

# Operational bachelorette party

*a play for 5 people*

18+



Nikolay  
Lakutin

СОДЕРЖИТ  
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ  
БРАНЬ

Comedy

18+

**Nikolay Lakutin**  
**Operational bachelorette party.**  
**Comedy. A play for 5 people**

*[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=68931069](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=68931069)*

*SelfPub; 2023*

**Аннотация**

Don't put a finger in these girls' mouths, because you never know what they will do in response to this or that action. But if there were no such girls, the world would not be so bright, emotional and saturated! Thank you, bright girls of this world!!!An explanatory note for the director is attached at the end of the play.

# Содержание

Action 1	6
Scene 1. Crocodile tears.	6
Scene 2. Makhach.	22
Scene 3. Debriefing	27
Scene 4. Debriefing 2	32
Scene 5. News is so news!	36
Action 2	42
Scene 1. Bachelorette party.	42
Scene 2. Oh, good – not good	52
Scene 3. Leftovers are sweet	62

# **Nikolay Lakutin**

## **Operational bachelorette party. Comedy. A play for 5 people**

Attention! ALL COPYRIGHTS TO THE PLAY ARE PROTECTED BY THE LAWS OF RUSSIA, INTERNATIONAL LEGISLATION AND BELONG TO THE AUTHOR. ITS PUBLICATION AND REPUBLICATION, REPRODUCTION, PUBLIC PERFORMANCE, TRANSLATION INTO FOREIGN LANGUAGES, MAKING CHANGES TO THE TEXT OF THE PLAY WHEN STAGED WITHOUT THE WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR IS PROHIBITED. THE PRODUCTION OF THE PLAY IS POSSIBLE ONLY AFTER THE CONCLUSION OF A DIRECT CONTRACT BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND THE THEATER.

Comedy for 5 people (female roles)

A play in two acts.

(In an abbreviated version, it can be delivered as a one-act).

(18+)

**ACTORS**

Xana (Ksyu).

Bela (Squirrel).

Lisa (Lee).

Angelina (Gel).

Damira (Damka)

# Action 1

## Scene 1. Crocodile tears.

Street, nearby in the visibility zone is a roadside cafe.

The sad lyrical theme of love sounds.

The light turns on smoothly.

With a slow timid step, a tearful Bela comes out. Sobbing.

Mascara has flowed, lipstick is rubbed on the face.

The musical theme ends smoothly.

Bela (sobbing, through crying). Asshole... A parasite...

Asshole!

Bela stops, unable to restrain herself any longer, begins to sob, covering her face with her hands.

A positive musical theme sounds.

Xana comes out. She's on an emotional high, looks fresh, attractive. Reads the correspondence in the smartphone, is touched.

The musical theme ends.

Xana (looking at her smartphone, touching, positively). Well, the bastard – I agree. A parasite? (He thinks about it.) In a way.

He reads on, smiling slyly.

Xana (looking at her smartphone, touching, positively). A goat? Beyond any doubt. Come on, come on, darling. Everything

that hurt. Console yourself with these splashes... What else can you do..., poor fellow.

Xana smiles, puts her smartphone in her pocket and "bumps" into a sobbing Bela. Stops. He looks at her carefully. Pretty quickly begins to understand what's what.

Xana (looking intently at Bela). Sooooo!

Bela removes her palms from her face, briefly switches her gaze to Xana, and bursts into tears again, covering her face with her hands.

Xana (looking intently at Bela). And, well, everything is clear

...

Xana on a heavy exhalation turns her gaze to the auditorium.

Bela tries to calm down, sobs. Wipes his face and nose with his hands. She's shaking all over with nerves and emotions.

Xana gives Bela some time to clean up.

Xana (looking intently at Bela again). So.... (With an affirmative question.) Yeah?

Bela (sobbing, through crying, nodding). Yeah...

Xana is busily looking around. Her gaze stops at a roadside cafe.

Xana (resolutely, Bele, reinforcing the remark with gestures). You're coming with me!

Xana goes and sits down at an empty table at a roadside cafe. A completely "broken" Bela is trailing behind her. He sits down next to me.

A waitress in a white blouse approaches, with a menu in her

hands. This is Damira. He smiles affably.

Damira (to visitors, friendly). Hello, my name is Damira, I will be serving your table today. (Offering a menu.) Study the menu, or would you like to place an order right away?

Xana (resolutely, to the waitress). Immediately! So...

Xana expertly quickly opens the menu and pokes her finger at some section.

Xana (resolutely, to the waitress, showing her choice). Here are a couple of these cocktails, a salad like this. Two. And....

Bela begins to sob heavily again, again covers her face with her hands.

Xana turns her gaze to Bela. Then the waitress.

Xana (resolutely, to the waitress, putting away the menu). Lights out cocktails and salads. Bring us some delicious vodka, Damira, and have a natural snack. Tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce leaves... Well, I understand in general, yes?

Damira (writing down). Understood-understood.

The waitress leaves, Xana rests her chin on her hand, looks pityingly at Bela. Bela calms down.

Bela (hesitantly). Excuse me, I'm...

Xana (resolutely, interrupting). Let's go for "you". We have the same age plus or minus.

Bela (hesitantly). Good...

Xana (resolutely, but kindly). I'm Xana. You can Ksyu!

Bela (nodding affably). Bela.

Xana (cheerfully). Bela? An infrequent name. Can I call you



Squirrel?

Bela (calmly). You can, that's usually everyone's name.

Damira promptly brings the order. He places a couple of stacks on the table, puts a misted bottle of vodka, a plate with slicing.

Xana (reading the waitress's badge). Yes-miii-ra, (to the waitress, matter-of-factly) listen, Damira, get yourself another "stoparik". Let's sit down together and talk. I'm buying!

Damira (affably, a little guiltily). Oh, thank you, but I'm at work, sorry. I'm not supposed to.

Xana (insistently, to the waitress, with a twinkle and a hitch). Where is it not supposed to be? Who is not supposed to? Where is it not supposed to go? Damira? What are you? We will rub about men! Davaaaaay!

Damira smiles, she herself would be happy, but she can't.

Damira (affably, in Xana's ear). Yes, I wouldn't really mind, but if my boss sees me here with you, I will be fired immediately, and without calculation.

Xana (insistently, to the waitress). Missis! Do you mind if I call you that?

Damira shakes her head uncertainly.

Xana (insistently, to the waitress). Let's be honest! Do you like this job? How much do you value her?

Damira looks uncertainly somewhere to the side, fearing that her boss will hear her.

Damira (in a friendly way, in Xana's ear). To be honest, not

really. Another boss is an old bastard. I wanted to be a sales manager in general, but I couldn't find anything... here... while here.

Xana nods understandingly, immediately takes out her smartphone. Promptly dials the number. Calling someone.

Xana (busily, into the phone). Seryozhenka, hello, dear. Me, who else. How are you? Yes? Well, well done. Yes, I'm fine too. Listen, you were looking for a girl to sell. Did you find it? Don't look, I've already found it. Ooooooofig, you'll like it. Damir's name is. Did you check out the name? That's it. That's it, I'll give you your contacts, he'll dial today. Not today? When is it necessary? The day after tomorrow? Ok. Come on, kiss me. Both, of course. (He listens to the phone, smiles.) Okay, and there too. You know, I'm anything you want for you, yes... yes. Well, that's it. (Kisses the receiver.) Mua-mua!

Xana puts the phone away, turns to Damira, actively gestures.

Xana (calmly, to the waitress). I've decided everything. They're waiting for you. Call me the day after tomorrow. Give me the phone, I'll write the number. (Damira gives her phone number, Xsana writes down Sergey's number there.) The salary will not offend, the attitude will be amazing! Get a stack for yourself... and a chair. Let's drink!

Damira is in shock, she doesn't know what to do. Her inner turmoil is visible.

Xana (calmly, to the waitress). Ah, I get it.

Xana takes a stack of money out of her pocket, counts out

how much, puts the amount on the table. Removes the rest of the money.

Xana (busily, to the waitress). Here you go. Compensation for the upcoming retention here on the s/p.

Xana takes the bottle, opens it, pours it. He looks at Damira.

Xana (encouraging the waitress). Come on-come on-come on!

Damira smiles, takes the money. "Breaks down" behind a chair and a stack.

He comes running, substitutes a chair, sits down. He puts down his stack. Xana immediately pours it for her. He pours a little for everyone.

Xana (commanding). So. Raised!

Everyone takes a shot.

Xana (commanding). For the acquaintance, girls! Will be!

All three are drinking. They wince. Have a snack.

Xana (in her own way, Damira). I'm Xana! (He points to Bela.) It's a Squirrel!

Bela and Damira nod affably to each other.

Damira (in a friendly way, Bela). Damira.

Xana (in her own way, Damira). Don't worry about work! Serega... (Shows a finger up.) That's such a guy! Everything will be tip-top, be sure!

Damira (with interest, Xane). And ... you have something with him ...

Damira shows a gesture of relationship (decently, for example, rubs her index fingers together).

Xana (in her own way, Damire). No, you're not... We have... purely buddies. He is a serious man, and I am a life-loving, free-spirited girl. We couldn't get along with him under any circumstances. We are soooooooooo different. But we communicate normally. So... we can make fun of each other. But no more. By the way, he is married, but I don't like his wife, a complete fool. (Playfully.) So if anything, look... I don't mind!

Damira (modestly, blushing). Xaaaana, what are you....

Xana (in her own way, Damire). You can Ksyu! It's okay, it's life. Who managed, that and sneakers. And his sneakers, I think, are normal!

Damira (modestly, blushing). Oh, no. I'm not like that. Family is sacred!

Xana (in her own way, Damire). Yes, we are all not like that! (He turns to Bela for support.) Belka, tell me?

Bela shrugs uncertainly.

Xana (in her own way, Bela). So, come on, tell me. What's your story?

Xana and Damira are all paying attention, looking at Bela.

Bela (hesitantly). Yes... I don't even know how to say it... It's uncomfortable somehow.

Xana (in her own way, Bela). Squirrel, what are you? All your own! Do you know how many of these goats I've had in my life? I've been in such stories... mmmmm... Sometimes I don't believe it myself. But it was. It was! Well, what do you have there? Changed it?

Bela (sighing). Ah... no.

Damira (sincerely). How not?

Bela and Xana look questioningly at Damira.

Damira (excusing herself). Well, I mean... I mean that... what is the problem then, if not this?

Bela (sighing). Simply... He just told me I was nothing. Well, I mean... in the same sense – no!

Xana (sympathetically, Bele). Asshole!

Damira (sympathetically). Wow... For a guy to say something like that to a girl... As soon as the tongue turned.

Bela (sighing). Girls, I'm really really not a specialist. Well, where would I have learned all sorts of wisdom there, because I had the first Stasik... And last.

Xana (sympathetically, Bele). Oh, come on... The last one. To put an end to all the men because of one sheep.

Damira (sympathetically, Bele). Forget it and don't worry! Experience is a gainful thing. I'm not a pro myself, but in a couple of years, while I was wiping corners with my Nikita in dorms, I learned something. We studied together!

Xana (with support, Damire). Here! This is what it is when we are together. And when one has experience, and the second has just embarked on this path... It is clear that this does not end well. But opening your mouth about it is also not the case. (White.) By the way, how much with this, his... What's his name?

Bela (sadly, with nostalgia). Stasikom ...

Xana (busily, Bele). Oh! Exactly. With Stasik with his own. Not for long, surely you met? When I just managed to fall in love. I can see it in his eyes, the resentment against him is not in an empty place. You love..., like.

Bela looks down guiltily.

Bela (sadly, with nostalgia). Today was exactly a month.

Xana (busily, Bele). Tyuyuyuy! And that's why you're so upset? Forget it altogether. Too much for me, an episode. Another name is such a stupid one. Stasik. Is that what someone else calls someone?

Damira (carefully, Xane). In general, my dad is Stas. Stanislav Viktorovich.

Xana (guiltily covering her mouth with her palm). Oh, shit! Girls, I'm sorry. Sometimes I don't say much. I'm sorry, a drunk fool. By the way... Let's take the second one. And then I feel like I'm already a fool, but not much of a fool. And I would like to be stronger. I just adore myself as a fool!

Xana pours everyone a little more.

They raise the stacks.

Xana (busily). To eat and drink, to want and could! Let's go... they drink on the second. Have a snack.

Xana (with interest, Damire). And what about Nikita, with the dorm... Are you together now, or what?

Damira (a little sadly). Broke up... A week ago.

Xana (with interest, Damire). What broke up?

Damira (evasively). Well... So it happened.

Xana (with cunning). Eeeee, the Lady seems to be more aggressive than the Squirrel. (Damire.) Am I right, huh?

Damira (a little indignantly). How do you know everything?

Xana (with cunning). I can see it in your eyes. I know that look. She's no better. Well? Who is he? Some Ahmad? Or Rinat? Owner of a medium-sized business. 30-40 years old, lonely, but does not rush to the embrasure? Cautious?

Damira (a little scared, Xane). What are you? Clairvoyant?

Xana (with cunning). Straight! An ordinary bitch.

Bela (with interest, Damire). Did you guess everything?

Damira (carefully, Bele). Partly. His name is a simple Russian name, Roman. But his business is connected, oddly enough, with the cuisine of not our nationality. He has a chain of Caucasian restaurants.

Bela (surprised). Baaaaa...

Xana (approvingly). Well, there! The normal option. Well done! So? Well? What's there? How's it going?

Damira (sighing and waving away). Let's have another one, otherwise it's not so easy to tell.

Damira takes the initiative, pours a refill.

Bela looks questioningly at her new friends.

Xana (approvingly, Bele). It's fine!

They lift, clink glasses, drink, exhale.

Damira (kosovato, but cheerfully). In short!

Xana and Bela lean on the table. With an oblique eye, they listen to Damira.

Damira (kosovato, in her own way). Nikita – he's a normal guy, but zanuuuuda, kapets! The first year I actually somehow tolerated him. They quarreled constantly, then reconciled. In the second year of such an unstable and emotional relationship, I already somehow have this whole thing ...

Xana (with understanding). I understand.

Bela (surprised, Damire). Damira, wait. And ...

Damira (kosovato, White). What?

Bela (surprised, Damire). So, after all, on the contrary, everything should kind of be?

Damira (kosovato, Bele). What do you mean?

Bela (surprised, Damire). Well..., swearing is reconciliation. Emotions. Passion! After all, it's great when it's like on a volcano? Everyone dreams about the same thing. Or....

Bela turns a cautious look at Xana.

Bela (carefully, Xane). Or not all of them?

Damira grins.

Xana (with knowledge of the matter, Bele, slurping loudly). For the time being. And you get tired of routine relationships, and the "volcanic drive" is not always a joy. Measure and tact are important here. Volcanoes like this sometimes get into a loop, if you didn't know!

Bela (carefully, to the girls). Yeah?

Damira (kosovato, girls). Yes, I was just the opposite, I was ready to put my own in a loop. I got it specifically. I got it, I got it. Well...



Bela (cautiously, with fright, Damire). What are you? His... (Shows a strangulation gesture on himself.) Ahem?

Damira (calmly, Bele). Why bring it to this? I just packed my things and look for fistulas. Moreover, at that time I was already in full communication with Roman.

Xana (ambiguous).

Damira (enthusiastically, Xane). Yes! And he, by the way, actively showed me signs of attention!

Bela (cautiously, looking at the girls with uncertainty). And..., I'm sorry..., actively, how is it?

Xana (pityingly, Bele). Squirrel ..., you're still very, very green ...

Bela guiltily looks away.

Damira (in her own way, Bela). Come on, it's okay. What's the big deal? If you don't know, we'll teach you. Well, how does a man show signs of attention? He often writes, tries to joke. He's interested in your affairs. He offers to give you a ride if it turns out in the conversation that you are going somewhere. He gives flowers, calls to the cinema. He offers to sit in a cafe.

Xana (interrupts, affirmatively, knowledgeably, Bele). But the most important thing is the look!

Damira (to Xane, enthusiastically). Here! That's the whole problem and there is!

Xana (to Damire, with interest). What? Not lit?

Damira (to Xane, enthusiastically). You know, for some reason, not really. The guys took care of me, after all. Well, while

I'm with Nikita. (To the girls.) No, don't think about it, I didn't cheat on him.

Xana frowns, looks doubtfully at Damira.

Damira (to Xane, in response to a biased look). Well, almost!

Bela (disapprovingly). Heh...

Xana nods approvingly to Damira.

Xana (Bela, with Damira's support). A little bit – does not count! And in general, by the way, for the future. Without this little bit, no normal relationship can exist at all. Who is this girl who doesn't twirl her tail? Why the hell was this tail then given to us by nature?

Bela (with disapproving surprise). Don't understand?

Xana (calmly, calmly). Squirrel, you understand! We have to inspire men. Encourage them to do great things. I hope you agree with this?

Bela (cautiously). Well... probably.

Xana (calmly, calmly). Not probably, but definitely! Any girl who knows her worth knows how to twist her tail. Moreover, professionally. This does not mean at all that you need to become windy. There, on occasion, it is, of course, not harmful to something somewhere. But in everyday life, it's nothing more than flirting!

Bela (not understanding). What for?

Xana (Bela, not so calm anymore). Yes, so as not to wither away with your faithful. Well, imagine that. As you can see, the relationship is perfect. You, him, the kids. Marriage for life, love

to the grave, mutual understanding. So?

Bela (agreeing). So!

Damira (mocking Bela). Fool! (Coming to his senses, Bele.)

Oh, I'm sorry, please. It escaped.

Bela looks at the girls with incomprehension.

Bela (with interest). I don't seem to understand anything. Are you trying to say that it doesn't happen that way?

Xana (Bele). Sometimes, a Squirrel. In fairy tales that were read to you as a child. And in real life, any prince eventually turns into an oppressive psychological, or even physical, ballast. Yes, besides, he also pulls you into this routine. So the prince and the princess in each family go down in history. And they are replaced by a boring husband, and a grumpy, eternally dissatisfied wife.

Damira (with support, Xane). Here!

Xana (Bele). And why is this happening?

Bela doesn't know, shakes her head in incomprehension.

Damira (to Bela). Yes, because all the moves, all the tackles and courtship are very quickly studied by each other. And no normal person will read the book again. It's not interesting anymore!

Xana (philosophically). Immediately – it will not be! But after a while, if the book is your favorite – then with pleasure! It can be re-read and re-read ...

Damira (Bele). And even discover some new moments in it that I hadn't paid attention to before!

Xana (with experience, Bele). Yes! And that's great! But only

if, between rereading the same book, you still read something else! Do you understand?

Bela (cautiously, trying to understand). Well... With books, perhaps, I agree. But it's different with people!

Damira (to Bela). Yes, exactly the same. It's just that you've already read books in your life, and you probably haven't known a long-term relationship yet.

Bela (reluctantly agreeing). Well. I didn't know. Yes, even short-term, I didn't know. What is there... Month.

Damira hugs Bela.

Damira (to Bela, sympathetically). Poor thing!

Xana (with experience, Bele). Therefore, reading something else is not a whim. This is a necessity. Otherwise, any "cuckoo will move out". Flipping through the same worn pages all my life. Okay – you! It is strange that this simple truth is not understood by a huge number of women! And then they go to family psychologists, trying to find out why they lost interest in a man, just like him, by the way.

Bela (shocked). Heck! What? Is everything really that complicated?

Xana (with experience, Bele). It's really that simple!

Damira (to Bela, in a friendly way, with warmth). Unless we complicate it ourselves!

Xana (with a sly smile, Bele). But the whole problem is that we sooooooooooooo love to complicate!

Damira (nodding approvingly, supporting Xana, releasing

Bela from her embrace). That's for sure!

A rude male voice of a respectable age, director Damira, is heard, at which all three girls turn around.

The director's voice (furious). Damira! What's that supposed to mean? Come quickly to my office!

The girls look at each other with a confused, drunken look.

The director's voice (furious). Quick, I said!

Damira and Xana exchange a sly wink.

Damira turns around at the director's voice.

Damira (easily and naturally). Fuck you!

Bela (unexpectedly for everyone, quickly taking the initiative, shouts emotionally towards the director's voice). Old goat!

Silence.

Damira and Xana look at Bela with a surprised, confused smile.

The angry stomp of the director is heard.

The girls jump out of their seats.

Xana (quickly, to the girls). Let's go! Valim-Valim-Valim-Valim!!!

The musical theme sounds.

Damira and Bela promptly, with laughter and enthusiasm, leave the cafe.

Xana manages to throw the bill on the table (calculation), after which she promptly leaves the cafe after Damira and Belaya.

ZTM.

## Scene 2. Makhach.

Street.

The musical theme continues to sound.

The light turns on smoothly.

Drunk, Lisa and Angelina come out in an embrace. They laugh, interrupt each other.

The music ends.

Lisa (through laughter). You're just a jerk, Gel, just a jerk!

Angelina (through laughter, interrupting). Come on... noooooo. I'm quiet!

Lisa (through laughter). Yes, it's still necessary to think of it, to throw it out!

Angelina (through laughter, interrupting). Yes... Come on, really... It somehow turned out that way. I'm even-even.

Lisa (calming down). So stop!

They stop.

Angelina tries to calm down, looks attentively at Lisa.

Angelina (calming down). I'm standing. So? Well?

Lisa (with interest, peering into Angelina's eyes). Well?

Angelina (with incomprehension). What?

Lisa (with interest, peering into Angelina's eyes). Well..., you called, said you had news! And the news was never reported!

Angelina (slapping her forehead). Damn right! I didn't say that. Yes, it's because while I was coming to you, I met these

twins from Dolgoprudny, well... everything flew out of my head. No, Lee, just imagine. With two twins, just like that between cases at a time! But it didn't portend anything!

Lisa (eagerly, with interest, peering into Angelina's eyes). So! Stop, stop, stop! Stop teasing me! And already I want to howl like a wolf from the fact that not me, but you, these brothers met.

Angelina (teasing and showing her tongue). Aaaaaaaaaa!

Lisa (eagerly, with interest, peering into Angelina's eyes). Gel! Christmas tree winders. Are you going to tell your news, or what?

Angelina (more or less seriously). Yes. I'll tell you. However, the news, to put it mildly, is somewhat shocking.

Lisa (eagerly, with interest, peering into Angelina's eyes). Well?

With noise, laughter and a rush, a crowd of cheerful girls escaping from the cafe falls out. Damira, Xana and Bela.

Lisa and Angelina are distracted by this "gang" that has appeared.

Xana (through laughter, getting tangled in her own legs, Bela). Here you are, Squirrel, burned off! (Parodying.) Old goat!

All three of them are laughing.

Bela (excusing herself through laughter). That's right.... Missis said he was an old goat. Here I am....

Damira (through laughter, Bele). Actually, I said he was an old bastard! But that doesn't beg for his goat qualities!

All three of them are laughing.

Xana (through laughter, barely able to stand on her feet, Bela).

And you're quite a thing. Drunk is not such a good girl.

The trio, in passionate discussions, knocks Lisa and Angelina on their way. They simply do not notice them and, touching their shoulders, simply demolish them. They themselves pass on with their merry crowd.

Angelina falls, having managed to "Gasp".

Lisa stays on her feet, turns around after the offenders, puts her hands on her sides belligerently and defiantly addresses them.

Lisa (cheekily, to the merry trio). Hey, nipples! Come on, stop! All around! And rushed quickly here!

The trio turns around, look at Lisa unfriendly.

Angelina (from the floor, cautiously, to Lisa). Lee, I'm asking you, just don't be nervous!

Lisa calms her friend, putting her palms forward, saying, "everything is fine."

Xana (Bela and Damire). Girls, do the three of us have sound hallucinations? Or was I the only one who heard it?

Lisa (defiantly, to Xane). You didn't hear that. Come here, chicken, I need to grind something!

Xana (with bold irony, Bela and Damire). Did she call me a chicken?

Bela and Damira nod cautiously to Xana.

Xana leaves her friends, boldly goes to Lisa.

Xana (to Lisa, boldly, arrogantly). Listen, girl. I have something to tell you. But... to make my speech sound most eloquent, perhaps I will express myself like this.



Xana begins to clear her throat thoroughly and sonorously and suck "into a bunch" everything she can pick up from the nasopharynx, after which she massively spits "all collected" in Lisa's face.

Angelina, Damira and Bela frown in disgust.

Angelina begins to rise.

Angelina (with resignation). Well, that's it! Kaaaaaabzdets!

Lisa (calmly, judiciously, slowly wiping her face). Oh..., yeah! The message is very eloquent. Emok, is thorough and reasoned! But I, perhaps, will provide my counterargument to this argument. And it will look something like this.

Angelina, being in amazing calm, covers her face with her hands, in anticipation of what will happen now (and she knows what will happen now.)

Lisa with a sharp swing of her foot to the jaw (if stretching does not allow the actress, then it is possible from the hand) "takes out" Xana.

Xana flies past Bela and Damira and falls. He lies motionless, silent, modest. Eyes closed.

Damira and Bela, having assessed the situation, roll up their sleeves.

Damira (to Lisa, boldly, boldly, sarcastically). That's it, fairy, hold on. Now I'm going to fix your hair!

Damira belligerently steps on Lisa, and even makes several swings, from which Lisa easily and professionally dodges, after which she also casually knocks Damira out.

Damira falls next to Xana. He lies amicably, side by side, silently, with his eyes closed.

Lisa (complacently). From the age of twelve in Aikido!

Lisa "steps" on Bela. Bela runs away. Lisa, seeing Bela's weakness, smiles triumphantly. Turns around and goes to Angelina. Friends beat off "pyatyunya".

But as it turned out – it's too early!

With the belligerent cry of non-contact Indians (this is when you shout, and cover your mouth with your palm every second, you get an intermittent scream), Bela flies at Lisa and Angelina with a brick in her hand.

Angelina and Lisa take off. They run away.

All three of them disappear from sight.

There is a throw and a resounding fall of a brick, accompanied by Lisa's screeching.

Angelina runs out, and Bela rushes after her, every now and then, hanging "podzhopniki" to Angelina.

Bela (in the process of enthusiastically hanging "pendels"). From the age of six in Biryulyovo!

The girls disappear from view.

A musical theme sounds.

ZTM.

## Scene 3. Debriefing

In Xana's apartment.

The musical theme continues to sound.

The light turns on smoothly.

Xana and Damira are sitting on the floor next to the lying Lisa, putting their hands to the bruised places on their bodies, Lisa begins to recover, rises, sits down immediately on the floor, is surprised to find that she is in an unknown place, in the company of someone with whom she did not expect to see herself.

The music ends.

Lisa (relatively calmly). Where am I?

Xana (with a certain wariness). In my house. Welcome. And this... Chur, I can't take out the jaw anymore! (Xana adjusts her lower jaw with her hand.) I didn't like it!

Damira (with Xana's support). Me, too, by the way.

Damira stretches her jaw, opening her mouth wide every now and then.

Lisa (looking at the girls, trying to remember them). .... So. (Xane.) Oh, so it was you who spat in my face yesterday!

Xana (to Lisa). Yes, because you publicly insulted me.

Lisa (to Xane). Yes, because you and your girlfriends knocked down my girlfriend and almost knocked me down.

Xana (to Lisa). A.... because we didn't notice you. It wasn't on purpose.

Lisa (to Xane). Well, it wasn't on purpose, so it was necessary to apologize, and the conflict would have been settled.

Xana (to Lisa). How to apologize when you didn't let me say a word, I immediately switched to insults. What kind of apologies are there?

Lisa (to Xane). And how was I supposed to behave? To say in a pleading tone: Dear girls, would you deign to hold your friendly race in order to apologize to us for the embarrassment you have done?

Ksana and Damira look at each other, a smile slips on their faces.

Xana lets go of the situation. He extends a friendly hand to Lisa.

Xana (to Lisa, extending her hand for acquaintance and reconciliation). Okay, it's fine. I'm Xana, you can have Xia. This is Damira. (He points to Damira.) You can be a King. (Looks at Damira.) Can I?

Damira (dismissing the situation). Can.

Lisa (shaking hands with Xana and shaking hands with Damira). Let's get acquainted. I'm Lisa. My friends' name is Lee.

Xana (looking at the girls). So what? Peace, friendship, gum?

Lisa and Damira (chorus). Yes!

Xana (looking at the girls). Let's have pinky fingers then.

The girls are all three grappling with their little fingers.

Lisa and Damira, Xana (chorus). Put up! Put up! And don't fight anymore!

They open their little fingers, smile.

Lisa (with interest). Listen, girls, how did I get here in the first place?

Xana (to Lisa). Missis and I dragged you in.

Lisa (with interest). I don't understand! From where? What for?

Damira (calmly explaining). A.. m..., after you knocked us out with Ksyu, we came to our senses, and there is no Squirrel next to us. Let's go look.

Xana (calmly, to Lisa). And they found you.

Lisa (with interest). Me? Where?

Damira (explaining with difficulty). Yes, literally... How to explain something...

Xana (calmly, to Lisa). Yes, this, in general, is not the point. We had a fight yesterday. We thought that the Squirrel was also lying somewhere, after "communicating" with you. But we didn't find her. And they just found you lying down. Well, since it all happened nearby and I live closest to everyone, they dragged you here to me, hoping that you would recover and tell me where our friend is.

Lisa (trying to catch the thread). Ah... I see. And who is a Squirrel?

Damira (explaining). Squirrel, this is Bela. Our friend.

Xana (calmly, to Lisa). Who was with us. The third!

Lisa (understanding what's what). Ah, a fan of the game "Catch up with me brick, I'm naked and I don't play anymore."

Xana and Damira look at each other in incomprehension.

Damira (to Lisa with interest). I mean...

Xana (guessing, to Lisa). So that's what... Did she hit you with a brick or something?

Lisa (skeptically, stroking the back of her head). Well yes. That's the last thing I remember... Until the moment I got here.

Damira (surprised).

Xana (surprised). Ah yes Squirrel. And she seemed such an innocent goat.

Lisa (cheerfully). No, no! A specific goat! Tested personally! All three of them smile, giggle softly.

Xana (busily, to Lisa). Sooooo! Well, then where is the Squirrel now? And the other one who was with you?

Lisa (cheerfully skeptical). I don't know where your Squirrel is. And my friend Gelya, for sure, is also lying somewhere with a broken head somewhere.

Damira (to the girls). Shall we go looking?

Lisa (to Damira). Have you tried calling this Squirrel of yours?

Xana (to Lisa). Of course, they called. How many times. But, the phone is not answering. The beeps go on, but no one picks up the phone. Try calling your friend there.

Lisa (with understanding). Yes. I'm going to dial the Gel. I think that everything will clear up.

Lisa takes out her smartphone, calls Angelina.

The phrase on duty is heard:

The phrase on duty (loudly so that all the audience can hear).  
The subscriber's device is turned off or is outside the network coverage area.

Lisa resets the call, writhes, rubs the bruised place on her head.

Lisa (thoughtfully). I don't like all this at all.

Xana (in a friendly way, to Lisa). Lee, Missis is talking business. We have to go look for it!

Lisa (agreeing). Agree. Let's go.

A musical theme sounds.

The girls get up, get better, put themselves in order and go in search of girlfriends.

The music ends.

ZTM.

## Scene 4. Debriefing 2

In Aunt Bela's apartment.

Angelina strokes her fifth point, glances at Bela with displeasure.

Bela (excusing herself). Come on, you know, stop looking at me like that.

Angelina (displeased). And how should I not look at you? My ass, whatever you say, has suffered!

Bela (justifying herself). And... and it's not my fault. So it all turned out somehow.

Angelina (displeased). It turned out fine. First she knocked me down with her friends, then she also stuffed me up to the most don't mess around. And now she has, you see, it turned out that way.

Bela (excusing herself). Come on, praaaaaaaaaaaaa. Come on, everyone. Forgot – passed. It's here, you know. There was no time to understand the nuances. It's either you or you. The law of the stone jungle, as they say. Brawl, all business. Besides, I've already apologized ten times.

Angelina (displeased). But your ten apologies don't make my ass any easier.

Bela (excusing herself). Well, what has started? We've already made up. We met. I invited you to my place, which, mind you, has never happened to me before! A cup of coffee for the world



has already been knocked over with you, and you're still buzzing. And in general, whoever remembers the old, that's out of sight!

Angelina (displeased). And who forgets – that's two!

Bela (with a delicate touch). Gel?

Angelina (displeased). What?

Bela (in a friendly way). I'm going to hang you now, so that you don't have to endure these reprimands for nothing!

Angelina (after thinking for a few seconds, positively). And, really, what am I. Well, it was and it was. Big deal... huh... That's another problem for me. Yes, on this nice ass... (Pointing to his ass.) It hasn't arrived like this yet! It's okay, I'm not mad at you. Thank you for inviting me to your place, and special thanks for the coffee. It was delicious.

Bela (in a friendly way). Really? Maybe more?

Angelina (frightened, extremely unwilling yet). No!

Angelina quickly realizes that she expressed herself too sincerely and gave out the true attitude. Continues to evasively smooth out the corners.

Angelina (evasively). I... simply. I don't really like coffee. So, sometimes, a mug, in good company.

Bela (with understanding). Mm...

Angelina (in a friendly way, looking around the room). It's cozy here with you.

Bela (modestly). Thanks. But this is not my apartment. My aunt flew to Thailand for two weeks, asked me to look after her. (Shows the keys to the apartment.) He's already arriving tonight.

So, since we were right next to each other, at the same time we went to check how everything is here, and we indulged in coffee. I was going to look in here today anyway.

Angelina (in a friendly way, looking around the room). Clear. They are silent. The awkward pause drags on.

Angelina (in a friendly way). And I'm getting married tomorrow.

Bela (in amazement). What are you? Seriously?

Angelina nods her head affirmatively.

Bela (in amazement). Uhhh, youyyyy. Great. And who is he? How is it all there at all... tell.

Angelina (not too willing to go into details). Yes, mmmm... Not just everything. In general, tomorrow I will become a wife.

Bela (in amazement). Wow! Congratulations!

Angelina nods back, not too happily.

Angelina (avoiding the details). Aren't you married yourself?

Bela (on emotion). Me? Yes, what are you? No, of course not.

Angelina (with understanding). Well yes... Well, yes ...

Bela (going to share the frank). Everything is complicated for me. The guy was. Threw. I'm alone now. Upset, stressed, sad...

Angelina (not too willing to listen). I see. Things happen. Listen up! And where are our friends? Let's call them, shall we?

Bela (catching herself). Yes, that's right.

The girls start looking for their phones.

Angelina quickly finds, pulls out, tries to call, dial, do something, sadly summarizes the state of affairs.

Angelina (sadly). Heck. My phone is dead.

Bela (trying to find her phone, but already realizing that she won't find it). My situation will be even worse. I think I've lost my phone.

Angelina (sympathetically). How? Where?

Bela (judiciously). Mm..... Presumably, this loss happened through your prayers. While I was handing out the feed, as you can see. Bounced, apparently, this and that. Somewhere, probably, he fell out there.

Angelina (sympathetically). So they ran to look for it quickly, before someone else found it!

Bela (cheerfully). Let's run!

Musical accompaniment.

The girls run away in search of a phone.

ZTM.

## Scene 5. News is so news!

Street.

The music keeps playing.

The light turns on smoothly.

Lisa, Xana and Damira walk on different sides, looking for friends.

They look at each other, shrug their shoulders, search further, disperse.

Come and go. They come, look at each other, go to look again.

The music stops and ends.

Lisa runs out excited. The hand is raised, Bela's mobile phone defiantly flaunts in her hand.

Lisa (to the girls). Girls, come here. I found something!

Lisa, Damira and Xana all run together in a bunch.

Lisa (to the girls). Look, I found the phone. But it's not Gelin, exactly. Maybe it's Bela's phone?

Damira and Xana exchange glances.

Xana takes the phone from Lisa. He begins to rummage around in it, looking for something.

Xana (to Lisa). You see, Lisa...

Lisa (interrupts). is it possible.

Xana (to Lisa). Yes. Lee, you see what's the matter. We have known Bela not so long ago.

Damira (to Lisa). I met Squirrel about an hour before we ran

into each other.

Xana (to Lisa, looking for something in Bela's phone). And I wasn't much earlier. But nothing, fortunately, the phone without a password. We will understand now by correspondence. Belkin's pipe or not.

Xana searches for information, flips through tabs. All three of them carefully study the correspondence on the phone.

Damira (looking at the phone). So, well, not much. No correspondence with the guy. But she had some kind of Kostya, it seems...

Xana (flipping through correspondence). Stasik, she was talking.

Damira (looking at the phone). Exactly.

Xana (leafing through the correspondence). Well, they've got everything stalled there. It is clear – she could have deleted the correspondence with him. Well, with the other guys here... No dialogs at all. Correspondence with mom. Messages from the bank, from supermarkets mailing lists... Some more nonsense.

Lisa (looking at the phone). Well... judging by the theme of the design, this is a female phone, and if a little more specifically, this is a phone of some kind of zamukhryshki.

Damira and Xana (chorus). It's her anyway!

Bela and Angelina run out, see their friends.

Bela and Angelina (chorus). Girls, finally.

The trio turns to the voices of Bela and Angelina, they rejoice at the meeting.

Lisa (to Bela). I found your phone! Isn't that yours?

Bela runs up, picks up the phone, rejoices. Hugs Lisa.

Bela (to Lisa, hugging her). My, thank you.

Lisa discreetly responds with mutual affection.

Bela runs up to "her" girls.

Friends rejoice, embrace the original compositions.

Bela, Damira and Xana hug separately. Lisa and Angelina hug separately.

Lisa (to everyone, examining the girls). Well, are everyone alive, are everyone more or less healthy?

Bela, Damira, Angelina, Xana (chorus, vying). Yes. Normal. More or less. Will go.

Xana (Damira and Bela). Lisa and I talked here. A normal girl, by the way. It's strange that we didn't find a common language right away.

Angelina (to everyone). Yes, Squirrel and I also became friends.

Bela nods, smiles warmly.

Xana (to everyone). Well, then what? Then let's be friends, shall we?

Lisa (first extending her hand among the girls, palm down). Give me all your stumps!

The girls take turns putting their palms on top, one on one. Xana puts her hand on Lisa's hand, Angelina puts her hand on Xana's hand, Bela puts her hand on Angelina's hand, Damira puts her hand on Bela's hand.

All the girls (in chorus, on the count of three throwing up a "bunch of hands"). Peace! Peace! Peace!

They throw up their hands, open the "manual" merge.

Angelina (to everyone). So, well, then I suggest we exchange all the numbers. We will call up, write off. In a cafe, maybe when we get together, we can chat!

Damira (supporting). Yes, that's a great idea!

The girls come together in a bunch. They are vying to dictate their numbers and names, write down phone numbers in their smartphones.

Bela (casually, to everyone). And Gelya is getting married tomorrow!

There is an awkward pause. All the girls look first at Bela, then at Angelina.

Lisa (to Angelina, indignantly). What? And I'm just finding out about it like this now?

Xana (surprised). Oh-pa-pa...

Angelina (to Lisa). Yes, I was going to tell you about it. It's just that at first I met these twins, my thoughts got confused, then you and I rolled over, and then I just opened my mouth, I wanted to tell you how we were... (Pointing to Damira, Xana and Bela.) The girls out, they swooped. Well, that's it. I couldn't tell you.

Xana (busily, with interest, to Angelina). Well, now you can tell everyone. So what? Is there really a wedding tomorrow?

Angelina (to everyone, timidly, uncertainly). Well... sort of... yeah.

Damira and Xana (chorus). Congratulations!

Angelina (embarrassed). Thanks.

Lisa (to Angelina, displeased). Congratulations, friend.

Angelina (apologetically to Lisa). Thanks.

Bela (modestly). Well, I already have... I congratulated him.

Xana (busily, with interest, to Angelina). Cool. Well, what about the bachelorette party? Where? When will it take place? We're in business, if you don't mind!

Angelina (confused). Bachelorette party? And.. I... Yes... well, nowhere. I, honestly, even somehow on this topic ...

Xana (interrupting Angelina). Yes, what are you!!!! It's a tradition! Holy primordial tradition! This cannot be violated. It will not work to beg for this!

Damira and Bela agree with Xana. Lisa shrugs her shoulders.

Xana (busily, to everyone). So! So, no one is planning anything for tonight! Let's carouse!

Lisa (to Xana). I don't mind in principle, but we need to decide on the place, the menu.

Angelina (confused). How much do we discount?

Xana (busily, to everyone). Don't "worry"! I'll decide everything now!

Xana pulls out her cell phone. Calling someone.

The girls exchange glances. For everyone, this is a surprise and uncertainty.

Xana (into the phone). Hello? Maratik? Hello, darling. Missed you? Me too. Marat, tell me, do you have any saunas available



for the evening? For today, yes. Yes? Which ones? In what area? Yeah. Well, it's fine. All. Hammer it under me. I'm coming with my friends. We have a bachelorette party... (Listens to the phone.) No, not me. I'll tell you everything later. And arrange the table there to your taste, okay? Will you do it for me? Excellent. I can give you the money now, just tell me how much you need. (He listens to the phone.) A gift? Seriously? Maratik, I adore you! You're just the best! Well, that's it, see you tonight then. I'll come, hug and kiss you! Even if your wife and children are standing next to you! This is my condition! (Smiles.) Thank you, dear. We'll be there by eight.

Xana puts down the phone, smiles warmly, looks at the girls.

Xana (to everyone, happily). That's it! Maratik organizes everything for us. Girls – it will be cool. Sauna on Kutuzovsky. You know? I'll send the address to everyone, I have your contacts now. They're waiting for us at eight! Refusals are not accepted! Let's say goodbye to the free life of our friend Geli!

Music!

Everyone is hugging Angelina!

ZTM.

The end of the first act.

# Action 2

## Scene 1. Bachelorette party.

Sauna. There are bath benches, a richly laid table. A large selection of alcohol. To drink, to have a snack – everything is in abundance.

A "hot" bright musical composition sounds.

Girls, some in towels, some in swimsuits, dancing to the hot rhythms of a musical composition, run out from different sides tired, but happy. They run to the shops, shouting.

Damira (fervently, annealing in the dance). Bela and Angelina scream, scream

, dance, but in the dance they run to the benches, fall on them, "dry out".

Xana and Lisa, laughing and having fun, go out together. They dance a little, finish discussing something violently.

The music ends.

Damira rushes to Lisa and Xana. Hugs them.

Damira (to Lisa and Xana, happy, emotional). Girls! How cool it is for me to be with you! I haven't annealed like this in years.... (Thinks.) I've never had such a great time at all. Mmmmmm, how healthy you are.

Damira turns to Bela and Angelina.

Damira (to Bela and Angelina, emotionally, joyfully). Squirrel, Gel, come quickly here to us, I want to hug you too! I love everyone, I adore everyone!!!

Bela and Angelina (wearily, in chorus). Noooo.

Angelina (wearily). Soryan, Damka, but after the steam room I need to be soldered with live water. The squirrel is generally crazy. Throws and throws. I grew up in the private sector, I know the bathhouse firsthand. But this bitch... (Pointing to Bela.) It just doesn't melt at all. Terminator, holy shit. Where did you get so much patience from? In appearance, a sucker is a sucker, and there is a strong rod inside!

The girls laugh.

Bela (wearily, displeased, to Angelina). Eeeeeeee! You cheeeeeeeeeeee! I'm not a sucker!

Xana (to Bela, reassuring). Squirrel, what are you? Don't take it seriously. Are you still not used to Geli's style of communication? She doesn't say that out of spite. You're not a sucker at all. They just stupidly envy you that you turned out to be stronger in endurance, that's all.

Angelina (wearily). Am I jealous? Yes, I'm jealous. And what is she like over there... And I'm out... and.... and, in general, I'm not going to hug. At least not right now.

Damira (to Bela and Angelina, emotionally, joyfully). Well, then I'll come to you myself now.

Bela and Angelina (tired, dissatisfied, chorus, exhaling). Aaaaaa.

Damira runs up to Bela and Angelina, hugs them, rejoices, but the girls do not share the joy too much, they would like to rest.

Damira, seeing no reciprocity, cautiously steps aside.

Lisa (to Angelina, encouraging). And about the life-giving water... They've prepared a whole arsenal for us here. (Lisa waves her hand around the table.) Whatever your heart desires. What should I pour you, Gel? Vodka? Cognac? Wine? (Peering at what is on the table.) I see some cocktails here, there are...

Angelina (tiredly, to Lisa). Is there a simple mineral water?

Lisa (taking mineral water from a pile of bottles). Greece has everything.

Angelina (tiredly, to Lisa). Li, not in the trash, splash the pezhe....

Lisa (pouring mineral water into a glass). Not a question at all!

Serves mineral water to Angelina. She gratefully accepts, greedily drinks.

Bela (to Lisa, asking). Can I?

Lisa nods approvingly.

Angelina chokes, pours mineral water, trying to vent her indignation.

Angelina (defiantly, to Lisa, pointing to Bela). Don't pour it for her! She's already peppy. She will pour herself without any problems.

Bela (to Angelina, skeptically). Is that why you don't like me so much?

Angelina (displeased, looking at her new friends, pointing to

Bela). She's still asking!!! Girls, you know that this sweet girl crucified the whole rear bumper for me while you were there quietly and peacefully in a trance!

Lisa (smoothing out the corners). Gel, well, really. They've already forgotten. What are you doing?

Angelina (discontentedly, emotionally). I'm trying to forget! It doesn't work!!!

Bela (to Angelina, skeptically). I can help!

Angelina (nervously). No need! (In one fell swoop, "changing his shoes", beckoning Damira to him) Missis, you're my beauty. Come quickly, I'll hug you, my girl.

Damira approaches, embraces Angelina.

Lisa pours mineral water into a free glass, serves it to Bela. Bela accepts with gratitude, drinks.

Lisa (with interest, Xane). Ksyu, tell me about yourself. Who are you? What are you doing? It can be seen that you have money, and they make you such generous gifts. (Lisa waves her hand around the table, the sauna in general.) For what such merits? A..m.... if it's not a secret, of course.

Damira (Xane). Yes, I'm interested too!

Bela (Xane). And me!

Angelina (playfully, with cunning). And what kind of Maraaaatic?

Xana (to Angelina, with playful reproach). You rest there... Married without five minutes, and there ... (Mimics.) Maaaaaraaaatik.

Lisa (with interest, Xane). No, well, really? It's interesting. What is all this for, and... well, how is it at all... Are you with him... (Gestures the contact between a man and a woman.) Yes?

Xana (Lisa). Oh, nooooo. Well, yes, but no. Well, I mean, it's not because of that. What we used to have with him is not in business at all.

Bela, Damira, Angelina (Xane, chorus). Well, tell me!

Xana smiles slyly. It is clear that she agrees.

The girls are happy, they sit down somewhere in anticipation of the story.

Xana pours herself a drink, sips a little, holds an intriguing pause, looks around the girls with a sly look and begins her story.

Xana (narrating). I am, in the recent past, the wife of a diplomat.

Lisa (with interest, Xane). Oh, how...

Xana (complacently). Yeah, my husband and I were lucky.

Damira, Angelina and Bela are listening enviously.

Xana (calmly). The diplomat is my man with a head. Well, yes..., however, they don't take others there. He received, and still receives, a good salary. In addition, he launched several franchises. I, of course, did not make out for myself. Part of the business is on me, part is on his indirect relatives. Whatever you say, girls, it's extremely short-sighted to stand on one leg. Especially if you have a family.

Damira (Xane). Anyway, these are the words of your diplomat.

Xana (calmly). I won't lie to him, but I fully subscribe to these words.

Bela (enviously, Xane). So that's where you got so much money and connections from.

Lisa (cautiously, with a bit of restrained envy). Owners of factories, newspapers, steamships...

Xana (calmly). Girls, don't be too jealous. After all, I've managed to lie under the trunk in my life! I've been raped a couple of times. Don't think that everything is exactly right in my life! Nifiga!

Damira (to Ksane, with condolences, with interest). Oh, shit! How? For what? Why?

Xana (calmly). Where there is a lot of money, there is usually a lot of dirt. Moreover, this dirt often seeps in from the outside. To remain a clean, honest and decent person, being in the system is almost impossible... if you understand what I'm talking about.

Lisa nods with understanding, the other girls can be seen that they do not understand, but they try not to show it.

Xana (calmly, Bele). Yes, Squirrel, you're right. Money and connections are a trailer from her husband. In circles, I talked about what to hide – not easy. Privileged!

Angelina (impatiently, Xane). So, what happened? Why aren't you with him now? Not with this diplomat?

Xana (calmly, to Angelina). That's life...

Xana takes a few steps somewhere to the side, it is clear that she is now thinking about the past, remembering, partly sad.

The girls do not climb, do not interrupt, wait for the continuation.

Xana (calmly, everyone). My diplomat flew – flew to different countries... Well, I got there. His son was born in America. Not from me, of course. I, in general, took his confession normally. She also did not sit at the window in the kruchina, waiting for the faithful. Of course, I walked. Yes, and he, of course, guessed. Perhaps he even knew for sure. There was no scandal. We took out vintage wine, sat down by the fireplace and began to think about how we could play this whole thing competently. In the same place, they do not encourage divorce. A diplomat should be an example.

Bela (surprised, Xane). Yeah?

Xana (calmly). An elementary fine for speeding is already stuck! And divorce is not discussed at all. But, fortunately, this did not become a problem for us. I'm still officially married to my diplomat, and even, I'll tell you a secret, we sometimes... it's...

Lisa, Damira and Angelina smile with understanding of the situation. Bela doesn't understand.

Bela (with interest, Xane). What?

Xana (evasively, Bele). Intersect, in general.

Bela (as if understanding). Oh, yeah, yeah. Things are still common. It is clear how not to overlap.

Xana (evasively, Bele). Yes, yes.

Lisa (with understanding, Xane). Well, that is, you are officially married, but in fact you are free. With money, good-



looking, with the remnants of connections... Che, it's fine!

Xana (not agreeing with everything). Well....

Lisa (with understanding, Xane, interrupting). And what was, was! Let it stay there, in the past. God grant that further without excesses.

Damira (to everyone, positively). I think it's a toast!

The girls sort out the glasses, pour themselves what they want. Clink glasses.

All in chorus (emotionally, brightly, clinking glasses). The past is in the past! To a successful present and a wonderful future!

The girls shout "Hurrah", squeal, give out an emotional cascade, who can. They drink (a little).

Marat's pleasant velvety voice is heard.

Marat's voice (in the recording). Girls, hello everyone. I'm not looking, don't worry. Ksanochka, can I talk to you for a minute?

The girls look at each other admiringly, appreciating Marat, (as if they see him somewhere in the direction of the exit from the sauna).

Xana gracefully walks towards Marat, disappears around the corner.

The audience does not see Marat, in fact there is no Marat at all, the conversation between Marat and Xana can go on in the recording. But Marat's girls seem to see how he sees them. They unwittingly try to get into the eyes of this Marat, each tries to show herself, as a woman tries to show herself to a man she likes. Who knows how, he flaunts while there is a conversation

between Marat and Xana.

Marat's voice (in the recording). Hello, honey. How are you doing here? Everything okay? Complaints, complaints, wishes?

Xana's voice (can also be recorded). Maraaaaatik, you've arrived. How great, it's good to see you.

Marat's voice (in the recording). Yes, I dropped by for a minute. It's been so long since we've seen each other. I think at least with one eye.

Xana's voice (can also be recorded). Yes, keep your eyes open! Look at the twins I have now! Who does not know, will not distinguish at all from their own.

Marat's voice (in the recording). Listen, yeah... And what did you decide? You had those gorgeous ones too!

Xana's voice (can also be recorded). And I wanted something... Listen, I'm with the girls right now, but... then maybe we can... m? How are you?

Marat's voice (in the recording). Not today. The children need to be taken to their mother-in-law, some issues need to be resolved at work, in the evening we have dinner with my wife in a restaurant. At night, of course, I won't lose my temper, not those years.

Xana's voice (can also be recorded). Oh, laaadnoooo. The most juice!

Marat's voice (in the recording). Come on, next week I'll screw you up, and if the offer is valid, we'll come up with something.

Xana's voice (can also be recorded). Well ..... wait a week ....

Marat's voice (in the recording). Xanchik... Please don't poison my soul. You know perfectly well how I feel about you. But... you understand everything.

Xana's voice (can also be recorded). Come on, come on. Next week, so next week. By the way, thank you so much for arranging everything so well for us.

A resounding kiss is heard.

Marat's voice (in the recording). And that's not all! I've prepared a surprise for your girls. Didn't you say you were having a bachelorette party here? There are five of you, right?

Xana's voice (can also be recorded). Well, yeah.

Marat's voice (in the recording). Well. I hope you like it! (Cheerfully, in a different tone.) Come on, guys!

Cheerful male voices are heard.

The voices of men (in the recording, cheerful, zealous). Well, what about the girls! Let's have a good time!!!!

An enthusiastic Xana runs in.

The girls, seeing the invasion of the coming guys (the guys are seen only by actresses, in fact they are not at all), squeal enthusiastically.

Loud rhythmic music sounds, there is a sharp blackout. Total darkness.

Screeching, playful shouting, some kind of chatter. Fuss. Passion.

The music sounds a little more and ends.

## Scene 2. Oh, good – not good

Sauna. A few hours later.

A sad and entertaining musical composition sounds softly.

The light turns on smoothly, the girls literally crawl out from where. All disheveled, all disheveled, the order of "delayed".

Angelina and Damira on all fours with shaking legs crawl out from different sides. They blow their hair off their faces, groan, moan.

Damira (in a tired, shaking voice). Oo-oo-oo-oo.

Sighs, looks at Angelina, Angelina looks at Damira with the same tired–emotional look.

Damira is unable to explain herself verbally, shows with gestures and periodic grunts, ahs and oohs the essence of her explanation. And the explanation that she outlines with gestures to Angelina is about this content:

– Wow, that shook me up. Have you seen what a guy is? Like he did me... And how am I his... In general, girlfriend, it was something.

Angelina understands everything (it is necessary that the viewer also roughly understands), nods, explains her experience to Damira in response. She shows with her hands the size of "her gift" from Marat, enthusiastically o-go-go, e-ge-geik, sighs, shakes her head in surprise, is surprised at herself.

From the aisle under the proscenium (from the front rows),

Bela rises from the floor, accompanying her deflection in the back with a zealous throat cry.

Bela (getting up from the aisle and bending her back). Whoooooaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! Mother of God, how can I a-dry-ta-carcasses!!! And dri-ta-dri-ta-ta!

Bela still does not see anyone around her. Looking for friends.

Bela (in a broken voice). Girls, do we still have mineral water left? My mouth feels so disgusting, like it's there... I do not know what happened.

Angelina (playfully, with cunning, White). But I know what you've been there! (Tells Damira.) My large-caliber "gift" and I go into the recreation room, and there's already a Squirrel with his own. What kind of findibobbers she was twirling for him, even I don't know how to do that! I've looked everywhere. It looks like a ladybug, but in fact there's something...

Bela (wearily and reluctantly crawling onto the stage from the aisle, Damira and Angelina). Oh, come on... Found something to discuss. Well, she broke, yes! Everything I've wanted to try for a long time – I tried it. I understand that I will probably never meet this guy again. Why be modest?.. if that's the case.

Lisa (brings in a glass of mineral water, walks crookedly, staggers on her feet, sometimes stumbles, turns to Bela). There is mineral water, there is. Here you go, prude.

Bela accepts, rinses her mouth, looks for a place to spit, does not find, swallows.

Bela (to Lisa, reluctantly swallowing). Thanks.

The girls are shivering.

The same disheveled, but happy Xana enters.

Xana (positively). Well, girls? How did you have fun?

The girls groan contentedly, making it clear that everything is super.

Only Lisa steps aside, sits down, covers her face with her hands.

Lisa (disappointed in herself). Horror!

Xana defiles around the girls. Pours himself some alcoholic drink (a little), drinks, winces.

Lisa (disappointed in herself). Horror– horror-horror!!!

Damira and Angelina slowly get up, groan, stagger on their feet, get better.

Xana (positively, to Lisa). Yes, horror!

Lisa looks up at Xana.

Xana (positively, to Lisa). But not horror-horror-horror!

Lisa waves it away.

Xana (to Angelina, with interest). So, Gel! A question for you. Come on, tell me about your future hubby. What kind of event are you having with him? A sham marriage?

Angelina (frightened, dumbfounded, Xane). Cheert. You... How did you find out? I didn't tell anyone anything...

Xana (to Angelina, with interest). I got married myself, and I've seen many brides in my lifetime. You're not acting like a bride. There are a lot of nuances, but take at least the way you "spun" your tail in front of my Marat.

Angelina (excusing herself, Xane). All the skewers!

Xana (to Angelina, with interest). Yes, but not everyone goes out tomorrow... (Looks at the clock.) ...Or even get married today. Yes, and with my "gift", I also saw how zealously you took up the case. Usually brides still have to be persuaded, like come on, for the last time... Honestly, I thought you'd refuse, I've already rolled out my lip for two gifts, with two it's like... wow! And you "by the beard" me... Yes, and not only on these points I realized, there are others. So what kind of scam are you planning there?

Angelina (sitting down, excitedly). Girls, just nobody, okay?

The girls nod approvingly, sit down who where.

Angelina (calmly, in a friendly way, to everyone). I was listening to Xana's story, and involuntarily compared it with my upcoming situation. It turns out that Ksyu is now like a wife, but at the same time she is free. Yes, and with money. But only with her (pointing to Xana) so life has already ordered it can be said in fact. And I received such an offer in advance. I had a choice, let's say, "on the shore."

A couple of months ago, Lee and I celebrated her birthday at a nightclub.

Lisa (with increased interest). So-so....?

Angelina (to Lisa, explaining). Remember when the guys got into a fight there?

Lisa (with increased interest). Well..., there was some kind of scuffle. A common thing for a nightclub. I don't remember

the details.

Angelina (to Lisa, explaining). There was such a light-haired boy there, by the way, he was then the first to be "quilted". Even the ambulance came. Hard hit. So he came up to me then at the club, until it all started.

Lisa (with keen interest). When did someone approach you? We were together all the time, weren't we?

Angelina (to Lisa, explaining). You were leaving to powder your nose, he just came up at that moment. (Explaining to everyone.) We met. He left me his business card. I wanted to throw it away that same evening, but I forgot. And then I cleaned the bag – I found it. I remembered that the guy was pretty crushed. I decided to call and ask how he is alive and well at all.

Word for word, he offered to meet.

Lisa (unable to stand it, with resentment, interrupting). Gel, your division, honestly, I don't understand! We're friends with you! We all tell each other, why am I only finding out about all this now? It feels like I was simply not in your life for the period of these events. How so?

Angelina (to Lisa, explaining). Lee, dear, don't growl ahead of time. Listen to the end first, okay?

Lisa displeased folds her arms in a cross on her chest. Waiting.

Angelina (explaining to everyone). We met with him. The kid turned out to be funny. He is a "majorist". Parents demand from him adult steps and a serious attitude to life. They force him to marry so that he calms down, reins in... and all that. It got to the



point that they began to slip brides to him.

Bela (with interest and incomprehension). I mean, how to slip?

Angelina (to Bela). Well, arranged dates.

Bela (with interest and incomprehension). Contractual?

Angelina (to Bela). The parents of this guy chose a bride for their son according to their taste, agreed with her parents and invited them to visit. It seems like just a feast, but everyone understands everything.

Bela (realizing what's what). A. So. And what about him?

Angelina (to everyone). And even though he's one of the rich sons, he's not a fool. He doesn't want to live with the person his parents chose for him. Prefers to choose for himself. But I just didn't look at anyone for the role of a wife. And time is ticking. His parents set him strict deadlines. "If you don't find it yourself, you'll marry the one we say."

Damira (surprised). Yeah, business...

Angelina (to everyone). And then there's this club, beatings, hospitalization.

Xana (to Angelina, with interest). Oh, was it that serious?

Angelina (Xane). Concussion, hematomas. A crack in the rib.

Xana (with understanding). Ndaaa...

Angelina (to everyone). It's all gone, because there was a fight two months ago. Well. Here the deadline is already approaching, and a decision must be made, but he has not found anyone. And then I called. Anyway, he asked me to marry him!

Bela (surprised). Oh! Just like that?

Angelina (to everyone). Yes, and urgently!

Damira (surprised). Wow!

Lisa (frowning at Angelina). And you agreed?

Angelina (to Lisa and everyone). He said that he would regularly pay me a nice commission for a passport stained with a stamp. If we can't get used to each other, we'll get divorced, and that's it. He offered to live as they had lived before, each by himself. But only demonstrations for parents and relatives need to be done from time to time. And so – complete freedom of action, plus money.

Lisa (waiting for the denouement, displeased, to Angelina). Well?

Angelina (to Lisa). Lee, it only happened a couple of days ago. It is clear that after the meeting we immediately went to him. It was necessary to understand which of us is worth what. And the next morning I called you and... and then you already know. These twin brothers did not come from God knows where. Then the girls over there fell on us. (He points to Xana, Bela and Damira.) There really wasn't time to tell, Lee! Don't get mad, okay?

Angelina comes up to Lisa, hugs her. Lisa "thaws", also hugs Angelina in response.

Xana (to Angelina, with interest and cunning). Geel?

Angelina turns to Xana questioningly.

Xana (to Angelina, with interest and cunning). What if you fall in love with each other?

Lisa (with the support of the words of Xana, Angelina). Listen, oh, really! What then?

Angelina thinks, pauses, looks at the girls.

Angelina (thoughtfully, drawlingly). Well..., nothing good will come of it! I can't fall in love with him, that's what!

Damira (surprised). Why is that?

Angelina (cheerfully, through laughter). Yes, because if I love him anyway, then no one will pay me a commission!

Everyone laughs with a loud laugh.

Slowly calming down.

Xana (to Angelina, carefully). With money, he won't knock you over?

Bela (addressing Angelina, supporting Xana, as if she herself has a huge life experience). By the way, yes! Look, you can't take these guys' word for it!

Damira (carefully, to Angelina). Did you get a receipt from him? Or even better, an official document should be drawn up by a notary.

Angelina (Xana, Bela and Damira). Girls, it's okay, don't panic. I have already received an advance payment, and immediately several months in advance. Well, there... If he starts to cheat, I'm sorry – goodbye!

A small pause in the dialogues. The girls ponder, agree with Angelina's arguments.

Lisa (hugging her friend, with warmth, to Angelina). Well, so you're already a wife without five minutes!

Angelina (proudly, affectedly). Yes!

Lisa (hugging her friend, with warmth, to Angelina).

Congratulations!

Damira (to everyone, positively). I think this is another toast!

Pour it quickly, you just need to drink for it!

Girls pour, clink glasses, drink.

Angelina looks at her watch, starts fussing.

Angelina (fussily). Girls, I'm sorry, but I have a fitting early in the morning. This one is mine... betrothed, agreed with some cool wedding salon. A master will come there directly to them to fit them, hem them, or vice versa, he can dissolve them somewhere. In general, I would like at least a few hours to have time to take a nap before all this fuss. So please forgive me – I'm leaving!

Lisa (to Angelina, leaving her glass). Wait, I'm with you.

Xana (to Lisa). Lee? What are you? I'll call a taxi for Gela now, she will be delivered in the best possible way, don't worry about it. You can understand it, of course, you need to have time to put yourself in order, at least a little rest, if possible. And where are you going? Stay with us. Are we sitting well?

Lisa (cautiously, trying not to offend anyone). Yes, well, who's arguing. But I just somehow...

Angelina (to Lisa kindly). Stay. Everything will be fine, don't worry about me. Stay here with the girls. The atmosphere is really cool, we haven't had such a good rest anywhere for a long time.

Lisa (agreeing). You can't argue with that.

Meanwhile, Xana "pokes" at her smartphone.

Xana (looking at her smartphone). Well. The taxi will arrive in three minutes. White Volkswagen Polo. Number 896. (Looks at Angelina.) Well, bride, come on... I don't know what will come out of this idea, but I will keep my fists for everything to be wonderful!

Angelina (to Xane, from the heart). Ksyu, thank you for everything! You're very cool. Very- very!

Angelina and Xana embrace.

Angelina (to all the girls, making excuses). Girls, I hope you don't mind me not inviting you to the wedding? I don't really know anything myself yet. Who, what, where. Most likely, we will sign up quietly and peacefully, and then we will go, "please" his ancestors!

Xana, Lisa, Damira, Bela (chorus, warm, from the heart). Goaaaaay!

Angelina stops hugging Xana, starts hugging Lisa

Lisa (to Angelina, warmly). Come on, Gel. Good luck to you. As soon as something happens, call me right away. I'll be waiting for news!

Xana, Damira, Bela (chorus, Lisa). And then tell us!

A warm, kind musical composition sounds.

Everyone laughs, saying goodbye to Angelina.

Angelina leaves, the girls leave after her, escorted "to the threshold".

ZTM.

### Scene 3. Leftovers are sweet

Sauna. Night.

Dim lighting.

The musical composition continues to sound.

The girls (Xana, Damira, Bela and Lisa) are coming back.

Yawning, stretching.

The musical accompaniment stops and ends.

Xana (yawning, White). Squirrel, tell me this! A "magpie on my tail informed me here that you are not a native Muscovite.

Bela (in amazement). What do you mean?

Xana (with interest, Bele). Well... I'm about "from the age of six in Biryulyovo."

Bela (understanding, sarcastically). Ah, I realized where the wind is blowing from.

Xana (with interest, Bele). Or did you just live in another area of Moscow before that?

The girls themselves still "take on the chest", each taking into account their own norm. They sit down. They listen to Bela.

Bela (calmly, remembering). No, I've never lived in another part of Moscow. From the age of six in Biryulyovo. Parents took a "two-piece". We've been living there ever since. And before that we lived in Penza, where I was born.

Lisa (White, joyfully). I have heard that the residents of Penza are called Penzyuki!

The girls are laughing, all except Bela.

Damira (through laughter, Bele). So you're a Penza girl!

The girls burst out laughing even more. All except Bela.

Bela (a little offended, Lisa and the girls). I don't know who calls who where. Actually, as far as I know, men living in Penza are called penzentsy, women – penzenkami ...

Girls (except Bela) are filled with a new wave of laughter.

Xana (through laughter, Bele). How-how? Penza?

Girls (except Bela) "ride" with laughter.

Bela (a little offended, to all the girls). Yes, you are Penza yourself! Peeeeensenkami. And the residents of Penza are called Penza residents, and not in some other way.

The girls are laughing, trying to calm down.

Bela, offended, mimics them. Ostentatiously deliberately "ha-ha-kaet", shows all the girls the tongue.

The girls are trying to calm down, but under a drunken bench, it's not so easy.

Bela (a little offended, to all the girls). And in general! It was a long time ago and not true. I've been a Muscovite since I was six! Practically indigenous! So there's nothing for me to do here!

Xana (in her own way, Bela). Okay, okay. Don't sulk. I just asked out of interest. Hushed up the question. (Xana switches to Damira.) And now let's popress Damira!

Bela, Lisa (in chorus, with drunken excitement). And davaaayte!

Damira looks warily at Xana.

Damira (to Xane, with a restrained hit-and-run). What has started? They were sitting normally!

Xana (in her own way, Damire). Missis, don't strain yourself like that. I just wanted to ask you about this one of yours... What's his name... Roman ..., like, yes?

Damira (relieved to wave off, Xane). Oh, that's what you mean. Well, I think I've already told you everything.

Xana (cautiously, Damire). You started, but then we switched to another topic. I understand that the look of this Novel does not burn in your garden?

Damira (thoughtfully, a little sadly, to Xane). Not lit... I can't understand anything at all. If you have no interest in me, then why are you dating me? But we are meeting! We don't just meet, we live, we can say together!

Bela (sympathetically, Damire). Maybe there is interest, but he just shows it in some other way, not in the look?

Lisa (sadly, with understanding and some inner bitterness of her own). No, Bela, the look is very important. This may be the most important thing, among other things.

Damira (thoughtfully, a little sadly, to the girls). Wooooo! I think so too. From here I have a lot of questions.

Xana (cautiously, Damire). Well, how are you with him at all?

Damira (sincerely, Xane). Yes, it's kind of normal... He rented me an apartment, and we live there, in fact. But for some reason his things are at a minimum, basically everything is mine. He disappears at work all the time. He doesn't spend the night



at home every day, however, he immediately warned about this. The specifics of the work. Business trips are frequent, trips to other regions, approvals, new offers, business expansion... Everything seems to be with him, as they say, and he treats me well. Attentive to details, respectful. He does not allow himself to raise his voice at me, and all that, although I admit I gave a reason.

Xana (suspiciously, Damira). He's very careful!

Damira (thoughtfully, a little sadly). Uh-huh...

Lisa (after a short pause, carefully, Damira). I'm sorry, please, but I think he has someone else besides you.

Damira casts a meek glance at Lisa. The girls are silent.

Damira pours herself alcohol. Fill up. Drinks.

Withstands a very short pause, casting a glance at the girls.

Damira (getting drunk in front of her eyes, smiling slyly). Maybe he has someone else... Maybe I have someone else... This is life, girls! It's like that here... So somehow... Something like that, in general.

Damira takes out her phone, dials Roman.

Damira (getting drunk in front of her eyes, into the phone, to Roman). Romulus? Hi. It's me. Yes. And why do you sound so sleepy? And... well, yes, it's night. Darling, do you know that I'm calling you? No, not because she's drunk. Although that's why too. I'm not just drunk, I'm practically in gov... (Hiccups.) But that's not the point. Romulus, do you love me? (Smiles, listening to the phone.) Say more. (Smiles, listening to the phone.) Are

you at home now? M... will you pick me up? I'll send the address now.

He hangs up, writes the address in the phone, sends a message.

Bela (with interest, Damira). What? Will he come?

Damira (nodding, hiccupping). Romulus is fine!

Xana (exhaling, relieved, Damira). Well, then it's not as bad as it seems. Everything is almost good. Come on, Lady, get ready and don't forget to call Sergey tomorrow, about work!

Damira staggers off to get dressed.

Lisa (to the girls). Yes..., it's interesting they have everything there.

Lisa gets a text message. She picks up the phone, reads the text in surprise.

Bela and Xana look at Lisa with interest.

Xana (to Lisa with interest). Who's texting you at night?

Lisa (to the girls). I'm shocked myself! Buddy. We met on the Internet for quite a long time. We communicate. He's also from here, but we've never met him, and honestly, I'm not eager. It's fun to talk to him, but I don't want anything personal with him, not my passenger.

Bela (to Lisa with interest). And what does he write?

Lisa (reads the text aloud). Lisa! Find me a girl urgently! I can't really eat or sleep anymore! I twisted all my brains. I want a serious relationship with a normal girl, and all sorts of bitches come across! Don't you have a good, unspoiled girl in mind? Help me, I pray!

Lisa looks at Xana and Bela.

Xana shifts her sly gaze to Bela.

Lisa also understands this look, she begins to look at Bela appraisingly.

Bela looks blankly at Xana and Lisa.

Bela (to the girls, confused and confused). Whoooo?

Xana (Bele). Well, Squirrel..., fate found you by itself. Come on, let's go!

Lisa (to Bela, calmly). Write down the number!

Bela (to the girls, confused and confused). Are you serious?

Xana nods her head. Lisa writes a message in response, sends it.

Lisa (to Bela, calmly). That's it, I told him you'd call back now.

Bela (in a panic, to the girls). No, no, what are you? I can't do this! And you never know what he is! And he doesn't know me at all. Yes, everything is shaky here, you can't do the same! Also... well... Well, it's somehow wrong!!!

Xana takes Bela's phone, gives it to Lisa.

Xana (giving the phone to Lisa). Here, write down the number.

Xana turns to Bela.

Xana (Bele). And how is it right? A squirrel? A prince on a white horse with a rose in his teeth? Stop believing in fairy tales! This is life and here no one knows what is right and what is not! And if life itself gives you a chance, then it's stupid not to take it! (In a commanding tone.) Well, I quickly took the phone and

called this one! (He turns to Lisa.) What's the kid's name?

Lisa (saving the number in Bela's phone). Artem. He's a normal guy, don't worry, Bela. I think you will succeed with him. You are similar in many ways.

Lisa hands the phone to Bela. Bela turns her head negatively, does not fit.

Xana resolutely approaches Bela and pushes her towards Lisa.

Lisa and Xana insist.

Bela, embarrassed and embarrassed, takes her phone from Lisa's hands.

Xana (friendly, White). Wow, well done, and now we press the call and go to communicate with Artem!

Xana herself presses "call" on Bela's phone.

Bela rushes around, but Lisa and Xana literally push her out of sight with the phone.

Bela's voice (timid, uncertain). Hello? Artyom? Hi, it's Bela... you can't hear Bela anymore.

Xana and Lisa beat off the "five" with their palms.

The assembled Damira comes out. She's drunk, but she's standing on her feet.

Damira (to Lisa and Xana). Well, that's it, girls, my Romchik is coming, I'm off. Let's see you, we'll write off.

Girls (Damira, Xana, Lisa) hug, say goodbye.

Damira leaves.

Xana (to Lisa, seriously). Listen, well... I won't have to worry about this Artem? After all, the girl was thrown into

the embrasure (nodding towards Bela talking on the phone somewhere out of sight).

Lisa (reassuring). Yeah, noooo, what are you. He's a normal guy. Quiet, calm. He really has no luck with women. He told me, I honestly didn't care. We are angels compared to those with whom he tried to build relationships.

Xana (to Lisa, doubtful). Maybe it's just how he presents it?

Lisa (calmly). No, it doesn't look like it. He's unsophisticated. Simple, open. And, accordingly, there are always those for such people who are ready to breed them, shake them out, use them... Yes, you know everything yourself what to tell.

Xana (with understanding). That yes...

A happy, mysteriously smiling Bela comes out. Phone in hand, already talked. Xana and Lisa look at Bela.

Xana (happily). Ooooooh, and the Squirrel has blossomed! (To Lisa.) Look what's being done!

Lisa (smiling contentedly in support of Xana's words). Uh-huh ....

Bela is embarrassed, smiling. He keeps silent.

Xana (with intrigue, Bele). Well? Have you talked?

Bela (happily). Agaaaaaaaaaaaa.

Xana (with interest). A normal guy?

Bela (happily). Cool.

Xana looks at Lisa with satisfaction.

Lisa (that's enough, Xane). What did I say!

Xana puts her arm around Lisa. Lisa and Xana look

questioningly at Bela.

Bela (happily). Honestly... I'm surprised at myself. We had such a good talk. It's like we've known each other all our lives. Girls, do you believe – no? Does this happen?

Lisa, Xana (chorus, White). Things happen.

Bela (happily). We talked–talked... I said that I am here with you now. Artem offered to come and pick me up.

Lisa and Xana are listening attentively, watching. They don't interrupt, they don't ask questions. Waiting for the denouement.

Bela (happily, embarrassed). And I agreed!

Lisa (calmly, positively). Well, you did the right thing!

Xana (strictly). Okay, stop! And where will he take you then?

To yourself?

Bela (happily, embarrassed). No, he offered to take me home.

To my house.

Xana (warily). Hmm... In Biryulyovo, it appears.

Bela (happily, embarrassed). Yeah.

Lisa (seeing Xana's excitement, soothing. Xane). Don't worry.

Everything will be fine. Well, at most a kiss to begin with. No more.

Bela (upset, to Lisa). No more?

Xana and Lisa laugh.

Xana (positively). And the girl got a taste!

Lisa (to Bela). Listen, he doesn't live around here, does he?

Bela (positively, to Lisa). Yes, he said he would be in 10 minutes.

Xana (Bele). So what are you standing for? Come on, get ready soon!

Bela skips, happily runs away to get dressed, get ready.

Xana (positively, to Lisa). Here! See how you didn't stay for nothing. Almost left the Squirrel without a man. And so, that's how nice it turned out. (He points in the direction of the runaway Bela.) Oh, she jumped like that!

Lisa (to Xane, a little sad). Yes, of course. Everything is not in vain in our life.

Xana sees Lisa's mood. She understands that everything is not going smoothly in her life. Withstands a cautious pause, ponders a further plan of action.

Xana (the body, in a friendly way, to Lisa).

Liza looks at Xana questioningly.

Xana (the body, in a friendly way, to Lisa). Come on a little bit?

Lisa (to Xane). Oh, Xan, I don't want to anymore. I drank my quota. That's enough for me.

Xana (indignantly, to Lisa). Do you think I want to? Yes, I generally hate to look at this alcohol already. But the situation is forcing! It's just the two of us. We're both in no hurry to get home, right?

Lisa (calmly agreeing, Xane). Right.

Xana (cheerfully, to Lisa). What else can we do?

Lisa (reluctantly, to Xane). Mmm... if only very straight for a little bit.

Xana winks approvingly. Pours. Less for Lisa, more for myself.

They raise their glasses.

A partially clothed Bela runs in.

Bela (hurriedly, excitedly, to the girls). Hey! Wait, wait, wait!!! Where without me!

The girls lower their glasses.

Bela handles the bottle and glass by herself. The girls are waiting for her.

Bela (hurriedly, to the girls). The subject called! He's already here. Let's go for a walk, and I'm off!

Xana (turns to Lisa, nodding towards Bela). He's already a topic for her! I got used to it quickly, well done.

Lisa smiles.

Bela (busily, as if experienced, where to go, girls). Life, girls, is such a thing. She's not walking, she's rushing, flying! There is no time to slow down and blunt. It's either Pan or gone.

Xana and Lisa smile. Bela hurriedly raises her glass, the girls support her. Clink glasses, drink.

Bela (hurriedly, to the girls). Yeah, that's it, I ran!

Bela kisses goodbye on the cheeks with Lisa and Xana.

Xana (parting words, White). Good luck to you!

Lisa (parting words, Bela). Say hello to Artem from me! Tell him to behave himself!

Bela (running away, saying goodbye to the girls). I will do everything to make him behave badly!



Bela Joyous runs away.

Lisa (nodding playfully in the direction of the runaway Bela).

That bitch!

Xana (approvingly). Our man!

Xana (taking up another bottle not tested before, looking questioningly at Lisa). So what?

Lisa (refusing). Oh, no! I'm all. And it's already not good.

Xana (pouring herself a little). It's not comme il faut itself. But you have to try! I won't take this one yet.. (hiccups) fuck.. (hiccups) la.

Xana takes a sip. He winces a lot.

Xana (disgustedly). It's disgusting! (He finishes the rest.) Just awful! (He pours himself some more of the same, plump up, sips again.) It's just some kind of nightmare! They also sell such junk. Someone is also buying!

Lisa is interested in approaching the bottle with this most "unpleasant" taste. Reads the label. Pours himself a little, will stay.

Lisa (tasting and savoring). Whoooo... Yummy! I've never seen this before.

Xana (rejoicing at the trick that worked). Of course I haven't. They don't sell that here. A familiar winemaker sends this Maratika from France. Well, here he presented one bottle for us.

The girls pour themselves more of this wonderful wine, sit down side by side, hold glasses in their hands, hug.

Xana (cautiously, as if begging for something). Liiiiii?

Lisa (with warmth, turning to Xana). M?

Xana (cautiously, as if begging for something). Why are you sad, Liii?

Lisa (with warmth). I? Yes, not that... so ...

Xana (cautiously). I noticed the sadness in your eyes when they talked about Roman's look to Damira. About this missing light. Things aren't going smoothly on your personal front, are they?

Lisa sighs heavily.

Xana (cautiously). I'm sorry if I'm getting into the Soul. You don't have to open it to me.

Lisa takes a short pause, looks kindly at Xana.

Lisa (with warmth). To be honest, I envy you.

Xana (with interest). For me? What's wrong?

Lisa (with warmth). You live so brightly... So for real. So... somehow... like in the movies, you know? You are the main actress of your life, who plays the main role! A bright role! Intense and emotional. And it's like I'm playing some kind of secondary role in my life. Before I met you, I thought that I still had the main game on this chessboard, called life. Now I understand that the party is not my main one, and I am not a very significant figure. Maybe not a pawn, but a Knight or a Bishop, but in inept hands. And when a chess player is weak, then the figure is of little use, no matter what it is.

Xana (with support, encouraging). Well! Don't be sour! What are you? You look so spectacular. The first beauty from our

today's beau monde!

Lisa (embarrassed). Really?

Xana (with a sense of self-importance). Well, after me, of course!

They both laugh.

They drink wine from glasses, put the glasses aside (you can directly on the floor).

Xana (with warmth). Should I tell you about how I became like this?

Lisa (with interest). Yes, I'm very interested.

Xana (with warmth, retreating into memories). It was about a year before the marriage. I was an average gray mouse then. It's probably hard to believe now, but it's true. I, like everyone else, was taught high morality and that everything in the world is impossible. I obediently fulfilled these covenants. I was too shy to look into a man's eyes, let alone look somewhere else. I was ashamed even of my thoughts, which, for the sake of puberty, still made themselves felt.

And so, it so happened that a relative of mine got sick. She went to the hospital with oncology. Chemotherapy, everything. I came to visit. There were three women in the ward. Everyone is over sixty. One is a former teacher, the second is my relative, and the third is Tatiana. Former flight attendant. Against their background, I was very young. I addressed the former teacher by her first name and patronymic, you still say hello, communicate while you are in the ward. And the woman who worked as a flight

attendant – she introduced herself as Tatiana. She did not name her patronymic. I talked to her the most. She was mesmerizing with her inner charm. I was captivated by her openness and kindness. His eyes shone with sincerity, happiness and warmth. Yes, by the age of sixty, but I couldn't call her a grandmother. She was blooming and fragrant. And this despite the fact that she was in the hospital at that moment with a very unpleasant diagnosis.

But I didn't want to talk to the former teacher. Yes, she was educated, the level of communication was at a height and all that sort of thing, but it was unpleasant to communicate with her. She was somehow all over... As if woven from shackles. An old miser, dissatisfied with life, but imagining herself to be the upper world. That's how I would describe her.

My relative didn't like to communicate with her either. But with Tatiana they got along Soul to Soul.

Then, after discharge, I came to visit Tatiana several times. Yes, that's how we became friends. She was passing gifts for my relative. We talked. And she always shone with happiness. Always met with a sincere smile, always with warmth. I once asked her how she always manages to stay so fresh, so bright and attractive? She replied that she had lived her whole life to the fullest. Working as a flight attendant contributed to this. Like what kind of man – a couple of signs of attention and he's yours. No one was very interested in the presence of marital ties in these fleeting relationships. If both sides are "FOR", so what is there to solve?

Someone will say that this is immoral, tactless, that such behavior is unusual for well-mannered people. But Tatiana didn't care about the opinions of highly moral bores. She was always full of bright emotions, she was always full of life, she was always with her wings outstretched. You know what I mean?

Lisa (with interest). Yes, yes, of course.

Xana (with warmth). But with all this, Tatiana remained very polite and delicate. She wasn't rude or ignorant at all. She was able to balance delicately between feelings, desires and the line that cannot be crossed in any case.

Lisa (with interest). Men, as I understood, were not beyond this line. Family, married – were all in the rank of acceptable?

Xana (with warmth). Tatiana didn't break a single family. She always made it very clear to the family that there would be no continuation of the "holiday". That now everything will be as you want, and then you will return to your wife, and everything will be great and wonderful there. Even better than before. By the way, it was. She still received feedback from time to time.

I then wondered how I want to meet old age? Like that teacher? Or someone like Tatiana?

Lisa (with understanding). Of course, like Tatiana.

Xana (with warmth). Of course, like Tatiana. I have never seen such a vivid example of female happiness, female realization, either before or after those meetings.

Lisa (with interest). What about the family? Children?

Xana (with warmth). Tatiana managed to live in a family, left

behind a daughter. But family life is constancy, after all. And she was clearly not ready for him. The marriage broke up. Later I met a man I liked and already went with him, so to speak, to victory.

Lisa (with interest). But listen, from what you've told me... I can't draw conclusions that this Tatiana is an example to follow!

Xana (with warmth). Absolutely not! There should be no role model at all! There is no need to create idols and try to be like someone else. You just need to look and feel what is closer to you. The meanest thing that can be in life is a betrayal of yourself. Their essence, their morals, their true aspirations. And the aspirations of the same Tatiana were not men at all. They were just a pleasant side effect. The topic of men, in general, frankly speaking, is not the main one in the context of what I'm talking about, dating someone or not – everyone makes their own choice. I am talking about the inner state manifested in the outer. Do you understand?

Lisa (cautiously). I think so.

Xana (with warmth). Just a sparkling, charged, bright woman will never be left without attention from men. And here is what sparkled inside her, this fervor, a taste for life. This lightness, emancipation and self-confidence – this is the core that she carried in herself.

And this core subsequently formed the basis of my new page of life. Only when I threw off all my gray husk, that's when everything started. And she found her diplomat, or rather, he found me. And everything went, and everything went!

Lisa (cautiously). Listen..., it's all interesting, of course. But... don't know. So here's the time to take, and "break off the chain"?

Xana (with warmth). Here! You said it very correctly – to break off the chain. When I realized this, I immediately had a question: "Who put us on this chain? And why?"

Lisa (with understanding). Mmm...

Xana (with warmth). Yeah!

Lisa thinks about it.

Xana (gets up, walks around, narrates). Until that turning point, men paid almost no attention to me at all. And those who did, so it is... Not men, but a pathetic semblance. I wasn't interested in those myself. But then... Then yeah... Marriage, connections, communication. My looseness progressed. I got good at it and it started. Men began to look at me as the only one, or at least as an extraordinary one.

A lot of gorgeous men are circling around me now in a pack. Moreover, the men are really gorgeous. Those who have achieved success and realization with their work, their talent. They give me expensive gifts, show me worthy signs of attention, I often go to restaurants. And everyone understands everything, and no one has any complaints about anyone. Therefore, with my personal front, everything is tip-top! But this is also not the main thing. The main thing is that I then found the strength, found the courage to open up! Throw off these chains, which are familiar to every person, and start breathing deeply! That's when I really

started living!

Lisa (enviously). I want the same!

Xana (with intrigue). Teach?

Lisa thinks for a little bit.

Lisa (definitely, loudly, firmly and confidently). Yeah!

Xana (with intrigue). Get up!

Xana approaches Lisa, holds out her hands to her. Lisa takes it. Xana pulls Lisa out of her seat. Both are standing.

Rhythmic music begins to sound softly.

Xana (with intrigue). Come on, shake it up. Imagine that you have been wearing a bunch of different blocks, clamps, chains and shackles since childhood. Close your eyes and directly imagine all this in material execution!

Lisa closes her eyes. Presents. He slouches a little under the weight, sits down a little, imagining all this heaviness on himself.

Xana (with intrigue). Introduced?

Lisa (heavily, with a tired hoarseness). Yeah...

Xana (loudly, imperiously). And now get rid of all this nonsense with one jerk, one time!

Lisa imagines how she takes on all this binding and burdening, and jerks off all this, having managed to jump aside.

Lisa sighs with relief, looks wearily at Xana. Lisa's look is already different. She's different.

Xana (with interest). How? Easier?

Lisa (discovering something new in herself, carefully). Yeah...



Xana (with intrigue). Now straighten up, spread your arms as if they were wings.

Xana shows you how to do it. He spreads his arms out to the sides like wings. Lisa repeats the movements.

Xana (with intrigue). Feel every feather, take a deep, deep breath, straightening your shoulders.

The girls sigh deeply with pleasure, closing their eyes, straightening their shoulders, not waving their wings too much.

The music starts playing a little louder.

Xana (with intrigue, loudly). Feel it? Do you feel a different Lisa awakening inside? The true Lisa? The one who came into this world, which has not yet had time to hang labels, locks and chains?

Lisa (with pleasure, covering her eyes with pleasure). I feel... Good...

Xana (loudly, to the point of trembling on the back). And now soar to heaven inside yourself and finally allow your Soul and body to do what they want!!! What they have been dreaming about for so long!!!

The music is getting even louder!!!

The girls start dancing. Dance body and Soul, the way they want.

At first, it is relatively modest and restrained, but as the music increases, the girls begin to "break away" so that everyone around them wants to start dancing!

The music abruptly subsides to the level of being able to say

something.

The girls continue to dance.

Xana (addressing the audience, cheerfully, goading). Spread your wings, People! Dance with us, let's light up!!!!

The music increases dramatically in volume!

More!

Even louder!

That's it, yes!

Girls just tear up the space with their dancing, daring and sharp dance moves.

We anneal it so that the operator starts dancing with us and the light spotlights go on a spree in his hands!!!

Dancing and rejoicing, all the girl actresses come out.

Bow.

A curtain

Novosibirsk, January 2023

\*\*\*

Dedicated to Tatiana Pavlova,  
a former flight attendant.

She lived 69 years.

In 2022, she was gone.

I always remember the kind, open  
smile of this pleasant, friendly  
person.

...

With warmth, Nikolai Lakutin

\*\*\*

Explanatory note for the director:

1. Not for staging in the Penza region!!! It is highly not recommended to install the original version in the Penza region. If you put, then all the jokes about the residents of Penza from the 3rd scene of the 2nd act should be removed. Although this episode with the name of Penza residents is not fiction, but no one likes to be laughed at. It is better not to take risks and not to touch on this topic at all when staging in the specified region.

2. There are several borderline jokes in this play. Every director knows his audience. Therefore, look at the situation. You think that somewhere it is better not to voice something – so be it. If you know that this particular audience will perceive certain moments with a bang – act boldly!

3. In the second act of the second scene "Oh, it's good-it's not good", Damira and Angelina communicate without words, after tumultuous tumbles with Marat's "gift". It is not necessary to use gestures, facial expressions and individual voice notes to try to convey the proposed version of a little discussion. You can have your own version, but + is close to the original one. In any case, the girls are emotionally and admiringly, exhausted from fatigue, trying to tell each other how good it was for them.

4. In the scenes where the girls (Xana and Angelina) look at the clock! You can beat them in different ways. They can look at a wristwatch, but then the watch must be provided on their hands (for example, a fitness bracelet). They can look at

the wall clock, if they are provided by the scenography. You can simply watch the time on your smartphone. But the coolest thing would be if the clock would appear on a large monitor or on the wall from the projector. It would also switch the audience to an interesting directorial move, and in general it would be unusual, though troublesome.

..

These explanations and suggestions are optional for the production, all at the discretion of the director.

\*\*\*

The conditions for staging the play are negotiated individually.

All the plays of Nikolai Lakutin are presented for review in open access on the official website of the author <http://lakutin-n.ru> the "Plays" section

Author's email [Lakutin200@mail.ru](mailto:Lakutin200@mail.ru)

The cover photo of the play is borrowed from a free photo bank, under a Creative Commons license