

APPLE AND PINEAPPLE

Dietary Comedy in 4 Acts

Characters:

Aple

Vlad

Pavel

Pasha

ACT ONE

Scene One at the Salon

Then Aple decided to wash her hair

APLE. Your hands are so gentle. A pleasure. Why do men have so tender hands?

VLAD. They are afraid to cause pain. That's why finger-tips always touch carefully. Almost slip...

APLE. Do slip once more.

VLAD. Here?

APLE. Yes. Now upper. Good. What a pleasure it is, when you are washing hair. And now back of the head. That's right.

VLAD. Do you feel excited?

APLE. A little bit. But it's absolutely not what you are thinking about.

VLAD. What are you thinking about?

APLE. Whether can my finger-tips make a certain man fall in love with me? Or at least draw his attention to me? Or at any rate help him to find his new tenderness, so that this discovery would distort his idea of caress.

VLAD. Then you will have to practice a lot.

APLE. Didn't understand.

VLAD. The connection with a client is not just flirtation, it is a real mastery.

APLE. Is this more difficult than practice kung fu?

VLAD. I cannot practice kung fu, but I can hold many clients. My hands knew a lot of them at numerous beauty salons. I trained my skills and temptation with them. I learned every movement, every gesture to within a millimeter.

APLE. Did you achieve what you had wanted?

VLAD. Yes. Now I can with closed eyes drive a client to happy despair, if they are ready to stay in the chair till the next morning on condition that I will wash their hair without end. But they won't say that and therefore they feel desperate. But either of us knows that we want to repeat that moment next time. That's why first-rate hair-dressers and sensitive clients always establish between them touching intimate connections.

APLE. With everyone at once?

VLAD. Of course! But a client should think that only he or she is so individual, that only his or her body fits my hands, that only to him or her I can bring happiness. And I play into his or her hand, promise that I have never had and will never have such an only and wonderful one.

APLE. But our clients understand that they are not the only ones.

VLAD. Of course. But we persuade them that all the rest are so-so, no good. But he or she is interesting, delicate, and witty. We are always happy to see only him or only her. We even miss them if they don't come for a long time. I've finished. We need to wash it off.

APLE. No, do it a little bit more. Near ears.

VLAD. Ok.

APLE. How do you find that exactly at this part of head there is the verge of pleasure?

VLAD. By touch. My fingers go warmer, and then burn stronger, while a client's body replies with reciprocity. It trembles, but so barely perceptible, that only ears of fingers can decipher its whisper.

APLE. Did you unriddle at least one?

VLAD. Water drowned it, but I have guessed.

APLE. Teach me to read the thoughts of hair.

VLAD. Tell me what is better, a book or emotions that it evokes?

APLE. Better is the second one.

VLAD. Then hair is not so important, as well as scent too. But the scent can be stolen by the wind, and remembrance will stay. Hard rain washes out bright features of remembrance, and sorrow stays. Though during a big holiday you will forget it, when like a child begin to laugh aloud, but frequent laughing causes tears that instantly dry up.

APLE. I understood. The main point is instant flares between two persons.

VLAD. Superfast emotions between two organs! To catch it, you should be quicker than human's thought. One short delay can ruin all flesh for half a year ahead.

APLE. It means it cannot be restored.

VLAD. Have you fallen in love, baby?

APLE. I never fall in love, but I am always in love.

VLAD. With whom this time?

APLE. With eyes. I have seen them in a mirror, when I was standing behind him and going to trim his fringe. For the first time I have been embarrassed by the look of dark eyes. They were carefully watching my hands. I have felt ill at ease. I have finally lost myself in his curls. And he has realized his power and asked if I could render my service at home. I have agreed.

VLAD. You were very quick.

APLE. I was impetuous. My "yes" was ahead of my "no". I didn't understand what I was doing but I knew that I wanted it.

VLAD. So, when are you going to render your first service?

APLE. Today after the shift.

VLAD. Congratulations. Send my regards to dark eyes. Even though I'd rather not trust them. . Dark ones can ruin blue ones. They are always stronger, because dark eyes take the light, and can take you. That's all. Enough to wash hair, go to dry it.

APLE. So it's always.

VLAD. Would be nice if your evening client repeated these words today. However what will you say to Pasha?

APLE. Nothing.

VLAD. Really, why he should be told.

APLE. Besides, I have never vowed love to Pasha.

VLAD. Neither did he.

APLE. That means...

VLAD. ...you have no bans...

APLE. ... of new emotions.

VLAD. New? Is there still anything you don't know in this life?

APLE. It seems that I know everything but every time I am so nice surprised. I strongly screw up my eyes, then open them and become so much surprised!

VLAD. True?

APLE. Even how!

VLAD. So, you are a loose woman?

APLE. I am not loose. I am just very friendly.

VLAD. And, perhaps, very curious.

APLE. Perhaps.

VLAD. Do you want a couple of precepts?

APLE. Would do even more.

VLAD. A couple will be enough for you. First, refuse dinner tonight. Secondly, refuse sex tonight too.

APLE. Such rules I know too. But how can you refuse what you love and wish?

VLAD. Stand, baby, for a while.

APLE. Well, meal can be refused. I will eat on the way.

VLAD. I have no doubts.

APLE. But what will a man think of a woman, who refuses him?

VLAD. Only that she wishes him very much.

Scene One at the Client

Then Aple decided to refuse.

APLE. I am not hungry.

PAVEL. Neither am I.

APLE. Well then, will you turn to the matter straight away?

PAVEL. Shall we first become really acquainted? Pavel.

APLE. Are you? Nice you are not Pasha.

PAVEL. What's the difference?

APLE. A big one. Pavel is Pavel. While Pasha is Pasha.

PAVEL. Got it. And what's your name?

APLE. Aple. With one letter "p".

PAVEL. What's happened to the second one?

APLE. I have parted with him. It was difficult, but I needed to change something in my life. I've got a new name.

PAVEL. How did a double "p" impede your life?

APLE. Well, it didn't impede at all. Simply at work, when I don't have work, I read newspapers. But especially I like reading obituary column.

PAVEL. Interested why?

APLE. Are you really interested?

PAVEL. Yes.

APLE. Then listen. People read newspapers in different cities, and all of a sudden they may find that somewhere an unknown person has died. They have never seen him or her; will never come to his or her home, but for a moment they realize that someone on the Earth Planet has already passed away. They will forget everything soon, will do their work, but the newspapers with the names of the deceased will long turn yellow and get dusty at libraries afterwards.

PAVEL. It is even trustier than a grave-stone.

APLE. Indeed. A grave-stone is one, while newspaper circulation is huge.

PAVEL. Stones disappear, while papers are kept.

APLE. Right. Thus, one day I have read that a person of the same surname as mine died in our city. And even the name of her father was the same, and the age was the same. Do you imagine my feeling after reading these words? Horrible. The feeling that I wasn't alive anymore and nobody could see me. As if I was a ghost. Then I got angered with her impudence. Did she have any right to be named so? Then I thought: who were we – the people with the same names? Could we be blood relatives or simply twin souls? Well, but not without reason we were so...equal. On the Internet I found out that in the world there was more than twelve thousand of such as me, from three-month-old to eighty-year-old. Exactly then I decided to change my life so that my fate wouldn't be connected to anyone and I would never again die on newspaper pages. I became the unique in the world, only by throwing away the letter "p".

PAVEL. Nice to meet you, Aple with one "p".

APLE. Pavel, shall we move to more close terms?

PAVEL. What for?

APLE. We are of the same age. It's simpler. It binds.

PAVEL. I prefer not. And for now we have only business relations.

APLE. Only for now?

PAVEL. For now.

APLE. And what will be after?

PAVEL. Everything depends on you.

APLE. Let me set your hair.

PAVEL. Where?

APLE. How to say? On the head.

PAVEL. Well. Do me a thoughtless, or more precisely, careless set.

APLE. Flying?

PAVEL. Possibly.

APLE. Your hair is very thin. You are going bald. You've got five years more.

PAVEL. To select a wig?

APLE. To marry.

PAVEL. Maybe, better a wig?

APLE. Better a short hair-cut or a bare scull. That will be stylish. I don't like when a man hides his faults. Better that his bald head will be proud and pert.

PAVEL. For five years I will think out something, but you, Aple, can spoil the mood.

APLE. That was just a professional recommendation. And what for do you need hair-set before bed?

PAVEL. To sleep beautifully. Careful! Here is my erogenous zone.

APLE. Sorry.

PAVEL. It's so sad, Aple, that you are not slim.

APLE. What's the difference for you?

PAVEL. I would love you so much, if you were slimmer. I would carry you on my hands, sit you on my knees and call you my girl, lass, lassie. But why is everything not so? You are clever, bright, nice, but only for me it is too much of you.

APLE. You don't like me, do you?

PAVEL. I do, and I don't. But if you are so big, do a big deed, Aple: get thin for me.

APLE. Thus nobody has seduced me before.

PAVEL. It turned out so.

APLE. What for did you invite me?

PAVEL. I invited you to do me an ordinary hair-set, but now I ask you for much more. But comparing to you is it really so much?

APLE. Do you think that I will get thin because of such client as you?

PAVEL. No, I don't, but really want that once a week a thin girl would visit me.

APLE. But if I wouldn't agree?

PAVEL. I will search again.

APLE. So, were you looking for me?

PAVEL. Yes. Is it pleasant for you to hear that?

APLE. It is, and it isn't. You are pleasing me and making me sorrow. You are disturbing me and making me cool. You understand, as if we both are two wild migrating birds but of different species. We feel good when singing on the same field, but we have different set of chromosome. We will never be able to breed; we will only be able to imitate sex.

PAVEL. I was right about you. I need you.

APLE. To sleep beautifully?

PAVEL. And for this too.

APLE. Too little somehow.

PAVEL. I will add later.

APLE. I'll think about it.

PAVEL. Think, Aple, think. And get thin. You will become then so light. And your thoughts, wishes will become light, semi-transparent, like our relationship.

APLE. What for is this all for me?

PAVEL. It's more interesting to live so, isn't it?

APLE. I am always interested to live. I've finished with hair-set. May I go?

PAVEL. Yes, you may.

APLE. When will you need me next time?

PAVEL. In a week. I will look forward and hope on reciprocity of our thoughts.

APLE. It'll be difficult for me.

PAVEL. I believe in you, Aple.

APLE. Good bye, Pavel.

PAVEL. Good bye, sweetheart.

Scene One as a Guest

Then Aple decided to get thin

APLE. I am too fat.

PASHA. Do you want to eat anything?

APLE. I don't want to eat; I want to know whether I am too fat?

PASHA. Where exactly?

APLE. Everywhere.

PASHA. Aided eye cannot see it.

APLE. It is bad. I became so big, that intermingle with full moon.

PASHA. On the other hand, I don't need telescope to see you.

APLE. Pasha, Pasha. Even the sun has spots.

PASHA. Does it? You are in a bad temper. Do you want me to do you a sandwich?

APLE. Yes, do. No. Don't. Though. No. All right, do. But I've decided it to be enough! I need nothing. I don't eat before sleep.

PASHA. Since when?

APLE. Since today. I have begun to pant today. I need to get thin.

PASHA. What for?

APLE. To become lighter than air. To be carried by wind. To fly far away. To be alone. To see nobody...

PASHA. Let's make love.

APLE. I don't make love before sleep.

PASHA. Really?

APLE. Yes. After six o'clock I will neither eat nor make love.

PASHA. Oh, how frightful. Something needs to be done. You need to be rescued.

APLE. Rescue me, Pasha. Please.

PASHA. But I love you to be so full, full with life, happiness, sexual energy. But what if you begin to loose everything together with calories? Everything that I love in you so much.

APLE. Possible. Everything is possible. But I have to refuse pleasures for a while. I've thought out! Do you remember how you used to eat bread before? You have never liked it but you crumbled it, crumpled it in your hands, and then moulded various fancy animals.

PASHA. And of the last crumbles I used to make a rose and give it to you. But you always rejected my flowers.

APLE. It made me very angry, I lost my appetite. Pasha, give me flowers more often. Let them be of bread-crumbs, I will stop eating then.

PASHA. No. You may not. There are food-stuffs in the world that can be eaten with no limit and never will add to your weight. And there are poses and movements in sex that can make you melt.

APPLE. The poses we will discuss next time. So, what food have you been talking about?

PASHA. For example, soup. If to eat only soups...

APPLE. Pasha, I won't be able to eat soups at work. First, there is no possibility to warm them over. Secondly, I won't be able to clatter a spoon against glass sides of a jar, as a bell ringer, when everyone is present. Why, I don't need to scatter a devil, I need to split my fat.

PASHA. Well, soups...

APPLE. Soups are ... thin and fine.

PASHA. Well, dear. Let's turn to eggs. Eggs are very strange creations with their own special secret. They need to be boiled for eleven minutes.

APPLE. Eggs won't do.

PASHA. Why?

APPLE. Because I will constantly think about eggs what I don't want. I won't be then able to concentrate on myself.

PASHA. That's true. For that, one needs a great will-power. What's about grapefruit?

APPLE. What a word. Unsexual.

PASHA. Oho! Instead this unsexual grapefruit has unsexual naringin, which burns unsexual fat.

APPLE. But it is also so bitter, abominable, smells like petrol.

PASHA. It's not true. It doesn't smell so.

APPLE. So it smells for me.

PASHA. You are so tedious!

APPLE. Such as I am.

PASHA. And what will you, girl, such as you are, say about bromelain?

APPLE. What is this?

PASHA. Oh! Bromelain is a magical ferment which destroys protein and "suppresses" the feeling of hunger. Pineapple has it.

APPLE. I like pineapple.

PASHA. There you are. Except for that, pineapple has also enzyme.

APPLE. How nice it sounds! Bromelain and enzyme. Enzyme and bromelain. Like at the Cathedral. Enzyme, will you take bromelain to be your wife?

PASHA. I will.

APPLE. Will you, bromelain, take enzyme to be your husband?

PASHA. Yes.

APPLE. I declare you to be wife and husband. Pasha, there is no need to kiss.

PASHA. As a sign of eternal love.

APPLE. Ok. One time on a right hand.

PASHA. Strange. It smells so unfamiliar.

APPLE. I've got a new client.

PASHA. He has an exquisite scent.

APPLE. Fine that not "spoilt".

PASHA. Do you have any suspicion?

APPLE. No, no. Everything is pretty proper.

PASHA. Take care of yourself.

APPLE. Definitely.

PASHA. Well, since we have selected you food allowance for dieting, why should we not proceed to physical exercises for this high purpose?

APPLE. Is sex really so important in life?

PASHA. Very important. Except for first and last twelve years of life.

APPLE. And how about lofty topics, philosophical matters?

PASHA. But I everyday solve philosophical matters.

APPLE. Which ones?

PAVEL. All the time, I wonder what primer is, flesh or soul, voluptuousness or love?

APPLE. Professor, it's already late. And I still need to super-market to get bromelain, while you need to solve your great philosophical matter.

PASHA. Don't you really want to stay?

APPLE. But you know I like to sleep alone.

PASHA. I know.

APPLE. Then don't hold me back.

PASHA. I don't hold.

APPLE. Bye.

PASHA. Aha.

Scene One at Home

Then Aple came back home with a total set of means for a new way of life.

From her packs she was taking out pineapples fresh, tinned and in the form of sugar-free juice. It seemed for Aple that day to be her birthday, and all guests were presenting her only with multicoloured pineapples. In a burst of joy Aple was cutting pineapples in circles, cubes, hearts, richly pouring them with their own juice and solemnly devouring them. Long time since she was so happy.

Only one disturbing thought was clouding her childlike holiday: yet she might have bought not enough of pineapple. That's why the final pieces were especially pleasant. Fruit flesh was digesting and giving a birth to new inexplicable woman feelings.

Then Aple felt a new taste.

ACT TWO

Scene Two at the Salon

Then Aple got tired to work.

APPLE. How tired I am with everything. Look at these clients. For all that, what freaks they are! But so desiring to be beautiful. What for do they need expensive hair-dress? For two hours I have been standing above them, exhausting my hands-legs, while they today will get drunk at a feast, and tomorrow morning, when get up, will ruin their hair-dress and go outside to frighten the dogs. Freaks!

VLAD. Don't get angry, babe. Even freaks have private life.

APPLE. I wonder, what a freak-man feels when makes sex with a freak-woman.

VLAD. So, imagine.

APPLE. I imagine. So, here lives an ugly person. Very ugly. But he can feel and appreciate all the beauty of sun-set; he lives through glossy magazines, admires a green moss of tumbledown churches and for a long time has been dreaming to give a kiss to the most beautiful girl from the house next door. So, why, taking into account all this, will he marry an abominable dona? Doesn't he see that she is terribly abominable, but he declares his love, strokes her body and achieves an orgasm? But next day on the bus he will meet the beauty from the house next door and want again to give her a kiss. Is this not unfair?

VLAD. And do you think he would be happier when married to a beautiful neighbor?

APPLE. I don't know.

VLAD. So, you see.

APLE. But what should we do?

VLAD. Nothing. We will never be able to learn who will give us happiness: people the same as us or entirely different. Therefore freaks-men get married with freaks-women, brunets with blondes, tall ones with tall ones, dark-eyed with blue-eyed ones...

APLE. Slim ones with slim ones.

VLAD. And vice versa.

APLE. But all indexes have no meaning.

VLAD. Right. So, I think that I would be really happy with only one person on the earth. With a clone.

APLE. With whom?

VLAD. With my clone. We would excellently get on. We would have common thoughts, hobby, habits, and wishes. We wouldn't be bored on holiday and in the evenings. We would have interesting talks. We would know everything about each other, but that would not depress us in the course of time. We would be surprisingly identical. How nice we would feel either in bed or one by one!

APLE. I so much want to cry of your words, but can't do even that.

VLAD. What's up with you, child?

APLE. I feel bad. Very bad. I spent all money on pineapple, I eat only pineapple, I loose my weight because of pineapple, but I begin to feel pain and fear. Is this all because of pineapple?

VLAD. Definitely not. This is all because of him.

APLE. Are you sure that this is because of him?

VLAD. What do you feel now?

APLE. I feel he destroys me. He wants me to be his clone. First we will weigh equally, then I will buy dark lenses, in five years we will be both bald, then I will change my gender, and we will be very happy! What a horror...

VLAD. Let's kill him.

APLE. What? Did I mishear you or am I going mad?

VLAD. That I said. If you are not satisfied with a person, then imagine that you've killed him, or that he's got in trolleybus accident. Shut your eyes. You are approaching his body. Now consider whether you feel better when he is no more.

APLE. No.

VLAD. Then let him live.

APLE. Let. And you provided to be so blood-thirsty.

VLAD. These are costs of our profession. Do your hands sometimes grow weaker, when you are afraid to hurt a client? When you are sorely afraid to cut a piece of his ear with scissors or suddenly to cut his throat with a straight razor?

APLE. It happens.

VLAD. Or does it occur to you that you are longing to lash him against his face with something sharp?

APLE. Especially today. Just what I want.

VLAD. So is our work.

APLE. Very nervous.

VLAD. I dream to write a detective novel about our work.

APLE. Do you?

VLAD. Yes, I do. Now it's in fashion to write something. I think, every man who has respect for himself, especially a woman, should write at least one detective. I will write about a serial killer – a hair-dresser, who kills his clients at their home.

APLE. Then he will loose his extra pay.

VLAD. Will get a pleasure instead and somewhat of a victim's private belongings.

APLE. How you've woven the plot. Intricate.

VLAD. Yes. He kills only men, and do you know how?

APPLE. How?

VLAD. He tells them that in their ears there grows thick and disgusting hair.

APPLE. No!

PAVEL. Yes! They ask him to clear it away. The killer begins to crop it with sharp long scissors, and then abruptly and deep gets into ear with scissors. There comes a momentary deafness, and then death!

APPLE. Fine.

VLAD. Admittedly, an investigator will however wonder why all the dead have similar haircut, and then will find traces of the hair-dresser.

APPLE. But why do they have similar haircut?

VLAD. Because commonly all our clients have complexes and no taste. But they always know what suits them and what doesn't.

APPLE. Though in fact it has nothing of the kind.

VLAD. We know that, but our clients, certainly, don't. Therefore my character created his best haircuts on the dead. What masterpieces there were! But only pathologists with sense of taste and the investigator could estimate that. At the end of the novel, he even asks the killer to do him a haircut.

APPLE. Does he agree?

VLAD. Yes. That is his last and most perfect haircut in life. In denouement the hairdresser is sentenced to death, and the investigator wins beauty contest.

APPLE. How touchingly. But I feel somehow sick.

VLAD. What's the matter, babe?

APPLE. My diet. However, how do I look?

VLAD. If Barbie doll saw you now, she would die of jealousy.

APPLE. All dolls are so silly.

VLAD. Don't worry, babe. You've just had too much of pineapple, while organism always wants something else. That's why today you either rape your Pavel, or don't eat pineapple anymore.

APPLE. Or better both.

VLAD. To be sure!

APPLE. Wish me better something pleasant.

VLAD. God grant you health and easy delivery.

APPLE. A woman's great thanks.

VLAD. A man's little welcome.

Scene Two at the Client

Then Aple became tired of getting thin.

APPLE. A week has passed. Do you need me?

PAVEL. Come in.

APPLE. What do you wish today?

PAVEL. Shall we come to "closer terms"?

APPLE. No. Only business relations will satisfy me.

PAVEL. But I just wanted you to take a rest today, not to do anything to me. We would sit, look long at each other, not taking our eyes off each other; and if the eyes got tired, we would have nice and happy chat at supper.

APPLE. Don't you want me to get thin any more?

PAVEL. I do.

APPLE. Then which supper are you talking about?

PAVEL. About mine. I will eat and you will talk.

APLE. I'm fed up with talks. Let me quickly render my service and go. I am very tired.

PAVEL. Aple with one "p".

APLE. What?

PAVEL. Do you really believe that you've come here today to work?

APLE. No.

PAVEL. Then what for are all these words?

APLE. For that I want to hear from you how well I look, how fresh I am, how slim I became....

PAVEL. You look well, you are fresh, and you became slim. What else do you want to hear?

APLE. That I became light in weight and you feel light in heart...

PAVEL. You became light in weight and I feel light in heart. What else?

APLE. That you waited me and missed...

PAVEL. I waited you and missed. What else, Aple?

APLE. How hard I feel today. Before I've met only Pasha. I felt easy and clear with them. Before I've never met Pavel. And now I've met one. How hard I feel with you, Pavel! Unbearably hard.

Why do you undermine me, Pavel?

PAVEL. Why did you take a diet, Aple?

APLE. So said you.

PAVEL. Why did you take a diet?

APLE. To grow thin.

PAVEL. Why did you take a diet?

APLE. I can't say.

PAVEL. Why? Because you don't have anything to say or because you are ashamed to say?

APLE. Because I am ashamed.

PAVEL. Go home, Aple.

APLE. Are you banishing me?

PAVEL. Yes. Go.

APLE. So why do you drink my blood by full glasses?

PAVEL. I don't go in for politics, Aple. I am waiting for you to come to me when you stop feeling ashamed. When you tell me sincerely and directly without any stupid shame why you have lost weight. And I don't want to see you like now.

APLE. Is this all?

PAVEL. This is all.

APLE. I've understood everything.

PAVEL. That's good then.

APLE. Farewell, Pavel.

PAVEL. Good bye, modest creature.

Scene Two as a Guest

Then Aple became tired of wanting.

APLE. Pasha, they are so bad!

PASHA. Who?

APLE. They! Cynical, cold, impudent! How they like to taunt. Why didn't you warn me! Didn't you know how hurt I would be! You knew and didn't do anything.

PASHA. Punish me.

APLE. Pasha, I can't anymore...

PASHA. You shouldn't. Come on, I will do you hair-set.

APLE. Don't say so! I don't wish to have my hair set. I wish to be loved and love.

PASHA. Everyone wishes this.
APLE. Embrace me tight, Pasha. More! Tighter! Smother me!
PASHA. I won't smother you. I will love you.
APLE. Don't. Better cripple me, maim!
PASHA. What's up?
APLE. I'm disgusted of being beautiful! I wish to be a freak! So, where are all the freaks? Why don't they come here! Them I want! May they accept me?
PASHA. I'm here.
APLE. Freak, you my dear. Why are you so good? Why are you not bad?
PASHA. So it is necessary for you.
APLE. You should mind your life too, Pasha. You can't be so clever and kind. It's cruel!
PASHA. Well, well. I will turn bad.
APLE. Do it quicker, please.
PASHA. Do you want now?
APLE. God, why is it so damp here? I am all wet. What's happened?
PASHA. Nothing... It's raining outdoors. The rain wetted your eyes.
APLE. How moist my eyes are!
PASHA. Like the first sea in childhood.
APLE. Why then is my hair dry?
PASHA. Today is special rain. It's not everywhere. It waters only selected eyelashes.
APLE. What a strange improper rain, but I have to go. Thanks for everything.
PASHA. Take an umbrella.
APLE. It won't rain any more.
PASHA. Are you sure?
APLE. I'm sure. Too sure.
PASHA. Come back. If something.
APLE. I will. Some day.
PASHA. Agreed.

Scene Two at Home

Then Aple came back home.

She was full of anguish and anger, but little by little was getting kinder. The kindness was streaming thick down her internal, from the heart to upper and lower extremities. But when the kindness had covered the whole her skin, a pang cramped her thinned body. Aple screamed, sat down and looked at somewhere in the sky. The sky overthrew Aple down to the earth, and she layed prone on the floor. Her head dangled, hands bustled, and legs trembled. On the floor there was streaming down Aple warm sweet moisture of blood, love and bromelain.

Then Aple gave birth to pineapple.

ACT THREE Scene Three at the Salon

Then Aple got wanted to share her happiness.

APLE. Do you want me to kiss you?
VLAD. Calmer, calmer, babe. You are today too delicate. This frightens me.

APLE. Yes, I'm delicate, I'm strange, and I wish to kiss everyone. And there is nothing to be frightened about me at all.

VLAD. It seems to me, I've got a clue: you've conquered Pavel's body.

APLE. No, you're wrong.

VLAD. Have you met a new victim?

APLE. What for is this sophisticated reasoning? Today is a wonderful day. I feel well, and I've got a pineapple.

VLAD. I've noticed. One can even draw a canvas "Madonna with a Pineapple".

APLE. My pineapple is beautiful, isn't he?

VLAD. I don't understand a thing in little pineapples.

APLE. Do you want to hold him in hands?

VLAD. What for?

APLE. Take. This is so pleasant. Just hold him careful. That's the way. Do you feel anything?

VLAD. Nothing. A pineapple like a pineapple.

APLE. How callous you are! You should have felt tenderness.

VLAD. Sorry. But I am not a real botanist.

APLE. No. You are just an unreal woman.

VLAD. Since men are unreal women, then I even more won't be able to understand the tenderness of pineapples. Take him with you.

APLE. You are my sweetie. Only we can feed you, cherish, while you are little. But men are so egoistical. They can only play with you when you will grow up.

VLAD. What are you driveling about?

APLE. I wanted to share my happiness with you, but you are not ready for this. You've disappointed me.

VLAD. Well, today I don't see a reason to be happy.

APLE. But I considered you to be a bit more than a man. That you were emotional and very gentle. But still you are a man. What a pity.

VLAD. What's happened to you?

APLE. Many things.

VLAD. Just for one night?

APLE. Just for one hour. My world became inhabited. It was unexpectedly discovered by one desperate wanderer. Heavy wave or heavy fate has casted him on my sand shore. In the morning I've realized that the only one Aple with one "p" on the planet could not be one and only anymore. Nevermore.

VLAD. Right. We definitely exist with you today in parallel. May you make small effort to intersect with me?

APLE. But is it necessary?

VLAD. It would be than easier for me to have a connection with you. Even though I am a "false" woman. Or how was it?

APLE. A "false" woman will never understand a real one. We have the same wishes but different organs.

VLAD. Previously we have understood each other with our different organs.

APLE. Don't take offence. And now we get on very well. I will tell you everything later. No, not everything. Because not everything is necessary.

VLAD. Real women don't need to be told everything. Their words should be added together and finished.

APLE. Very well. We understand each other again.

VLAD. We've dropped our perpendicular.

APLE. Yes! We dare say so! I will however kiss you.

VLAD. Kiss, baby.

APLE. I have another strange request to you.

VLAD. Is this for your kiss?

APLE. No. But if you want, I can do more.
VLAD. Let my lips take a rest today. So, what is this strange request?
APLE. I have two more clients. Will you sit with my pineapple?
VLAD. In which sense?
APLE. Look that nothing would happen to him.
VLAD. But what can happen to him?
APLE. Everything. They are so delicate and unprotected, these new-born pineapples. Didn't you know that?
VLAD. I... have guessed.
APLE. You can't take her eyes off them for a moment.
VLAD. Ok, I will look after him.
APLE. Could you rock him in your hands?
VLAD. Is this for him to sleep better?
APLE. Exactly so, that he would have a better sleep. Also you will need to feed him.
VLAD. In the sense, to water?
APLE. Yes, if he wants to have a drink, give him a little bit of warm water.
VLAD. When he wants, all right I won't say no.
APLE. Thank you.
VLAD. It's not a problem for me. Work calmly and creative.
APLE. So, can I always rely on you?
VLAD. On me, colleague, you can always do.
APLE. For all that, men are not as bad as thought to be.
VLAD. Some of them can be even loved.

Scene Three at the Client

Then Aple got wanted to share her love.

APLE. Pavel, I have come to you...
PAVEL. Have you?
APLE. I need... to you...
PAVEL. Wait, Aple. Not so quickly. What is there in your hands?
APLE. My pineapple.
PAVEL. Let me take him to the kitchen.
APLE. No. He needs to lie down for a while. Where is your bed?
PAVEL. Come. This will do.
APLE. Entirely. It is warm and clean.
PAVEL. How nice he is, your pineapple.
APLE. Do you also like him?
PAVEL. Very much. So small, lovely and fresh. I would simply eat him whole.
APLE. I also love him.
PAVEL. Let him take a rest. I would never think that you came to me so soon. Have you lost all your shame?
APLE. Yes, I have.
PAVEL. Do you now know why you have taken a diet?
APLE. Now I know.
PAVEL. Excellent, Aple. You are making progress in your private life. I hope you don't want to do me a hair-set?

APLE. No, I don't. But I want to say you, Pavel, that it is very up-to-date to have a hairdresser as a lover. You would always look ideal; you would be always taken care of. I would look after you. You would be the most beautiful with me either in five or ten years.

PAVEL. Do you agree to be my lover?

APLE. A hairdresser as a lover.

PAVEL. Give me a kiss. Did you like it?

APLE. I did.

PAVEL. How did you like it?

APLE. As the first gulp of beer in midday heat.

PAVEL. Excellent. Let's keep on kissing. What do you feel now?

APLE. Chill that has run down my spine.

PAVEL. Does that mean delicate and exciting shiver?

APLE. Very likely.

PAVEL. My hands are looking for drops on your body. But where can I find them? Give me a hint.

APLE. Why are you speaking so much?

PAVEL. I love to make love and love to discuss every second of love at this moment.

APLE. Is this love?

PAVEL. While we are making it, this is love.

APLE. And afterwards?

PAVEL. And afterwards we will make love again. Are you ready to love and discuss?

APLE. Certainly.

PAVEL. Why have you looked at the watch?

APLE. Professional habit. At the beginning of work with a client I always check hair for pediculosis and look at the watch.

PAVEL. But I am not your client any more.

APLE. I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. Before any process I automatically check the back of the head and note the time.

PAVEL. Have you decided to hold a record with me?

APLE. No, no. It doesn't matter for me how long our love will take.

PAVEL. Though it matters for me.

APLE. Sorry.

PAVEL. You often say "sorry", this is not good.

APLE. So, what should I do?

PAVEL. Better don't do wrong. Then you won't be asking again. Better do me a pleasure.

APLE. I will try.

PAVEL. How affecting your eyes are now. As if you feel so unbearably well that can burst into tears.

APLE. I feel myself strange. Doesn't it seem to you that somewhere a baby is crying?

PAVEL. I don't hear. Your eyes are full of passion and mercy like of young mothers.

APLE. I hear a baby crying. It is somewhere near.

PAVEL. It's impossible. I want to feel again the power of your caress.

APLE. It seems to me that someone is calling me.

PAVEL. Nonsense. Don't you want once more?

APLE. Once more will be too much. We need to cool down a bit and consider our feelings.

PAVEL. Your belly is so trembling. It still can't calm down.

APLE. We shouldn't do it any more.

PAVEL. We should. Your veins are pulsating impetuous.

APLE. May it be that I've refused to no purpose?

PAVEL. Then you shall agree. I will do so that nobody will dare to trouble us.

APLE. Will I never more hear the sounds of crying?

PAVEL. No, only the sounds of love.

APPLE. Only the words of love?
PAVEL. Only the thoughts of love.

Scene Three as a Guest

Then Aple got wanted to share her thoughts.

APPLE. Love empties you so. As if everything runs out of you. Results in total dehydration, and you want to drink, and you want to damn yourself for the weakness. Was that really me? But who was that if not me? Strange! How subconsciously well everything is built in our body. It seems to me sometimes that love is the darkest feeling. It amuses death. Doesn't it seem to you so?

PASHA. You are always so gloomy in the evenings. Does sunset influence you so?

APPLE. All is possible. But, most likely, my organs of love and shame, happiness and depression are placed very close to each other. They constantly get in touch with one another and evoke ambiguous responses of me. Sometimes, Pasha, I feel confused whether I love or just admire. I may remember you and get wanted very much to touch you in order to feel the emotion of your excited body.

PASHA. So, what does prevent you?

APPLE. I can't move to you so fast. But when I am sitting next to you, just like now, I feel nothing.

PASHA. Not a thing?

APPLE. I don't feel any attraction, only peace, quiet and realization that you are my reliable and good boy, whom with I have been living for half a year, but I haven't seen you naked already for a week, just like you – me. You are silently protesting but I can't do anything. You might be very angry with me, didn't you?

PASHA. I take courage. There is no use to be angry with you. You can be only waited for to return.

APPLE. How long will you wait?

PASHA. Just a little.

APPLE. Can't you more?

PASHA. I can.

APPLE. If I could find courage to clear things out. And I know how to do it, only something prevents me of doing so. A certain organ.

PASHA. I even know which. But since it exists, you need to take it into consideration.

APPLE. But can we be stronger than it?

PASHA. No. I even sometimes think that I dig a grave for myself with my own member.

APPLE. How frightful...

PASHA. Not really so frightful that you would not get used to it.

APPLE. How good and funny you said this. It turns out that in the evenings you are getting bored too. How will we live, Pasha?

PASHA. Good, while life is good.

APPLE. Despite everything?

PASHA. We have no choice.

APPLE. But is it possible that we two together intensify our wishes?

PASHA. If two together, then possible.

APPLE. Sometimes it occurs to me that I believe in dreams. Especially before sleep I like to imagine myself participating in unusual situations. I experience a fantastic living. It is much more exciting and rich than a real one. For the whole my life I probably won't manage to do anything extraordinary, genius, but I will manage to experience it in my dreams. I will be able to visit all countries and all epochs, talk to Jesus Christ and little Volodya Ulianov; I will be able to

give birth to three thousand three hundred thirty three children and spend the night with every inhabitant of a two-million city. Practically, I can do everything but even this is not enough for me.

PASHA. Is this not enough?

APLE. Catastrophically not enough. At times, to be absolutely happy a person needs at this exact moment a rich portion of love and just with only one person. But he or she cannot get this person and his or her love right now. Then there happens the great world tragedy, and nobody can help this person.

PASHA. A sad story. There are so many wonderful things around but there is only one whom we really need.

APLE. Poor people we are.

PASHA. Just now I've recalled my granny.

APLE. What's up with her?

PASHA. Everything's ok. She died long time ago. Do you know what she said about people's complaints how poor and unhappy they were?

APLE. What?

PASHA. "What fools you are. Happiness and richness are in plenty, only look more attentive. It is hidden in every fly!"

APLE. You had an experienced granny.

PASHA. Rather, a wise one.

APLE. But, you see, Pasha, one can easily find this fly but to live with it is sometimes very difficult.

PASHA. Why on earth are we so suffering today?

APLE. Because we don't have magic wand.

PASHA. But we can buy a magic egg.

APLE. Which egg?

PASHA. A magic or an amorous one. Granny told me an ancient recipe how to reinforce love.

APLE. Originally.

PASHA. No, it is banal. You need ten hen eggs.

APLE. All ten?

PASHA. Don't interrupt. Eggs should not have factory stamp. Better to buy them from a village. In the market at a granny. When back home, you hold for a while every of these ten eggs one after another in your left hand and select one, in your opinion, the warmest and one the coldest. A hot egg is exactly that amorous one. Wrap it in a photo of you beloved man. That will be his clothes. Then bury the dressed egg in a flowerpot with earth. That will be his house. Then plant any seeds in this pot, so that no one would guess what you are hiding in the middle of the pot. Then you will look after the plant as after the egg. Don't tell anyone and call the plant with the name of the beloved man. While the plant will grow and blossom, your love will grow stronger too.

APLE. That's clear. But what for is a cold egg?

PASHA. I have almost forgotten the most important thing in this process. You should feed the beloved person with the cold egg. Cook any meal: a salad, omelette, and egg-flip. But do this no later than twenty four hours since you have planted seeds.

APLE. But can one believe in these ravings?

PASHA. Some people got help from it. At any case, you can check. The main thing is to look after the shoot of love with passion and enthusiasm, in order it would not fade. But if you feel indifferent to him, then no one egg will save you love.

APLE. But if this love will lie heavy upon me?

PASHA. Then change everything: the egg, the photo, the flowerpot, the plant, the lover and yourself.

APLE. But should the former things be thrown out of the balcony?

PASHA. You can do so, but another one can pick them up. Won't you feel sorry to lose a former love?

APLE. I haven't lost it yet.

PASHA. But it seems to me that in our life there is something irretrievably lost.

Scene Three at Home

Then Aple glanced back.

Nobody was there. She looked around and understood that her most beloved in life pineapple disappeared. At first, she tried somehow listlessly to find him, but then finally realized all the folly of search.

Aple decided to examine everything next day. For that she decidedly took long scissors in her hands, blanching them well and cut excess hair at the temples, for to move totally easily among men.

Then Aple thought about revenge.

ACT FOUR

Scene Four at the Salon

Then Aple began to take revenge on Vlad.

APLE. It hurts me!

VLAD. It's impossible.

APLE. Yes, you've hurt me. You've got so hardened hands. They are unpleasant. Why do men have so horny hands?

VLAD. They are afraid to give tenderness.

APLE. What a trial when you are combing hair. Don't do it any more.

VLAD. Don't you like it?

APLE. No. But it's not in the least what you are thinking about.

VLAD. But what am I thinking about?

APLE. About your lack of self-discipline. Your glance is of an insolent man.

VLAD. Where do you know from, babe?

APLE. I am a grown-up. Too much grown-up to know that abandoned men have got despairing eyes. But one feels no pity to them. They only irritate.

VLAD. Am I so dreadful?

APLE. So much that it's impossible to look at you.

VLAD. What has happened to me? In my profession I've mastered temptation...

APLE. But in life you haven't mastered temperance.

VLAD. Can it be that my fingers have lost their magic? Can it be that I have wiped out all recopies of my clients' hair, and now my hands don't radiate mutual desire?

APLE. May it be the hair got used to your hands and they need new feelings?

VLAD. May be. Everything may be. But I am forsaken again.

APLE. You cannot be always the first one.

VLAD. But how many times have I been the second one. I've got tired of silver medals. Why have we lately started two together and well, but run, as it turns out, different distances. I am a stayer who senselessly got to one track with a sprinter. We still have to run and run with barriers and obstacles, while my sprinter came to finish long ago.

APLE. Should you move to a short distance too?

VLAD. I don't want. Perhaps, my destination in profession and life is endless temptation. And not a gramme of love. It spoils everything. I must not fall in love. It's a pity that love is not for sale. It's nice that for money you can make love.

APPLE. Unfortunately, not always. Money can buy you only pineapple.

VLAD. When even love can't be made for money, then what for is this money?

APPLE. Right. In this case, money is absolutely unnecessary.

VLAD. A strange thing turns out to be, that all people wish to give one and the same thing and wish to receive one and the same thing, but no one, no one person as a result neither gives nor receives what he or she wishes. Even so it is totally free of charge. This is so stupid.

APPLE. But instead this is so natural. This is a nature.

VLAD. No, it is impossible. I don't want it like this. I must believe in love, in friendship...

APPLE. Don't believe. Don't believe anyone. They will cheat you.

VLAD. Even you?

APPLE. But what's with me? I can do it too. Am I somehow special?

VLAD. You are today completely insufferable. Don't get me finally bored.

APPLE. What? What do you want?

VLAD. Proof of love.

APPLE. From me?

VLAD. Yes, of course. You owe me one more kiss for that I looked after your pineapple.

APPLE. Aha! I had had a pineapple but I didn't save him.

VLAD. It's not my fault.

APPLE. Definitely, not. Ok, let me kiss you.

VLAD. No, not like this. In this way only the deceased are kissed on their departure.

APPLE. Is this the way?

VLAD. No, not like this. In this way a mother gives a kiss to her son.

APPLE. Might it be so?

VLAD. You don't understand. In this way only friends kiss, when they are not friends any more.

APPLE. I can't do it in another way.

VLAD. Kiss me like a woman, who kisses a man. Again it's not right. It is hackneyed. Like a woman. A woman! Once again. This is all untrue. Only coldness, frozen air. You have no feelings.

APPLE. I cannot feel anything to you. You are not my man. I am not even interested in you as a man.

VLAD. But why? I am a man after all. A real one. Didn't you know? Look at me. I have got everything. You even said that I was more than just a simple man. You said that I was emotional, tender, and gentle. Almost an angel.

APPLE. Even angels have defects. And also angels have wings. And sometimes they are set at liberty.

VLAD. Why am I treated so? I do my best, after all! You could have paid attention to me.

APPLE. I couldn't. Our tension doesn't coincide. We both are different sockets.

VLAD. If I am a tense for you as a man, why don't I interest you as a friend?

APPLE. A man as a friend? A strange idea. It can't be explained with words. It is not even an intrigue. This status doesn't suit us. Women can't be friends with women, while men can't do this with men.

VLAD. But they are friends.

APPLE. Oh, no! This won't last for ever. For the time being. Or, to be more precise, just up to the first instinct of sex. As soon as somewhere we see a bed made for us, we at once forget about friends.

VLAD. That means intimacy goes first, and friendship is to be offered after.

APPLE. After, after. When intimacy is not offered. Even the weakest sexual attraction is stronger than the strongest friendship.

VLAD. Even if your words are true, I don't believe you.

APLE. You have a right. Even further we will live perfectly well with our opinion. Only you'll be there, and I'll be there. And only here, at work, our thoughts will coincide.

VLAD. The thoughts about that what does not exist, but possibly will still be?

APLE. Exactly so. But, speaking the truth, it would be nice if I was wrong, for all that.

VLAD. Unfortunately, your expectations are vain.

APLE. Didn't understand.

VLAD. You will never see me again, and we won't find out whether we are wrong or right. I won't anymore make people beautiful. They don't deserve it. They have obscene thoughts. And words. And deeds. I am not in the mood to hide this falseness behind my past talent.

APLE. So, what will you do, baby?

VLAD. I'll try to write my own novel. They say it can bring good money.

APLE. And fame too.

VLAD. I'll do a try.

APLE. And what about your hands?

VLAD. From here on, they will tempt with books. I look forward to our new sexual encounters, colleague.

Scene Four at the Client

Then Aple began to take revenge on Pavel.

APLE. Only not this, Pavel. Only not this.

PAVEL. But why?

APLE. Maybe, I am tired. I am not in the mood. I have no wish. I have lost inspiration, and can't do without it.

PAVEL. But make an effort. The inspiration comes with work.

APLE. No, Pavel, no. I won't do a haircut for you today.

PAVEL. It's unfair. Someone promised to take care of me, daily look after my beauty.

APLE. I know...

PAVEL. Someone wanted me to be the most beautiful in the world...

APLE. I remember...

PAVEL. While today I am not the most beautiful in the world.

APLE. All right for me.

PAVEL. I don't want to be all right. Today I want to be the most beautiful, while today I am not.

APLE. But what for do you want this, when I am anyway here?

PAVEL. Ah, really? Aple, you are wrong. No matter how perfectly well I would look, you must improve at least anything in me. At least comb once, at least tear one hair out, but you must do anything. This is important for me.

APLE. Next time.

PAVEL. There will be no next time. Everything has already happened and you don't need anything else. Now it doesn't matter for you, how I look. You became indifferent to me. I anticipate that something similar will happen soon. It's impossible to have first-rate mistress and first-rate hairdresser at the same time. At the end, one can lose everything. Tell the truth, Aple with one "p", are you interested what will be with us next?

APLE. I am.

PAVEL. Are you lying?

APLE. Are we becoming formal again?

PAVEL. True. Though we should not, after all happened to us.

APLE. I'm sorry.

PAVEL. You are incredibly beautiful when angry.

APLE. I shouldn't say this.

PAVEL. Have you got troubles?

APLE. Yes. I have lost my pineapple.

PAVEL. There are more pineapples on the way.

APLE. You don't understand. He is my pineapple, after all. He was mine, but I have lost him.

PAVEL. I remember how nice, fresh, green he was. But in the world there are many other little and beautiful pineapples.

APLE. There won't be anyone like him. I must find him.

PAVEL. But if he is no more? And never will be? Will you suffer a lot?

APLE. I will endure the loss. But it can be that he is now lying somewhere and suffering without me, while I can't do anything.

PAVEL. Tell me what's the most terrible for you: to lose me or pineapple? But think well.

APLE. You.

PAVEL. Really me?

APLE. Yes.

PAVEL. Then I will tell you the truth. You have left pineapple at me.

APLE. Is he at you? Show me.

PAVEL. Tomorrow. Let's do everything tomorrow.

APLE. No, I must see him now.

PAVEL. I can't show him.

APLE. Can't you? You don't say that! What have you done with him?

PAVEL. I have eaten him. But what is wrong with that?

APLE. No...

PAVEL. We'll buy another one.

APLE. No...

PAVEL. We'll buy another one even better.

APLE. We'll never have such one.

PAVEL. We will-we will.

APLE. I'll never be such one. I've lost pineapple for ever, while you've lost me. Me the former one.

PAVEL. How much we have lost. We've become with you so lost.

APLE. And identical. I expected this and was afraid of.

PAVEL. Is it really bad?

APLE. Very bad. The closer people become the more distant they appear. It's well enough that you are still a man with dark eyes.

PAVEL. This is not true.

APLE. Are you not a man?

PAVEL. I have blue eyes. So much light and shrill as yours.

APLE. So, are these lies?

PAVEL. No, these are lenses.

APLE. Lenses. Certainly, lenses. Ordinary dark lenses.

PAVEL. Has anything changed?

APLE. We became damn identical. Like one creature.

PAVEL. Are you afraid of us?

APLE. I am afraid, and very distinct.

PAVEL. Are we really so horrible?

APLE. We are abominable.

PAVEL. And what will we do now?

APLE. Now we will make you the most beautiful in the world. Are you ready?

PAVEL. Morally, yes.

APLE. Then we shall start.

PAVEL. You become better and better with every time. The movements of your hands are very attractive.

APLE. Be careful. I may hurt.
PAVEL. I think you liked to hear about your mastery.
APLE. Only on-the-spot. Listen, Pavel. I've got one philosophical question to you.
PAVEL. Which one?
APLE. What do you think what primer is: flesh or soul, salacity or love?
PAVEL. Maybe, first were lust and salacity.
APLE. Why not love? Why not soul?
PAVEL. Because if first was soul then Adam wouldn't need Eve. He would feel alone so well on this sinless planet.
APLE. I got it, Pavel.
PAVEL. My answer has disappointed you.
APLE. No, not in the least. You hair disappoints me.
PAVEL. What's wrong with it?
APLE. In your ears there grows thick and disgusting hair. It needs to be cropped.
PAVEL. Let it grow.
APLE. Then in five years, when you will be bald, only your ears will be hairy.
PAVEL. Well, let it be.
APLE. Then you won't be the most beautiful man in the world.
PAVEL. Then crop it.
APLE. Will you hand me, please, those long scissors?
PAVEL. Are they sharp enough?
APLE. Sharp enough for what?
PAVEL. For I wouldn't feel pain.
APLE. You won't feel pain. Only women in labour feel pain, so, you will never know what pain is.
PAVEL. Won't I feel anything?
APLE. Nothing. Once- and all! So do Aple with one "p".
PAVEL. I began to hear unwell. What did you say?
APLE. I said so do all Aple with one "p" with all fooLLs with two "L".
PAVEL. I don't hear anything, Aple! Am I dying?
APLE. Yes, you are dying, Pavel. Farewell.
PAVEL. Good bye, a woman creature.

Scene Four as a Guest

Then Aple began to take revenge on Pasha.

APLE. I'm back.
PASHA. I'm glad.
APLE. So.
PASHA. Do you want anything?
APLE. No, no. I don't need anything.
PASHA. Someone has fallen in love with you.
APLE. Who?
PASHA. I don't know. A spot's come up on your nose.
APLE. He would better just give himself one time up, would else give money for love and disappear forever. While they fall in love instead and compromise my outward appearance.
PASHA. How obscene you are.

APPLE. At all, I am vulgar. Don't take fright. This won't last long. Only for today. Look! How beautiful sunset is. Amazingly beautiful. Long since I have admired sundown.

PASHA. It is of too blood-red colour. Tomorrow will be hot.

APPLE. The sun is perfect! It unites with me in.

PASHA. Have you intended to do anything together?

APPLE. We have already performed something.

PASHA. Successfully?

APPLE. Almost.

PASHA. Congratulations!

APPLE. My congratulations to you too.

PASHA. What on?

APPLE. On that I will stay with you overnight.

PASHA. But it's impossible?!

APPLE. Really.

PASHA. Maybe, someone has died.

APPLE. What?

PASHA. There is omen: if something incredible happens, the reason to be someone's death in woods.

APPLE. Nonsense. I've just felt missing you. Really missing. Now we will live as before. I will eat well after 6 p.m. and make love.

PASHA. Have you done away with your diet?

APPLE. I have. Now I will eat everything. Except for pineapples.

PASHA. This is excellent, or else I would worry that you got offended.

APPLE. By what?

PASHA. By that I have eaten your pineapple.

APPLE. Which pineapple?

PASHA. Yours. You have left your pineapple at me. I am absolutely indifferent to them, but sometimes I get such a strong wish. So it's happened suddenly this morning. To spasms in my mouth. So I alone have eaten it whole.

APPLE. Repeat what you have said.

PASHA. I alone have eaten it whole and left nothing to you.

APPLE. Nothing?

PASHA. Not a piece.

APPLE. And was it tasty for you?

PASHA. As never before.

APPLE. And didn't you choke over?

PASHA. Not once.

APPLE. And didn't you strangle?

PASHA. No.

APPLE. And didn't you throttle?

PASHA. Do you grudge pineapple for me?

APPLE. Pasha, Pasha, why you... I don't grudge anything to you. You will starve now. I will feed you with my ardour in plenty. Just believe me. I will bring you my love. I just can't understand one thing why you didn't cope with your weakness to a little pineapple?

PASHA. I didn't manage. Could you?

APPLE. I? Perhaps... But is it possible to struggle against your weak points? They can be only satisfied.

PASHA. So am I. Very weak.

APPLE. A phantom wanders about Europe. A phantom of pineapple.

PASHA. What?

APPLE. Nothing any more. You know I've changed my mind. I won't stay with you.

PASHA. I knew that. You've got offended by me.

APLE. This is not an offence, Pasha. Yet, I will stay with you. Very soon. But only as your wife. Do you agree?
PASHA. Are you playing a trick on me again?
APLE. I am, as never before, serious. Until I change my mind, agree. I will not offer it again.
PASHA. I agree.
APLE. Then tomorrow morning we'll meet at a registry office. Don't forget your passport.
PASHA. I will never forget it.
APLE. Kiss me gently. Now once more. And more. Like this. I've become a little bit more confident. Now I feel very well.
PASHA. Don't leave. We should celebrate this day.
APLE. This day should not be celebrated. We will have celebrations after. Great celebrations.
PASHA. Shall we dine together?
APLE. No. I need to take a new diet. A bride should look excellent. And your wife should be just impeccable. She should stand out either for her outward appearance or her deeds.
PASHA. If you decided so...
APLE. Yes, so it will be better.
PASHA. Can I kiss you once again?
APLE. Now only at the wedding.
PASHA. At the wedding, then let it be at the wedding. I love you.
APLE. I love you too. You don't even know how I love you. I love you so, Pavel!
PASHA. You have never called me so.
APLE. It's now time to become Pavel, Pasha.
PASHA. I will do everything for this, darling.
APLE. See you tomorrow, dear.

Scene Four at Home

*Then Aple returned home with a new goal and a big pack.
From the pack she began to take out cacti in flower-pots just purchased at florist's.
Cacti were small, very big, of medium size and high. Some of them have been already in blossom, the other ones only were going to come out, the third ones were proud of barren possibility. The cacti differed even in their needles' size.*

Aple was cutting with long sharp scissors cacti's needles with a special fascination, as if those were curly heads of her clients. When the haircuts were finished, Aple has swept fallen needles, washed all cut cacti, wiped them with bath towel and long after has been feasting her eyes upon their stylish, proud and short haircuts.

*Then Aple, taken a knife and a fork, has been cutting juicy green pulp into pieces and sending it pompously inside herself.
At first it was all new and unpleasant. Then a wish and appetite prevailed. Aple has felt her strength. A new diet worked wonderfully well.
Aple calmed down only when she felt first symptoms of a new life.*

Then Aple began to laugh so happily, as never before in previous life.

THE END.