

Nikolay Rudkovsky

Everything Just As You Wanted

(Inflation of Feelings)

Non-chronological Comedy in Two Acts and Eighteen Shuffled Scenes

Translated by Aiste Ptakauske

Characters:

OLD LADY

OLYA

TOLYA

WAITRESS at the night club

VADIM PETROVICH

KARINA

STRIPPER

2 MUMS

PRODUCER of the band

THE BAND

BOY

GIRL

If the director finds it appropriate for his or her production, actors who play the WAITRESS, VADIM PETROVICH, KARINA, the STRIPPER, both MUMS, the PRODUCER, the BOY, and the GIRL may play the OLD LADY'S pets, too.

Act One

Scene 5

A beautiful funeral under a light rain with a rainbow. The funeral orchestra consists of young alternative musicians. A pleasant lounge tune is played. At the grave a glamorous widow graciously takes a black garter off her leg. All ladies huddle behind her. The widow throws the garter over her shoulder. The ladies try to catch it. The lucky one joyously waves the garter above her head: "I'm next! I am the next widow!"

An alarm clock goes off. The funeral hastily disbands. Only the glamorous widow is left circling the stage.

Olya: What a dream! What a dream! That's some dream! Crazy. A nightmare. I look awful in black. I'll wear white today for the club. Time to wake up. The business plan. The business plan. I look awful in black. I've got a meeting at 9 AM. Another one at 10:30. Black is out of the question. White. Only white. Or red? A business lunch at 12:45. The business plan. The business plan. A widow! It's insane! I need a break. No, I've got to wish happy birthday to Vadim Petrovich today. A brainstorm at 5 PM. A brainstorm. And white for the club. Or red? White, only white. Or blue? Black is so depressing. White is so adorable. Vadim Petrovich. Vadim Petrovich. I'll look more glamorous in red. That's it! Wake up! The business plan! The business plan.

Scene 9

Sounds of a passing high-speed train. OLD LADY stands at her husband's grave.

Old Lady: Good day, sweetheart. Good day, my old man. How is it going for you out there? Miss me? You do. How do you miss me? You won't tell me, will you? This is how I miss you: aaa, aaa. How's that? You liked it, didn't you? I tried. Our goat's had a kid. A baby girl. Very cute, but often naughty – her horns are budding. So young and up for butting already. Our mare's got a new love. She's just foaled and, look, up and ready again: comes running to a stud and hits him with a hoof, passionately. He kicks her back with his back legs. She grabs him by the mane and yanks it, yanks it. Oh, and our heifer is in the club for the first time. And I thought she was the proud kind. But feelings got the better of her.

The cow got screwed

And only mooed:

Thank you, dude.

She's all so genteel now. So full of herself... Now, to the point: I've got new information for us. Listen. (*She reads from a newspaper:*) "The Red Sea is the warmest and saltiest sea in the world. Its area is 450,000 square meters. It washes the shores of the Arab Peninsula and Africa. The Red Sea is very young. Its formation started approximately forty million years ago due to a crack in the Earth's surface". That's a bit difficult for us. Here's more. "The main characteristic of the sea is the fact that no river falls into it. Thus, the water in the Red Sea is always crystal clean". And now, attention, please! "The water temperature does not fall below twenty degrees even in winter. Additionally, this sea is a habitat for Steller's sea cows". There you go! They're also called... Dugongs. Yeah, that's right: Dugongs. Almost like Dons. At noon they swim to pasture at undersea

grasslands. “They are very kind and a little melancholy”. There are dolphins there too... What are we going to do about it? You won’t tell me, will you? Fine. It’s quite dead on this side, too. No one has ever arrived. Only a few lads came up here for intense leisure the day before yesterday. Maxing, chillaxing, as they say. Little drinking, lots of smoking. Musicians. Lots of playing. Almost as much as smoking. Their music, I don’t really get it, but it somehow makes me happy. Yesterday they were going to town for new supplies, so I asked them for information for us. Maybe today they’ll have something. They live in tents across the river. They come here for milk and eggs. I don’t take money. We’ve got a cultural barter. It’s not just me, is it? I’m not doing it just for myself, eh? You wanted it too, didn’t you? So I am holding on to our silly dreams. I’ll keep looking... Right. And now, for a goodbye, as always, a number from the wish list: listen to this song from a Soviet movie. I don’t remember the title, but the song is good. Most likely.

OLD LADY starts singing. Her song blends into the tune played by the young musicians.

Enter their PRODUCER. He approaches OLD LADY.

Producer: What’s up, Generation Best!

Old Lady: What’s up, Generation...

Producer: ...Next.

Old Lady: Next. Next. Got the book?

Producer: Not entirely. We managed to gank a couple of pages from the local library, though. That should do for a few days. We might go for more supplies then.

Old Lady: That’ll do.

Producer: So are we bartering today then?

Old Lady: Possibly.

Producer: Any special wishes?

Old Lady: Yes. I'd like... what d'you call it?

Producer: Punk? Grunge? Folk?

Old Lady: Sounds good. But I'd like something more... classical.

Producer: Rock?

Old Lady: Completely classical.

Producer: Completely?

Old Lady: Totally completely.

Producer: Songs of the war years?

Old Lady: God, no! What's got into you? Much earlier.

Producer: 30s – 20s?

Old Lady: Pooh!

Producer: 19 ...th century?

Old Lady: At least.

Producer: Oh no. We won't pull that off.

Old Lady: Losers.

Producer: Hold on! Please, wait. Give us one more chance.

Old Lady: Next time you're in the library punk some notes.

Producer: Punk what notes?

Old Lady (*exiting*): Try Adolphe Adam.

Producer: Adolph who? Shoot! OK, Adolph is easy. As in Adolph Hitler. And Adam, Adam, Adam... as in Eve and Adam... But without Eve. Adam dumps Eve. Hitler goes

by Adolph... Got it! Adam minus Eve plus Hitler minus Adolph. Cool! Adam Adolph.
Adolph Adam.

Sounds of a passing high-speed train.

Scene 1

Boy: I don't love you.

Girl: Big deal.

Boy: I don't love you at all.

Girl: But your lips are trembling.

Boy: No!

Girl: Yes.

Boy: Wetawd.

Girl: What's "wetawd"?

Boy: Not "wetawd". "Wetawd"!

Girl: I don't get you.

Boy: And I don't love you.

Girl: What do you know about love?

Boy: Evewything.

Girl: What everything?

Boy: Evewything evewything?

Girl: OK, tell me then.

Boy: I'm telling you nothing.

Girl: Because you know nothing.

Boy: And what do you know?

Girl: Well, when Lyosha knocks me around or Kostya calls me names, I don't care. But when you call me "retard", it hurts. That's what I know.

Boy: Wight, all wight, you've not a wetawd.

Girl: Your T-shirt is very cute...

Scene 10

Sounds of a passing high-speed train. OLD LADY stands at the grave.

Old Lady (reading): "Since the Arafura is a shallow..." My nose is itching. What could that mean? "...is a shallow tropical sea, typhoons are not infrequent in its waters". Tough. "The Banda Sea". A curious name. Zero information. "Flores, Sulawesi... Tornadoes... Humidity... Tropical rains". Remember? After our wedding it poured for the entire week. We could do nothing but love. Occasionally, we'd look through the window to see how the heavy wet apples rushed to make love on the ground and bended lower, lower... That was the best non-tropical rain in my life... My nose is itching. OK, my motto: life without rains. I'll keep looking. And now, as always at this hour, time for our cultural program – a poem. Listen...

Sounds of a lost car.

Make a wish. If it's women, the night can't be saved. If it's men, no sea for us. If it's husband and wife, I've got a feeling, we'll get wasted. (*She waits for the approaching car*). There we are! Getting wasted. I feel it with my nose – we'll be wasted.

Olya: Where have you dragged me to? Do you ever use your brain?

Tolya: How was I supposed to know there's no road here? Why didn't you drive and... stop singing.

Olya: A piece of idiot!

Tolya: Sh! Do you mind lowering your voice?

Olya: I see no one to mind here!

Tolya: Keep your voice down, will you?

Olya: I won't.

Tolya: Shut up, please.

Olya: Shut up yourself.

Old Lady: Fighting. Good. Music to my ears. My late husband also liked to yell at me. I'd do something foolish, and he'd start: "Idiot, stupid cow, moonstruck mare". Oh how beautifully he hollered! I melted from his words. I stand there and smile. He throws his axe to the side and comes after me. I shriek and run. He catches me, throws me to the ground and forgives me everything at that very moment. It's just me, being a fool. Are you also foolish?

Olya: Very foolish if I trusted this idiot.

Tolya: Exchange that dirt for a brain.

Olya: Ooo, portent words. I will if you shut up.

Tolya: Will *you* ever shut up?

Olya: You shut up!

Tolya: You shut up!

Olya: Oh shut up!

Sounds of a passing high-speed train.

Tolya (*getting a measurer*): Here! Take the measurements yourself if you want!

Old Lady: More. More! Fight more, while I stand here envying you.

Olya: What's the score?

Tolya: Six eighty.

Old Lady: Your fight is very nice. Very nice!

Olya: There's nothing nice about fighting or your house.

Old Lady: How do you mean "nothing nice"?

Olya: What's the score?

Tolya: Well... six ninety.

Olya: Um. Six ninety.

Old Lady: Look closer.

Olya: I've already seen it. The fence is crooked.

Old Lady: Not crooked, kinky.

Tolya: And what could have possibly made it so kinky?

Old Lady: Our love back in our young days.

Tolya: Wow.

Old Lady: My point exactly: "Wow". Have you ever tried it on a fence?

Olya: What? What are you talking about, ma'am?

Old Lady: Nothing. You're really foolish.

Olya: Awesome! That's some open house! What do I see? What do I hear? Insults, kinky fences, randy bushes, a...

Tolya: Stop it.

Olya: ...decrepit barn...

Old Lady: A desperate barn. There's still a bale of hay in there.

Olya: I haven't done it in the hay either.

Tolya: Little fool.

Olya: Thanks. I can see you're very clever. Have you done it in the hay yet?

Tolya: As part of compulsory community work, on my school trip to a collective farm to dig potatoes.

Olya: And what about your fishing trip?

Tolya: On our fishing trips we fish!

Olya: Only fools fish. You're clever. How am I supposed to know what kind of fish you and your clever buddies are after?

Tolya: Stop it!

Olya: Freaking haymaker!

Sounds of a passing high-speed train.

Old Lady: Give it a try. There's nothing better than a tired-out body soaked with the smell of dry grass before breakfast...

Olya: Honestly, ma'am, we don't feel very comfortable with that kind of talk. We only stopped by for a couple of minutes to have a look at your house...

Old Lady: Why for a couple of minutes? Stay here for the week end.

Olya: I don't want to stay in this chicken-coop.

Old Lady: Oh no, you got it wrong. The chicken-coop is in front of the barn. This is a house. I've got a spare bedroom. You may sleep in it.

Olya: This is a bedroom?

Old Lady: Yes.

Tolya: One meter eighty.

Olya: No, thank you.

Tolya: Why not? It could work for us.

Olya (*mocking him*): Why not? It could work for us. Have you seen this bed? Like from some legend.

Old Lady: Better, much better than from a legend. Our love started and ended in it. (*She starts singing:*)

My Heart is ravished with delight,
when thee I think upon;
All Grief and Sorrow takes the flight,
and speedily is gone.

It's soaked with our passion right from the mattress to its wooden legs.

Olya: I can imagine!

Tolya: Oh really? You can imagine?

Olya: Go back to the pond.

Tolya: You wouldn't go even there to fish with me.

Olya: Oh, so you actually know how to fish?

Tolya: No fish has complained yet.

Olya: Pig.

Sounds of a passing high-speed train.

Scene 3

Girl: I don't want to do homework.

Mum: Why?

Girl: I just don't. I don't feel well.

Mum: What is it? A headache?

Girl: Worse.

Mum: Your stomach?

Girl: Worse.

Mum: What is it then, sweetie?

Girl: My soul.

Mum: Well, that's, of course, serious. What's the problem?

Girl: There's this boy...

Mum: I thought so.

Girl: Don't interrupt me.

Mum: Sorry.

Girl: There's this boy who wears the same T-shirt every day.

Mum: Piggy-wiggy.

Girl: No! It's just... I told him once that I liked his T-shirt. So now he's not taking it off.

Mum: That's very serious.

Girl: I should feel guilty, right?

Mum: It's not a matter of guilt any more, it's already a matter of feelings.

Girl: You mean he likes me?

Mum: Looks like it.

Girl: Then why does he call me names?

Mum: All men are like that.

Girl: He's still a boy.

Mum: They're like that from childhood.

Girl: Rude?

Mum: Yes, rude and unfeminine.

Girl: So should I get mad?

Mum: No point in it. These are their words of endearment. You'll understand their sweetness when you grow up. But when your husband starts calling you "babe" and "bunny", it means something's fishy. It may even mean he doesn't love you any more.

Girl: OK, let him call me names then.

Mum: Just deal with it for a little.

Girl: I will, for a little.

Mum: And, please, the next time you see him ask him: "Do you have any other cute T-shirts?"

Girl: Alright, I will.

Scene 13

Sounds of a passing high-speed train.

Producer: Got it! I got it!

Old Lady: What have you got there?

Producer: Adolph Adam! Born in Paris in 1803! Graduated from a conservatory, wrote 40 operas!

Old Lady: No need to shout, though.

Producer: Established his own theater “National Opera”...

Old Lady: What’s with the shouting?

Producer: Long story short: “Giselle” will do?

Old Lady: Perfectly.

Producer: We’ve got the score. Here are a couple of pages.

Old Lady: A couple?

Producer: With the libretto! You’ll have the story of the ballet.

Old Lady: Bring it to mama. Boy, nice work, very creative.

Producer: Merci.

Old Lady: No problems with the barter. Only the cultural program has to be ready by sunrise.

Producer: Sunrise?

Old Lady: That’s right. So no sleep tonight, chicos.

Producer: No sweat. We don’t sleep anyways. Would you find some shine for us?

Old Lady: What?

Producer: Shine. Moonshine. For the jam.

Old Lady: What jam?

Producer: Our jam. Band practice. We need a strong buzz to stay sharp.

Old Lady: Got you.

Producer: So do you have it?

Old Lady: What?

Producer: Moonshine.

Old Lady: I do, I do.

Producer: Will you give us some now, as part of the barter?

Old Lady: I will, I will. One bottle.

Producer: That's very little.

Old Lady: You'll get more than you bargained for.

Producer: Yeah, maybe, but you could also add a few drops – my throat is getting sore.

Old Lady: I'm not asking you to sing. Just play.

Producer: I neither sing nor play. I'm the producer of our band. I'm in control of all processes. And what would happen if I'm sick in bed? We've only got till sunrise...

Old Lady: OK, OK. I'll see you on the grave after the first cock's crow.

Producer: On the grave?!

Old Lady: Don't be such a kid. The grave is one, and we're a whole band.

Producer: On the grave as in on the grave.

Old Lady: Thank God, not in the grave.

Producer: I like you.

Old Lady: You're not some kind of a pervert, are you?

Producer: I'm solid.

Old Lady: You're what?

Producer: Normal.

Old Lady: OK then, live long, manager.

Producer: It's gonna be golden.

Old Lady: Let's go for that shine. Just lay low. I've got important guests.

Producer: No sweat. We're not puppies, we're rockers.

Scene 6

A night club. The band is playing. OLYA and VADIM PETROVICH dance.

Vadim Petrovich: This is my favorite club. So quiet, peaceful, cozy. Is something bothering you, Honey?

Olya: My solitude. A man like you should have many guests at his birthday party, not just one young married woman.

Vadim Petrovich: A man like me should have a whim like this. You've decided to mingle with me... I mean, with my crowd. So go ahead, mingle on your own. I'm a sea, you're a river. Why would we need more inflows?

Olya: To prevent the sea from drying out.

Vadim Petrovich: More wine?

Olya: Just a little. I have to get back to my husband fit for business.

Vadim Petrovich: Even business women sometimes have to forget about their husbands for the sake of their business.

They walk to their table and drink wine. STRIPPER comes onto the dance floor.

Vadim Petrovich: Are you ever disloyal to your business?

Olya: Only in my dreams.

Vadim Petrovich: I was talking about your husband.

Olya: So was I.

Vadim Petrovich: And with whom do you do it in your dreams?

Olya: Myself.

Vadim Petrovich: How elegant!

Olya: I'm all by myself in my dreams.

Vadim Petrovich: That's the terrible fate of modern business women.

Olya: To you, Vadim Petrovich. Let a woman's fate escape you.

Vadim Petrovich: No, the third toast must be to love. Let's toast from our hearts, with our left hands. Look me in the eye. To love!

Enter TOLYA and KARINA. They go to the bar.

I by no means want to seduce you, Olya. I just want our business to thrive and us to become friends.

Olya: I want the same.

Vadim Petrovich: In that case we have to bruderschaft.

Olya: I don't quite want that.

Vadim Petrovich: Why not?

Olya: With all due respect, it's not very hygienic.

Vadim Petrovich: Friendship isn't about hygiene. If we're to become friends, we've got to share all of our diseases. Plus, love and wine kill all germs.

Olya: All right then. To our friendship!

They bruderschaft and kiss. OLYA'S eyes catch TOLYA'S look.

Shoot!

Vadim Petrovich: What's wrong? You're repulsed?

Olya: I'm dead.

Vadim Petrovich: Pardon?

Olya: My husband's here.

Tolya: Well, that's one corporate party! What's going on here?

Olya: A nightmare.

Tolya: Sodom and Gomorrah!

Olya: It's strictly business, a business birthday!

Tolya: Nice try. Who are you, grandpa?

Vadim Petrovich: I'm not your grandpa.

Olya: This is Vadim Petrovich.

Tolya: I'm so pleased I'm about to pee my pants!

Stripper: Could you, please, keep your voices down? I'm trying to work here.

Enter WAITRESS.

Olya: What are you talking about? It was an innocent friendly kiss.

Tolya: Innocent? Friendly? Ah, grandpa Vadim! Let me give you a kiss!

Vadim Petrovich: Stop it!

Olya: Stop it!

Tolya: It's been so long since I saw you, grandpa! I missed your innocent kisses! Let us dance!

Waitress: Do you want your second course now?

Vadim Petrovich: Young man...

Olya: Tolya!

Tolya: Kiss me on the lips, grandpa! Why are you turning away from me?

Vadim Petrovich: I don't kiss guys on the lips!

Tolya: And what about other men's wives with your tongue down their throats?!

Stripper: Please, let me work, will you?

Vadim Petrovich: Stop it, young man...

Waitress: I'm asking again: do you want your second course now?

Tolya: Come here, into my arms!

Olya: Tolya! Stop it!

Tolya: I won't!

Karina: Tolya, what's going on here?

Tolya: Debauchery.

Olya: And who's she?

Tolya: Karina!

Olya: Hold on! Why aren't you fishing?

Tolya: There's no bite!

Olya: Who's this goat?

Karina: I'm not a goat.

Waitress: I don't understand: do you want your second course?

Stripper: You're obstructing my work process. I just want to do my job.

Olya: Who's this goat, I'm asking you!

Karina: I'm not a goat. I'm Karina.

Vadim Petrovich: Honey, please, don't!

Tolya: Ah, Honey! Already? Why wasn't I informed that you're now Honey to the grandpa?

Olya: And why wasn't I informed that you now go fishing to a night club with a dumb goat?!

Waitress: Right. Just, please, keep your voices down.

Karina: I'm not dumb.

Stripper: Would you just let me strip to the music undisturbed?

Olya: She is dumb. Wanna bet?

Tolya: Why has he called you Honey?

Olya: It's business!

Tolya: How dumb do you think I am?

Olya: And where's your fishing rod?

Tolya: At home! The fishing was cancelled! Sergey is refurbishing his place!

Stripper: I can't hear the music!

Tolya: We were moving furniture!

Waitress: Stop shouting, all of you! I've got sensitive ears!

Tolya: We were disposing of old stuff. Sergey is on the graveyard shift tonight. Karina and I carried their couch to the dump to burn it.

Olya: Ah, the two of you were burning the couch.

Tolya: Yes, we were!

Olya: Why wasn't I invited to the auto-da-fe of the couch? I'd have made lovely pictures of a fisherman and a goat in the background of a fire!

Karina: I'm not a goat!

Olya: Why were you burning it?

Tolya: We had to!

Stripper: I'm off the beat!

Tolya: We wanted to get warmer!

Waitress: Stop shouting. My ears are ringing.

Olya: So, goat, did you get warmer?

Karina: I'm not a goat. I'm Sergey's wife. He doesn't mind.

Olya (*mocking her*): What doesn't he mind? You two setting his couch on fire?

Tolya: Us going to a club!

Olya: And before coming here you were feeding the fire on the couch to wipe out all the evidence?!

Tolya: We just wanted to have fun! Like at a campfire!

Olya: Cheap! You could donate the couch to the gay bums. They'd have had something soft to examine their freezing erogenic zones on.

Vadim Petrovich: That's disgusting!

Tolya: Ooh! Disgusting! My wife feels sorry for gay bums and old business goats!

Vadim Petrovich: I'm not a goat...

Karina: I'm Karina.

Olya: Asshole!

Waitress: My ears! Jerks!

Tolya: Psycho!

Waitress: Ears! My ears!

Olya: And you... you're a crazy cock!

Stripper: Oh fuck all of you!

Tolya: What?

Waitress: Strippette, don't you start.

Tolya: I am what?

Olya: Crazy cock! Swine!

Stripper: I'm also sensitive and vulnerable!

Waitress: My ears hurt! Jerks!

Tolya: Cow!

Stripper: I can't work like this! (*He exits.*)

Olya: I'm a cow?

Waitress: Jerks! I've got weak nerves!

Karina: I want to leave.

Tolya (to Karina): No! (*to Olya:*) Yes, we were burning the couch! Just imagine! A couch! It was steamy like a morning mist over a river, and then it ignited like our honey moon! Can you imagine?

Olya: I can't!

Karina: I want to go home!

Waitress: Less of that! If I start shouting, it'll be the end of you all!

Tolya (to Karina): You're not going anywhere!

Olya (to Tolya): Don't be such a boss!

Karina: Why?

Olya (to Karina): And you don't listen to this pussy!

Karina: He's a man.

Olya: Same difference!

Vadim Petrovich: That's outrageous!

Waitress: Shut up! Shut the fuck up! Everybody, look at me!

A dead silence falls in the club.

I am incredibly fit, crazy attractive, phenomenally smart, infinitely kind, indefinitely productive, extremely talented, hyper sexually precocious, unbelievably promising, inimitably optimistic, unimaginably intelligent, indescribably sensual and fantastically modest. Almost a blond. Except for my sensitive ears.

Vadim Petrovich: You're looking for a job?

Waitress: I'll be upfront right from the start: I want a 35 days vacation: half of it in August, the other half on New Year's Eve, no calls on Sundays, on Saturdays – no more than once a month and only with a condom, I'm always an hour late, I don't start before 10 AM, and in two or three years I'd like to take a maternity leave ...

Vadim Petrovich: I'd like that job myself.

Waitress: Then take me as your wife.

Vadim Petrovich: I'm from Kemerovo. *(He exits.)*

Olya: Vadim Petrovich!

Tolya *(mocking her):* "Vadim Petrovich!"

Waitress: Shoot! Bit of a mix-up!

Olya: From Kemerovo?

Reenter STRIPPER.

Tolya: What a restful night.

Olya: What a glamorous fight.

Stripper: Excuse me. You haven't found my G-strings by any chance?

Act Two

Scene 11

Old Lady: Well then. A cigarette?

Tolya: I don't smoke.

Old Lady: Me neither.

Tolya: Then I guess you want to talk to me.

Old Lady: Yes.

Tolya: Shoot.

Old Lady: Shoot yourself.

Tolya: Fine, let's just sit here insulting me...

Old Lady: And what's with our sense of humor? Not big on it in the city?

Tolya: Not at all. It sometimes gets cut off along with the hot water.

Old Lady: Tried buying a boiler?

Tolya: Yep. It didn't make us any hotter.

Old Lady: What do you want in this life?

Tolya: I don't know.

Old Lady: That's no answer.

Tolya: Why not?

Old Lady: As a kid, did you know what you wanted?

Tolya: I did.

Old Lady: As a school kid?

Tolya: Yes.

Old Lady: And what happened to us now?

Tolya: Really, something happened... As if an evil witch from the Superintendent's office shut us off, and now my feelings are chilling in cold pipes not drying out.

Old Lady: So what do you want? Come on, make an effort: think.

Tolya: I want harmony.

Old Lady: Smart boy!

Tolya: But where is it?

Old Lady: You've got to work for it. It's a job for the two of you.

Tolya: And why aren't you 25? And why aren't you my wife?

Old Lady: Because a different mother nurtured a fruit for you.

Tolya: A fruit so sour?

Old Lady: There are different kinds of fruit. Maybe yours hasn't had enough sunlight, or maybe you were watering it too often.

Tolya: Or maybe I didn't sweeten it enough?

Old Lady: Or maybe you over-sweetened it? Every fruit must be prepared in its own special way. Take your sour specimen. Was it not once delicious?

Tolya: It was. Oh so good!

Old Lady: You see! Bring your fruit to a boiling point or pestle it in a mortar from all your heart.

Tolya: Very challenging ways of preparation.

Old Lady: There's no treat without grooming! By the way, your fruit has gone to the barn.

Tolya: Really?

Old Lady: Yeah, yeah.

Tolya: Do I follow?

Old Lady: Of course, not. Let her figure out this one on her own. Better to help her afterward: tease her a little, and she will drag you onto that bale of hay herself.

Tolya: Wishful thinking.

Old Lady: If there's a wish, there's a way. Understood?

Tolya: Yes.

Old Lady: Oh stop answering like a first-grader. "Yes". Can't you answer in complete sentences? Did you understand what I've just said?

Tolya: Yes, I did: if there's a wish, there's a way.

Old Lady: Here, read the paper, act cold, and then bring her to a boiling point. I'll play along with you. How does that sound?

Tolya: Sounds good.

Old Lady: Told you you're a smart boy.

Scene 7

The night club. On one side: OLYA sits at the table finishing the wine. Next to her table STRIPPER sways his hips to a slow tune. On the other side: TOLYA sits at the bar drinking vodka. WAITRESS listens to him with her hand covering one ear.

Tolya: I was into Indian movies when I was a kid...

Waitress (*laughing*): Oh, please! Indian movies!

Tolya: Why are you laughing? Yes, I did like them. They're so flamboyant. People cry and laugh in them. I too sat in the audience and cried one minute and laughed the next.

Waitress (*laughing*): I'm about to wet myself!

Stripper: Won't it do yet?

Olya: Dance while you're single, dude. Dance while you're single.

Tolya: And there would be this uncanny luring music. It would uncannily resonate in my chakra and lure...

Waitress (*laughing*): In your chakra!

Tolya: And it would be luring me to the eyes of Indian women. They're also very uncanny. They'd just sit and play their veenas.

Waitress: Veenas?

Tolya: Veenas and sitars. Depending on who could play what.

Waitress: Oh, holy Mary, it's too much for me. They'd play sitars!

Stripper: Well, that's sort of it.

Olya: Dance!

Stripper: Sure. First you bring me down and then: "Dance!". When is this working week gonna end, already?

Olya: The day after tomorrow.

Tolya: Indian girls are very flexible dancers. They're also very flexible in relationships. Very flexible. Flexibility is the key! They're easy in relationships. They understand everything, forgive everything. They say nothing. They'd just put tikkas on their foreheads and...

Waitress: What?

Tolya: Tikkas. A tikka. The red dot.

Waitress (*laughing*): A tikka! Oh, please, don't crack up my lower chakra!

Tolya: I'm not cracking anything up. I've got too much on my plate to even think about it. I'm not saying I feel bad. Even though I do. But I'll be good later. But today I feel very bad, like in a first episode. But there will be a happy-ending.

Waitress: Like in an Indian movie.

Tolya: Exactly! Did you know that Indian women are the most faithful of all?

Waitress: Then I'm also an Indian woman.

Tolya: No! You've got a funny chakra.

Waitress (*laughing*): And no tikka!

Tolya: And you can't play the veena!

Waitress (*laughing*): I can't! I can't play the sitar either!

Stripper: I'll be dancing like this till I retire or what?

Olya: Dance. It's all paid for by the grandpa from Kemerovo. Why from Kemerovo?

Stripper: I'm not a poet laureate to die on the stage...

Olya: Take a sick-leave.

Stripper: I won't make it till a sick-leave.

Olya: Why are you all so feeble? Take me, for example: when I was a kid, I was into Japanese movies...

Waitress (*laughing*): Oh, holy mother, you blew out my chakra!

Olya: I was fascinated by Japanese actors. Their slow dignified walk. Their slow-paced movements and gestures. They'd just sit still and behold, like cats. Tornadoes, flies, adulteries, mice – all below them. And then: one little lighting in their eyes, and

everyone's dead. There's only me in a dark theater, impregnated with exhaustion. And he, the rat, returns to his seat and calmly finishes his rice. (*She comes back to her senses*).

Who are you?

Stripper: I'm from Kemerovo. Wanna dance?

Olya: I watched many Japanese movies. The samurais just sat there, ate their rice, drank their sake... Eventually, I myself turned into a Japanese actor. And I don't regret it. I'll dance alone! You're free now. (*She dances.*) I'm a great Indian actress. Or maybe a Japanese one. Who can tell without sake? Miss! Miss!

Waitress: I'm all ears.

Olya: Have you got sake?

Waitress (*laughing*): What's sake?

Olya: Warm Japanese vodka.

Waitress: No, we don't have any Japanese vodka. But we've got our own. I can warm it up.

Olya: Warm away!

Waitress: Excuse me. Do I bring it to a boiling point?

Olya: Don't!

Waitress: Understood. (*She exits.*)

Tolya: Typical: just when everything is good, it all goes bad.

Olya: All I want is to dance and cry.

Tolya: All I want is to cry and drink.

Olya: Do fish cry when fishermen tear them apart in the morning?

Tolya: They don't. Newts do.

Olya: Newts? They cry?

Tolya: They do. They feel sorry for the fish.

Olya: So sad...

Tolya: But I don't cry.

Olya: I wish I had your gill.

Tolya: Try diving deeper.

WAITRESS brings the order to the table.

Olya: Will you dive with me?

Tolya: I will.

Olya: Be careful, little newt, don't drown in your sadness.

Tolya: Will you throw me a ring buoy at the last moment?

Olya: I can't hear that well lately.

Waitress: Anything else?

Olya: Not any more. *(She drinks.)*

Waitress: It's karma. *(She exits.)*

Tolya: Let's drink in a gesture of peace.

Olya: I don't drink and I despise drunks...

Tolya: What do we care since we're all here?

Olya: Don't you get it? Now every time you mention fishing will make me tremble with terror.

Tolya: That's exactly what your business meetings will do to me...

Olya: A terror as great as the one left by the couch you set on fire.

Tolya: And to me, your Vadim Petrovich...

Olya: I won't be able to trust you once again.

Tolya: And I'll be able to trust you?

Olya: Trust me like you'd trust an Indian actress.

Tolya: To us! (*He raises a shot.*)

Olya: I can't.

Scene 2

Boy: You lied to me.

Mum: Why are saying that?

Boy: You said when I got chwistianed, I'd become a diffewent man.

Mum: That's right.

Boy: I couldn't pwonounce "w" befowe, and I still can't pwonounce it.

Mum: You will as you get older. I had the same thing.

Boy: And Olya gave me no attention befowe, and she still gives me no attention.

Mum: That also happens sometimes. And sometimes it even gets worse. You see: girls, they're kind of complicated. They want attention, but then again, they get annoyed if they're given too much of it. You always have to be discerning. It's a big responsibility.

Boy: It's good to be a giwl: no giving attention, no wesponsibility.

Mum: They do give attention. But in a different way. Their love has to be sensed.

Boy: It's like when you make tea fow dad and then sip it to see if it's tasty ow not?

Mum: Yes, that's my kind of attention.

Boy: And that's love?

Mum: That's love.

Boy: So I shouldn't get mad?

Mum: No. Our Jessie doesn't get mad when you're out for a whole day without her, does she? You come home and she licks your face.

Boy: So Olya may be missing me now?

Mum: Maybe she is, but she can't put it in words.

Boy: And I can't put it in words, for some reason.

Mum: So what now, the two of you will just be mad at each other and say nothing?

Boy: I can call her names I guess.

Mum: Or you can forgive her and lick her face all over.

Scene 12

Sounds of a passing high-speed train. TOLYA reads the newspaper.

Olya (*dialing a number on her cell phone*): Hello. Auto shop? Hello.

Tolya (*mocking her*): Hello.

Olya: Is this an auto shop?

Tolya: Yes, ma'am, an auto shop.

Olya: Auto shop...

Tolya: I'm telling you: "Yes, it is".

Olya: Hello, hello...

Tolya: Yes, yes...

Olya: Hello.

Tolya: Hello.

Olya: Auto shop?

Tolya: The auto shop, the auto shop...

Olya: We, what, don't have reception?

Voice of Old Lady: What reception?

Olya: I see. That's some open house! Fuck me! Fuck! That's it. There's no reception in here! Nada. Now there's no way I can make it. Basta to my investments...

Tolya: And I was getting worried. (*He reads.*) "RuPaul Had Plastic Surgery".

Olya: Right! You were getting worried. In my dreams. A worrier.

Tolya: Why would I worry about your business anyways? "I'm a robot", said the wife to her husband after ten years of marriage".

Olya: Of course! That's my business, after all. That's my problem.

Tolya: "Dental Services".

Olya: Have we got a land line?

Tolya: "Spell Breaking".

Voice of Old Lady: I don't even have electricity.

Olya: It's getting better. This is quite a buy.

Tolya: "Liposuction, Breast Implants".

Voice of Old Lady: What's wrong? How is it worse without electricity?

Tolya: "Famous Singer Found her Fate in Tarot Cards".

Olya: I can't even watch TV.

Tolya: "1 PM. News"

OLYA tries to take the paper from him. They start fighting.

Voice of Old Lady: Why do you want to watch it anyways? At night it's better to look into each other's eyes. You won't be able to stop. You'll see your most important news and most engaging movies in there.

Enter OLD LADY.

Tolya: So how much for the house, ma'am?

Old Lady: Twelve thousand...

Tolya: Super!

Old Lady: ...euros.

Tolya: You've got it!

Olya: For what?

Old Lady: For sustainable wood...

Tolya: Sustainable wood!

Old Lady: ...fresh air...

Tolya: Fresh air!

Old Lady: ...seclusion from the world's population...

Tolya: ...absence of electricity, water...

Old Lady: ...and reception...

Tolya: No reception!

Old Lady: ...and for my wonderful memories.

Olya: Seriously...

Tolya: They're magnificent!

Old Lady: It all adds up to twelve thousand.

Olya: And why in euros?

Old Lady: Because of the inflation!

Tolya: The inflation!

Olya: The inflation...

Old Lady: And I, I want to go away. To the seashore. I want my body soaked with sea salt so that in the other world I can tell my husband about the sea while he is breathing me in and loving me even stronger...

Tolya: There you go. And you don't want to go fishing with me and soak up the smell of...

Olya: Fish?

Tolya: Why fish? The river, the lilies, the bluegrass...

Olya: Damn-bitch-fuck-ing-ass! Not the bluegrass!

Sounds of a passing high-speed train.

Tolya: Is there a creak somewhere here?

Old Lady: There is.

Tolya: What kind of a creak is that?

Old Lady: The most superb!

Tolya: Any fish?

Old Lady: Schools this big!

Tolya: Surreal!

Old Lady: Fifteen.

Tolya: Fifteen what?

Old Lady: Fifteen thousand euros.

Tolya: Surreal.

Olya: You're a hard ass, ma'am! Harder than the IRS.

Old Lady: Oh you can never pay enough for happiness.

Olya: Happiness without electricity. And how did you arrive at such an accurate cost estimate?

Old Lady: Who do you think I am? A Central European savage from the Endangered Species List? I go to see my neighbors every week. Five kilometers down the road. We miss each other so much during the week that we manage to discuss all there is to discuss, have a drink, and learn everything about the world's economy. So, in relation to the global inflation, I decided to put my house with a naturalistically designed landscape on sale for... fifteen thousand.

Olya: There's a landscape here?

Tolya: Naturalistically designed.

Old Lady: That's right. Sleep over. I'll wake you up in the morning and you, naked, through the dew, in the mist, through the landscape, into the river – splash! Then you'll see how much you saved with me.

Tolya: What do you think?

Olya: Nothing.

Old Lady: Come on, stay. It's getting dark already.

Olya: I'm not used to going to bed so early.

Old Lady: Good. Don't! Love your husband.

Olya: Thanks.

Tolya: We'll figure it out.

Olya: Right, you'll figure it out. It's been two years, already.

Old Lady: Here's a perfect chance to get over with it. Plenty of time till sunrise.

Tolya: Hardly. That's the audibility situation here?

Old Lady: Oh, moan and groan to your heart's delight. Trains pass by incessantly. Not a living soul within an earshot.

Tolya: What about you?

Old Lady: I'm no stranger. Don't mind me. My sleep will only be sounder, my dreams – sweeter. Maybe I'll even see my husband in them. And all that jazz.

Olya: What a nightmare! I want to go back.

Tolya: Go ahead! How far is the nearest station?

Old Lady: It's been a while since I walked there. The last time it took me forty minutes to get there.

Olya: Awesome! Little house on the prairie!

Tolya: That's the whole point – the prairie! You wanted it to be farther from the city.

Olya: But not a forty minute walk!

Old Lady: What's so wrong with that? Some forty minutes!

Olya: I'm good with my fitness practice.

Old Lady: I don't follow.

Olya: I run on a treadmill at the gym.

Old Lady: Forget the gym! Run here! When I was your age it took me twenty minutes to run back home from the station.

Olya: You must have had nothing better to do. And what about the autumn muck? What about winter?

Old Lady: I ran even quicker! Because I knew I was running to my darling. I flew as if on wings! I'd run into the house and find him there all warm, hot. He'd throw his arms around me, lay me down on the floor, my coat still on me, and warm me up in his embrace...

Olya: Ma'am, I'm begging you...

Old Lady: Don't beg me, beg your husband.

Olya: He may go to hell for all I care!

Tolya: Gone already! (*He exits.*)

Sounds of a passing high-speed train.

Olya: Oh how it all makes me...

Old Lady: Sick?

Olya: You got it.

Old Lady: Because there's something else you should be making.

Olya: You're a greater expert on that from what I hear.

Old Lady: I am. Because I made time for everything. But most importantly, I made time for love. When I worked in the fields, I loved there. When I worked in the woods, I loved there.

Olya: Is there a place where you didn't love, ma'am?

Old Lady: The roof. I've got vertigo. My husband and I were going to try it once, but I got so dizzy that I almost dropped dead. But other than that... Oh, the sea. We always wanted to go, to see that wild sea and fall in love with it. It didn't work out, though.

Olya: So it didn't...

Old Lady: It should have, though.

Olya: Sometimes it seems it should, but it really shouldn't.

Old Lady: What are your names?

Olya: Olya and, dam it, Tolya.

Old Lady: There's nothing worse than lips without kisses, Olya.

Olya: What?

Old Lady: What?

Olya: What have you just said?

Old Lady: I said a train has just passed. It was packed with mutes. They all waved at you through the windows and shouted: "Olya!!! Come with us!!!"

Olya: I'm bad. I know. But what can I do?

Old Lady: Forget that you know it. If you can't forget it, get drunk tonight and for once become a total fool. Then, Olya, the true knowledge will reveal itself to you.

Olya: Seriously?

Old Lady: Seriously. I'll scramble something up for dinner. Set the table for me, would you? Go on, move your body! You're not at the gym.

Olya: And what should I call you?

Old Lady: Whatever you want. Even "grandma".

Olya: Grandma? Grandma... Gran... Grandma, will he stay?

Old Lady: What else will he do? Ooow!!! Oooouch!!! Tolya!!! Tolya!!!

TOLYA runs into the house. (OLD LADY grabs a bucket and pours the water from it all over OLYA and TOLYA.)

Sorry, kids. Had to be done. Your nation and your party won't forget you. Don't be cold.

A drink, anyone?

Tolya: Why not? Aren't I human after all?

Old Lady: We'll soon get warmer.

Sounds of a passing high-speed train.

Scene 8

The night club just before closing.

Waitress: My legs hurt.

Stripper: My legs hurt. I danced like crazy.

Waitress: And my ears are sensitive. And so is my chakra.

Stripper: Calm down, will you? You're taking this sick crowd too seriously.

Waitress: They're not sick. They're in love.

Stripper: Yeah, you can only shout like that when you're in love.

Waitress: If I had so much love in me, it'd blow out all my fillings.

Stripper: Can't you do with a little less love?

Waitress: Maybe you can. But it's so boring. Strippette, let's go to Kemerovo. The grandpa is there. Vadim Petrovich.

Stripper: I don't want any grandpa. And I don't want to go to Kemerovo either.

Waitress: What difference does it make to you where to show off your wee wee?

Stripper: Are you out of your mind? We're talking Siberia.

Waitress: You'll find someone who'll give you warmth.

Stripper: You're the one who needs warmth here. For your ears without caresses and for your body without embraces...

Waitress: And for my cheeks without emotions...

Stripper: And for your hands without hand-shakes...

Waitress: And for my chakra without revelations. (*She laughs.*) Strippette, I've found a wedding ring. It doesn't fit me. Let's try it on you. Too small for this one. And for this one. You've got very touching fingers. I could bite them all off.

Stripper: Hey! Hey!

Waitress: One by one. Ten off your hands and ten off your feet. I'd bite them off and hold them in my mouth like lollipops. I wouldn't share them with anyone till they melt. What do you think?

Stripper: Take a few days off. Go to Kemerovo, on the way drop off at Tolyatti, Cheboksary...

Waitress: Get a life! What would I want with your nubs? Look, the ring has fitted. That's fate.

Stripper: Talk about karma.

Waitress: There you go, my ringed seagull! Keep it on for good luck.

Stripper: Will it bring good luck, though?

Waitress: I, as an ornithology professor, am convinced: yes.

Stripper: And what if this ring belongs to someone from that married couple?

Waitress: Nothing. It's a sign: no ring, no bird. Their love is already far far away, in nirvana. (*She laughs.*)

Stripper: You think that's it?

Waitress: That's it, that's it.

Stripper: No chance for them to get back together?

Waitress: Let's have a bet! If they come back for the ring, I've lost.

Stripper: And off to Siberia!

Waitress: If they don't come back, you'll marry me. (*She laughs.*) You look like a grasshopper who's just got his leg torn off.

Stripper: I wish they'd come back and get together soon.

Waitress: They won't! They won't! They don't need any rings any more.

Stripper: It's such a trifle, really. A ring! All that matters is that they've got each other, next to each other, alive, healthy, young, pretty, loud...

Waitress: Oh my God!

Stripper: And everything else... All these rings, couches, Karinas, Marinas – it's all such...

Waitress: ...bullshit.

Scene 14

At the table.

Old Lady: Dear oh dear oh dear! Tolya! You're doing it all wrong!

Tolya: It's always been right and now it's suddenly wrong.

Old Lady: That's not how you drink in front of ladies. Here, I'll show you how my husband drank. Come on! Take the shot into your mouth, but don't drink it. Now warm it up, keep warming it, more. Good! Then take in the taste and pass this joy to your friend

into her dry lips. Go on, pass it on! Olya, cheer up! Present your lips. Receive the warm drink, feel the joy and share it with us through the sound “mmm”!

Olya: Mmm! Mmm!

Old Lady: Now drink half of it and return the other half to your husband. And now – a dress rehearsal! One more time, Tolya, pour half of the glass, then pour it into yourself. Is it good?

Tolya: Mmm!

Old Lady: I bet it is! I made it myself. From herbs. All of them grow at the crooked fence. Bare it in mind, Olya.

Olya: Got you, grandma.

Old Lady: So you’re saying it’s good?

Tolya: Mmm!

Old Lady: Your friend looks at you very interested... Dam you, Olya! I said: “interested”. That’s it. Your friend looks at you and sweats: will you share your happiness with her or not? Go on, sweat!

Tolya: Mmm, mmm, mmm, mm, mmm.

Old Lady: What’s that? Share your happiness. That’s right: pour it into her moist waiting lips. Is it good, Olenka?

Olya: Mmmmmmm...

Old Lady: Wonderful. Now share half of your happiness, oo!, and it’s bound to come back to you.

Tolya: I like it.

Olya: Me too.

Old Lady: Aha! Like it? It'll get better at night! That's it! Showtime! We pour a full glass and we drink...

Sounds of a passing high-speed train.

Scene 4

Girl: Is this a new T-shirt?

Boy: Yep.

Girl: Very cute.

Boy: Really?

Girl: Yep. What did you say?

Boy: Really.

Girl: Ah! Say it again.

Boy: Rrreally. Rrreally. Rrreally.

Girl: You've changed.

Boy: You too. You've got a different smell.

Girl: And you've got a different T-shirt.

Boy: So... what's up?

Girl: Nothing, already. You can say "r" and you still can't starrt a conversation.

Boy: I'm such a rretarrd.

Girl: You're so funny.

Boy: I wasn't before?

Girl: Beforrre you were even funnier.

Boy: Will I be funny when I grrrow old?

Girl: When you grrrow old? I don't know. We'll have to live and see.

Boy: When I grrrow old, will you love me?

Girl: I saw very old people who kissed each other before they went to bed and they'd already played together for such a long time.

Boy: And they're not borrrred with each other?

Girl: They're in love.

Boy: Here we go! Love. You, girls, can't talk about anything else.

Girl: There's no "r" in "love".

Boy: That's good.

Girl: That's bad. Even without "r", I liked you.

Scene 16

Olya: My head swims!

Tolya: Mine too.

Olya: Mine swims fast.

Tolya: Very fast?

Olya: Yeah.

Tolya: Why are you answering like a first-grader? Can't you answer in complete sentences? Is your head swimming very fast?

Olya: Yes, it is. As fast as a record. Stop it, please.

Tolya: Got it!

Olya: It's not stopping.

Sounds of a passing high-speed train.

Tolya: Crossties, crossties, railings, railings...

Olya: You're tickling me.

Tolya: Look, a wild train comes down wailing...

Olya: Stop it.

Tolya: Railings, railings...

Olya: Ooh! And what's that, a crosstie?

Tolya: A woody pike.

Olya: A pike? Woody?

Tolya: Aha.

Olya: So?

Tolya: So?

Olya: Is it good?

Tolya: Mmm...

Olya: Mmm...

Sounds of a passing high-speed train.

Scene 15

Night. Everyone is asleep, except for the band who is rehearsing Adam's ballet.

Old Lady: In her dreams the old woman saw faraway seas and dugongs that never came to the shore. The sea cows played in dusky mist like young kittens and she grew almost as fond of them as of her husband. But she never saw her husband in her dreams... The sea cows were merrily splashing around. A playful family of sea horses swam to them and wondered at their neighbors. There also were catfish peeking from coral reefs. The old woman didn't know in what kind of undersea collective farms these amazing water animals lived. But in her dream they looked exactly like the most common cats of this earth.

Scene 17

The first cock's crow.

Old Lady: Good morning, sweetheart. Sorry I'm so early. Have I woken you up? We'll have plenty of time to sleep. I've got a feeling today is going to be wonderful to us. Listen to me. Dark smooth areas on the Moon are called lunar "seas". At first astronomers thought that these areas could contain oceans. One of the most stunning and massive lunar "seas" is the Eastern Sea. It is situated on the very edge of the visible side of the Moon and thus, unfortunately, is very hard to observe from the Earth. Do you like the lunar sea? Me too. It's far away, it's not visible, which means nobody from here will see us on the lunar sea, nobody will bother us, and we won't be ashamed to swim in the sea naked and old... And now: our cultural program. Most likely, the finale. Today it's a ballet. For the very first and last time. "Giselle" by Adolphe Adam. Let's start.

The band starts playing Adam's ballet in an alternative arrangement.

“Night. A rural cemetery on the bank of a lake filled with mysterious sounds and flashes of marsh gas. The moonlight reveals a shadow of the Queen of the Wilis. With a single motion of her hand, she raises Giselle's ghost...” (*OLD LADY starts dancing reservedly.*)

The second cock's crow.

Sounds of a passing high-speed train.

Scene 18

Sounds of a passing high-speed train.

Olya: We never managed to get any sleep.

Tolya: The grandma will be here soon.

Olya: ...and will at once understand that we didn't sleep that much.

Tolya: Maybe she heard everything anyways?

Olya: Maybe.

Tolya: She seems to be pretty used to that.

Olya: Do we need this house?

Tolya: You tell me.

Old Lady: Rise and shine!!!

Olya: Good heavens.

Old Lady: So what did you dream of in a new place?

Olya: You'll never guess.

Old Lady: Seriously?

Tolya: Seriously, what did you dream of?

Olya: I dreamed of... a new life.

Tolya: I don't follow.

Olya: A new life in me.

Old Lady: Now you follow?

Tolya: Now I follow. (*He kisses OLYA.*)

Old Lady: Eighteen.

Tolya: Eighteen what?

Old Lady: Thousand. Euros. For the house.

Olya: Where did that come from?

Old Lady: Yesterday you were two. And now you're three.

Olya: So?

Old Lady: So! Inflation. The price has risen.

Olya: But not by that much!

Old Lady: By that much, by that much. And trust me: it's a very good bargain.

Tolya: Of course, very good.

Old Lady: When your baby gets older and starts asking about how it came into this world, you'll remember this house and realize that you're ready to pay any amount for it. And then my price will be twenty or twenty five.

Olya: Let's get this house already, before we have a second baby.

Tolya: And what about your investments in the company?

Olya: I'll invest later, when I get back from my maternity leave.

Tolya: Deal.

Old Lady: Deal. Give us five!

Tolya: Get your stuff, grandma. We'll take you directly to the notary and then – to the airport to put you on a plane. And bye-bye, fly away, lovely grandma, to the best sea in the world!

Olya: We'll leave our address with you, grandma. Send us a postcard when you've got a chance so that we know where we should never travel.

Old Lady: Will do. You're right: there's no need for you to travel to that sea... Now: quickly, naked, through the dew, to the river, go!

Tolya: Let's go?

Olya: Naked? Is it appropriate?

Tolya: For you, it is. Let's go!

Olya: The last one there is a retard! *(She runs off.)*

Tolya: I'm the retard! Retard! What a retard! *(He runs off.)*

Old Lady: Fight! Fight louder! More! More. And we will envy you...

Sounds of a passing long long freight train.

Curtain.