scotch amusing. Because vodka is cheaper, and there's also sherry. A week passed - there's a bottle of scotch

on the table, I say - OK - but no way am I going to pay for the fancy stuff. There's not going to be any Black Label. Don't think of yourself as poor - economize. An alcoholic has to live a long time. In order to live long you need money. I proclaim a month of sobriety - only the best Chilean wine. The deadline approaches. I will let my partners down. And there's still Australia - yes! The French are on their last legs, the Italians got their butts kicked a long time ago. The old regions are becoming obsolete. Don't expect me to weep all over again for the Neorealists and the Eternal fucking city. Deliveries are expected from Tunis. An Islamic country, but there's a powerful winemaking tradition. Only the dry stuff, though. Nothing stronger than 9 percent... 21 percent... 23 percent... With whites and reds, how can people drink that sweet, sticky vileness? Getting hard liquor is impossible. But I got some. Anyone who'd like to know how - talk to me after the show. I have a wife. Yes - I still have her. No I don't. I can get it all back. There's nothing I can't get back. It's getting easier, easier by the day. I've clicked on that icon so many times. Microsoft Word. Microsoft Word - is a fraud, Gates - is a fraud. He's an unhappy man, I can sense it. Click, click, click - senselessly. Never a year without a line. A letter from Norway. Theater people... I love my wife. I can't take this, I have to have a drink. I'm not going to write anything anyway. Goodbye Norwaaaaaaaay, oh-oh-oh!!!!!!! I feel vodka! Vodka is my enemy.

Vodka

He's delirious.

Television

Delirious, I agree.

Hero

My dear little Fucking - a word from you.

Fucking

You know, my little friend - I do have something to say.

Hero

Well then say it.

Fucking

Do you want me to?

Hero

Well, of course... not. I mean I do. But...

Fucking

You're not ready?

Hero

No, I'm ready. Well, to tell the truth, not completely.

Fucking

Well then why bother? There's no special need after all.

Hero

There is.

Fucking

There's not.

Hero

I have to prove to myself that I can speak the truth.

Fucking

What for?

Hero

Well, I don't know. Tolstoy could.

Fucking

I don't want to shock you. But...

Hero

I'm not Tolstoy???

Fucking

... you've got ketchup on your cheek.

Hero

Thanks.

Fucking

What do you want?

Hero

Can you tell us - in what ways, with whom, how many times, and why the hero has fucked?

Fucking

I can.

Well... tell us. **Hero**

Okay. **Fucking**

Come on. **Hero**

I will tell you. **Fucking**

What are you afraid of? **Hero**

Am I afraid? **Fucking**

Well I'm not... **Hero**

Okay. **Fucking**

Proceed! **Hero**

Well... **Fucking**

Everything - I want it all! **Hero**

I'll tell you everything. **Fucking**

Don't be so nervous. I won't get upset. **Hero**

Why, in what ways, how many times and with whom... the hero? **Fucking**

Yes - why... et cetera. The whole truth. **Hero**

Now... Alexander Volodin. "Our mothers placed us in the hands." **Fucking**

Our mothers placed us in the hands
of a brief and glorious war.
We were dolefully entreated by Stalin.
Who is this we? It is I.
As bombs so hatefully screech,
As women torment us in dreams.
A century of women won't suffice us.
Who is this us? It is I.

Hero

...

Television

Why is he silent?

Vodka

Dunno.

Television

What's Stalin got to do with this?

Vodka

Dunno.

Television

What's Stalin got to do with this?

Fucking

Stalin's got nothing to do with this.

Hero

Stalin's got nothing to do with this.

Television

Now why did he get quiet again?

Hero

We're moving on to the final part of our discussion.

Television

You mean we're done with Fucking?

Hero

We're done with Fucking.

Fucking

We're done.

Television

And everything's clear to you two?

Fucking

Yes.

Hero

Everything's clear to me.

Television

Well it's not to me. Is it clear to us?

Vodka

No.

Television

We don't understand.

Hero

What in particular don't you understand?

Television

Farce! Farce! This is a farce! I warned you. This is a farce!
We're in the midst of a farce!

Hero

What in particular didn't you understand?

Television

His voice - how it's changed!!! Ah?

Vodka

It's as if they've had contact with something sacred!

Hero

You didn't understand the verse of the ingenious poet and
playwright Alexander Volodin?

Television

No, we didn't understand the verse of the ingenious poet and
playwright Alexander Volodin. Did we understand?

Vodka

We didn't understand. Stalin and fucking! What's the connection?

Television

This we understood precisely, that there is no connection. However, what's all the other stuff got to do with this?

Hero

Alexander Volodin. A veteran. A poet. He made it through the entirety of World War Two. The central theme of his work - surviving a little piece of life. It's for those who don't make it, for the slain, for those who are torn to shreds by bullets and by humanity. To live, to love, to fuck, ultimately. What do you whores not understand?

Television

We don't understand this - what's spooked you into fancying yourself a Volodin?

Hero

I'm not saying that I'm a Volodin. I am not a Volodin, unfortunately. He was a supertalent, an ideal human being. A god practically. I admire him more than anyone else. More than Vampilov.

Television

You! Are Not! Volodin! You're a little shit!

Hero

By comparison with Volodin I am - a little shit!

Television

A little shit! Even without any comparison. Simply a little shit.

Hero

Hey I'm not arguing, I'm not arguing..

Television

Then what are we talking about here? You're a little shit. That's your problem.

Hero

I'm a little shit. But that's *your* problem. Because one of you - all the same, has got to go.

Television

You could get rid of all of us. It won't help.

Hero

That's possible.

Television

It definitely won't help. You're already beyond the realm of good and evil. There's no pleasure in the fact that such a fuckhead got addicted to me.

Hero

All the more sad it will be to see the joy of those who remain.

Fucking

"Goodbye life, goodbye happiness!!!"

Vodka

Why are you so cheery?

Fucking

What's there for me to be sad about?

Vodka

Of course he won't get rid of you.

Fucking

Of course not.

Hero

Now how have you determined that? Have I given you some cause to doubt my impartiality?

Television

A thousand causes! A thousand!

Hero

If you really want to know, fucking - is my scourge.

Fucking

"They drank. So that he who survived would remember this faded, white day and return home for his friend in order to live two great lives! He had a hole in his back. It was a small hole, but it was deep."

Hero

Don't torment me with your Volodin. I don't want to feel like that anymore, I don't want to. I can't! The Sixties Generation

paid for those who died. Paid for them all - overpaid even. This is the 21st century! - fucking has become unseemly. Life is not only... It's not all about fucking... Life is also... interconnection. And computer games and racing simulators... the NHL, the NBA, DVDs, Dostoevsky...

Vodka

The study of foreign languages...

Hero

And it's not necessary to gorge oneself.

Vodka

It's not necessary. They sat down - and drank. Just fine.

Hero

I will heed my limits better, I'll visit people.

Fucking

There will be girls there.

Hero

I'll take my wife! I could go without fucking... If I wanted to.

Fucking

Well, well.

Hero

I'm a poet, bitch. You exploit that. It's impossible for me not to value deviations. I fall in love even with the ugly ones! I fall in love with everyone. With beauties, too. Take a look, take a look at this face... It's a bloody catastrophe! Eternal life... Who am I kidding? - eternal life! I'd give away my salary for one good fuck. My wife -

Fucking

You don't get a salary. You get honorariums. You're such an extraordinary being.

Hero

I wouldn't give away an honorarium.

Fucking

You don't have a wife anymore.

Hero

I wouldn't give away an honorarium. My salary I... would give. But

not an honorarium.

Fucking

And if your salary were larger than your honorarium?

Hero

Doesn't matter - it's psychological. My salary I would give away, my honorarium - I can't. I wouldn't be able to.

Television

You know, fella, you really are a depraved sort.

Vodka

You fucked over your wife, plain and simple. You dealt with her very unfairly and improperly.

Hero

But all the same I'm loyal to her. In spite of the facts. Can't you believe that?

Fucking

I believe it.

Hero

Facts - are shit.

Vodka

Absolutely.

Hero

I love my wife, I'm loyal to her, I... Don't think that... I'm discrediting myself here. I'm creating a image of an incorrigible, red-hot sex-addict... But it's not like that, that's just a show... At heart I'm - a theorist. A mild-mannered theater worker, a level-headed naturalist. Of course, if you judge me by the facts... Then, yes - I'm a red-hot sex-addict! But that would be a mistake. At heart I'm - an asexual person.

Television

Simply an angel in sheep's clothing.

Hero

Well put. Exactly - an angel in sheep's clothing... You don't understand what a deep thing you've just said... An angel in sheep's clothing. That's very deep. Very deep, very...Very deep. Think about what a fine thing you've just said.

Fucking

In general, this is a very dangerous theme, a piercing theme.

Vodka

What are you talking about?

Fucking

I'm talking about the soul.

Television

The soul - that's shit.

Fucking

The higher soul...

Television

All the more shit.

Fucking

And you - are the little abortions of civilization. If he winds up on an uninhabited island, there won't be any vodka or television there.

Television

But there will be fucking?

Fucking

But there will be me.

Vodka

There's some fine fucking on an uninhabited island.

Fucking

Quality - is another question. But I'll be with him until the very end...

Vodka

Now don't you go misrepresenting things too. Even I can't make that claim. And by the way, from that perspective it's this wretched box that stands the best chance. Well, that's the truth...

Fucking

Right now we're talking about how things are today.

Television

Then what's all this about an uninhabited island?

Fucking

We're past that.

Television

Admit that that was a red herring...

Fucking

I won't be admitting to anything here.

Hero

Fucking, my little friend... You know what? Go fuck yourself!

Fucking

Meaning?

Hero

I totally understand it now - you are the cause of all my personal and romantic disappointments.

Fucking

Don't make me laugh.

Hero

You are my fundamental problem.

Fucking

Ha-ha.

Hero

I don't want to have anything to do with you anymore.

Fucking

Are you serious?

Hero

Get out, get out, get out... Leave me alone... Leave me, please... I beseech you. Do you want... Anything you want... My little cross... No, I won't give away my cross. Just go. Be decent.

Fucking

I'm not leaving.

Hero

Let's part as friends. I have lots of good associations with you. Let's at least preserve the good memories, and forgive one another everything else...

Fucking

You're 33 years old. How are you going to live without me?

Hero

I'll survive somehow. Thanks for your concern.

Fucking

You won't be able to.

Hero

Hey, you know I'm - a bit crazy. If something gets in my head, you can't stop me. I'll survive even without fucking. After all, I've lived without meat.

Fucking

For two weeks.

Hero

So it was two weeks. Fundamentally - didn't I survive?

Fucking

You survived.

Hero

Get out.

Fucking

I'm not leaving.

Hero

You're leaving.

Fucking

I'm not leaving.

Hero

Go a-way!

Fucking

I can't.

Hero

I'm telling you for the last time.

Fucking

You can't get rid of me.

Why not?

Hero

I'm not fucking.

Fucking

Then who are you?

Hero

I didn't want to tell you. I'm your wife.

Fucking

My wife?

Hero

Yes, your wife.

Fucking

I don't understand...

Hero

You thought that I was fucking, but I'm your wife.

Fucking

My wife? And I wanted to get rid of you?

Hero

Imagine, and you wanted to get rid of me... Don't kick me out.

Fucking

How could I kick you out? I thought that you were just fucking, but it turns out that you're my wife.

Hero

Yes.

Fucking

I'm loyal to you.

Hero

I know.

Fucking

But I'm a bit crazy.

Hero

I know. **Fucking**

I'm a poet. **Hero**

I know. **Fucking**

Hero
What am I supposed to do? I still have to make a decision about
fucking. My life is going downhill.

Fucking
Just say: fucking means my wife.

Hero
Fucking means my wife. It's that simple?

Fucking
It's that simple.

Hero
Fucking means my wife.

Fucking
All the others are dirty sluts.

Hero
All the others are dir... Dir...

Fucking
Dirty sluts.

Hero
Dir...

Fucking
Come on.

Hero
Dir... I can't.

Fucking
Fucking means my wife. All the others are dirty sluts.

Hero

Fucking means my wife...

Fucking

That's not enough.

Hero

Fucking means my wife.

Fucking

All the others...

Hero

All the others... Fucking means my wife. That's not enough?

Fucking

No.

Hero

Listen. Do you remember the first lunar lander? That was 1970, the last year of the Sixties. That's when I was born. So strictly speaking I'm - a man of the Sixties. One of the last.

Fucking

Well so what. Why does that matter?

Hero

I don't know. It seems to matter. I feel that it does.

Fucking

And if someone were forming a team of financially insolvent toilet-cleaners, you'd rush to sign up for that too, right?

Hero

We were children during the Seventies. Now we're dangling between two self-satisfied generations, like an absurd pair of camel nuts. We are nobodies, we're nothing - we work in advertising and magazines, we're a bunch of archaic, spastic crabs. We're not entirely of this earth, although we'd like to be. Our sheets are not soiled with petroleum. But with the sperm of our wives' former lovers. We shake hands with our friends who can't even get jobs in advertising. We like the smell of their palms. We lap up their blood. We could be, we should be in their place. But Boeing has now forbidden refueling with blood and stains. Only kerosene or faith. We didn't inherit enough of either. We're already nothing, we never existed. But we will. Only we will! Because without faith, without land and petroleum

- we - are free. They can't buy us, we sell ourselves only for money. They'll compose legends about us. We are ancient fighting robots on a planet of plush disposable heiresses. We're only using 10 percent of the power of our computers. In our generation there are no lawyers. We - are a division of the SS "Little Prince"! We - are the chosen Brezhnevite Don Quixotes and hard-boiled eggs! We are free of any brand, style, morals, collective letters, editorials, shit-atorials, novelties and all the other shit. As in ancient times, as in the Stone Age, we are guided by simple gods - Vodka, Fucking and Television. We are knights without goals or dreams, our shoguns got fucked, on our banner - good old gonorrhoea! We are galloping on well-maintained Toyotas into Eternity. We give hope to our species. Therefore there's no need to force me to say bad things about women.

Fucking

You can't call a dirty slut a dirty slut - it doesn't matter. I'm not going to force you. And have you think that I'm some dense cunt.

Hero

I don't think that.

Fucking

I don't want you to.

Hero

It never crossed my mind.

Fucking

Just understand - I want to help you. I believe in you, you are dear to me. But you are very, very strange. And admit it - you like them.

Hero

That's no reason to call them -

Fucking

But if that's what they call themselves?

Hero

Who cares.

Fucking

You've got it really hard. You strike up conversations with waitresses and the chicks at the blue port-a-lets. It's pathological.

Hero

Maybe I just like to talk?

Fucking

It's not that you like to talk, it's that you like to fuck.

Hero

I've never done anything with the port-a-let chicks.

Fucking

Or with waitresses?

Hero

Nothing.

Fucking

But why do you sound so uncertain?

Hero

Nothing.

Fucking

You have. You've done it with everyone, you've done it with Pamela Anderson.

Hero

I have not.

Fucking

Swear it.

Hero

I swear by my mother.

Fucking

I don't believe you. You've done it with the shampoo commercial.

Hero

With the shampoo commercial I did. I don't deny it. But not with Pamela Anderson.

Fucking

Stop protecting her.

Hero

Fine. I did.

Fucking

There, you see.

Hero

It happened by accident.

Fucking

And you swore by your mother. You little swine.

Hero

I got carried away.

Fucking

Listen, hero! If you don't embrace the simple truth that Pamela Anderson is not fucking, things are going to be very hard for you.

Hero

Fucking is my wife.

Fucking

Correct. Fucking is your wife. But your classmates and the beautiful big-bottomed actresses from the Red Army Theater - are not fucking.

Hero

The beautiful actresses are not fucking.

Fucking

Soccer, cartoons, beer, computer games, the mysteries of the Third Reich - are not fucking.

Hero

They're all - dirty sluts!

Fucking

Your colleagues are not fucking, your first love is not fucking..

Hero

My second love is not fucking..

Fucking

The girl who's your traveling companion...

Hero

She's a motorcross champion.

Fucking

I don't care if she's a blow-job champion. She's not fucking. Fucking is your wife.

Hero

Fucking is my wife.

Fucking

Women who you treated not so well and women who you treated badly - are not fucking. So your conscience doesn't start blathering.

Hero

Fucking is my wife.

Fucking

Yes! Yes! Now you are free. You don't need to make friends with Park Avenue types or any fucking types, you don't have to wash your pants every month, you can sleep in your socks and you don't have to get the phone... You're even free from a personal resume, from poor and wealthy poets, you are a private self-sufficient alky, you stand proudly and firmly against the winds of all fucking opportunities... You spit in the face of those winds...

Hero

Not always, unfortunately.

Fucking

Okay, not always! You're not a robot.

Hero

I'm not a robot.

Fucking

You're not a robot, no. But why do you grovel the way you do before strangers' thighs? Why does any more or less articulate little fool have such power over you? What do you need someone else's bottomless brown eyes for, when you have the bottomless brown eyes of your own wife? Look into them, bitch, you'll find everything there... It's time you liberated yourself.

Television

Aren't you folks sick of this?

Fucking

And don't leave me. You know I'm only going to get worse.

Vodka

Hey, remember us...

Hero

How could I possibly leave you.

Fucking

Don't leave me.

Hero

Don't you leave me.

Fucking

I won't leave you.

Hero

My beloved.

Fucking

My beloved.

Vodka

It seems someone's tone has shifted.

Television

If they start kissing, I'll throw up. Ugh-uh-uh.

Vodka

They're deep in love, you whore.

Hero

All right, all right... I haven't forgotten about you guys.

Television

You can't scare us now. It's over, we're not afraid anymore.

Vodka

It's a big world out there, there are lots of people -

Hero

Today I looked in the mirror. I saw there... I saw a man dazed by the news and commercials, a drunk, fucking, in-love-with-his-wife brute. I thought - is this not success? Can there really be happiness even for a well-behaved little boy? You don't

understand such things. This is beautiful. As beautiful as the heavens. This is an honest, hard-won motherfucker - this is freedom.

Vodka

I don't get it - what's the moral?

Television

Everyone gets to stay. Is that right?

Hero

That's right. For now, that's right.

Television

You had to ruin our nerves.

Hero

You'll be the first to go.

Television

Ha-ha!

CURTAIN