

Nikolay Lakutin

The teacher

A play for 4 people. Comedy

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НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ
БРАНЬ

18+

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http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=70585108

SelfPub; 2024

Аннотация

Each of us wants a good, stable, honest relationship based on mutual love and respect, but not everyone can afford such a luxury. Our heroes also tried to create their own healthy social unit. Let's see how they did it in the comedy "The Teacher".

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The actors

Anna

Ksyusha

Sanek

Victor

Action 1

Scene 1

Anna and Ksusha's rented apartment. It's not too tidy. Evening. An enraged Anna runs in. She doesn't look at all feminine, exhausted, gray.

Anna. Ahhh! That's it! To hell with this whole kindergarten! I'm writing my resignation letter tomorrow! My strength is gone. I've had enough! I'll go to the kiosk to trade, to the market, to distribute leaflets, I'll get a job as a gas station attendant... At least somewhere, but to get involved in educational and educational activities at some point... Fuck it all!!!

A sleepy Ksyusha comes out. He stretches.

Ksyusha. M.. Hello, Anyut.

Anna. hello!

Ksyusha. Hush, hush. Calm down.

Ksyusha comes up to Anna, calms her down, gently strokes her back.

Ksyusha. It's okay, girlfriend, it's okay. You're at home, no one will offend you here, no one will raise their voice at you, no one will force on the palace, no one will throw a cube at your head.

Anna is crying softly, sobbing.

Ksyusha. Well, that's it. All. Come on, pull yourself together.

Anna. Yes, that's it, I'm sorry. I'm snapping at you again.

Ksyusha. Come on, I'm used to it already. What don't I understand? But at least for a change, you would have come home after work some other way. Otherwise, everything is in one pore.

Anna. Ksyusha, honey, I'm sorry. Honestly, every day, going to work, I promise myself that today everything will be different. And I even hold on for a while. But then these kids... These parents, this headmistress, damn her!

Ksyusha. Don't swear.

Anna. I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Ksyusha. Go wash up, get yourself cleaned up, I'll set the table for you. Are you hungry, perhaps?

Anna. What is it? I can't get anything into my mouth with these endless nerves. And what? Did you cook something?

Ksyusha. No, of course not. But I'll get you something. I just brought a lot of stuff from my shift yesterday.

Anna. Another delay?

Ksyusha. Anyut? It's all the same thing that you would buy in any other store for money. Well, as long as I'm a cashier, what good can I do? Don't throw it away, right?

Anna. Oh, I don't know. Somehow I'm skeptical about everything that you bring from there.

Ksyusha. If you don't eat, just say so. That I'm crucifying myself here.

Anna. I will! Get your overdue, it won't get any worse.

Ksyusha. That's how it would be right away. Go wash your face and get to the table!

Anna smiles. He goes to wash his face.

Ksyusha sets the table, carries food: cheeses, sausages, yoghurts.

Ksyusha (shouting). And wash your hands with soap! Or else you'll get some chickenpox from these loving kids of yours.

Anna (screams). Learn more – learn more!

Ksyusha smiles, finishes with the table. He sits down and waits. Anna returns. She is already dressed at home. He sits down next to me.

Ksyusha. Here! Another person! This matter. Help yourself.

Anna. Are you sure nothing will come of all this?

Ksyusha. Yes, no...

Anna starts to eat.

Ksyusha. It will carry the maximum.

Anna stops chewing. He looks at his friend. She looks at her. Anna waves her hand away and continues to chew.

Ksyusha. A couple of times.

Anna stops chewing again.

Anna. And what are you not eating?

Ksyusha. Well, I just did!

Anna. You must have been asleep just now!

Ksyusha. Well, yes, and before that, literally...

Anna. No, that won't do. Come with me.

Ksyusha is not in too much of a hurry to share dinner.

Anna. Be brave! Don't be afraid!

Ksyusha. Don't fight! And also a teacher. Do you teach children to speak the same way?

Anna. Come on, eat!

Ksyusha. But now I recognized the teacher. My teacher told me the same thing all the time.

Ksyusha takes the yogurt, opens it, but does not eat it. He hesitates. He looks cautiously at Anna.

Anna. Come on, come on!

Ksyusha. Oh, she wasn't. If anything, we'll ride a white horse together. Just like when I was a kid. Remember?

Anna. I remember, but let's not sit at the table, okay?

Ksyusha. Soryan, my friend.

They clink yoghurts. Eating.

Ksyusha. And nothing, by the way. You can eat.

Anna. M... decided to test it on me first, then? How sweet...

Ksyusha. No, I'm not... That's right, it's okay... Usually... Things happen. Without consequences... Almost.

Anna. Yes, yes... We've been through this before.

Ksyusha. That's not what made you sick at all that time. It's because of...

Anna. Well, well?

Ksyusha. And... there... it's...

Anna. Well? What was there? Tell me?

Ksyusha. Whoever remembers the old, he's out of sight.

Anna. Everything is clear with you. Of course, how to poison

a friend is how she is the first, but how to answer, so ...

Ksyusha (covers her ears, shouts over, interrupts). When I eat, I am deaf and dumb, cunning and fast! I don't hear anything, I don't hear anything. La-la-la, zhu-zhu-zhu...

Anna. Uh-huh...

they're eating.

Ksyusha. Lan, tell me, who pissed you off today?

Anna. So are you deaf and dumb when you eat?

Ksyusha. Everything is fine. The power of speech returned. And a rumor for the company. So what? Did your parents' nerves tingle?

Anna. Yes, I've been used to it for a long time. That's not the point.

Ksyusha nods her head questioningly.

Anna. Today I received an assessment of my work. Of course, they were assessed unfairly, when it was otherwise? As a result, the incentives were considered modestly.

Ksyusha. Wait! Are the caregivers being paid normally now?

Anna. Normal. But it could have been more!

Ksyusha. Clear.

Anna. Is that clear? The women's collective, you know, is not the gardens of Paradise.

Ksyusha. So it was necessary to start with this, otherwise they counted about the stimulating ones...

Anna. Yes, it's all in a heap. One thing clings to the other. Where do you think the unfair grades come from? One cap, the

other cap. The third is shoo-shoo, the fourth is vasya... So it turns out. Don't want. Got it. That's it, I'll write a statement tomorrow, on my own.

Ksyusha. Well, that's right! Why the hell did you get this kindergarten? In every sense of the word. You'll find yourself something normal. By the way, we need a cashier now. Svetka left. Come to us? I'll put in a good word for you. No problem, we'll solve it!

Anna. No, well, I don't want to be a cashier.

Ksyusha. What don't I want?

Anna. Yes, there are absolutely pennies.

Ksyusha. Firstly, it's not such a penny, and secondly, our salary is generally in so far. The main plop is in the bonuses! We have a good commodity expert and a headmistress. They share. There will be no need to buy food at all. And decommissioned alcohol can sometimes even be sold to someone at a speculative price.

Anna. Thanks, I also didn't sell alcohol on the sly. And I'm already fed up with your delay.

Ksyusha. If you don't like it, don't eat it! No one is forcing

Anna. I'm sorry, friend. Thank you very much for supplying. Of course, it's easier to live this way, and not always what you bring is just for waste. But if I also bring it, besides you, then where will we put it all? You can't sell it much, you can't stuff it all into yourself either. What's the point?

Ksyusha. Well, yes...

Anna. Yes, and standing a hundred thousand times a day, offering a bag and smiling – you know, too, somehow it's not my thing.

Ksyusha. I got it Working as a cashier is above your human dignity! Where to go after kindergarten. You're a TEACHER!

Anna. Ksyusha! What are you doing? I'm not talking about that at all. All the work is necessary, everyone is doing their own thing. I'm not judging, don't even think about it!

Ksyusha. Well, then don't complain that everything is so bad. You're living way worse than mine. And everyone has their own difficulties.

Anna. And I'm not whining.

Ksyusha. Are you not whining?

Anna. Yes, I'm whining.

Ksyusha. Here! Don't whine!

Anna. I will not.

Pause.

Ksyusha. Exactly?

Anna. No!

Ksyusha. A fact!

They finish with the meal.

Anna. How are you and Sasha doing?

Ksyusha. Oh, everything is great with Sanka. He and I are going to the cinema today. He should have come by now, but something happened to his car. Some kind of vibration, or something... I don't know. I don't understand this. He's at a

hundred now, sort of, then straight here.

Anna. M...

Ksyusha. And this...

Ksyusha beckons her friend to her with her finger, looks around so that no one is around.

Ksyusha. Anyway, there's a guy who comes to my cashier for the second time. Smiling, flirting. Word for word, back and forth, shaking and shaking.

Anna. Turned him down?

Ksyusha. No-e-e-t! What are you doing? What for? I'm waiting for the phone to ask and take some more serious actions than just compliments and smiles.

Anna. I don't understand. What for? Don't you have Sasha?

Ksyusha. Yes, but what's the point? We've been friends for three years, but I still haven't asked you to get married. It seems to me that he won't call anymore. Why does he need this? He's fine with everything, he's doing fine as it is. And I seem to be wasting my time with him.

Anna. Yeah. And this one, then, at the checkout, which, you immediately realized, with serious intentions?

Ksyusha. I don't know, I need to check it out.

Anna. And how far are you willing to go with this test of yours?

Ksyusha. Anyut! Don't be boring. Everything is fine. Everything is under control. Nothing like this has happened yet, I pinched him once...

a sleigh enters, drags a car battery.

Sanek. Hello everyone

Anna, Ksyusha (chorus). Hi.

Sanek. I took a new one here. Mine plows somehow, in summer it's still nothing, but in winter it doesn't pull anymore. I snatched it while there was a sale. Maybe I'll put it on myself, but if not, I'll resell it as a last resort.

He puts the battery on the floor, sits on it, wipes the sweat from his forehead.

Anna spills tea on herself. He jumps up and runs to the bathroom.

Ksyusha. Did you go to the station?

Sanek. Yes. Driven.

Ksyusha. Have you set up a car?

Sanek. Uh-huh... We've set it up... I outlined the situation to them, explained what was going on. What was my problem? After one hundred and thirty kilometers per hour, my Lada begins to shake and have a fever. Something is playing, something is vibrating. Everything in the cabin is already jumping, shaking, shaking.

Ksyusha. And when you're not driving, is everything okay?

Well, yes, everything is quiet until the hundred. And the higher, the worse. If you're over a hundred and thirty, turn off the lights altogether.

Ksyusha. Well, what was there?

Sanek. The car was inspected, no technical problems were

found. Then the master came up to me, we talked. We found a problem.

Ksyusha. So?

Sanek. Well, he said this: "Vibrations after one hundred and thirty on the Frets are a common phenomenon. The problem is, let's say, not of a technical nature.

Ksyusha. And what's going on?

Sanek. The point is playing!

Ksyusha. M... it's cool.

Sanek. Yeah. Something like that.

Ksyusha. So maybe you don't need to drive at that speed? And nothing will play.

Sanek. Yes, in theory, of course it is not necessary. But how not to drive when the car is rushing? If you don't want to, you put pressure on the trigger.

Ksyusha. It's clear. Tell you what, you fucker, get this damn thing out of here somewhere. On the balcony, for example. Wash up and sit down to eat.

Sanek. Oh, no. Thanks, I'm full. I'll take the battery away now.

He takes the battery and takes it to the balcony.

Anna returns.

Ksyusha (shouting). Why did you bring him here? What do you want here? A warehouse?

Sanek (shouting from the balcony). It was just on the way. Let it stand for a while, then I'll take it away if it gets in the way too much.

Ksyusha (shouting). It's already getting in the way! I'm not the only one living here. So, Anya is outraged!

Anna. Xun? Come on, what are you doing? Let him keep it. What problems?

Ksyusha. Yeah, just let the men loose. Turn the balcony into a garage in one fell swoop.

Sanek returns.

Sanek. That's it, I put it in a corner. It's worth it modestly, it doesn't bother anyone. Does it bother you, Anyut?

Anna. I don't.

Sanek. That's fine. Are you sulking, Ksyukha? Let's go to the cinema!

Ksyusha. Yes, it's too early to drive!

Sanek. Come on. Let's go for a walk, wander around. What is there to sit in the apartment? (To Anna). Am I right?

Anna. Sure.

Sanek. Well.

Ksyusha. Oh, listen, Nyur, so can you come with us? And?

Anna. No, no, thanks. I'm tired from work. Even though you work half the day, you get exhausted like in a day and a half. I'm going to rest. You have a great time.

Anna leaves, taking the leftovers from the table with her. Sanek and Ksyusha follow Anna with their eyes. Then they playfully look at each other, start flirting with each other.

Scene 2

The twilight. Ksyusha and Sanek return late in the evening. They whisper and giggle.

Ksyusha (in a whisper). Stop making me laugh, we'll wake up Anya. Did you look at the clock?

Sanek (in a whisper). Yes, it's still a child's time!

Ksyusha (in a whisper). What kind of childish? It's the first hour of the night. We're all quiet.

They're sneaking around quietly. Sanek stumbles, not intentionally stomps loudly a couple of times, catching his balance.

Ksyusha (in a whisper). Sanya, damn it! Did you do it on purpose?

Sanek (in a whisper). Not at all! Stumbled, kid, who doesn't happen to?

Ksyusha (in a whisper). That's it. Shhh!

They're sneaking around. Ksyusha touches some kind of basin, drops it. The roar.

Sanek (in a whisper). Well, which one of us is shh?

Ksyusha (in a whisper). It's your fault! Distracted!

Sanek (in a whisper). Of course, who else.

Ksyusha (in a whisper). All right, quiet!

They're sneaking around.

Anna's voice (in a loud male drawling bass).

Stay where you are!

Don't go any further!

Ksyusha and Sanek flinch, grab each other.

Anna's voice (in a loud male drawling bass).

We can hang around anywhere,

Didn't you walk, on a nice day?

And now in the middle of the night,

How about nothing with a satisfied face?

Sanek (in a whisper). What the hell is this? Ksyukha, are we really in your apartment?

Anna comes out with a staff in her hand, dressed as Santa Claus, which makes Ksusha and Sanek shudder even more.

Anna (in a loud male drawling bass).

Admit it, kids,

Got it in your pants?

That's it! You will now

Go quietly through the door!

Ksyusha (taken aback). Yogurt without a date!

Sanek. Anya, what are you doing?

Anna (in her own voice). Yes, I am, I am. Who else?

Ksyusha (angrily). Hello, Santa Claus, cotton wool beard! Did you bring us gifts, you crooked crook?

Anna (takes off her hat and beard). What hunchback? What kind of gifts? Until the New Year, still oh-go-go!

Ksyusha. Here! That's it, that's it! Why are you dressed up? You pop out in the middle of the night like the devil out of a box

in outfits you don't expect. Anka, my heart almost went there, it didn't jump over the battery.

Sanek. Mine, by the way, is also somewhere in the same place. To be honest, at some point I thought that the hour of reckoning had come. That's it, Sledge, jumped back, bounced his own.

Anna. Oh, you've done it, then, in your pants after all?

Ksyusha. Wouldn't you?

Anna. Almost certainly!

Ksyusha. Well, what the hell, then?

Ksyusha stumbles over the pelvis again.

Ksyusha. Damn it, turn on the light already, someone!

The light turns on.

Sanek. Oh, and, really, Santa Claus.

Ksyusha. We are waiting for clarification! Have you gone completely crazy with your job, friend?

Anna. If only a little bit. Actually, they brought us new costumes to the garden. They handed it out to wash and prepare it. Hem it if necessary. And I've had Santa Claus in our garden for how many years! So, they brought me this outfit. You just went out the door, the guard from the kindergarten stopped by and handed it over.

Ksyusha. Why aren't you sleeping? We thought you were asleep. We go quietly, we're afraid to wake up.

Anna. Yeah, I noticed. We tried very hard not to wake them up.

Ksyusha. Anka!

Anna. Anya sells seeds at the bazaar, and I'm Anya!

Ksyusha. Oh, I'm sorry, Anna Andreyevna. May I ask why you are not sleeping at such a late hour, my dear?

Anna. She lay down. I even took a little nap. Then I woke up, decided to try it on, and here you are. Well, then the impromptu happened. Escaped, so to speak!

Ksyusha. Got away from her! Over there, Sanka and I almost broke out too... Something.

Sanek. Kapets, Anya, you are cruel. I had such wonderful plans for the night, and now validol and Jack London.

Ksyusha. It's a setup in general! Sanka tried so hard, he was already ready, I'm on it myself! And then at once the whole mood is in the trash!

Anna. Well, I'm sorry, I didn't plan on it, really. Somehow it all turned out that way. A combination of circumstances.

Ksyusha. Get out of my sight, Santa Claus! Come on, Sanka, let's walk around the house a little more, maybe we'll work up an "appetite", otherwise it's just a shame.

Sanek. Let's go, especially since I need to smoke after this.

Ksyusha. And I could use a drink, too. Maybe to a restaurant?

Sanek. A restaurant? Then I definitely can't do without validol later.

Ksyusha. Understood. Then a budget promenade, and then how it goes.

Sanek. Let's go.

Sanek and Ksyusha leave, Anna (Santa Claus) shrugs guiltily,

leaves.

Scene 3

It's late morning.

Sanka's mobile phone rings for a long time. No one is answering.

The phone goes silent and starts ringing again.

A sleepy Sleigh comes out in shorts and a T-shirt. He struggles to open his eyes, trying to find his mobile phone.

The bell stops ringing, the Sleigh falls to the nearest place suitable for rest. He continues to sleep.

His phone rings for the third time.

Sanek. Aye. What the hell! Who needs me this early? People! Have a conscience! There are some basic rules. This is a joke! According to the rules of good manners, it is allowed to call no earlier than eight in the morning. Who is so ill-mannered, and even pushy!!!

He's looking for a phone. He finds it and picks up the phone.

Sanek (into the phone). Hello! (Looks at the caller ID.) Vityukha, he's healthy. Have you looked at your watch? So what do they show? Eleven? (Pause). In the morning? And... (Gets out) No, I'm just like that. I decided to check my own, internal ones. They are lagging behind... Strongly. Something happened? Did you make an agreement? And yes, we agreed. No, I haven't forgotten. And about what? Oh, of course. No, no,

no. Everything is in force. Where are you? From me? But I don't have one. Well... yes... Simply... Well, listen, it's a long time to explain. Circumstances. But I'm not far away, wait, we'll figure it out now. (He shouts into the other room.) Ksyusha?

There is no answer.

Sanek (shouts louder). Ksyukha?

Ksyusha (in a sleepy, dissatisfied voice from the other room).

What do you need?

Sanek (shouting). Can Vitek come here? We had an agreement to grind something, I overslept, I didn't have time to go home, but he had already arrived. Can he come here already? So that I can do this and that for now... Time. Well, where to? A pause.

Ksyusha (excitedly from the other room). And what time is it?

Sanek (shouting). Eleven!

Jamming of Ksusha's emotional speech mixed with fragments of phrases!

Sanek (shouting). Is that okay?

Ksyusha with disheveled hair in a nightgown skips on one leg, trying to put on pants. Fussing, getting dressed very quickly.

Ksyusha. Let him come, just don't pull me, I'm severely late!

Ksyusha runs off to get dressed further.

Sanek (into the phone). Hello? Vityai, are you still here? Listen... this... Do you know where my Ksyukha lives? Oh, yeah, how would you know. Here's my house, on the right hand side of the turn, you stopped by, right? And this is a little further

down the same street. The last one before the intersection. Yes, with the letter "g". Everything is right. Apartment seventieth. The corner is the entrance. Are you driving? That's five minutes for you. Well, fifteen. It takes me an hour to get there, and you're done. Will you come? All. Yeah, yeah, I'm waiting.

Sanek (shouting). Vitek is coming now.

Ksyusha (shouting from the other room). Don't you have to go to work today?

Sanek (shouting). No, it's not my shift today.

Ksyusha (shouting from the other room). Why didn't you wake me up?

Sanek (shouting). Did you ask for it?

Ksyusha (shouting from the other room). Do you have your own head on your shoulders? Am I going to tell you everything all your life?

Sanek (shouting). I overslept myself!

Ksyusha, collected, jumps out, grabs her purse, kisses Sanka on the cheek.

Ksyusha. Okay, I'm forgiven. I ran, take charge.

Ksyusha runs away to work. Sanek stretches, washes, dresses, cleans himself up, waits for Victor to visit.

The doorbell rings. Sanek opens it. Victor enters with a folder in his hand.

Victor's appearance speaks about his success in everything.

Victor. Alexander! Greetings. How many years, how many winters.

They say hello.

Sanek. Come on, "fall" somewhere.

Victor. Are you alone?

Sanek. Ksyukha has already run away, and Nyurka generally gets up very early. I've been at work for a long time.

Victor. Ksyukha is your girlfriend, as I understand it. And Nyurka?

Sanek. A roommate.

Victor looks at Sanka uncomprehendingly.

Sanek. Not mine. Ksyukhina is a roommate. The two of them rent this hut.

Victor. Understood. Then we'll talk here?

Sanek. Well of course. Should I pour some coffee?

Victor. No, thanks, I don't need anything.

Sanek. Look. And I'll bite.

Sanek goes out for coffee, Victor sits down, takes out photos and some lists from a folder.

Sanek returns with a can of beer. He sits down opposite, drinks.

Victor. Your coffee is weird.

Sanek. For lack of a better one, as they say. What I found, I took. Will you?

Victor. No, no, no.

Sanek. As you know. Oh, did you bring the photos? Let me take a look.

Victor passes the photo.

Sanek. Oh, listen, yes. All of us. Kapets, how small everyone is. I'm still a jerk anyway. And you're red. Look over there. Your face is red in the photo for some reason.

Victor. So because Valya is standing next to me. I really liked her back then. Of course, the muzzle is red, which it should be. Look at her face, it's no better.

Sanek. Well yeah Exactly. Wait, why is it red?

Victor. Because Serega Khvostov is standing next to her on the other side, she was in love with him.

Sanek. Yeah, that's right, I remember something like that. And now you don't like Valyukha?

Victor. What are you doing? So many years have passed. I haven't seen her since graduation. Just like you, by the way. In general, I haven't met almost any of the guys since then. My parents immediately went abroad, but I returned only a couple of years ago. My sister and my family and I were also drawn to our native lands.

Sanek. Wait, so your sister's husband is a foreigner?

Victor. That's right, but he took the idea of moving normally. A fairly flexible person in this regard. Where the wife goes, he goes. But their son, of course, was not very eager to leave his native penates. For him, his homeland is there. His friends are there, his whole life is there. Moreover, the character is rebellious, the age is again difficult. He was thirteen then, and the other day they celebrated his fifteenth birthday.

Sanek. It's all clear, but what about the language barrier?

Victor. My sister's husband and son knew something, but they had already trained the rest. This is when you learn a language from a textbook – it is difficult. And when you just come to a country and start living there, immerse yourself in the culture, in the whole atmosphere, then the language is mastered quickly. Especially when there is someone to tell. My sister and I have been through this ourselves. It's not really a problem.

Sanek. Yes, business... So you're a polyglot now?

Victor. What are you doing? Two languages is not a polyglot, it is, in fact, the minimum norm. That's it, then. We came here, settled down, and then everything slowly started spinning, rushed. And with our guys, fortunately, I still had contacts with someone, corresponded occasionally on social networks. They included you in the Odnoklassniki group, and they gave you your contacts. However, you know this, I told you briefly, we've already called each other. Let's meet and talk. Oh, I missed everyone.

Sanek. And I haven't missed you at all.

Victor. And then why did Sanek volunteer to organize the meeting?

Yes, because you will type all sorts of stuff without me, and you will sit at random. I am not eager to look at overweight classmates and classmates who have achieved more in life than I have, and even now, I must admit, you are terribly annoying. You're sitting all statuesque, expensively dressed. I endure, I hold on with the last of my strength. But what is a meeting of

classmates without a class leader?

Victor. Fair. I'm sorry that you have to put up with me, I'll try not to burden you with myself for a long time. Here is a list of those who will come. Let's go through the groceries, the booze. You see our people, you know who prefers what.

Sanek. I know, yes. We were going to meet not so long ago. Without you, really.

Victor. That's right, I was living in another country back then.

Sanek. Wait, where did you decide to meet? Which cafe? Is it the same place as last time?

Victor. Why do we need a cafe? I bought a house. We'll celebrate the housewarming at once, and the meeting of our graduation.

Sanek. Are you deliberately pissing me off?

Victor. I'm sorry, I didn't think of that.

Sanek. Is the house big?

Victor. One hundred and forty squares.

Sanek. After all, on purpose!

Victor. You just asked, I answered.

Sanek. And why do you need a hundred and forty squares? It's so much to pay for heating, so much for electricity!

Victor looks at Sanka skeptically.

Sanek. Oh, yeah, you're like a Millener.

Victor. Something like that.

Sanek whispers something unpleasant to the side.

Victor. Be patient, I'll be leaving soon. Write down who

prefers what, and I'll stop torturing you.

Sanek. Yes, sit down already. Ah, life. One is everything, the other is nothing.

Victor. I'm sorry, but what did you do to make sure you had everything?

Sanek. So! Come on, you know, this... So, the girls mostly drink wine. We need to take red and white. Some people respect beer. I'll write you what it is now. (He writes). Guys don't all drink vodka, but you need to take a couple of bottles. Four is possible. Five is better. There are several juices, to wash down. And... yes, in general, that's all. Ah! For food. (He writes). So I wrote down the address for you here, they make delicious salads there, and in general it's better to take ready-made dishes there. They cook great. And what exactly I eat, take it to your taste. I don't think anyone will ask any questions. Do this, and I'll look for some attributes of our adolescence, I'll throw in music from those years, I'll make a selection. To listen, to dance there in your mansions will be where and on what?

Victor. Everything will be.

Sanek. Well, that's it then.

Victor. Good. Okay, I'll go.

Victor stands up.

Sanek. Hold on. Tell me about your house. Interesting.

Anna enters out of breath.

Anna. Hello everyone!

Victor. Hello.

Sanek. Oh, Anyut, hello. What are you doing so early?

Anna. The water in the kindergarten was turned off. More in the morning. So far, all the kids have been sorted out. I would have come even earlier.

Sanek. M. It is clear. (To Victor). This is Anya, I told you about her, they're filming here with Ksyukha.

Anna. Anya, it's a pleasure.

Victor. Nice to meet you, Anya, I'm Victor. Victor is allowed.

Sanek. Anya works as a kindergarten teacher here nearby. And Victor... Vitek, who do you work for? I still haven't asked.

Victor. Businessman.

Sanek. What are you doing?

Victor. I have a construction holding company.

Anna. Wow!

Victor. No, Anya, don't think that I'm a market shark. It's not that serious. I am not an oligarch. We build small houses. One – two – maximum three floors. A lot of people are now fleeing from apartments, so we are just working for those who want to live in their own house.

Anna. Oh, yeah. I've been dreaming about my home all my life. Four walls, whatever they are, are just four walls. And in her house she is her own mistress. You do what you want. If you want, put up greenhouses, if you want sheds. And in general, it's very easy to get out at any minute, you don't need to go through the entrances, floors. These steps, you're waiting for the elevator. Everyone has their own, of course, but I'm not a fan

of apartments, even though I've lived in them all my life. You're doing a good job.

Victor. "thanks. I understand you perfectly and share your views. But your work is very serious and responsible.

Anna. Judging by the salary, no.

Victor. Perhaps I have to agree here.

Sanek. Oh, it's just a small talk we've got here, where to go. What do you "YOU" say to each other? Let's keep it simple. Still their own. Vityukha is my classmate. We have a reunion coming up, we are forming a menu.

Anna. M... great.

Sanek. So you're a shoemaker without boots? You build houses, but you bought them for yourself anyway. What? Are you building badly?

Victor. That's not the point. Construction is time, after all. You need to live somewhere. I filmed it first. And recently, a good offer appeared on the market. Thirty minutes from the city center. It was a sin not to use it. Then I'll build myself the one I want, and I'll sell this one, I'll earn a few more million on the difference.

Sanek. Oh, you rascal! Well, what kind of house do you have there?

Anna. I won't bother you.

Anna goes to change her clothes. Victor sits back down.

Victor. Ah... yes. The house. One hundred and forty squares.

Sanek. I've heard that before. Two floors? Three?

Victor. One.

Sanek. Uh-oh. Even modestly.

Victor. And where do I need two or three floors for one?

Sanek. Wait, wait. So you're not married, are you?

Victor. No.

Sanek. How is it?

Victor. What's the big deal?

Sanek. Well how? You're so accomplished. I thought you got married a long time ago. Maybe even a few times. Kids, that's it.

Victor. Which one is there. I haven't met the one yet.

Sanek. And what about you and the women in general? Are they queuing for a tasty morsel?

Victor. There were girls, of course. I've met, even tried to live. It didn't work out. Then I met again, and again, and again... Then somehow the fervor faded. I must have settled down.

Sanek. Come on?

Victor. Something like that.

Sanek. And what if the fervor has faded?

Victor. Somehow already... I don't know. Either I've been walking around, or I'm disappointed, or my age. Either all at once. Understand... I remember when I was seventeen, I didn't have time to think, I'm ready! Everything is set up, everything works, bursts and roasts. At the age of twenty-five, I had time to think, and only then everything worked, everything was resurrected. And now... There's probably something wrong with my head.

Sanek. Come on, you're writing yourself off early. I have a grandfather I know, he's sixty-four, so he also torments his grandmother. And sometimes even the neighbor's, if the rumors are true.

Victor. God be with him and his grandfather. No, it's not that tragic for me, don't think about it, but somehow... Probably, everything just got boring. I no longer want one-time meetings, but a person who gets into my Soul, with whom I want to walk along the same road, in the same direction.

Anna enters. He tries not to interfere, not to get in the way. He does household chores, but from time to time he flashes and involuntarily listens to the conversation.

Sanek. Did you want a lot of love?

Victor. Not necessarily very big, but real. You can see how it is here... Not everyone puts the same thing in the word love. What is love for you?

Sanek. Well, what about it?

Victor. Well, is that it?

Sanek. Well, there... Lyaski – masyaki.

Victor. Yeah... Masyaski. No, my friend, love is not when they look at each other, it's when they look in the same direction!

Sanek. And what, right now you've had a walk, give you anything at all, even the scariest, the most in general, but the main thing is to look in the same direction with you?

Victor. I didn't say a word about the appearance.

Sanek. So tell me. Will a scarecrow in love with you and

looking at you the same way suit you?

Victor. Unlikely. But I would not like to go to extremes in this matter. I don't need the most beautiful girl on the planet, but I don't think the scariest one is my option either. Something in between, most importantly, adequate. There are a lot of details, and even though you meet them by their clothes, you still draw conclusions based on completely different parameters.

Anna leaves the room, noting Victor's words for herself.

Sanek. Oh, Victor. You've become quite a philosopher. It looks like it's bad.

Victor. Okay, about me. How are you? Got married?

Sanek. Just...

Victor. But what about it?

Sanek. And why?

Sanek makes sure that Anna is not around.

Sanek (a little quieter). I'm fine as it is. There's a girl, there's a car. Mom, God grant you health, not eternal, the hut will be mine. Everything is fine, everything is as it should be.

Victor. M... well...

Sanek. I'm thinking! Everything is fine, I'm not complaining!

Anna returns again, does the housework again, trying not to distract herself too much.

Victor. Okay, thanks for pointing out the menu. I'll take everything into account, I'll take everything. When, where and at what time – we will discuss everything in the group in WhatsApp, we will connect it. Let's decide.

Victor gets up from his seat again. His phone rings. He picks up the phone.

Victor (to Sanka and Anna). Sorry. (Into the phone). Hello? Hello, Nastya. I'm a little busy right now, it's not very convenient to talk. What happened? Thomas is being naughty. What do I have to do with it? You're a mother. There is a father. Sort it out. You don't know who to complain to... So, who should complain? There is no one. You decide for yourself. Hello? Two don't cry, Lord... Nastya? (To Sanka and Anna). Sorry. (Into the phone). Sis, what are you doing? Yes, it will work out, he's not a fool with you. I know it's the wrong company. Contacted, yes. It's bad, I agree, but remember what companies you and I used to work in? We jumped off in time, and yours will come to its senses. Oh, well, give it here. (Pause). Hello, you idiot. What's up? Is it okay? And your mom says it's not okay. So, what about in more detail?

Victor listens to his nephew's story.

Sanek (to Anna, softly). His nephew is a bad boy, as I understand it. It didn't spread much, but it kind of did. Things are not very good there. There is no sweetness. Also a foreigner, a little bit. Although no, it's okay to be a foreigner, but Russified.

Anna (to Sanka, softly). And how old is he?

Sanek (to Anna, softly). Fifteen, I think.

Victor (continuing the conversation on the phone). Oh, Thomas, I don't know what to tell you. It's clear that friends, the situation is clear, but where it all drags you, you see everything yourself.

Anna (to Victor). Can I talk to a guy?

Victor frowns. He doesn't really understand what Anna is going to talk about with his nephew.

Anna (to Victor). Let's see what happens. It won't get any worse. Probably.

Victor (into the phone). Thomas, a friend of mine wants to talk to you here. You don't mind?

Victor is surprised, but gives the phone to Anna.

Anna (into the phone). Hello, hello. (To Victor). What's the boy's name?

Victor. Thomas.

Victor and Sanka look at each other in surprise.

Anna (into the phone). Thomas, my name is Aunt Anya. Please forgive me for intruding into your conversation with Uncle Vitya. He's your uncle, right? Yeah. I got it I just heard out of the corner of my ear that you have some kind of grating with your parents there, right? No, no, you're absolutely right, it's none of my business and it doesn't concern me at all, it's just that maybe I have a suggestion that you might be interested in. (Pause). Hello? Are you still here? What's the offer? Hm... Well, listen. I have a very cool girl living in the next doorway. She's fourteen, but her breasts are already bigger than mine. She's still alone, I can introduce her if you want. Do you want to? Great. Not a question. Just let's agree that you obey your parents, try to do less stupid things and think more with your head, like now. You've made your own decision now, right? And well done. An adult, serious

decision. The right one, in my opinion. It's just that life goes fast enough, you won't have time to look back and you're eighteen! That's it! My own life. It will be too late to rebuild. You need to become an adult now. Look! Come on, let's do this, I'll call you in a week and if your situation changes, I'll introduce you to Julia. Yes, Julia is that girl. How do you like the idea? That's it, then they clogged up! I'll dial it. So no. How am I going to dial you? Will you give me the number? Come on, I'm writing it down. No, wait. (He runs to the locker, takes a pen and a piece of paper). Yeah, I'm writing. (He writes it down.) That's it, I wrote it down. It's decided, before the connection.

Anna puts down the phone, looks at the crookedly smiling men.

Victor. Why didn't you invite me to meet a neighbor? Maybe I want to too.

Anna. Seriously?

Victor. No, of course not. I'm joking. What did Thomas say?

Anna. He was interested. I'm sorry for interfering. I usually never do that.

Victor. It's nothing. Moreover, it was necessary to solve something with the guy anyway. We'll see. Thank you for participating.

Sanek. Who is Julia?

Anna. Where are you going? You have Ksyusha!

Sanek. I'm just curious. What's really bigger than yours?

Anna. Alexander! What kind of talk is this?

Sanek. All right, all right.

Victor. I have to go, it was nice to meet you, Anya. Alexander, see you later.

Sanek. Come on, come on.

The men shake hands, Victor leaves. Anna follows him with an interested look.

Sanek (seeing this look). What was that just now?

Anna. What?

Sanek. Ahhh! Everything is clear!

Anna. What? Nothing is clear. It seemed to you!

Sanek. Yes, of course.

Anna. Oh, that's it.

Anna leaves in embarrassment. Sanek walks off in the other direction, nodding his head cunningly.

Scene 4

Late evening

Ksyusha returns home from her shift, and Anna meets her.

Anna. Hi. How did you work out?

Ksyusha. Nothing, it's fine. How are you?

Anna. And I didn't work at all today.

Ksyusha. Oh? Did you quit anyway?

Anna. No, the water was turned off, everyone was dismissed.

Ksyusha. Ah.

Ksyusha goes to change clothes.

Ksyusha (shouting from the other room). And where is mine?

Anna (screams). Gone.

Ksyusha (shouting). Where to? When?

Anna (screams). In the afternoon still. I don't know where to go.

Anna goes into the kitchen.

Ksyusha returns in her house, sits down at the table. Anna returns and brings dinner.

Anna. I made porridge for you when you came. Will you?

Ksyusha. A little bit is possible. And what about yourself?

Anna. I've already eaten. So, I'll just sit with you for company.

He sits down opposite.

Anna. Your friend came to see you.

Ksyusha. Yes, I know. Did you behave normally?

Anna. Yes, everything is fine.

Ksyusha. Have you been drinking? Did you smoke in the apartment?

Ksyusha sniffs the air.

Anna. No, not at all. It's all good.

Ksyusha. What's good?

Anna. It's all good.

Ksyusha. Why is everything okay with us? When was this?

Anna smiles, evades the question. Ksyusha continues to have dinner.

Anna. Ksyu, I want to consult with you.

Ksyusha. What problems? Take advice!

Anna. I thought that I needed to change my image.

Ksyusha stops eating, looks at Anna like a sheep at a new gate.

Anna. He can do some other hairstyle, somehow present himself in a different way. Change your clothes.

Ksyusha. So! What happened?

Anna. You see, I was never taught that a girl should be well-groomed, beautiful. I realized with horror that I still don't know anything about femininity. I've always been raised the same way as boys. At the same level, according to the same requirements, according to the same pattern. Just now, the guys were wearing trousers, and I was wearing skirts. That's all. I've never used lipstick, I've never known what a manicure is. Somehow I always thought that all this was not mine, and indeed all this was superfluous.

Ksyusha. And now who taught you all this?

Anna. Yes... Nobody. Simply... I thought it might be... Why not?

Ksyusha. By yourself?

Anna. Yeah.

Ksyusha. Just like that, for nothing?

Anna. Yeah.

Ksyusha. Hey...

Anna. No, Ksyukh, seriously. Look at me! Who needs me like this? Do we have to do something about it?!

Ksyusha. Well, I'm looking. Not Marilyn Monroe, of course, but it will do. Not everyone is a beauty, it's okay.

Anna. Well, thank you.

Ksyusha. No, wait a minute. You're not that scary, if you look at it that way.

Anna. He's also a bit of a complimenter, Ksyusha.

Ksyusha. Let's be specific. What do you want? Dumpling lips? Will you dye your hair blue? Will you get tattoos? Specifically— what?

Anna. None of this.

Ksyusha. That's what I'm talking about! Sit on your butt straight and don't twitch. I came up with it too.

Anna. But no one likes me! Dads come for the children – they don't pay attention to me.

Ksyusha. So they're probably married!

Anna. But they are looking at other teachers! They even flirt! And it's not just about them. No one pays any attention to me at all.

Ksyusha. Did you want attention?

Anna. Ksyukh! I'm not sixteen anymore. And for a long time! And I still don't have a man... And there was no...

Ksyusha. Come on...

Anna. Chilly.

Ksyusha. Seriously?

Anna. More than enough.

Ksyusha. Wow. And I'm just finding out about this now?

Anna. Somehow we didn't talk about it.

Ksyusha. Yes, just like that... What can I say about this, it

seems like everything should be by itself.

Anna. Maybe it should have been. But there wasn't.

Ksyusha. Those times... so... Well, listen... Then... Then-then-then...

Anna. I want to become beautiful.

Ksyusha. Look at you! Maybe I want to too!

Anna. Oh, do you have to complain?

Ksyusha. It rarely happens that a woman is generally satisfied with everything about herself. Usually you want to improve something.

Anna. I can at least reach your level, already for happiness.

Ksusha. Yeah. If you reach mine, my Sledge will jump over you right there. No, thanks, you'd better stay the way you are.

Anna. Why do I need your Sledge?

Ksyusha. As you say, there was no one. And here it is. Goes. Two legs, two arms, carnations in the middle.

Anna. What are you doing? Are you jealous of him?

Ksyusha. I wasn't jealous before, but now a dangerous moment has been revealed. I will be vigilant!

Anna. You're wrong, friend. I'm not interested in your Sanka at all, you can sleep peacefully. I need to improve my life, but with such a marketable appearance, no one will take me off the shelf.

Ksyusha. Hold on. It seems to have dawned on me. What are you doing? Are you into this friend of Sanka's or something?

Anna. Well, yes, I liked him. What's the big deal? He doesn't

seem to be married.

Ksyusha. So why didn't you say anything? You go around and around, you give your friend all sorts of bad thoughts. And here in the yard. Everything is clear. So you have a crush on Vitka?

Anna. I didn't fall for it. I just liked him. But don't give me away! Don't tell your friend anything, otherwise you tell him, he tells Victor.

Ksyusha. Victor! Oh, wow. No, you've got a crush on him after all!

Anna. Maybe she has a crush.

Ksyusha. Yes, she definitely has a crush! Ooh! How interesting. And I've never seen him myself. Tell me about him. What is he like? Handsome, huh?

Anna. Well... He is such a... Good.

Ksyusha. It's a good description, too. They are all good, for the time being.

Anna. So will you still advise me something about what can be changed in me?

Ksyusha thinks, looks at her friend appraisingly.

Ksyusha. Let's do you know what we'll do? I have one friend – Tamara! An aspiring stylist. She doesn't even take money for her services yet, she's just gaining experience. I'll give you her phone number. Call me back. Tell them it's from me. And there you will think together, look for options.

Anna. Oh, thanks.

Ksyusha. No problem. Bring my phone over here. It's in my

purse.

Anna happily brings Ksyusha's purse, and her phone too.

Ksyusha takes out her mobile phone, finds the right number, writes it down in Anna's phone.

Ksyusha. That's it. Done. Call, decide, transform. Say hi to her from me!

Anna. Absolutely! Thanks!

Anna kisses her friend on the cheek, hugs her, runs away joyfully.

Ksyusha continues to eat porridge.

The end of the first action.

Action 2

A few days have passed.

Scene 1

Flat. Evening. Scandal.

Ksyusha. You're not going anywhere!

Ksyusha takes the bag from Sanka, with which he was about to leave the house, but Sanka also does not give up. They're pulling it over.

Sanek. Why are you freaking out, I don't understand?

Ksyusha. Nothing! I know these drinking parties of yours!

Sanek. What kind of drinking? What are you talking about? It's just a meeting of classmates!

Ksyusha. And classmates are like that!

Sanek. So what?

Ksyusha. That's it! Don't tell me about how you will kindly remember funny stories from school life there.

Sanek. What do you think we're going to do there?

Ksyusha. You will remember there who was in love with whom! Yes, it can also be with a sequel. That's what!

Sanek. What makes you think that at all?

Ksyusha. From that! We swam – we know!

Sanek. Where have you been swimming? What do you know there? Wait a minute! What is this? You're judging this from your own experience, aren't you? You went to a meeting of your classmates four or five years ago. And what was there? Is there something I don't know?

Ksyusha. I went! I won't go anymore!

Sanek. So! Just a second! What happened there that you don't want to let me go to my meeting?

Ksyusha. What?

Sanek. What?

Ksyusha. Nothing!

Sanek. No, there was clearly something there! What was there, I ask you?

Ksyusha. Everyone got drunk and began to confess their love to each other, that's what!

Sanek. And you confessed?

Ksyusha. I'm not! They confessed to me.

Sanek. Have you confessed a lot?

Ksyusha. M... it doesn't matter. They confessed.

Sanek. And how did these confessions end?

Ksyusha. They didn't end with anything, I ran away from there. I've already told you about it once between cases. You know everything yourself, why are you asking?

Sanek. Yes, I know. At half past four in the morning, I crawled home on my eyebrows. So I ran, so I ran. I ran away!

Ksyusha. Well, that's right. I got tired while I was running. So

she came crawling. I mean, without strength.

Sanek. But I'm curious, why didn't you crawl to your apartment then, but to a classmate's apartment?

Ksyusha. How do you know that? I didn't talk about it. We haven't met yet, have we? You couldn't have known that.

Sanek. The wife of that classmate you came to, turned out to be my classmate. She was very unhappy about such a late-night, almost morning visit.

Ksyusha. Oh, damn, how small the world is. Why have you been silent all this time?

Sanek. I tried to forget, but you reminded me. So, you say, they confessed their feelings only to you, and you ran to this Vadik in the morning in order to say hello exclusively!

Ksyusha. I don't remember being drunk. You seem to know even more about that story than I do.

Sanek. I know something. I tried to kiss, they say.

Ksyusha. To whom?

Sanek. Yes, to Vadik, of course, to whom else!

Ksyusha. So! Don't mess with my head! You're telling me now. I don't know what was there when, but you definitely don't need to go to this meeting. Otherwise, you'll get in the wrong place too.

Sanek. Where am I going to get in the wrong place?

Ksyusha. You're not going anywhere wrong, because you're not going anywhere!

Sanek. What do you mean you won't go?

Ksyusha. In the direct – you will not go!

Sanka's phone rings. Picks up the phone.

Sanek (into the phone). Hello? Vitek, what? Have you arrived? Yes I... Come in, there's a long song here. Well, come on in, I'll explain. Come on.

He hangs up the phone.

Sanek. Vitya has already come to pick me up, give me the bag and I rushed off.

Ksyusha shows Sanka to dulya.

Ksyusha. Come on! Take it out! You'll stay at home. I said I won't let you go anywhere, so

I won't let you go! Don't judge people by yourself! What kind of stupid thoughts are these? Do I look like a frivolous person? Yes, pump me up at least three times – I won't admit my love to anyone. Have I ever confessed my love to you?

Ksyusha. You bastard!

Ksyusha takes the bag.

Sanek. Here! What makes you think I'm confessing to someone? I don't have such a trait, I don't waste compliments, and I don't rush into words!

Ksyusha. But you have another trait, you get turned on half a turn and immediately unbutton your pants, and that's even worse!

Sanek. Have you decided yet? Or should I unbutton my pants or confess my love?

Ksyusha. None of this!

Victor enters.

Victor. Hello everyone. What's the noise, but there's no fight?

Ksyusha. And you don't get sick, and there's going to be a fight now.

Victor. What's the matter?

Sanek. Imagine, Vitek, he doesn't want to let me go to my classmates. I took the bag, and there's a whole selection of music, and something else to create a festive atmosphere.

Victor. Why doesn't he want to let go? Apparently, she is jealous, or just goofing off due to the specifics of the female body and certain calendar days.

Ksyusha. Apparently, you're going to make a deal now!

Victor (to Ksyusha). Wait, wait. Let me introduce myself, I'm Victor, Alexander's classmate.

Ksyusha (blowing a lock of hair off her forehead, nervously brushing her hair off her face with her hand). Ksyukha! Very pleasant.

Victor. It's nice to meet you too. Ksyusha, if you are worried that something like this might happen to your chosen one at this meeting, then maybe you are with us? And look after the faithful, and you will rest. There's plenty of room for everyone, and plenty of provisions.

Ksyusha. With him? To your reunion? And how am I there?

Sanek. What are you doing, Vityukha? Why did she fall there for us?

Ksyusha. So she didn't fall? Don't even start!

Ksyusha. And I changed my mind, I'm going with you!

Sanek. What?

Ksyusha. That's it! Wait, I'll just change my clothes, powder my nose, and be on my way.

Sanek. Where did you put your skis? So that you can start looking at my classmates at half past four? No, please. Stay at home, since you're so interesting under the degree.

Ksyusha. So you're not going anywhere either!

They're pushing and shoving. They make noise and drag Sanina's bag again.

Anna enters.

Anna. Good evening!

Everyone falls silent, turns around. They freeze. They forget about everything. In front of them is not that gray mouse Anna, but a beauty!

Anna. Did you interrupt? I'm sorry to interrupt, you were busy with something here. We had such a nice conversation, discussed something so fascinatingly, we could even hear it from the street.

Sanek (appreciating the transformation). Ah... Uh-uh...

Ksyusha (appreciating the transformation). Oh... I... see.

Victor. Good evening, Anna... Aren't you Anya? Or do you only vaguely resemble her in some way?

Anna. That's right, it's me. Hello, Vit.

Victor. At... Vet.

Ksyusha. Okay, guys! Let's all close our mouths on the count of three! One-two-three!

On the count of three, Victor and Sanka close their slack jaws. Ksyusha. Great. Now I have a question for you, Anya. You... this... Are you even there?

Anna. What?

Ksyusha. What's that? That's it! Look what you've done to the men. I didn't give a damn myself. How did they make such a MILF out of you?

Anna. You like it, don't you?

Ksyusha. I like it... it even pisses me off.

Anna. So, everything worked out.

Victor. Anyuta, listen, would you like to join us? We are going to a reunion, we would be very happy if you would accompany us.

Sanek. Yes, by the way, I also wanted to suggest it. Come with us, An. There, and Ksyukha is just getting ready, it's more fun together, huh?

Anna. Oh, thank you very much for the offer, but I will obviously be superfluous there. I've been to meetings like this, you need everyone to be there. The stranger will sit like an idol and understand nothing. And I won't be comfortable, and your company won't be very comfortable.

Victor. No, no, everything will be fine, you'll see. Come on, I'll put in a good word, no one will even make a sound about it.

Ksyusha. She's not going anywhere! Get out of here quickly, before I get over the shock. Let's go into the kitchen, Anyutka, and have a private conversation with you.

Ksyusha takes Anna to the kitchen.

Sanek quickly grabs his bag, and he and Victor leave the apartment.

Scene 2

Flat. Late evening. Anna and Ksyusha are sitting at the table, drinking coffee.

Ksyusha. Actually, they do not recommend drinking coffee at night. It's invigorating. But I feel like I won't sleep anyway. You've stirred me up, my friend. Tell me! Why the hell are you so beautiful? Who allowed it?

Anna. I allowed myself to... Finally. It turned out well, didn't it?

Ksyusha. Get off your head! Well, Tamara! Well, the magician! That's... how? From that, and turn it into this! Maybe she has some kind of witch grandmother in her family? It feels like magic is needed here.

Anna. What does a witch have to do with it? The woman herself is a mystical being. We're capable of a lot of things, aren't we?

Ksyusha. Oh...

Anna. I've read a lot about it. And I have to agree with this statement. Of course, when we lock ourselves "in a box", "in a cage", then we do not have to talk about our natural essence. But if a woman breathes deeply, if she feels strength in herself and can correctly direct her inner wave, dispose of it, then this is just

about what we imagine ourselves to be.

Ksyusha. Anyut? What wave? What kind of power? You're scaring me. Let me touch your forehead. Is there no fever? (He touches Anna's forehead.) I don't think so. What kind of nonsense are you talking about?

Anna. Nonsense – it was my past life. And now I feel all this in myself, do you understand?

Ksyusha. She feels it! The muzzle was painted, dressed up, and now she has already begun to sprout a crown on her head.

Anna. What is the crown, Ksyusha? What are you talking about? No. I don't put myself above others and I'm not going to teach anyone anything. I'm just enjoying the state now, you know? And these are not external changes, they are more of an internal transformation, and appearance is just a reflection of the inner.

Ksyusha. Yes, yes... I saw how men appreciated these "inner" transformations of yours. No one gives a damn about what's inside of us! Everyone is only interested in the cover!

Anna. That's not so.

Ksyusha. So!

Anna. No, it's not like that.

Ksyusha. No, look at her, she's still arguing with me! Anka! Come on, turn it back. Become the same, ordinary, the same faithful friend of mine, with whom you can talk and cry and everything in the world. And I do not know this Anya and I do not want to know. There will be more arguments with me.

Anna. Please don't be angry, Xun.

Ksyusha. And don't call me that! I was Ksenia for that Anya, and for you I am Ksenia Rudolfovna! Look, too... I got a little flustered, and immediately turned up my nose!

Anna. Don't be angry with me, Ksenia Rudolfovna. I just wanted to tell you how the kids in kindergarten reacted to my transformation.

Ksyusha. By the way, yes! Interesting. How did they react? Have you chewed your mouths too?

Anna. But just not! Children – they are watching with their Soul. Of course, some people asked why I was so dressed up like a Christmas tree today. They thought it was my birthday. But the attitude of the children towards me has not changed. It has remained the same – good. They are naughty, as before, but the attitude towards me personally is very good.

Ksyusha. And the folders? Folders? Probably, they drilled the updated education with their eyes? The upgrade turned out to be quite strong, it's stupid to deny it.

Anna. Daddies – yes, they noticed. But the eyes were boring more than Mom's. And colleagues, of course.

Ksyusha. Well, of course...

Anna. Can you imagine? The dads texted me. I've never been personally contacted or called. My number is written on the door of the group there, just in case, mine and the shift workers, but everyone always called at work. We bought a special mobile phone for the group, and it's there. If someone is going to be

picked up early or someone is ill, they won't come – they call there. And today, look, a few messages. Now...

Anna takes out her mobile phone, opens messages.

Anna (reading). Anna Andreevna, good evening, this is Nikita's dad. He's been completely spoiled lately, you probably don't like him either? We talk, we explain. If it bothers you too much, tell me, we will take tougher parenting measures.

Ksyusha. Oh, fuck! And this Nikita's dad didn't write to you before, did he?

Anna. Never. Yes! I have to tell him that everything is fine, no problem.

Anna prints a reply and sends it.

Anna. And here's another message, this time from Papa Mishenka. (Reading). Hello, Anna Andreevna. Misha left a toy in kindergarten today, he is very worried. The transformer is blue-red. If it catches your eye, throw it in a box with waii, please.

Ksyusha. So what? Did you find a transformer?

Anna. Yes, I saw it. I immediately threw it into the box. Do we always do this, did it make sense to write about it at all?

Ksyusha. The reason, however!

Anna. Apparently.

Ksyusha. It's clear.

Anna. One even sent a voicemail. Do you want to listen?

Ksyusha. You're asking! I want a horse!

Anna turns on the voice message.

A voice message. Anna Andreyevna, my compliments to you.

Sergey, Klimenty's father. My son told me about the brawl that took place in the group last week. I didn't even know. Thank you for not scolding the kid, he was naughty there, of course. We'll teach him a delicate lesson on the weekend, explain whose cones are in the forest. But at least he confessed himself, he realized his guilt, it's already nice. I want to say a huge thank you for such a kind and sincere attitude. We all see that you treat our children as you treat your own. Thanks again. Sorry to bother you, have a nice evening.

Ksyusha. Yeshki – ladles! And this one has never written you anything like that?

Anna. I have never written or said anything like that. No one has ever done anything at all. And then it just fell out of a cornucopia...

Ksyusha. Yes... Beauty is a terrible force!

Anna. That's for sure.

They smile and take a couple of sips of coffee.

Ksyusha. I have some news too.

Anna. Well?

Ksyusha. This one is mine... The boyfriend from the store invited me to the restaurant.

Anna. So?

Ksyusha. I said I'd think about it. We exchanged phone numbers. We've already exchanged even a dozen messages. Can you smell what it smells like?

Anna. Yes, I can smell it, but I don't like it.

Ksyusha. Do I like it?

Anna. Apparently, I like it.

Ksyusha. No, Anek, if my dumbass didn't pull the cat by the tail, that's another conversation. And so... Am I supposed to wait for an offer from him before carrot charms and blue cucumbers?

Anna. I don't know...

Ksyusha. So I do not know either.

Anna. What's the name of this prYnce of yours?

Ksyusha. Pavlik.

Anna. M... Pavlik. It's nothing like that. But Alexander somehow sounds more dignified.

Ksyusha. Pavel is also not stupid!

Anna. I don't know. Think for yourself. As for me, this is a betrayal.

Ksyusha. And to spend so much time murdering me and not to ask me to marry is not a betrayal?

Anna. Why don't you just talk to him about it? To find out about his future plans, to tell about his own. And if they don't have any points of contact at all, then God be with him, you can part ways and try something with this Paul. But at least it will be honest!

Ksyusha. Never offer to teach fish to swim, eat mashed potatoes crushed. By the way, I did. Will you?

Anna. No, where are you going? It's night outside.

Ksyusha. So, what are you going to do with this Victor? Here you are now all in beauty, all such a mua-mua-mua! What's next?

Will you talk to him?

Anna. Probably.

Ksyusha. Yes, Anka... I don't recognize you. You've really changed a lot, and really, not only externally.

Anna. Everything flows, everything changes...

Ksyusha. Yeah... It's changing... yeah... And it flows... they look at each other.

Ksyusha. What are you going to tell him?

Anna. I'll tell you how it is, and then be as it will be.

Ksyusha. What? Will you just say it like that? That she fell for him in an unchildlike way, that this was all for him and for him! That she had been waiting for him alone all her life and was taking care of herself for this fateful meeting?

Anna. We'll see. I'm sorry, Ksyusha, I think I'll figure this out on my own. According to the situation.

Ksyusha. Oh, where to go. She'll figure it out. Well, figure it out, figure it out. You'll come running to me later, you'll cry again. Do you think you're the only one who likes him so handsome? Yes, he's probably already being hoarded by crowds of hunters. Try to get in – the competitors will devour you!

Anna. And I'm not afraid. Let's see who eats who!

Ksyusha. Where does it come from? It's like miracles. I went to bed. Good night.

Ksyusha gets up and is about to leave.

Anna. Good night. And I'll still sit and dream...

Ksyusha. Come on, come on... A dreamer.

Ksyusha leaves. Finally, he stops once more, looks at Anna, transformed beyond recognition, is sincerely surprised and goes to sleep.

Anna takes another sip of coffee, sits, daydreams.

Scene 3

Flat. Weekend. It's late morning.

A sober Victor enters, dragging a "smoke-soaked" Sanka on his back.

Victor. Ding-ding! Is there anyone? He did not ring the doorbell, but took the keys from Alexander. Are you asleep, or is there no one?

A sleepy Ksyusha comes out.

Ksyusha. Hi. They showed up – they didn't get dusty. Yes, we should take the keys from this Alexander, otherwise he walks like to his own home!

Sanek. Uh, with (hiccups)A little box. What do you mean, how to get home? I actually kind of live here... Sometimes.

Ksyusha. That's what it is, sometimes. Do you already know where this otherness of yours is for me? And neither there nor here. (To Victor). Why did you bring him here? He has his own house.

Victor. That's what he said to take it back to where he got it from. I took it here, after all.

Ksyusha. Fair. And why is Sanka in the trash, and you're a

cucumber?

Victor. Because I'm not a fan of this business.

Victor puts his finger to his throat, shows a gesture of drinking.

Sanek. And the prof (with a whistle)professional!

Ksyusha. All right, professional. Put this here, my onion grief somewhere.

A sleepy Anna comes out.

Anna. Good morning, everyone!

Ksusha. Yeah.

Victor. Good morning, Anna.

Sanek. Nyuyurochka, you're my girl, hello. Why didn't you come with us? We got so upset with Vitka. There is still no face on it. Look over there. (He points at Victor). There is no face on the person. (To Victor). Where did you put your face? The face-oh! Where are you? Come back, we're looking for you!

Ksyusha (Sanka). Uh! You're an obsequious drunk! Did you get your girl mixed up? I'm going to sober up with a frying pan in one fell swoop!

Sanek. Sorry! The focus got a little upset.

Ksyusha. I'll set it up now!

Anna (to Ksyusha and Sanka). Maybe you can figure it out later? Alone? (To Victor). Let me help you.

Anna runs up to Victor, takes Sanka by the other arm. They drag me to the couch.

Anna. We put it on the sofa. Right here! Right here, yeah. Vo-

o-o-t. Great.

Victor. "thanks.

Victor and Anna sit down the Sledge, start to move away, but the Sledge grabs them and pulls them along. Both fall on the sofa to the tipsy merry man.

Sanek hugs Victor and Anna.

Sanek. Guys, I'm the one! How I love you, if you only knew. You're so cool. Really, these are so cool! I really want to kiss you, by God. I'm going to kiss you right now!

Ksyusha. I'm going to kiss you now!

Ksyusha intervenes in the situation, pulls first Anna, then Victor from the couch from the arms of Sanka.

Ksyusha. Sleep it off, drunk! We'll talk later.

Victor. That's all right. The job is done. I made the delivery and returned it safely. I will go.

Anna. Victor, wait. I was going to the store. Let's go out the same door. Can you wait a few minutes?

Victor. Yes, of course. I'm not in a hurry.

Sanek. Guys, I'm with you!

Sanek starts to get up from the sofa, but Ksusha's hard fist, affectionately applied to Sanka's forehead, interrupts his active intentions. He falls on the couch, passes out.

Anna runs away to change clothes.

Ksyusha. Is that how it's different with you guys?

Victor. That's right, there's no other way with us.

Ksyusha. So what's mine? Did you molest the women, I

suppose?

Victor. Straight.

Ksyusha. Did they go to him?

Victor. Why then? All adults are accomplished people. Everyone has their own families, husbands, wives.

Ksyusha. That's all, but not all. Here is a clear example. (He points at Sanka). The eternal wanderer. Everyone is on the way, everyone is in search of themselves and who knows who else.

Victor. I understand what you're getting at, but I assure you, everything was decent and dignified at the meeting. By the way, Alexander called you last night. I didn't get through.

Ksyusha. Yes, I saw a missed one this morning. I was asleep, I didn't hear it. And why did you call? Don't you know?

Victor. I wanted to ask permission to stay late. We sat well, talked very well, no one was in a hurry to leave.

Ksyusha. Mmm...

Victor. Don't worry, everything went well.

Ksyusha. I can see that. There lies the worthy one. Straight dignity itself!

Victor. So he's the class leader! Like a true gentleman, and the person responsible for the event took the brunt of it.

Ksyusha. Okay, don't shield him.

Anna returns.

Anna. That's it, I'm ready. Shall we go?

Victor. Let's go.

Victor (to Ksyusha). Happily.

Ksyusha. Bye-bye.

Victor and Anna leave.

Scene 4

Street. It's late morning. Silence. The chirping of birds.
Romance.

Victor and Anna are walking with bags, there are groceries in the bags.

Victor keeps a leisurely pace, Anna walks next to him. They are silent, everyone is thinking about their own things.

Victor. Anyut, look, there's a bench. It seems to be clean. Let's sit down, do you mind?

Anna. Let's sit down.

They sit down on a bench. They also put packages on it. Side by side, one to one, in the middle. They sit on the sides of the bench themselves. They're being careful. Everyone wants to say something to each other, but they are shy.

Anna. It's funny, I noticed that you bought almost everything the same as me. Tell me honestly, did you do it on purpose?

Victor. By the way, I also noticed this. There, they even took goods from one company in some positions.

Victor takes identical products from his bag and from Anna's bag.

Anna. So it wasn't on purpose after all?

Victor. No, Anyut, not on purpose. And I was going to go to

the store too. I always buy about the same thing. (Puts everything back in the bags). Somehow I have already determined for myself. Not in taste, not in quality. That's how I got used to it. Don't think about it, I'm not too picky, it's just...

Anna. I don't think so. It's all good.

Victor. M..

Pause.

Anna. Walking today? Not by car?

Victor. He didn't get behind the wheel. When you turn the steering wheel every day, you get tired of it, you want some kind of change of scenery. Alexander and I came here by taxi, and back... I was thinking of taking a short walk, then taking public transport. This is a novelty to me.

Anna. I'm sorry for intruding, you probably wanted to be alone. I'm sure I'm tired not only of the steering wheel, but also of the hype that I've been at home for the last 24 hours. Classmates know how to make a ruckus. I will go.

Anna gets up and takes her bag.

Victor. Don't go away, please.

Anna. Are you sure I'm not bothering you?

Victor. Exactly. Moreover, for some reason I feel good with you. It's kind of calm.

Anna does not immediately, but sits down. He worries about something of his own, but keeps quiet.

Victor. Wait, wait, but maybe I'm distracting you?

Anna. Me?

Victor. Well yeah Aren't you in a hurry yourself?

Anna. No, it's a day off.

Victor. I just... You never know. Good.

Anna. No, no, it's okay, don't worry.

Pause.

Victor. My sister called. He says Thomas is acting like silk these days. I don't even know.

Anna. Motivation works!

Victor. Absolutely. Have you talked to this neighbor of yours, Julia, about my nephew yet?

Anna. I'm going to visit them today and talk to them.

Victor. What if she's already busy? Or just won't want to?

Anna. With a foreigner? Won't he want to? Where will it go. I think that as soon as she hears the name Thomas, she will at least be curious. And there it's a small matter. And she doesn't have anyone.

Victor. Well, then... Let's see what happens.

Anna. We'll see.

Pause.

Anna. And...

Victor. What?

Anna. No, I don't think it's worth it.

Victor. Well, what is it?

Anna. I wanted to ask how you came up with the idea of going into business, how you realized yourself in it, but then I thought you'd decide – I'm interested in your income.

Victor. But you're not really interested?

Anna. They are interested, but not primarily.

Victor. And what's the first one?

Anna. A... m... okay, let's talk about income first.

Victor smiles shyly, begins to understand something.

Victor. About income... Come on, about the income, okay. (He remembers with nostalgia). Before becoming successful, I managed to get burned many times. About working for someone – I didn't have such a thought in my head initially. Only for myself. Only their own businesses, their own implementations. But there was no experience and knowledge then. He believed in various slogans about successful projects, bought franchises, joined businesses that were made for only one purpose – to raise money from naive youths. I found investors, started a lot of things, but eventually failed. I found it again, I lost it again. Then, much later, I realized that no one would come into my life to give something, just to take it away. I also realized that you can't earn or win all the money, but it's very easy to lose it. With this understanding, he stopped chasing money, began to study financial literacy, the mechanisms of interaction not only of business, but also of life in general. And slowly something began to work out. It seemed that all the components for a successful honest business began to take shape in front of me in the most favorable way. I did not set a goal to become the richest and most influential. There is no such goal even now, but living comfortably, protected from a financial point of view – in

general, it turns out.

Anna. Understood. Yes, it's interesting... Well, then, everything is fine with you, everything is great— fine.

Victor. Not quite.

They exchange glances.

Victor. You know, sometimes it feels like I'm standing at the crossroads of three roads. Do you remember how in the epics. A hero, a stone, inscriptions on it.

Anna. Yes, yes, of course. There are, I remember, several interpretations, in different fairy tales in different ways. I remember this: To go straight – not to be alive, to go to the right – to be married, to go to the left – to be rich.

Victor. Yes. Only the inscriptions on my stone are somewhat different.

Anna. What are they?

Victor. If you go to the left, you'll get in the face. If you go to the right, you'll get a punch in the face. If you go straight, you'll get punched in the face. And don't stand here for a long time, or you'll get in the face right here!

Anna smiles modestly, understands what is being said, nods.

Victor. I'm not complaining, don't think about it. I have success and certain results, but I get punched in the face all the time.

Anna puts her hand on Victor's arm, while it is still more support than a manifestation of feelings.

Anna. I have a feeling that every person meets with such a

stone on their way of life. And repeatedly. We get "In the face" stably and systematically, but we still need to go. It's necessary while it's going.

Victor. They should...

be silent. They exchange glances. They think about their own things.

Anna removes her hand. She worries that she did something stupid with this gesture.

Victor. And what about going to the right – to be married? I'm thinking about it... Shall we take this road?

Anna looks at Victor suspiciously.

Anna. And... I'm sorry. I...

bite my lips, get nervous, sigh.

Anna. Let's go through, I mean... You mean together? In the sense that you and me?

Victor is silent, looks attentively at Anna, who continues to be nervous.

Anna. Have you asked me to get married now?

Victor. I think so.

Anna. Uh. (Sighs, exhales heavily). Suddenly.

Victor. I'm shocked myself.

Anna. So think about it. Phew. I was already in a fever. This is a serious question.

Victor. It's too late to think, the word is not a sparrow, it's my own fault, it serves me right. So what do you say?

Anna is nervous, sometimes she looks into Victor's eyes,

trying to understand how serious his words are. He thinks for a few seconds.

Anna. But I'll take it, and I'll agree! I say yes!

Victor. Seriously?

Anna. And what?

Victor. Well... Simply... The question is really serious. So with the kondachka...

Anna. The word is not a sparrow. Now I've told you what to do. It's my fault, it serves me right.

They're smiling.

Anna. Are we going to kiss, or what?

Victor looks at Anna with excitement and interest. He is somewhat surprised at both himself and her.

Victor. What? Right here? Right now? In the morning, on the bench?

Anna nods.

Victor. People are walking. I... somehow... I'm a little shy. Someone else will see it. Come on, maybe not now, after all?

Anna. And what's not right now? Can we do it now?

Victor. Why not now?

Anna. Come on now!

Victor. Ah... Well, let's do it now.

Victor shyly looks around so that no one can see them, but Anna takes him by the chin, turns him around to face her and kisses him.

Kissing.

Scene 5

Flat. A weekday. Evening.

Ksyusha comes home from work in a bad mood. Sanek greets her in a housecoat.

Sanek. Hi. How did you work out?

Ksyusha. Oh, what are you doing here? Yes I... Normal. What are you doing hanging out? Why aren't you working? What are you doing here anyway?

Sanek. And where should I hang out, Ksyukh?

Ksyusha. Somewhere... In this... In the very... Have you registered here already?

Sanek. I just got off early today, came to you, wanted to make a surprise, I thought you'd be happy.

Ksyusha. I was pleased. Just made me happy!

Sanek. What's the matter with you, Ksyusha?

Ksyusha freaks out, throws her work bag and the groceries she brought on the floor.

Ksyusha. What's wrong with me? I'm all right. What's the matter with you! Why do I have to explain every time that I don't live here alone. This is not a walk-through house. What are you doing? Are you my husband, so that you can come to my house like this every time? Who are you to me anyway? Did you come to me early from work? Maybe you wanted to catch Anyuta? She's on her first shift today, she should be home!

(SCREAMING) Anya? Are you at home?

Sanek. Calm down, she's not here.

Ksyusha. Will I calm down? You calm down.

Sanek grabs Ksusha by the shoulders and shakes her.

Sanek. What's the matter with you? What happened? I mean, are you asking me who I am? What am I? Some kind of lefty dude who comes here in the mood?

Ksyusha. What's wrong?

Sanek. No, it's not like that!

Ksyusha. And how?

Sanek. I generally considered myself your common-law husband, but it seems that I was the only one who thought so.

Ksyusha. A civilian... Civilian is what is, what is not. You didn't propose to me, not even to a civilian. None at all. And it looks like you're not going to.

Sanek. What kind of people are you women? What does this stamp in the passport fundamentally change?

Ksyusha. It changes everything!

Sanek. What exactly is it? Will you love me more? Or less? Do you even love me?

Ksyusha. If you make an offer, then you'll find out. As it is, we don't even have a civil marriage, but a guest marriage. It doesn't suit me. I'm not a girl from the street to come to me for a poke-poke. I need a husband! The real one! The real one, you know? Not temporary, not civilian, not anything else. An ordinary, normal legitimate husband! From whom I will give

birth to children, with whom I will go through life hand in hand, in whom I will be sure!

Sanek. If you want a stamp, please, at least now! A couple of minutes, I'll just change my clothes and go straight to the registry office to apply.

Sanek runs to change clothes, but Ksyusha stops him.

Ksyusha. I don't need any handouts! So that you can live your whole life and know that I begged you for this marriage, forced you! I married myself! You'll think so yourself, it won't end well.

Sanek. Grab your purse! It's so bad, and so bad. Make up your mind! What do you want from me? What do you want me to do?

Ksyusha. Take your battery from the balcony and get the hell back to your mother!

Sanek. I would have said right away that it was over between us! It wasn't necessary to arrange this whole circus.

Sanek runs away to change clothes, get ready. He's shouting from the other room.

The cry of Sanka. Have you stopped loving me? Did you meet someone else? Yes, you're welcome. I won't get upset. I'll find another one for myself, some kind of Ksyukha, who won't take out my brain because of I don't understand what kind of nonsense. What a figure for me! Look, that's not it for her, and that's not it. Well, I'm sorry, not a billionaire. I don't move banks, I don't have a villa. A mere mortal. From the bright, earthly ones. I can't offer you anything special. I see, why the hell did you give up on me like that. Obviously, I found a more interesting option!

Ksyusha remains silent. Sulking. He's waiting for Sanek to pack up and leave.

Sanek is coming back. He's wearing his own clothes, and he's holding a battery.

Sanek. I got home from work, damn it, early. I made a surprise. Pleased!

Ksyusha. Come on, come on! Go on! Think about your behavior.

Sanek. Yes, I'll go, but will I come back?.. This is a big question!

Ksyusha. Good riddance!

Sanek. There are flowers in a vase in the kitchen, and a cake on the table. Eat and smell! Have a nice evening, madam! Happy stay!

Sanek is about to leave, but happy Anna and Victor enter to meet him. Victor has a cake in his hands.

Victor. Hello everyone. I'm healthy, Alexander.

Victor holds out his hand to say hello.

Sanek. Hi. Sorry, my hands are busy.

Victor. So put the battery on. Or are you in a hurry?

Sanek. I'm in a hurry. I'm in a hurry.

Ksyusha. He is late, he urgently needs to find other Ksyusha. Yes, more, but quieter. Those with whom to feast and to peace. And then, you see, they take out his brains. Everything must have been taken out, there is nothing left.

Anna. Guys, don't fight. Let's sit together and have tea. We

have a serious reason. Let's celebrate.

Sanek. What? Has Vitek signed a new serious contract? Let's be happy for him. Well done. I'm sorry, I can't clap, my hands are busy.

Anna. Yes, put that battery on already, Sasha.

Victor. And you're almost right about the contract! You could say that.

Ksyusha. What's so joyful about you there?

Anna. Victor proposed to me! Here!

Anna shows the ring on her finger.

Anna. We have just filed an application from the registry office.

Victor joyfully picks up a cake.

Victor. Shall we celebrate?

Ksyusha begins to howl with resentment, envy and anger.

Ksyusha. Ahhh! Get the fuck out of here! That's it! The whole trio! Along with cakes, batteries and rings! Otherwise, I can't vouch for myself, I can strangle one or two inadvertently!

Anna. Ksyusha, what are you doing?

Sanek. It's you, brothers, who are on her sore spot...

Ksyusha. In-o-o-n!

Ksyusha pushes everyone out of the apartment. Is returning. He falls to the floor, sobbing.

Scene 6

Street. Victor, Anna, and Sanek with a battery in their hands.

Sanek. Sorry, guys, we got into a hot hand. Ksyukha is outgoing, in two hours you can already come in. He will meet you as if nothing had happened.

Victor. And what happened there?

Sanek. Yes...

Anna. Put this battery on already, after all.

Sanek puts the battery on, unbends, stretches his back.

Sanek. They had a row about the stamp in the passport.

Anna. Sasha? She really has been worried about this for a long time and very much. You've been dating for quite a long time, and you're not asking her to get married. Naturally, she thinks different things. And it's different – not in your favor.

Sanek. And you did well. One– two, and that's it. Smart guys.

Victor. The word success, and the word to make it – they are very happy, Alexander. If you miss your chance, there may not be a second one. It's the same in the matter of personal relationships. No, of course, you don't need to rush at the first person you meet, but there's no need to delay either. If you understand that the person is yours, if you feel it, and if it's mutual – act, don't slow down!

Anna. Maybe you just didn't feel it? How do you feel about Ksyusha? Is it serious, or what?

Sanek smiles guiltily and remains silent.

Pause.

Sanek takes a box with wedding rings out of his pants pocket, opens it, shows it.

Sanek. Yes, I felt everything. I haven't looked at anyone except Ksyukha for a long time, I'm not looking for anyone, I'm not choosing. I just wanted everything to be human. To have something to go on a honeymoon. I've been collecting money for a long time. Kolyma, part-time jobs, and so on. I didn't save up for an apartment, but I took aim at a foreign car. I thought we would get married, travel, and then come, and immediately take Ksyukha to the car dealership, together we will choose our joint swallow and ...

Victor. Did you want to propose to her today?

Sanek. Wanted... I didn't have time, she immediately attacked me, didn't let me say a word.

Anna. Sasha, well, you understand her too. It wasn't out of spite that she told you, it was all nerves. Don't give up, do you hear? I've known you for a long time, you're a good couple. Please, just don't give up!

Sanek. And I'm not going to!

Victor. How can I help you? Tell me, we'll do everything we can. Maybe arrange some kind of unexpected surprise for her? If you want, we'll take her out into nature, invite the orchestra, and there you will appear in a white suit, with flowers and with these very rings. We'll do something like that. What do you think?

Anna. By the way, it's interesting!

Sanek. No, my friends, I've had enough of surprises. I'll be back right now, either I'll put the ring on her finger or the battery on her head. Pan or gone! One of two things.

Sanek resolutely grabs his battery and heads back to Ksyusha's apartment.

Scene 7

It's been a while.

Restaurant. Anna and Victor are having dinner.

Victor. Thomas called me yesterday. Happy as I don't know who. Puppy delight was oozing right through the phone.

Anna. Oh, yeah. I understand. Indeed, last week we called him, talked, and I gave him Julia's contacts. I also prepared Julia. So they had met.

Victor. We met. We walked late. The mother was already worried, the whole city was on its ears. He put the phone on silent so as not to interfere. Then he called me back from home the next day. Dovo-o-lyny.

Anna. Julia is not a bad girl. It won't teach you anything bad.

Victor. But Thomas can.

Anna. With such a guy, I don't worry about the young ones.

Victor. Everything is clear with the young, but what about the not too young?

Anna. Are you talking about you and me?

Victor nods affirmatively.

Anna. Come on, there's still a whole life ahead. It's too early to register us as old men.

Victor smiles.

Anna. Did you want to ask me something? Is something bothering you? Embarrassing? Is it disturbing?

Victor. Anyut, you've plowed your own. Maybe it's already good? If you really want to, let's open a private kindergarten, you will supervise it. You will be the manager when you want to spend time with the children – no question, it's up to you. But to ruin your health for pennies and also such a responsibility... We live together, the wedding is coming soon. I'll give you everything you ask for, everything I can, and now I can do a lot. Take care of yourself, please. After all, you're getting a lot of nerves in this institution of yours. Do you need it?

Pause.

Anna. And then who will stay in the garden?

Victor. But you're not alone, are you? There are other teachers there, and you can always hire a person instead of you.

Anna. Do you think there are crowds of people willing to do such a job? Vit...

They exchange glances.

Anna. I am grateful to you for everything you do for me. You are a real gift from heaven to me. And I, in turn, will try to do everything not to disappoint you, so that you will never regret your choice. But let me stay with the kids, with my kids.

Victor. No, no, I'm not insisting in any way, I'm just suggesting. It's a pity to see you hanging out there.

Anna. Yes, this job is exhausting, but I'm doing a decent job. It seems to me that this is a very necessary case. I try to do everything in my power so that children are brought up in love, understanding and warm human feelings. I believe that this will bear fruit and my labors will not be in vain.

Victor. I understand you. Okay, I'm sorry, let's not go back to this conversation. If you ever find it necessary, you will raise this issue yourself.

Anna. Good. "thanks.

Anna kisses Victor on the cheek.

Victor. Well, what about your friend Ksenia?

Anna. We are calling Ksyusha, everything is fine with her.

Victor. From her?

Anna. They have.

Victor. So, Alexander after all...

Ksyusha and Alexander, smartly dressed, enter the restaurant. They laugh loudly, tease each other, and interrupt Victor's thought.

Anna. Guys? Hi!

Ksyusha. Anka! Hi. By what fates? Hello there.

Victor. Hi hi

Victor gets up, Sanka approaches, the men shake hands in greeting.

Victor. How is it? Judging by the fact that Ksyusha's head is

not crowned with a battery, did everything go as it should?

Sanka. It's all good. We have submitted an application, we are waiting. How are you?

Victor. It's also passable.

Ksyusha. What are you doing here?

Anna. We have dinner here sometimes. And also, if anything, this is Victor's restaurant.

Ksyusha. Oh?

Victor. More precisely, Anna. My wedding present.

Ksyusha (Sanka). What are you going to give me? A bag of seeds?

Sanka (to Victor). You're spoiling all my raspberries again, classmate.

Victor. I'm sorry, I didn't think of that.

Sanka (Ksyusha). I'm not like a restaurant, berry, I'll give you the sky and all the stars on it! So that they shine brightly for you! The restaurant will close sooner or later. It will go bankrupt, die, burn.

Anna. Uh!

Sanka (Ksyusha). And the stars will shine forever! And every time in your honor!

Ksyusha smiles approvingly.

Sanka. I suggest celebrating this event in this wonderful restaurant to the fullest. Vitka is paying!

Victor. I agree.

Anna. Come on, let's sit down.

Sanka and Ksyusha sit down at a table with Victor and Anna, Victor quickly brings two more glasses and a new bottle of wine. He takes care of everyone, pours.

Sanka. So, well? For the meeting, for the dispersal?

Victor. No, let me take the floor and propose another toast.

Ksyusha. We allow it.

Anna. I'm all for it.

Sanka capitulates, raises his hands.

Victor (standing up). Dear friends! It so happened that life shuffled us all in a certain way, but brought us together today in this wonderful place. Two beautiful couples embark on their new unknown path. Probably, there will also be turns along the way, some kind of winds and unplanned events that in various situations will show us who we really are. Let's raise these glasses so that in any case, even with the most sophisticated trials of Fate, we will go this way to the end together with our chosen couples, our newly-made families. And so that we can walk this path with dignity!

Victor gives Anna a pen.

Victor. Anna Andreyevna!

Anna takes Victor's hand, stands next to him, smiles warmly.

Sanka gets up and gives a pen to Ksyusha.

Sanka. Ksenia Rudolfovna!

Ksyusha takes Sanka's hand, stands next to him, smiles warmly at her man.

Victor. For our worthy ways together!

Anna. Hurray!

Ksyusha. Hurray!

Victor and Sanka (in chorus, complementing the girls).

Hooray!

A curtain

Novosibirsk, April 2024

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All the plays of Nikolai Lakutin are presented for review on the author's official website in the "Plays" section <https://lakutin-n.ru/piesy.html>

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