

*Play for 6 people*

*Once two  
new year's eve...*

*comedy*

*Nikolay Lakutin*

16+

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**Play for 6 people. Once**  
**two new year's eve...**

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**Аннотация**

Two friends, on a fine winter day, unexpectedly decide to veto their love Affairs, and start the New year with a clean slate. Determined, they almost sincerely try to enter a righteous life, but will their mistresses want to let their "friends" out of their clutches? What will come of this, read in the Comedy play "Somehow two under the new year".

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Comedy play for 6 people.

Duration 1 hour 20 minutes!

The play is in one act, but with a large number of scenes, which implies a relatively frequent change of scenery.

# ACTOR

LENYA is a cheerful guy, about 35 years old;

NORA is Leni's wife, about 35 years old.

SUSANNA-Leni's mistress, about 25 years old.

SEMYON is a friend of Leni, about 35 years old.

ALINA is Semyon's wife, about 35 years old.

KRISTINA is Semyon's mistress, about 25 years old.

December, New year's eve.

# SCENE 1 RECREATION AREA AT THE SKI CLUB

With snowboards in hand, in full uniform, groaning, groaning, limping and writhing, two friends, Semyon and Lenya, enter the scene.

Lenya carries a snowboard in his hand, looks confident, professional, and Semyon crawls dragging the snowboard along the stage, as if pulling a sled on the floor with both hands, which indicates his very modest experience in this sport.

LENYA (with a sneer): Well, my friend, considering that you've been "scratching" your wife for three years about your system trips to snowboard training, you could at least learn to stand on it, for the sake of decency.

SEMYON (with shortness of breath): Oh, Lenka, don't RUB salt on my wound. I don't have a living place under my uniform. I'm even afraid to look in there, there's probably one solid bruise.

Lenya cheerfully takes off her ski goggles, helmet, and gloves with an experienced hand.

LENYA (optimistic): Don't worry, Senya. Say that you landed badly from the ski jump. The track was not prepared, weather conditions failed, visibility played a role. Well, in the end – sport is sport. There is no it anywhere!

Semyon sits on the "fifth point", takes off his ski goggles, helmet, gloves. It moves slowly, grunting.

SEMYON (with shortness of breath): Yes... I don't worry about telling lies at home. I'm worried about how I feel about Kristina now with all this... Whether functionality is broken! There are serious concerns, because you saw what I did the last time.

Lenya nods with a grin, takes off his jacket, takes a carbonated drink from the bar, pours it into a disposable Cup, which he finds there.

LENYA (optimistic): Everything will be fine. Although ... Yes, you smacked pretty good.

Lenya SIPS a drink from a Cup.

SEMYON (plaintively): And in General, it is not easy for our brother to live! It's getting harder and harder to change... And what is most offensive, no one will appreciate all our sophistication, effort and guesswork. And yet, this is a full-fledged creative process!

LENYA (pathos): This is not just some kind of creativity, this is an Opera, what tricks we have to go to to change once again!

SEMYON (sympathetically, with understanding): Oh, Yes... What are the risks? The husband someone's face will fill, the children of others will be tied...

LENYA (in the senses): And how much do you have to spend on gifts and Souvenirs? This is a nightmare!!! I spend all my bonuses and side jobs on these guys... I mean this one... in General, dam.

SEMYON (sympathetically, with understanding): Yeah...

This is not a gift to your wife, which costs three kopecks, and was bought from a lantern, just to somehow disown the birthday and other nonsense. Here you have to buy real gifts! Dear ones! High quality!

LENYA (annoyed): And these messages on the phone at an inconvenient moment? These calls from hysterical fools, in the middle of the night!!! And after all, you can not give your phone number, and it is not always profitable to send it far away... In General – solid puzzles...

SEMYON (sympathetically, with understanding): And when you first start this third-party relationship, what a risk to get infected! The statistical indicators of syphilis are simply appalling! How to live in such conditions... How many times have I stepped on this rake... this year.

LENYA (philosophically): Yeah... Problems of course... just a gesture. I sometimes wonder why I need all this. I'll throw it to the devil! I have a wife and a child studying abroad. What else do you need? But... Fortunately, I don't think about it for long. After all, are we men or what? Here you want, you don't want – but you have to!

SEMYON (cheerfully, with support): Exactly!

LENYA (thoughtfully): Listen, what about your wife?

SIMON (getting distracted from the sad thoughts): With Alina? Everything all right. Why the question?

LENYA (thoughtfully): Well... it's just that you were concerned about the functionality of the mistress, and the wife

is also in this part of the relationship, which no one has.

Semyon heaves a sigh, gets up from the floor, unbuttons his jacket, goes to Lena, sniffs the drink in his hand, goes to the bar, performs the same procedure, pours, drinks.

SEMYON (having drunk enough): Wife... What about your wife? Don't you know how it is in the family? Complete idyll. She doesn't want to, and I don't need to.

LENYA (thoughtfully): Yes, that's the question...

SEMYON (not understanding): What do you mean?

LENYA (thoughtfully): I have the same thing. Well, that's what I think... What doesn't she want? Why shouldn't I, of course, but why shouldn't she? That is the question!

Semyon ponders. He takes out his phone and calls his wife with a suspicious attitude.

SEMYON (into the phone, with a hit-and-run): Hello? Alina? You? Never know. Why is the voice so strange? Well, how strange? I don't know... strange. Very cheerful or something. What are you doing there? Where are you? At home? Do you wash dishes? So what's so fun about it? TV? Comedy? On what channel? Yes? Clearly. All right, bye.

Semyon puts down the phone and looks around.

SEMYON (friend): There's no TV here, do you know?

LENYA (judiciously): Give up these checks, Semyon. Don't look for clues, or you'll find them. And then it will not be good for anyone!

SEMYON (nervously): Well, then why are you egging me on?

I hadn't even thought about it before.

LEON (considered): That's right!

SEMYON (nervously): Now think.

LEON (considered): What about me? I'm just thinking out loud. You have a wife and a mistress, and I have a wife and a mistress... and you can see it over there... on the lift...

Lenya points towards the audience, and Semyon looks where his friend is pointing.

LEON (sensible): get Out... the men of the thirty-rises. All normal-looking guys, and therefore also have wives and mistresses.

SEMYON (trying to understand): So what? What are you driving at?

LEON (considered): And to the fact that none of the men thinks why their wives are so condescending to their (pausing, with sarcasm) "hobby".

Semyon looks suspiciously at his friend, takes out his phone again, and calls his wife with a dubious look.

SEMYON (into the phone, with a hit-and-run): Hello? Alina? You? Never know. Why is the voice so strange? Well, how strange? I don't know... strange. Very sad or something. What are you doing there? Where are you? At home? Cleaning up? Well, what's so sad about it? The song is sad? What song? Where does it play? Yes? Clearly. All right, bye.

He puts down the phone and looks irritated at his friend.

SEMYON (hysterically, on edge, to a friend): Lenya! Enough

a! It's okay, don't strain it! Not yourself, not me, not the men. Our wives, unlike us, are decent people.

Lenya throws up his hands, his phone rings. He picks up the phone.

LEON (in a tube, well, mischievous): Yes, my love? I can, yeah. For you, I'm always free and always can.

Lenya smiles, mleet, talking on the phone. Semyon, looking at this shakes his head, understanding with whom his friend is talking there.

LEON (in a tube, well, mischievous): Did you miss me? Very much? You're my good girl. I missed you, too. Necessarily. I'll be at your place in about an hour, wait, get ready, when I get to you...

He hangs up, puts the phone away, still smiling, looks at his friend. Simon is skeptical look at Lenya.

SIMON (sarcastic tone): My joy, then? Well, well. Everything is clear, Susanna called. When Nora calls, the greeting is a little different. (Imitates friend, shouting) What are you calling for? I'm busy! Write a message, I've asked you a thousand times, don't call me while I'm working, you're distracting me. Inconvenient. Everything! That's all for now, I can't talk!

Lenya smiles maliciously.

SEMYON (complacently): Something like that.

LENYA (to a friend, with a sense of self-respect): Yes! Because I'm a man and I'm the boss of the family. And here you are, fawning over your own. (Parades with a trembling voice)

Alinochka? Honey, I can't right now. I can't, I'm sorry. Let's do it later. Later, please. I'll call you back. I'll call you back... yeah... I Still can't... Later...

Semyon looks at his friend in confusion.

LENYA (complacently): Well? Recognize it?

SEMYON (reasonably, calmly): Yes. I respect my wife. I love it and appreciate it. And besides, I feel a certain guilt towards her for my own, so to speak... physiological weaknesses.

LENYA (biased): Come on. What are the weaknesses... You are a man, it is normal that you have a mistress. Every normal man has a mistress, or even two. There's nothing to be ashamed of. Mistresses there is no only have flawed, those which nafig no one need, but have such, as a rule, not the, that mistresses, have them and wives not case. For the same reason. So let's not blame ourselves for what is natural and natural.

SEMYON (judiciously, thoughtfully): Understand. Lence. I keep thinking about it. I love my wife very much. Very. I will not give Alina to anyone and will do everything not to lose her. And Kristina is very nice. I feel good with her, so nice, calm, comfortable, but... But internally, because of this whole situation, I somehow feel like a bit of an asshole.

Lenya waves her hand, pours more soda, and drinks.

SEMYON (judiciously, thoughtfully): So you say – naturally, all that. Yes, I myself know that this is the nature of men, they can not do otherwise. Maybe they would, but they can't... I feel a certain responsibility, as if to all of them. You know? Both

responsibility and guilt!

LENYA (draining a glass of soda and exhaling loudly): I'll tell you what, old man! Go now to your Kristina, but don't try to drive her there this Blizzard. Pull back hard and everything will fall into place. The brain will fall into place, and life will continue as usual. And next weekend, you and I will meet here again and talk about it.

Lenya throws on, partially zips up the jacket, goes to a friend and holds out his hand, saying goodbye.

LENYA (summing up the meeting): Well, Susanna's waiting for me. We have her there... The event is scheduled, so... Come on, see you again, my friend!

SEMYON (holds his friend's hand in the lock, does not let go of the handshake): Tell me, could you just drop everything like that?

LENYA (trying to free her hand): You mean leave your wife for your mistress? Of course, I can, but I don't need it. Then the mistress will become a wife, and I will look for a new mistress. This is all a completed stage. A waste of time, effort, and nerves!

SEMYON (holds his friend's hand in the lock, does not let go of the handshake): Well no... I don't mean that. I'm just asking the opposite. Could you give up all your adventures and start living exclusively with your wife?

Lenya freezes with a strange expression on his face, as if something has happened to him.

SEMYON (holding his friend's hand in the lock, not letting

go of the handshake): Hey, Lazy? Why aren't you talking? Everything okay?

LENYA (recovering from shock): What kind of fool is that? Why saw the branch you're sitting on? Does you that... don't spread your bad thoughts to society! You should be ready for this... it would be safe to go to a psychiatrist with your ideas. Nifiga itself asked.

Lenya tries hard to free his hand, but Semyon holds it quite firmly.

SEMYON (holding his friend's hand in the lock, not letting go of the handshake): Just wait. Laziness really? Well, is it true that no one, no one at all, can be faithful to their wives? Are we such weaklings as all of them (indicating with a nod somewhere vaguely)? Let's start with the New year to live as expected? Honestly, decently. Only with their wives to live with and no one else!

LENYA (nervously): Listen... You got me in these diagrams do not enter and do not take it poorly. If you want to break up with kristinka, it's up to you. I do not experience any psychological problems on this basis. If I want to, I will remain faithful to my wife... Then... by the age of seventy-five. Until then, I don't want to. All while, I have no time, let go.

Semyon lets go of his friend's hand.

Lenya hastily zips up the jacket to the end, corrects everything. Helmet, glasses on his head, picks up his snowboard and hurries to the exit.

Semyon goes sadly to the bar and, pouring himself a soda, gives his weighty word to the back of his friend.

SEMYON (without looking at his friend, succinctly, reproachfully): Weakling!

Drinks his own soda.

Lenya, who has almost left the room, suddenly stops when he hears a friend's phrase.

ZTM.

## **SCENE 2 RECREATION AREA AT THE SKI CLUB**

At a small table, dressed in their ski suits, but unbuttoned to the rastopashku sit two, Semyon and Lenya. Lenya writes something, and Semyon attentively follows the text.

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