

## Rublyovka Safari

Nastya – a classy broad

Garik – gas oligarch

Mikiton – oil oligarch

Petro – bodyguard

*Luxurious living room of a villa on Rublyovka*

*The present day*

*Two oligarchs sucking one another off*

Garik. Your dick's yeasty... and cylinder-smooth.

Mikiton. What do you know about my dick?

Garik. You jerk, Miki. After all that free nosh your dick swells like the Mount Everest of State. Stick your tool in the clown's mouth, bastard, with his emery-rough, sweet snaky crocodile skin.

Mikiton. What emery-rough snaky crocodile skin? My lovely dick is fucking slippery as a jellied eel, like sweet stirring jelly beneath your mouth and naked, hobbled. Whatever you're whining about down there – unintelligible epithet – is exceptionally incomprehensible. No respect, for fuck's sake. Balls like a dinosaur's with unshaven hedgehog bristles like a porcupine, sliding spew down my cock. You scraped my tongue on your abrasive balls till it bled, you homo bastard scum. Too lazy, shit, to shave before our friendly-fucking assignation of State, you bastard, little oligarch with bullet-proof Rublyovka brains.

Garik. Enough of your clever nonsense, cocksucking poet, you stopped fucking you shithead, you old fag. At the most you could say the skin on my balls is slightly coarse like a kiwi. I bet it's not like my doggy cock and warm loving human balls in your heavenly palatine fallen herald's mouth. Garik's balls are those of a cosmic cometary pederast, not the dry cunt of some Ed-med-ped, chief practitioner in the fucking country.

Mikiton. Yeah, shit, we don't get enough of Ed – it's not every day we suck one another off. He should be told to fuck off, Ed-ped, I got no desire for a practitioner from an underground mausoleum.

Garik. But I do.

Mikiton. Fuck, who d'you want, Ed?

Garik. I want you, the biggest bastard.

Mikiton. Wise words. I fucking want you, too. Not bed with Ed.

Garik. Suck me off – I fucking want you first.

Mikiton. He fucking wants me first. Shit, you can suck on cosmic Gagarin first. C'mon.

Garik. I've sucked Gagarin to weightlessness, I want you and your Earthly gravitation, I want to screw you up the ass, friend.

Mikiton. Very apt, the theme of fucking gravitation – Newton once dreamed it under his apple tree, fuck knows how long ago. But first I want to lick a drop of sperm off your dick. Shit, your dick is limp, Gagarin came back to earth like a little bird.

Garik. Five times already I came in your mouth – my dick's limp because I'm all fucked out.

Mikiton. I didn't count how many times you came in my mouth.

Garik. Why not?

Mikiton. Who can count love, for fuck's sake?

Garik. Do you really love me?

Mikiton. I'll give you a fucking example. Nearly hanged myself in New York when you and that Ed-ped pederast went to the Bolshoi Theater and they showed you two guys sitting in the stalls on Channel One news. Right there in the U.S. I saw you two filthy bastards in your dinner jackets and bow ties on cable TV. You thought I wouldn't see a fuckin' thing in the States. But I got eyes like a fuckin' wild boar, saw everything.

Garik. You left Russia for over a month. Shit, Miki, you'd fuck him if I left Russia for over a month. You and I agreed on an equal basis – we'll only screw Ed when one of us is abroad for a long haul. He's clear of AIDS, that homo. Only fucks us for our thoroughbred horse bucks. Why don't you get to work? You've got a hard-on now, let me suck some more and you'll calm down. No need to dig up the past, for fuck's sake, no need to scold like a fishwife. That's what being a guy is all about: we live in the fucking future. A man's brain – like his prick – slices through the cherry of the future. May I suck you?

Mikiton. Alright, suck me, suck me. No more questions. It's a while now since I was a hesitant virgin.

*(Garik sucks Mikiton's prick)*

Yes-yes – that's the way, far out, cool. Lick the neck of my knob – yes-yes – you hit the spot. Academician. A-a-a!!! *(Comes)*

Garik. God bless, fuck, raw meat. Now my little pansy cock's stirring, shit. Now it's your fucking turn to suck my peter, free food exchange.

Mikiton. I don't like taking turns, Garik. Don't get heavy with me. I forgot about standing in lines a long time ago.

Garik. What's up, linguist, why so touchy today? We haven't fucked for a long time and now the Rublyovka rockets have docked in cosmic space. Life is great on board the spaceship, Miki. I suck your lollipop, then you suck my sugarplum. What's called taking turns sucking dick – no pushing, super-intelligent and a loving friendship. Get it? I forgot what a line is, too. Five times we sucked cock, taking it in turns like good fucking buddies, one after the other. We could suck one another at the same time, without taking turns, sixty-nine. Anything you say.

Mikiton. You're counting love in numbers again?

Garik. Miki, be reasonable – have a tot of whisky!!! I love you as much as a healthy prick can only love itself!!!

Mikiton. However long we're apart and out of fucking distance, let's not fuck Edik any more. Got an absolutely hundred-percent tip-off from the FSB – Edik's got AIDS – the generals informed me.

Garik. Edik's fuckin' got AIDS?

Mikiton. Edik fuckin' got AIDS.

Garik. Fuck that for a laugh.

Mikiton. When did you last hang out with him?

Garik. Shit, month and a quarter ago I let him screw my vestibule when you took yet another trip to the States. When did you last get hot with him?

Mikiton. Month and a quarter ago, just like you – made him to fly to the States on my private plane.

Garik. When did the FSB raise the alarm?

Mikiton. Fedya rang yesterday.

Garik. Fedya's a guy to be trusted. But we paid Edik, the scumbag, so he didn't fuck anyone else.

Mikiton. Fedya says Ed was raped by those assfucking AIDS-sick bums in Izmailovsky Park.

Garik. There was no reason for Ed to go fucking in Izmailovsky Park, it's full of fags! You think I'd go merry-making in Izmailovsky Park to bring back long-lost memories?!

Mikiton. Me neither! Nostalgia for those fatal cherished spots for wandering fungal-infected past pederasts. Izmailovsky Park is our higher school of pederasty. Anyway, Ed strayed off the footpath there two weeks ago and some guy buggered him, gave him AIDS. Turns out we fucked him just a few days before.

Garik. Thank fucking God. You had me scared. Thank fucking God.

Mikiton. We got no problem, Garik. But I'm still not over the shock myself – that's why I'm kinda stressed, for fuck's sake. We were lucky, it seems. Really and truly, we must fuck for the future – only with our own personally-tested pricks.

Garik. Otherwise, fuck knows, we'd never have made it as oligarchs. I can always feel your definitively steel peter sticking in my asshole. That's why I'm decisive as Stalin in business matters.

Mikiton. It's mutual, with your cock in my ass I'm the Genghis Khan of wheeler-dealing.

Garik. You're fucking juggler-Mikita – you swallow my two balls in your gob and juggle them about so I want nothing else in the world, shit, except your fragrant, energetic, endless fucking. I need your sexual energy for the future, too, to reach the heights, the mountains of greenbacks. We extort the glacial bucks by our arduous, back-breaking, mortally dangerous toil, laboring on the very brink of AIDS. My Mikitka, leader-joker-pederast-little State johnny, an Ancient Greek superhero. Cock in throat, balls behind the teeth – my personal suction pump – even the blacks never fucked God's ass like that.

Mikiton. I suck your cock because you suck my cock, celestial creature. You draw my cock through your throat to your stomach – makes me fucking nervous – you could digest my mannikin in your belly with your salty gastric acid. Fuck, it tingles, my knob tingles from your internal intestinal digesting. I can't stand it... Shit, in the name of your super-love I'll tolerate it. Are you trying to hammer and thump my cock into shit in your gut? Here, take my tool, cockeater.

Garik. I've told you every time – before I give you a blow-job dip your prick in olive oil. You've got a specially-delivered ten-liter bottle of pure European olive oil – valued by Interpol at thirty thousand dollars. Antique, a museum piece.

Our brothers in Greece risked everything diving into that outdoor museum, it came from Atlantis. Hee-hee.

Mikiton. You and your olive slime – you'll bite off my cock without choking.

Garik. Fuck knows why you appeared on God's earth with a cock like that, forty centimeters long. Call your mom, let her make a few alterations and give birth to you again. Or call legislator Bush. He trims any pricks that grow too long, anywhere in the world.

Mikiton. I'll phone Volodya – he'll quickly and efficiently put you to rights, he'll fuck your hairy mismatched brainy balls.

Garik. Heck no, Volodya and me, we're buddies. Lapped up champagne and Bruderschaft on a yacht in the Mediterranean, legislatively and executively. Swam races with the dolphins. Nobody got in the way of my long prick there. He knows that for sure.

Mikiton. Did Volodya see your cock erect, then?

Garik. Yeah, fuck, he sees through everything, does Volodya. But let's not talk about politics. I'm a peace-loving pederast. The Kremlin respects me for being a peace-loving pederast – gave me a medal and Volodya posed for a photo with me, hangs in my head office. No more mouthing off about politics.

Mikiton. You sly faggot – got a snap taken with the president in case things go wrong.

Garik. And you're not a sly fag, huh?

Mikiton. Cocksucker, don't fuck around with politics. Call your mom, ask why she brought you into the world, you bastard gabby fag. You could suck and bite off a hundred dicks with that gobbling cakehole. Get off me! (*Pushes him away*)

Garik. I don't fucking need to swallow your dick, for fuck's sake, brother. Who else would know how to stick his peter in my asshole? After that, how would I fuck you good and proper up the ass? I love whoever wets my whistle – you know that – we both pumped starting capital from the same gang of teenage killers, as protection for our multifold businesses. And if I harm a brother like you – may I bite off my own cock – it's like making a fucking omelet with my own balls, slicing my dick in the omelet like sausage meat. For me your dick is sacred, for dick's sake, you know how tasty and lively it is.

Mikiton. For me your dick is truly and really amazing. Fucking with you and the pair of us wasting some dude is a miraculous and awesome experience. Your peter makes me feel and become like an all-powerful God. But I don't want to hear any more of that cocksucking political blabber about the cocksucking fucking top brass at this dacha. Let's just fuck the simple way, chaste like we were three-year-old boys at heart.

Garik. Fucking chastely is shit.

Mikiton. Otherwise I could get angry and shoot you dead right here on Rublyovka with no trial or inquest, just because of your cocksucking political rant, for fuck's sake.

Garik. Off he goes again. For sure we can fucking shoot one another with equal success and enthusiasm. You and I already had a shooting match here on Rublyovka. Your bullet met mine and they fell together in the middle of Rublyovka Highway – two lead soldiers, loving mutual penetration, like the two of us shafting one another to the very grave.

Mikiton. Remind me, when was that?

Garik. In a sleepwalking dream, Mikita, a couple of astral years past. When we sucked one another's cherished kindred pricks in parallel, simultaneously, right across Rublyovka. You don't remember?

Mikiton. We suck one another's pricks in parallel across Rublyovka all the time, for fuck's sake! You talk bullshit, your exalted starry thoughts, I can't fucking out-argue a negotiator like you. From all these negotiations we make big bucks, hell, Garik – just from our priceless bullshit.

Garik. If you know how to talk bullshit there's no need to say the words right. In other words – life with big bucks flies like sperm through space after smearing your face – headlong into nowhere. At least we have half-shares of fucking sex with love. Inanimate bucks prevent us from fucking till we're bow-legged.

Mikiton. Love between men, real men, doesn't cost a cent. Without love – with endless bucks – fucking can choke you off in no time.

Garik. When I was a kid I only wanted to screw girls.

Mikiton. What do you know, Garik. When I was a kid I didn't even know boys had places you could skewer, I never knew those magic orifices. And when I was a kid my prick lifted like a chopper propeller every morning – got so fucking turned on I thought I'd soar into the absolute vacuum of the cosmos like Gagarin. Fuck – every day you hobble round with a stiff prick humming like a rocket. In school and Pioneer camp, concentration camp, for fuck's sake. In my sleep it was awesome. Who didn't I screw. Screwed all the girl figure skaters – all the world champions and Olympic champions they showed on TV, for fuck's sake. All the girl gymnasts that did the splits, fuck. Gave them a right good fucking, in my dreams. Doggy-style, up the ass, in the ear, in the eye, fuck. I won't begin to tell you about their throats with lips like Angelina Jolie. And the ballerinas. How I banged those horny ballerinas in my sleep – whole fucking companies of them – fucked the entire Bolshoi Theater troupe to death in one night, forty fucks for each of them.

Garik. And how I fucked the ballerinas – whole theater companies right across the Soviet Union And the next night they fucking moaned and begged to ride my prick again. There was a queue for my prick – all round the globe fucking hoards of these theater companies stood in line – whoever I'd crazily fucked in my sleep.

Mikiton. It was the same with me, for fuck's sake – ballerinas stood in hundred-kilometer lines for my peter. Only now do I nostalgically look back at that hundred-kilometer line and perceive it as a token of well-earned heavenly fucking grace.

Garik. For that reason we have an adequate and sincere evaluation of one another, for fuck's sake. But now, if I'm honest I only dream of one fucking bullet-proof cosmic heavenly fuck.

Mikiton. You got it. But when I was a kid I screwed the mattress with my prick like a goddam pillar for three minutes before waking up, for fuck's sake. Little did I know, should have been boring into your ass like a propeller. All my fucking ecstasy came to nothing in the fucking mattress.

Garik. When I was a kid I ploughed into my mattress till it looked like a fucking grid. Balanced on my prick for five whole minutes on that quilted mattress – I could easily stick it in, even without a hard-on. Otherwise you can't sleep when your prick's still awake like a little cock crowing with sperm.

Mikiton. Nah, when I was a kid a three-minute cock-stand was enough before I came. And my cock was forty centimeters. As a kid my peachy cock was

already forty goddam centimeters. No shit. I'm unrecognized world high-vaulting champion with my own cock as the fucking unbending pole. And those hayloft dreams of mine when somewhere in a little village I grope a shepherdess in a field with ears of grain, and all day and night you screw and screw and screw her in a hayrick in torrid, fragrant pastoral ecology!!! Cicadas in the rye, shit, birds twittering. Fucking unreal. Not a care in the world. You want to spend your whole life fucking in the hayrick without ever pulling your dick out her cunt, her asshole, or the cute lips of a heavenly ten-year-old cocksucking milkmaid – never take it out – and come and come and come for the rest of your life – with your dick you live in her crack till you fucking die. Garik. Best if you never snuff it at all.

Mikiton. Right on. Let the others fucking snuff it.

Garik. Holy shit – let the rest of them fucking croak. And if they can't croak by themselves they're asking to be fucking wasted, squashed like parasitic bugs. We know how not to die, we can beat an' teach 'em. And in the village, fuck, on the haystack, those are my milkmaid-nymphet dreams. When I grew up, in real life I vacationed in that little village when I was a student. Took a Pioneer milkmaid to the hayloft in the barn and screwed that strumpet minx – she was always up for it – how we moaned, what a fucking rush. Seemed like we'd burn down the hayloft with our hot spunk.

Mikiton. And when I went potato picking as a student... How we fucked right there in the hayricks – goddam hot-blooded black oblivion. Only the cows that gobbled up that fuck-fertilized hay in winter could say what predominated – hay, sperm or menses.

Garik. What the fuck else can you do when you go potato-picking. Drink or fuck.

Mikiton. You can do both together – fucking harmonizes well with goddam potato-picking.

Garik. If you're potato picking and you get a stiffie even when you drink, you can fucking mix screwing with homebrew. They make homebrew with honey – this beekeeper gave us some. Never tasted such a healing high-alcohol miracle since. Sent Petro to the village in his car, couple of years ago. The beekeeper fucking died – took the secret of honey homebrew to the grave, gone forever.

Mikiton. Yeah, all of Russia's fucking genius is dying.

Garik. Too right – honey homebrew lost in the grave – those ignorant cackhanded Russian peasants got no fucking sense of responsibility. Once, as a first-grader in Moscow, my cock got hard on the way home from school. Back then I didn't understand what was going on with my own cock bone-hard in my pants. That dick of mine was big and grown-up beyond its years, pulling my pants till they pinched. Took out my dick to make my pants more comfortable and give it more space. Would you believe, I walked home with an erection waving in the air. Traveled in the metro like that. Just imagine – nobody said a word. I'm walking along grinning. All the people walking past looked at this seven-year-old kid with his hard-on and they grinned too. I liked that, I was free and easy. Got home, and my parents were amused. But then my pop led me to the bathroom and yelled at me – said that if he saw my dick sticking out of my pants again he'd pull it across my ass, wind it round my neck to make a bow and then shoot at crows with rusty ferroconcrete bars. Dunno why, my dick went limp. Although I didn't know then what ferroconcrete bars are. From what my father said I understood right away that rusty iron bars would be even worse

news for my cock and my whole body than for the crows. Imagine, I immediately grasped the fact that it would be very unpleasant if my father made a bow from my cock, or rather a bowstring, and then inserted rusty ferroconcrete bars to shoot at crows. But my pop was a real sadist – creative as fucking Salvador Dali – if he spawned a fucking image, fuck the lot of them, Salvador Dali would be flushed down his own asshole. And by that time I loved my cock more than anything else in the world. Only a little kid – seven years of age – but already I loved my cock more than anything else on the fucking planet.

Mikiton. Leave it out, I knew my cock was my best and dearest friend at the age of two – my favorite toy in all the world. So when did you become a bender – what age?

Garik. Same time, when I was fucking seven!

Mikiton. When you were fucking seven? Some guy screwed you up the ass between the yard sheds?

Garik. What fucking guy. About five of us used to hang out in the yard, all kids, for fuck's sake. Someone said, let's go in the entryway for a fuck. Sure thing, sounded like fun as far as we could make out, so we fucking went in the entryway for a fuck. We already subconsciously knew what 'fucking' meant, that it was the best occupation there is. So we went inside the entryway to fuck. Nobody really knew how fucking was done in practical terms. Well, first-grader Zinka – I can still picture it – suddenly pulls up her dress, takes off her panties, goddam cool as you like – and gives us kids a waft of her wondrous snatch, young but unwashed and piss-stinky. All the rest of us mechanically did the same. We bared our slits and pricks, right then and there. By now the boys' pricks were pert as carrots and ready for action, at the age of seven for fuck's sake. But the girls had no pricks between their legs and nothing but the stink of their own cunts steaming to the ceiling. Who knows where to stick your cock in a girl when you still don't know the purpose of their cunts, or that they have a cunt between their legs for screwing, screwing and more screwing, with your cock ramming their slit. Had no porno then, no TVs. Remember, when we were kids we fucking wandered round with cocks bursting in our pants, in total ignorance. We boys stood there in the entryway rubbing our cocks against one another. That much we understood. It wasn't hard to fathom that our cocks were vertical and we could rub them against one another and get this indescribable pleasure, and that was what fucking meant. Just indescribable pleasure, for fuck's sake, a real buzz. I can still feel it, that first incomparable pleasure in the entryway when we rubbed our pricks together, at the tender fucking nymphal-virginal age of seven. Well, those girls just watched and watched. Afterwards they slunk away, of course they were completely and absolutely fucking unsatisfied.

Mikiton. They're always fucking unsatisfied, those little trollops – whatever age they are, for fuck's sake. You screw and screw her, but all the time the bint's unsatisfied. Nature made their cunts that way.

Garik. Yeah, too fucking right. However much you poke them, those bints are always unsatisfied. After we've fucked you and I can talk about broads. We fucking understand one another. But when you've fucked a broad, what are you supposed to talk about, other broads? She's ready to bite your cock off right there and then – stick her bloody teeth in your Adam's apple, for fuck's sake. What can you blather about, for fuck's sake, after fucking? Other broads or

God. How can you talk about either after fucking a broad. If you start talking about God after fucking a broad she immediately wants to have kids with you. I so fucking don't need all that babyspawm stuff, we wanted it simple, for fuck's sake, we were only up for a fuck, pure-and-simple sex for endless pleasure! Mikiton. And the bitch would fucking stab you in the eye with knitting needles if you shoot your sperm on her belly once she's decided on babies.

Garik. You mean that cunt of a wife, your Elvirka, mother of your children, knits?

Mikiton. My cunt of a wife Elvirka knits with needles like tank turrets, like machine guns, for fuck's sake – I sit in my bunker waiting for ambush. Knits the snare that binds me hand and foot with murderous atomic hydrogen-bomb needles. I hide my bucks in the fucking Brockhaus. One hundred volumes of Brockhaus – who could fucking tell what volume I hid the bucks in. But she sniffs 'em out in five seconds. Broads have this fucking instinct for bucks. My fucking wife would charge her own husband a hundred bucks for a kiss.

Garik. Why fucking bother with her kisses? Why the fuck waste sexual energy on her for no returns, when I'm here with my kisses?

Mikiton. She's protection, for fuck's sake. Here I can play bumboy games with you in secret, but nobody must see or hear of it!!! I'm an important guy with government connections, for fuck's sake, Garik!!! Surely you fucking know that by now?

Garik. I know all that, Miki. My being here with you is an equal-ranking secret hypostasis of fag fucking!!!

Mikiton. You mean to say you kiss that Anyuta, cover-up wife, wasting our combined sexual energy in vain?

Garik. As for my cover-up wife Anyuta, we both fucked my wife, for fuck's sake. Don't tell me you forgot?

Mikiton. Made us like family, for fuck's sake. But the way you talk, anyone would think we never fucked my goddam wife Elvirochka together. Maybe our cover-up-wives are fucking one another right now, combined cover-all protection, while the two of us are fucking and having fun. Amusing themselves and fucking, same as us, licking and sucking somewhere in the Grand Hotel, Paris. Broads can come one hundred times a day, for fuck's sake. It's nothing for them, they got unlimited capacity – the hussies just spread their legs and their fucking twat's ready for sexual combat – they can come as many times as they or their cushy clit feel like it. Yeah, those bitches are fucking right now, together! I fucking know it, they're fucking together right now, my Elvirochka and your Annushka! Well shit, let them make out together. We get more out of our bone-hard dicks. And our wives are lucky they're our cover-up. If you don't fuck a woman you gotta kill her, otherwise you get grief without leaving the cash desk – her cunt plays mean tricks on you.

Garik. Yeah, too fucking right. A man of State, for fuck's sake. You know how to beat them senseless with your spot-on governmental-official rants, you're a motherfucking man of State!

Mikiton. You know how to dupe 'em with your fucking crafty catchwords, too. No need for false modesty. Gas king of Moscow, at the very least.

Garik. No need for you to be coy, either. Right across the taiga that oil pipe's all yours.

Mikiton. Hey, no need, to bullshit about my taiga pipeline out loud. I already warned you – you should learn to bottle that political cant at the dacha. Times



have changed. All those Rublyovka buggers break into government circles whatever way they can – only too ready to succeed us as oligarchs and swipe our stolen loot.

Garik. Goes without saying – no one's blabbing fucking seditious shit. What are you pissing yourself for? Who can listen in here, for fuck's sake, at our very own fucking Rublyovka dachas?

Mikiton. Yeah, those wiretappers mean nothing to me!!!

Garik. That's it, buck up, regimental honor, for fuck's sake! Or you're like a deserter shit-scared he'll be banged up for treason. For fuck's sake, everything's okay. We stand firm at our posts, doggy-style, for fuck's sake, we surrender our dicks without spilling blood!

Mikiton. Whenever you say you can stick it in. Now you mention it, I wouldn't mind a top-of-rank generalissimo blowjob.

Garik. Top-of-rank blowjob, whatever you say. You never need to ask if you want to blow – I'm always ready to suck cock like a general, comrade non-commissioned lifeguard marshal blowjobber.

Mikiton. You fucking bumboy ensign, you're superior to any general, for fuck's sake. Founder of the omnipotent rights of all pederasts in this mighty country. What do you say – suck one another off in unison?

Garik. Order the dish and here it comes in your tasty gob.

*(They suck one another's cocks)*

Mikiton. Aah, fucking good. We time it so well – always coming at the same fucking time, like knocking back a glass of vodka together. You can't shoot your load so rhythmically and harmoniously with some cute minxy bitch fresh off the podium. It's only with you, with a regular bro, that we come with resonance.

Garik. And I can only come with you, a true buddy, at the same fucking time.

Mikiton. Fuck, most like the hussars in the Great Patriotic War fucked in action and drove Napoleon into retreat – drove the bastard back through the empty frozen snow-covered fields, for fuck's sake, with their fighting-fit dicks.

Garik. The French, supreme ass bandits, thought they were the hardest natural ironclad Eiffel pederasts, fucking grinding buckshot. Too fucking right, our Kutuzovsky cocks scared the shit out of those cherchez-la-femme douche-bags on their way to the next world.

Mikiton. Hitler was a fucking bender too, there's documentary evidence.

Garik. That fucking German nance ran up against our bumfucking peasant-worker ideological peter-omnipotence too, didn't he? And what was Leo Tolstoy writing, for fuck's sake – fairy tales about war and peace.

Mikiton. I haven't a clue who wrote all that Russian classic stuff, who the half-assed benders were – I can't make shit of all those endless Russian classics, that castrated crap. I only fucking open my multi-volume Works of Leo Tolstoy to hide bucks from the wife, same as you. Hundred-buck notes, for fuck's sake.

Garik. You've got fucking millions of dollars and you hide hundred-buck notes from the wife in Leo Tolstoy, for fuck's sake? Aren't you ashamed?

Mikiton. Following your example, you motherfucking cheapskate.

Garik. I hide it so she goes looking, for fuck's sake. So she keeps her fucking nose for bucks.

Mikiton. What do you think I fucking do? So the bitch of a whore understands how hard it is to make those bucks. However much you shove up her cunt, that fucking Elvirka birch thinks it's not enough. However much you shove at her my bitch wife thinks it's not enough!

Garik. Those bitches need slashing between the legs with an open razor – like Adam the first man. Razors are the only language they understand.

Mikiton. Like we did to that – what's her name – Avdotya from Vologda. Sliced her up with razors, our own trademark Caesarian, a month ago and fed her to the German Shepherds.

Garik. Any broad is one big cunt. Man – Adam, the first man, that is – slashed his broad between the legs with a seashell razor and the cleft of her cunt was opened for centuries to come.

Mikiton. If I'd been Adam I'd have killed the bint.

Garik. They produce the kids. Out of those kids about half are boys you can get off fucking, if you teach them right. You can't blame the fucking females for everything.

Mikiton. Those crazy females are like one huge unstable uncontrollable clit, for fuck's sake.

Garik. A clit is part of an uncontrollable cunt.

Mikiton. More likely, the cunt is part of an uncontrollable clit.

Garik. We should fucking drink to that, suck on our uncontrollable dicks for appetizer. How about it?

Mikiton. I second your proposal.

*(They drink vodka and suck one another's cocks.)*

Mikiton. Nothing better than sucking off a salty cock after a swig of vodka. A recipe fit for our Russian taverns. Imagine – in our beer cellars the guys drink beer first, for sure, but instead of dried salted fish as a chaser they suck one another's dicks. That would boost fishing resources all over the country, for fuck's sake. Can you imagine?

Garik. They should give an international Nobel Prize for such an economical ecological formula. A State prize. Government should give you five oil derricks as a reward.

Mikiton. But who values clever ideas.

*(Mikiton's cellphone rings.)*

Hi, Mechanic! What? How come it took so long? So what songs is he singing in foreign parts? If he's flown to Paris move fast and intercept him, silence him for fuck's sake! Few Kalashnikov rounds in his fucking tires. Fucking sang out of tune. Take a few shots at his legs. And his ass, shoot from the side. Don't blast him in the sucker. Told you that yesterday. My Kalashnikov sings – those are songs I understand, for fuck's sake. Enough – cut the bullshit. Call me when he's taken out the picture.

Garik. What's the Mechanic say?

Mikiton. That bastard singer, the bender – wouldn't suck me off three weeks ago, I told you. Had him removed to the outer hemisphere. Bastard used to regularly give me head. Then betrayed me, fucking refused. Well, now the Mechanic and his Kalashnikov are gonna teach him a fucking lesson for

subordination. He's a whore, that nancy-boy fucking canary. The Mechanic's gonna fucking clip his cockscomb now. Hey – who we gonna thrash today? Didn't thrash nobody this week – stresses me out.

Garik. Me too, fucking pins and needles. You were gawking at Norwegian fjords. I can't do it alone – lose interest without you there. Giving head's so much tastier when you beat the shit out of some douche-bag.

Mikiton. Promised my daughter those fucking fjords – apologies, bruv.

Garik. Daughters come first. Only she'll grow up to be another broad.

Mikiton. A daughter's no fucking broad. A daughter's that very special human being that gives you grandkids and they dig your grave when your fucking illustrious life is over. Maybe my daughter will visit the grave with a watering can and sprinkle the little flowers so I feel fresh and good in my tomb, cock frozen for all eternity.

Garik. For fuck's sake stop prophesying while you're still alive and kicking. No more of that talk from beyond the grave. While you're still above the earth let's cool it and do some friendly whoring – enough fucking epic poems about your cock lying cold in the grave.

Mikiton. What the fuck are you trying to prove? I got every right to be a tragic lyric poet now and then. What the fuck – now you don't love me any more?

Garik. Nah, sure I love you for that, too. I fucking love you absolutely and entirely, my white fluffy bunny with a half-meter prick. But I would single out your hot prick in particular, I love that a little more than stories about your prick lying cold in the grave. What is it with you, all this teasing schizoid drivel, your cold dick in the grave, it's alien to our warm homosexual relationship. What d'you love most – your cold dick beyond the grave or my hot cock here and now?

Mikiton. A sacral fucking question. Who do you love more? The guy you're thrashing or the guy you're fucking?

Garik. Anyone can fucking love, thrash and screw with simultaneous satisfaction in non-intersecting but non-virtual planes. You're bringing all these moralizing tragic topics into our conversation, for fuck's sake. Like it's fucking connected with that depressive moral bullshit about your frozen shriveled dick limp in the grave. In reality this is some hot optimistic fuck and we're head and shoulders above those creeps and motherfuckers.

Mikiton. Okay, give it a rest. I can say what I like. You too – if you want you can blab endlessly on about those fucking creeps. That is proof of fucking freedom and democracy in our natural and unpretentious relationship. I firmly support that morality. It's enough for me that I choke on frozen artificial morality till I puke for the TV cameras, for fuck's sake. But you and I have natural, free and pleasant cocksucking relations in talk and action. Surely oligarchs have the right to their own personal oligarch happiness and their own all-conquering oligarch ideas? The ideas we fought for? We must understand to the full our own oligarch progress, yours and mine – in our souls and not only in the fucking banks. I come to you, Garik, for happiness, for our proper joint oligarch happiness through male friendship, that's all. And if you still can't get my drift when I blather something elevated and oligarchic about life in general you should either ask questions or suck my dick in silence and listen carefully. Motherfucker! Suck in silence!!! But instead you criticize and come out with some fucking bullshit. I'm not promoting pessimism, Garik! I want to understand the world in all its colorful rainbow nuances. We're motherfucking oligarchs –

with oligarch Souls! And we have to come out with ideas that are equally spiritual and oligarchic, all-conquering, for fuck's sake! Yesterday we were bums, today we're oligarchs, fuck knows why! Go for it, huh?! We can come and come forever!

Garik. Fucking amazing, bruv! But Miki, when you talk about your frozen peter in the grave it makes me think of the cooler. I always get the feeling that in the cooler those jailbirds screw one another with very hard dicks, but dicks frozen like ice. I don't want to end up in jail next to the gut-bucket, Miki, so my dick freezes forever – endless icy infinity with no exit to freedom.

Mikiton. Shit, who wants to end up in the slammer by the gut-bucket? Lighten up, for fuck's sake. We'll get by. Remember you're Russian, for fuck's sake, like icebreaker Comrade Lenin!

Garik. Well, unlike several of our comrades, at least I know I'm not a Jew, not Marx – that I fucking know for sure.

Mikiton. You trying to say something? Does that make me a Jew?

Garik. Did I say any such thing, for fuck's sake? Never mind, Mikiton, enough showing off with clever words – we're doing fine at liberty here on the Rublyovka, in oligarch ranks and all flamed up together, in a land flowing with milk and honey.

Mikiton. Too right – we're sitting on creamy rivers of oil and gas, cantering about like cowboys on a Russian safari – you riding the gas pipe and me the taiga oil pipe. Let's not talk about Jews. But let's be fair – they taught us how to ride the pipeline, since you mention it.

Garik. A and B sat on a pipeline. A fell off and B buggered off – who was sitting on the pipeline then?

Mikiton. We were the only ones left. One jewboy slipped off – shit, that guy K fucking held out, though. He didn't screw the right people in government circles – ended up in the fucking shithole. Half the government let him tell lies so he'd divvy up with them for letting him lie. That motherfucker left a shadow hanging over the rest of us fucking oligarchs, like we're out of order. In Russia you gotta play by the rules, particularly if you rob the government of fucking great oilfields three times the size of Europe. Most important here is experience – you need the experience of other people's fucking mistakes to put society straight! When those two jewboys under Yeltsin decided who channels the bucks in Russia they were flushed down the English lavatory rightaway, and now they want the shit brought back to Russia in a zinc coffin, final burial of their poisonous polonium waste, for fuck's sake. That shitbucket-coffin option doesn't suit either you or me. I love my country, I'm no dissident, for fuck's sake, I share it out with the government dudes that make thieving easy work. And I love bender boys like you – love you and teach you. There's no call for you to fucking bawl me out, Garik, for no reason at all!

Garik. Fuck's sake – I turn to your professorial prick for every good reason with my gob and my neat little anal orifice! With me you squeal and moan like a pig in shit, for fuck's sake.

Mikiton. When you circle round my dick with your dick and its delicate little mouth, sure I squeal, it's only natural, dearest fucking Garik with lips like Madam Angelina Jolie.

Garik. Do you really love me, Mikitosh?

Mikiton. Garik, for fuck's sake. I'd give half my taiga pipeline for your heavenly suck-offs, for fuck's sake.

Garik. I'd give half my oil pipeline for your cosmic Mikitosh suck-offs.  
Mikiton. Garik, I'd trade one whole gas pipeline for your heavenly suck-offs.  
Garik. And I'd give one whole pipeline, Mikitosh, for your cosmic suck-offs.  
Mikiton. That's the way we should talk – like comrades, friends, the Russian way, for fuck's sake. There's no Jews in Russia, Garik. All the Jews fucking vanished abroad. Whoever Russia spewed out of the country is a Jew – they've fucking had it. Nothing more to be said. Garik, Garik. You need educating. You should thank me. Garik, Garik. Even in my dreams you're my one and only Garik with your African Pushkin-Jolie suck-off lips. I come to work and Garik-Angelina Jolie haunts me there, too. Nobody else in the world sucks like Garik. You should fucking open your very own blowjob school – you'd suck more bucks than you get off the gas pipeline.  
Garik. Yeah, we'll fucking teach 'em, no need to be afraid of students.  
Mikiton. You can take bucks for the fucking tuition.  
Garik. I take payment in kind, Mikita. I suck the bucks from my gas pipeline.  
Mikiton. That's right, you gotta know how to fucking suck with your own throat pipeline to begin with. What use is the suction on your gas and oil pipeline otherwise. But all the same, Garik, however many of your fucking cocksucking cute boy students you send me, I wouldn't trade your fucking suck-offs for anything. It's strange, but when a broad gets old you want to screw her less often. You're getting older, too, Garik, but with your increasing age so your blow-jobs assume dimensions of cosmogonic pleasure production. Like in great art – there's an initial concept, then a second, but only great master artists, Garik, have the skill for a cosmogonic second concept that goes beyond the bounds – nah, what am I saying, not the second, but rather a fly-to-the-stars Garik concept. I'm not exaggerating, Garik, I'm telling you straight.  
Garik. Like in the Duma, like a State speech, huh? You got a classy way of saying things. I put all my soul into sucking your dick, Mikita – sucking your personal governmental dick with my own sacred sincere selfless governmental soul.  
Mikiton. You couldn't express it better – like peter in your mouth when you're fucking sucked off. That's how it should be, fuck, drilling into my brain. Lovingly, sincerely, soulfully. So who are we thrashing today?  
Garik. Shall we snuff out that knocked-up gymsplit cunt Nastyukha?  
Mikiton. The gymsplit cunt? Who knocked her up?  
Garik. Fuck knows. We screwed her together three months ago after a tot of whisky – maybe it's yours, maybe it's mine, could be anyone's. But it's a fucking liberty if it's ours. I already invited her – she'll be here soon.  
Mikiton. That's bad, Garik, when the slut doesn't even know who knocked her up. Just for that we can snuff the bitch with an easy heart. How shall we do it?  
Garik. Slowly but surely. Same as the rest of them. Let her live a bit longer – till she's broken by the Rublyovka treatment. Let the bitch feel how hard it is to make money, the fucking cost to our nerves. Obliges us to snuff some loser every week, just to keep our nerves in order, Soviet fucking order.  
Mikiton. Snuff and screw. Slowly and surely – otherwise we get no pleasure, our nerves are wrecked. So how shall we kill this time? Most like we fucking used up every entertaining way there is. We could make her do the splits, sit her cunt on our elite needle without drawing blood? She's good at doing the splits. She'll go for it. (*Hammers a large needle into the parquet flooring*)

Garik. A wise decision. The needle in the parquet – all eight centimeters – is our trademark dish for gymnasts and ballerinas – our indispensable prelude for no small number of twat-flaunting dames. For a million dollars the bitch will plop down on a needle without training, no blood. But instead of a million greenbacks the hussy gets punished for her clumsiness, if she sat straight down with no blood. Then the bitch flips her cunt straight down on the needle with legs akimbo, for a million bucks she's ready to prick her cunt all over till the fucking blood runs!!! After that let her eat diamonds for punishment, let the bitch stuff till she's full.

Mikiton. Diamonds are a girl's best friend. How does she eat the fucking diamonds, then, is this a new trick?

Garik. She swallows them without chewing. Although I'd give a whole pile of diamonds so she could fucking chew them, if you could chew them. If she guzzles down a kilo of stones she's gonna die slowly, in torment, for fuck's sake. Last week after you'd flown off to the Norwegian fjords I visited my pal in Siberia Simeon Almaznik, with Tanyukha Nepospelova, Nastyukha's friend. Well, he set up a proper taiga safari – slaughter in the cedar forest. We snuffed that Tanyukha so fucking brilliantly. Sure thing. Gives me a buzz even now. After that Simeon paid me five hundred grand. The way that bitch died was class, believe me. Gotta put that technique in your card index right away, personal, like. The adrenaline from that topping would last half a lifetime, at least.

Mikiton. You never told me about the taiga safari.

Garik. Kept it as a fucking surprise for you. I like giving you surprises – that's the reason you keep up with me, for fuck's sake. (*Takes out a packet of uncut diamonds*) Here – a gift from Simeon Almaznik – two kilos of uncut diamonds. You'll see, it's like Chinese capital punishment. In China they forced prisoners to swallow sand. Six hours swallowing sand, then they were buried once and for all, writhing in agony. But I've no intention of burying Nastyukha with the diamonds still intact. We'll fucking disembowel her first – like we did with Tanyukha in Siberia. Gotta return the diamonds to Simeon. He hired them out for the goddam safari, for our amusement.

Mikiton. Won't she drop your diamonds in the john?

Garik. For fuck's sake, Mikintosh, there won't be time for the sparklers to reach her asshole. We'll gut Nastyukha here soon as she croaks and the fucking diamonds go back in our pockets, sharpish. I told you, Simeon only hired them out, for the fucking safari.

Mikiton. Let the fucking pregnant bitch choke to death on those diamonds, shit. But we need something a bit more depraved so my peter rises natural and normal, like, so you can give me a Divine blowjob with her tormented groaning death agony in the background. Let's do it together – I'll suck you off, too. Our blowjob is the main thing, with her getting snuffed in the background.

Garik. Let's slice off her tits and make her fucking eat them, with the sparklers.

Mikiton. Leave it out Garik, you're a right fucking sadist. There'll be veins in her fucking tits – everything will get covered in blood and she'll start yelling. This floor's Karelian beech parquet. We already had to wash the blood off a few times – soon the parquet will be ruined. Oh alright then, the main thing is to make Nastyukha sob and moan, only not too loud. I know you've got good sound insulation here. But I don't want my eardrums damaged, not at my age. Last time we liquidated those seventeen-year-old lovers, Svetochka and Pavlik.

Don't get me wrong, I'd rate the overall impression of our hard-ons and blowjobs very highly, it was awesome. But Garik, the way they screamed. That was too much. Even bothered you, for fuck's sake. The bastards saw they could torment us with their blood-curdling screams and they deliberately bugged us, for fuck's sake, the decibels from those shrieks went right off the fucking scale. Till I got my hammer and bashed their heads in. Shut up completely then. Snuffed it there and then. That's another thing, for fuck's sake – we got just half an hour of sexual pre-funereal music from them and that was it. For a full-value blowjob we need the victims groaning in the background a bit longer – four hours minimum for a normal friendly rim-job.

Garik. Four hours is certainly enough for a cozy fuck.

Mikiton. And let me reiterate, if you care about your own eardrums, be merciful and spare a thought for mine. Still have a few years to live with these eardrums, for fuck's sake.

Garik. Personally I get off on those ear-splitting screams. You can fucking stuff your ears with that shit they sell in pharmacies – earplugs, for fuck's sake.

You're like a fucking German fascist – they invented gas chambers so they didn't suffer during mass extermination.

Mikiton. Garik, I'm no prissy fascist German, I like sound effects from live victims. But I don't want the victim's yells to exceed the bounds of pleasure. We need to get off rhythmically, both of us. Won't that slut Tanyukha Nepospelova get hoarse if she's gobbling diamonds?

Garik. Only gradually, as she chokes – just the way you like it.

Mikiton. Cool. That's why I value and respect you. Remember how we snuffed that punk, that fucking rocker – the one with a mohawk?

Garik. Fuck, we scalped him, cut off his mohawk. Poked out his right eye, made him swallow it with champagne.

Mikiton. Shit, his left eye stayed in so he looked like a fucking cyclops.

Otherwise he'd have suffered less, unable to see what was going on around him.

Garik. We shoved a fucking billiard cue up his ass. You gave him the cue, Mikitosh, impaled him like Ivan the Terrible. It was your dick he stopped sucking. So you wreaked vengeance – and then some – you skewered him with a rough billiard cue, that was a masterpiece. I watched the video, a real masterpiece. If there were festivals for movies like that you'd get the fucking golden palm. Guaranteed.

Mikiton. You must be careful with clips like that. Could be used as evidence, for fuck's sake. Maximum sentence and they stop asking how many millions you got. They'd get it all themselves. Give you life. A jab in the slammer with polonium and there's a cross with no name waiting – two weeks later you're in the fucking grave, freezing your cock off.

Garik. But I don't know where to keep the film, our documentary life story, Mikitosh.

Mikiton. I know, I know – I know everything. Just be careful.

Garik. You teach me. You teach me to suck your peter with due care. I know how to suck your peter with great care, Mikitosh, you don't need to teach me that.

*(His cellphone rings)*

Yeah, Nastyukha. Shit, we're waiting for you. You're at the door? What, you got stopped by security – what's his name, Petro? Give that Petro a knee in the groin. Give him here. Petro – let Nastyukha in, you motherfucker. What's the problem? How many times must I tell you? That's why I pay you euros and not fucking Ukrainian kopecks, Petro, fuck your Ukrainian shithole, you fucking asshole politician, fuck.

*(Nastya walks in)*

Nastya. So here you are, boys.

Mikiton. Nastenka, you're all dolled up, honey. All sweet and dandy. How many layers of lippy?

Nastya. One layer – no room left between the layers.

Garik. And she can bullshit like Hammer and Trotsky.

Mikiton. Like a drink?

Nastya. I'm Nastenka the sporty splits-gymnast – I only want to gently-soberly stretch my tendons and fuck for bucks.

Garik. She's playing the same old song. What's up – didn't we give you enough money last time? We want a gentle but not a sober fuck, and you'll get the readies. But fucking a stunning broad like yourself for free and without a drink would be shameful, that would hurt our feelings.

Nastya. I like playing the same old song. What else can we talk about? I could tell you my pussy is very pliant and clean – quite hairless.

Mikiton. And we could tell you about our licked clean and lovely sucked-off peters, Nastyushka.

Nastya. You already sucked off? Then what potential fucking male energy will you have to shaft me now? Why the fuck did you call me? And me pregnant, two months gone, most likely it was one of you – came all the way out here, for fuck's sake, sat in a fucking traffic jam, drove straight over by satnav from the cosmos and here you are with dicks you already sucked off yourselves. Well, I can still have a chat with you I suppose, add a humorous turn of phrase.

Garik. I like your humorous way of speaking – just like the politicians, huh. A right little politician – like my Petro – you wanna be like Juliet Tymoshenko in the Ukraine? Apparently all Ukrainians want to be politicians. Alright then, you'll make it to the Ukrainian parliament, sweetie, don't fret. If you take the creative initiative, plonk your bare cunt on this eight-centimeter needle in the parquet for us – without injuring your cunt. If the needle doesn't prick your cunt and there's no blood on this tissue (*sticks a white tissue on the needle protruding from the floor*) – then you earn yourself a million bucks for your lousy little party. The bucks are real, darling, not fake, and the needle's real tough stainless steel. Well? Sooner or later you gotta be an accurate, nimble, calibrated cunt ready for any prickly political struggle as leader of a limp dick parliament.

*(Opens a safe and takes out a million dollars)*

Nastya. Mmm, those dollars smell delightful, like fresh green veg.

Garik. But first of all the needle, even prettier, all shiny and flashy.

Nastya. But wait, how am I supposed to do the splits and plop my cunt right down on this eight-centimeter needle?

Mikiton. Light as a snowflake, little birdie. Main thing is not to hurt yourself.

Nastyusha. We only pay the readies for a stunning skilful touchdown as your cunt hits the deck.



Nastya. What if I hurt my pussy?

Garik. Then you won't get the dollars and your party in the Ukraine is done for, curtains. The Crimea will be ours again.

Nastya. You got to be joking, surely?

Mikiton. You should know us by now. We're normal cultured bisexual oligarch pederast perverts. All our jokes are for real, and so are our billions of dollars, some of which we're ready to part with if you gratify us with a particularly intrepid act. As you wish – the choice is yours. You can go home to your khrushchyovka slum without the loot. And we'll forget we ever had a relationship. In no time we can call up a replacement who'll straddle that needle for a million bucks, if you won't. You don't believe me?

Nastya. And what if I hop on the needle and it doesn't prick my cunt? How do I know for sure you'll give me a million?

Garik. For fuck's sake, Nastyusha, if that's not the truth, may I fall right down on that needle and stab my right eye!

Mikiton. You see, dearie, we get pleasure from the bucks anyway when your bare cunt lands on the dangerously bare metallic blade of this needle.

Nastya. Won't it stab the little child inside me?

Mikiton. Needle's only eight centimeters. You came here to fuck me, and my prick's five times longer!

Nastya. I have to sit down on the needle right this minute?

Garik. Maybe you'd like a whisky first?

Nastya. No need for whisky – if I'm tipsy my cunt will miss the target.

Mikiton. That's sensible. Then get undressed and fling yourself on the needle, this trick will be your masterpiece – we're all rooting for you. Why waste time?

Garik. Take a little run and flip your fanny on the needle. Then you can take the whole million to your party in the fucking Ukraine and go fuck that Tymoshenko of yours. Why are you hesitating, slag, what's come over you?

Nastya. Fuck. Just off the boat fucking the sailors and now I'm playing games with fruits.

Garik. What did you say, you seditious little minx?

Nastya. Plucking up my courage – only a joke. Where do I run from with no clothes on?

Mikiton. The side wall.

Nastya. Right, you bastards – just you wait. (*Undresses, goes to the side wall*)

Mikiton. What are you dithering for? Here's the readies – they could be yours.

Nastya. Quiet, boys, quiet now. This is the first time I did the splits and fucked a needle for money. Hold on. (*Takes a run and jumps astride the needle*)

Ah-h-h!!!

Garik. There, the bitch enjoys jumping. Didn't hurt?

Mikiton. She likes it. Look – she's grinning with joy. Not a bad little gymnast, Nastyukha. How did the fucking needle go in, you didn't prick your cunt, then, didn't fuck up?

Nastya. I've had enough of this. Got fucking overexcited at the sight of all that loot.

Garik. Too true. Well, come on, hop off the needle – let's see if there's blood on the tissue.

(*Nastya rises from the needle*)

Mikiton (*lifts the tissue*). Yeah, Nastyukha, your snatch went a bit off the mark. Fucking blood on the tissue where the needle pricked you.

Garik. Maybe it's menstrual?

Mikiton. Can't be menstrual, the bitch is knocked up.

Nastya. Seems I went a bit fucking crazy.

Garik. You're not fucking crazy yet – there's more to come.

Mikiton. Now you can swallow a few diamonds and you'll really go fucking crazy. We'll feed you all this diamond energy and screw one another, sweetie, so everyone has fun. Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

*(Empties a large pile of uncut diamonds on the table)*

Nastya. We'll fuck for the diamonds. Are they real?

Mikiton. You're hurting my feelings. You can test them with your tongue first.

Nastya (*tests a diamond*). Just like glass. How many carats?

Garik. Almost as much as the Sancy diamond Demidov bought for half a million.

Nastya. So how much is here?

Garik. Let your stomach tell you how many carats. Go on, pop the fucking diamond in and get ready for takeoff, Tereshkova.

Nastya. Pop it in where?

Mikiton. In your mouth.

Nastya. You think I'm fucking off my head? You want me to swallow glass? You crazy, Miki? I never agreed to eat this glass shit.

Garik. We agreed for you to eat this glass shit. My apologies. It wasn't just a million you lost on the needle, cunt. You lost your life along with your cunt, you fucking bitch!

Nastya. What?

Mikiton. Curtains, slag – you're on our Rublyovka scaffold. No fucking time to hear your excuses. Our fucking cocks are asking for blowjobs at the sight of your death by diamonds, bitch! Come on, Garik, give us a hand!

*(Mikiton and Garik get out an open razor and handcuffs, chain Nastya's hand to her foot)*

Now you can't run away, little splits-jump gymnast. Swallow the diamonds, slut! If you want to live a bit longer, that is. Otherwise I'll cut your throat right now with this razor. You know me by now, bitch!!!

Nastya (*swallows a diamond*). Think I really have swallowed it. You're a pair of schizo fags. You're crazy. I'm gonna die, for real.

Garik. You deserve it, Nastya. Here, enjoy a tot of whisky. (*Pours her whisky, Nastya drinks*) Tasty?

Nastya. No. Why d'you want me dead?

Mikiton. I'll repeat, you fucking moron bitch. So we can have a good fucking blowjob. How are you feeling?

Nastya. Personally I'm not getting any good fucking blowjob feelings.

Garik. Are those sparklers in your gullet hurting a bit?

Nastya. They fucking hurt a lot. You're making me swallow these diamonds so that when they pass from mouth to stomach you can screw me and your cocks have something hard to rub on, to give a real nice feeling?

Mikiton. Yeah, your way of thinking has quite rightly achieved our own depraved dimensions. Swallow some more fucking diamonds.

Nastya. Do they pop out your ass afterwards?

Garik. For the third time I repeat, you fucking halfwit – these diamonds are not meant to come out your ass. We're not making you swallow diamonds so you can shit them at home afterwards and become a millionairess at the expense of us poor fuckwits. You're gonna fucking swallow them till you die right here. Me and Miki are going to suck one another off without your big-bellied blowjobs while we watch your slow painful death from the swallowed sparklers.

Mikiton. In short, we're going to suck one another's cocks and get hard at the sight of you dying. Understand, is that clear at last, have I explained enough now, Nastyukha? We're fucking fed up of your airhead questions. Swallow and keep quiet, slag, don't die yet. Or we'll get angry and cut off your fucking head with this razor. Then you certainly won't swallow any more diamonds, you'll die rightaway, won't take a second.

Nastya. Why are you going to suck your own cocks when I swallow the diamonds?

Mikiton. This Ukrainian broad really is a fucking moron, she's plainly not a Russian whore.

Nastya. I may come from the Ukraine, but I'm a Russian prostitute! So while I turn up my toes you'll give one another blowjobs? Where the fuck am I?

Garik. Not bad. Turn up her toes. What delightful expressions she uses – and in her condition, too. You're getting warmer. You're on our trademark Rublyovka safari, for fuck's sake! You've ended up in a fucking suction pump with no escape, babe, no way out! And only out of respect for your risky political cunt I will repeat – if you behave yourself and squeal in moderation – Mikiton doesn't like it when they squeal too loud – then after four hours of torturous torment, when each of us has come approximately eight times and we don't need any more, I'll quickly slit your throat and you won't fucking suffer any more. Come on, swallow the pile of sparklers, stop blathering. *(Forces the diamonds into Nastya's mouth, she swallows)*

Nastya. My belly hurts!!! Your child's in there!!!

Mikiton. Excellent – original – you're croaking along with our fucking kidspawn. From now on yell in moderation, not so loud. Here, Garik, suck my dick, time is passing. *(Garik sucks Mikiton's cock)*

Nastya. Perverts, pederasts!!!

Mikiton. Go on, that's the stuff – fucking insult us! Oh, Garik. Move your tongue a bit faster round the neck of my cock. Don't forget – all the joy of my Serpent Gorynych filled with love lies there at the neck of my fucking cock!!!

Nastya. Why don't I suck your cocks too – I don't want to swallow diamonds. My belly hurts – there's a little kid growing in there and one of you is definitely his daddy.

Garik. Know which of us is the kid's daddy?

Nastya. No, I don't. My belly hurts.

Mikiton. If you don't know, bitch, you'd better swallow the diamonds! The diamonds will tell you who the daddy is! *(Shoves a handful of diamonds into Nastya's mouth)* Diamonds improve the hormone and memory systems!

Nastya. But my belly hurts!!!

Mikiton. She's yelling just right, panic-stricken but moderated. Classy safari with background shrieks, live sound, for fuck's sake. Here, Garik, let me suck your prick now. (*Sucks Garik's cock*)

Nastya. I don't want to die!!!

Mikiton. Nobody wants to die, babe!!! If everyone wanted to die life wouldn't hold any interest!!!

Nastya. You won't even get to come three times, I'll die right now, for fuck's sake!!!

Mikiton. We'll have time, babe, plenty of time, sweetie – this isn't the first time we got hot and gave head, don't you worry. Think of your belly full of sparklers – for four whole hours you're like a fucking caliph, a diamond millionairess, bitch. Diamonds are a girl's best friend – all the fucking dreams you ever had will come true for four hours, for fuck's sake.

Nastya. Not the first time? Who else died swallowing diamonds?

Garik. Tanyukha Nepospelova. In Siberia with my oil buddies. You had a pal called Tanyukha Nepospelova?

Nastya. I did have a pal called Tanyukha Nepospelova. I introduced you to her, you bender!

Garik. That's her. Well, the six of us Siberian buddies sucked one another off ten times then cut these diamonds out of her belly, before she croaked six hours later.

Nastya. These diamonds came from Tanyukha Nepospelova's dead stomach?

Garik. From her dead stomach. Of course. What would happen to the sparklers otherwise? You're talking our language now.

*(Nastya spews the swallowed diamonds onto the floor)*

Mikiton. Fuck – the bitch puked up all the diamonds.

Nastya. It seems my delicate organism isn't keen on diamonds from a fucking corpse.

Garik. What the fuck – you bitch, my cock's gone limp.

Mikiton. My cock's gone into freeze mode. This sicked-up diamond scene wasn't on the agenda, Nastyukha. Garik, why the fuck did you tell her we cut the diamonds from Tanyukha Nepospelova's belly?

Garik. So it's all my fucking fault, again.

Nastya. Don't tell me you're murderers?

Garik. That's an insult. We're killers – professionals – optical guns and triggers. That's how we started raking it in on Rublyovka, sweetie. Murderers. What a fucking insult.

Mikiton. How can anyone fail to insult you, Garik? Naturally you're a master at sucking dick, but apart from that seems you're a complete asshole. Not a clue what to say to the broad when she's fucking eating herself to death with sparklers.

Garik. Let her swallow the sparklers a second time and suffer some more. No food left in her stomach – she won't be able to puke up the diamonds with only gastric juice left inside, the diamonds will stick in her belly.

Nastya. If I swallow puked-up diamonds on an empty stomach, so help me God I'll fucking spew them up again on the parquet in seconds, with only my own acidic gastric juices. God damn me and my stomach if I don't.

Garik. Well, thanks for telling me. She's a well-bred, considerate little bitch when it comes to this, at least. We'll rinse them in Chanel No.5, Nastyshechka. *(Dials a number on his cellphone)* Petro. Bring a bucket of water over here, and a rag, for fuck's sake. And a bottle of Chanel No.5. Right away. At the double. We need a foot in every room with this bitch. Too right. But then she'll get fucking dismembered.

Nastya. What? You dismember human bodies, as well?

Mikiton. You see, we're professional killers, sweetie pie, we got experience in dismembering human bodies that will soon come in useful. We've been professionals for many years now. When we first came to the oil and gas business we were hired killers. Now we can't do it any other way. You just get used to it – it's a conditional-unconditional reflex now. You understand anything in psychology? Read Freud and Pavlov?

Nastya. Yeah.

Mikiton. We got conditional human reflexes too, for fuck's sake.

Garik. But now we don't take money for the unconditional killing – we kill purely for the sake of killing, it's the highest form of art, to calm our nerves and fuel our bodies with fucking killing adrenaline.

Nastya. You kill and suck off at the same time?

Mikiton. How else? So more adrenaline forms in the bloodstream. We suck cocks as one of life's necessities – otherwise we'd be fucking dead. And if we didn't kill we'd be dead, too – our nerves couldn't hold out without fucking killing. It's a vicious circle. Quits. Death is all around us. And you slags multiply the number of deaths with your abortions, without even knowing who the fucking father is.

Nastya. What? You pederasts are off your fucking head.

Garik. These days everyone's a pederast, Nastenka. Some active, some passive. Freedom and democracy have arrived, for fuck's sake. Pederasts are everywhere, fucking like animals. And how do you fuck? Legs akimbo and she's turning somersaults for everyone, soon as their cocks stick up. But you haven't fucked the needle yet, you fucking misfired and gave up, you must answer for it now and pay us active pederasts back with your fucking life, bitch, because you didn't fuck the needle and you wanted a million for it.

*(Petro enters with a bucket, rag and bottle of Chanel No.5)*

Petro. Water, Chanel and rag at the ready, comrade general.

Garik. This hussy Nastenka went and puked up the sparklers – wipe up, Petro. You can keep a couple of sparklers for your troubles. But rinse the others and bring them over here in a bowl. Sprinkle them with Chanel No.5, too.

Petro. No sooner said than done. *(Begins wiping up the vomit)*

Garik *(to Nastya)*. You like Chanel No.5?

Nastya. When I get a whiff of Chanel No.5 I throw up ten times quicker than with diamonds.

Mikiton. Anything that doesn't make you throw up?

Nastya. Natural unadulterated male sperm. Your aromatic sperm, Garik, never makes me puke. Mikiton's doesn't either. You know very well.

Mikiton. What a bitch we reeled in. Where can we get enough of our freely-given sperm so you swallow the fucking diamonds? We swallow our own sperm – we need natural sperm ourselves, for medication. That's why we suck

one another. Why we find the time to meet here like normal people once a week. And now you're spoiling everything, bitch.

Nastya. Three months ago you fucked me, and I sucked your dick good and proper. You didn't complain, gave you such an adrenaline rush you moaned for more.

Garik. But that was three months ago, Nastyyukha. That was only a preliminary game. We were sizing you up. Time has passed, the machinery is set in motion, the kill-o-meter is ticking off the seconds. There's a kid inside you. Maybe it's ours. And with our kidspawn inside there's no way out, the slag has to swallow the sparklers neat, right now, choking and shrieking, and we're gonna watch her protests as we suck one another off. All the more when the slags don't know who the father is, there's good reason to kill them. These are our inspirational plans in such circumstances. It's not up for discussion.

Mikiton. Maybe she'd like Petro's sperm as sauce for the sparklers? Petro, over here. Nastyyukh, quit playing around you halfwit, have a feel of Petro's cock.

Nastya (*feels Petro's cock*). It's limp.

Petro. Careful! Broads don't give me a hard-on! (*Sharply steps out of reach*) I only get hard when I screw some fit guy up the ass. Or even better, when I screw horses. If you have no objection you could help me oblige. (*Lays his hand on Mikiton's shoulder*)

Garik. Not another dimwit pervert – one of our own bodyguards. Take your hands off Mikiton, Petro! Mikiton's not a fucking horse! I already let you oblige me up the ass once! After your altruistic cock fucked me up the ass I couldn't work for six months. Couldn't even walk. Had to lie on my stomach for six months. Lost twenty-five million bucks in earnings. Your obliging cock up my ass cost a fucking lot of money, Petro!!! If you're already fucking the horses in my stables, just carry on with it!!!

Mikiton. You could let him fuck that bitch Nastyyukha up the ass. Maybe that will finish her off, and we can peacefully suck one another off listening to the groans and death agony from his obliging murderous cock.

Petro. I can't get a hard-on from a broad's asshole either, boys – with any broad there's the stink of her cunt right next to the ass, let alone if she's jamragging. Fucking round with some stinking broad will knock me out like a light, give me a heart attack and it's curtains. I don't fucking want to die, I want to work as the general's bodyguard, earn those lovely bucks.

Mikiton. We can bung up her cunt with the silk tablecloth.

Petro. The tablecloth will fall out. I'd hammer that bitch's ass so any cloth would pop out. I'd rather not take the risk, lads. I want to live, for fuck's sake. I mean it, no kidding.

Mikiton. Maybe Petro could obligingly screw me up the ass, just for a while? Eh? I've been observing that magician's wand for ages, Garik. I have the right to risk my own anus, Garik, after all! Forgive me, Garik. You like everyone to take their turn. I respected that and I let you take your turn with Petro first.

Garik. You want to risk your one and only asshole with Petro, for fuck's sake, Mikintosh?! You've got a very narrow asshole! When I shove my millimetric cock tight up your ass you nearly die from the fucking pain and suffering. If Petro thrusts his equine tool inside you you've had it, you'll croak there and then, hell with no redress. Your vision of a frozen prick in the grave will come true. I remember, you had your eye on Petro last year – I told you all about Petro then. Has your frozen brain fucking forgotten?

Mikiton. What if we use vaseline?

Garik. You gone schizo, taking risks like that after a dose of fucking black sperm in the States? You won't die immediately, I guarantee you'll like on your stomach another five years. You'll squander your fucking millions. I can tell you straight, my comrade buddies nearly knocked me off the gas pipeline when I lay facedown for six months after Petro screwed me. Your bearish buddies from the taiga pipeline will soon bury you in your den. I already know what kind of safaris they have out there in the taiga snowscape – believe me, you can trust the heartfelt advice of your bender buddy.

Mikiton. Yeah, you're right of course, Garik. No reason to risk my asshole yet. But what about Nastyukha? Where can we get the sperm?

Garik. What to do. Don't know myself what to do with fucking Nastyukha. We could call the frozen sperm bank. They can get you any sperm you want in an hour, even Michael Jackson's. Costs a packet, though.

Nastya. I'll tell you straight, I throw up frozen sperm faster than Chanel.

Mikiton. At least the broad's honest, but what a quarrelsome little gourmet.

Garik. Let's try our luck on the streets – we can get any prick we want for a hundred bucks, a classy broad offering to do the business on our premises – they'll do it for free. Fountains of sperm here in no time.

Mikiton. Exactly where do we find streets in Rublyovka? Everyone here's a millionaire and a crook, for fuck's sake, they drive round in mercs like tanks. And later she'll spill the beans – the pederast oligarchs round here will gang up and get rid of me once and for all, make me swallow sparklers. She's bound to grass us up.

Nastya. Too right I'll grass you up, you assfucking alligator oligarchs.

Mikiton. There, you see, the slags are all fucking stool pigeons.

Garik. So what's our next move? What the fuck, Mikiton, let me suck your dick, just an ordinary blowjob. Without any background death agonies from this puking bitch who won't even eat sparklers and fucking die. I already had a suck on you. I want to be sucked off too.

Mikiton. Okay, okay. Just cool it, man. (*Sucks his cock*) Cock's still not getting hard.

Garik. Fuck, I really want to come. It's because that puked-up bitch Nastyona purposely played on our nerves and ruined our little get-together, instead of actually sincerely and honorably helping us out, even when she knows she'll be snuffed out anyway, spewing all over the lounge of our multi-million villa. Know what this parquet you puked on is made of, bitch? Karelian birch parquet you puked on, fucking gymnast!

Nastya. Look, you benders, you're still guys, after all – I got such a pretty smooth-shaven cunt, such a great cellulite-free ass. You were happy to fuck me before – let's do it again, I'm not asking money for it, and then as a special favor you can let me go. If you do I'll be ready and willing to come over and tenderly fuck you for free without getting knocked up, whenever you call. I'll get rid of the kid.

Mikiton. So she'll get rid of the kid. If you're a good girl you'll sit still and stop talking bullshit.

Garik. Know where you can fucking stuff your cunt and your cellulite-free ass, bitch?

Nastya. Where?

Garik. Up your fanny, you fucking bitch. The minute you leave here you'll snitch to the first cop in sight.

Nastya. Who's gonna believe me if I did?

Mikiton. Shut the fuck up, slut, quit the fucking bullshit. We're gonna finish you off, professional, once and for all. All the time we wasted on you, bitch.

Petro. Why not pick up a pneumatic and shoot the naked slut, like you did with Verka last week. She was groaning in death agony for three hours. Such terrific background music you had ten blowjobs each. I can blast her with the pistol if you want, same as last time.

Garik. Pretty sharp for a Ukrainian, but you know, Petro, repeating the same scenario is not so interesting. You'd shoot a broad who's one of your lot?

Petro. This is no proper Ukrainian broad. Phiz is typical Ryzan and the surname's Russian. Forgot to tell you, there was a funny scene yesterday with that Ukrainian cook from the mansion next door, Roma's place. He was out of salt. Came hammering on our gate. You were out. Asked for salt, can you imagine. Said he was fresh out of salt, on the Rublyovka, just imagine. I answered him in Russian. I says, there is no salt in this house, you Ukrainian git. But he goes on asking – who lives in this house, then? Without another word I clenched my right fist and gave his Ukrainian mug a neat Ukrainian jab, decked him with a broken jaw right there on your Rublyovkan Russian soil, that fucking Ukrainian skivvy with his dimwit idiot questions. No fucking difference if he's Ukrainian like me, he needed to understand that anyone who asks questions on Rublyovka – even a Ukrainian asking another Ukrainian – such as who lives in this or that dacha gets his face smashed in, minimum, he's really asking to be snuffed out there and then. When the ambulance took him away your neighbor Roma comes out and gives me a grand for teaching that fuckwit Ukrainian cook the Rublyovka code of practice. So you see, I can shoot a Ukrainian broad with a Russian surname minus any superfluous nervous excitement. No sweat.

Garik. We don't need you to shoot any more broads, Petro, with or without remorse. Just go on calmly fucking my mares in the stables to your heart's content – you have my permission – go on fucking them without any superfluous nervous excitement.

Mikiton. And go on flattening the neighbor's cooks' faces for their edification.

Nastya. Maybe you could suck Petro's prick – when his sperm spurts on the diamonds I can swallow them.

Garik. That's a fucking amicable idea.

Mikiton. Might be the solution.

Nastya. Saying that wasn't in my best interests, what a silly girl I am. Hey guys, maybe it was such a brilliant idea you won't finally kill me?

Garik. Killing is always final, sweetie. We don't fucking need your idea if we don't fucking kill you. You gotta see the logic there, for fuck's sake. You've got brains in your head, huh? You got top grades at school?

Nastya. I got top grades for everything at school. Always sat at the front desk. I take my idea back, then, you fucking fruits. I wanna leave this class of fucking louts!!!

Mikiton. What bull she's talking! Who's gonna give you the idea back? You're a naïve fucking idiot, even if you did well at school. Fucking crap grades!! We'll give you two out of ten and zero for your cunt that couldn't even land on a



needle without drawing blood. We have to kill you as punishment. Get my drift? Quits!!!

Garik. Except, I repeat, we could slit your throat in three and a half instead of four hours' time so you don't suffer long – or we can ask Petro to smash your head in with something heavy.

Petro. Of course, so she doesn't suffer I can fucking punch her head in, finish the slag off good and proper, if you require.

Nastya. Have you no pity?

Garik. That's the problem, fuckwit, we feel sorry for you. We used to be sincere and principled killers, for fuck's sake. But now we're even happier because we're sorry for you, in the best possible way. You see that from the way we talk to you, with such sincerity and understanding.

Nastya. You're being very mean, and hurtful.

Mikiton. We understand, but that's why we're happy, because it's mean and hurtful. The moralistic fuckwit has a tongue in her head after all. Comes out with real fucking scholarly mean words. Stop blathering, for fuck's sake! Come on, Petro, open your flies and take out your cock, drop your pants if you want. Pump us some sperm. We already wasted too much time, time is money.

*(Petro takes his very large cock from his flies, masturbates)*

Fuck, Petro's cock really is fit for a horse, whatever way you look at it. Quite fucking scary. If you took that cock in your mouth it'd come out your ass gasping for oxygen.

Garik. I already told you, Miki, my elite bodyguard's got a fucking King-Kong-size Cyclops.

Mikiton. Makes you want that elite bodyguard cock up your ass. Eh?

Garik. I know you want it up your ass. I already fucking felt it up my ass! How many times do I have to tell you!!!

Nastya. I want Petro's elite cock, too!!! Just for a moment, before I die. Can't I just touch the knob?!

Petro. No fucking chance! No broad touches my prick, for fuck's sake, specially the knob!!!

Nastya. But I want to!!! I'm full of life while I'm still alive! *(Manages to grab Petro's cock by the knob)*

Petro. A-a-a-a! I told you, no broad touches my prick, fuck, and specially the knob... That's my life... and death... *(Falls, dies)*

Mikiton. Shit, that indestructible slag has fucking killed him... What have you done, you bitch?! She's felled our King Kong, bodyguard commander-in-chief... Killed him...

Nastya. I gently touched his knob, that's all. On my word of honor.

Garik. You gently touched his knob? So why's he lying there, why's he stopped breathing?

Nastya *(bends over Petro's chest, listens)*. You're right, his lungs aren't breathing. His nose and mouth aren't breathing, either.

Mikiton. His lungs aren't breathing and so his nose and mouth aren't breathing... The bitch has an interesting way of putting it, fucking slag logic. Her gentle little fingers grabbed Petro by the knob of his mighty cock, for fuck's sake! This is outrageous, only a woman could do this!

Garik. Nobody could have thrashed my Petro, for fuck's sake, he fucked every one of us on Rublyovka, for fuck's sake. He fucked my thoroughbred racehorses and after they'd been fucked by Petro they won millions, at all the fucking State-organized Hippodrome races. This bitch with her manicured fingers touches the knob of his cock and sends him to a cold death, for fuck's sake. Know what we should do with you now, bitch? Make mincemeat of you – mincemeat!!! For cutlets!!! And feed the cutlets to the dogs down the trash heap. We'll put you in the mincing machine and chop you up slowly like firewood – millimeter an hour – beginning with the gentle fucking fingers on your gentle fucking mitts. Know how much that Petro from Koktebel cost me, bitch?!!

Nastya. I didn't want to do it, didn't know what I was doing! I'm really, really sorry. Forgive me.

Garik. She didn't want to. You wanted him very much, bitch!!! After that even mincing is too fucking kind. I want that fucking bitch annihilated from the face of the earth, Miki.

Mikiton. Got any hydrochloric acid left? We can dissolve her – remember, like those five big-schnozz wheeler-dealer bumboys from down south. Fuck, we got ten-dollar notes for each of them at the youthful dawn of our killing career.

Garik. Yeah, used to play around with vats of acid. Penniless killers we were in those days. For what she's done the whore should be drowned alive in a cesspool, ten meters of shit.

Mikiton. You got a cesspool ten meters deep at your dacha?

Garik. Nah, 'fraid not. This is a decent dacha – twenty million bucks' worth. No cesspool here. Proper city-standard sanitary engineering.

Nastya. Soon I'll hang myself listening to your cesspool trash-heap chatter, for fuck's sake. Came to Rublyovka for an honorable fuck to spin a few bucks, a high-grade cutie with her own private business, 'though it was your ass-bandit lifestyle made me a hooker. First you shove me on a steel needle, now you make me eat diamonds. Know what, your elite Petro's beginning to stink like a corpse.

Mikiton. Yeah – he already smells bad.

Garik. Probably due to his strange fucking Koktebel constitution – fucking followed by refined beachside relaxation, at the worst zapping a few guys with his revolver. He fucked horses, fucked guys fucking half-dead. Now he falls down dead after some fucking top-grader hooker slaughtered him with her manicured talons. She slaughtered my chief bodyguard, the bitch. He kept us safe from all those fucking bandits. Liquidated them all without a murmur, a master of his art. A huge meaty guy and she zaps him with her delicate miniature bony claws. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I'd never fucking believe it.

Nastya. Take me on instead, I can be your bodyguard. Zap them all with my bony claws, grab their knobs through their pants.

Mikiton. You could only fucking zap Petro, bitch, with your claws on his naked knob! Shut the fuck up! I'll fucking thrash you now!

Nastya. But nobody can fucking thrash YOU, can they!!! *(In one fell swoop she snaps the steel handcuff, snatches the open razor from Garik, grabs Mikiton's penis through his pants, tears off his penis and balls)* When it comes to lowlife assfuckers like you that's how quick I can rip it off, cock and bullshitting balls in one move!

Mikiton. Give my cock back, bitch!

Nastya. Choke on your own fucking cock – only don't bother puking your bloody snivel on the parquet, you stinking bumboy! (*Thrusts his penis and balls at him*) And don't spatter your bloody torn-off parts all over the parquet.

Mikiton. No!!! No more blow... My... pipeline... (*Falls, dies*)

Garik. Fuck, I don't fucking believe this. (*Holds his crotch like a soccer player*)

Nastya. How d'you like it? I can break off your gas-and-air pipe peter, too. You thought you were getting off, all that sado screwing or whatever you do. You naïve little bender, Garik. Where's your Miki-prickysucker now? Snuffed it, and his prick too. What you gonna do now – suck off with him?

Garik. No need to snap my gas-and-air pipe peter, Nastenka! How could you dismember him, rip off his cock and his balls in one, deft as a juggler, with such miniature bony fairy-tale fingers? I've got another natural gas pipe for you, Nastenka. Or we can divert Mikiton's pipeline straight into your future banks. What do you prefer?

Nastya. I want everything, right now.

Garik. Well... if you say so. Whatever a woman wants is the law of the universe. If you disobey you're eating shit.

Nastya. Primitive dying words, but tender and inspiring. That assfucker Garik is in the shit now.

Garik. Where did you learn such an advanced and scarcely primitive skill – ripping off cocks and balls in one? You're a gymnast, a splits specialist.

Nastya. I'm a Shito-ryu karate splits specialist, Garik. In karate splits are the most spectacular move.

Garik. You never told us you did Shito-ryu karate.

Nastya. You never asked. When I did the splits naked in front of you three months ago you immediately said 'Cool, what a gymnast!'. You liked me and you paid me too, so I went along with it – I used to be a gymnast back home, splits world champion. I didn't lie to you. I'm an honest broad. I offer gentle, honest sex for money. My cunt is cute, peachy and even, and my sexy splits are pure gold.

Garik. With a cellulite-free butt.

Nastya. You got it, Garik. So I took whatever my gold-and-diamond cunt was worth.

Garik. But in all honesty, and you want us to be honest, you can earn more by snatching off cocks and balls. Let's work as partners now, Nastenka. We'll make mincemeat of all the Courchevel and Rublyovka oligarch alligators – in partnership, for fuck's sake. Then you and I will be the only oligarchs left.

Nastya. You and I are already working as a duo – what's up, Garik, you devious doomed oligarch bum, getting confused as you stare death in the face? I'm making oligarch bucks with you now, like a horsewoman riding your back. Write this contract before I break your arm. I've taken pity on you. Write that half your propane butane gas pipeline is mine now. No, better if your entire pipeline becomes mine after your imminent suicide. Where's your safe?

Garik. Over there.

Nastya. Got the company stamp and some cash in there?

Garik. Yep.

Nastya. That the key hanging round your neck?

Garik. Yeah.

Nastya (*tears the key from his neck, opens the safe*). Fucking medieval. Wears the fucking keys round his neck. Noticed that last time. Oh yeah, and the readies. How much is in there?

Garik. It's all yours. Four million bucks.

Nastya. How many lives do I live to get through that? Don't waste time – write the document and I'll put the stamp next to your fucking signature, there for all to see.

Garik. What document, what do I write? You can't just write a financial legal document by hand, sweetie – you'll find it's not so simple when I'm no longer here and you go see a solicitor.

Nastya. I'm a solicitor myself, Garik! I do love that intellectual-sounding word 'Solicitor'. Really gives me the hots. I'd much rather go fuck a guy called Solicitor than one called Oligarch. Go on, write, that's all that matters, I'll work out what to do with the signed papers later. Which john to flush them down.

(*Kicks Garik*) Write the document, scumbag!

Garik. I'm fucking writing. Write what?

Nastya. Write: I, Garik such-and-such bequeath all my property after my death to Nastya Shokoladnaya.

Garik. But if you kill me you'll get fuck all, this is incriminating evidence.

Nastya. Uh huh – thanks for the advice – then write this: I, Garik such-and-such, am committing suicide by swallowing all my diamonds after murdering Mikiton and Petro.

Garik. I'm not going to swallow diamonds.

Nastya. If you don't I'll rip off your dick. You'll die quickly but much more painfully. If you swallow the diamonds I'll slash your throat with the razor right away – same as you planned for me. Apart from anything else I can't stay here any longer with stinking stiffs growing cold all round me and ripped-off dicks all over the lounge. I'll throw up again soon.

Garik. Okay, Nastyukh. But look here, I've really grown to love and respect you, Nastyukh. Shit, you simply deserve to get all my innumerable material gaspipe shit for fucking free!!! I don't want to die!!! Aren't you sorry for me, Nastenka?

Nastya. I'll be pleasantly sorry to kill you, you assfucking killer. Go on, write, bastard. Otherwise you'll have to die in a very painful and primitive way. You don't want that.

Garik. I agree to live in a very painful way.

Nastya. Write, you cocksucking fag: I, Garik such-and-such, admittedly I've gone a bit fucking crazy, but in full sound potency and mind I am taking my own life after murdering Mikiton my friend and Petro my bodyguard by swallowing all my fucking diamonds.

Garik. You want me to write the obscenities too?

Nastya. The obscenities too. After all, you're a complete fucking cocksucking killer. Keep on writing: I bequeath all my property to Nastya Shokoladnaya and our future daughter Vasilisochka. And sign it.

Garik. Signed it. Here you are. (*Gives her the paper*)

Nastya. Excellent. And the company stamp. (*Stamps the paper*) Now let's get down to business – swallow the diamonds, then I can carry all the bodies out in one go. Two fistfuls at once and gulp them down.

Garik. Well at least you could rinse them first. You spewed all over them.

Nastya. Swallow them and swallow the sick too, assfucker! (*Grabs his crotch*) Or I'll rip off your cock. Wash them down with whisky – you can do it. I

swallowed them. (*She thrusts several handfuls of diamonds from the bucket Petro used to clean up the vomit into his mouth, gives him whisky to wash them down*) There you are. You did it. Now slash yourself with the razor, makes me feel sick with bodies all over the place. I've still got to carry out these heavy bags with the four million dollars. (*Stops to think – should she give him the open razor or not?*)

Garik. It really fucking hurts, Nastyukha. A-a-a. (*Chokes and pukes up all the diamonds*) Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Didn't work. Must have the same constitution, sweetie, you and I. Maybe we can live together and bring up your future daughter Vasilisochka as a couple? I'll fucking do everything I can for my future daughter, and for you too.

Nastya. You already did everything you fucking could for me, you monster. Both good and bad. Whichever you did most I can work out on my own for the rest of my life. With you still here my head's spinning. Even if you really loved me instead of lurking half an hour in the yard, then bashing my head open with something heavy. You can't fool me. Relax. Accept death as a pleasant delivery from your life, which is no fucking use to anyone! (*Kicks him in the solar plexus, sets fire to the document he just wrote in front of his face*)

Garik (*gasping*) Why the fuck did you make me write that document?

Nastya. It wasn't me that had to pass a written death sentence. You did it yourself – by your own hand.

Garik. What do you mean, a death sentence written by my own hand?

Nastya. The fact that you, Garik, were a cocksucker and fuckwit all your life. I don't fucking need your pipelines when I've got four million bucks cash right here. What a fuckwit you are, Garik. And for the fact that like Mikiton you, Garik, wanted me dead, showed no pity for me. Fucking scumbag!!! (*Kicks him in the head and the blow breaks his neck, Garik dies*)

These oligarchs, running all over the place, swaggering about! Half-assed alligators. Planned to snuff a girl out for her high-grade blowjobs. They're not oligarchs, they're fucking shitassed puking bloody sniveling bums! Fuck, I'm aching all over. Got to lump these bucks home, all by myself. Brought the car, at least. No fucking guys here to help a poor girl carry this heavy weight. No real men anywhere. You end up becoming a real man yourself and loving yourself for that. Then there's that fucking narcissistic male split personality they can only cure with lovelies in the Caribbean. Fucking cocksuckers. (*Plucks a hair from Garik's head, then from Maketon and Petro, chanting*) Chop!!! Chop!!! Chop!!! (*Then she cuts each hair in two with the open razor, one by one, like a true karateka.*)

*Pensively gazes round the lounge, puts on a Leonard Cohen song. Pours whisky on the parquet and sets the lounge on fire with a cigarette lighter... hauls the bags containing millions of dollars offstage).*