

A play for 5.6 or 7 people

Comedy

Nikolay Lakutin

Personal ad

*“Lazy and clumsy
looking for a young
secured girl to create
serious relationships”*

12+

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Personal ad. A play
for 5.6 or 7 people

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Аннотация

How would You describe yourself if you were planning to place your ad on a Dating site? Would you write everything honestly, without embellishment, as it is, with all the flaws and nuances? Our hero decided on such a crazy act. Do you want to know what happened? Then we offer you the Comedy "Honest ad"

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Comedy for 5.6 or 7 people.

Duration 1 hour 40 minutes! A play in four acts.

One intermission is possible after the first act.

ACTOR

MOTHER-a short, cheerful old woman of 66 years;

YURA-the son, "sitting on the neck" of the mother. Tall fellow 36 years old.

SANEK is a friend of Yura, a pet of fate, about 40 years old.

DARIA is the first candidate for a relationship, 28 years old.

ARINA is the second candidate for a relationship, 35 years old.

MILANA is the third candidate for a relationship, 42 years old.

KAPITOLINA is the fourth candidate for a relationship, 18

years old.

Not all female roles of candidates for relationships overlap, they can be played by 4.3 or 2 Actresses.

Yura's Hobbies are fooling, making faces, gesticulating, and imitating. Therefore, special attention should be paid to the roles of this character in relation to the clarity of facial expressions and artistry in General. This is important!

ACT ONE

MOM AND YURA'S APARTMENT

Hall.

A table, two stools (strong, will "fly"), a sofa, a TV, a wardrobe (not heavy, so that my mother could move it), bookshelves (one of which will later move) things and other attributes corresponding to a residential home is not rich environment.

Plays a quiet relaxing music. Not a bright light.

In an apron, cheerful all in the process of cooking, a short mother bustles into the room. Carries a saucer with sliced bread. He puts it on the table and hurries to the kitchen.

After a while, my mother reappears, holding a pot and chopping Board. Puts everything on the table, hurries to the kitchen, brings in two spoons, a salt shaker, napkins. Stands, looks carefully at the table, calculates something. She remembers that she hasn't reported it yet, runs to the kitchen, and returns with a teapot and two mugs. He looks at the table with satisfaction.

The music stops.

He takes off his apron, turns around, and calls his son.

MOTHER (affectionately, loving, caring): Yuri? Son? Time

to get up. The porridge is getting cold. (Passes through the room, puts two stools to the table, turns around, sees that the son has not yet come, continues to call) Yurochka Wake up, dear, Breakfast is ready!

With a face swollen from sleep, in half-lowered family underpants of a very intricate style, which his mother – an old woman obviously sewed for him (it is highly desirable to make an order or sew something non-standard fun on their own), yawning and stretching, reluctantly, a lout – son, a tall fellow, passes into the hall. In his hand, he has a crumpled t-shirt, which he tries to straighten and determine where there is a front and where the back. Puts it on, but, as it turns out, on the left side. Thick seams of the fabric clearly protrude, attracting attention.

MOTHER (affectionately, loving, caring): Son, please come to the table, how did you sleep? You don't look happy. Did you have a bad dream?

YURA (yawning): No, not really... The dream is just fine. Even well there all was, but little.

MOTHER (curiously): How interesting, but what was the dream? What's not enough?

Yura looks at his mother with a strange look. He is confused, and knows that he shouldn't have said that just now.

YURA (wagging): Nuuu... how to say... (Dramatically changes the tactics on the attack, drawing attention to the table) I didn't bring any plates! Mom, what am I going to eat out of?

The old mother draws attention to her mistake and throws up

her hands in frustration.

MOTHER (vexedly): Oh, I'm all worked up. Now, dear, now everything will be all right.

The mother runs to the kitchen and returns with two plates. She takes care of her son, puts him first, puts a plate in front of him, puts a spoon, ties him a napkin (or a handkerchief at the discretion of the Director). He sits down opposite me. He starts eating Breakfast.

The mother eats, not too loudly and clearly, but still chomping.

The son sits, does not eat, and sends passes of mimic gestures of disapproval in the direction of the mother with gentle glances.

The mother pays attention to this. She's worried.

MOTHER (annoyed): What is it, dear?

YURA (exuberantly): Here... Such case.

MOTHER (alarmed): Well, what?

YURA (prevaricating): I don't know how to say it...

MOTHER (alarmed): Speak up, God Almighty. What's wrong?

YURA (irritated): You're slurping! Annoying!

Mom sighs with relief, preparing for something more weighty.

MOM (sorry): So I'm old, I don't have any teeth. And so I try to be careful.

JURA (on the nerves): It doesn't work very well!

My mother shrugs guiltily and continues to eat. The chomping sounds come up from time to time.

JURA (convoluted, making faces): It may sound a little

strange, it may even be rude, and I admit that it may even be outrageous, but ... Listen... And you couldn't eat somewhere out there... in the kitchen, for example, because you're losing your appetite, and Breakfast is the most important food, as you said yourself...

My mother humbly takes her Cup and spoon and leaves the table.

MOM (sorry): Yes, Yes... I understand. When I was young, my grandfather also irritated me with such phenomena... here it came back to me. Enjoy your meal, son. I'm in the kitchen.

Mother leaves.

The son makes a disgusted face, and a little contemptible chills run through him (he twitches). Looks to see if mom's gone, makes a face. The mood lifts, and he begins to eat with an arrogant arrogant expression on his face.

With a clang, a clang and a crash, almost falling, Sanek runs into the room, trying to keep his balance.

An iron basin and bucket, a ladle, all this also flies into the room apparently after meeting with the clumsy foot of a not too young and not particularly attentive man.

SANEK (on emotion, flying into the room): .. Oyu...
Mother...

Yura sits with his back to him, jumps up from the clang and crash, spills porridge on his pants, the plate falls to the floor, but the spoon with the pitiful remnants of Breakfast is still in his hand.

YURA (moving away from the shock, trying to cope with a nervous TIC that doesn't know where it came from): Sanek... Healthy, old boy. You what this nor light nor SRA..., (takes a breath) nor dawn, Yes still and so outrageous. And what about the mother? I didn't hear...

Sanek collects the basin, bucket, and ladle that he has dropped, and carefully sets it all aside.

SANEK (irritated): Yes, I'm talking... Your mother is a good woman. Economic. All something kolgotitsya, something pyzhitsya, something all makes, prepares... (points to the basin and bucket), washes, obviously. Or are you doing the Laundry?

Yura's indignant facial expressions and gestures speak for themselves.

YURA (taken aback): Are you a fool?

SANYA (smoothing out the corners): Me? Yes kind of not really. It's just that the "tazovederny compositions" in your house did not cross my path before. And about neither light nor SRA... (takes a breath) nor dawn, so it's you overreacted. What a morning, it's almost eleven o'clock!

Yura licks the remains of the porridge from the spoon and calls out to his mother with displeasure.

YURA (loudly, addressing the kitchen): Mom! Here it is... Need a rag... and bring a dustpan with a brush!

Mother comes running with a rag, brush and dustpan, warmly greets Sanka. He's busy cleaning up after his son.

YURA (to his mother, incredulously): Mom, is it really eleven

o'clock?

MOTHER (calmly, good): True, my son, it's already past eleven.

YURA (to his mother, indignantly): Why did you Wake me up so late? Didn't I tell you to Wake me up at nine? We have a business meeting with Sanka today. I should have been prepared, at least had time to Wake up properly!

MOTHER (calmly, good): I did Wake you up, son. I went to you four times, but you didn't Wake up. Grumbled, swore, and threw a pillow at me the last time. Already the Breakfast was cold, and I had to warm it up. I tried, really.

YURA (to his mother, indignantly): So you're not trying hard enough. I should have done something different, I don't know... smart. Shamed me in front of a friend.

Yura makes an indignant grimace and rolls her eyes.

SANYA (smoothing out the corners): Come on, whatever. With whom it does not happen. I sometimes go as far as twelve, or even two, once in a while.

MOTHER (with interest): What kind of event are you planning? Business meeting? Did you decide to get a job?

Sanek and Yura look at their mother with a condemning, reproachful look, but they are silent.

My mother understands their look and shakes her head.

MOTHER (disappointed): Well yes... What am I, really? What kind of work in thirty-six years. Small yet. (Sanku) And it's probably too late for you, Sasha. (He goes on with his cleaning)

Never mind, we'll sleep over sometime. I understand everything, these are difficult times, the employer cheats at every step. (Son) You'd better be at home, so it's more likely to be, and calmer. I've got a pension for a thousand dollars, and I've taken some sewing work home. Normal, what to complain about, many who live worse.

The mother finishes cleaning up after her son, goes to the kitchen.

SANEK (admiringly): You have a great mother. Here is my me constantly shpynyaet-go work, go work. I'm about to turn forty, but you can't take me like that. Spend priceless years of your life sitting in depressing warehouses, manufacturing plants, or dusty offices? I didn't find myself in a dumpster. You should live brightly, easily, at ease! It's so easy. Is it so hard to understand? After all, our old people should be wise, and they are some kind of stupid on the contrary.

Yura looks reproachfully at his friend.

SANEK (justifying himself): Well... it doesn't apply to your mother, but it does... some generation of fools seems to have grown up in the post-war years. Well, it is understandable, in General, it was hard, it was necessary to raise the country! Education and self-development were not at all in the first so to speak needs...

YURA (curtailing the subject): Okay, enough with the demagoguery. What was there, what was there. We met today for a very specific event, so let's not waste any time!

SANEK (clapping his hands, rubbing his hands): Yes!

YURA (delovo): So, my dear friend. What do we have? So I'm thirty-six years old!

SANEK (cheerfully, enthusiastically): So!

JURA (business): The marriage was not noticed...

SANEK (cheerfully, enthusiastically): I wasn't!

JURA (business): As in fact, and in General in the company of a girl.

SANEK (surprised): Really? What in General, what if never with anyone and never?

YURA (judiciously): This happens! Haven't you read Omar Khayyam? Here he says that it is better to be alone than together with just anyone!

Sanek scratches his chin thoughtfully.

SANEK (surprised): However... Have you read much of this distinguished man's work?

YURA (hesitating): Frankly, not very much. Yes, in all conscience, only this.

SANEK (quite smiling): And ... Well..., I thought so.

JURA (business): So! Again with themes jumped off. So today we are going to find me a life partner! Or have you changed your mind about helping me with this difficult task?

SANEK (smiling contentedly): What are you, old boy! Where are you without your old friend, who is wise with bitter experience in the field of gender relations? Of course, I will help, I have already made some sketches, so to speak, options. Are we

going to place an online Dating ad?

YURA (delovo): Well, where else? Not on a fence like in the middle ages...

SANYA (business): There! I figured out how to correctly compose the ad text to, you know – catch! To attract! To catch a girl on the hook, with whom you will then spend your whole life swimming in the ocean of passion!

YURA (rather admiringly): That's what an experienced friend means! As I said! Come on, come on. What are the two options you came up with?

Sanek is all of himself, he feels the master of the situation, he is the "king of the world".

SANYA (business): So, we need to show your strengths, in the most attractive light to present to the court of girls singles, or not singles, this is already... you know, everything happens, your person. So. Option one!

YURA (intrigued): So?

SANEK (pathos): Experienced alpha male, in the Prime of life, the owner of excellent health and a well-proven genotype is looking for a worthy candidate for the post of a faithful reliable life partner!

Sanek pauses, waiting for a reaction.

Yura looks at him indifferently.

SANEK (pathos): What is it?

SANEK (disappointed, drooping): Listen well... I don't know, of course, what's wrong with the genotype. About health-

well... unless ... Yes, I am not exhausted by work, but I would hardly be accepted into the Olympic reserve, as if... everything is not so smooth for me. And the last-a seasoned alpha male! I have no idea what to do with the girl, how to go where and what Makar, and how to get to the stage of relevance of this issue? What kind of alpha am I? Where did you find the male in me? (embarrassed) No, thank you very much, but that's not true, is it?

SANEK (cheerfully, fervently): Ha, yurok, made me laugh. Who writes the truth in ads on Dating sites? And in General, in principle, in ads. This is the most that neither is advertising! And advertising works only when it is able to convince the layman that this product, product, service or... (takes a breath, points at a friend) in this case, a person, just needs it! We need to make you the kind of macho that hundreds of women, thousands of girls, and maybe even a dozen men want.

Sanek twists his smile, jokingly shows his tongue.

Yura shudders at the last thing he heard. His face reflects a pre-vomiting state.

SANEK (fun, fervently): Yes kidding, relax, (with podkovyrkoy) although...

Yura's look makes it clear that he does not intend to joke, not in the mood.

SANEK: Okay. A lot will depend on the quality of your profile photo!

YURA (fearfully): A..... is it necessary?

SANEK (hovering): Of course! This is almost the main point!

The most important first factor that will determine whether you will begin to study in detail or immediately scroll through the General pile of questionnaires.

YURA (uncertainly): Listen, well... well, what about the soul there, interests... essence of man. You can't just judge by appearances!

SANEK (sarcastically): Yes? You flipped through these sites last week in front of me! I saw you looking for your soul mate there, brushing aside all those who did not fit the category, not even miss city or region, but something even miss world or miss universe did not suit you according to your profile photo! Well... and do I tell you?

YURA (indignantly): This is different! After all, I am a man, it is important to me that my girlfriend was beautiful!

SANEK (with sarcasm): And ... you mean, it is important that the girl was beautiful, well-groomed and so on, and the girl, do you think, does not care what her possible future chosen one looks like? Yes, girls study us even more carefully in this sense, even though they say that appearance is not important. But they say a lot of things, and they've never exchanged me for a handsome man! So...

YURA (waving away, trying to change the subject): Well, all right-all right! I will comb my hair, at least, and it will be more or less...

SANEK (judiciously): Well, at least! Ideally, you should wash your hair, of course, shave, or wear a nice shirt or t-shirt...

YURA (indignantly): What the hell! Are you preparing me for the Paris fashion show?

SANYA (considered): My friend! This is a serious matter, you just don't understand all the details...

YURA (interrupts): Stop-stop-stop! Something we have stalled with these subtleties. We'll deal with the photo later. Give me more options! What else are you up to?

SANEK (judiciously): The second version of the ad is simpler. It sounds something like this (with intrigue, after a pause): "An imposing man with a dozen pleasant surprises, looking for an attractive reader to become her Desk book"

Yura thinks about it.

Sanek sees that he was almost in the top ten, he is proud, but silent, waiting.

Yura is calculating something, mimicking something and discussing it to himself. Facial expressions and gestures reflect everything. He likes this option.

SANEK (in anticipation): Well, say something of yourself...

YURA (approvingly): I like it!

SANEK (complacently): Here!

YURA (with curiosity): and you still have there, incorrect, any options were? (parading the Comedy of Gaidai, says in a broken drunken voice) Read out the entire list, please?

SANEK (prevaricating): Well... there were also variations of the first and second versions, their tandem and veiled representation of some phrases in places that do not change the

overall meaning as a whole.

YURA (revealing): In General, you did not come up with anything else!

SANEK (prevaricating): ... mm... frankly, Yes.

YURA: Okay, I like the second option. An imposing man is a sprawling, broad concept. Who wants to understand this-then let them understand. Something about me will be true.

SANEK (approvingly, supporting, summarizing): Absolutely true to the soul!

Yura gives each other a hand, Sanek responds in kind, they shake hands victoriously, admiring each other!

SANEK (with caviar in his eyes): So! Well, as I understand it, the matter is left to a small one! So, we will make a photo and you can publish it, but for now...

Sanek snaps his fingers, makes a gesture of anticipation, and takes a bottle of spirits from his bosom.

SANEK (festive): TA-dam!

YURA (pleasantly surprised): Oooh...

SANEK (festive): This event should be celebrated! My friend stands on the edge, I would say on the periphery of States of being!

YURA (admiringly): And this, in my opinion, is already a toast!

SANEK (bodro): No doubt, my friend, no doubt!

Yura is hysterically calling for his mother.

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