

By Mikhail Volokhov

PARIS BOUND

A lyrical tragedy

CHARACTERS:

Shaft – young convict

Globe – old convict

Siberia. The present day

Scene – roof of a goods wagon

Winter. Taiga. Roof of a goods wagon. Night. The moon and stars shine brightly. The clatter of wagon wheels – the train is moving. The convict Shaft lies on the roof of the goods wagon. His head rests on a bundle of cloth.

SHAFT (*sings*). The steam engine flies across the vast taiga,
Flies no one knows where... As for me, said the boy, I'm a swindler and a thief, I said
goodbye to freedom forever.

*The old convict Globe climbs onto the wagon roof clutching a bundle.
(Notices Globe.)* Fuck me.

GLOBE. Don't piss yourself, one of your own, mate.

SHAFT. Come on up, then.

GLOBE. Where's the train going?

SHAFT. To Paris, and freedom.

GLOBE. I could do with a bit of freedom, in Paris.

SHAFT. Sit yourself down on the ice, explorer.

What's yer name?

GLOBE. They call me Globe.

SHAFT. There's a safebreaker by that name.

GLOBE. That's me.

SHAFT. Yeah, I heard of the safebreaker Globe.

GLOBE. In Paris we'll find the fucking truth.

SHAFT. And where will you find the fucking truth in Paris?

GLOBE. If I knew what it is I'm after, I wouldn't need to go looking, mister.

SHAFT. Yeah, we're both on the same track, daddy.

GLOBE. And what do I call you, matey?

SHAFT. Shaft, daddy, Shaft. Not just a fucking needle.

GLOBE. You're an ace pickpocket?

SHAFT. You heard of me, then?

GLOBE. Our criminal world's a fucking small elite world, Shafy me old mate.

SHAFT. The way you say it my name's got a ring to it. Shafy. Sounds kinda fancy, master safebreaker. I like a bit of beauty, you know.

GLOBE. If you don't like beauty you don't fucking thief nothing.
If the dosh wasn't beautiful you wouldn't need to half-inch it, mate.

SHAFT. You speak holy words, daddy, you're a real Cicero. So you heard of Shafy, that's pleasant.

GLOBE. You don't forget famous names. Only a true master can thief with nobody the wiser.

SHAFT. But a slimeball that grasses on his mates deserves death.
Move along, you bastard, out the way. Further. Move, I said.

GLOBE. Well I'm not dead yet, bruv. I plead aloud, I whisper spells, but death won't come. I never was a grass. I never told on another thief. Look matey, Old Shiny Jacket told everyone I was a grass because I hear the music of inflammable safes better than him. He's jealous of me, like Salieri and Mozart! (*Sheds tears.*)

SHAFT. Leave it out. What's up? Why get so het up, daddy, because of that little runt, that coxcomb Shiny Jacket. I know that useless son-of-a-bitch queer. Salieri's jacket full of moth holes.

GLOBE. On the way to the camp, while my mates weren't around, Jacket called a meeting. All his mob were there in the barracks. That's when they called me a grass. (*Weeping.*)

SHAFT. Don't fret, daddy, no need to get upset, dry your eyes. We're going to Paris. Where the chestnuts bloom in spring. Lovers walk along the Seine embankment, arm-in-arm. They kiss. Declare boundless love for one another. Then kiss again, then they fucking screw.

GLOBE. Shafy my boy!!! (*Embraces Shaft, sobs.*) You're my knight in shining armour!

SHAFT. Daddy Globik, what's up with you?

GLOBE. I want to go to Paris, matey!

SHAFT. That's where we're going, pal.

GLOBE. My little son, my super Shafy!

SHAFT. Calm down, daddy! When we get to Paris we'll give her a good squeeze, give her a good fucking, daddy!

GLOBE. Better screw her once than squeeze her lots, dear boy. Don't you think?

SHAFT. All truths of all the Gods the world over coincide on that one sexual star of truth that shines brightly on the whole universe, daddy, the Fuck Beyond Compare. If we fuck, better to fuck a queen, daddy.

GLOBE. You speak royal words, my little king.
So what queen can you screw over there in Paris?

SHAFT. The English Queen will be visiting, hat and all.

GLOBE. In her hat! The English Queen, sonny!!!
And why is she visiting, may I ask?

SHAFT. The English Queen's usually in her London castle, that's her base. But I only need to fuck her a few hours a day. I don't need her to addle my brains any more than that.

GLOBE. Fuck me, a real little Lenin behind bars, a savvy bastard.

You foresee every circumstance. I'm proud of you.

(*Kisses Shaft.*) I can already imagine, we'll fuck her English arse, two pricks and four nuts.

SHAFT. How d'ya mean, daddy, two pricks and four nuts?

Pardon me, I didn't plan on sharing her fucking English arse!

I want to screw her by myself, no perverted group sex for me!

GLOBE. Forgive me. Thought you'd like it, make you both hot, give you a fucking good screw. Think when you want to fuck the English Queen in her hat I'll bar the way to her twat with my flabby old cock?

SHAFT. So what will you do when my cock rams into her English arse, pauses for a sec? When it slips up and down to her kidneys, to the doorway from heaven through her royal arse?

I'll thrust deep into her cunt, to her bladder, the bitch! So she yells Russian curses, the bitch!!! I'll teach her. After that I'll fuck her in the mouth and come. Splat my sperm all over her mug, in her eyes. Slather her mug with come! Then fucking lie back on the sofa, light up and toss back a glass of wine. Chat a bit with the Queen on important matters: who should be executed, who should be pardoned. Then I'll chain the English bitch to a board covered with nails and whip her. Then I'll fuck her, fuck her, fuck her till she bleeds!!! Fuck her the way they do in the West. Afterwards I'll let her go to London for three or four days, maybe two, depends how my cock feels, and the state of her cunt.

I know even royal cunts in England have the curse, same as our sluts here. Let her have her curse back in London. I want to fuck French girls in Paris, too, don't want to offend anyone. But what can you do in fucking Paris with your limp cock, daddy?

Don't know what you can do if you're not fucking. Maybe join the local executioners?

GLOBE. I could limber up with a few executions. Or maybe it's better if I look after their treasury, all that Parisian hard currency, won't take my eyes off it. All the safebreakers there are skilled workers. You need an experienced eye to distinguish them. You're a lucky fucker you've got me there, all your royal doings in Paris in the bag. That's a fact.

SHAFT. Just let me fuck her up the arse and when I take out my prick fucking consider yourself Parisian Minister of Finance.

GLOBE. I'll hammer into her so good, like taking speed! To begin with I'll thrash that English Queen, English fucking, then introduce true Russian love and kasha to Paris.

SHAFT. She might snuff it if you thrash her. If she fucking dies all our plans are ruined, Globey.

GLOBE. We don't both have to beat her till her pulse stops. You smack her in the mug for starters, so it shines like a pair of clean boots. So she falls on all fours arse-up and you ram up to her kidneys. My tarts get down in no time. At your age I had them begging. Soon as they spit blood you ram your cock in their cunt, wet and hot.

SHAFT. Listen, Globe, you may be older than me, but my English totty isn't like your old slags, she could turn up her toes with the first blow. I can fuck her after she dies, that isn't a problem. But she can't make you Finance Minister if she's stiff in her coffin. My entry to the English nobility is fucked then. You might not give a shit about me, but you should stop, think about your own position.

GLOBE. Shaft, you're a brick. I'm so fucking happy you offered me the post of fucking Finance Minister in that there Parisian kingdom. You hardly know me and you fucking offered me a government post, abroad an' all.

SHAFT. Your kind eyes melted my heart, Globekin. Your eyes are long-suffering, like the treasury.

GLOBE. Me and the treasury can make love. The treasury will pay me back in full for kindness and love, with the percentage rounded up, loved-up, bitch.

SHAFT. You clever fag.

GLOBE. As for stiff tarts, I can get you a conveyor line, more than you ever bargained for, if you want to keep the English tart alive. Just between ourselves, you handsome young feller, want to hear my advice on those filthy lolitas?

SHAFT. I'm listening. Go on.

GLOBE. You can bring the fucking bitch back to life with your hard vertical cock when you ram your guts into hers. Mouth to mouth, guts to guts and there's life in shit, like a shoot from manure. When the slut falls in love with you, royally and Englishly. A real fairy story.

SHAFT. Everything will be like a fairy story, daddy – thanks for the advice, much obliged.

GLOBE. Forget it, my advice to you is free. No sweat. We'll settle up later. We must think of eternal, high-up things. The stars gazing down with eyes wide. See God up there in the constellation. Thank Him you're alive and can see the stars. Bound for Paris, to screw the English Queen, when we might never have been born.

SHAFT. Don't know how I'd get to Paris alone, without you. It was as stroke of good luck when you turned up.

GLOBE. I thought to myself, here's a good man bound for Paris to amuse himself with English sex, thought I'd keep you company.

SHAFT. You did the right thing. Otherwise here I am on the run from the camp, the weeks pass and there's only a human head to eat. Then God sends me a kindred spirit and the road to Paris gets shorter, I forget about worldly matters, concentrate on higher things.

GLOBE. Thank you for those kind words, Shafty.

SHAFT. Thank you for being around, Globey.

GLOBE. Fuck me, you're courting me like the English cunt.

SHAFT. But you like it, don't you, mate?

GLOBE. Very pleasant, like in the Luxembourg Gardens in the sunshine, on the luvly grass, with Joe Dassin singing.

SHAFT. Seems you know Paris and the Joe Dassin in the Luxembourg Gardens well.

GLOBE. That's why my mates call me Globe.

SHAFT. You're a fucking miracle. (*Strokes Globe's head.*)
It's high time I ate some manna from heaven. But maybe you want to live a bit longer?

GLOBE. What use am I dead in Paris?

SHAFT. I need you alive in Paris, matey, stay alive.

GLOBE. You look at me with such great love in your eyes, it drives me crazy.

SHAFT. I can fuck with great love, you'll be out of your mind, see stars.

GLOBE. You won't kick me in the kidneys first?

SHAFT. Worried about your health are you, you egoistical bastard?

GLOBE. The egoist lives not only for himself.

SHAFT. Little mozzie. How is a lag any worse than a mozzie, if he wants to live too, wants to drink human blood.

GLOBE. What absolute truths you speak, I'm simply bleeding with menstrual love.

SHAFT. Amen?

GLOBE. A million amens, for God's sake.

SHAFT. What about a million blow-jobs?

GLOBE. You and I are soul brothers!!! (*Embraces Shaft.*)

SHAFT. If you get down on all fours, take down your trousers voluntarily... I won't kick you in the kidneys, I'll take care of the Finance Minister's health when I'm fucking you.

GLOBE. You'll treat me like the English Queen, Shaft?

SHAFT. Like the English Queen, Globey. Get your trousers off.

GLOBE. I've no problem with that.

SHAFT. Get them off, fuck you.

GLOBE. (*Removes his trousers, stands on all fours in front of Shaft.*) Fuck me like the English Queen, up the arse. Imagine it's not my arse in front of you, but a fluffy English cunt.

SHAFT. I get the picture – stop blabbing! (*Points his penis at Globus' anus.*)Fucking hell, you stink of shit, Globe!!!

(Recoils from GLOBE.) We're imagining a cunt, in the open air, thank God. But the stink of bender's shit is destroying my fairy-tale love. Get my drift, old man? You're asking for a job in my Ministry and you seem like an intelligent dude.

But your fucking arse is filthy as a shitty baby.
(Puts his penis away in his trousers.)

GLOBE *(puts on his trousers)*. I've been three weeks in the taiga on the run from the camp. Where am I supposed to wash in the forest?

SHAFT. See the snow under your feet, motherfucker?

GLOBE. I'm used to washing with warm water, that's why I asked to join the Ministry.

SHAFT. I don't know what to do with you, you shitass.

GLOBE. I'll fucking wash my arse in Paris, we'll screw to our heart's content, I swear on my life.

SHAFT. In Paris I can screw the Queen, in Paris your fucking arse can eat shit.

And you, shitface, with your shitty arse, can eat shit.

Get away from me, fuckface.

GLOBE. I can get you little pages in Paris, for when the English cunt has her monthlies in London.

SHAFT. Should be pleasant to ride those little pages in Paris.

GLOBE. You can imagine I'm a conveyor belt of little pages in Paris.

SHAFT. Thanks be to God.

GLOBE. The main thing is you do your job proper as President, justify the English cunt's faith in you.

Then the pages will fall from the sky like raindrops on the Eiffel Tower, fall on a giant prick, a role brilliantly performed by me.

SHAFT. I can do my job proper as President, no shit.

I saw on the box what fucking lamebrains want to be President of Russia.

I can tell you straight, bruv, my fucking brains are a hundred times better than theirs.

GLOBE. Shit, and more some.

SHAFT. You got it.

GLOBE. You're just a fucking natural, with a fucking godlike prick.

Can't think of a better comparison.

Capable of coming up that kinky-haired English Queen's arse over and over again.

You can ram her in the gob to make you come. That'll get you going.

SHAFT. I'm not a born egotist like you, motherfucker. If I come in her gob it'll get her going too.

GLOBE. I meant you gotta stay lively after fucking so you can go on fucking the next fucking day, in the President's chair of office.

SHAFT. Advice worthy of a fucking Minister.

You get good ideas if you approach things the right way.

What name will you go by?

GLOBE. My parents christened me Louis.

Lazybones, sleepin' in the sun....
 How you 'spect to get your day's work done?
(Shaft and Globe sing in unison.)

You can't get your day's work done.....
 Sleepin' in the noonday sun
 Lazybones, layin' in the shade....
 How you gonna get your cornmeal made?
 You can't get no cornmeal made....
 Sleepin' in the evening shade

Fucking get up.

Lazybones, loafin' all the day....
 How you 'spect to make a dime that way?
 Loafin' in the shade all day...

GLOBE. Fuck, bein' a kid, lollypops and pickpockets an' all.

What did they call you as a kid?

SHAFT. Ilyich. Tchaikovsky. Pyotr. And you, fucking Pavlich Chekhov, huh?

Anton, was it? Child of Russia, like all of us.

GLOBE. You think like a fucking president. If we get to Paris, we'll fuck Paris.

We can fuck classical-style, the pair of us.

SHAFT. We'll fuck 'em alright, bruv.

GLOBE. I believe in you. And when I fucking believe in someone I serve him wholeheartedly. And you can understand my Minister's thinking better.

SHAFT. Shit, forgive me, Pavlich Chekhov, Anton, that I didn't screw you good and proper.

Your fucking arse stinks of shit, I just wanted to throw up.

GLOBE. No misunderstandings between gentlemen!

You can screw me again. No hurry.

Life is like your arse – everything lies ahead, in front of your prick. The main thing is to get a hard-on while you're still alive and kicking.

As soon as I take a warm bath in Paris you can stick your cock up my arse, no shit.

And you can excite the English princess better with your feeding tube.

The bitch might choke when you ram her in the gob.

Depends on the circumstances, what slit I put my prick in.

Main thing, when you're promoted to the post of President don't fucking forget me, you fucking motherfucker.

Make me fucking Minister of the Treasury and Safes, that's my specialty, you can just fuck without any worries.

SHAFT. It's not easy to place a man by his specialty. Are we really going to Paris, Globe?

GLOBE. North Star seems to be in place.

(Points at the North Star.)

SHAFT. What place is that? *(Looks up at the sky.)*

GLOBE. Twinkling at the tip of the Great Bear. Screw up your eyes and you can see the arrows for the Paris road.

SHAFT. At least the cosmos doesn't fuck you around in the cold lunar world of heaven.

What about a bite to eat, daddy? If we don't eat we'll never reach Paris, we'll starve to death frozen on the roof of this fucking goods wagon.

GLOBE. A truly presidential idea. When my arse froze up I forgot about that. Gangrene of the arse can fucking kill you.

SHAFT. What you got to eat in your bundle, gangrene?

GLOBE (*pulls a human head from his bundle*). I only got a human head left.

Ever eat frozen meat?

I went on the run with this boy, Ukrainian, don't reckon he's poisoned.

A bit of him's still left, looks like the head.

SHAFT. We're soul brothers, you and me, daddy. (*Pulls another human head from his knapsack.*)

Let alone kindred stomachs.

I went on the run with a country boy. City boys are poisoned with exhaust fumes and other urban crap.

GLOBE. Wise words, President Shaft. Syomochka, you good-for-nothing hairy Ukrainian. (*Kisses the 'frozen' head on the lips, then bites off the lips and eats.*)

How my good-for-nothing Syomochka loved me. And I loved him too, I love him just as much now.

(*Bites the nose off the head, eats.*) My sweet frozen Syomochka. Why aren't you eating, Shaft? Want to try my Syomochka?

SHAFT. Thanks, daddy, but I've got my frozen Ilyushenka.

Shit, this is the last time I'll admire his little face. My sweetie, my little honey-bun.

(Kisses the head on the lips, bites them off and eats.)

Better to go on the run in cold weather, you can keep the meat fresh.

GLOBE. No doubt about it.

Have a taste of my Syomochka while there's some left, for a bit of variety. *(Gnaws an ear from Syomochka's head and gives the ear to Shaft.)*

SHAFT. I'm indebted, daddy. *(Takes the ear from him and in turn gnaws an ear off Ilya's head and offers it to Globe.)*

Have a bite of this, eat your fill.

GLOBE. Treats from the President's table. *(Eats the ear.)*

Melts in your mouth, like the sperm of little children.

SHAFT. Your Syomochka's a choice delicacy.

GLOBE. We don't take scumbag suckers on the run.

With what devotion Syomochka used to fuck me.

You can't get a hard-on at my age, but I still hanker after a bit of depravity.

SHAFT. When it's true love, what fucking difference whose cock goes in what arsehole.

The thing is, you must approach the question – the arsehole, that is – from the correct love angle.

GLOBE. You got it. But if you try to explain no one understands – they're all fucking dimwits.

When you climb over the rusty rotten gangrenous wall it shafts you up the arse!

SHAFT. What did you say? Shafts?! You insult me in no uncertain terms, Minister, some bullshit about fucking gangrene?

GLOBE. I meant 'shaft' as an adjective relating to the wall, the gangrene's the noun here, shit, I didn't mean fucking nothing.

I didn't mean the English cunt, I meant the fucking gangrenous fence, not any kind of shaft.

Shafts hold up the railway, the rails taking us to Paris.

Shafts are of divine origin, they have great significance in the natural world.

SHAFT. Careful, Globey, when you try and create new words.

GLOBE. Please forgive me, Shafty, Petya Chekhov, President.

It was the shaft-like fence - you're right, I got confused, shafted you in the back.

SHAFT. Shafted?! You scumbag, you trying to fucking humiliate me?

GLOBE. Of course not, don't know myself how I spoke the words 'shaft' and 'joint' in the same breath. I never meant it, the fucking word just stuck, so strike me dead.

I love and respect you to the depths of my soul, Shaft, like fucking God Himself.

SHAFT. But all the same, windbag, don't go too far with your bullshit, not if you want to be a fucking Minister.

GLOBE. I get your drift, don't get upset, no need to waste nervous energy.

Treat yourself to a bit more. *(Chews an ear off Syomochka's head, gives it to Shaft.)*

Love for the President truly lies in the stomach.

SHAFT. You pervert. *(Takes the ear, eats.)*

Tasty, your Syomka's real tasty – you can tell who's who, Globey.

GLOBE. I can do the same for you in Paris, Shafty.

SHAFT. I'm not asking much – just excite the English cunt for the good of us all, for the good of the lost world, cunt.

I'm ready to sacrifice my own body, my own energy. Fuck knows who'll appreciate the altruism of my fucking cock.

Mankind shows nothing but ingratitude to those that offer excitement.

GLOBE. You have to overcome the ingratitude and excite the cunts night and day. A harsh destiny to bear.

Build yourself up with a high-calorie tongue.
(Gnaws off Syomochka's tongue and gives it to Shaft.)

SHAFT. You're spoiling me, daddy. *(Eats the tongue.)*

Nutritious and tasty, what more can I say.

GLOBE. Only the finest shit here, as they say.

Want to try some brains?
(Offers Shaft Syomochka's brains.)

SHAFT. Grand merci, daddy! *(Eats Syomochka's brains.)*

Like a baton of white bread, like honey.

We'll split Ilya's brains, too. (*Splits Ilya's skull open on the wagon roof.*)

Here's an invigorating segment of brain, daddy. (*Gives Globe a piece of brain.*)

GLOBE. Thank you! (*Eats the brain.*)

I tell you, Shafty, I never tasted such a good piece of brain.

SHAFT. My cock's ready to rip out my trousers with the energy from those brains.

If only we could fuck the English Queen up the arse right now.

GLOBE. Dear comrades, nobody would believe who I travelled to Paris with.

SHAFT. I want to fuck the English Queen up the arse!!! (*Sobs.*)

GLOBE. I sympathise completely, shit!!! (*Puts his arms round Shaft, sobbing.*)

But there ain't no English Queen on this train – I feel it's my fault the bitch isn't on the train, shit!

In Paris I'll split a few more human brains for you and your cock will stand up for the English Queen, bitch, no problem!!!

SHAFT. I want to screw the Queen's arsehole now – now!!! Now!!! Now!!! (*Sobs.*)

GLOBE. Fucking shit, man, she isn't here now.

SHAFT. You pour a cold shower on me in this freezing Siberian frost.

GLOBE. I can't make English queens for you right here on a fucking goods wagon roof in Siberia.

I'm no Andersen, no fucking magician.

SHAFT. Surely you can come up with a simple idea fit for a minister – you want me to make you a fucking minister.

GLOBE. Fuck, fuck, fuck! Any good at wanking?

SHAFT. No problem. Does anyone find it hard in the nick?

GLOBE. Let's wank – close your eyes, imagine the Queen's arsehole on your brainbox and I'll suck you off.

SHAFT. You said you'll suck me off.

Let's try and suck one another off. *(Takes his penis from his fly, shuts his eyes.)*

GLOBE. Ready, Comrade President?

SHAFT. Suck me off, Prime Minister, my presidential cock's freezing cold.

GLOBE. I'm sucking, mate, sucking. *(Begins to suck off Shaft's penis.)*

SHAFT. Oh, fucking hell, that's good, man!!! Hey, you arsehole, you baa-stard!!! *(Wrenches his penis from Globe's mouth.)*

GLOBE. What's up, lad?

SHAFT. I like it when you suck me, bastard, not when you bite it off!!!

GLOBE. Shit, lost control. After tasting Syomochka's brains I wanted more human flesh – forgive me!!!

SHAFT. You appoint him Prime Minister and before you know it the bastard tries to bite off your prick.

GLOBE. Forgive me, Petro Tchaikovsky, as God is my witness, strike me dead, I never wanted to bite off your presidential cock.

But you've got a lovely cock, Comrade President.

SHAFT. Okay, I fucking forgive you, I'll let you live. For appreciating my cock's merits I forgive you, Minister, fucking homo, bastard, cannibal.

GLOBE. Your cock, Shafty, is priceless. We can seduce any English queen.

When she catches sight of your storm-force cock she'll give up without a murmur, the filthy slag.

SHAFT. I want to fuck the English Queen right now – I'm bursting with brainy sperm!

Can't keep it in any longer, I'll explode like a hydrogen bomb of sperm!

Let's do it the normal way, wank off like normal people, without biting off any fucking cocks.

GLOBE. Alright, mate, quick, let's close our eyes.

SHAFT (*closes his eyes*). Eyes closed.

GLOBE. Now imagine, draw the English Queen on your brainbox with a bare arse and bare tits.

Drawn her? Answer me.

SHAFT. The drawing's no fucking good – never could draw as a kid, Globey.

GLOBE. Wait, I'll come and help, don't fret, don't let your cock flop.

SHAFT. It's fucking standing, shit, the bastard's taken off! No piss to hold it down!

GLOBE. Can you draw the fucking Queen's castle drowning in gold on your brainbox?

SHAFT. I think I drew a fucking castle! (*Begins to jerk off.*)

GLOBE. You're finding new talents.

SHAFT. I fucking am, Globey!

GLOBE. Now draw the fucking ceiling in the castle, with diamonds dropping off it instead of plaster.

SHAFT. I drew a Niagara Fall of diamonds, fucking amazing!!!

GLOBE. There's clean water from gold taps!

Niagara Falls of champagne pouring from silver taps!

SHAFT. There's a flood of fucking alcohol!

GLOBE. Direct the flood to a pond or you'll drown.

SHAFT. Here's a pond, even two ponds...

In one of the ponds bubbly champagne, in the other the iced vodka's waiting.

GLOBE. Flocks of ladies-in-waiting wandering through the English Queen's chambers, the bitches are stroking their bushes out the windows, panting in the sunshine.

SHAFT. How gracefully they stroke their bushes, fucking hell. And you make a classy Prime Minister, daddy, flourishing in front of my very eyes, like my cock at the sight of English arse.

GLOBE. I do my best. It's a pleasure to show I'm worthy of the appointment, Your Presidential Majesty.

The pages are young, they started to screw me up the bum on the Persian rug, next to the bed where you're about to ram the English Queen up her arsehole.

SHAFT. Wouldn't mind giving the pages one too. Why can't I have a few pages, Globey?

GLOBE. The pages are screwing me, so your cock stands up for the English Queen...

The pages are screwing me to get you excited.

SHAFT. The pages can screw you, I've nothing against it, I just want to screw the pages up the arse myself right now.

GLOBE. But who's going to fuck the Queen, Alexander Pushkin?

The bitch could send us back to Siberia if we don't fuck her.

SHAFT. She can't send us to Siberia if she's a stiff, daddy!

GLOBE. She can't make you President if she's dead, either.

SHAFT. Let me fuck the pages for five minutes, daddy, five minutes is all I ask.

Then I'll quickly screw the Queen with my hot prick.

GLOBE. I think my pages want to suck off your tender prick first, will you let them?

SHAFT. Of course they can. But let them suck me one by one...

So they don't fight and chew off my prick in the fray.

GLOBE. I'll keep order, just close your fucking eyes tight, Shaft. *(Begins to suck Shaft's penis.)*

SHAFT. Eyes closed.

Like it's fucking real, daddy, shit, that's good!!!

GLOBE. It was worth making me Prime Minister?

SHAFT. Worth it, daddy, Prime Minister, Globey.

GLOBE. You don't want to screw the pages up the bum now, matey?

SHAFT. I would, daddy, oh I would!!!

Here – suck.

GLOBE (*sits with his arsehole on Shaft's penis, they fuck*). Oh, is that good, is that tasty?

SHAFT. Oh, that's good, fucking tasty!!! (*Sniffs.*) But it stinks of shit again, daddy!

You haven't shit yourself with pleasure? (*Opens his eyes.*) You bastard, daddy, you homo, Globe!!!

Off my prick, you cheating sod!!! (*Pushes Globe away.*)

You make him an Officer of State and right away he uses his official position for his own personal ego-interests.

I was ready to prong the English Queen and what do you know, he covers my cock with his stinking shit again.

GLOBE. Comrade President Shafty, I fucked you out of true love.

What kind of Prime Minister will I be if I can't please the President when I fuck him out of true love for the President?

SHAFT. If you climb on my prick out of true love it might help matters if you wiped your arse with snow first.

Otherwise I fucking have to wipe my cock with snow for the second time running. (*Wipes his penis with snow.*)

GLOBE. I can fucking lick my shit off your cock, if you so desire.

I won't bite it off, don't worry. I didn't bite your cock off when I sucked it just now for the pages, although I could have.

SHAFT. Then your gob will stink of shit – how can I converse with you then, Prime Minister?

GLOBE. For Christ's sake forgive me.

SHAFT. I only fucking forgive you for Christ's sake.

GLOBE. If you want I can make you stew out of pages with vegetables, bring it to you for breakfast in bed.

SHAFT. I like attention to detail with a human face, daddy.

GLOBE. I know what a sympathetic person you are.

SHAFT. I don't know how to say it, but I'd like the Queen to have my kids – like real people do things.

GLOBE. Aren't you afraid of eating your kids out of love – like Saturn ate his children?

SHAFT. Think I couldn't stop myself, daddy?

GLOBE. Hard to stop yourself, it'll be difficult. I'll have to feed you pages once an hour.

I reckon I can fucking find the solution.

But if you eat your kid, don't forget the mother of that kid's the English Queen.

The bitch will get very cross if there's cannibalism in her own family.

She'll get revenge by sending us back to Siberia.

And our Presidents will fucking eat us for quarrelling with her.

This is a small and problematical world, Shafty. Our fences and walls stand fucking everywhere.

SHAFT. What shall we do now, dear friend?

GLOBE. Lick the English cunt, pound your cock in her gob and up her arse, so the sperm don't drown in her split.

Nobody understands us heartfelt cannibals like we understand ourselves.

SHAFT. Shit, too true.

GLOBE. This is a truly global question.

SHAFT. Paris will screw us, eat us, when they see we're Christian cannibals.

GLOBE. We must prepare ourselves by fucking and eating – then your prick will understand who's who.

Tongues and brains turn into simple shit in your guts.

SHAFT. Yeah, fucking true, that's Mother Nature for you. Your brains are a valuable commodity, bastard.

GLOBE. Your cock is no less valuable.

SHAFT. We could eat one another in anticipation.

GLOBE. We can't eat one another, mate. One can eat the other, the other gets eaten.

SHAFT. I'm fucking amazed at that brain of yours. And what can we do, now we're down on our luck?

GLOBE. Fucking grin and bear it. And keep on the road to Paris.

SHAFT. You must have Jewish brains, daddy. You can't find yourself a fucking edible Jew in the camp nowadays.

No fucking point in eating you if I could scoff a bit of Jew flesh.

GLOBE. On the whole Jew meat isn't bad. They pour less vodka and gherkins down their throats than our Russian comrades.

I escaped with a few Jews, ate their flesh.

But where can you get a Jew on the run now, boy. The fucking Jews all went abroad.

Now you have to go on the run with Ukrainians.

But Ukraine has fucking separated from us, soon there won't be an Ukrainian to keep you company when you escape from a Russian jail.

Should I emigrate to Ukraine, I ask myself?

SHAFT. We'll fucking emigrate to Paris, daddy – they say the Frenchies sitting in French jails are unspoiled.

Plenty of Jews there, too.

GLOBE. Like under Stalin, you can find Jews in any jail, even abroad.

Before the Revolution Jews had meat on them. Under Brezhnev they were foul.

Under Gorbachev the fucking Jews disappeared from the camps.

I'd have snuffed it without the Ukrainians.

SHAFT. Too right – I tasted a Jew under Brezhnev. Got food poisoning, nearly died.

Spent six months in fucking hospitals. I only go on the run with country boys now.

GLOBE. I like the Ukrainian bastards.

SHAFT. What if you get a Ukrainian from Chernobyl?

GLOBE. If I'm going on the run with a Ukrainian I fucking ask questions first.

SHAFT. Questions are like fags – they finish, disappear in a cloud of smoke.

Best to catch what you can, get my drift?

GLOBE. Catch what you can, matey.

SHAFT. A globe rotates a shaft, am I right?

GLOBE. You speak the truth, boy.

SHAFT. No need to speak the truth, better to wipe out the truth!

What you looking for?

GLOBE. Matches.

SHAFT. Matches. Snatches. Here's your matches. *(Seizes a knife.)* Here's shaft right under your skin, Globe, I'm hungry! *(Gives Globe a fatal stab in the belly with his iron shaft.)*

GLOBE. You bastard, fucking pickpocket!

Enjoy your meal, you bastard, fucking President! *(Falls down dead.)*

SHAFT. My belly wants to eat – that's all. *(Cuts off Globe's head, splits it on the wagon roof, eats the brains.)*

Fucking hell, tasty brains, no doubt about it. *(Eats.)*

Aaagh, shit! Shi-i-it!!! Fu-u-u-uck!!! *(Clutches at his stomach.)*

Fucking poisoned human brains in our Russian tsarist state, fucking cunt!

That's it, motherfucker, curtains. Here we are in Paris. *(Falls down dead.)*