

Play on 3, 4,5 people

"As if I gave
it to you!"

Nikolay Lakutin

СОДЕРЖИТ
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ

БРАНЬ

18+

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Play on 3, 4, 5 people.
As if I gave it to you

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Аннотация

As if I gave it to you! As if she did! How many meanings do You see in this phrase? One? Two? The characters of this play will tell You about the three meanings of this expression. They will tell you, show you and provide you with a choice of the scenario that is close to You! Enjoy your dive... Содержит нецензурную брань.

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Comedy. Duration: 1 hour and 30 minutes.

One-act play.

ACTOR

STANISLAV-husband;

GALINA-wife;

MASHA is my wife's friend;

IGOR is a friend of my husband.

HERMAN is my wife's first love.

Male roles do not overlap, three or two male roles can be played by one actor.

1 ROOM

Family atmosphere. Sofa, wardrobe, table, three chairs, bookshelves, chest of drawers. Something is lying somewhere, something is standing somewhere. The apartment is not inhabited by perfectionists, and this is a very understatement.

Soft, rhythmic music plays.

From behind the scenes, an iron bowl with the remains of borscht flies into the room, followed by a pan and clangs on the floor. Splashes of water and some of the reddish contents are scattered across the stage.

The music stops.

STANISLAV'S ANGRY CRY IS HEARD: Yes etit your left! How long has it been possible? All the salt of Russia (Italy, Germany... – possible options for the countries where the production is taking place), it seems to be in this pot! Galya! (the Cry with amplification) Galya!!! My wife is the mother of my unborn children fortunately! (Maliciously) Where are you, joy!

I HEAR GALINA'S VOICE: Well, what do you want, well, I'm here, well?

There is a scream of Galina passing to a screech.

CREEK STUPNIKOVA: Come from? Well, my beloved salt shaker... As promised. Get it-sign it!

Sounds fancy loud music.

Galina screams out of the wings, rushes across the stage and

disappears on the other side of the stage. Behind her, with a ladle in his hand, rushes the enraged husband, hiding in the same place behind the scenes.

The music stops.

I hear the sound of clothing tearing.

STANISLAV's VOICE FROM behind the SCENES
(confused): Oops...

There is a scream from Galina that turns into a screech, only even more furious.

Sounds fancy loud music.

Stanislav skips out of the wings, looks around warily, and rushes across the stage backstage again. Behind him, in a torn dress, Galina rushes furiously and ferociously with a ladle in one hand and a slipper in the other. One of her Slippers was stuck on her foot, and the other was bare. The torn dress hangs down, gets in the way, she always corrects it, tries to hold it, catches up with her husband.

The couple hides behind the scenes.

The music stops.

Galina enters the stage with a floor rag in her hand. Throws a rag, picks up a pot, a bowl. He nods his head in resignation.

GALINA: Run away, parasite. Well, Stas, well I'll get you back...

Wipes the soup off the floor.

Masha enters the apartment, stops in confusion, looking at the picture of what is happening.

Galina notices her guest, wiping the sweat from her brow.

GALINA: Oh, hi, Mashun. What are your fates?

MASHA (with interest): Tick, Hello. I was just ... walking by, so I think I'll go see my friend. Why are you all this... this... huh?

GALINA: Yes... (sighs, continues to wipe the floor). I had a little argument with my husband.

MASHA (with interest): Wow, a little...

GALINA: Believe me, my friend, it's still a little bit! When there is a lot, then there is no rag to eliminate the consequences. We have to call a team of finishers, buy new appliances, sometimes furniture... in General, everything is family-style. Well, you don't understand, you're a free bird.

MASHA: Yes... No, I actually sometimes start to think seriously about starting a family. Husband there, children, well, like everyone else. Then I come to visit you and...

GALINA: Yes, I understand. Not start.

MASHA: I don't blame you, live as you want, but I don't want to do it like this (he gestures at the wreckage) in a family way.

GALINA: if you don't want to, don't. No one forces you to.

MASHA: What didn't you share this time?

GALINA: Yes, you understand...

Galina puts the rag aside and sits down on the floor more comfortably.

GALINA: In General, while I was cooking borscht, I added extra salt once. Apparently. Well, she did. We were talking on

the phone at the moment.

MASHA: Well, what's wrong?

GALINA: Well, I've salted it several times before.

MASHA: Why?

GALINA: Yes, because I try – not salty borscht turns out. I'll throw another pinch, try-again no. Still add. And then I started talking to you, and then I started talking to you again.

MASHA: So, over-salted, with whom does not happen, so what is the whole tragedy in this?

GALINA: Yes, you know, he doesn't like salty things at all. Eats some kind of all lean. And then I made a mistake. Well, here we are fighting for this topic. All my efforts were wasted. How I would! (swings in feelings).

MASHA: Okay. Listen, do you know who I just met?

Masha passes through the room, settles down, creates an intrigue with her intonation and facial expressions.

GALINA: Who?

MASHA (leans back on the sofa): Well, guess what?

Masha smiles slyly, but Gale is not up to fortune tellers.

GALINA: I don't know. Who?

MASHA: Well..., think-think...

Galina gets up from the floor, picks up a rag, a pot, a bowl, and looks at her friend.

GALINA: Why are we smiling so slyly, huh?

MASHA: Well, well?

GALINA (changes face, extremely surprised): Come on...

MASHA (triumphantly): Daaaaaa!

GALINA: Noooo..

MASHA: yeah Yeah!

Galina returns to her usual state, excitement and interest instantly evaporate.

GALINA: Listen, I have no idea who you're talking about. So, I decided to play along a little, I couldn't resist.

Masha's face changes. She's disappointed.

Galina goes to the kitchen and takes away the pot, bowl, and rag.

GALINA (shouts from the kitchen): Want some tea?

MASHA (shouts in response): Pull!

Masha sits down more evenly on the sofa, takes out her makeup bag, looks in the mirror, and powders her nose.

MARY (mutters under his breath): What an incomprehensible woman... And after all understood each other with half a word until married not withdrew! There now as...

Galina returns to the room with the cups, treats her friend, and sits down next to her.

GALINA: Well... so who did you meet there?

MASHA: Hermana!

Galina freezes with the Cup in her hand, not bringing it to her mouth.

MASHA (noticing the reaction of her friend): Aaaaaaa... My feelings are still alive, alive...

Galina does not immediately move away from the hang-up.

Still, he carries the Cup in the specified direction, SIPS and chokes. He starts to clear his throat.

Her friend pats her on the back.

GALINA: What? Who! What kind of feelings? What are you talking about? So many years have passed. And then... I didn't like him very much...

MASHA: Oh-Oh-Oh... didn't like it. Don't tell me! How many tears were shed on my long-suffering knees about the relationship that you had then...

GALINA (interrupts): So! Masha! Stop!

MASHA: Well...

GALINA (interrupts): STOP! STOP! STOP!

Galina again brings the Cup to her mouth, begins to drink, Masha at this moment casually finishes her story.

MASHA: I told him I was coming to you.

Galina chokes again and clears her throat. He puts the Cup down on the table. Masha pats her friend on the back.

Galina, catching her breath, looks at Masha with a disapproving look.

The one with the guilty grin.

GALINA: Are you crazy? Why did you remind him of me at all?

MASHA: So I'm not just like that! I didn't want to say anything about you at all. It just sort of happened. We crossed paths by chance and said Hello. Word by word. He asked how you were, so I told him everything was fine. I'm coming to you

right now.

GALINA: So he asked about me...

Galina looks away, confused.

MASHA: yeah...

They shake their heads.

MASHA: you Know what he's become ... oops... I would have a crush on him, honestly. But because I have Victor.

GALINA: I have Stasik. So let's do this... without this all right?

MASHA: all Right.

Silent.

GALINA: What is he like now? The same blond?

MASHA: No. Dark. But he's better off that way. Straightened up, statuesque.

They both shake their heads in absurd reverie.

GALINA: Clearly. Well, we met and met. They exchanged a word and ran away. What's wrong with that?

Galina takes her Cup, starts to drink, but Masha as always manages to say a weighty word in time.

MASHA: He said that he would also stop by in half an hour for a short time.

Galina blows out with her mouth all that she managed to get there, looks with anger at her friend.

GALINA: What?

MASHA: What? What's that got to do with me? Why are you looking at me like that? He asked if you lived at the same address

or not. I replied that it was there. Well, he said he'd drop by.

GALINA: what about you?

MASHA: what about me?

Masha throws up her hands...

GALINA: What do you mean?"

Galina repeats the gesture of spreading her hands.

GALINA (at the limit of restraining emotions): What did you say, bitch!!!

MASHA: I said you'd probably be happy to see me...

GALINA (in a rage): Oh, you...

Galina grabs her friend's throat with her hands, but then the doorbell rings.

Masha points to the door.

The doorbell rings again.

Galina waves her head negatively, making it clear that she does not intend to open the door, and continues to strangle Masha.

MASHA (with a strangled choking cry, loudly): I'm COMING!!!

Galina angrily jumps up from her seat, throws her hands up, spreading her fingers, finally freeing her friend's throat.

GALINA (not holding back emotions): As if she did! (she swings one hand at her friend)

Masha tries to catch her breath, taking advantage of the opportunity..., runs to the door and opens it.

Galina stands with her back to the door. She's pretty nervous.

A quiet lyrical composition is playing.

Enter Herman.

It's beautiful. Tall, broad-shouldered, well-groomed. In a white jacket and white trousers. A pleasant, inviting smile.

Herman carefully closes the door behind him, looks at Galina, then looks at Masha.

Masha signals that Galina is not very well disposed to this meeting. But this doesn't bother Herman at all. He winks at Masha and gives Her a large chocolate bar. Masha thrilled.

Herman confidently, but humbly coming to Galina.

She doesn't turn around. She feels that he is standing behind her, gets even more nervous, bites her lips, looks at the ceiling, sighs languidly, but does not turn around.

Herman turns around, walks away slowly, and Galina turns around. Herman stops.

It's like they can feel each other. Their actions are very well coordinated.

Masha looks at him fondly.

Herman stands with his back to Galina, slowly turns his head in half a turn, Galina abruptly turns her whole body, again stands with her back to Herman.

Herman nods knowingly, turns back, takes a couple more steps toward the door.

Galina turns to him, holds out her hands, takes a step toward him, and freezes. She's all on edge, she's insecure. She doesn't know what to do or how to behave.

Herman stops. Doesn't turn around.

Galina looks at his back, puts her hand on her elbow, and covers her face.

Herman unbuttons his jacket and takes out a small but very beautiful bottle of cognac. He holds it out at arm's length to the side, without looking at it. It is not clear to whom or for whom.

No one understands except him and Galina, who pays attention to this gesture. Her gaze changes. The shyness disappears. She looks at the bottle with genuine interest and admiration. Coming closer... closer... Takes the bottle in his hands, Herman lets go, cognac, lowers his head, does not look at Galina.

Galina hugs the bottle to her chest, comes up behind Herman and gently hugs him.

Masha doesn't understand anything at all. Looks at the whole situation, being in complete confusion.

MASHA: Can you explain? I'm something... understand nothing. What does it all mean?

GALINA (affectionately, continuing to hug Herman tremulously): You just don't know what this bottle is, friend...

MASHA: As far as I understand alcohol, I dare to assume that it is cognac!

GALINA (lets go of Hermann, coming to her friend): This is the bottle we bought on our first date. In order to drink it on the second. (He pauses a moment, savoring the memory) But, on the second date, she somehow didn't get around to it. (He pauses a moment, savoring the memory) It all happened so fast, so fast...

In short, it was not up to that. Then... Then a third, a date, a fourth... And the cognac just stood there, waiting for the right moment.

HERMAN (looking up at Galina): And this moment has come!

Galina smiles, looks at the bottle in awe, and holds it tenderly in her hands.

MASHA: Yes, right... Well... it may be the same bottle, the gesture is clear, but this fact is not the same cognac, so much time has passed...

Galina shakes her head.

GALINA (looks at the bottle): This is the cognac... We put our own paintings on it, here they are.

Galina shows the paintings on the bottle to her friend. My friend is delighted.

Galina turns to Herman.

GALINA (gently): You kept it for so many years... You ... you waited, you hoped, you believed that there might be something else... Am I right?

Herman looks down.

GALINA (gently): I'll get the glasses.

Galina puts the bottle on the table and goes to the kitchen.

Masha pushes back the chairs and invites Herman to sit at the table.

Herman passes and sits down.

Masha sits down next to me and opens the chocolate bar that

I gave her.

MASHA: So... You still love her...

GALINA: Mash ... well, look at her yourself, how can you not love her?

Masha clears her throat, rubs her hand over her throat, and strokes the places where her friend has just strangled her.

MASHA: Well... so Yes...

Herman looks longingly in the direction of the departed Galina.

MASHA: what is really the same bottle?

Herman nods in response.

MASHA: Mmm...

Galina returns with three glasses.

Her husband's torn part of her dress is hanging down, but she does not remember it at all.

HERMAN (To Galina, noticing the torn dress): Looks like I'll need to bring a new dress next time. What's yours? Forty-two?

GALINA: What?

Galina suddenly understands what we are talking about and draws attention to herself.

GALINA: A..., this..., no, it's simple... I am now.

Galina runs out of the room, leaving the glasses on the table.

Herman turns a questioning look at Masha, who in response throws up her hands, shrugs her shoulders, and plays with her facial expressions in sympathy.

HERMAN (Mung): She hasn't changed at all...

MASHA: a Jackdaw?

HERMAN: Well yes.

MASHA: Well... I don't know. We often see each other, and when we see them all the time, it is difficult to judge the changes. But you've changed a lot, I can tell you that with complete confidence!

HERMAN: Yes... I won't argue. Moreover, I deliberately changed my image. Change everything.

Herman sighs languidly, takes the bottle, and begins to open it.

HERMAN: After we broke up, I.... At first I tried to forget everything, then pour alcohol over everything. This particular bottle almost got handed out, but I managed to stop myself. There were attempts to forget themselves in women, of course... Everything was, but...

In the room quietly enters Galina, she is in a beautiful dress. Herman does not see her, continues to pour out his soul to Masha.

Masha sees her friend, but does not give her away.

HERMAN: You Know, Mash... How many girls in my life I have not met..., none of them even close to Galya was not standing. I'm sorry, it's probably not very nice for you to hear...

MASHA: Everything is fine.

HERMAN: She is... I don't know how to say it. It's real, you know? She is a real gift of fate. I did not appreciate this gift... In the end, I lost it.

Galya carefully creeps back, so as not to catch the eye of Herman. He stands behind the partition and listens.

Herman pours cognac into the glasses, a little at a time.

HERMAN: I... of course, I was reckless when I came here. No one called me, or would have, of course. I understand that Gali has her own family now, and she has not been interested in me for a long time. Simply... I just feel bad without her, Mash. Very bad. After all this time, I still can't forget her. Or maybe... maybe I just don't want to forget her. I really wanted to see her at least once more.

Herman takes his glass, drinks it, puts it back empty, stands up.

HERMAN: I will go. I don't want to cause any problems, I understand everything.

Herman goes to the exit, Masha takes off, runs after Herman, but does not know what to do, just manages to throw up her hands and open her mouth, looking at her friend.

Galina runs into the room.

GALINA: Well, here I am!

Herman turns around and looks at Galina with loving eyes.

Galina shyly lowers her gaze, looks around the table.

GALINA: Oh, I see you're already drinking without me!

MASHA: No, no, we just took a sample.

Masha awkwardly points a finger at Herman.

MASHA: Herman took it off.

GALINA: Well, let's now take a sample together. Come on, what's not native?

Masha and Herman approach the table uncertainly.

All sit down on chairs.

Herman pours himself a drink, and fills it up a little for the girls.

GALINA: Good – good. I get drunk instantly, and I can start behaving badly. I can't do much. (Playfully, To Herman) Or did you do it on purpose?

Herman obediently puts the bottle away. He looks guilty.

Galina catches Herman's hand with the bottle and refills her own and his hand into her glass again. It's pouring to the brim.

Herman and Masha look at Galina with a mute question.

GALINA (to Herman, refilling her glass): What are you doing to me, shameless?

MASHA (Galina): Galya? Are you sure?

Galina holds up her index finger to her friend, demonstrating the order of silence. After that, he raises his glass, exhales loudly, and drinks it in one gulp.

Masha looks at her friend warily.

HERMAN (in a low, drawn-out voice, looking at Galina with interest): mm-hmm..

GALINA: Yes!

Herman and Masha take their glasses, catch up with Galina with their small portions.

GALINA (to Herman, emboldened): Well? How are you?

Herman responds with an ambiguous nod.

GALINA (to Herman, loudly, emotionally, finally emboldened): What are you? Seriously? I never would have

thought it... And that it's just like that, right?

Herman gives a nod to indicate that in General, approximately Yes, everything is so.

GALINA (to Herman): As interesting... No, really. That's how you live – you live, and you don't know what happens to people out there!

Galina clears her lip in surprise.

MASHA: it Looks like I'm an extra here. I'll go.

Masha puts the glass on the table, gets up, and is about to leave.

GALINA (to Masha, loudly, in a commanding tone): Freeze!

Both Masha and Herman stand at attention.

GALINA (to Herman, friendly): You can exhale ... bye, sit down.

Herman exhales, relaxes, and sits back down.

GALINA (Masha): So you've arranged all this for me here, and now it's time for her to go? Nifiga! You'll be here with us! (German) What is it? Still got any cognac?

HERMAN (holding the bottle up to the light): there's a Little more.

GALINA (to Herman): Let's take the second one.

Masha returns to the table and sits down. Herman pours the leftovers evenly.

GALINA: Daaaaa... Did I think that I would drink this unfortunate bottle like this...

They raise their glasses. They clink glasses and empty them. Sit down who where.

GALINA (to Herman): Listen, what are you doing here? No, I'm just curious. What were you hoping for? Did you think you were going to come here after all this time and I'd throw myself at you? Did you really think that? Did you even think?

HERMAN (apologetically, in a low voice, Galina): Sorry... I didn't have time to think... Please forgive me. I'm sorry for everything.

Herman gets up, looks at Galina as if for the last time, having conveyed all his love in this look, turns around and purposefully heads for the exit.

Galina calls out to him.

GALINA: Herman?

Herman turns around.

Galina approaches him..., eyes downcast to the floor, all the arrogance is shot down.

GALINA (to Herman): Thank you for coming... Yes... Of course, we wasted our time... And I still care about you. I'm married now, alas... I've been waiting for you... Not wait. And feelings... The feelings are still alive... Thank you for coming.

Lyrical music.

Galina hugs Herman very tenderly, very tenderly, very loving. Herman responds in kind. The couple hugs, reluctantly letting go of each other. Herman leaves, finally nodding his head several times understanding the whole situation.

Masha and Galina stand as if in water lowered.

The music stops.

ZTM.

2 ROOM

In the room, Masha is sitting on a chair, thinking. Galina was sprawled out on the sofa, half-reclining, her head in her hands.

MASHA: Annnnnd...

GALINA (to himself, muffled): yeah...

A small pause.

MASHA: Nnnnnda...

GALINA (to herself, dully): uh-huh...

MASHA: What do you think to do?

Galina removes her hands from her head, overcoming the hardships of her numb body, stands up, stretches.

GALINA: I think...

A slight pause...

MASHA (questioningly, eager for an answer): M?

GALINA: I think I just need to take a shower, freshen up! And cool your head, and ... Yes and itself understand..., what to explain...

MASHA: Well, Yes, Yes...

Galina takes a towel from the closet and goes to the bathroom.

Soft lyrical music plays.

Masha gets up and removes everything from the table like a master. Bottle, glasses. Brings a basket of fruit, puts it on the table.

The doorbell rings.

The music stops.

Masha turns her head in confusion.

The doorbell rings again.

Masha rushes, not knowing whether to call Galina, whether to shout that for the door, whether to open...

As a result, it opens the door.

Enter Igor. A specific guy. Exactly a man, not a man.

IGOR (confident): Healthy, mother! How is it?

MARY (timidly): Hello. I... m... Will you excuse the...?

Igor closes the door behind him like a master, goes into the room, rubbing his hands when he sees a basket of fruit. Grabs a plum (or whatever the Director finds) and throws it into his mouth, smiling contentedly, turns to Masha.

Wiping his hands on his shirt, he stretches out his right hand like a peasant and introduces himself with a full mouth through a chomping sound.

IGOR (not sure): I'm Igor.

MASHA (timidly, hesitantly, reluctantly, holding out her hand in response, somewhat hesitating): Nice to meet you, Masha.

IGOR (confident): Yes not Masha, and Igor!

Igor begins to neigh with a throaty stupid laugh, at his own sparkling joke, but in the end he chokes on a bone, starts coughing, gasping for air.

Masha runs up and starts pounding him on the back. Igor finally spits the bone out on the floor.

Both exhale with relief.

IGOR (through shortness of breath): it Seems that the Almighty did not appreciate my humor. It was a good joke, though, wasn't it?

MASHA (timidly): Yes... it was a good joke!

Masha shows a thumbs – up gesture.

Igor quite pokes his index finger at Masha, showing a sign of recognition and affection.

MASHA: Well, how are you? Everything okay?

IGOR: All nishtyak! Thank you for not letting me die for a pinch of snuff.

MASHA: come on... What there.

IGOR: Listen, who are you, by the way?

MASHA: Masha I...

IGOR: Yes, I "smoked" it. That's what I mean... What are you doing here? Who are you here? Well there... sister, the wife of one of Stasinowsky?

MASHA: I'm Gali's friend...

IGOR: Gali's Friend? And I'm Stas's friends!

Igor again begins to laugh hysterically in his throat, meanwhile getting closer to the basket of fruit, but at the last moment stops himself, Recalling such a recent bitter experience.

MASHA (assessing the situation): Better not...

IGOR: Yes ... perhaps.

Igor turns to Masha, a sly March cat grin on his face.

IGOR: and what, Mashenka? How can I be without you? Who will save me now if something happens?

Masha is flattered and confused.

MASHA (hesitating): Well..., I actually have a boyfriend.

IGOR: Seriously?

Masha nods guiltily with a childish smile on her face.

IGOR: I don't have a boyfriend!

Igor bursts into a throaty laugh, shakes his head, being in utter delight at his next joke.

Masha smiles with restraint, looking at this Holy spontaneity.

Igor sits down on the sofa like a master.

IGOR: Listen, where is everyone?

MASHA: Well..., Stas is still at work, and Galya... She took a shower...

IGOR: In the shower?

MASHA: Well, Yes...

IGOR: In broad daylight?

MASHA: Well, what's wrong with that?

IGOR: that's a little weird... What were you girls doing without me, huh?

Igor looks suspiciously at Masha. He gets up and creeps toward her.

MASHA: Yes..., nothing special, so.

IGOR (dangerously hinting at upcoming events): So we're all alone here now?

MASHA: I have a boyfriend, Igor, don't forget.

Masha takes two steps back.

IGOR (advancing): We won't tell anyone...

Masha is distraught, and she stops moving back.

Igor approaches her as close as possible, with only a few centimeters between their faces.

MASHA (hesitantly): Well..., I don't know, it's all so sudden ... so...

Masha already starts to reach out to Igor to kiss him, but he changes his face abruptly and starts sniffing sharply, recoiling back.

IGOR (sniffing Masha's lips contemptuously): What's it? (sniffs) Cognac?

Masha is confused, guiltily blunts her eyes.

IGOR (after several more sniffs): Yes, exactly cognac!

MASHA (sorry): Yes, there was a case.

IGOR (furiously): Where is he?

Igor rushes to look for the bottle, looks under the table, rummages in the shelves.

MASHA: It's not there...

IGOR (annoyed): How not? What? That is, completely?

MASHA: Absolutely (hiccups once).

Igor sits down on the sofa with a sad look.

Galina enters the room in a Terry-cloth robe and Slippers. She has a towel on her head and a Cup of tea in her hand. She doesn't notice Igor.

GALINA (Masha): You know, it's better! Dushik, gulls ... normal.

IGOR (Galina): Congratulations! Is the shower free? Not

everyone here feels better... Can also try a proven recipe.

Galina notices Igor on the sofa, but this event does not give her any joy.

GALINA (to Igor): I'll give you a try! Go to your house and try it. You, by the way, what is there to do?

IGOR (her): Yes imagine..., walked past, I hear-chpok!

GALINA (to Igor): What do you mean, ppok?

IGOR (Galina): I mean, they took the cork out of the bottle!

Masha and Galina look at each other.

IGOR (Galina): So I can smell the source, go in, and ...

GALINA (interrupts Igor): And I'm leaving! Come on, you don't have to sit here.

Galina approaches Igor busily, pulls him by the hand and leads him to the door.

GALINA: Stas will come late, next time you will sharpen your blanks. You weren't invited today, so no offense!

Galina steps on the bone that Igor spat out.

Stops in confusion. Looks at what's under your foot.

Raises the bone, looks at the same time questioningly at the bone, Masha and Igor.

GALINA: What the hell is this?

IGOR (Galina): This is my death! Koshchei had it in the egg, and I have it in this bone. Almost moved the horse here. As soon as I get to your house, there's always some shit going on!

IGOR (Masha): Last time... I came to a friend to help with the electrics – this one (pointing at Galina with disdain) turned

on the switch!

GALINA (furiously, justifying herself): I urgently needed a glass of boiling water!

IGOR (Masha): Aha! And the main thing just at that moment it was necessary, when I was fully confident about my safety doing twists on the wires. Of course – banged!

GALINA (to Igor): Fuck you already!

Galina pushes Igor out of the door and slams it shut. He takes a couple of steps away, the door opens again, and Igor is back in the apartment.

IGOR (Masha): Or this one, too! I chop nuts once. Walnut. In their kitchen, over there (pointing towards the kitchen). Kolya, I don't touch anyone, we communicate with Stas, everything is fine. And here I once again just raised the hammer, this one appears ... (points at Galina with disdain). How the hell out of the box jumped out, and how he screams! (he shouts, mimicking Galina in a nasty squeaky voice) Where are you looking? All the cookies are burned!

GALINA (Masha): Yes, I asked these fools to watch the cookies in the oven, I was away on women's business. While this and that, I go to the kitchen, and there Chad is already. And nothing. Laughing, something there for fishing discuss. And the fact that the embers are already in the oven blush – do not care about the frost!

IGOR (to Galina, indignantly): your Embers were thrown out and everything was done, and my finger after being hit with a

hammer then hurt for another week!

Igor dismisses Galina with disdain, approaches Masha, and puts his arm around Her.

IGOR (Masha, friendly, warm): In General, friend, be careful with it. This is Satan in a skirt. I'm more than sure that she ate most of the cognac, too!

Masha smiles absurdly, looking at her friend.

Galina is furious! She leaves her mug aside and pushes Igor out of the door with both hands.

GALINA (to Igor, fiercely): Get out of here before something else happens to you!

Galina slams the door with a Bang and leans on it.

GALINA (to Masha, with a languid, tired exhalation): Obnoxious man. At least take a shower again in time.

MASHA: I think so... I'll go too. Come on, girl. Have a nice evening... There's some fruit I washed, honey, rest. It was a nervous day.

Masha hastily gets ready and leaves the apartment, leaving her purse in the confusion.

3 STREET

The scene is not big. You can simultaneously conduct actions on the stage, where Galina, in a weak light (emitting a secondary theme), after seeing her friend off, closes the door and, being in a certain prostration, walks slowly around the room, tasting fruit without pleasure, carefully brought by her friend. After removing the towel from his head, drying his hair with a towel as much as possible, and sighing languidly, looking somewhere in the distance, he leaves, taking a bone out of his pocket before that, and tossing it on his hand, the one that Igor choked on.

At this time, on the proscenium, or in the aisle between the first row of spectators and the proscenium, there are actions on the street (the main theme of the moment).

Soft lyrical music plays.

Igor goes slowly. The light illuminates a romantic smile on his face. He stops and thinks. Turns around, takes a few purposeful confident steps in the opposite direction, but... Stops. Some notes of frustration and doom are betrayed by his facial expressions. Igor again slowly begins to go where he went.

Masha's faint, breathless voice calls out to Him from behind.

Igor turns around.

The music stops.

Galina leaves the stage at this point (if the actions go in parallel).

Masha catches up with Igor, wearily bent at the waist. Trying to catch his breath.

MASHA: Caught up... Hello again.

IGOR: hi-no drink?

MASHA: No..., but I would also not refuse...

IGOR (instructively and supporting, points at Masha with his index finger): Here!

MASHA: Why didn't you ask for my phone number before you left? Unscrupulous...

IGOR: Because I, like any unscrupulous person, knowing that the girl I liked has a boyfriend, did not interfere in existing relationships. Yes, I'm a heartless bitch, I admit it. But what can you do?.. thus was born...

Masha comes closer to Igor, almost close.

MARY (tenderly): It's so noble, so sweet. You know... I liked you, too. Truth. But with a guy... I've been thinking about breaking up with my boyfriend for a long time. The longer we meet, the more clearly I realize that we are not a couple. Our relationship has no future, I was only with him so I wouldn't be alone. I'm very afraid to be alone... One... Alone with your thoughts, with your own... not realized by the senses... With its feminine essence, which has not found someone who would accept all this without teachings, instructions and claims... I have never met such people before. I... of course, I'm not perfect, I understand everything, but...

Igor takes a step towards Masha and hugs her tenderly.

Masha hugs Igor in response.

IGOR: You know, Masha... I am well aware that my visits to Stas's apartment are not very welcome. I couldn't explain to myself why the hell I was always going there. Like I'm looking for something, like I'm feeling something... And now...

Igor and Masha open their arms and look into each other's eyes in awe.

IGOR: Now I know what drove me all this time... I was looking for you!

Igor and Masha hold hands and their loving couple continue their way to the passageway that is going out with a light switch to the pleasant soft music.

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4 ROOM

The room is empty.

The door opens and Stanislav returns from work.

The spouse undresses, takes out a mobile phone, looks around, reads the message, grins, writes something in response. Puts the phone away. Comes to the table with fruit, helps himself. He walks around the room in a masterly manner, checks the dust on the shelf with his finger, and looks hard and demanding to see if there is anything left on his finger. Looking for something to find fault with.

Galina enters the room in unremarkable home clothes.

GALINA (completely uninterested): Oh, you've come, hi. How was your day?

STANISLAV: Are you really interested?

GALINA: Actually, not really. Thought I'd ask... For decency's sake.

Galina starts making the bed (sofa).

STANISLAV (hesitantly, unaccustomed to himself, interrupting): Well... and you... how ... are you?

GALINA: From me?

The wife looks back at her husband with incomprehension. She gives him a skeptical look and continues to prepare the bed for bedtime.

Stanislav does not know what to do with himself and can not

think of a topic for conversation or carping. They don't have much to talk about.

Hands in your pants, a detailed scan with your spouse's eyes, and here it is! A spark appears in Stanislav's eyes! He made it up!

STANISLAV (crossing his arms over his chest in a businesslike manner, with a pretension): There! That's what I'm talking about!

Galina turns around in incomprehension, catches her husband's mood for a scandal.

GALINA (putting her hands on her hips, accepting the challenge): Well?

STANISLAV: Well, look at you! My wife, the mother of my unborn children!

Galina glances at herself, then looks reproachfully at her husband again.

STANISLAUS: What? Don't beep, what are we talking about?

GALINA (mimicking): Don't beep! Come on, enlighten me, since you're so smart... bibically!

STANISLAV: We've been together for... (forgets how many years) And the picture doesn't change!

GALINA: What do you want? Or haven't you figured out what to dig up yet? So wait and think. I'm not rushing you.

STANISLAUS: Does you that... you know what?

GALINA: Well?

STANISLAV (furiously): The husband comes home from

work, and he is met not by his wife, but by some roommate! What kind of rags are you wearing? Where is the joy in your eyes, where is the meeting of your beloved spouse, where is my fucking over-salted borscht!

Stanislav is gaining momentum, his eloquence has returned, and he does not lose this moment. Begins to actively gesticulate and make a disturbance in a quiet measured home environment.

STANISLAV: Nothing at all, no care, no attention! Is this even normal?

GALINA (with a sneer): Oh, I'm sorry, your Majesty, there are no peddlers, alas! My wife has been busy all day with household chores, household issues that you have not deigned to devote your attention to once in all these years of our beautiful, bright, colorful family life. Cleaning is done by itself, things are washed and ironed, lunch and dinner are prepared by itself, and Breakfast, by the way, too, in the morning you get up, and it is already on the stove. Only here is one roommate of something here goes-wanders in rags... Well, really, why didn't I think of taking care of my own household chores by dressing up in an evening dress? You don't know?

The husband looks away with displeasure, realizing that he has lost this battle.

GALINA: But I do know! Yes, if only because I do not have any beautiful elegant dresses. One for all occasions, including birthdays and weddings to friends and funerals to relatives. When was the last time you bought your wife any clothes? Don't you

remember? That's it... So what do you want?

STANISLAV: Oh, that's it...

The husband begins to dress hurriedly and nervously, pretending that he is offended and ready to run away from this house anywhere, just not to be near the annoying wife right now.

GALINA: OH..., I ran – I ran... Look at this. Do you think I don't understand what this whole show was about? Again, probably, the message came from an unknown number: "I miss you wildly and wait!» I'm a fool, I don't know who's writing to you or why. Where you disappear for hours after the end of the working day and where you break out in the middle of the night... The air he urgently wants to breathe, then some scandal will start. And runs... here is so here is and runs. Artist of large and small theaters!

Stanislav with an unmasked dissatisfied expression looks at the audience, stops.

GALINA: Go, what is already ... waiting for you very Much. And wildly bored.

Galina continues to prepare for bed. She whips up her pillow and pays no more attention to her husband.

Stanislav begins to undress with a drooping mood.

STANISLAV (implausible): And I'm not going anywhere. You'll figure it out, too... Simply... It was just a nervous day. Yes, I lost my temper a little, I'm sorry. You carry everything into the house. But about you, you know... There are also claims, by the way, that have good grounds!

GALINA: Concrete, my dear, concrete!

STANISLAV: Yes, please ... On!

GALINA: Well, well?

The spouse begins to undress, preparing for bed.

STANISLAV: Well, at least the way you take off your clothes now!

Galina freezes in incomprehension, with her blouse half off.

GALINA (with interest): What do you mean? Is there a way?

STANISLAV: You undress like a miser, as if there isn't a man around right now. Go back in your imagination to our first month of Dating and imagine that you are now undressing for the first time in front of me.

Galina thinks for a while.

The corresponding music starts playing.

Galina fancifully, playfully smiles with a share of squeezed modesty and begins to undress sexually and attractively.

Stanislav looks at this first with humor, then with interest, then with excitement. And now he is ready to pounce on his wife feeling sexual attraction.

The music stops abruptly, and Galina immediately changes the mood, as if this seductive action did not happen.

GALINA (calmly): that's It... I rest, good night, dear!

Stanislav throws up his hands.

STANISLAV: Here! That's what I'm talking about! No respect for your spouse! No tribute to the call of nature! Zero attention, pound of charity!

The wife smiles contentedly and falls asleep.

The husband, with an offended wave of his hand, goes to the kitchen.

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5 ROOM

Late the next morning.

Stanislav has already left for work, and Galina is lying on the sofa alone.

The doorbell rings.

Galina tosses and turns.

The call is repeated again and again.

Galina looks at the door with displeasure, gets up, and goes to open it.

Enter Masha.

MASHA: hi, friend. Are you still sleeping? It's past ten o'clock.

GALINA (stretching): Yes... I thought a lot yesterday... I couldn't sleep... I pretended to be asleep so that my husband wouldn't ask unnecessary questions, but I kept thinking and thinking. You've done a lot of business with this Herman. I lived quietly, I didn't know any worries, and now... like a bolt from the blue. And I can't stop thinking about him now!

Masha nods her head understandingly.

GALINA: and this Igor, he came here, a piece of a goat. I can't stand him!

Masha suddenly, sharply grabs her friend by the Breasts with a stern look, then gently lets go, pressing her index finger to Gali's lips. Her mood is not a joke.

GALINA: don't you understand? What do you mean? So it was you who ran to catch up with him yesterday, so you even left your purse...

Masha shakes her head.

GALINA: Understood...

Galina abruptly changes her strategy.

GALINA: and you know, Igor after all... not really a bad guy. Yeah. Yes, he told me something... well, we do not have a good relationship with him, but so I look at him from the outside, he is both rukastyy and humorous. And a good worker and a family man, probably not a bad one. And his figure is nothing and he is generally even prettier than mine will be... So you're together now?

MASHA: Well ... sort of.

GALINA: And Vitya?

MASHA (playfully): Vitya? Who is it?

GALINA: You what? Have you already slept together?

MASHA: how Long, how well...

GALINA: Well, you, friend give...

MASHA: I Give...

GALINA: You know... I even envy you. I would sometimes, too, as if gave-gave..., but...

Galina sighs sadly.

GALINA: Everything is so fast, so interesting... No everyday life, all emotions... I saw how you looked at Igor yesterday... Seen.

MASHA: Well, I looked! I have reasons for this, you know that Vitya is a temporary option... was.

GALINA: Guessed.

MASHA: Well. Okay. It will be about me. Tell me, what are you thinking about Herman?

GALINA: Oh, Masha... What I just did not think...

Soft lyrical music plays.

GALINA: Of all my exes, he is the only person who is pleasant to remember. He always somehow managed to give not only everything that is not alien to everyone... He could bestow what was beyond the pale. This is a very rare feature. Very peculiar feature, very... a very dear feature of the heart. He appeared yesterday for a moment, and turned everything inside me, even though he almost didn't say a word... so more and more... common phrases addressed to you... I stood and listened, and my soul wept... Crying like a baby, you know, Mash?

Galina covers her face with her hands.

MASHA (sympathetically): What are you going to do?

GALINA (with tears in her eyes): I don't know... I Don't want to forget it, I don't want to leave it in my past...

MASHA (sympathetically): And Stas?

The music stops.

GALINA (wiping away her tears): And Stas... And Stas is my husband.

Masha nods understandingly, passes, takes her purse, and returns to the door.

GALINA (upset): What are you? Leaving already?

Masha turns to her friend with an ambiguous shrug.

GALINA (upset): Don't leave me alone, please don't leave me. Come on, would you like some tea? Coffee? Why don't we go to the store for some cognac?

MASHA: Yes, no, no..., we already indulged in cognac yesterday, that's enough. And a Cup of tea... Galka, Igor is waiting for me at the entrance...

GALINA (distressed, drawling): Mmmmm... all clear.

MASHA: I'm Sorry... I need to run...

MASHA: Come on... Good luck with Igor...

Masha leaves with her purse, leaving her lost friend at the door...

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6 HERMAN'S APARTMENT

Minimal furniture. Clean, nothing superfluous. Bachelor's quarters.

Soft lyrical music plays.

Dimly lit, with a Cup of tea in his hand, his other hand in his trousers pocket. Herman comes out slowly and thoughtfully.

He walks up and down the room. Stops, thinks, remembers with warm feelings, walks again.

The music stops.

HERMAN (to the audience): Aren't you a fool? What the hell happened? After all, it is clear that someone else's family has been there for a long time, that you are not expected there, that you are at least not welcome... And here... I wanted to see it. I saw... I Thought it might get easier... It just got harder.

Herman sighs, walks across the room, puts the mug on the table (dresser, shelf – it doesn't matter).

HERMAN (to the audience): Galya... Dear Galya... She hasn't changed a bit... It's exactly the same... And as if all these years of separation hadn't happened. It's as if only yesterday we parted from her, and this morning we met. Everything about her is what a woman should be. And the mystery and restraint, and the extent of promiscuity, and of course that is impossible to explain in words. That's what happens... After all, there are many women, but for someone you feel some invisible thread

connecting you both, and for someone nothing at all. And this thread does not matter who has what position, what social or civil status...

Just as you imagine... how many threads... these most invisible threads permeate our space, so much chills takes from delight. Can you imagine? A whole world invisible to the naked eye twisted threads. And so it would be all right, but these threads tend to tighten... shrink. They pull closer and closer... They attract two objects completely, regardless of the circumstances. And no matter how much you resist, no matter how well you know you can't... not supposed to, wrong and wrong, wrong! And this thread... it tightens and tightens. You are getting closer and closer...

So everything is interesting in this world...

Herman takes a few steps

HERMAN (viewer): In General, it is probably correct that these threads are invisible to the eye. After all, they have a mass character, but at the same time they are very personal, very individual. What would it be like if everyone could see these threads stretching from one another? The collapse would have occurred. No families, no relationships... and no excuses. It would only get more complicated. No, after all, how everything in this world is thought out...

At the door of Herman bell rings. He looks at the door with interest. He thinks for a short time, looks at the door again, goes to open it.

Enter Galina in the same dress that she has for all occasions.

HERMAN (surprised, delighted): What a surprise...

GALINA (timidly): As you can see, I haven't forgotten this address... Long stood at the door..., did not dare to call.

Galina and Herman look at each other, both feeling shy, shifting from one foot to the other.

GALINA (timidly): I probably shouldn't have come... Should I leave?

Galina turns and goes to the door, but Herman stops her by grabbing her hand.

HERMAN: This is the second day I've been asking myself the same question... Don't go... please, Galya...

GALINA (timidly): Me... I really want to stay...

HERMAN: What if I ask you to stay forever?

GALINA: Is that really what you want?

HERMAN: I really want it... but is it possible?

GALINA: I don't know what to do... I really don't know... But... But let's do something! (through tears) Do something, please... Do something!!!

Loud final music sounds.

Herman and Galina embrace with all their strength, putting everything they have into this hug.

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A CURTAIN

The terms of the play are negotiated individually.

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All of Nikolai Lakutin's plays are publicly available on the author's official website <http://lakutin-n.ru> section «Plays»

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