

Play on 3, 4,5 people

"As if I gave  
it to you!"

Nikolay Lakutin

СОДЕРЖИТ  
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ

БРАНЬ

18+

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**Аннотация**

As if I gave it to you! As if she did! How many meanings do You see in this phrase? One? Two? The characters of this play will tell You about the three meanings of this expression. They will tell you, show you and provide you with a choice of the scenario that is close to You! Enjoy your dive... Содержит нецензурную брань.

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Comedy. Duration: 1 hour and 30 minutes.

One-act play.

# ACTOR

STANISLAV-husband;

GALINA-wife;

MASHA is my wife's friend;

IGOR is a friend of my husband.

HERMAN is my wife's first love.

Male roles do not overlap, three or two male roles can be played by one actor.

# 1 ROOM

Family atmosphere. Sofa, wardrobe, table, three chairs, bookshelves, chest of drawers. Something is lying somewhere, something is standing somewhere. The apartment is not inhabited by perfectionists, and this is a very understatement.

Soft, rhythmic music plays.

From behind the scenes, an iron bowl with the remains of borscht flies into the room, followed by a pan and clangs on the floor. Splashes of water and some of the reddish contents are scattered across the stage.

The music stops.

STANISLAV'S ANGRY CRY IS HEARD: Yes etit your left! How long has it been possible? All the salt of Russia (Italy, Germany... – possible options for the countries where the production is taking place), it seems to be in this pot! Galya! (the Cry with amplification) Galya!!! My wife is the mother of my unborn children fortunately! (Maliciously) Where are you, joy!

I HEAR GALINA'S VOICE: Well, what do you want, well, I'm here, well?

There is a scream of Galina passing to a screech.

CREEK STUPNIKOVA: Come from? Well, my beloved salt shaker... As promised. Get it-sign it!

Sounds fancy loud music.

Galina screams out of the wings, rushes across the stage and

disappears on the other side of the stage. Behind her, with a ladle in his hand, rushes the enraged husband, hiding in the same place behind the scenes.

The music stops.

I hear the sound of clothing tearing.

STANISLAV's VOICE FROM behind the SCENES  
(confused): Oops...

There is a scream from Galina that turns into a screech, only even more furious.

Sounds fancy loud music.

Stanislav skips out of the wings, looks around warily, and rushes across the stage backstage again. Behind him, in a torn dress, Galina rushes furiously and ferociously with a ladle in one hand and a slipper in the other. One of her Slippers was stuck on her foot, and the other was bare. The torn dress hangs down, gets in the way, she always corrects it, tries to hold it, catches up with her husband.

The couple hides behind the scenes.

The music stops.

Galina enters the stage with a floor rag in her hand. Throws a rag, picks up a pot, a bowl. He nods his head in resignation.

GALINA: Run away, parasite. Well, Stas, well I'll get you back...

Wipes the soup off the floor.

Masha enters the apartment, stops in confusion, looking at the picture of what is happening.

Galina notices her guest, wiping the sweat from her brow.

GALINA: Oh, hi, Mashun. What are your fates?

MASHA (with interest): Tick, Hello. I was just ... walking by, so I think I'll go see my friend. Why are you all this... this... huh?

GALINA: Yes... (sighs, continues to wipe the floor). I had a little argument with my husband.

MASHA (with interest): Wow, a little...

GALINA: Believe me, my friend, it's still a little bit! When there is a lot, then there is no rag to eliminate the consequences. We have to call a team of finishers, buy new appliances, sometimes furniture... in General, everything is family-style. Well, you don't understand, you're a free bird.

MASHA: Yes... No, I actually sometimes start to think seriously about starting a family. Husband there, children, well, like everyone else. Then I come to visit you and...

GALINA: Yes, I understand. Not start.

MASHA: I don't blame you, live as you want, but I don't want to do it like this (he gestures at the wreckage) in a family way.

GALINA: if you don't want to, don't. No one forces you to.

MASHA: What didn't you share this time?

GALINA: Yes, you understand...

Galina puts the rag aside and sits down on the floor more comfortably.

GALINA: In General, while I was cooking borscht, I added extra salt once. Apparently. Well, she did. We were talking on

the phone at the moment.

MASHA: Well, what's wrong?

GALINA: Well, I've salted it several times before.

MASHA: Why?

GALINA: Yes, because I try – not salty borscht turns out. I'll throw another pinch, try-again no. Still add. And then I started talking to you, and then I started talking to you again.

MASHA: So, over-salted, with whom does not happen, so what is the whole tragedy in this?

GALINA: Yes, you know, he doesn't like salty things at all. Eats some kind of all lean. And then I made a mistake. Well, here we are fighting for this topic. All my efforts were wasted. How I would! (swings in feelings).

MASHA: Okay. Listen, do you know who I just met?

Masha passes through the room, settles down, creates an intrigue with her intonation and facial expressions.

GALINA: Who?

MASHA (leans back on the sofa): Well, guess what?

Masha smiles slyly, but Gale is not up to fortune tellers.

GALINA: I don't know. Who?

MASHA: Well..., think-think...

Galina gets up from the floor, picks up a rag, a pot, a bowl, and looks at her friend.

GALINA: Why are we smiling so slyly, huh?

MASHA: Well, well?

GALINA (changes face, extremely surprised): Come on...

MASHA (triumphantly): Daaaaaa!

GALINA: Noooo..

MASHA: yeah Yeah!

Galina returns to her usual state, excitement and interest instantly evaporate.

GALINA: Listen, I have no idea who you're talking about. So, I decided to play along a little, I couldn't resist.

Masha's face changes. She's disappointed.

Galina goes to the kitchen and takes away the pot, bowl, and rag.

GALINA (shouts from the kitchen): Want some tea?

MASHA (shouts in response): Pull!

Masha sits down more evenly on the sofa, takes out her makeup bag, looks in the mirror, and powders her nose.

MARY (mutters under his breath): What an incomprehensible woman... And after all understood each other with half a word until married not withdrew! There now as...

Galina returns to the room with the cups, treats her friend, and sits down next to her.

GALINA: Well... so who did you meet there?

MASHA: Hermana!

Galina freezes with the Cup in her hand, not bringing it to her mouth.

MASHA (noticing the reaction of her friend): Aaaaaaa... My feelings are still alive, alive...

Galina does not immediately move away from the hang-up.

Still, he carries the Cup in the specified direction, SIPS and chokes. He starts to clear his throat.

Her friend pats her on the back.

GALINA: What? Who! What kind of feelings? What are you talking about? So many years have passed. And then... I didn't like him very much...

MASHA: Oh-Oh-Oh... didn't like it. Don't tell me! How many tears were shed on my long-suffering knees about the relationship that you had then...

GALINA (interrupts): So! Masha! Stop!

MASHA: Well...

GALINA (interrupts): STOP! STOP! STOP!

Galina again brings the Cup to her mouth, begins to drink, Masha at this moment casually finishes her story.

MASHA: I told him I was coming to you.

Galina chokes again and clears her throat. He puts the Cup down on the table. Masha pats her friend on the back.

Galina, catching her breath, looks at Masha with a disapproving look.

The one with the guilty grin.

GALINA: Are you crazy? Why did you remind him of me at all?

MASHA: So I'm not just like that! I didn't want to say anything about you at all. It just sort of happened. We crossed paths by chance and said Hello. Word by word. He asked how you were, so I told him everything was fine. I'm coming to you

right now.

GALINA: So he asked about me...

Galina looks away, confused.

MASHA: yeah...

They shake their heads.

MASHA: you Know what he's become ... oops... I would have a crush on him, honestly. But because I have Victor.

GALINA: I have Stasik. So let's do this... without this all right?

MASHA: all Right.

Silent.

GALINA: What is he like now? The same blond?

MASHA: No. Dark. But he's better off that way. Straightened up, statuesque.

They both shake their heads in absurd reverie.

GALINA: Clearly. Well, we met and met. They exchanged a word and ran away. What's wrong with that?

Galina takes her Cup, starts to drink, but Masha as always manages to say a weighty word in time.

MASHA: He said that he would also stop by in half an hour for a short time.

Galina blows out with her mouth all that she managed to get there, looks with anger at her friend.

GALINA: What?

MASHA: What? What's that got to do with me? Why are you looking at me like that? He asked if you lived at the same address

or not. I replied that it was there. Well, he said he'd drop by.

GALINA: what about you?

MASHA: what about me?

Masha throws up her hands...

GALINA: What do you mean?"

Galina repeats the gesture of spreading her hands.

GALINA (at the limit of restraining emotions): What did you say, bitch!!!

MASHA: I said you'd probably be happy to see me...

GALINA (in a rage): Oh, you...

Galina grabs her friend's throat with her hands, but then the doorbell rings.

Masha points to the door.

The doorbell rings again.

Galina waves her head negatively, making it clear that she does not intend to open the door, and continues to strangle Masha.

MASHA (with a strangled choking cry, loudly): I'm COMING!!!

Galina angrily jumps up from her seat, throws her hands up, spreading her fingers, finally freeing her friend's throat.

GALINA (not holding back emotions): As if she did! (she swings one hand at her friend)

Masha tries to catch her breath, taking advantage of the opportunity..., runs to the door and opens it.

Galina stands with her back to the door. She's pretty nervous.

A quiet lyrical composition is playing.

Enter Herman.

It's beautiful. Tall, broad-shouldered, well-groomed. In a white jacket and white trousers. A pleasant, inviting smile.

Herman carefully closes the door behind him, looks at Galina, then looks at Masha.

Masha signals that Galina is not very well disposed to this meeting. But this doesn't bother Herman at all. He winks at Masha and gives Her a large chocolate bar. Masha thrilled.

Herman confidently, but humbly coming to Galina.

She doesn't turn around. She feels that he is standing behind her, gets even more nervous, bites her lips, looks at the ceiling, sighs languidly, but does not turn around.

Herman turns around, walks away slowly, and Galina turns around. Herman stops.

It's like they can feel each other. Their actions are very well coordinated.

Masha looks at him fondly.

Herman stands with his back to Galina, slowly turns his head in half a turn, Galina abruptly turns her whole body, again stands with her back to Herman.

Herman nods knowingly, turns back, takes a couple more steps toward the door.

Galina turns to him, holds out her hands, takes a step toward him, and freezes. She's all on edge, she's insecure. She doesn't know what to do or how to behave.

Herman stops. Doesn't turn around.

Galina looks at his back, puts her hand on her elbow, and covers her face.

Herman unbuttons his jacket and takes out a small but very beautiful bottle of cognac. He holds it out at arm's length to the side, without looking at it. It is not clear to whom or for whom.

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