

Play for 5 people

The flight to Novodarino

Николай Лакутин

16+

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In the distant area with the entertaining name "Novodarino" is sent to the bus passengers gathered at random. They are completely different, from different social backgrounds, different ages and with different destinies. They, in fact, do not even have a word with each other. But after they do, the paradigms and destinies of each of them will change.

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A dramatic comedy for five actors.

Duration 1 hour 30 minutes

Actor

STEPAN is a pleasant, intelligent man about 50 years old. The driver of a public bus.

TAMARA is a wife of about 50 years. A one-way passenger forever.

GOSHA is a well-known musician in the country for about 30-35 years. A rich eligible bachelor.

NIKOLAI is a village peasant, about 45 years old, of a dense Constitution, a merry man.

LYUBA is a fat village long-suffering girl of 22 years, looks about 30-35 years old.

Act one

Stop

Station of one of the cities of the Altai territory of Russia.

The Shuttle bus is already at the stop with the doors open.

Behind the glass of the bus emblazoned inscription "Novodarino".

The bus driver smokes not the first cigarette, stands at the open doors, tired of long and frequent trips of the car.

There's only one passenger on the bus, Tamara.

The driver, Stepan, casts cautious glances in her direction, drawing attention to the sad look of the passenger.

The woman stares out the window all the time.

Gosha runs up to the bus out of breath.

GOSHA (to the driver): Managed, thank God. How long before we leave?

Driver Stepan quietly looks at guy, makes another a puff and replies.

STEPAN: Minutes of the forty-still standing, waiting.

GOSHA (imploringly): how are you? What do you mean? I have to be there in an hour!

Stepan thoughtfully looks at the guy, takes a last puff and, throwing away the cigarette, answers.

STEPAN: There are two options!

GOSH: IN what sense?

STEPAN: Either you don't have to be there, in an hour, or in a minute the bus is full and the motor of the bus grows two turbines. But I'm still inclined to the first option.

GOSHA: Listen, I'm Gosha Katz, have you heard? I never waited for anyone. And I'm telling you, I need an hour to be there already, in this, your Tracenine. Let me solve the problem with the passengers, and you with the turbines, or wings there, at the bus, at your discretion. Going?

STEPAN: Theoretically, I can try to solve the problem with the bus, but how are you going to solve the problem with the passengers?

GOSHA: Elementary. How much does a one-way ticket cost?

STEPAN: One thousand three hundred.

GOSHA: Well, I'll pay for the remaining empty seats, and the question is removed, how much there need to finish?

Gosha looks into the bus and his enthusiasm decreases.

He sees only one woman in the backseat.

Stepan grins.

STEPAN (with a sneer): this means twenty-five seats, and the capacity of forty-three people, multiplied by one thousand three hundred... that there, is obtained?

Gosha pulls out a smartphone from his pocket, considers, with a sad look sums up.

GOSHA: Fifty five nine hundred is obtained.

Stepan bites his lip, imagining how much it is.

GHOSH: Well, the time is coming, drove?

STEPAN (in his father's way): are you ready to pay almost sixty wooden zeros for rushing to this hole? Isn't it easier to take a taxi for two or three thousand?

GHOSH: Yes, where I'm looking for now. Let's go already, money is not the main thing, but the time lost, you will not return. We've missed him enough. Let's go!

Gosha takes out his wallet, counts out eleven five-thousand-dollar bills and hands them to the driver.

GOSHA: Now I'll find nine hundred more...

Fumbling in his pockets to finish off the amount.

STEPAN: all Right, jump with the money after a look. For an hour I do not promise, the route is designed for one and a half, but we will try to make it.

Stephen, hurriedly obegal cabin, trying to get to the driver's door, which is located on the other side.

The guy in two jumps jumps into the cabin of the bus.

On the stage in the swing slowly go two heavy man, Nicholas and Lyuba.

NIKOLAI (seeing an almost empty bus, turns to Lyuba): Oh...? Yes, there is still no one here, and we were in a hurry, let's stand on the street, chat, what there, in the heat to sit, still sit on the road.

Put heavy bags on the stage at the open doors of the bus.

At this point, the doors close and the bus starts to go.

NICHOLAS (shouting): E.... Stop! Where?!!

Nikolai begins to whistle.

LYUBA (shouts): Stop!

The driver heard a whistle and a scream, sees in the right mirror two poor fellows desperately waving their hands, stops the bus, opens the door.

Route

Lyuba and Nikolai get on the bus, the doors close.

The hum of the bus motor emits movement.

СТЕПАН (winking at Gosha): Well, a couple of tickets down and you two, already minus five.

Two panting figures squeeze between the rows of seats and sink heavily into the empty seats.

ЛЮБА (turning is unknown to whom): And I now not realized, this that was?

НИКОЛАИ (to the driver): You, why left, still same time Parking?

Stepan slyly evaluates in the rearview mirror the man who spoke and the well-fed girl, makes a half-surprised, half-condemning nod.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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