

Play for 4 people

I will Bring out  
bedbugs,  
cockroaches,  
husband!!!

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16+

**Николай Владимирович Лакутин**  
**I will Bring out bedbugs,  
cockroaches, husband!!!**  
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**Аннотация**

When the husband gets so that there are no more forces, you decide on a brave step-technically and competently to expel him. But how to do it so that it does not remain the last? It is for such cases that there is a service for the withdrawal of husbands. About how this problem will be solved and what it will lead to, read in the dramatic life Comedy "I will Bring out bedbugs, cockroaches, husband!!!".

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Dramatic Comedy for 1 hour 30 minutes in two acts.

Actor

SVETLANA-tired of her husband-slacker wife. About 30-35 years old;

KESHA is a slob husband. About 30-35 years old;

NIKITA is an entrepreneur dealing with the issue of husbands. About 30 years;

LUCY is a fake girl for her husband. About 25-28 years.

Act one

1. Svetlana's apartment

In apartment heroes utter chaos, mess and devastation.

Scattered things, chairs lying around, broken dishes with remnants of food on the floor. The table is on its side.

On TV there is a porn video movie. Not in sight, but heard characteristic ahs and cries.

On the couch in an embrace with a floor lamp is a man in a ridiculous pose, asleep.

He's wearing only a pair of barely-there underpants and one sock.

In the man's hand is an unfinished bottle.

Svetlana, who has returned from work, enters the apartment.

SVETLANA (in shock): Your same mother...

Goes through the apartment, pushing boots the passage of debris.

Turns off the porn movie.

SVETLANA: I was only gone for a day. After all, before the change of General cleaning did.

Draws attention to her husband sleeping on the couch.

She looks at him fondly.

Touching puts his hands to his chest, bows his head, smiles like a newborn.

She approaches him slowly, stepping carefully so as not to Wake him.

Tenderly, he spends a tremulous look from the top of his head to the sock hanging from his leg.

Changes dramatically in the face and the action starts

impulsively to beat it, her husband's purse.

SVETLANA: the Scum, the parasite all my life I ruined! How many can be tolerate this mockery. How long can you sit on the neck of his wife! No work, no housework! Only all you spend, you soil and you destroy!

Svetlana falls to her knees in hysterics next to the sofa, begins to cry.

Slowly, reluctantly, her husband, Kesha, wakes up, completely unaware that he was severely punished by the ladies ' attribute on the back and everything else.

KESHA (mooring, incoherent drunken speech): Uuu... beloved came. I've missed you so much. Come to me quickly, I love you...

Svetlana hits her husband's purse on the head, he disconnects, not having time to finish what he wanted.

SVETLANA (to the viewer): and so it's been almost eight years. Well, that's what to do with it? I threw him out and threw him out and filed for divorce... nothing helps! Damn flint!

She gets up from the floor, begins to put things away, and a newspaper falls into her hands. He reads the announcement aloud.

SVETLANA: I will Bring out bedbugs, cockroaches, husband!

Looks on the viewer utterly without of emotions. He shakes his head, reads aloud again.

SVETLANA: I will Bring out bedbugs, cockroaches,

husband!

Looks at the viewer again without emotions. And suddenly her face begins to spread in a wide insidious smile.

Looks at the drunken Murlo lying on the couch.

He pulls out his phone, starts calling the number in the ad.

SVETLANA: Hello? Hello! I'm on the ad. Yes. Hello. Yes, your services are required. Would like to withdraw. No, there are no roaches. No, no bedbugs either. Here, the husband is just there, and I would like to avoid. Let's meet. Write.

He finds a scrap of paper somewhere near at hand, writes down the address.

SVETLANA: I Understand. Good. I'll be there in an hour, everything and discuss!

She hangs up, tidies herself, picks up her purse, and leaves the apartment with a businesslike air.

The stage lights go out.

## 2. Cafe

When the light comes on, there is a table on the stage, we emit a meeting in a cafe.

At the table sits Nikita, a nice guy with a prepossessing appearance, drinking coffee.

Svetlana enters the stage.

The guy waves his hand at her.

Svetlana waves back, goes to the table.

SVETLANA: Is that you?

NIKITA: Hello, are you Svetlana?

SVETLANA: and you Nikita?

NIKITA: Yes, Hello, sit down, please.

Svetlana evaluates with disbelief looks at the guy. He looks very young, fresh.

Nikita notices this look and nods his head in understanding.

NIKITA: I Understand your dumb question. Well, I can answer that. I am twenty-eight years of age, young enough in most minds to deal with matters of this nature, but no complaints have yet been received. I can give contacts of my clients so that you hear real feedback about my work.

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