

A person is silhouetted against a bright sunset sky, rappelling down a rope from the edge of a large, dark cave opening. The person is positioned in the lower center of the frame, with their body angled towards the right. The cave's interior is dark and textured, while the sky outside is a mix of orange, yellow, and blue. The overall mood is dramatic and adventurous.

**The** **IDOL**

**A play by  
Vadim  
Kucherenko**

16+

# Вадим Иванович Кучеренко

## The Idol

*[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=35901577](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=35901577)*

*SelfPub; 2022*

### **Аннотация**

“The Idol” play tells about representatives of a dangerous and romantic profession – mountain climbers. Who are they? Are they heroes haloed with fame or quite ordinary people of flesh and blood? In the easy and understandable form the play challenges a viewer with eternal questions of conscience and fame passion, marriage-bed and misconduct. Also it challenges a viewer to mediate about searching of true vocation despite of the price he has to pay.

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# Вадим Кучеренко

## The Idol

### **Characters:**

Victor Mancev – a mountaineer

Oleg Tomov – a mountaineer

Vasil Korobko – a mountaineer

Anna Korobko, Vasil's wife – a mountaineer.

Cyrill Sumyatov – a journalist

Alla Bjokova – a tourist

Levan – a bartender

Mikhalych – a postman.

**The action is taking place at a mountain tourist camp.**

# ACT 1

**There is a canteen at a mountain tourist camp. It is evening. Levan is standing behind a bar counter, Alla Bokova is sitting at one of the tables. Cyril Sumyatov comes in.**

Sumyatov. Good evening!

Levan. (*speaking with a Georgian accent*) You are welcome, dear, come in, be my guest!

Sumyatov. Thanks for your kind invitation..

Levan. What would you like? We have salad, cutlets...

Sumyatov. Nothing. I was wandering about in search of a living soul.

Levan. Are you a newcomer?

Sumyatov. Almost. Is it always so lonely here?

Levan. Hey, listen, are you bearing ill will to me?! Everybody has gone to the mountains. I wonder, what allures them there?

Sumyatov. Scientists know nothing about it. And what about you, aren't you allured there?

Levan. Everybody should know his own place in this life.

Sumyatov. You think so?

Levan. My grandfather used to say so. And he was the wisest in our village – anyone will tell you. Do you believe me or not?

Sumyatov. Oh, let's ask the lady, maybe she is going to judge between us. Do you have the same point of view?

Alla. I don't care.

Sumyatov. It's not possible.

Alla. Don't argue with a woman. You'd better pay a compliment to her.

Sumyatov. I am sorry. Don't you mind? (*sitting next to her*)

Alla. Please, take a seat. Are you hanging around doing nothing?

Sumyatov. Vice versa. I am here on business.

Alla. I am really surprised to hear that! Then if it's not a secret what brought you to this mountain camp in the middle of nowhere?

Sumyatov. What secrets can I have from such a charming lady?

Alla. You are not so bad. Keep going.

Sumyatov. Thank you.

Alla. Go on, I am looking forward to your answer.

Sumyatov. I have to meet with the four famous mountaineers.

Alla. Oh, I think I know who you are talking about. One of them is such a morose guy, isn't he?

Sumyatov. Most likely this is Vactor Mancev.

Alla. The other one is quite the opposite – a cherry fellow

Sumyatov. This is Oleg Tomov.

Alla. And a together couple of sweet-hearts.

Sumyatov. They are Vasil and Anna Korobko, the just-married.

Alla. Oh, I see then. And what are they famous for?

Sumyatov. Recently they have conquered the Devil's Fang?  
Have you heard about this peak before?

Alla. For the first time from you.

Sumyatov. It is considered to be a real feat.

Alla. How appearance might be deceiving! I would never look at those good guys as heroes.

Sumyatov. Are you a climber?

Alla. No, I am just a modest tourist guide. Besides, I am terribly afraid of height. And why are you asking me? Is there anything special about me?

Sumyatov. As far as I know this camp is for mountain climbers. It made me assume so.

Alla. Actually, my husband was suddenly offered a pass to this camp at his work. So, I am here near white peaks, floating eagles and heroes. I know I should be happy but in fact I am bored to death. Isn't it strange?

Sumyatov. And how long have you been getting bored here?

Alla. For two days already. I am not sure If I could spend at least a week here. And you, how long are you planning to stay?

Sumyatov. It depends on how soon I will get along with those four.

Alla. Are you going to tempt them for another climb?

Sumyatov. I am a journalist.

Alla. Oh, really? I have never met with journalists before.

Sumyatov. My purpose is to depict their feats.

Alla. How gloomy you said that! Aren't you looking forward

to this meeting?

Sumyatov. Please, tell me the truth, do you have a feeling that our world has gone mad?

Alla. Oh yeah! And everybody would agree with that. All you can hear at every corner is “oh, this crazy crazy, crazy world”!

Sumyatov. Are you feeling good in such a world?

Alla. Yes, I can tell you. I must be also crazy?

Sumyatov. As for me to be honest I am not quite myself in this world...

Alla. Are you married?

Sumyatov. Yes. But what's the matter?

Alla. What makes you feel uneasy then?

Sumyatov. A loss of self-esteem, I would say.

Alla. It is nonsense!

Sumyatov. Just look around!

Alla. Okay...

Sumyatov. What do you see?

Alla. Frankly speaking, nothing interesting.

Sumyatov. That's it! However, they try to persuade us – you and me in the opposite.

Alla. Who tries? Persuade of what? It's bullshit!

Sumyatov. Bullshit?! Just switch on the radio. I am sure at this moment some feeble-voiced pop diva is trying to imitate a nightingale or maybe they are talking about some boxing champion. And let's take TV....

Alla. So, what do you have against TV?

Sumyatov. It is flooded with show-business stars and politicians of various types. I am not even mentioning newspapers!

Alla. Are you afraid to find an inferiority complex in yourself?

Sumyatov. I feel offended for my country. It looks like we really can not live without either God, tsar, or hero. And it would be better to have three of them at once.

Alla. What are you talking about? A Tsar was overthrown a long time ago, the God is terribly far from people, only a hero has remained. Please, don't deprive us of our last consolation!

Sumyatov. I can't understand, what are you driving at?

**Mikhalych enters.**

Mikhalych. All bon appetit!

Levan. *\speaking with a Georgian accent\* Come in dear! We've been waiting for you for a long time. Do you believe me or not?

Mikhalych. I am like a clock – precise and inevitable.

Levan. What's new in the world, eh?

Mikhalych. Every minute something is happening in the world. How can I know about all?

Levan. But you know something anyway...

Mikhalych. The less we know, the more quiet we sleep. I advise you to learn this simple truth.

Levan. Thanks for advice, dear. Have you brought some mail or not?

Mikhalych. Here you go, if you really can't live without it. But

please, don't blame me in case the news is bad.

Levan. I won't, don't worry.

Mikhalych. Hey guys, you see, I've warned him!

Sumyatov. Sure. You can refer to us as witnesses just in case.

Mikhalych. Absolutely! Can I learn your names?

Sumyatov. Cyrill Sumyatov.

Alla. Alla Bokova.

Mikhalych. You can call me Mikhalych. You have done me a favor I won't forget it. (*Leaves*).

Levan. What a man he is, I can't understand...

Sumyatov. An odd fellow, I would say.

Alla. Or maybe another madman?

Sumyatov. It looks like. I am afraid I could go crazy here myself. The ambience and the landscape are quite suitable.

Alla. Do not worry, it's not going to happen with you.

Sumyatov. Then what is going to happen?

Alla. It's a secret. However, if you kindly ask me maybe I am going to open it.

Sumyatov. Please do me a favor. You have really intrigued me!

Alla. Okay, listen. And don't say that you haven't heard. For example, you, men, desperately need beauty contests...

Sumyatov. What for?

Alla. Come on, you are not a kid... Take a guess. Well, don't interrupt me!

Сумятов. Okay, I am as dumb as a fish.

Alla. However we, women, also need some kind of

consolation in our lives, don't you think so?

Sumyatov. It's up to you.

Alla. Believe me, this is true.

Sumyatov. So, what can console you? I have no idea.

Alla. A mere trifle.

Sumyatov. So, what is it?

Alla. It is enough for us to know there real men still exist in this world, and they haven't died out like mammoths.

Sumyatov. You are talking about the tamers of mammoths?!

Alla. Let it be your way. And don't look at me so ironically.

Sumyatov. Not at all, I assure you!

Alla. I would say more. If such men don't exist they should be invented.

Sumyatov. I guess modern men have done a bad turn to you...

Alla. Oh, those modern men! These sad and tiresome creatures are enable to bring happiness even in bed, not to mention other things.

Sumyatov. What are you talking about?

Alla. I say what I think.

Sumyatov. Then poor you...

Alla. Oh, don't mention it. You'd better feel sorry for you.

Sumyatov. Why?

Alla. In case If we, women, would suddenly give up our romantic dreams. Who knows, where could it lead?

Sumyatov. Most likely to the fine aggressive amazons?

Alla. That's why I am saying: don't attempt upon dreams!

Sumyatov. Is it so dangerous?

Alla. Do not look so scared. I am not threatening you so far.

Sumyatov. Thanks a lot.

**Victor Mancev enters.**

Mancev. Levan, was there an evening mail today?

Levan. Sure there was, dear.

МАНЦЕВ. What about me? Is it a letter or a telegram?

Levan. Sorry, my friend. Maybe tomorrow, eh?

Mancev. Let's hope for the best.

**Anna and Vasil Korobko, as well as Oleg Tomov enter.**

Tomov. Oh, what a nice walk we just had, guys! (*Singing*). «A division was moving forward through the valleys and hills...»

Anna. It's so quiet in the mountains by the evening, isn't it,  
Vasil

Vasil. *\speaking with a Ukrainian accent\* It sure is, my sweet heart!

Anna. I'd like some tea! I am feeling cold a bit.

Vasil. Levan, two cups of tea, please!

Levan. Would you like some cakes? They are absolutely fresh.

Vasil. No, I don't need them.

Levan. Don't need, don't need! Again, the cakes are going to get dry. Take your tea and go, got it?!

Vasil. Annushka, please drink your tea while it's hot.

Anna. Thanks, my dear!

Tomov. I'd have a stiffener now, what about you, Vasil? Just a little bit, since I am so tired.

Vasil. That's true. But I don't need it.

Tomov. Or maybe your wife makes you save money? So, just tell me the truth, don't wag the tail like a dog.

Anna. Shame on you, Oleg!

Tomov. Go, tell me!

Vasil. Yes, a wife is a wife.

Anna. Got it?!

Tomov. You are such boring people. One can't even have fun with you.

Anna. Why can't? You are welcome but mind your jokes. Levanchik, dear, was there some mail?

Levan. Are you also waiting for a letter, eh?

Anna. Don't be so curious. It doesn't become to you!

Levan. What have I said? Why are you getting angry? Would you like a newspaper?

Anna. Take a guess!

Levan. You think I spare it, eh?

Tomov. Anna, Levan is a good guy. Don't beat him, you will need him in future.

Anna. Go on, the floor is yours... *(taking a newspaper)*.

Vasil. What are they saying, Annuska?

Tomov. What can they say? Just some idle things for emotional girls and old people.

Anna. Oleg, you are a pain in the neck. How many people told you this?

Tomov. Surprisingly, you are the only for today. Oh man! And

she is my best friend's wife!

Alla. Aren't you going to defend honor?

Sumyatov. No, thanks.

Alla. Are you consoling yourself with the thought that It wasn't addressed to you?

Sumyatov. It might be to me also. Whatever!

Anna. Oh, guys, I can't believe it!

Levan. Hey, what's that? Why are you shouting, eh?

Vasil. Can I look at it?

Tomov. It's him! He looks so real.

Mancev. What's the matter?

Anna. (*reading*). «On the photo: an adventurous conqueror of the forbidding Devil's Fang mountain-climber Victor Mancev».

Tomov. Vityok, can I shake your brave hand?

Mancev. Why is there me only?

Vasil. Don't get upset, we don't mind at all.

Mancev. But why?!

Anna. Oh, there is an urgent message here.

Tomov. What's that?

Anna. Don't tear up the newspaper!

Mancev. Anna, read aloud.

Anna. (*reading*). «Avalanche in Mountains».

Tomov. Hey, everybody get silent!

Anna. (*reading*). «Last night the dwellers of the local villages heard a threatening rumble...» We heard nothing didn't we, Vasil?

Tomov. You were sleeping like gophers in their holes.

Anna. Hey, you!

Mancev. Anna, go on!

Anna. «A mighty avalanche fell down at midnight sharp. At that moment a radio connection with a group of mountaineers climbing up the Devil's Fang broke».

Tomov. The guys are totally screwed up!

Vasil. Don't croak!

Anna. Spit three times and knock at a piece of wood right away!

Tomov. Well, if it helps them... Vasil, where is your head to knock at?

Anna. «By morning several rescue brigades headed for the mountains. However, the group of climbers have not been found yet. Their traces are lost».

Levan. No wonder they are lost! The devil is going to break his neck there. Believe me or not?

Mancev. That's why it is called the Devil's Fang.

Tomov. This peak won't have mercy on anyone. And it won't let anyone back.

Anna. But we have gone through. Haven't you forgotten?

Tomov. It's by a fluke. Blind luck. I wouldn't take such a risk for the second time. (*Singing*). «Hey, apple, where are you rolling? Should you get to the Devil's Fang you won't roll back»!

Anna. Vasil, Vitya, just tell him! Is there a hope?

Vasil. Just a slight one.

Mancev. In what area were they when the radio connection broke?

Anna. It doesn't say.

Levan. Is there anything else?

Anna. Yes, there is. (*Reading*). «Before this accident the Devil's Fang was conquered only by a group of climbers headed by the famous mountaineer Victor Mancev...»

Sumyatov. Alla, you see? Here is a bright confirmation of my words!

Alla. What are you talking about?

Sumyatov. Victor Mancev! The others are not even mentioned.

Alla. Come on! Does it really matter now?

Sumyatov. What about fairness? Where is fairness, I ask you?

Anna. Vasil, from now on you won't go to the mountains without me, got it?!

Vasil. Without you – no way. Who am I going to look for there?

Tomov. God, damn those mountains!

Levan. Why are you saying that, eh? Listen, while we are coursing here they are perishing!

Tomov. That's true, Levan! We should go to rescue them.

Anna. Vasil! Why are you silent?

Vasil. What should I say? If we go, let's go then.

Levan. Aren't we men, eh?!

Anna. Sure we are! Vitya, tomorrow morning we are starting,

right?

Mancev. You know what guys... I can't join you now.

Anna. Why?!

Tomov. What's the matter Vityok? Are you crazy?

Mancev. Crazy? No. I just need to stay at this camp for one or two days.

Vasil. How are we going to go without you?

Mancev. At least one day. Try to understand me, it is very important!

Levan. We do understand you, dear! Believe it or not.

Mancev. Oh, whatever! (Leaving).

Sumyatov. You see, here is your idol in its true guise!

Alla. You think he got scared? I don't believe it! No way!

Sumyatov. Don't be such an idealist.

Alla. Okay! I bet you came here with a specific purpose and you are not going to give it up.

Sumyatov. With what purpose? Tell me! Don't be shy!

Alla. To overthrow the idols – here is your purpose! You don't even hide it.

Sumyatov. All or nobody. It would be just fair.

Alla. And the climber Victor Mancev is going to be the first victim of your noble intention?

Sumyatov. I guess, the victims are those whose fame he has appropriated.

Alla. Oh, you, journalists!

Sumyatov. Why are you so sarcastic?

Alla. Doesn't life seem boring to you with such a way of thinking?

Sumyatov. I can't understand you, Alla!

Alla. Bad for you.

Sumyatov. Sorry.

Alla. Did you get offended? Don't be a kid.

Sumyatov. Well, Let me leave you and have a glass of tomato juice (Coming up the bar counter). One glass of bloody Mary, please!

Tomov. You have a beautiful wife, buddy. I get envy you!

Sumyatov. Please, don't. We've just met.

Tomov. Lucky you! One can fall in love with such a lady at the first sight.

Sumyatov. And fall out of love after the first date.

Tomov. Whatever. You won't get offended If I run after her?

Sumyatov. It's up to you. (Leaves).

Tomov. Levan, two alcohol cocktails to the first meeting please!

Levan. Aren't you crazy, dear?

Tomov. Don't kill the rising fair feeling. Just as an exception! I will be your debtor till the end of my life, believe me!

Levan. Okay, but I am taking big risk. You know about the prohibition at our camp.

Tomov. I got you. I am not a fool. How much?

Levan. A double price.

Tomov. If only risk would always be paid like that where could

we find cowards, Levan?

Levan. I am not insisting, dear.

Tomov. Take your coins, you the risky guy! (Coming up to Alla). Excuse me for intrusion...

Alla. Don't intrude and I won't have to excuse you.

Tomov. What a strict lady!

Alla. I am a very expensive lady.

Tomov. That's good. I don't like cheap stuff.

Alla. Are you sure you can afford me?

Tomov. I have a fat wallet, don't worry. Wouldn't you mind to have a drink with me?

Alla. You'd better start with it. To what are we going to have a drink?

Tomov. To you, my lady!

Alla. It's trite.

Tomov. Then...

Alla. Don't strain yourself. I have an idea. Let's drink to the real men, that they would still exist in our world!

Tomov. Terrific toast!

Anna. Vasil, listen! (reading a newspaper). «A house for sale. The house located in the suburban area faces the mountains, has five rooms and a garden of fifteen hundreds square meters...» It's great, isn't it?

Vasil. Terrific!

Anna. I wish I had such a house. We would take your mom there! The doctors tell her to walk more in the open air.

Vasil. How much is it?

Anna. It doesn't say. Levanchik, how much could be a house in this area?

Levan. It might be fifty or one hundred thousand dollars.

Anna. Oh, It's impossible!

Levan. Why should I tell lies?!

Anna. Come on, this is a daylight robbery!

Levan. Hey, money means nothing! Now you have money, tomorrow you are down on your luck. But a house means family, children, grandchildren. You are not going to spare any money for it, believe me.

Anna. Sure you won't spare! But where are you going to get money?

Levan. Money is just lying on the ground. Just take it, don't get lazy!

Анна. Oh, Levanchik where have you been while we together with Vasil were looking for our money on tops of the mountains?

Vasil. We were looking for them but didn't find.

Tomov. Are you sure you didn't?

Vasil. Well, there is some.

Anna. It's not your business!

Tomov. Anna, would you remind me: was there any information about a pigsty in that newspaper classified?

Anna. I think no.

Tomov. Then don't waste your time – it's not your variant.

Anna. Why do think so?

Tomov. Where are you going to breed your pigs? Right in the house?

Anna. Vasil, just listen!

Vasil. What's that, my sweat heart?

Anna. Oleg is laughing at us again.

Vasil. God damn him!

Tomov. Vasil, listen, here is a funny story! Allochka, you too. Once a photo reporter visited a young farmer at his place. Everything goes well: welcome dinner, photo session and stuff like that. On the next day, the farmer looks through the newspaper and sees a photo: he is embracing a pig. And there is a slug on the bottom: "Petka, the boar on the left, Vasil Korobko on the right".

Vasil. Hey, you, go to hell!

Alla. Are you serious?

Tomov. I told you this is an anecdote.

Alla. No, I mean are you serious that those guys are really going to change mountains for pigs?

Tomov. I am not kidding. Vasil, I saw you yesterday reading a book. What was the title?

Vasil. Yesterday? Oh, yes! It was «Breeding of Sows at the Arctic Circle».

Tomov. He is an expert, I told you! Are you also keen on these grunting creatures?

Alla. Are you crazy? I don't care about this pig's life!

Anna. What did you say!

Alla. What's the matter?

Anna. Aren't you a Muslim?

Alla. Oh, my God!

Anna. The Muslims can't stand pigs. The Koran forbids them.

It says that pig is a dirty animal.

Alla. Such a prejudice!

Anna. And what do you know about them?

Alla. About pigs? Actually, I haven't thought of them...

Anna. In your opinion pigs are just dirt, stench and scream?

Alla. No, it's also lard and meat.

Anna. By the way, a pig is a very smart animal!

Alla. Smart?

Anna. And noble. There are even poems devoted to pigs.

Alla. I would never think!

Anna. And not bad poems, I tell you. Nobody would write such poems about you, Oleg.

Tomov. You shot me dead, Anna!

Anna. Here you go!

Tomov. I promise you: when I get my own apartment I will buy a little piglet with a pinky snout.

Anna. Are you going to keep it at your balcony?

Tomov. No way! On the rug at the corridor.

Anna. Vasil, did you hear that? What fun!

Vasil. Don't feel hurt, my girl! He is a good guy.

Anna. I am okay.

Vasil. Well, you said, fifteen hundreds square meters?

Anna. Yes, fifteen. Facing the mountains...

**Victor Mancev is sitting on a bench in front of the camp building. Cyril Sumyatov comes out.**

Sumyatov. Wouldn't you mind?

Mancev. No, take a seat. Have you come out to smoke?

Sumyatov. To breath with fresh air.

Mancev. Anyway, help yourself. (Offers him a pack of cigarettes).

Sumyatov. I prefer pipe. (Shows his pipe).

Mancev. Amusing thingy!

Sumyatov. One craftsman carved it. You wouldn't believe it: when you hold it, it warms you up like a stove. It is absolutely indispensable in the mountains. Especially at nights.

Mancev. You are right, it's cold here at nights. Although, the stars are bigger and brighter. You just can't take your eyes of them.

Sumyatov. Charming?

Mancev. I can't get used to such beauty for many years already.

Sumyatov. One can get used to everything.

Mancev. Eternal mountains, eternal stars, eternal peace – and a human small and fussy. Such a big contrast. I feel it since my childhood.

Sumyatov. Where were you born?

Mancev. At one small town. If you look at the map you can see mountains around it. But in fact it's located in a valley. There

is no even a small hill around up to the horizon.

Sumyatov. It's amazing!

Mancev. Life is even more amazing.

Sumyatov. So, you didn't see mountains in your childhood?

Mancev. Sometimes, on a sunny calm day I saw their vague outlines.

Sumyatov. Maybe it was a miracle?

Mancev. The mountains seemed to be painted on a big canvas. But should a slight wind blow they disappeared immediately.

Sumyatov. Did anyone except you see them?

Mancev. Don't take me for a dreamer or madman.

Sumyatov. Oh, no, I didn't mean that!

Mancev. Everybody saw them. But most of people just didn't notice. They were so common for them.

Sumyatov. I quite understand them. Our life is so short. A human doesn't care about eternal mountains.

Mancev. You might be right. But at that time I thought that I am eternal too. Did you have such feeling in your childhood?

Sumyatov. I did. But it faded away quickly.

Mancev. When I learnt that in fact it is not like that I started crying at nights. I used to bury my head in the pillow and howl. I have never felt such despair since that time.

Sumyatov. Have you tried to run away to the mountains?

Mancev. Not once. My poor father! He used to give me good smacking in order to knock this bullshit out of my head – as he used to say.

Sumyatov. I think he wished you only good.

Mancev. My parents wished I were a banker. It was their great dream.

Sumyatov. They can be proud of you even more after conquering the Devil's Fang.

Mancev. They haven't lived to see it.

Sumyatov. I am sorry.

Mancev. They passed away with a sad feeling that their sun is loafer and loser.

Sumyatov. There is one more paradoxes of life.

Mancev. But you know what? Sometimes I am worried by a feeling that they were right.

Sumyatov. I'd rather have a smoke...

Mancev. Getting cold?

Sumyatov. I feel chilly.

Mancev. Then, smoke your stove quickly!

Sumyatov. Sorry, I have no tobacco.

Mancev. Then go back to the camp. It's warm there.

Sumyatov. And you?

Mancev. Me too. I am not quite myself today.

**At the camp canteen.**

Alla. Oh, how tiresome! Oleg?

Tomov. What's that?

Alla. Please do something! You are a man after all!

Tomov. As a man I would suggest to invite you at my place.

Alla. Where is it?

Tomov. It's not far from here. Just climb upstairs to the second floor.

Alla. What is there?

Tomov. Wine, music, intimate talking...

Alla. It's banal!

Tomov. Let's play forfeits then.

Alla. How is it?

Tomov. You'll see. My friends! Levan!

Levan. What, my dear?

Tomov. Who knows why there are no flies here?

Levan. It's not a right season for them. They are sleeping.

Tomov. The answer is not correct!

Anna. They are gone to the south.

Tomov. You are not right!

Alla. They are dead of boredom.

Tomov. That's right! I am afraid, my friends, that we are going to face the same sad end.

Levan. What can you suggest, dear?

Tomov. I suggest to play forfeits.

Anna. [Any toy is okay that keeps a baby at play!](#)

Vasil. What is it?

Tomov. The game is very simple. Let me explain you the rules. One person is waiting behind the door while the rest are changing something in their images. But, keep in mind, Anna you can change your hairstyle, for instance – not your husband.

Anna. Very witty!

Tomov. The most watchful and attentive will be a winner.

Alla. And a looser what is going to do?

Tomov. He has to sing or dance or at least tell a story if he is so mediocre.

Alla. Who is going to wait behind the door? Not me!

Tomov. A lot will tell us. Levan, a box of matches please!

Levan. One dollar!

Alla. Catch it! (Throwing him a box of matches).

Tomov. Okay... Now I am breaking one mach. Who pulls it out will wait behind the door. Let's start, Allochka!

Alla. Why would I be the first?

Tomov. Because you are the most beautiful!

Alla. Well, if it is so... then (Pulling out a match). A long one!

Tomov. Levan, take your chance!

Levan. It's going to be a long one, believe me! (pulling out).  
I told you, eh!

Tomov. Anna take your chance now.

Anna. I wonder, when will you grow up? (pulling out). A long one! You see, Vasil?

Vasil. I do. (pulling out).

Tomov. What do you have there?

Vasil. The same as Annushka.

**Cyril Sumyatov enters.**

Alla. Hey, you, a journalist – what's your name – come and join us!

Tomov. Pull it out. Don't get out!

Sumyatov. Well, whatever... (pulling out).

Tomov. A long one again! Well, it looks like I am to hang around behind the door.

**Victor Mancev enters.**

Tomov. Vitya, join the company!

Mancev. (Pulling out). A short one.

Tomov. It's your fate Vityok! Go out of the door.

Mancev. For how long?

Tomov. I guess five minutes will be enough for everybody to make drastic changes.

Mancev. Okay, time is running! (gets out of the door).

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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