

Natalia Esenina

Dreams Come True

Мечты
сбываются

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Аннотация

Do you have a dream? No, not plans and goals. No need to achieve success in life. We do not doubt that you have them. Our question does not refer to this, not to logic, but to such an intangible category as dreams. Perhaps these are unrealizable dreams, it's not scary if they seem to you to be "frivolous" or "childish".

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I want to achieve success in life. For this, it is necessary that all people on the planet become HUMAN, according to their moral qualities.

I think that a lot of things follow from this. True, I do not know how to do it

*I can not even imagine how you can help understand yourself
Well, it's generally already a philosophy.*

We control our own lives.

Autumn Park

METRO STATION – EVENING

Rush hour. Stuffy. The smell of metal, the creaking of the brakes of the approaching trains are interwoven with fragments of phrases of hurrying people

In the train, the WOMAN, 25 years old, pretty, in a light autumn coat, leaned tiredly against the wall. The train approaches the station, the doors open. The woman comes out. The train leaves, and the woman is surprised to find that instead of the next station, she was in the autumn park

AUTUMN PARK – EVENING

A woman stands in a quiet autumn park. Not a soul around. The long avenue goes to infinity, creating the illusion of touch with a clear and transparent sky. A light breeze, like a kitten, lazily plays with bright yellow foliage, then catching up, then letting it go for a while

A woman notices a beautiful bench and sits on it. A small bell makes a quiet melodic sound

fills the space for several million light years. At the very beginning of the ghostly alley, a silhouette of a person appears, as if a tiny dot on a blank sheet of paper

A woman is distracted by a leaf falling from a tree, she looks away from a stranger, and turning around, she already sees him next to her. This is an old man of 70 with amazingly lively eyes of a young man

On his feet are worn sandals with fancy wing-shaped buckles, a white toga, and a hat resembling those worn in the Midwest. An old man leads the bridle of a small pony in an expensive harness, harnessed to a small wagon with a tent

OLD MAN

Good afternoon, madam. Glad to see you. WOMAN

Do we know each other?

OLD MAN

I don't think... but does it matter? After all, you can rejoice, even without knowing the person. WOMAN

Are you an actor?

OLD MAN

Actor? Rather, no... Or rather, to be very precise, madam, not at all... I am a wanderer. The old man strokes a pony. He snorts and funny shakes his head

OLD MAN

I'm traveling. This is my passion... Every day I get up and choose a new path for myself. Today is this one. Why not? Believe me, this is very interesting. On the road, always meet someone. You know, to chat with the old men with the living... and with those who will soon be born. Is this a girl?

WOMAN

Yes?! And how did you know? I was told only today by doctors...

OLD MAN

I lived too long, madam, to ignore such simple things... And

I have a gift for her...

The old man turns to the wagon, while again the thick sound of the bell is heard, and pulls out a small bundle

...the fabric of the convolution soars into the transparent sky, and the Woman sees three figures very similar to children's toys. One figure – a girl playing the violin, living in harmony of sound and feelings... ... the second – the ballerina. The ballerina froze in an amazing, fantastic dance and it seems enough to sound just a few chords of magic music, and she will come to life. And the third is flying, but complex symbols woven into the golden circle. A woman suddenly wanted a violin, and she makes an almost elusive movement to meet her

WOMAN

I also played... At one time I almost lived with it... An open window, a golden sun, nervous fingers and music... But... it was too long. OLD MAN

This is for her... not for you...

A woman carefully holds her hand over the figures. WOMAN
Ballerina. I think she wants her. OLD MAN

Your daughter has good taste, madam. (holds out her ballerina figure)

May she be kind to her. Well, I, perhaps, it is time. A woman opens her purse to get a purse, but the Old Man stops her. OLD MAN

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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