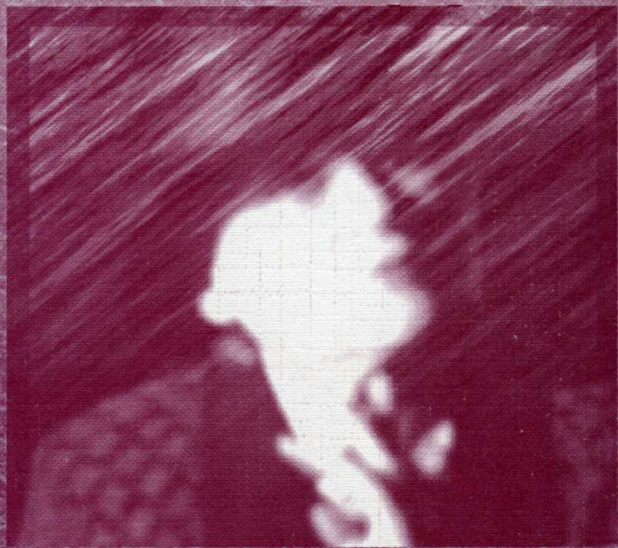


Liudmyla Berzhanska

NEVER



play

18+

Людмила Бержанская

Never

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=39141467

SelfPub; 2018

Аннотация

This play is about life-long love, the bitter vicissitudes of fate and personal freedom.

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Main Characters:

Olga (Olya, Olechka, Olen'ka – possible name variations)–
A forty-two year old tall and very attractive woman with the beautiful hair.

Artem – A fifty year old handsome man in a great physical shape. He is very energetic.

Their daughter —A sixteen year old tall and beautiful. She looks rather twenty than sixteen.

Oleg, Leonid (Lenya) and Lida – Olga's friends.

Scene description:

The drop-curtain is not up. A tall, elegant and good-looking man of the age of fifty or so enters the stage. He seems to be lost and depressed. He tries to keep up the appearance without much of a success, however.

ARTEM: I would like to tell you a story of an evening... Just one... That evening irreversibly destroyed my life. It's terribly simple and hopeless now... I am in my fifties and I don't know how to live the rest of my life. (*He is leaving the stand*).

ACT 1.

Scene description:

The curtain is up. The stage is a very modestly decorated and furnished room. Olga, Lida, Oleg and Leonid enter the room. Olga turns on the light.

OLGA: Come in guys... have a sit... tea anyone?

OLEG: It's okay Olya, no need to fuss... You are amazing Olen'ka! Simply amazing!

LIDA: *(to Oleg)* what are you talking about?

OLEG: *(replies)* about the theater. We are always busy. If Olga did not organize us I don't know when else we would make time for it.

LEONID: The play was good but not very optimistic.

OLEG: Hey, that's like in the real life. I mean, there are not too many things around making you optimistic and upbeat, am there?

LIDA: I really liked the actress that played the main role. In my opinion she is very talented and intelligent, not every actress can pull off such a fine role.

OLGA: I see there are no regrets about me pulling you out of your houses and away from Ns for a change.

OLEG, LEONID and LIDA: *(in unison)* what are you

talking about! Of course not! It was treating! Thanks a lot!

OLGA: (*talking to Lida*) Lida, Tell me... As a woman didn't you feel disappointed to hear one more time that the greatest love comes at the greatest price?

LEONID: (*hopelessly in-love with Olga*) It is strange isn't it? Love is the strongest human feeling yet brings so much suffering. However, it seems that suffering is not enough and to top it off the reckoning day is to follow.

LIDA: Life is full of pessimism as is and the theater plays don't seem to let you forget about that.

OLEG: Well... You know what they say that theater is just a reflection. If you don't like it than you might want to consider a sci-fi movie instead.

LIDA: Let's not to run to extremes.

OLGA: Guys, what do you think about doing it again next week?

LEONID: What's today's date?

LIDA: It is the twenty third.

LEONID: It means on the thirtieth. How about if we decide tomorrow?

OLGA: Well... tomorrow it is. (*She turns to Lida and changes the subject*). Artem turned fifty yesterday.

LIDA: For God's sake Olga... You are smart realistic and down-to-earth person. Where is that incomprehensible romanticism coming from? He (*about Artem*) is not in your life any longer and has not been a part of it for what... seventeen

years or so?

OLGA: We do have a daughter. Remember?

LIDA: You do understand that she is only yours and has nothing to do with him.

OLGA: I understand. I've been understanding it for quite some time now. It does not change anything anyway. Kids are not born without men.

(Oleg and Leonid quietly hopping TV channels without paying much attention to the woman's talk.)

LIDA: *(Decided not to continue the conversation. Asking the men.)* Guys, let's go. We all have to work tomorrow.

LEONID: How about some tea?

LIDA: It's late.

OLGA: Okay, I'll talk to you tomorrow guys. Think about the next week. *(The phone rings. Olga picks it up.)* Hello! *(Silence)*. I can't hear you *(Silence)*. I'm sorry I can't hear you. Can you call again please? *(Hangs up the phone)*.

LIDA: Wrong number?

OLGA: I don't know... Perhaps.

(The phone rings again).

OLGA: *(Picks up)* Hello! *(No answer again)*.

(Olga walks her friends to the door).

(Olga is coming back to the room. She picks up the phone and calls.)

Hello. Good evening... Are you still hanging out? Svetik, tell my beautiful daughter that I am home already. *(Pause... Olga*

hears that the message is being delivered). Okay, don't stay too late guys, keep watching the movie I won't interrupt any more. Can you ask her to call me later, please?

(She takes out of the purse the theater's program and starts reading).

(The phone rings again. Olga picks it up again.)

Hello! *(Silence)*. I don't hear you *(Silence)*. ARTEM's voice in the receiver: Hello!

OLGA: *(Surprised... reluctant to believe her guess)* I'm listening...

ARTEM: Hello...*(Silence)*

ARTEM: Hello! *(silence)*

OLGA: *(overwhelmed)*. Artem? *(pause)* You? *(pause)*. Oh my God. Hello!

(Long silence)

ARTEM: Olya *(silence)*?

ARTEM: Olya?

OLGA: You?! *(Long pause)*... You?! *(Pause)*

Olya. It's me. Can you hear me?

OLGA: *(pause)* yes.

ARTEM: Are you busy? *(Pause)* Can we talk?

OLGA: I'm listening *(hesitant)*.

ARTEM: *(sensing hesitation)* should I call tomorrow?

OLGA: *(regrouped)* it's okay. We can talk. I am listening.

ARTEM: *(apparently he is caught off guard)* It's late. You are probably tired. Are you sure it's Lot to late?

OLGA: It is late but never mind. I can talk.

ARTEM: Do you really want to hear me?

OLGA: *(pause)* yes.

ARTEM: Do you want to see me too?

OLGA: Yes.

ARTEM: I haven't seen you for so long.

OLGA: Me too.

ARTEM: I want to imagine how you look now...

OLGA: Let me guess... You can't.

ARTEM: It's not that. It's not about the physical appearance.

It's about the feelings.

OLGA: How is that?

ARTEM: It's simple. The feelings don't go away, they hide deep and mask but don't disappear.

OLGA: Interesting.

ARTEM: I just realized... it happens because they want to preserve themselves from our ational selves.

OLGA: I can "see" you well though.

(The screen is being pulled down in the background).

On the screen: The almost empty street of the city at night and the lonely payphone booth on the corner.

(The camera zooms on Artem a booth. He listens).

OLGA: You are on the quiet street. You can speak easy. There are almost no people. You can begin the dialog that sounds more like a monolog.

ARTEM: You are right. Payphones give you the illusion of

independence but at the price of real loneliness. Olya... Invite me please, would you?

OLGA: *(caught off guard)* Now?

ARTEM: Yes

OLGA: Okay... *(Pause)* You are invited...

ARTEM: I am coming.

(Olya starts dashing around the room trying to organize things around and her own thoughts. She turns on the TV and unlocks the entrance door.)

(She hears the doorbell).

OLGA: *(She turns to the door and speaks loud)* Come in its open.

(Artem enters the stage with the bouquet of flowers and a cake. He beams with confidence. He is sure that he is a welcome guest).

ARTEM: Well... Hi...

OLGA: Hi again... Have a sit *(subtle irony in her voice)*. Long times don't see... and... Here you are.

(Artem comes to the table and opens up the box with the cake.)

ARTEM: *(presumptuous and flirtatious tone of voice. He got used to be welcome. In his mind it cannot be otherwise).* Madam, do you have a vase for the flowers and the tea. Tea is great it brings people closer.

OLGA: *(suspiciously. She does not like the frivolous tone).* Give me a minute. The tea is coming. *(She goes to the kitchen)*

ARTEM: *(Speaks very loudly, so she can hear him in the*

kitchen). You know, I did not take a bus. I walked. I felt like I was going to... nowhere. No address... no purpose... nothing complete drift away from reality. *(He lowers his voice and further seems to be speaking to himself)* It is good to be alone sometimes... Not lonely but alone. I am not talking about the depressing loneliness but rather about the deep and significant solitude. The time when you face either the infinity or yourself. It feels so cozy and intimate. If you think about it, we are not really eager to know much. All we need are the night sky with the stars and the peace in our souls. *(Suddenly he snaps out of the pensive and starts speaking loudly and demanding again)* Olya! What's taking so long? That was enough time to boil the water twice.

OLGA: *(enters the room. She speaks calmly)* Do you still like a good wine? I was looking for the bottle of Muscat.

ARTEM: You know, I am an idiot. I thought about it but opted for the cake. I did not think that a wine would be a good choice considering the circumstances. I was wrote. I'm sorry. I am getting old... losing touch...

OLGA: I will enjoy sharing this wine with you! I will indeed! *(She goes to the kitchen again)*

ARTEM: *(thinking out-loud again)*. The wide horizon of interests is a great thing. On the other hand, it actually is just a pretentious and superficial curiosity. You walk the street thinking to you yourself discussing, arguing, justifying and what not. You reach the dead end of your thoughts. You call yourself a fool but

you can't help it you are already in the loop... There is just one good thing in it – you never need to apologize.

(Olya comes in with the kettle and puts it on the table. Artem continues like he did not notice that she was not in the room all this time. He sits down in the arm-chair.)

ARTEM: I think that it's fair that eventually the time comes when we have to face what we have done with our lives. After a while people speak freely about the things that they were reluctant to discuss when they were fresh. People will talk... some of them will talk to your face, some will talk behind your back but they all All of a sudden you can see that the small shitty thing you did and thought was not worth even mentioning or hopped that it slid unnoticed was actually the pivoting point in your life. What do you think you are going to do? You will try to justify what you did. You will try to forgive yourself protecting your pride and... *(Pause)*

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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