



Ukrainian Drama TRANSLATIONS

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Cast

Hairy – vocals, 34
Ruslan – guitar, 28
Saint – drums, 20
Makovskii – 37, lying on a bench
Aleksandra – 35
Nikolai Ivanovich – a writer, 40-45
Lada – vocals, 33
Marina – an offstage voice, 29
Office workers, Waiters, Barmen, Diners in a restaurant

Scene 1, winter

Basement of a repair shop in the industrial district of Kherson. A corridor next to a rehearsal space. In the middle of the corridor a simple, shaky table. Makovskii is asleep on a bench at the back, his back to us. A bong and some spectacles under the bench. Very aggressive, dynamic death metal music sounds from the rehearsal space: guitar, drums, growling. Suddenly the music stops: the drummer breaks the rhythm. Hairy, Ruslan and Saint come out into the corridor. They have a bottle of vodka and a couple of pickled cucumbers. All three of them stand around the table, they pour out shots, down them and eat some cucumber.

RUSLAN: So, “Offensive Intestines”.

HAIRY: You fucking joking?

SAINT: Nah, like, I don’t really like it either.

RUSLAN: Who’s the leader here, fuck’s sake?

HAIRY: Oi calm the fuck down!

RUSLAN: I’ll rip your beard off in a minute!

SAINT: How about, like, “Abscess” coz, like it sounds like “absence” but it’s like better.

RUSLAN: You’ve got a fucking abscess in your trousers mate. And there’s already a band called that anyway in Kirovograd or Krivoy Rog, fuck knows, I can’t remember. They play thrash.

HAIRY: Hey! How about “Aleksandra”?

RUSLAN: Are you completely out of your fucking mind?

HAIRY: What? I reckon it’s like original.

SAINT: Nah nah nah that’s like a fucking load of shit!

HAIRY: At least no one else has it though.

RUSLAN: Stop being a fucking idiot, pour us another drink.

HAIRY: I’m not being a fucking idiot, I’m being serious, a name like that’d be perfect for a really heavy band.

SAINT: So what let’s call ourselves fucking “Alisa” then, or “Nastya”?

Pause. They pour out shots, down them, eat some cucumber. Ruslan cries out and winces in pain.

HAIRY: Fuck’s up with you, Bovine?

Ruslan pulls a piece of a tooth out of his mouth.

RUSLAN: That's been loose for ages, meant to go to the dentist about it.

SAINT: Well you'll have to now.

RUSLAN: Why? It's out isn't it? No need.

HAIRY: So what do we think of "Aleksandra" then?

RUSLAN: Hairy, just fuck off, that's a cuntin' stupid name!

HAIRY: No no well you fucking explain then, what is it specifically that you don't like about it?

SAINT: How about "Tooth Decay"?

HAIRY: Nah that won't do, someone'll have that already.

RUSLAN: It'll only do if Bovine over here says it will.

HAIRY: Cunt's sake there's no one else with a name like that! Imagine at the gigs right, everyone'll have names like "Infections", "Putrefied Entrails" "Fucksaw" and "Fuckbasket" and then we'll be there, "Aleksandra" and it'll be like a fucking breath of fresh air!

SAINT: Yeah, like, only fucking faggots are gonna like that. Calling our band a fucking bird's name, fuck's sake!

RUSLAN: Fuck's sake Hairy you found yourself a nice piece of cunt have you? You come down with a bad case of cuntsuffering?

HAIRY: Fuck are you on about?

RUSLAN: Fucking hell Bovine really has got a bad case of cuntsuffering! First whiff of cunt and fuck me if he hasn't turned into fucking Romeo!

HAIRY: What you talking about cunt for, why you bringing cunt into this?!

RUSLAN: Why are you bringing the band into your fucking cuntsuffering? Fucking the band over for your nice piece of cunt, are you?.. Have you fucked her at least?

HAIRY: Yeah...

Scene 2, winter

Late evening. Kitchen in Aleksandra's flat. Aleksandra and Hairy.

ALEKSANDRA: Vova stop being cheeky, the kids are asleep in there...

HAIRY: Well if they weren't asleep I wouldn't be being cheeky...

ALEKSANDRA: Fine, just be quiet... At least close the door or something...

HAIRY: We'll be alright...

ALEKSANDRA: Where are you... putting your hands, Vova... You don't need to... take off my bra... Just do it...

HAIRY: I definitely... need to take off... your bra...

ALEKSANDRA: You... you're crazy... Vova... watch out for the bottle... it'll break... Stop it... What are you... doing... Please, be quiet... What why... on the table... Yes, like that, like that, please... Yes, yes... Like that please... Please... there, there, there, there... Shit, Marinka's calling... Don't stop... Please, don't stop... there, there... Hiya Marinochka! You'll never guess! (yes, there, there...) Oh, you did guess! Yes, in my flat right now, on the kitchen table, can you imagine?! (harder, please... yes, yes...) What, you too?! (Vovochka, there, there, yes..) But he's married isn't he (there... good, good...) No they're asleep thank God it's been a nightmare day (Vovochka... from behind now...) Sashka had a temperature so he had to stay home from school (yes, yes...) And Lizka's going to be five on Friday, she's already all worked up about it, we've ordered her a teddy (please... yes, yes, yes...) Four hundred and fifty grivens that bear cost, and it's a piece of crap, straight from China... (come on, come on I'm nearly... I'm nearly there....) Sorry Marinka d'you mind if we talk some other time (I'm nearly there, nearly...) I'm going to marry him. Speak soon!

HAIRY: Cunt's sake!

ALEKSANDRA: Volodya what you doing? Why've you stopped? I was nearly there!

HAIRY: Who you gonna marry?

ALEKSANDRA: You, who else?

Pause.

HAIRY: Sit down, talk to me properly about this.

ALEKSANDRA: Well there you are you see, you've already done up your flies. You'd think you'd heard the world was going to end. And what you doing smoking that crap again? And chain-smoking them, too.

HAIRY: Mum only gave me enough money to buy these.

ALEKSANDRA: Look, that's what we need to talk about. How old are you, Vladimir? Thirty-two, thirty-three?

HAIRY: Oh here we go, what's with the lecturing tone? You treating me like a schoolboy? Thirty-four.

ALEKSANDRA: And maybe you haven't noticed, but you have grey hairs in your beard.

HAIRY: And in my hair.

ALEKSANDRA: And in your hair. And you live like a teenager. You get your money off your mum. You skived national service, you've never worked a day in your life. Never had a job in thirty-five years, you need to learn how to work!

HAIRY: Now that's a load of shit: I worked for a whole year, longer actually. In 2008, I worked as an IT guy at PTU.

ALEKSANDRA: And why'd you leave?

HAIRY: I've already told you: they cut my pay, and even then I was getting less than everybody else. And basically: getting up at eight in the morning I couldn't fuc... I'd got sick of getting up, basically.

ALEKSANDRA: Everyone has to get up at eight in the morning and go to work, and they're no worse off for it. It's how you earn money.

HAIRY: Not everyone, not me! I'm not like that.

ALEKSANDRA: So that's what you're gonna do forever is it? Till you're an old man? And if your mum stops lending you money, what you gonna do? Or if you get ill, I hope to God you don't, but what if you do?

HAIRY: I haven't really thought about that.

ALEKSANDRA: That doesn't surprise me. Surely you understand how you're ruining your health with that lifestyle of yours? Going to parties, getting wasted almost every day...

HAIRY: But you love those parties, you told me so yourself.

ALEKSANDRA: Yes, I do, sometimes I think it's cool to hang out with you and your friends, sit round the fire, go to your gigs. I think they're actually really interesting people, they're unusual, and I think it's cool sometimes. And yes, sometimes I like getting drunk, having a little wine or brandy. Or even vodka, knocking it back, the way you love to do it. And yes, sometimes I smoke too. But the most important word here is "sometimes". Because I have children. I have a serious job with a lot of responsibility. I have sixteen people working under me. I have a

three bedroom flat. I have an Opel Insignia sedan with a 1.6 litre engine worth two hundred and twenty thousand. I have friends and girlfriends. Of course maybe they're not as interesting as your mates, but they're making a way for themselves in life. I have a father...

HAIRY: ...Who gave you your job, and your flat, and your Opel Insignia sedan with a one point six litre engine worth two hundred and twenty thousand. If I had a father like Igor Moiseevich I wouldn't refuse any of that either. But my dad was an alcoholic and he ran off and left my mum and me when I wasn't even ten years old. And our flat's part of a cooperative, and we've been paying for it for a long time and we can barely make ends meet.

ALEKSANDRA: And now it's even tougher for you to make ends meet: your mum slaves away for both of you and you just eat, sleep and play computer games all day.

HAIRY: Listen, is this what kind of wife you're gonna be? Fucking nagging and nagging. Sorry, but that kind of family life really doesn't appeal to me. No wonder Seriaga left you.

ALEKSANDRA: Seriaga didn't leave me, I kicked him out. D'you really think I need a man around the house who can't work for himself, who can't even hammer in a bloody nail? And if you think the sex might've been some compensation, well no it wasn't: he couldn't even get it up... But no, that isn't what I wanted to say... Sorry, but don't you think that I'm right?

HAIRY: Just say what you're trying to say.

ALEKSANDRA: How long've we been going out now, six months?

HAIRY: Yeah, well "Black Vomit" were here in the summer, and we met at their gig.

ALEKSANDRA: So yes then, nearly six months. And I can't see how our relationship's developed at all. And you realise I'm thirty-five...

HAIRY: Oh fuck here we go. Stop it, stop being a sniffly woman... Natasha, don't cry...

ALEKSANDRA: ...And you remember when Black Vomit played that Visceral Evisceration cover?

HAIRY: Even better than the original... Get a tissue, your make-up's running...

ALEKSANDRA: (*sings*) Fingers get pinched in a vice, slowly removing her scruffy fingernails...

HAIRY: *(joining in with a growl)* Scurrilous blood-born suffuses the ground,
vaginal skin scattered all around.

ALEKSANDRA: Yeah, that was awesome.

HAIRY: It's called "Cheving Female Genital Parts".

ALEKSANDRA: Chewing, not cheving. Your mum's an English teacher and you
can't even pronounce the words properly.

HAIRY: Fuck the words.

ALEKSANDRA: Watch your tongue for crying out loud. You've been swearing a lot
today.

HAIRY: Well sorry. But I'm being, like, sincere.

ALEKSANDRA: Try telling that to my father. Imagine what he'll say if you blurt out
something like that while we were having dinner with him. And you
need to sort out your appearance, too. You know I actually really do
like how you look, but the messy hair, the shaggy beard, the Deicide t-
shirt, the dirty jeans... And the earring. You know there are gonna be
councillors there, the deputy mayor, people like that...

HAIRY: Oh for fu... Well I guess we're stuck then. Well fine, I'll think of
something.

ALEKSANDRA: And by the way, you say if you had a dad like mine then you'd be
different. Well what's stopping you from getting a dad like mine?

HAIRY: What d'you mean?

ALEKSANDRA: Well he could be your father-in-law.

HAIRY: You know Natasha, I really do love you. I'm gonna buy you some
flowers tomorrow. The ones that come in a little basket, d'you
remember?

ALEKSANDRA: You gonna have enough money for those are you?

HAIRY: I'll find a way.

ALEKSANDRA: D'you want a blowjob?

Scene 3, winter

*The rehearsal room corridor from scene one. The bong is on the table. Ruslan and
Saint are smoking cannabis. Makovskii is sleeping on the bench at the back, his back*

is to us. An empty bottle of vodka and a pair of spectacles are on the floor under the bench.

SAINT: So what, like, Makovskii's not coming today?

RUSLAN: You see him? He's over there, off his face again, the speccy bastard. He's passed out. We'll need to pick him up in a bit, put him in a taxi. Good thing I know his address.

SAINT: Yeah, he said that like he'd basically like already downed two litres of Amber today when he was at his office at the paper.

RUSLAN: Fuck's sake man, fucking journalists. Alcy bastards, most of them.

SAINT: Yeah so what are we then?

RUSLAN: Saint stop cunting around and take a hit or it'll all get out.

SAINT: Fuck me that's fucking evil. Suppose it's not really in season. Imagine, Makovskii was saying like he's writing some sort of play. For some London theatre. He like won some competition or something.

RUSLAN: Fucking hell! What's it about?

SAINT: He said it was like about a load of gay people or something. I forgot what it's called.

RUSLAN: Fucking hell that's a fucking subject and a half. I'd fucking kill all those faggots. Hate them.

SAINT: Nah I like can't stand them either. Like, where's Hairy though?

RUSLAN: Oh yeah you don't know. Bovine's off sniffing cunt somewhere. He's completely fucked us over: this is the third time he's missed rehearsal. I'm gonna have to kick him out. Get Lada back on vocals.

SAINT: Yeah, like Lada's growl's way better anyway. Why'd you call Hairy Bovine?

RUSLAN: Well what else is he gonna be? He misses rehearsals, doesn't learn the lyrics, doesn't come to recording sessions. And he only gets the rhythm the fucking tenth time we go through it. And he doesn't fucking respect his elders. He's a Bovine mate, he's a proper fucking Bovine.

SAINT: Well I don't really see anything bad about the word "Bovine". I heard it's like this Latin word which basically means "pertaining to a cow or bull". And I've got nothing, like, against cows or bulls or anything. They're pretty useful, in fact.

RUSLAN: Oh fuck's sake what are you a fucking etymologist? What you fucking analysing the word for? "Bovine" to me's just "Bovine", it's nothing to do with cows or bulls. Fuck's sake. And anyway, Hairy and I call each other it, it's friendly, like

SAINT: I'd like fucking keep an eye on Hairy if I were you. I probably haven't seen him for like a month. Makovskii told me that he's properly like changed, too. Said, like, he's cut his hair, he's like shaved his beard, fucking basically started wearing moisturiser and all that shit, can you imagine? And also he's like started wearing like a decent shirt around, like a white one. And like he's got like proper trousers and everything. And like he got rid of his earring.

RUSLAN: Cunt's sake, he's gone off his fucking head. And it's coz of that cunt, this is all because of cunt, you mark my words I'm being serious.

SAINT: And Makovskii said that like basically Hairy told him that like he's gonna marry her, like.

RUSLAN: Who?

SAINT: Like, that Aleksandra.

RUSLAN: Fuck's sake, I'm definitely kicking him out.

SAINT: Why's Aleksandra called Aleksandra? Isn't she like actually Natasha?

RUSLAN: She says it's like coz of her oldest daughter, coz her daughter's also called Alesksandra, Sasha. But I fucking think it's coz she's a fucking megalomaniac. She's trying to be like, Alexander the Great, Alexander like Nevsky and all those fucking cunts. Like she's sort of saying I'm the boss, captain of the fucking team. She's director in some office. And she's a fucking Yid too, by the way. Hairy's gonna marry a fucking Yid for fuck's sake.

SAINT: Yeah well maybe like Hairy's doing a fucking good thing for himself, like. His wife's like gonna be the director of an estate agency.

RUSLAN: So what Saint, you telling me you wanna get married too, now? Like you're jealous of Hairy, are you? Found yourself some cunt too, have you? You'd better watch yourself mate, or I'll fucking kick you out too!

SAINT: Well yeah actually I have found... But getting married, fuck that at the moment. I'll have to get married some day though.

RUSLAN: Marriage is a waste of fucking time, fuck's sake. I've been fucking burned mate: first I wanted to marry this one bird, then another. All of them dumped me, all of them fucked me over, the fucking bitches. So I fucking got in my car and I drove off. Back to the village, I gave it all

up, stayed there for a year and a half. Then I met Sveta. Well, that girl wasn't so hot basically, her figure was a bit, well she was a bit of a munter. Hardly top drawer. And fucking silent the whole time as well. Well, I thought, maybe that's a good thing that's she's silent, means I won't have all that cunt nagging I usually get off women. And she was a village girl, so I thought, she's used to working, you know in the village, fucking doing agriculture and all that, she won't exactly shirk from work. Thought she'd cook for me, fucking you know, clean and that. And fuck, of course. So, we got married. And that's when everything went really cuntin'g tits up: turned out she didn't want to do any housework at all, she was just a fucking lazy little cunt. And in terms of fucking that was the real joke. She turned out to be as fucking insatiable as some sort of nympho fucking rabbit. I was fucked, in the very literal sense of the word. Drunk, tired, not in the mood: doesn't fucking matter she's still desperate for a fuck. That's the fucking price I paid. And if I refused she'd turn away all offended, like. And when my daughter was born things went from bad to cuntin'g worse: she wouldn't even look after her. My mum and I had to do everything ourselves. And she even used to hit her: imagine that, she used to beat her own fucking daughter! She wasn't a mum she was fucking animal. One time I caught her doing it so I fucking smacked her for it, gave her a fucking black eye for fuck's sake. I couldn't fucking stand it. So I fucking told her to get out. She packed a suitcase and fucked off back to the village. So now I'm both parents for my daughter, can you fucking imagine that?

SAINT: So, what, like she doesn't want to come back?

RUSLAN: Nah she fucking wants to. But I don't let her. One time she turned up, for fuck's sake, being like: "Let me come back, I miss you. I can't live without you!" Well, I fucking felt sorry for her so I let her in, she stayed for a week and then the whole fucking circus started again: she started stealing my cuntin'g money and buying all this woman shit, you know like perfume, hairpins all that fucking shit. For fucking cunt's sake: one time I went to the cashpoint to get some money, thought I had like two thousand left, looked and I had fucking nothing! So, like, I phoned home, said, Sveta what the fuck is this, where's my fucking money? And she hung up. So I went home and she'd already gone, packed her things and fucking left. And that was the right thing to do as well coz I would have beaten the fucking shit out of her like no one's ever beaten the fucking shit out of anyone before. Now I've vowed I'm not gonna have anything more to do with cunt ever again. I don't even wank anymore, I just don't feel like it. Women, marriage, cunt: it's all just fucked, it's a fucking mess from start to finish. I call the whole waste of time "Cuntsuffering". It's not fucking love, like, it's not falling in love or whatever people call it. It's just blind fucking suffering because of cunt. And cunt just uses you, the bitch. It lets you inside for bit, then it chucks you out like a used fucking condom.

SAINT: But it was you that chucked Sveta out!

RUSLAN: Well yeah, in a way I fucking did. But that still doesn't change the fact that all cunt gives you is unpleasantness and shit. I chucked her out because of what she did. But sometimes I still fucking miss her... Saint, why are you called Saint?

SAINT: Coz I'm Svyatoslav.

RUSLAN: Another fucking megalomaniac. Thinks because he calls himself something in English that it's gonna sound more cool? I'm Ruslan, you know what that means: Ruslan. It's a normal Russian name. And here we are fucking following the English around fucking copying them like gayboys. Crawled halfway up their arseholes.

SAINT: Fuck's sake, like, weren't you the one who wanted to call the band "Rotten Entrails"?

RUSLAN: That's fucking marketing. When we bring the album out how else is it gonna sell in Europe and America?

SAINT: How are we are ever, like, even gonna bring the fucking album out if Hairy hasn't been to rehearsals in like a month?

RUSLAN: We'll bring it out, we'll do it with Lada. And Hairy's on a slippery slope. I'm telling you, give it a year, six months and it'll fucking do that to a man. Not showing up to stuff, that's the first sign of cuntsuffering. Let's smoke some more weed, there's some in my bag.

Scene 4, summer

Six months later. The offices of "Freedom Square Real Estate" on Freedom Square in Kherson. Employees working at cramped office cells in front of computers. Twice as many women as men. Everyone is dressed the same: white on top, black at the bottom, black ties, a badge on their left breast with the company name and the name of the employee. The director's office is in the left-hand corner of the stage, the entrance to the office is on the right. Downstage at a computer the system administrator is working: a clean-shaven man with his hair up, sober and without an earring. This is Hairy. He is dressed like all the rest. On the ring finger of his right hand there is a wedding ring. Next to Hairy's desk is a chair for clients. Hairy's mobile rings.

HAIRY: Yes, Natasha. Of course, at work. Everything's in order. Everything's in complete and utter order don't worry! I've already sorted your monitor for you. I did it. Yes, and I went to get it repaired and they said that those cables have already gone up in price. Don't shout, I'll buy them! Yes, and I fixed Bezuglova's system too. And Karpenko's. And Maltsevaya's. Kovalchuk's got a bit of problem on his so I'll need to sit with it for a bit... I'll do it for him tomorrow, why are you worrying? Well fine, fine, today, just don't get angry, please! Sasha got ten in her geography test yesterday. What are you talking about,

that's a decent mark. Fine, I'll sit down with her tonight, fine, fine, why are you shouting? We'll sit down with the textbook. No, Liza doesn't have a temperature anymore. Definitely not. I think. No, definitely not, I swear it! I drove her to kindergarten today, everything was fine. She finished her food. I told you, she doesn't have a temperature, for crying out loud! Sorry, I just snapped, I didn't mean to. Well I'm sorry, I said sorry, there. I'll go collect the papers on Tuesday, I haven't had any time. Okay, on Monday. You're really not in a good mood today. How's the weather in Las Palmas? Rain again, unlucky you! Well yes, I was the one who suggested you go to the Canaries, I told you you needed a rest. Well how was I to know it'd be raining the whole time? No, don't get upset, it might brighten up! Well, sorry, next time I'll choose somewhere else for you. Don't you fancy the Crimea? No? Well okay, okay, Egypt, fine! Everything's great with Igor Moiseevich, I've been through all the accounts with him already... Natasha I miss you, I can't live without you! What do you mean there's loads of blokes there? What are you trying to say? Why are you making jokes like that, for crying out loud? Ugh, sorry. Sorry. Fine, if you're in such a hurry... Love you, bye!

He puts his phone away, sits for a long time, tired, in front of the monitor. A client enters. A respectable-looking man aged 40-45, who looks a bit like Hairy used to look: long hair up in a pony tail, a tidy beard, a gold earring in his ear.

CLIENT: Hello, could I possibly see Natalya Igorevna.

HAIRY: Natalya Igorevna's on holiday. She'll be back in a week.

CLIENT: Wonderful. Then if I leave her my business card, could you pass it on to her?

HAIRY: Yes, of course.

CLIENT: There you are. You give the impression of a man who deals with computers. Am I right?

HAIRY: Well I am sitting at a computer.

CLIENT: No, that's not what I mean. Just, you have a computerly appearance.

HAIRY: Weird you think of it like that. But yes, you're right, I am actually the systems administrator. I deal with the whole office, I make repairs, I do admin.

CLIENT: And I'm quite the opposite. I'm an etymologist. I deal with tongues, languages. Well, not quite... Literature, more like.

HAIRY: Well computers have their own language too.

CLIENT: Yes, I know. Yes the world of computers is rapidly developing. Give it two-three years and they'll be a computer in every home. It's like the telephone. Or the television. That's how human progress works. First for the few. Then for everyone. These companies invent something every six months. Bloody new technology.

HAIRY: Imagine, my wife has forbidden me to use "bloody". What d'you think of that, as an etymologist?

CLIENT: It's not good, of course. I mean the word, not the fact that your wife has forbidden you to use it. That's actually a good thing, better that you've got a wife to forbid you than not bloody having one. And "bloody", in this case, it's a speech parasite. Of course in this case we are not literally talking about something being bloody ie. covered in blood. It's being used euphemistically, in the same punctuative sense as "fucking".

HAIRY: I love my wife, and if she doesn't like something about me then I try and make it so she does like it. But it's really difficult. It's not just the word it's everything together.

CLIENT: Is she beautiful?

HAIRY: Well, you'll see her in a week's time. You just left her your business card.

CLIENT: Oho! So Natalya Igorevna? Who'd have thought it! May I sit down?

He sits on the chair for clients.

HAIRY: Listen, I have quite a lot of work (*looks at the card*) Nikolai Ivanovich.

NIKOLAI: I won't keep you long. I just want to have a chat with someone who deals with computers and with new technology in general.

HAIRY: If you need something upgrading or fixing, I don't have any time at the moment.

NIKOLAI: No I have a completely different question in mind, a theoretical one. I've pondered it for a long time and come to a few conclusions. They may seem banal, but I think it's always better to reach one's conclusions independently, and not just to use pre-prepared responses from the media and from advertising. Do you know for what purpose all new technologies are developed?

HAIRY: To make life easier. For comfort. To give people peace of mind.

NIKOLAI: To help us wage war.

HAIRY: And that's it?

NIKOLAI: Yes, war. To help us get better and better at fighting. What is the most perfect system in modern society?

HAIRY: What?

NIKOLAI: The army! The army has a bloody flawlessly constructed hierarchy. Army hierarchical systems are used everywhere: in business administration. In education. In sport. In science.

HAIRY: How about in art?

NIKOLAI: Well I'm not talking about individual activity. But in art there's still a hierarchy. Subordination. One law, everywhere you go: The one who devours the rest rises through the ranks. It's like that in bloody literature too.

HAIRY: How can you say that the army's perfection: look at ours.

NIKOLAI: I'm not talking about our army, or about the Russian army, or the Chinese, or the Belgian. The Papua New Guinean. I'm talking about the army as a bloody institution. A man is a herbivore who has become a carnivore. I know, I've studied biology. Apes have canine teeth. Men have them too. But they're poorly developed, they've atrophied over time. So why do we have them? Look at the canines we have instead of the traditional ones, the biological ones! Pistols. Rifles. Grenades. Tanks. Gas. Napalm. Bombs. Bloody computers. You and I are civilians. Everyone in this office is a civilian. Out of our entire population only a tiny part, five percent maybe, serve in the army. Civilians are living in the bloody Stone Age. The Stone Age! And they'll consume us. They'll eat us alive. It's so simple, so... appropriate... Human civilisation is an iceberg. We are all beneath the water. Our eyes are all screwed-up. Our ears are blocked with cotton wool. We have gags in our mouths. Our skin is taped-over. And there, at the top, above the surface are the brave ones, the watchful ones, the vigilant ones, the voracious ones. The best. They're at the helm, they're steering the iceberg. The Hitlers, the Stalins, the Napoleons, the whole crowd who bellow from their podia, who smile from their banners, who sign heaps of declarations, who switch insignia with one another, the bloody swastikas, the hammers and the sickles, and the eagles, and the pentacles, and, I don't know, the runes or something, bloody hieroglyphics, fireworks, the calico: all burning, burning before our eyes like the flames of a fire, so we can drift towards it in the darkness, stick out our tongues and lick out their shit and get fat in our bloody cubicles, just like in this office, the inconspicuous little guys just sitting there laughing, getting their knives and forks ready, and the bloody plates, thinking up newer and newer technologies then devouring us, and bloody devouring each other and everything just keeps turning, turning and turning in purifying war. War, bloody war! Eternal war!

HAIRY: Are you serious?

NIKOLAI: Sorry, I got a bit... Just I've really been thinking a lot about this.

HAIRY: In a way, I agree with you on a lot of it. But how would we live without hierarchies?

NIKOLAI: Well you seem a happy enough type of chap, downtrodden husband though you are, subordinate to your wife, at work as well as at home. Her subordinate. Oh how I understand you!

HAIRY: Right, that's it, get up and fuck off!

NIKOLAI: What?

HAIRY: Stick it up your arse! Get the fuck out of here faggot! Or I'll kick your fucking head in!

NIKOLAI: You just don't understand freedom, (*reads his name-badge*) Vladimir Nikolaevich! Neither freedom in general, nor your own personal liberty. See you in a week!

He leaves. Hairy kicks the chair for clients and lets his hair down.

Scene 5, summer

The same office, at night. Chaos reigns: the cubicles are smashed, windows are broken, chairs and tables flipped over, wires are messy and tangled, monitors are smashed, as are hard disks, mice, keyboards, there is A4 paper everywhere, documents etc. The strewn corpses of the office workers at "Freedom Square Real Estate" lie in various poses. Their white shirts and blouses are covered in blood and brains. A bloody baseball bat lies on the floor. This scene lasts 5-7 seconds.

Scene 6, summer

Kitchen in Hairy and Aleksandra's flat (the same kitchen as in scene 2). Hairy and Aleksandra.

HAIRY: You look tanned.

ALEKSANDRA: Well I think I look white as snow.

HAIRY: I looked at the weather forecast, went on several different websites. It wasn't raining in the Canaries.

ALEKSANDRA: Do you suspect me of something? You don't trust me, is that it? You think I'd lie to you? How can you believe those websites, the weather forecasts on the Internet are always wrong.

HAIRY: Yeah okay, if it were just one website. But ten or twelve all showed me the same weather.

ALEKSANDRA: Well yes, of course, it wasn't raining absolutely all the time.

HAIRY: Once in two weeks.

ALEKSANDRA: Three, maybe even four times. The first day it chucked it down.

HAIRY: And that was the first and only time.

ALEKSANDRA: Well yes, but it was coming down in buckets all day long! And anyway, why should I need to explain myself to you? It's you who should be explaining yourself.

HAIRY: For what?

ALEKSANDRA: What happened between you and Nikolai Ivanovich?

HAIRY: What, has someone snitched already?

ALEKSANDRA: Kolvalchuk. But he didn't snitch, he just informed me, and he did the right thing.

HAIRY: That prick, I spent an entire week fucking around with that computer for him.

ALEKSANDRA: Vladimir Nikolaevich! Nikolai Ivanovich is our most high-profile client this year, he has property worth fifteen million: in Kherson, in Nikolaev, in Odessa, in Kiev. How are you going to explain your behaviour?

HAIRY: Natasha, look I'm sorry, I just snapped. He was belittling me, I just couldn't take it.

ALEKSANDRA: D'you want me to fire you? What was he belittling you about?

HAIRY: He said that I didn't understand freedom.

ALEKSANDRA: And you think you do, do you? Look at yourself, look what you've turned into: so clean, so crisp, so smart. Everything according to plan, everything according to the graph. A considerate husband, a loving step-father, an immaculate employee. Almost immaculate. You don't smoke you don't drink, you even turn off your Decide, even when I want to listen to it: no, you say, the kids are asleep. But they're not asleep, why do they need to go to bed at nine or ten in the evening?

HAIRY: They are asleep! Or do you want them to wake up in the middle of the night?

ALEKSANDRA: You're suffocating me, d'you understand? You're not the person I married.

HAIRY: You know you're not the person I married either. And anyway, who was it that forced me to change? Leave the band, cut my hair, stop getting wasted, all that? Not you or your dad?

ALEKSANDRA: I'm sick of you. Go and get me some brandy.

HAIRY: It's Thursday tomorrow. And don't smoke that rubbish, or if you're going to, at least go out on the balcony. The children are home.

ALEKSANDRA: Bloody hell this is hell!

HAIRY: Natasha, stop it! Baby, you know you're everything to me. And the children too, of course.

ALEKSANDRA: Vova, sometimes I thought it was cool to hang out with your friends, sit around the fire, go to gigs. Sometimes I feel like getting drunk, letting go: drinking some wine or some brandy. And sometimes I feel like smoking, smoking a lot, and look, I'm smoking. I feel like some weed right now. But the most important word here is sometimes. Just not to be always according to plan, just to relax sometimes. Because I have children. I have serious job with a lot of responsibility. I have a team of employees working under me. You and I have a three bedroom flat and you know how hard it is to maintain. I have an "Opel Insignia" and you how hard that is to maintain too. And I'm not allowed to drink and drive. I have friends and girlfriends. And they all have serious jobs with a lot of responsibility too. So they know how to relax sometimes, Vova. Sometimes they fucking relax! Even my fucking father knows how to fucking relax, he can relax with the fucking best of them!

HAIRY: But didn't you relax in the Canaries?

ALEKSANDRA: Fuck off!

HAIRY: Look don't cry, look please. Have a tissue, stop it. Look, Natasha!

ALEKSANDRA: Fuck me, right now! Come on, on the table! And then we're gonna down some brandy. Well?!

HAIRY: The kids are asleep... And it's Thursday tomorrow.

ALEKSANDRA:

HAIRY: You know, I had a dream last night. I've only just remembered it. Like, I went to the office with a baseball bat. And I fucking twatted the shit out of everyone. I twatted heads, backs, hands, feet, arses, balls. They screamed, they begged for mercy, they tried to hide, the bitches, but I found them one by one, and I killed them, I fucking killed them. I was covered in their blood, in their brains, I was fucking covered in all this fucking stuff. Before they died their bowels gave way and some of them shat themselves. The fucking smell of it. And I battered them all: Bezuglova, and Karpenko, and Maltseva, and fucking Kovalchuk. All of them! And then I smashed in all the fucking windows, all the desks, all the chairs, all the computers. And then I lit up a cigarette and went home to my mum.

ALEKSANDRA: We're going sleep in separate rooms tonight. And then tomorrow we're going to have a serious talk. I'm going to bed, good night!

Scene 7, autumn

One month later. The dining hall of the "Nostalgia" restaurant. One of the members of Kherson town council is celebrating his fiftieth birthday. The tables are incredibly well serviced, a team of highly trained waiters scurry among the guests. On a small stage an "Honoured Musician of Ukraine" plays the violin. The dining hall is already noisy.

Hairy tumbles in. His hair is everywhere, there is blood running down his face, he is wearing a second hand pair of jeans and a second hand denim jacket. Hairy is drunk: he can barely stand.

HAIRY: Motherfuckers!

No response.

HAIRY: *(loud)* Fucking hello!

The violin stops abruptly, the guests fall silent and look at Hairy.

HAIRY: I apologise profusely, of course. Such a fucking distinguished clientele. But for fuck's sake has anyone seen Nikolai Ivanovich?

Silence.

HAIRY: Is Aleksandra with him? Where've you hidden them?

A senior waiter comes over.

WAITER: Young man.

HAIRY: Have you hidden him?

WAITER: We're going to call the police.

HAIRY: You think I fucking give a shit?

Silence. The barman gets out his mobile and dials a number. An elderly woman gets up from behind the table and goes over to Hairy.

WOMAN: I'm Aleksandra, what's the problem?

HAIRY: What kind of fucking Aleksandra are you? You're a rotten old cunt.

Pause. Several men stand up, another two waiters run in. Aleksandra enters. Hairy's presence shocks her.

HAIRY: Natasha I just don't understand why you're fucking doing this to me.
I'm not your fucking dog!

Pause. Two police heavies enter.

Scene 8, autumn

The rehearsal room corridor from scenes 1 and 3. On the table a litre bottle of vodka and a two-litre bottle of coca cola, some glasses, fried chicken, other snacks. Ruslan, Saint and Lada (vocals, 33) are sitting at the table drinking. Makovskii is asleep with his back to us on the bench at the back. The bong and some spectacles lie on the floor under the bench.

LADA: I watched "Animal Planet" yesterday. About baboons. Well interesting.

SAINT: Yeah I, like, love programmes about animals.

LADA: So the guy doing the commentary was saying that when a leopard gets near a group of baboons, that the two biggest baboons out of the leaders go and try and stop the leopard. Even though the baboons know that the leopard'll kill them. But leopards don't take them on very often coz the baboons have like sharp teeth too, and claws, and they're pretty strong. And it'd be two against one! And coz the leopard's alone, like after the fight it takes the leopard ages to recover. Two baboons go off to die without even thinking, all to save the lives of their baboon women and children.

RUSLAN: And yesterday I lost my fucking third tooth this year, fuck's sake.

LADA: Drugs, smoking, alcohol. Damages your immune system. It's hereditary.

RUSLAN: Stop cunting around Lada and pour me another drink.

LADA: Well, to the album!

He pours out shots, they drink them, eat a bit.

SAINT: We've already got like three hundred comments on our Facebook wall. Everyone's going mental for us. Placing orders for the album. And I only put the page up fucking four days ago! Maybe next year we can go and play a festival somewhere. We could tear up "Suffocation".

LADA: Let's not get ahead of ourselves. But the album's sounding good!

SAINT: Yeah and like everything's actually turned out pretty good without Hairy, it's all pretty sweet.

LADA: Makovskii not gonna join us? Managed to get wasted somewhere else again, has he?

SAINT: Nah, he was up like forty-eight hours straight like writing his play for the theatre in London coz today was his deadline. So now he's like passed out.

RUSLAN: Makovskii's always fucking suffering like a bitch about something. Getting wasted, getting stoned, fucking passing out, staying up for days on end at the newspaper. Now he's fucking written some play about gayboys, the wanker. He'd better watch out or I'll fucking sack him.

LADA: Yeah whatever and where are you gonna find another bassist in Kherson? Come on, let's drink to Makovskii and his play!

They pour, they drink, they eat.

So what's up with Hairy, he's like got divorced, hasn't he?

RUSLAN: Now this is a fucking ridiculous story. Makovskii told me what happened, coz he got wasted with Bovine a bit ago at the newspaper. Saint, you remember I told you it would all go tits up for Hairy with that cunt and that fucking cuntsuffering of his? Well that was like looking into a fucking crystal ball. Basically that Aleksandra started fucking this other guy, like this client of hers or something. She didn't even hide it from anyone, she was like a fucking prostitute. So of course Bovine started cuntsuffering, started running around after her, begging her, telling her how much he fucking loved her, buying her expensive flowers, gifts, basically he went fucking mental. So Aleksandra just stopped talking to him, and he just fucking collapsed. He started fucking drinking vodka again, got like massively depressed. And you know how mental he gets when he really wasted. So like recently he was at the DKS watching this pop-punk gig, got wanked with Zombie and Syava, and someone fucking told him that his wife and this dickhead had gone to fuck in some hotel room somewhere. So

he fucking stormed into this hotel and started fucking screaming at everyone like “Where’ve you hidden Aleksandra and that dickhead?” And he’d fucking like fallen over on the way there so his face was all covered in blood, the fucking idiot. And it turns out there was all these like councillors there, like mayors and shit, it was some kind of posh-ass party. So these guys fucking called the cops, of course. And he started trying to fight the heavies when they turned up like some stupid bitch.

LADA: So what, he’s in prison?

RUSLAN: Nah Bovine got lucky. Turns out that his father-in-law was at that party, you know, the rich Yid. So he like smoothed everything over, put Hairy in a taxi and sent him home to his mum. And then he turned up the next morning told Hairy and his mum everything: obviously Hairy didn’t fucking remember any of it. And he said like, “From this day forward you are not to see my daughter.” And he took his fucking wedding ring off him, cunt’s sake! He told him not to worry about the divorce and the job and stuff like that, he’d take care of all the fucking formalities. And he even gave him like a thousand Grivens and said like “There, that’s out of sympathy for your mother.”

LADA: It’s like a fucking soap opera!

RUSLAN: Yeah, I told you: total cunt-up. Also, funniest fucking thing about it: turns out Aleksandra was actually at that party, she’d been invited with her dad.

LADA: So how’s Hairy now?

RUSLAN: Fucking still cuntsuffering I’d imagine. Makovskii says he’s like tracked down Aleksandra and the kids and like hides in an alley looking up at their window. Basically, he’s