

Play for 2 people

“Suicide”

or

“DAY  
FOR MARRIAGE”

Nikolay Lakutin

16+

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**Suicide or DAY FOR  
MARRIAGE. Play for 2 people**

«ЛитРес: Самиздат»

2020

**Lakutin N.**

Suicide or DAY FOR MARRIAGE. Play for 2 people / N. Lakutin —  
«ЛитРес: Самиздат», 2020

When years old remind of themselves no longer with the most joyful emotions, and the success and achievements in life are very mediocre, then the internal age crisis can sometimes end tragically. BUT! What if two such characters on the threshold of their extremes in experiences suddenly collide on the border of solutions?

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Comedy for two actors. Duration 50 minutes.

One-act play.

ACTOR

LIDA-a girl, 35 years old in the story;

GRISHA is a man about 40 years old.

Scenography:

A tree with a stronger and higher branch. Bushes, and all that is necessary for the wilderness.

FOREST

Wind noise is heard. Twilight.

A drunken Lida appears on the stage. He staggers a little, but stands on his feet. She has a beatific smile on her face.

My clothes are dirty and wet. In one hand, she barely holds a bottle of vodka, with some pitiful remnants at the bottom, in the other hand, a rope that drags her across the floor across the stage from behind the scenes.

The wind noise subsides, the focus of light falls on Lida.

Lida turns to face the viewer, and the second half of her face, which had never been visible before, has a huge black eye.

LIDA (to the audience, familiarly): Hi ... (winks, smiles, waves a hand that barely holds the bottle) Well? How's life? Normal? (nod) But I'm not very good at it. I guess it's not hard to tell from the look of me, is it?

Lida walks a few steps, takes a SIP from her throat, and throws the bottle somewhere in the bushes.

LIDA (to the audience, familiarly, intricately): And today is my birthday!

(Here you can answer someone "thank you", if in the first rows there is a lively audience (or a DECOY), who went into a rage and congratulated the heroine in a low voice)

LIDA (to the audience, in a familiar, intricate, slurring way): yeah. Cassette word. (Looks at his watch) No, not honest. Now it turns out that my birthday was yesterday. Thirty-five cuts. (If the actress can, it would be nice to screw in a delicate belch here) Yes, Yes... Thirty-five! How much did you think? Twenty-nine? (he smiles and looks at the other side of the room) Twenty-six? (looks to the third part of the room) Forty? (unpleasant frowns in the face). I'm thirty-five. I don't have a baby or a kitten... My family doesn't understand me, I have friends... Not anymore. (Sits down on the floor, or rather plops down) Were, but... they all jumped up... bitches. In General, they are all not up to me now. And here I am alone... All alone... Remember how it is there... who's there? I do not remember... (quotes) "Good girl Lida! In desperation, he wrote." In despair... All right. All about me. By the way, let's get acquainted-Lida! (he puts out his hand, greeting the audience).

He rises, trying to keep his balance.

LIDA (to the viewer): Okay... We met..., talked... It is time and honor to know.

He pulls up the rope, looks around, finds a tree, selects a stronger branch. Aiming, trying to throw a rope on a branch so that it is tied or snagged. But she can't do anything. However, the girl is persistent in her attempts. Breathless and imaterialise solely by facial expressions, it again continues its course.

Grisha enters the stage. He's in a tuxedo. Dressed very well, expensive. Clean, shaven, but drooping. In one hand he has a "half-Cup" of lemonade, in the other a rope that drags along the stage behind him. Lida doesn't see him. He, in turn, does not see Lida.

The focus of the light shifts to Grisha. He carefully unscrews the lid, takes a single Cup out of his pocket, pours the drink into it, drinks, puts the Cup in his pocket, screws the lid on, puts the bottle on the floor.

GRISHA (to himself): That's it, Grisha is gone... Remember your name.

He pulls the rope to him in a doomed manner, immediately throws it over his hand in rings and purposefully turns to the tree, taking a few steps, where Lida is still trying to do something.

Gregory dies in a frenzy, the sight of this picture. He is outraged.

GRISHA (loudly, indignantly): Eh, citizen?

Lida turns around waddling in a kind of inadequate.

LIDA: aw, snap... Healthy! Look what a handsome man has come into this thicket. Hey, buddy, you're not a rapist, are you?

GRISHA (indignantly): What? Me? Are you out of your mind? No, of course not!

LIDA (upset): Damn it! And then it broke off.

Lida turns back to the tree and continues trying to throw the rope over the branch.

GRISHA: Citizen, I apologize...

LIDA (without turning around, upset, interrupts): Yes, go, I have already forgiven. You're not the first person to fail me.

GRISHA: Yes, I'm not about that! I... You... This is my tree! I took it forward!

Lida turns to the man with interest.

LIDA: AND?

GRISHA: I see you have an event planned here. Could you hold it somewhere else? This tree I looked for myself yesterday!

LIDA: What do you mean?"

GRISHA: Well, I also have an event planned. I have approached this question in detail. I chose a place far away from people, a taller tree, a stronger twig. In General, I decided on this tree yesterday. This is my tree. Find something else, please, and let me hang on to this!

LIDA: Why would that be? Right now! (swaying on his feet) I'm going to look for something somewhere. You can't see it, and I'm falling over. What kind of man went there? No respect for a woman. To the girl, rather.

GRISHA: Girl, you will excuse me, but any knot here will hold you, and I will have more weight. There are so offhandedly-that is impossible! The second time already you understand – already quite not the mood, if that...

LIDA: Listen, you're thorough. Go ahead... somewhere. I came first, and I'm here to hang out. Everything! This conversation is over!

Lida continues her attempts to throw the rope on the branch.

Grisha looks at this skeptically, moves aside and watches.

Lida tries everything, but nothing comes out.

GREGORY: Well, how long will I be here to witness this horror?

Lida turns wearily.

LIDA: is there anything else Here? What are you waiting for? This isn't a theater, there's nothing to see...

GRISHA: No, I just thought that since we can't agree on the choice of location, then let everyone remain with their own opinion, that's all.

Lida looks at the man as "a RAM on the new gate".

LIDA: don't you understand?

GRISHA: if you're Going to hang yourself, hang yourself, I'll wait. And then I'm right there. The branch is strong enough to hold both of us.

LIDA: What? Look what he wanted! I don't want to hang next to you. Let's get out of here. Business what was found.

GRISHA: Well ... you never know what you want... Here you want – you don't want, but you have to!

LIDA (indignantly): Hear what? I don't want you and me swaying around like two assholes... You never know what people will think.

GREGORY: BUT you don't care who is there that will think?

LIDA (indignantly): No! I just don't care! I must hang alone, pitiful, misunderstood, and unheard... and not companionable and as someone might think-vicious!

GREGORY: it is interesting... Why are you so unheard and misunderstood? Tell me, while there are still a few minutes, can I understand and hear? So you look, and the reason for the event will not be...

Lida thinks about it. Glancing furtively at the door.

LIDA (with a sly smile): Decided to technically eliminate a competitor?

GRISHA: It might be a nice side effect, but I didn't think about it at all. Whether you hang out in that tree or not, it doesn't matter to me. I have decided to put my plan into execution and nothing will prevent it.

Lida puts the rope aside and sits down on the floor.

LIDA (with interest): Oh, Well, then you go first.

GRISHA: what am I?

LIDA: Well, what? First you tell me what drives men in suits like this to commit suicide, and then I will. I'm the first... (timidly) shy.

Grisha looks up at the Lido with out a doubt.

GRISHA: Listen, can I help you better? Give me the string, and I'll make it fast."

Grisha approaches Lida busily. But when she removes the rope, it's a cat-and-mouse game. Grisha does not manage to take the "tool of labor".

GRISHA: I don't understand? Are you going or not going? Let's somehow decide already, there's a line actually...

LIDA (with a twinkle): And I'm not going to report my actions or omissions to anyone I don't know. Let's get acquainted first, and then I'll think about whether to talk to you or not!

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