

Play for 2 people

# Unexpected the bell

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16+

**Николай Владимирович Лакутин**  
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**Аннотация**

Celebrating his 40th birthday, a man receives a strange phone call. The lady made a wrong number, it happens, but this accident begins to rapidly gain momentum, abruptly changing the lives of the characters. She is sure that she communicates with her lover, and the man on the other side of the wire, for fun, plays the role assigned by fate. But the game drags on. What will it lead to? You will learn, having got acquainted with the lyrical Comedy "Unexpected call".

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Lyrical Comedy in two acts for 1 hour 20 minutes

Actor

Andrew is an unkempt man on stage celebrating his 40th birthday alone. In life, he did not achieve any success. He was married twice, both times unsuccessfully, had fleeting Affairs, but he has been alone for three years. No friends, no girlfriends, no children. At work, he is an ordinary Manager. Long already grew from his chairs, but raise his no one not hurry. A miserable, dreary existence, with no promise of good things to come.

Alena-for several years the mistress of a family man. Very well-groomed sexy girl. She was 37 years old. She's not too happy. Tries to be always beautiful, charming, a little playful to cling, excite and excite the emotions of the man coming to her. But it is not too not conducted it in the first place, redeeming the

family. All this she understands, but what to do with it-does not know. I don't want to be alone.

## Scene

The actions are parallel in two different apartments on one stage that the audience can see, but supposedly you can see the actors.

The apartment of a loser bachelor (mess, tastelessness and apathy of any kind to design steps) and the apartment of a mistress-Alena, the complete opposite. Everything is very neat, clean, well-groomed and tasteful.

## Act one

### One

A man appears on the stage with a glass of wine, makes absurd rushes around his apartment, not from haste, but from idleness, and not understanding where to put himself. He pauses in thought at the window.

Andrew: She comes every time. It was as if he was deliberately tormenting an already wounded heart. He knows I can't think of anything but what's tearing me up. Stinker... female breed, that say... This cruel, insidious, powerful and invincible night...

(Lyrical music sounds, Andrei approaches the edge of the stage in thought and addresses the audience in his reflections).

Andrew: Forty years. Anniversary. The sea of joy, friends, recognition, congratulations, love, warmth, children's voices, festive atmosphere in the house and beloved hugging wife-where is it all?

(He goes back to the window and looks out.)

Andrew: Oh-Oh, look at them, Oh... (he spreads his hands.) Kiss... embrace... love each other. At least they think they do. I used to think so, too. Here is so same behaved on sidewalk with a, that was dreaming its kiss and neatly was holding under back (shows, as kept). She was shy, very shy and shy. I never kissed her, I saw that she wanted it too, but was not ready. He didn't want to embarrass himself or her. So it all ended on otdyhatelnoe basis and unfulfilled dreams.

(Looks the other way, concentrating on the other pair still in the window.)

Andrei: Yes, and as you I, too, was. Young, hot. Oh, Oh, well, these are not shy, kissing, directly frankly, completely surrendering to each other. I so, too, did (goes to table with wine and some snack, communicates with the viewer). Angelica, as it is now, remember. At first I thought that the name she came up with, and he wasn't in the passport as it was written. I still remember her face when she showed me her passport after my week-long attacks on it. I understand, got. Of course I did. But I understand that now. And then realized only when a lost person. Though... what's changed? I and now one and now in the loneliness begin to see clearly as never...

(He fills his glass with wine, returns to the window. Looks the in him, then in hall).

Andrew: recently, the window is for me the only outlet in life. Nights are very hard. Because you're alone at night. And then it

gets really scary. Because they begin to torment the facts about a life lived unsuccessfully, about achievements that do not exist, about love that did not save, about children that did not deserve... (she ruffles her hair.) All this is like a snowball rolls up to the throat, and there is no escape from it. How many books reread, how many films revised. Understanding began to come, and the time is lost.

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