

Mikhail Volokhov

LESBIANS ROARING LIKE A TSUNAMI

a love saga

**Ellie
Camie**

The present day

Lonely island in the Pacific Ocean.

The lounge of a vast, expensive villa. Numerous pictures with portraits of Ellie by Camie on the stage. Ellie is seen against various backgrounds – the ocean, palm trees, sandy beaches, but mostly in front of huge Pacific breakers. One picture is veiled with a white cloth.

We hear birdsong, the chirr of cicadas. The distant sound of ocean waves.

Scene 1

Ellie.

The stony knowledge of Love
And no rain falls on parched souls.
Spitting fire in human ashes,
The bloody ocean rages without dry land.

Knowledge of the Truth, that happiness
Cannot encircle declarations of love.
Crashing waves – sighs and moans,
As bodies entered one on one.

Ellie and Camie (together).

For the continuity of moments,
Delectations of God on your face,
Linking temporality and the downfall
Of empty man in his nakedness.

Camie. You enchant me with your poignant verses, my Amazon.

Ellie (*pulling a hair from her head*). An Amazon's hair is the blade of a shiny razor. It can pierce like a knitting needle, like a spear, an arrow and... resurrect... in Atlantis.

Camie. I can hear your tongue in this world, touch it with my own – and more – we have no need of Atlantis. And we can pull arrows from our bodies, as the Buddha has taught us all.

Ellie. To banish evil spirits – as self-protection. My salvation. Camie, the palm-tree shadow has covered with a trembling, quivering kiss the snow-white lacquered claws on your toes, and in the magic magnetic field the shadow of the spinning world rises ever higher, higher, higher, bringing its cool gift. And if, Amazon, you remain so proudly, imperiously and austere motionless – passionately, heatedly seizing with your swanlike balletic hands my tousled head silvery with dried oceanic salt, then I, I... can enter your fairytale, naked, icy, fragrant, incorruptibly infantile cunt – your sweetly inspiring cunt – with my yearning hot little tongue and rouse there a sleeping volcano. Through all your fibers both spiritual and corporeal the magma of invigorating passion begins to seethe and froth, and lightning strikes through all the languishing fibers of my body and soul... And tsunami, tsunami, tsunami, it no longer holds back and foams, foams, foams in a tsunami of living water and covers, covers, covers us with its universal power – the Tsunami of Nirvana's revivifying all-destructive might.

Camie. And so with eyes shut we shall see clearly, we have come to a land where the stars are united in an unbroken circle of dancing happiness (*crosses her leg*). How magical, delightful, tragic. I need nothing more in this life. Just lying here, lying blissfully – you make me go on living.

Ellie. You crossed your leg enchantingly. Did it make you come, my lovely goddess?

Camie. When your murmuring little tongue pokes under my clitoris and tenderly caresses me, what else could I do but come? All I need to come is for a hair to touch my tousled maidenly cunt slit. I cross my leg, my sorceress soulmate, to stir the little hairs down there.

Ellie. Go on talking, go on – I tragically want to come too, my sweet – your heavenly words can make me come, Ellie, my treasure.

Camie. And when I cross my leg the right lip of my tousled tsaritsa delicately rubs the left lip of my moist cunt, and between them my clit divinely rubs together

and thrills, thrills so poetically. And it all seems to happen so quickly, so momentarily – one leg thrown over the other in a second in space, but body and soul shudder in a precipitate explosion that reaches deep into every root and fiber, and you desire it again, and again I cross my leg in front of you, pavonine and picturesque, my goddess and conqueress of the world!!!

Ellie. And you are mine, mine, mine!!!
(*They cross their legs facing another.*)
My love, my cosmic Camie!

Camie. To hell with everything. Ellie, my love, you are my astral love, Ellie!

Ellie. And you are mine, my terrestrial heat!!!

Scene 2

Camie. There's no wind to turn the propeller on the roof. I don't want to paint pictures. Nor do I want to start the gas-fired dynamo. Too noisy. And it stinks of petrol. In this weather the petrol could explode, and we've had it.

Ellie. What wouldn't explode in heat like this?

Camie. Anything could. Even brains.

Ellie. Brains more than anything. Thank God the helicopter with ice from the mainland will be here in an hour. I adore that helicopter with ice from the mainland. For three hundred bucks... But won't we be ruined at that rate?

Camie. Ruined with twenty million bucks each in accounts all over the world? Especially now we've bought Le-Le, our magical Pacific Ocean island, thanks to God and male dicks – all of it, innards and all. And our life on this little ocean Nirvana costs no more than five thousands bucks a month. It would take a lot of effort to go bust.

Ellie. The doctor knows the entire history of the disease – our own private doctor Gogo on the helicopter! He'll lower the rope from the helicopter. With bananas. More and more bananas like cocks. (*They caress one another.*)
You're painting another picture of me!

Camie. I love you, not the bananas. (*Kisses Ellie.*)

Ellie. Nothing but my portraits all over the house – portraits, portraits everywhere. I'm like Alice Through the Looking Glass. I'm drowning in your love

for me, our lives together reflected millions of times over. How much would we get if we sell a portrait?

Camie. We won't ever sell a single portrait of you to anyone. Relax. We're in Eden, resting from life's difficulties in the Promised Land. We've got everything we need. All the necessary protein and vitamins. We're condemned to love one another here in paradise for the rest of our lives, without schizoid urban male construction workers.

Ellie. What if we fall out of love?

Camie. How can we fall out of love if we love one another so deeply, more and more each day? Nobody can come between us here with their lying hypocritical advice, their male aromas and feelings.

Ellie. Even that pilot guy doesn't always land his helicopter on our island, he lowers the rope like a cock with whatever we need, from his private transcontinental plane.

Camie. Here in the Pacific Ocean it's cheaper for the company to employ one Russian first-aid helicopter guy who speaks English, what's more they can pay him four times less. Gogo greased their palms. To be up there above us! (*Strokes Ellie.*) Cheaper if he gets killed.

Ellie. You're so quick at understanding foreign financial affairs and banking.

Camie. You wouldn't be able to fathom foreign finances – you'd die of hunger in the market back home. In no time. Here we come and come, but if our foreign finances finish we won't be able to give one another orgasms, even back home. And our Nirvana will be split apart like a hymen. You understand, my sweet?

Ellie. But we've got millions in our banks!

Camie. If we get desperate I can always draw portraits on the Arbat. The face of some cute little girl who takes our fancy.

Ellie. For a few measly kopecks on the Arbat?

Camie. You're jealous? Gogo will drive us to utter destitution! On Le-Le island the sun is free, the beach is free. Tragic love is free. But at the same time our love is priceless compared to our vulgar, murderous millions.

Ellie. Let's go on a bohemian cruise and frivolously spend all those disgusting, vulgar, murderous but not priceless millions. So we don't have to think or talk about them ever again.

Camie. So that someone could snatch me away from you on that bohemian cruise? And snatch you away from me? We couldn't endure that!

Ellie. But maybe we could gamble at the onboard casino. Maybe we could win a few decent coins at roulette. In casinos the money isn't vulgar and slippery. Casino money is very risky, jingly, hippy-go-lucky, your very own.

Camie. Nobody who's fortunate in love also won jingly, risky, hippy-go-lucky money at roulette. We mustn't excite divine vengeance, Ellie. God gives you four per cent of twenty million dollars – that's eight hundred thousand bucks a year without lifting a finger, just making sweet love with your beloved. But you prefer to shoot yourself in the foot, in the most banal, bloody, vulgar and cheap way possible, by going off on some obscure, madcap, low-class cruise, where someone could simply snatch me away from you – some half-baked banal good-looking cruise-ship slut will use me and dump me. And you'd watch all this with eyes wide open, maybe to begin with there'll be a pleased, contented, vulgar glint in those eyes of yours, because at the same time you'll be seduced by another uber-young, fashionista nymph with her own geriatric, absolutely leprous inner world, she'll screw you and leave you. And maybe the useless hussy will turn out to have AIDS too. Or the bitch will have some kind of hepatitis that's like lingering AIDS. What would you do then – infect me? We'd grow to hate one another, pussycat, left together with AIDS, the way sex-maniac fuckwits die from their careless tawdry betrayals. You need to use your head while you're still healthy. Of course, I wouldn't abandon you afterwards, even if you were sick. Hope you'd do the same for me. But why commit such paranoid foolish acts when you can get your kicks peacefully and happily without all that. Just think, a bird of passage like me has fallen in love with you.

Ellie. Hush, hush – I crossed my legs, I'm gonna come, right now. Hush, hush – I came. A-a-ah!!! See, you began twittering away about someone seducing me – well, I came right away, all the more because I crossed my legs, remembering our transsexual private doctor Gogo. How that animal turns purple, fucking in his cowboy hat with a cigarette between his teeth as he stares in the mirror, right hand with a gun on the small of your back as you bend in front of him and the aggressor's left hand on the small of his back. And standing up! Standing!! Standing!!! The bastard screws us two doggies in front of the mirror, straight up the ass!!! I gaze and gaze at you. And you've already killed Gogo and you alone love me, your darling. Who could seduce me apart from you, whatever are you thinking? I'm seduced forever by your talent and even genius – I'm your golden muse. And I myself want to seduce and seduce you too, seduce you with my poetry.

Camie. Aah, I came too! Just from the vibration of your voice. When you begin talking of love I come just from the vibration of your voice. From the passion

when you try yet again to prove you really are head over heels in love with me, you love me madly despite our private doctor who really does fuck like a thousand pricks. But naturally I believe you love me madly, all the more because with you I'm so naïve, of course your frivolous darling will never go off on some bohemian cruise. You can go – please do. I'll be here alone on our Le-Le island, hoping that nobody will seduce you on that bohemian cruise-ship with vulgar roulette. Although in that casino you'll lose in the most total, laid-bare, vulgar and primitive way possible. Guaranteed. If you really love me – if you can, of course, abandon me, your beloved, to the fates so lightheartedly and so easily – then go ahead, please. In that case you can get stuffed, all alone.

Your mermaid love
Scorches stone, breaks down walls,
And turns tears into blood,
But kingdoms fly the flag of Earth – Betrayal!

You cannot resist Betrayal
With all your underwater love.
The Earth stands level with Betrayal
On the heights of the Underwater cliffs.

And you will sob and weep,
Killing youths with love.
As the waves beat with shrapnel drops
Your love will pierce the swimmers,

Who, casting themselves from cliffs
Into your ocean of endless passion,
Risk finding your deep mermaid love...
Only their skulls will be found at the bottom of the Earth – Betrayal...

Your poem, my sorceress.

Ellie. I'm not going anywhere, what are you thinking. I'll never leave you or be unfaithful to you! How could you. I love you. How could you. It's so good with just the two of us, Camie!!!

Camie.
We are like soft metal,
Our alloy is a mighty citadel.
You said that we
Can live like this forever.

Ellie.
I said that the poet

Wants to find a bullet.
You said – believe me,
I will be that bullet's companion.

Camie.

I fly faster,
My thoughts cut steel.
If you wish, I can kill
You myself, you wretch!

Ellie.

I said I love
Your honesty like a thief.
Like a killer of killers...
And I will accept the sentence.

You said – wait.
You hear – music – sing.
We two bullets are with you...
One is not enough for the heart...

Camie. We don't need anyone else here!!! No doctor.

Ellie. Shall we undress, get into bed?

Camie. Yes of course, let's – about time, it's already afternoon. Can't wait.

(They caress one another.)

Scene 3

Ellie. Let's part our legs and our adoring cunts will cling together like two segments of cherry without a stone.

Camie. You're my cherry without a stone, Ellichka. Of course you are!

Ellie. Does it feel good?

Camie. Blissfully good. Just awesome. Nothing more fragrant in the whole world than your vitamin-rich cherry cunt.

Ellie. And for me, too, there's nothing more heavenly and delicious in the whole wide world than your cherry cunt. I'm coming, it's so fucking delicious.

Camie. I'm coming, it's so fucking sweet.

Ellie. I love you so much, Camiushka. Don't need anyone apart from you, Camie.

Camie. And I love you lots, Ellie. Don't need anyone in the world apart from you, Ellie. This is magic. Such a sweet cherry taste in my mouth.

Ellie

You didn't know reality
Your soul sang a tornado
And you boldly untwined your plaits
And your body turned into wings.

I'm flying. I'm flying weightless above our cherry- and palm-tree island. And you fly beside me, caressing me. Paint a picture of us as two stoneless cherries in love, flying above our cherry and palm island.

Camie. Certainly I will. But I want to fly through life without casting a shadow. Oh, I've no strength left, but I want to fly and come, fly and come, come as I fly. Forever. And from somewhere my strength returns. But I'm so tired, so tired, so tired. Weightless bliss is so exhausting. But so enchanting. Who could have known this weightless bliss could be so exhausting, and at the same time enchanting. Who could have known. But that pilot doctor will come to a bad end, I can tell you. Even if he cut himself a cunt – wanted to be like us.
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Ellie. Oh, then we'll be totally free to fly despite the exhausting battering winds, all the storms and inclement weather – we'll fly, fly and fly – proudly, joyfully blissful. I'm tired too, so tired, so very tired. But I love you more and more, love you and love you. Don't worry, Camiushka, Gogo our pilot doctor will fly here soon, he'll come zooming along with something very fucking tasty as well as the ice, that fucking banana prankster with his amazing cock.

Camie. The main thing is, he must get out of his helicopter. And before he gets out his gun with his experienced cock and undresses us... He never gets out his gun and his experienced cock before he undresses us. That's where men are weak, Ellie. The impotence of a cheap male brain.

Ellie. I want to come and come and come, in blissful happiness, but only with you. Orgasm is a wonderful thing. Salvation. Proof of love. Love itself. Only this can give new strength to stay alive and poetically in love.

Camie. When I come with you, you are part of the whole universe, all the stars, all the galaxies, all the Milky Ways. With your euphoric force bursting with love you drive away all the ill-starred asteroids that might crash to Earth and hinder

you from accomplishing blissful union, the multiplication of Love without end. I have this feeling of worldwide universal joy that is important not just for me. You drive me crazy, Ellichka, drive me crazy. And you twirl, twirl all the good and dreamy lovestruck stars into a festive celestial round-dancing vortex. I'm swept off my feet. But you drive my soul wild and I need nothing more than you, you driving me insane with your cherry cunt, your incomparable florescent soul and your very being. It's only three in the afternoon and I've already come thirty-three times since sunny morning.

Ellie. Me too, I've already come thirty-three times since sunny morning. I wouldn't allow you to come more times than me, my darling Camiushka. Let's get up now or we'll be worn out – the whole bright day is ahead, and our helicopter pilot will soon be here.

Camie. Let's.

Ellie. We'll have to go outside and greet him in a very original way today. Greet our transsexual pariah, our first teacher, like never before!

Camie. Our last teacher! I'm coming right now – hush, hush – I'm coming.

Ellie. I'm coming.

Camie. Oh, that's so good.

Ellie. Wonderful, wonderful – so wonderful that it's just super-super – inconceivably wonderful.

Camie. Fucking fantastic. How can it be so good?

Ellie. Fate is smiling on us.

Camie. Shall I squeeze out a milky orange full of vitamins?

Ellie. O-o-oh! I'm thirsty, thirsty, thirsty!!! I would love you, boa constrictor, to squeeze me a milky orange full of vitamins.

Camie (*squeezes an orange into Ellie's mouth and over her breasts*). Here, my little one, catch the divine karma of a boa-constrictor milky orange.

Ellie. Divine. (*Drinks*)

(*Sound of a huge wave breaking on the seashore.*)

Scene 4

Ellie. Did you have a nice dream about Maxi screwing us with his clever male incantations?

Camie. No, my dreams of Maxi aren't nice at all. The bastard considered himself the mighty equal of great men, top champion in clever male talk, fucking everyone with his over-intellectualizing but righteous and tight-fisted super-safe banking struggle.

Ellie. If only they'd seen how his cock's articulated when in working order, how his fifty-year-old cock can fuck two fearless pedigree Amazon beauties for days, nights, weeks, months, years – all the mighty men in the banking world considered Maxi the most gigantic Cock of all clever moneyed mortals, not an Internet-hacker motherfucker.

Camie. Maxi Cock was also a doctor of various aeronautic and erotic sciences, honorable member of a multitude of elevated waffle-flying academies, expert in inflated dick airships – he produced voluminous dicks that flew through the air, inflated with helium of course. That Maxi was a great flying bird of passage, a business dick that nobody could catch by the ass or fluttering balls – Maxi Cock the airship tamer was a success at everything, as if he was at the circus taming wild feline tigers.

Ellie. He even made us love him, that respectable hard-currency and hetero-high-minded Maxi Cock loved us two stoneless cherry cunts, us chaste birdies, little panthers. (*In the tone of a detective.*) Everything Maxi Cock did turned out fine, flew like a waffle. Just consider. Eh? A cunning little guy with a serpentine cock in his brains from birth.

Camie. In between his orgasmic bonking sessions Maxi Cock made us grind our cunts together like emery boards in front of him. (*Camie and Ellie begin making love.*) And red-haired Maxi Cock cunningly wanked with love for us. To begin with we only fondled one another for him to watch.

Ellie. Oh, we're lithe ladies – Olympic champions of artistic paired sexual gymnastics not averse to his pitiful requests to pay for our services – and we understood then that this erotically dynamic exercise would soon become our personal pleasure.

Camie. He fucked us off, that red-haired tight-fisted unshaven Maxi Cock, so one day we had this brilliant idea. But the too-clever computer motherfucker never suspected we could ignore him with our shortsighted female brains.

Ellie. Especially since Gogo, his private doctor, first had the idea and told us what to do. An unusual kind of traitor. But now that bastard Gogo's the lecher instead of Maxi.

Camie. What difference, for fuck's sake?

Ellie (*lasciviously*). The difference is, it can't be done immediately! (*Kisses Camie.*)

Camie. It's pleasant for men not to come immediately. And generally speaking, not to come for money – Maxi paid us, I admit, it was fashionable for him to finance our depraved disgusting love by opening accounts for us.

Ellie. He even proposed to you. Wanted you to have his kid. Isn't that true, Camiushka?

(*Pinches Cami's nipples.*)

In the end I couldn't bear Owl Face's aesthetic ties and shoelaces any more. Felt as if the bastard would strangle me with them. Felt like he had hissing cobras in his shoes instead of laces. As for the tie – just like a cobra ready to pounce on my face.

Camie. All my life I've felt they could strangle me any minute with their male cobra condom, and kaput. With men it's one condom after the other, so we don't get pregnant from their cobra phallus. You and I can play around without condoms, all pure and magical, without their poisonous male cobra sperm. The phallic sperm lies deep in their subconscious, comes with their mother's milk. Just imagine my sleepless nights imagining how you'd be strangled with a rubber, as if you were responsible for their joyless rubber-johnny fucking. Imagining how this guy stretches the condom like a rope and approaches from behind; you're hypnotized, presenting your naked ass to his cobra cock. And instead of fucking you normally he winds this elongated cobra condom round your neck and chokes you as vengeance for his fucking rubber – it takes the fun out of screwing and always bursts at the worst moment. And what use is the fucking rubber then?

Ellie. Nobody should be choked to death at gunpoint with a naked ass out of vengeance for a goddamn rubber – that's just too appalling.

Camie. What else can the impotent phalluses do, especially when they can't get an erection any more, even without a rubber. They can only fuck you once for a bit and get their snaky satisfaction. And that's not enough for them, either, but they can't get it up any more, certainly not after three or however many bonks the guy's natural potency allows. They feel with that phallic male cobra deep inside them that it's not enough for us girls, pussycat lionesses, for our pubic mound, we need a lot of sweet girlish oohing and aahing to come. Not every guy will invite a friend with an athletic dick over, some Olympic lion with a meter-long

peter to help finish fucking his girl. They're mean about letting others use their own personal cunt for free. Private property. When they buy a cunt they won't share it with anybody. But the Lord said we should share and share alike. So all these impotent useless phalluses can do to get their kicks is voluptuously half-choke their girls in a form of fatal-anal-canal revenge.

Ellie. They're not capable of anything more. True love is not for men.

Camie. Then we killed them with the poison of maidens' cobras!!! Our own!!! Ecologically!!! So we could love one another in peace, understanding instinctively, with a whisper, for nights and days at a time. So we could only hear the birds, the sound of the sea.

Ellie. So you have two phallic cobras here on the island? And you catch them by hand from time to time, to drop their poison in a jar.

Camie. When Maxi and Owl Face fell asleep we put sex-shop handcuffs on them and covered their mouths with tape so they couldn't fucking shout. We bound their legs with tape, too. Then you injected Maxi's hand and Owl Face's leg twice with a syringe of your own phallic cobra poison, two punctures each at a distance of three centimeters, as if from a cobra's fangs. Those male rapists had to die from the clever spectacled phallic cobra bites. That's our Olympic hymn.

Ellie. So you were nothing to do with it – those male werewolves were bitten by cobras, those highly dangerous naturally deadly snakes? Gogo the private doctor flew in on his helicopter? Signed the death certificate – fatal poisoning?

Camie. He made friends with us, a triangle. Became a transsexual to feel spiritually closer. But he fucks with his goddamn pistol, and even though he cut himself a cunt his prick stands up!!! The fucking racketeer took shares with us so he could take full control. If we can get rid of the transsexual pilot doctor our life together would unfold like a magical fairytale romance, nirvana.

Ellie. I trust you, Camie. I can't do otherwise. I trust you alone, the entire universe lies in this hand, this palm.

The eye cannot see through the spider's web of light
All the passing days we call reality –
As the hands of the clock march on we lose everything,
The pearls of birth, objects in Eternity.

Camie.

And Gravitation attracts all the sap
Of heavens and stars and springs and Homelands,
The beat of the heart ennobles with love's suffering,

War cannot bear regret.

Ellie.

As the doubts of Aphrodite awaken,
And Audacity – cloudy Uranus – falls asleep, sated
From eating hermaphrodite words all the day long,
While the soul sings an accented cancan in its sleep.

Camie.

And hating the center of all movement,
The dictator of lying laws and powers,
The thoughts whispered, writhing in passion:
'With freedom you can excise your doubts!!!'

Ellie.

Which gnaw like worms into the coffin panel
To consume your Death –
A gift to the soul – Tomb of the Humpback of God –
Death given to the soul for eternity.

Camie.

To rise up vertically to the acquisitive Plus,
Of Christ who was killed-signified by the Cross.
But the minus-exhalation of the crossbar comes
To calm the thoughts of the human choir.

I too trust you alone, Ellie. On lonely Le-Le island here in the Pacific Ocean it's impossible to trust anyone else.

Ellie. What about the little birds, the spiders and cicadas?

Camie. I can trust the little birds, the spiders and cicadas as much as I trust you. I hope you trust me too.

Ellie. Of course, my sunny golden miracle!!! Divinely incomprehensible.
I throw everything at your feet
And embrace you like a flame.
You will warm yourself my dear,
But I will burn into eternal ashes.

I love you for your sinuous movements. What do you love me for?

Camie. For the same reason. (*Takes Ellie's hand, guides it down her own panties.*) There, there – yes – I'm coming, my darling sinuous Elite-ochka.

Ellie. I can just look at you and come. Just seeing your lashes flutter I imagine my clitoris floundering between those fluffy lashes – I get a wonderful orgasm immediately.

Camie. And I imagine your breath entering my cunt and my cunt begins to breathe too, and swell from your breathing. Begins to sing and twirl, excited and dancing from your breath. And I – fuck – come all over again.

Ellie.

To overturn love and life
And cease to see the face of death,
And from the center of the sun scoop
A drink of icy water

Camie.

Set love and life aflame in the night
And leave the day for rest,
So the powerful sunbeams
Scorch my head till it hurts

Ellie.

With our eyes we let the soul inhale,
With our hands try to exhale,
And clear a path with dreams
Where the stars sob with joy

Camie.

And dissolve into birdsong,
Fall like a snowflake on flame
And with velvet words
Cut yourself endlessly apart

Ellie.

And dispersing what strength was left
And locking time in the mist
The soul desperately prayed
To fly back without the body.

Scene 5

Camie. I came!!!

Ellie. Me too!!!

Camie. Want me to squeeze some orange juice?

Ellie. Squeeze! Squeeze!! Squeeze!!!

Camie (*squeezing an orange over her*). Here, take the vitamins and you get pressed milk.

Ellie. The elixir of life. A young girl took Bunin's wife from him, you know.

Camie. Very right too – a completely feminine girl.

Ellie. But all men get upset. They say lesbianism is such a problem in the world today, that it's life-destroying and worse than drug addiction.

Camie. Well of course, if they can't get any pleasure out of it.

Ellie. But these men are not girls.

Camie. Who are these men – you tell me – who are these guys with bristling penises? Egoists – they only think of their own cock. When they've got it up we don't give the come-on. By the time we say yes their cock isn't hard any more. All male problems, in their life, philosophy and their place in the cosmos, originate from that alone. What can they understand about the love of one lovely girl for another heavenly girl, girls that always get excited about what matters and are always ready for one another at the first request, ready to give all their priceless treasures to one another, every second ready for a celestial cosmic orgasm.

Ellie. They see it like this – a great man like Ivan Bunin had his muse stolen by some marginal squinting slut, the muse to whom that great Russian writer had given everything – all his great works, his money, his life and love, his occasionally erect cock, you understand what I'm saying.

Camie. Oh, of course those men know how to defend their ballsy phallic elitist ego. Couldn't those men give their lady love a pure fragrant maidenly muff if at some very critical tragic moment in her life she needed one, instead of a salty old walrus cock like a cucumber but warm, with a temperature of 36.6 degrees? Enough to make you puke.

Ellie. But you can't put his literary dick in the icebox.

Camie. They'll soon be sticking their dicks in the icebox, those guys, just you wait. I reckon Ivan Bunin stuck his dick in the icebox when his wife made her ultimatum – either stick your dick in the icebox, Ivan Alexeyevich, and then ram it in my gob behind my teeth in a frozen state, or, even simpler – go fuck yourself, great émigré Russian writer, with your own hot dick, and I'll go away and love my

little damsel with her fresh cold coochie. There lies the honest truth, the only true thing in this world, Ivan Alexeyevich Bunin, great Russian writer. You never thought of that before, did you?

Ellie. To be fair, in his impotently outstanding stories all the heroines tell the impotent heroes to go fuck themselves.

Camie. Only they all go to join a nunnery. In fact they went to join another cunt and not a nunnery. What fucking nunnery can compare with the joys of a cunt not-made-by-human-hands, for fuck's sake? So life set Bunin straight, taught him a lesson, where the plain truth lies. While in his stories wonderful girls go off to a nunnery. And that's not true at all. The girls only went off to a nunnery for other girls. And God came to their assistance there.

Ellie. Bunin could have cut himself a slit between his balls, when all is said and done, if his muse wanted to sleep with a cunt. That Gogo's a resourceful little bastard! (*They kiss.*) But I don't think they operated on transsexual guys back then.

Camie. Otherwise Bunin would have been the first transsexual. They say Bunin was a genius. Well, why didn't it occur to him to cut a slit between his balls and hey presto, the great Bunin would've been the first great transsexual with a Nobel prize. His muse would never have left, and he might have lived way past eighty-three years.

Ellie. Well, it turns out Bunin wasn't quite such a genius, he didn't fucking understand the world around him if he couldn't see that it was entirely natural and elementary to become a transsexual with a cunt, if he wanted to keep his muse cunt.

Camie. When their cock gets hard it means they've got feelings – the muse has come to them. An erect cock is the ultimate muse those fucking self-seeking cunt-chasers ever have, that's for sure, so strike me dead.

Scene 6

Ellie. I still don't understand – how do their cocks stand up, anyway?

Camie. Yeah, no bones, nothing but veins and blood with only skin to cover it, how does all that gear stick up so interestingly and despite everything, in Maxi's case?

Ellie. When Maxi got an erection his dick was hard as stone, like an iron crowbar.

Camie. You could crack asphalt with dicks like Maxi's!!!

Ellie. And Gogo-Magog's fucking cock?

Camie. Shit, Gog-Magog's fucking cock like an anaconda, the Tower of Babylon. Fucking with the Tower of Babylon. (*They caress one another.*)

Ellie. A clitoris is something else altogether. (*They caress one another.*)

Camie. A clitoris is perfection. Self-sufficient, no need for an erection as a declaration of love. (*They caress one another.*)

Ellie. I want to touch you. (*They caress one another.*)

Camie. Did you come?

Ellie. Oh, yes!

Camie. Now I'm coming!

Ellie. You're an absolute miracle – you never stop coming.

Camie. And you're my super heavenly invigorating orgasmic miracle.

Ellie. I am. In the last few weeks with Owl Face I pretended to myself I was living with a girl. Any other way would've been impossible – I'd have gone mad.

Camie. Yeah, you can live with those pricks for a while if you imagine they're girls, makes it less nauseating.

Ellie. I shaved his entire body smooth as silk and gave him a good scrub in the bath, then I licked and licked and licked as if I was licking a girl. He moaned like a girl, too. Taught the windbag how to love girls.

Camie. I got into the birch tree position with Maxi, parted my legs...

Ellie. Like for anal sex?
(*They slip their hands into one another's panties.*)

Camie. Almost. Only instead of him sticking his cock up my bum we agreed he would slip his balls in my cunt, take hold of his cock and wank. I can tell you, his balls began such a fucking amazing cancan in my cunt, I tell you, just the memory of it turns me on – I can come right now just remembering, but only if you stroke my pussy. A-a-a-a-ah!!! I came.

Ellie. I came too, simply from the vibrations in the ether, simply from hearing your story and of course from your finger under my clit. And I can see how your tongue dances a bewitching cancan inside your little mouth, imagine my clitoris inside your mouth fluttering against your palate, fluttering hard like a fly's wings when you hold its legs.

Camie. What a delicious fantasy. But the last time with Maxi the First I got so excited that I grabbed a razor. Not like the one you probably used to shave Owl Face, but an open razor – Maxi's personal razor he loved for shaving and never cut himself with – I just picked it up and cut off his beloved balls with his own beloved razor.

Ellie. What an enterprising, original girl you are.

Camie. Naturally. I'd left Maxi's razor ready, under the pillow. And just imagine, his severed balls actually stayed in my cunt but he and his prick withdrew with the other ball-less part of his body.

Ellie. Hope you didn't hurt yourself, by accident?

Camie. Oh no. I'd already smeared my cunt with Vaseline – I was prepared in advance.

Ellie. Clever girl. So what about him, I expect Maxi was a bit upset?

Camie. Well, after that the fun really began – a whole string of insults. He stares at me with goggle eyes and suddenly starts yelling – what have you done, cunt, what the fuck have you done, cunt, you've left me without balls at the age of fifty, left my dear fat half-century-old cock without any balls, you bitch, my genius of a cock, you ignorant cunt. What did you do that for, you squinty-eyed witch? That, word for word, is what he said, spraying me with saliva in an entire recitative of enraged exclamations.

Ellie. That wasn't very polite, was it, swearing and spitting at you?

Camie. And of course I'm toning down what that grunting gutbucket really said for your delicate female ears. What really happened is too awful to recall! He wanted to take the razor from me, his Amazon. But only so he could cut me up like graph paper, like Chinese torture. Well, I instinctively understood what hieroglyphs that would lead to. If I didn't finish him off he'd cover me with lines, good and proper. So I slashed his belly and arms, right through the veins so the bastard didn't fucking grab me. Then the big fat pig started howling: call an ambulance, get an ambulance you bitch! Yells for his fucking doctor, Gogo, the fuckwit. Asks me to help bind his veins, the bastard. Says he can't do it himself. He was right, too. I slashed his tendons with the razor – hacked him to pieces,

cut up his tendons, for fuck's sake. Just here on the wrist I sliced into him with his razor, his beloved talisman. Several times I slashed and slashed the bastard's tendons! So his arms went limp. And I slashed the tendons in his fucking legs too. Otherwise he might have kicked me, could've killed me there and then, me, a mere girl. We were at war now, right enough. Fucking blitzkrieg. Whoever attacks first has the advantage. Those devils of the male species, those scumbags rape us girls using the same principle. Oh yes, my dear. I had to act quickly – swiftly work out what to do, where to hack the old goat with his talisman, all the more since that razor of his had magic powers. Everything's easy when you know how. Well, when his arms and legs gave way – fuck, that was it, I could take a breather. Only then did I realize his balls were still in my cunt, they hadn't fucking dropped out. Imagine that. His balls were stuck in my cunt. They were probably shit scared that this broad was slicing up their owner, tendons, veins, buttocks, who knows where next, the fucking balls were staying put in her cunt. What a laugh, for fuck's sake – his balls were stuck in the commander's cunt!
(Laughs.)

Ellie. You're a right little Amazon, cut him up like a field marshal.

Camie. Too fucking right. Fucking awesome, my Olympian victory on that bed.

Ellie. I'm so happy for you. You performed a truly astonishing feat. You're a genius, and not only at painting pictures. So how did Maxi the First die, after losing all that blood?

Camie. Well, when he finally died it was a real picture – Impressionism without a doubt. Henri Matisse. Pure, red, dancing paints. That half-assed motherfucker stuck his dick where I slashed his wrists – where I cut the veins with his beloved magic talismanic razor. Either he was trying to stop the flow from the vein with his own dick, or else trying to jerk off on the vein, with the blood spurting out like a fountain in all directions and spattering the whole room – couldn't fucking make it out – Dali's Surreal double through-the-looking-glass picture, Alice, my darling wonderful girl.

Ellie. You should have asked him what he wanted to do. Maybe the Surrealist artist in him had suddenly sprung to life.

Camie. I did, I asked him straight: what the fuck are you doing, Maxi the First, you miserable fucker? Are you jerking your cock off on that open vein, or trying to stop the blood flow from your vein, asshole, using a cock with severed balls? Maybe you got blood-clotting sperm in that cock of yours? Or maybe you're using a cock instead of a brush and you're gonna paint us something for posterity?

Ellie. Well, what did he say?

Camie. Nothing, the motherfucker suddenly started crying for no reason, just because of my question. Shoved his cock with the severed balls in the wound where two perpendicular veins were sticking out and spewing a fountain of blood. Although it was really one fucking vein the razor split in two.

Ellie. Yeah, I understand – of course. Well, go on.

Camie. Well well, go to hell. You understand the situation. Your guy is fucking jerking his cock with carved-off balls right in front of you, into a vein in his arm that the razor cut in two, down to the bone, and weeping bitter tears. And the wretched fucking tears stream into the wound where he's rubbing his cock, stream and stream.

Ellie. I bet it was stinging.

Camie. Well of course it was stinging. His whole ugly mug was lopsided in a grimace. Fuck, his whole mug went red, even without the whisky, and then these hands with cut veins are wiping and smearing the tears, what a fuckhead. Like a harlequin or Chinese circus painted a natural red color by Matisse.

Ellie. Well, with our guys clowning is a full-time profession.

Camie. You understand so well.

Ellie. So his cock with the chopped-off balls was hard and erect when he rubbed it in the wound?

Camie. Amazing, just imagine – it was still hard and erect. Five minutes passed. Exactly five – I looked at my watch – five minutes passed and his cock with the chopped-off balls remained standing, as the blood flowed from his veins and splattered all over.

Ellie. A real stud, your Maxi the First.

Camie. A jackhammer. Darling, what an experience that was.

Ellie. Amazing. I'm gonna come right now.

Camie. I get so overexcited remembering, I probably came about ten times just telling you.

Ellie. Yes, me too, ten times at least.

Camie. I can feel it. I'm trying to tell you everything straight. No point in lying. If I did you wouldn't understand.

Ellie. My martyr par excellence.

Camie. Being a great martyr is no fun at all.

Ellie. Don't let it get you down, darling. That's what makes women great.

Camie. I don't let it get to me – that's why I'm happy with you now.

Ellie. And so am I. Well, how did Maxi the First finally croak?

Camie. He jerked his cock against the lacerated vein for another five minutes or so, like I already said. In all he was wanking about ten minutes. Then Maxi starts breathing funny, fitfully and spasmodically, and he falls over backwards, jerks apoplectically and goes silent, staring up at some indeterminate point on the ceiling, even had a smile on his face, can you imagine.

Ellie. Like in the movies. Super.

Camie. I says to him: Maxi, forgive me. Said it real sincere, like: Maxi, forgive me.

Ellie. You did a good thing. So what did he do?

Camie. I forgive you, he whispers. I forgive you, scarcely audible it was.

Ellie. Like a movie. Super. And did his eyes stay open?

Camie. His eyes stayed open, really wide open.

Ellie. Like a movie. Super. And his eyes were smiling at you?

Camie. His eyes smiled back at me in farewell, Ellichka. Every single cell in his dying body smiled at me in farewell, Ellichka, every fiber of Maxi's departing soul. (*Weeps.*)

(Sound of a giant wave breaking on the shore.)

Ellie. Don't cry. Why are you crying, Camiushka? I really envy you.

Camie. There's good reason.

Ellie. I'm just happy for you.

Camie. I'm glad.

Ellie. And what was Doctor Gogo's reaction? You asked Gogo to help saw up the corpse, boil and dispose of it.

Camie. That bastard Gogo laid me on Maxi's corpse and screwed me so hard on top of Maxi I was fucked out of my mind. Forgot all the satisfaction I got from Maxi snuffing it. Gogo fucked me like an anaconda, gun at the ready. After that sawing up Maxi, boiling and disposing of him were like child's play.

Ellie. Gogo's a top-notch doctor – trained in a concentration camp. Remember me telling you how Owl Face the First smiled at me before he too stopped breathing?

Camie. Remind me. Please. I like to reminisce. I'll squeeze you some orange milk juice.

Ellie. Squeeze, squeeze it for me, like a serpent, squeeze that vitamin-rich yogurt.

Camie. Here you are. I like looking after you. (*Squeezes an orange over Ellie.*)

Ellie. You make magical orange milk juice.

Camie. I'm a good serpent. Tell me about Owl Face the First, then. (*Squeezes the orange over herself.*)

Ellie. Well, it was evening, there was nothing much to do and I really needed sexual intimacy, the biorhythms were kicking in as usual.

Camie. The Lord charged us with all these delightful endocrine torments of the flesh for the good of the soul. (*They caress one another.*)

Ellie. Well, Owl Face lay down as usual on the bed. We did the sandwich routine a couple of times. He came all over my face and smeared it round, came and smeared, came, the bastard, and smeared his personal sperm sandwich, the bastard. (*They caress one another.*)

Camie. The hooligan, bastard, Gulliver.

Ellie. He couldn't come any other way, only on my face.

Camie. He had a good upbringing.

Ellie. Yeah, he had sexually intellectually educated blood in him. Got his master's degree when he was twenty-four.

Camie. Clever little bastard.

Ellie. He was very bright even as a child, a good lad. Well, I dreamed of becoming a professor. And darling, he was a great theatergoer, so bohemian – he'd seen every play in Moscow. He got me interested in it, too. Oh yes. We started going to Stein's plays. Watched his beloved Hamlet several times. Yes, really. Stein's Hamlet made him come. Yes, really. I was simply knocked out by Stein, I mean knocked out that Hamlet made Owl Face come. Owl Face's pants were all covered in sperm after Stein's Hamlet. And those were expensive pants. You can't wash them. I had to take them to the drycleaner's. Yes, really. And there's this same assistant every time. I took her four different pairs of expensive Versace pants all covered in Owl Face's sperm after watching Stein. Each time she stared at me with these burning X-ray eyes. I couldn't really tell her my Owl Face the First keeps coming every time he watches Stein's Hamlet, all over his expensive Versace pants. Although there was nothing at all in Stein's impotent Hamlet play to make anyone come. I can tell you everything – I know you'll understand.

Camie. Of course I understand – I really do understand – your Owl Face the First keeps on coming for no apparent reason at Stein's Hamlet, like a typical fuckwit snotty-nosed male – from who knows what theatrical impotent bullshit brainy crap.

Ellie. More than enough dicks were there, you know. Whatever you say, there were more than enough dicks in that Hamlet Stein play. They were running and leaping about all over the stage, blowing on the saxophone like fucking Clinton, wriggling like worms on a frying pan – all out searching for whoever killed the father Freudian-style, and meanwhile they snuff the girl, Ophelia, in the brook, she's up to her maidenly, chaste, guileless neck in water. You know what, here on this island in the Pacific Ocean you can completely forget your Russian.

Camie. You won't forget with me here.

Ellie. I'm coming.

Camie. I'm coming next, right after you.

Ellie. Anyway. To cut a long story short, Owl Face the First was such a comer, whether he got off on Hamlet or that deadwood theatrical Stein, the motherfucker, such a sensitive little bohemian flower with a dick, whatever living thing he looked at he came. I just couldn't watch him snuff out the rest of his fuckwit life with that dick on my bed. You understand me?

Camie. Only too well.

Ellie. So – it all happened like clockwork after that. As always, after the second sperm 'sandwich' smeared all over my face I absolutely voluntarily tied up his four extremities to the four corners of the bed with a few lengths of strong nylon rope. Sure thing. Then I pulled a hair from my head and told Owl Face the First in no uncertain terms that I was going to kill him with one hair from my own head, playing out my revenge for Ophelia, poor girl-child, after what that bullshitting Hamlet did to her. And I asked him straight out – will you, Hamlet, allow me, you bullshitter, to kill you with one hair, as female revenge for that poor girl-child Ophelia? He answered straight out – of course I, two-sided bisexual bullshitting Hamlet, will allow you female vengeance for that poor girl-child Ophelia. He answered charmingly, aesthetically and good-naturedly. Of course, he says. You can imagine – you saw what he was like. And he smiled. He was well satisfied by then, the bastard had fucked his fill – twice he'd spurted and smeared that amoral sandwich sperm all over his girl-child's face – he was all glowing and bushy-tailed.

Camie. Such an intelligent amoral professorial scholarly ten-out-of-ten-type dickhead – the lecher didn't need much to keep him happy.

Ellie. Too true. And you know how I snuffed him with one single hair?

Camie. Of course I don't know – tell me.

Ellie. My hair was thirty centimeters long. Same as now.

Camie. Lovely hair – so magnetic, caressing. (*Draws one of Ellie's hairs across her own neck.*) Erotic.

Ellie. Just what I was saying. Then right away I sank my front teeth into the skin above his carotid artery. That part of the neck – as you know – is a very erogenous zone.

Camie. We always kiss one another there.

Ellie. Well then. By this time Owl Face and I were in no mood for kisses. He started yelling: why are you biting me, what are you biting me for, you vampire witch – we agreed you were going to snuff me with a hair, not like a werewolf with teeth. I told him straight: my dear, I have no intention of finishing you off with my teeth – I'm just preparing the ground, nipping the skin so it won't hurt when I kill you with one hair. What d'you mean, you're preparing the ground so it won't hurt when you kill me with one hair, when you've bitten right through my neck, you pesky poisonous cobra. I told him quite calmly and clearly: I haven't bitten right through your neck like a cobra – I just bit off the skin under your carotid artery, so

I can cut and saw through your carotid artery with just one hair. That's how we argued with one another, just fancy.

Camie. What can you do with those guys – you can only argue with them. And then bonk, bonk, bonk, bonk. Nothing else you can do with them apart from those dismal arguments and the bonking sessions with poisonous phallic cobra sperm.

Ellie. Well, the argument got so heated I just bit through his carotid artery in desperation. How many of those dismal exchanges can your nerves take? And it was his fault that I couldn't keep my word and sadistically creatively kill him with just one hair, that theatrical two-sided two-faced intellectual, that deadwood stay-at-home.

Camie. Of course it was his fault. What did he expect? Fucking splattering his scholarly erudite professorial sperm all over your little face. For doing that to a face like yours I wouldn't stop till I'd fucking torn every artery in his body to shreds, right this minute. Lucky for him I wasn't anywhere near, the fucking jerk. I'd have fucking bitten off his cock together with his theatrical balls with my own teeth, bitten them off without choking. He'd have begged to die a thousand times!

Ellie. Calm down, Camiushka, calm down.

Camie. Easy to say calm down, for fuck's sake – imagine, some professorial fucking satanic cock shoots leprous sperm on my sweet girl's heavenly little face, and you want me to calm down. It will take a while for me to calm down after that inhuman fucking behavior towards you, my own sweet girl! My parents never prepared me for anything like this in all my years of schooling!

Ellie. Oh calm down, Camiushka! Please?

Camie. I have no choice, but it still bothers me, Ellichka. Those shitty male fuckwits fucking play on our nerves till we end up in a hospital bed.

Ellie. But in the end all our refined emotions for one another became clear thanks to specky four-eyes Owl Face. All our personal mutual relations. While he took you to the theater, came a thousand times in his pants at Stein's impotent Hamlet...

Camie. Got his just deserts – the bastard couldn't get his kicks shooting and smearing spunk all over your face. A fucking bisexual bohemian is no good to anybody.

Ellie. Yeah, what an audacious hypocritical bohemian bisexual. And when real-life tragic fate looked him straight in the face, at his wide-open but in no way intelligent, as it turned out, fuckwit maniacal muddy little eyes – this little man

revealed his entire sordid little asshole world that could poison us all with the gas from his rotting corpse.

Camie. That's always the way with those foul puffed-up bohemian cocksucking bastards.

Ellie. I couldn't even look him in the eye after all that. I stuck a pillow over his mug, that way the blood from his carotid artery couldn't spatter all over my apartment, either, and sat my soft shapely ass on top of it – and incidentally, he adored my ass. That bisexual jerk began yelling when his fuckwit brains – now no use to anyone – finally grasped the fact that his favorite girl was going to snuff him, so deep was her love. That he hadn't showed his love for her, his favorite girl.

Camie. He began yelling?

Ellie. And how! Yelled his head off. And there's neighbors on every side. So I turned up the volume on Music TV. And wait for it. It was a good thing I already closed the windows. As if I had a premonition he would yell his head off. Oh yes. Wait till you hear this. How we've suffered, you and I. It wasn't like your Maxi the First blissfully smiling in the face of death. I envy you there. I envy you with all my heart, Camie. Oh no. You didn't know this, but Owl Face had a boxer dog by the name of Charles. Owl Face used to affectionately call him Charlie Boy. This Charlie Boy earned big money for Owl Face by killing cats whenever Owl Face invited a bunch of guys along. These other guys used to bring cats along for Charlie Boy, and each time they said Charlie Boy will never kill this one. But Charlie Boy the boxer would strike at the cats's spine with his front paws, always hit the spot and broke their spine. Charlie Boy always won all the bets for Owl Face. Because cats have an arched spine and Owl Face trained Charlie Boy the boxer to deal a death blow, striking the highest point of the cat's spine with all his strength!!! (*Bursts into tears.*)

(Sound of a giant wave breaking on the shore.)

I couldn't bear to watch, Camie.

Camie. Try to forget, but always bear this in mind. My darling, how you've suffered. Let me kiss you, Ellie. We are cats that lived to tell the tale.

Ellie. Of course, Camie! I want to kiss you so much! (*They kiss.*) We gave so much to those beastly traitorous men of ours, so much pussy. They should be happy. After all...

An ant squashed by a stiletto is happy.
The little poppet never expected that fatal jab

From a lovely girl's stiletto –
The fulcrum of the universe.

Camie.

The hopeless can hang themselves in bathrooms,
Twisting their members in a noose.
Twisting their minds first
To rid themselves of that love,
The wave and the berth.

Ellie.

When you whispered to me:
I love you without end,
I love you without beginning,
I love you as if in a dream
Where I myself am dying.

Camie. I'm coming, my sweet.

Ellie. And I'm coming, my eternal savior.

Camie. How lucky that we met and saved one another with our love.

Ellie. We were tremendously lucky, surrounded by the hypocritical loveless blue Pacific Ocean swarming with screwing fuckwitted scumbag males.

Camie. And when Gogo came to help you saw up Owl Face, boil and dispose of him, how did the bastard behave?

Ellie. When he came to help me that bastard Gogo sliced off Owl Face's dick, stick it in my mouth, laid a mirror on the floor under my face and fucked me from behind with a cigarette in his teeth and a cowboy sombrero on his head, holding a gun to my temple. The bastard fucked me so hard that I forgot all my satisfaction from snuffing fucking Owl Face. The way that Gogo screws, screws all and sundry!!! (*Passionately embraces Camie.*)

Camie. But darling Ellichka – we'll screw him even worse!!! (*Passionately kisses Ellie.*)

Ellie. No doubt about that, Camiushka, darling!!!

Scene 7

Camie. Remember the first time we met?

Ellie. I remember, it was magic.

Camie. Like two princesses in a fairytale.

Ellie. I came to your house at three in the afternoon when your mother was at work. The day before I asked you to clip my ticket in the trolleybus, you clipped it and asked my name, 'Ellie' I told you.

Camie. I really liked your name. Suited your pretty face.

Ellie. I adored your name, too. It was similar to mine, and you were such a fragrant cute little girl.

Camie. We swapped telephone numbers and agreed to meet the next day. I said we could meet at my home. Said my mother doesn't get home from work till seven, so if we met at three in the afternoon after lessons we'd have four hours together. You turned up with a big bunch of sunny scarlet gladioli and an enormous box of chocolates.

Ellie. You opened a bottle of delicious sweet French Sauterne and gave me the amber ring I'm wearing now as a present, amber colored like sunshine.

Camie. We hadn't agreed in advance that you'd get wine and I'd bring chocolates.

Ellie. It all happened like an enchanted dream. The day before I dreamt all night of you, queen of a realm of fabulous flowering gladioli.

Camie. And the night before I soared across the sky in my dream, a vision in amber, a bright transparent stained-glass bird. You undressed the moment you stepped inside. You touched a clasp on one shoulder and your silk dress slid to the floor, you stood there totally naked like a heavenly marble nude.

Ellie. You lifted the hem of your dress and pulled it over your head, as if you had no use for it anymore.

Camie. Then we moved close and began kissing. (*They kiss.*)

Ellie. Then we lay down on your magic divan and stayed inseparable till a quarter to seven, when your alarm clock rang. I had to take a shower and leave before your mother got home.

Camie. The next day you came to me at exactly half past nine in the morning, two minutes after my mother left for work.

Ellie. And we clung together till a quarter to seven in the evening, when my mother got home from work.

Camie. And so it went on for six weeks. We took our exams using other people's notes.

Ellie. And so it went on for six weeks, until one day your mother appeared unexpectedly at five o'clock in the afternoon, opened the door with her key and saw us together, our pussies clasped together, just about to reach orgasm – and we couldn't stop, we came together right in front of your mother as she stood rooted to the ground!

Camie. My mother fainted, and as she fell her temple hit the corner of a chair – immediately I knew that I had lost my mother forever.

Ellie. It was sad.

Camie. That's life. But I still had you. We burnt my mother in the stove.

Ellie. Forgive me.

Camie. It wasn't your fault at all. Wasn't anybody's fault. My mother never understood me. After we are born we simply perform a series of predetermined foolish human somersaults all through our lives.

Ellie. Is being in love a foolish somersault?

Camie. Love is divine. Love is more than divine. I don't need anything else.

Ellie. But why do you sound so sad?

Camie. Because people who love are unhappy.

As if you cannot see the sun.
A shaft of lightning plunging across the sky.
Like falling and never getting up.
Like a volley from a double-barreled gun.

Ellie.
My heart is frozen but my thoughts aflame,
Skin taut and eyes indifferent...
Simply, when you are not beside me
Life vanishes with the folly of the page
And where is the exit?

Camie. It's the same as the entry – just go on loving. For love will come and love comes.

I will elevate on a pedestal
Your suffering soul.
So that you may hear more clearly
And see the true finale.

Say to them all – yes, there was sorrow
When I loved her!
Who? I know not. Maybe the sea,
And maybe no one at all.

Ellie.
But how I loved, how I loved!
Oh, how I loved her!
But never could find
Her face among the throng.

And if someone smiled,
I tried in reply
To give my love, my mermaid,
But her fish's tail ruined the sonnet.

Camie
And the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea!
The sea drowned all the oarsmen
That I with amorous blood
Had blessed with a serious face...

Ellie.
Say to them all – only with amorous blood
Can we live, breathe and weep.
And if you want it very badly,
Then love will not hide from you.

For love will come and love comes.

Camie. And we should be glad of that, only glad. I'm coming.

Ellie. And I'm coming, and coming, and coming.

Camie. I'm really hungry, but fucking Gogo-Godot the helicopter pilot's late, that cheap European physician! (*Embraces Ellie, kisses her.*)

Ellie. I'll wing that helicopter pilot. If you buy me a rifle, Camie, I'll shoot him down once and for all, Gogo the macho helicopter pilot who never comes on time and is no use to anyone in the world!!! Gogo! Gogo!!! (*Kisses Camie.*) You are my Gogo. You're far better than Gogo!!!

Camie. I'll buy a rifle, Ellie, and you can shoot to our heart's content at that Gogo the macho helicopter pilot who never comes to the island on time and is no use to anyone in the world! (*Kisses Ellie.*) He only flies here when we don't need him. And he says that you and I don't own an island in the Pacific Ocean, Ellie!!! That you and I don't have any money, Ellie!!! (*Kisses Ellie.*) That pedophile wants to confiscate our money and this fairytale island and settle it with ten-year-old boys and girls! (*Kisses Ellie.*)

Ellie. He doesn't know that our love is the most unsinkable fairytale island in the whole world!!! Isn't that so?!! (*Kisses Camie.*)

Camie. Oh yes, you are my fairytale nymph. For the sake of our love and for your sake I abandoned my beloved, my family, my daughter. Maxi did everything for me, he raised me up from nothing. Maxi... But then I saw you, your cunt... A magical, fragrant, Pacific Ocean tsunami wave swept from your cunt, rose up and drowned me. And when your cunt clung to my cunt I understood – I belong only to her – to your priceless cunt and your pure soul – I belong only to them and to you alone. I am part of you, Ellie, and I'll do everything to remain part of you forever, Ellie! Now I'm afraid that if I leave your cunt for just half an hour someone will take it away from me, snatch it away. That Gogo with his incredible cock will steal it away. But I'm with you, Ellie. I'm with you, Ellie, and I can't paint anything but your face, Ellie.

Ellie. I'd die without you, too, without your inspired cunt, Kamiushka. I got rid of Owl Face for your sake, too, and... But when I'm with you, when I think about you I don't need any Owl Face. Or Gogo!!! Don't need anyone but you, Kamiushka! (*Sobs.*) But if you want I'll have a baby for you. I'll buy sperm from a good-looking guy, not Gogo, and make a beautiful baby for you. Best if it's a girl.

Camie. I can buy sperm from a good-looking guy, too, and have a baby for you, Ellichka. Best if it's a girl. We can think it over later. Will you come to our coconut and banana supper today?

Ellie. With coconut milk?

Camie. Same as always.

Ellie. If it's the same as usual, I will.

Camie. We need nothing more than our love. We won't be frightened by the evil, depraved tsunami wave that can sweep off the face of the earth their venal, repulsive, completely debauched, male, impotent, thousand million double-barreled insular little world. We have the tsunami wave of our female love. And perhaps only this self-sacrificing love can fend off the tsunami wave of their phallic evil.

Ellie. And our maidenly tsunami of sincere sacred love will wipe out the tsunami of their cocksucking boorish party. And flowers will grow in the sea. And the peace of all-saving Love will dawn!!! We believe in it. And we will proudly hold hands. All the evil male lecherous maniacal puritanical bastards in the world can stare at us enviously as we hold hands and show everyone how we love one another.

Camie. We may be the unhappiest female lovers in the world, Ellichka, but we will proudly hold hands and let them see how we love one another. And we will go together and come, go and come without those depraved males, and we will be happy.

Ellie. We will cover our shapely buttocks with panties that tenderly cling to our cunts, and every time we lift our feet, with every chiming, resonant step... we will step and come, step and come, moving across the Earth and Skies to the very horizon of the Universe, the very edge of our boundless Love!!! And if some day we are fated to fall, we will take flight as we fall, I believe that we will soar up as we fall. Because we are already flying now, Camiushka, don't you see – you and I are flying already, Camiushka!!!

Camie. I See, Ellichka, I See!!!

Ellie. All the same, if you buy me a rifle some day I can shoot that accursed male cock, Gogo the helicopter pilot who eclipses the sky for us, prevents us from taking flight once and for all, the cock we have to screw, screw and screw without love, with his always-erect member upright as a stake. And may he tumble down, crash and smash into tiny pieces right here, on this accursed, porno-fucked Pacific Ocean island, may he crash down and be smashed to death on this wild Le-Le island in the Pacific Ocean. Because he's a male, that scumbag helicopter pilot – he's only a maniacal male, the bastard, Gogo the helicopter pilot with his cock like a bolt and his balls like propellers!!! They can't fly, can't love, the male of the species. Why does he lie, saying he flies and loves that fucking helicopter, why does he call us creeping cellar cobras, that male with his dinosaur balls, the helicopter pilot doctor transsexual maniacal pedophile Gogo?!! But how he fucks, just amazing how that Gogo fucks!!! (*Weeps, sobs, kisses Camie.*)

Camie. He's an amazing fucker, but we'll finish with him. And God sees all – Gogo didn't want peace. Don't cry, don't cry, Ellichka. Everything will be okay. I love you, Ellichka. (*Weeps, sobs, kisses Ellie.*)

Ellie. But I'm a girl, I have to cry, Camiushka. You mustn't cry either, Camiushka.

Camie. But I'm a girl too and I have to cry, Ellichka.

(Imitates the sound of an approaching helicopter.)

Ellie. He's approaching. Do you hear? He's coming in to land. We wanted peace, didn't we?

Camie. But peace lies in war.

Ellie. He's incredibly good at fucking, Camiushka!!!

Camie. Maybe he is good at fucking, Ellichka. But we only fuck for love.

Ellie. We only fuck for love.

Camie. This time we'll screw him up and get rid of him.

Ellie. This time we'll screw him up and get rid of him.

Camie. You are my tsunami.

Ellie. And you are my tsunami.

Camie. I dream of the Golden Dream of Mankind, Ellichka. And there is only you and me in all the world.

Ellie. I too dream of the Golden Dream of Mankind, Camiushka. And there is only you and me in all the world.

Camie. I'm flying, Ellichka!

Ellie. And I'm flying, Camiushka!

Camie. Shall we go?

Ellie. Let's go.

Camie. We must leave unveil the picture.

Ellie. We always do when we go out.

Camie. Today it's your turn to unveil the picture, Ellichka.

Ellie. Today it's your turn to unveil the picture, Camiushka. But I'm afraid, Camiushka.

Camie. Don't be afraid, Ellichka, don't be afraid – there are only paints in the picture.

Ellie. Can I hold your hand, Camiushka?

Camie. You can hold my hand, Ellichka.

Ellie. Cobras?

Camie. Two cobras, Ellie.

Ellie. They won't sting one another, those cobras, will they, Camie?

Camie. They love one another, Ellie. They don't cast shadows.

Ellie. That's your best painting, Camiushka, of wild but such lifelike nature. You have achieved enlightenment like the Buddha, you're a real Rosa Bonheur with this picture.

Camie. When we go out those cobras will crawl out of the painting and guard our sanctuary till we get back. And then they will guard our dreams and our love for the rest of the night, and they'll help us deal with Gogo, Ellichka! (*Embraces Ellie.*)

Ellie. But I think I can see them crawling out of the picture already, Camiushka! I'm afraid! Let's go, quick.

Camie. But the cobras won't sting one another, Ellichka. What's wrong with you today, child? (*Throws herself on Ellie, kisses her passionately.*) I love you, child. You are my salvation.

Ellie. And I love you, mama. You are my salvation. But snakes are like a phallus, Camiushka.

Camie. St Augustine said that when we achieve enlightenment there is no longer any reason to think of Good and Evil. We are saved.

Ellie. We will do Good then, without thinking about it. But the snake is a male phallus, Camiushka!

Camie. Then what else do we need, my Ellichka?! We're self-sufficient! (*Kisses Ellie.*)

Ellie.
Empty bottle,
Platform,
Rails,
Rattle of the train,
Weightlessness of snowflakes.

Camie.
All-seeing black hole of the galaxy,
Which is unseen
By the pupils of Conscience.
And the frosty wind,
Prickly like a cactus
With the barbs of a rattlesnake.

Ellie.
Empty bottle
Clasped in your palm
Tenderly.

Camie.
Two of them spit against the wind like wolves,
Unhurriedly.

Ellie.
The wind whips against your back,
Crazily.

Camie.
Your eyes see the steam from lupine fangs.
Observed...

Ellie.
Ten paces between you,
Sinners.

Camie.
Snow crunches underfoot

Ellie.

In strange lands.

Camie.

Like Anna Karenina's neckbone.

Ellie.

Seconded!

Camie.

You break the bottom from a glass bottle
On an angle of brick,

Ellie.

Desperately.

Camie.

You are armed like an ancient Roman.

Ellie.

Not sacrificial.

Camie.

But they are drunk,
An urge to spew,
Seeing them and inside you,
But where can you run?

Ellie.

A platform of living area
Restricted in space
When you are on the edge.

Camie.

Oh, they are barbarians!
And the armies are closing in!

Ellie.

And in the throat,
In the throat
You strike
The brutes
With the bottle,
With its broken edge!!!
In anticipation...

Camie.

Knives flashed in their hands,
But the knives fell.

Ellie.

Disarmed!

Camie.

Before they could pierce
Your chest!

Ellie.

And reach your heart
With their sting,
The draped symbol!

Camie and Ellie (*together*).

And your heart laughs
But your veins are like strings
Your entire body sings like a violin
Born anew by Life
Born anew in the night
Flung aloft by the Universe
Kindled by the Blizzard
Immortalized by Fate
With the blood of others
As your dream!!!

Camie.

And the road scorches vagrant singers with guitars
In the dust and hiss of the frying pan.
With hairy ears and clinking coins
The crowd passes the villains.

Ellie.

Breathing from exhaust-pipe innards,
Death-dealing shit from petrol,
From automobiles – numberless monsters
With the rasping tires of Scriabin. A rubbery

Camie.

Blackish-red cock
Between two raving beauties
Crawls up and sucks a juicy European kiss

From the cigarette between his fingers.

Ellie. Gogo?

Camie. Death to all Gogos!!!

Ellie.

I am a white boat, white
But not made of paper
I flew in the bright sky
Equal with the birds

Camie.

I am the boat of my beloved
I love you
I sail with the stream into a valley
There you will find me

Ellie.

In that valley is an ocean
With a mountain coast
There we will kiss
Like a wave with sand

Camie and Ellie.

And we will sail with the flags
From stars of all the constellations
Gratefully and without a berth
In the joy of Divine tears

(Sound of a helicopter coming in to land and a giant wave crashing on the shore.)