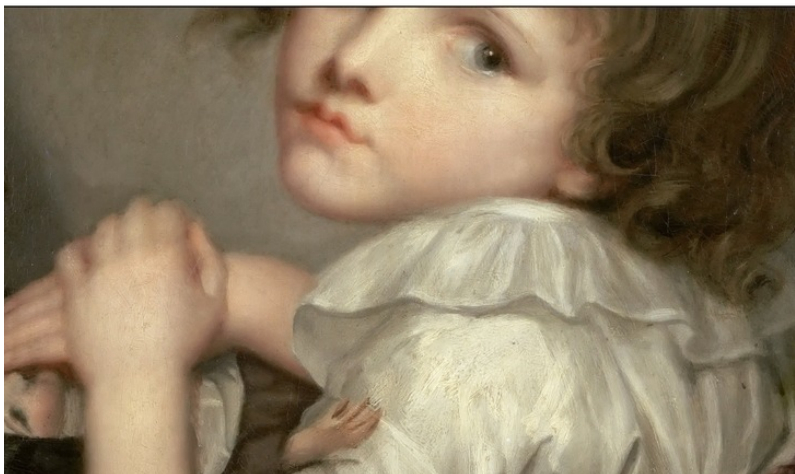


Vitaliy Voskoboinikov

*Selected
drama*

second edition



Vitaliy Vladimirovich Voskoboinikov

Selected drama. Second edition

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=24427722

ISBN 9785448333224

Аннотация

“Избранная драма” (второе издание) – сборник любительских пьес для любителей драмы на английском языке, постановка которых была осуществлена студентами-языковедами одного из ведущих университетов Казахстана.

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ISBN 978-5-4483-3322-4

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FOREWORD

Four long years have elapsed since the first edition has been produced in one copy, yet that attempt has made an enduring and promising path for the booklet you, dear reader, are now handling. The main thing is a continuity and tradition which have persisted and, perhaps, more or less steadily kept the author afloat and enabled him come to whatever end, believably, a good one.

This edition includes four dramatic pieces, the three of them were staged, and RIDING HOOD was recited by your humble servant once at a certain event. Herein I state, that the drama was singularly produced to be staged by students' amateur theatrical groups in the framework of special activities students' life is so famous for.

If just you really want some fun and some little enjoyable pastime, this opus is for you.

My true acknowledgements are to the FL students who did much to help these things produced, to their tutors who provided necessary advice, to my colleagues and friends who inspired me to achieve, and God Almighty whose reliance and spiritual support I sought and gained.

A Surprise (a burlesque in one act)

Cast:

Miss Elisa Scott, 18

Mrs. Scott, Elisa's mother, 43

Mr. Eugene Sunderland, a young man in love with Elisa, 21

Mr. Alexander Burps, a friend of Mrs. Scott, 44

Mr. Zachary Higgs, a neighbor downstairs

The drawing room at the Scotts'. Elisa and her mother sitting on the sofa expect the arrival of Eugene who intends to ask the hand of Elisa, it's a sort of formal engagement.

Elisa: Mom, you know, I'm in two minds: should I accept Eugene or reject him?

Mrs. Scott: Elisa, your heart knows better than I do. You're old enough to make such a decision, and Eugene seems to be a decent match as you describe him.

Elisa: Of course, Mama. You see, my taste is quite perfect. And he's such a beaut!

But should I look better around, perhaps, picking someone else except him?

Mrs. Scott: Around? Your too wide circle of beaux with whom you're damnably popular, my sweetie? Tut-tut! You have

to decide now. You know, the bird in the hand...

Elisa: Ha! He is a gay bird, always cracking jokes, with some trick up his sleeve and ever talking "big"! Yet a bit simple. Sometimes I find him so unbearable!

Mrs. Scott: Better to have a wag, a modest chap rather than some bore or a taciturn bloke, honey.

Elisa: Yes, you're right, Mummy. Well, where can be Eugene? Late?

Mrs. Scott: Coming any minute. By the way, Lisa, you remember Mr. Burps of whom I told you once or twice? He has some plans on you, darling. He'll be a surprise...

Elisa: Mama, I never saw the man. Leave it off. As soon as I'm concerned, my treat is the young Mr. Sunderland.

Mrs. Scott: And I neither saw your man. We shall see. We shall see... (smiling enigmatically)

Doorbell rings. Eugene with a bunch of flowers enters.

Elisa: Mama, meet Eugene.

Eugene gives flowers to Elisa and shakes hands with Mrs. Scott

Eugene: Nice to meet you, Madam. How are you?

Mrs. Scott: I'm OK. Hope you also?

All sit on the sofa.

Eugene: Fine weather, isn't it?

Mrs. Scott: Refreshing. Hmm...

An awkward pause follows.

Elisa: Oh, Eugene, come on! (encouraging him to speak).

You've come to...

Eugene: Of course, Mrs. Scott. I and Elisa... Elisa and I...
I and Elisa... We...

At this moment a large exotic spider pops up on his jacket sleeve and crawls up to the collar. Eugene still unawares, Elisa and Mrs. Scott are dumbfounded, awe-stricken watch the thing steadily go up.

Eugene: Is something wrong? (He raises his arm and runs his hand through his hair and the spider is helped to climb up Eugene's head-crown). Ah! What's that? (throws off the spider and it is whiskered onto the sofa, all three spring up)

Mrs. Scott: {A-a-a-h!

Elisa: {A-a-a-h!

Eugene: {A-a-a-h!

The spider crawls off the sofa and scours to the corner to hide.

Elisa: Eugene! It's your trick, you idiot!

Mother having sunk onto the sofa lies in a half-swoon

Elisa: Mom! Mom! (pats her on the cheek and Mrs. Scott comes around)

Eugene: Mrs. Scott, are you all right? I assure you, that thing got on my jacket, I don't know how, not a slightest idea! Perhaps, it belongs here? You've got a terrarium, haven't you, eh?

Elisa: OK. Right. Right. Nobody's hurt? (tries a smile)

All three regain their position on the sofa.

Mrs. Scott: Phew! This thing nearly killed me!

Eugene: It was on me, on me, Ma'am!

Elisa: My brave Eugene, on you, sure, on you! Ok. Let's go on. Eugene, what were you saying?

Eugene: Well... I..

Mrs. Scott: Wait a minute, could you? I've mentioned a surprise, haven't I, darling? (to Elisa). Now (looking at her wrist-watch) 17:30. Just the time for Mr. Burps to arrive. I asked him to drop in.

Elisa: It's a bad idea, Mama, we are receiving Eugene! I've got him!

Eugene: Yes. She's got me. And I...

Mrs. Scott: Lisa, Mr. Burps is one of my old acquaintances, a very respectable man, divorced, no children, thinking of his future, perhaps, his and your future...

Elisa: Mama, how can this be? You're ruining everything!

Eugene: I guess, I shouldn't be here...

Elisa: No, Eugene, stay! Mom, I p-r-o-t-e-s-t!

Mrs. Scott: Let us be agreeing, friends, let us be agreeing, friends. And, you've got an alternative, anyway.

A crashing boom outside

Elisa: Oh, my!

Doorbell rings.

Mrs. Scott: Ah, here he is. Elisa, open the door. (Elisa leaves)

As soon as Elisa is away, there is a knock on the balcony door window.

Mrs. Scott: What's that?

She comes up to the balcony window, draws the blinds up and sees no other than Mr. Burps. She recoils back.

Mrs. Scott: It's impossible, Alexander! What about the

entrance door? Why this mad act? Eugene, help me with this bloody door! (Eugene helps to open it)

They let Mr. Burps in. His suit is a mess, hair tousled, face red. He won't speak but boos, jabbers, hoots, makes faces with his hands on his chest outwards, fingers twiddling.

Mrs. Scott: Oh, Alex! How did you come by the balcony? What? Speak, will you?

Mr. Burps gesticulates madly, eyes rolling.

Elisa (returns: Mom, here's a man, he says he's a neighbour. with Mr. Higgs)

Mrs. Scott: Who are you? What's your business?

Zachary Higgs: Just a Good Samaritan, Ma'am. I'm Zachary Higgs, your neighbour downstairs. Just moved in. Let me explain. I heard something flop on my balcony couple of minutes ago. You must have heard it, mustn't you? I sure come to check what's wrong and see this fellow prostrate and speechless. He, as I gather, must have climbed the fire-escape from the roof and descending flops down onto my premises like anything! Despite the plight he's quite safe, you see, and he shows me by signs he wants to go upstairs, to your balcony. Man! And I give him leg up! It's due to the shock he can't speak and he's like that!

(Mr. Burps sits on the sofa blabbing something as if trying to confirm Higgs' words)

Mrs. Scott: It may be a guttural spasm. Eugene, fetch him water.

Eugene gives him a glass. Mr. Burps goes at it like mad but splashes over almost a glassful and goes on with his gibberish

Elisa: What's he saying?

Mr. Burps: Boo-boo-boo! Foo-foo-foo! A-ma-ma-ta-ta-ha!

Mrs. Scott: Alex, dear man, what're you saying?

Mr. Higgs: Let me help you. In fact, I'm doing a research in applied linguistics. And artificial languages, including sign languages, are my stuff.

Mr. Burps: Ma-fa-ta. Boo-foo-woo-woo (invites Mr. Higgs to help him)

Mr. Higgs: He says he's tremendously sorry, Ma'am, for such visiting manner. He meant a surprise for you, but there's been an accident.

Mrs. Scott: Oh, Alex! What a surprise? Are you a madman to play with your life?

Mr. Burps stands up producing from the bosom of his jacket a snip of flower intending to give it to Elisa.

Elisa: Oh, no! Don't you approach me! Mama!

Eugene: Don't! Don't! D'you hear me? (intervening)

Mr. Burps sits back still booing and waving the flower snip.

Mr. Higgs: As I understand, Mr. Alexander gives warmest compliments to the young lady. Well, my duty's done. I have to be going.

Mrs. Scott: Please, stay a bit, Mr. Dog Whisperer. We need you.

Mr. Higgs stays. The four sit on the sofa but Mr. Burps who starts walking around blabbing.

Elisa: Mr. Higgs, what's he saying now?

Mr. Higgs: Sorry, Miss, but it seems to me he wants a pee...

Mrs. Scott: A what?

Mr. Higgs: A pee.

Mr. Burps nods booing and gesticulating.

Eugene: Disgrace! Unbearable! Elisa, send THIS packing!
(meaning Mr. Burps)

Elisa: How can I? It's my Mom's guest, a surprise, you see?
(sniggers fatuously)

Mr. Burps goes down on all fours and moves about dog-like jabbering.

Mrs. Scott: What's to be done? Mr. Higgs, could you send for a doctor?

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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