

The background of the entire page is a photograph of a theater stage. It features heavy, dark red curtains with a subtle pattern, hanging from a wooden valance at the top. The lighting is dramatic, with the curtains being the primary focus.

Plays for 1, 2 people

Collection №3

Nikolay Lakutin

18+

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Аннотация

I present the third collection of my plays for the period of 2019 and 2020. There are five plays with the number of actors of one and two people. Some of the plays included in the collection already have contracts for production in Russia and abroad.

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The play "My other people's lives"

Comedy for 1 person. One male role.

Duration 1 hour.

ACTOR

ALEXANDER is an experienced theater and film actor.

All rearrangements of the set design are performed by the assistant Director in front of the audience in a subdued light, to music, this will give you the opportunity to switch, relax, spend the past episode in your mind and prepare for a new scene. This move is also provided for cutting out time for the actor to have time to change for the next scene.

1 scene. LOVER

Soft, intricate music plays, which ends abruptly and a woman's heart-rending scream is heard.

The CRY of a WOMAN (fearful): AAAAAAAAAAAAA!
No... you got it all wrong, stop, stop, I'm begging you!!! It's not like that! It's not like that! Stop it! Noooooooooooooo!

The sound of breaking glass is heard.

The curtain is opening!

From the window she jumps out and falls zapoloshnye
Alexander.

He is wearing a ragged shirt, one sock on his leg, and his underpants are in place, though on the left side, and slightly lowered, which the inquisitive eye of the viewer can notice.

His trousers and jumper are crumpled in his hand.

Alexander hastily leaves the territory next to the window, finds a secluded place, tries to catch his breath, and hurriedly dresses.

ALEXANDER (with shortness of breath, to the audience): What is most offensive, I haven't even done anything yet, just entered, as comrade Saakhov from the Caucasian captive would say. However, the situation here is somewhat different. I did go further than that in my intentions, but... alas, not as far as I had planned.

He finishes putting on his trousers and jumper and realizes that one sock and one Shoe are missing.

He nods his head sadly, glancing toward the window.

He puts his hands in his trousers.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, reproachfully): Yes, gentlemen! It also happens that the docking has not yet taken place, and you are already defeated! Well, at least convicted and almost punished!

What exactly did I do? Well, I met a lady. We are no longer youngsters, it is clear that we do not need much time for talking and rocking. Still, everyone understands what's what!

Theoretically, I might not have known she was married at all! Theoretically. Why jump on me right away with a tire iron? This, after all, is not pedagogical, ethical, or hygienic! Why the hell do people keep a tire iron in their apartments anyway? Know, I'm not the first...

Thinking.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, with condemnation): And yet. Here's the situation. You are a happy, or not very happy, but almost certainly a Horny husband. Come home and find your wife with some guy. Well, let's say in bed, even though we didn't have time to get to it. (He thinks sympathetically, pauses for a moment.) How should an educated person behave in this case? We must assume that from childhood we are not just taught to say Hello to strangers, if we intend to enter into a dialogue with them. So why do people always forget about this elementary rule? Not once in my practice of such excesses, not a single husband greeted me! And what do we want from this society? What peaks of self-realization and development of the level of consciousness can we talk about in this state of Affairs?

He shakes his head disapprovingly and passes, snorting indignantly across the stage.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, looking for sympathy): Well, you saw your wife with someone. So you figure it out first! If you don't say Hello, you ignoramus, at least ask what's what! And he... Don't ask how it will give (swings his fist, indicating the continuation of the remark with a gesture) In General, everything happened. Do you know how much it costs to insert your teeth now? All frustration, all waste with these rude, ignorant, uneducated narrow-minded people.

Changes the sock from one foot to the other. The other leg is exposed accordingly.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, explaining): My leg is

frozen. That one was still more or less warm, but this one was frozen. It'll warm up, then I'll change it back. That's how we live!

He sighs sadly.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, looking for sympathy): Sometimes, you know... You will come to the young lady in a fit of continuation of a beautiful evening. And you don't really want to. So somehow everything worked out, it turned out. What should I do? If you refuse, you will offend the lady. You'll leave her traumatized for life. So you have to pore over the mortal body. And you probably think that men are such dogs that they are always ready to climb under every skirt everywhere? Not at all. We like the attendants of the forest. We are happy for the common great cause. Exclusively care and attention to the fair sex, but the rest is already... Production costs, so to speak. And I must tell you that it is very insulting when you are such a caring, sensitive, responsible, noble and sympathetic person is put out of the door (shouts in the direction of the window from which he fell) or out of the window! That is even worse!

Makes a lyrical digression on the face.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, in the pose of an ancient Herald):

Ah, gentlemen! I'm really outraged!

How can you treat beautiful men like this?

I'm all flabby, cold, and exhausted,

Doubt is gnawing, was it worth it to be born into the world?

It comes out of the image of ancient characters.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, looking for sympathy):

Here we are. He spoke in verse.

These women are capable of anything.

After all, he was not diligent, he was fooling his brains,

One contact and we are capable...

Alexander covers his mouth with his hand in amazement, not expecting what he is carrying.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, excitedly): I

'll get out of here quickly,

Until I got these ideas...

Quickly leaves the stage.

ZTM.

2 scene. INDIAN

The melody of a sensual gifted dudukist sounds, worse if the flute, but also goes, and drums.

Not a bright light.

Bonfire near the Bungalow.

The setting of an Indian remote tribe.

In the center, in the robes of a leader, sits Alexander. He sits with his back to the viewer in the image of a wise leader making an important decision at the moment.

The music stops.

Alexander abruptly turns to the viewer and with burning eyes, with anxiety and an emotional explosion, announces his decision.

ALEXANDER (slowly, importantly, "under the skin»): This decision was very difficult for me. Don't think that I don't value

my fellow men. Each of You is as dear to me as your own child. And yet... I've made my decision! About half of us will die... But we accept the fight! If we don't respond, we will all die very soon.

Alexander stands up, raises his hands, and finishes the moving speech as emotionally as possible.

ALEXANDER (loudly, charged): We are not strangers here to wander, hide, and find new places to settle! We are the masters here! This is our home! And we will fight back against anyone who dares to push us!

Loud music related to the warlike motives of the tribes.

VOICE-over: Stop! Removed.

Bright light.

Alexander comes out of the role, puts out the fire. He takes off his clothes, exhales, takes out an electric kettle and a stool, carries it all to the stage, brings a mug here, pours it, drinks it. He takes his mobile phone out of his pocket, looks at the missed calls, and puts the phone back in his pocket.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, calmly, with a mug in his hand): That's it, friends. There I am the lover, here the chief of the tribe... How many fates I've played in my career... How many lives... How many emotions this scene has absorbed in its long (not long, if the theater is new) life...

Alexander goes to the forefront with a mug, sits down, his legs hang down in the aisle to the audience.

He takes a SIP and puts the mug down next to him.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, sharing in a friendly way): You know... I played in an Indian Saga here. In General, in many different eras there is an actor. And there is much to learn in every era. Not just for me, but for humanity as a whole. People are generally similar in their aspirations at all times. In this regard, we are not far from the beginning of time. Most people are still chasing fame and fortune. But still, each period has its own pearls, or at least those people who draw the attention of the public of their time to the true values of man. So when I played the leader of the tribe, I became imbued with what we now call patriotism.

Alexander gets up and walks to the center of the stage.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, pathetic): The leader! Chief of the tribe! This is, in fact, in those days, your President of your people! Small or not very small, but people. And here's what's interesting, just imagine! The President of those times was ready to give his life for every member of his society. For every representative of your people! And the people of the tribe were ready to give their lives for the leader without thinking. (Viewer) Do you think this trend has continued today?

ALEXANDER (to the audience, cautiously): I must admit, I'm not sure about this. There are many things that remain unchanged in the history of human civilization. In General, our primitive level of development is still far from what we could be today, if not for the greed, ignorance and hostility of the tribes, which is not new then and today... But it's not easy for

me to accept the fact that we are... modern people of the 21st century have a lot to learn from those... ancient undeveloped at first glance of the tribes. I'm not talking about their secret knowledge of astrology and numerology, which they passed on from generation to generation, which we have only barely comprehended through modern science... I'm talking about a simple, superficial at first glance observation. What is the word of that leader and the word of the current President worth? It doesn't matter which country. The system as a whole is one. The attitude of the people to the leader and to the President. Their relationship to each other... The enmity between the clans then and the peoples today – all this remains, but within the tribe... within today's country... There are changes here. And I would not say that there is progress for the better. Oh, well... Life goes on as usual, and there were dissatisfied people at all times.

Alexander busily goes to the filming location.

ALEXANDER (loudly, to the film crew): Guys, let's have another duplicate! I have an idea how to present this scene more vividly.

Music as in the beginning of the scene.

Sits back in the image of the leader, turns away from the viewer.

ZTM.

3 scene. WOMEN

In a white suit, to lyrical music with a large bouquet of roses in his hands, Alexander enters the stage.

He is somewhat philosophical, with love, with complete dedication and self-denial.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, tenderly, warmly, with love, respect and honor): You know, I've played women many times in the theater and in movies. And I think I've learned to understand them a little. However... The sad thing about this situation is that I've learned to understand what most men don't understand about men. .. What a century is measured out in the yard, and we still have not learned to understand not only each other, but even ourselves. And even this very understanding, in my opinion, is already a breakthrough. At least, there is already something to start from. But in this context, I don't want to talk about men. I'm going to talk about women now. Men, you can take a NAP for now.

He walks across the stage, takes a deep breath, and creates a state of anticipation in the audience with careful, gentle glances.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, tenderly, warmly, with love, respect and honor): Woman... Oh, how grateful I am to heavenly father for making you like this... How much is given to us, men, to experience next to such a creature as a woman. And if these minutes, hours, years, or even lives do not bring us joy, it is only because we are not able to correctly accept Your bestowal.

Dear, dear, beloved women, I would like to give You today a piece of warmth, a piece of the respect and admiration that my heart has always burned for you.

I... would like to sincerely ask your forgiveness on behalf

of all men. On behalf of all The men you've ever met. I am not going to ask your forgiveness for the meanness and insults that my brother once caused you. No, let everyone answer for this one. I want to apologize for something else. For the fact that none of us men are fully given an understanding of Your beautiful feminine essence. For the most part, we judge women superficially. Of course, the eye is our highest court and chief Prosecutor. What does he see besides shapes, clothes, and lips? Our eyes are focused on a rather narrow spectrum. We feel that there is something inside under the imprisonment of the human mind. And what is hidden under the female beauty, so it is difficult even to imagine, but rather scary. There is an immense force that can sweep away its wave in both directions. She knows how to create and destroy no less. This is the Canon of immeasurable power. Yes, it's a shame that the male immature essence is given this power to control. And sometimes it's up to us to decide which direction to channel the storm of passion.

Ah, women... Well, how Can I not love you? What turns of Your gestures. And I'm not talking about the body, but about actions, thoughts, and what's in the bowels.

And today, on behalf of the men, I want to apologize for our stupidity. Yes, if we knew who protects us, who keeps and spoils us sometimes. What a gentle hand life takes care of us. We would be very different creatures. We would live in Eden on Earth.

Dear, beloved, beautiful, charming women, I say thank You today. Thank you that you will not hear anywhere or from

anyone! It's a little different, believe me.

Alexander descends from the stage and begins to distribute roses to women in a chaotic manner... Not just the first row.

In the process of distributing roses continues his speech, or rather reading poetry.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, tenderly, warmly, with love, respect and honor):

How can I describe in words what is beyond the edge?

That the soul teases from the inside.

What kind of invisible edge

Touch the viewer's heart inside.

Especially when that viewer is a virgin.

Father's beautiful creation.

There is no room for gratitude here.,

We should delight You to no end.

You should be exalted as the mother of creation,

All that is left of the once man.

Men are stingy to the point of ecstasy,

Meanwhile, You are our daily talisman.

Forgive us, we didn't appreciate everything,

To see a part is given to us from everything.

And what they saw, they immediately ruined,

And we ourselves suffer from it.

I understand, a lot of grief was given,

The offense fed You sometimes,

And you meanwhile as, restrained sea,

You lead us like a wave.

Thank you for your patience and care,
For all the things we don't understand.

You are the books of wisdom! And we are on the binding,
We are used to sculpting them.

Pleasant soft music is playing.

Alexander distributes all the roses, makes his way to the stage,
and after blowing everyone a kiss, enclosing it in a figurative
heart.

The music stops.

The Director's annoyed voice is heard through the megaphone
(a businesslike, not too positive voice in the recording): So,
Sasha, in General, it will go, the suit fits well, the flowers
are in place, but what kind of poems? What does Geneva
have to do with it? What is this mixed-style speech of the
seventeenth and twentieth centuries? So! So, to bring everything
to a common denominator, to give commonality and to revise
the text. Tomorrow we will rehearse this episode in a different
interpretation!

Alexander obediently listens to everything, instantly losing his
charm, becoming an "ordinary gray man".

ALEXANDER (to the Director, obediently): Well, I'll review
some episodes, try to fix all the flaws tomorrow.

Alexander leaves the stage in a drooping mood.

ZTM.

4 scene. FRIEND

Plays music in the style of chanson.

In a bandit cap, in an Olympic jacket, in a sporty style, with a swaggering gait with a bottle of beer in his hand, Alexander comes on stage a little haggard. The complete opposite of the image of the previous scene, it is desirable that people in the audience hardly recognize the same actor in it.

The music stops.

ALEXANDER (the viewer premedicine manner of communication): Yeah, we had a nice walk with rootie that night. I woke up recently.

He yawns, puts the bottle aside, puts his hands in his trousers, and sits down in a chair, leaning back to the maximum and stretching out his legs.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, in a pribandichennoy manner of communication): All the same, don't say anything, but a friend is a friend! This is the most important thing in a kid's life! There is no reliable real friend, consider you a nobody! Empty space. Because you are judged by your friends. An old saying, but true: "Tell me who your friend is, and I'll tell you who you are."

I approached this issue carefully. My father has been telling me since I was a child: "Look, Sanek! Choose your friends so that they can always cover your ass at the right time." And I'll tell you, it's not an easy job to rally a loyal and reliable team around you. So much slag among people, it's easy... Here you look..., like nothing parnyaga. Says everything correctly, thinks in the

right direction, and even does something in life. And as the smell of fried, look – swam comrade... Not... As stated in the song Vysotsky: "There aren't many real wild ones, so there aren't any leaders." Just like in life. There are a lot of people, but people... almost not.

He gets up from the chair and walks across the stage, blowing one nostril on the floor and wiping his nose with his hand.

ALEXANDER (the viewer premedicine manner of communication): I was looking for a friend. Tried. I looked at situations. Again I searched, again I compared, made conclusions, and again I searched. And I even at a certain point began to doubt at all that real male friendship exists. So, I thought, only in movies show, but in books write different hacks. They don't care... sit and think. Writers, by the way, are usually reserved and unsociable people themselves. And they have such friends that they are real... However, I do not know, I do not know personally, but I suspect that they are all science fiction writers and dreamers.

Once I got stuck with the friendship, two got stuck. The third time already thought. What do I need it for? How is it here? You are always ready to answer for yourself, but for someone else... That's a question. With whom to crush the bubble – this has never been a problem. With whom to go out – also zavsegda company will pick up. And it is better to solve serious issues yourself. Here, even if you've made a mistake, you can sort it out yourself. You know where everything is and for what. You don't have to

find anyone to blame. So there are advantages. You don't need to spend money on birthdays, you don't have to listen to whining for life. Free time car. You don't owe anyone anything. I got a call from a... friend at the time. Help me, he says, dig a hole in the garage so that the car can be repaired conveniently. I just got out of the shower after my shift. I'm lying on the couch, sipping a beer, and here's your application. Of course, all I really wanted to do at that moment was dig a hole for someone in a stuffy, dusty garage on the outskirts of town, where I still had to manage to get through traffic. The limit of dreams, of course. So after all, it is inconvenient to refuse, a friend after all. How can I not help my friend? What kind of friend would I be?

Dressed, Packed, and headed out. I spent two days on this good cause. Then in the end everything collapsed, he drove a concrete mixer and brought everything to zero. And the car, he says, I'll fix it in the service, if you need anything. That's what friendship is.

Or here, too, was a friend. Moved three times a year. We don't hire movers if you have friends. Sure, I got a call, hi, can you help me?

I hesitated to take these baths of his to the ninth or fourteenth floor. He really gave me a present. On the sixth floor of the oven. It was easier there. Every time a new building, the elevators are not connected yet. Furniture, clothes... In General, I spat on it all when I first came down with my back. This friendship costs me dearly.

Curiously, if I need something, then somehow miraculously everyone is busy. Who went to the country, who dries up after drinking, who works hard at their parents' dacha. Or they just don't pick up the phone, as they know that I'm calling for a reason.

Don't... guys, this is something... not friendship this, and stupidly use and obtaining benefits in those or other circumstances. Remember your friends, how they met, how they communicated. Everyone first of all tries to find out in what circles you communicate, what you breathe, what garters you have and, accordingly, in what way you can be useful to a potential friend. If you can't be useful in any way, then why do you need such a friend? What's wrong?

Well, that's what it's about. I don't know about women's friendship, but men's friendship is complete... (sighs) Yes.

Moves to the center of the stage, as if backing away, not quickly.

ALEXANDER (the viewer premedicine manner of communication): Well, recently here with a spine have zakonchilis. So he explained to me that it was just a bad thing I had. The stripe is black. It turns out that with friends it, this strip, also happens, not only with life circumstances. This is a normal type. We sat and talked. Then we went to the club... Then I don't remember. But I remember that we agreed to go with him today to solve some issue. Someone owes him money. There's a story like this... In General, they threw the kid. Well, we need to help

the little man.

Groan.

ALEXANDER (to the audience, sympathetically): my friend still...

Leaves the stage to the music of the chanson style, taking with him the bottle with which he came.

ZTM.

5 SCENE. BALL

18th century. Times of the Empress Catherine the Second.

The music heard at the appropriate points in time.

If you can at least partially recreate the atmosphere of that time on stage – it will be great, if not, you can beat the concentration of light on the actor and music.

In a magnificent dress, women's clothing, a wig and other attributes that were in place by the end of the 1760s, Alexander appears on the stage, spinning in a dance.

The simplest makeup, pink cheeks, inspired face and most importantly – posture.

The music stops.

Alexander slowly stops dancing.

Stands up in half a turn to the viewer, covers himself with a fan, which respectfully covers himself.

ALEXANDER (in a woman's voice):

Oh, really, I'm surprised,

Where did the courage go?

Like a bird in the sky I fly,

But only in dreams, in life – opal.

As if the sky is angry,

Left the young ladies without a pair.

The Canon of husbands was courteous to us,

Now we have lost the spell

Left on their own,

For a rare case of fun.

Tired to complain about the fate,

The head was replaced by the power.

Alexander coughs, tired of speaking in a thin female voice, furiously folds the fan and throws it backstage on his nerves.

She casually pulls off these feminine garments and wipes her face.

He is, to put it mildly, dissatisfied.

ALEXANDER (in a rage, in his own voice): There are a lot of people in the troupe. Actresses sit idle, so no, the Director saw some of his own zest in dressing up a man as a young lady. (As emotionally as possible, pulling off the remnants of outfits, wiping the Marafet from the face) What should I do with my voice? With your belly? (he shakes his stomach with his hands.) It's not very clear what happened here. I had to not eat for a month, and what is most offensive – not to drink!

Artist – do not drink! Can you imagine what it's like? This is crazy! This constant transformation of learning roles, a change of scenery, environment and even time! The emotional state from the frying pan into the fire. And I don't have to drink? And then

here on the stage to play a secular young lady and a gentle, not squeaky voice to release thin, pliable passes to representatives of the Palace intelligentsia? I'm ready to run them down with my bare hands, because they sneer at me, and I'm here in this rags anneal... And at the same time, I need to be playful, high-minded, moderately frivolous, but still high-minded young lady with them.

He puts his hands on his hips and exhales hopelessly.

ALEXANDER (somewhat distantly): Business... the

Director's annoyed voice is heard through the megaphone (a businesslike, not too positive voice in the recording): something doesn't suit you, Alexander? We can find a replacement for you, if everything is so fundamental!

ALEXANDER (apologetically, making excuses, looking for the Director in the audience): No, no, it's all right! I agreed to this. And lost weight and prepared... This is all true... a moment of weakness. Stress comes out. It seems to be out, we can continue. (After a short pause, changing his tone) Excuse me. (Somewhere behind the scenes) Bring a fan, please.

The music for ballroom accompaniments corresponding to the time of the episode is played again.

Alexander reluctantly pulls on ladies' outfits.

ZTM.

6 SCENE. REVELATION

Dim lighting.

Alexander weary gait goes on stage in his. In ordinary

everyday clothes, without makeup, hairstyles, as I used to go in everyday life.

Tired, good smiles.

ALEXANDER (somewhat self-denying):

now the troupe has dispersed... and the Director has Left the theater.

I'm here alone now, as often in the evening.

Yes, not always successful, but still an innovator,

Not so the soul trembles when people are crowded around.

He sits on the stage floor and looks around the room with a warm, kind smile.

ALEXANDER (heartfelt, from himself): I'm so tired of playing other people's roles... living other people's lives. I gave so much energy, effort... left so many other people's emotions here on the stage... I miss my life so much, the moments when I don't have to play... When I – I! And this almost never happens. The rehearsal, the game, the circumstances in which I, (addressing the audience) like all of You, have to play certain roles. The role of father, mother, husband, son, friend, girlfriend, mistress, and so on...

You know... there are a lot of people... people who like to live other people's lives. That's right love! They like to stick their nose everywhere, which is not very desirable for a visit. They try to command, or manipulate other people's lives..., teach and teach everywhere, especially when no one asks them to. Especially when no one needs it. There are people... who just can't... they

just don't know how to live their own lives... Most often, only because they simply do not have their own life as such. Either because it failed, or because once, for some reason, their lives just ended. It happens. I do not judge, but rather sympathize. Anything can happen. .. it also happens that life is over, but the person still exists. And he has no choice but to meddle in other people's lives, to live other people's lives...

What I want to say... Perhaps such people... They would be able to bring great benefit to society not by forcing others to live, or relatives, or friends... in a word, other people by interfering in their lives and trying to rule something there in their own, as it seems to them, the right way. And... perhaps such people would be useful in a different way... maybe just the actor's fiefdom needs such people... Imagine what artists, writers, and screenwriters would be like today... artists and musicians... If these people only lived by what they did. And not because this is their job, but because these people simply can't live any other way, and they don't want to. If such people would give themselves with complete immersion, with complete self-denial, with complete dedication in the lives of others that are necessary to society, expressed in lines, paintings, music, or in acting on stage or in movies...

It seems to me, history knows such cases... And all these cases, as a rule, Yes... they cause trembling feelings and sometimes pity for the fates, but always admiration for what and how a person did... How he lived someone else's life.

Be an actor... Or any creative figure – this in the eyes of many people is nothing more than pampering. It hurts me to hear how the children of actors in schools classmates shout with mockery: "Yes, your dad except for making faces on stage and nothing else can do." Low bow to parents who, hopefully, inadvertently, Express such conclusions, especially with children's ears. And then this mechanism is unwound to the harassment and psychological trauma of children whose parents put their other people's lives on the altar of art...

After all, art... this is all done not for the sake of money, not for the sake of profit and not for the sake of fame... if we are talking about real art, art by vocation, and not by the breath of a magic powerful wand. This is why we are often not taken seriously. We simply cannot be understood, and misunderstanding, alas, often generates condemnation.

Friends..., do not try to judge..., do not try to judge anyone, because life is really not a simple thing, and it is not easy to understand it with the human mind. Isn't it better to put in a good word for an actor, writer, musician, sculptor or artist, even if he drew a black square, and caused countless people to ecstasy and admiration... Yes, let them... He's good. There are many things we don't understand, and many things we try to condemn. .. if each of us tried to highlight positive, understandable positive aspects from any situation, and not focus on ignorance, which, alas, Is a lot without our participation, then... maybe the world would become a little brighter, more colorful, iridescent and all

this a little more beautiful.

Alexander gets up from the floor, goes to the front of the stage for the final line.

ALEXANDER (heartfelt, from himself): Yes... Every one of us, no matter what kind of profession we are, we are all actors. William Shakespeare spoke the truth: "The whole world is a theater. In it, women and men are all actors. They have their own exits and exits. And everyone plays more than one role."

In the end, it is not so important what role you played in the theater of life. Positive, negative, major or minor, or maybe just episodic... What matters is how you played it!

Friends... whatever it was... let's play our roles efficiently! With the soul, so that the second take was not needed! So that the first attempt mesmerized with its game. After all, our presence here, it is in any case episodic, no matter how many years we live ten, fifty or a hundred. Against the background of eternity, this is less than the smallest fragment. And if so, then let's at least strive to wear the proud title of "King of the episode".

If we succeed, it is already a success!

Music!

A CURTAIN

Novosibirsk, September 2020

The play "Unreal dickhead"

Dramatic Comedy for 1 hour and 15 minutes.

ACTOR

GAVRILA is not the luckiest person, to put it mildly, who, as he communicates with the audience, reveals the most dangerous mistakes in his life, those mistakes that are inherent in 99% of people. Male about 40 years old.

ACT ONE

1. GAVRILA'S APARTMENT

Uncomfortable bachelor apartment. Pretty poor environment. Small table. There's a dirty teapot on it. Cup. Almost empty coffee can, sugar bowl. An old wardrobe, a Cabinet with open drawers that do not close, from which crumpled things stick out. A chiffonier with a sagging door that holds on to its last breath. The old sagging bed is supported by a stack of books instead of one leg. The bed is unmade. On the floor is a crumpled "drunk t-shirt", a sock is lying, of course, one. Everything is piled up on the furniture and in every corner. Cutlery, glasses, plates, forks. Beside the bed is a saucer with the remains of dried fish and an empty beer bottle.

Gavrila runs into the apartment screaming. First, there is the cry, and then his carrier.

GAVRILA: AAAAAAAAAAAAAA! NO! NO!! NO!!! This can't be happening, I don't believe it! Once again on the same

rake. Well, it should have worked! After all, once you must be lucky!

Casually throws some tickets around.

GAVRILA: that Chubais with vouchers warmed up, then Mavrodi with their crazy interest rates. And twice and both times me! And so... state all-Russian lottery! Everyone wins. Everything! (to the audience) Here, watch it on TV. He won the car, the apartment. Those who went on a trip on the won vouchers, these broke the cash jackpot! Well, everyone... (irritated) everyone wins. Alone, I fly like plywood over Paris all the time. I'm probably the only one in the whole country who invested everywhere and lost everywhere. I, Gavrila Sergeyevich Mindryuchikov, a law-abiding, God-Fearing person everywhere as if I didn't sew a sleeve to anything...

walks across the stage to the far corner, looks from there indignantly, remembering something.

GAVRILA: Alyosha, the neighbor's boy! I took part in the contest only once. I went to the dacha in need, picked up a newspaper as usual, but while I was sitting there, I had nothing to do. Well, so I read there that, they say, a lottery, cut out the coupon, send it to such and such an address. Well, he cut it out, sent it, won the camera. True, almost no one uses them anymore, but it doesn't matter. What matters is that you won. Immediately! Do you understand? And I have already tried everything, and cut out Newspapers and bought tickets at kiosks and at the post office, and spat over my left shoulder and circled the tickets

around my right leg seven times (shows). I've already devoured so much waste paper while I was diluting my desires in champagne to the sound of chimes! (pauses)

I have a niece, fifteen years old. In the lottery already, that just did not win. Wrist watch! Phone – smartphone new-fangled! Laptop! (waving her hand) I didn't win anything... (laughs mockingly, but then adds seriously) She's one of my consolations...

Goes to another part of the stage

GAVRILA: or here is Ilyich, a neighbor in the garage. Fool for fool. Complete, simple, incompetent. Nothingness. My ex-boyfriend. We were homeless together. Ah kaaaaak bum, as all, from payday until payday. They survived in General. And then on! The inheritance gets. In Kazakhstan, his uncle was a big man. He didn't know about it himself. He doesn't have any children. I left everything to this idiot. So he, Ilyich, bought nineteen apartments for himself. Nineteen! Isn't he a fool? A complete idiot. (Pause) True, now he rents them all, gets something like three hundred thousand a month, or more... he left the factory. Of course, why would he? That's how I lost my partner, drinking buddy, and friend. Normal because people won like what a penny extra scolymia, so what is not a reason to drink! And this one has given up drinking! .. And why do I need such a friend? Become Depraved Ilyich. In a word, it lost its human form.

Goes to the bed, sits on it, picks up the bottle from the floor, looks carefully at the label. Peers.

GAVRILA: AA..... Ugh, damn. So that's it. I grabbed a soft drink from the shelf. That's what inattention does. I don't think it's anything like that. Brrrr (shakes his head) And this fish is dried... (he picks up the rest of the half-eaten fish from the newspaper and throws it back in disgust) It looked like a long-lived fish. ZHR+yt is simply impossible. Little that figs bite off, so still and in it such sense, that the entire salt of Russia. Brrrr (shakes his head) Oooh... (sighs, holds her head, pulls her hair)

Growls, pulls his hair hard, pulls, pulls, pulls, jumps up abruptly, looks with some crazy inspiration into the audience

GABRIEL: the Casino! Why didn't I guess sooner? Good luck is waiting for me there! (In admiration) YES!

Runs to the nightstand, pulls out a box, runs to the bed, shakes out the contents on it.

GABRIEL: the Family jewels. Shore for a special day. My finest hour has come. I'll intercept it for now. Now to the pawn shop, then to the casino (tricky) I know where there are underground establishments in our city. I know everything.

Hastily collects in his pocket stones, rings, chains that fell out of the box and runs to the exit

GABRIEL: I'll come back a completely different person! Successful! Solid! Handsome! (he puffs out his chest, points at himself, imagines what he will become) Yes, this Ilyich with his apartments will choke on saliva! I'll buy twenty! No! Thirty. Fifty apartments!!! I'm going to shut everyone up. I saw it in a secret movie (whisper) – a documentary!

Winks with cunning

GAVRILA: you bet all the time on the same number on roulette, constantly increasing the bet, and according to probability theory, at some point your number will fall out. You can say that my whole life is a constant bet on the same number, which does not fall out. Luck just doesn't have a chance to get out of it, it will choose me today in any case.

Shouts admiringly

GABRIEL: I'm rich!!!

Runs away from the apartment.

END OF THE FIRST ACTION

ACT TWO

In an apartment with an intrigue, slowly, the door does not open immediately. After a while, Gavrila enters the apartment. He's wearing only his family underpants. He stealthily dashes in, runs somewhere in another part of the stage, then runs in a third direction, then jumps out, grabs some things from the closet and runs away again. Finally, he jumps onto the stage on one leg, pulling on a pair of short, ripped jeans.

GAVRILA: It looks like it... Looks like luck has another ACE up its sleeve for me after all.

He scratches the back of his head and walks around the room. His face shows confusion.

Suddenly he jumps on the bed and lies down, crossing his legs busily.

GABRIEL: So my wife says... she Said I wasn't happy...

well... she did Express it a little differently. Oaf!

Is it the same thing? In other words, simple, I say. Sometimes the truth still called a fool. But this is loving. You know, some girls like to call their lover a fool. She was a fool, though... well straight to the fool... like not called. A fool often. Well, consider it the same. Stupid sometimes. I think it means something so masculine. I don't remember exactly. In General, she often called me such some terms that I do not know. (Smiles sweetly) But I always understood what she was trying to say, and I always appreciated it. She loved me so much, so much... (She clasps her hands to her chest in awe)

I remember not coming home from work in the evening. And the phone didn't answer. I called and called. At first I didn't pick up the phone, then the caller became unavailable. The next day I came and said that I couldn't get on the bus for a long time, it was Friday evening. Buses are full. It's a long walk to the metro, and there's no money left for a taxi. So I decided to spend the night at work. She said the phone was dead, couldn't call, wanted to walk. But I thought that it would be a long walk, it would be late, and I would already be asleep. She didn't want to Wake me up, she knows how tired I am at work. Taken care of! Another would be... and my Alinochka. She loved me very much.

He puts his hand to his lips and shakes his head.

GABRIEL: She was often so late afterwards. Sometimes she was late, sometimes she didn't come back until the next day, but I already knew that everything was fine and didn't worry. I

understood that my Elichka again thinks about me, cares, loves. Once she disappeared for three whole days. I kept calling and calling. And the phone was always unavailable. I arrived later so tired, taciturn. Shower first, then go to bed. I realized that she was very tired, that something had happened, and I did not torment her with questions. She told me everything the next day. There they have it turns out, the pipe burst. And the team is purely female, not a single man. Well, they were there as a team and struggled with this problem. Well, how did the women fight? (He laughs mockingly and throws up his hands) They were wrapping her up in some rags, but she's still running, of course. There under pressure. Squeezes it out. This I know, I had hydraulics in technical school! That's how they fought the flood. Wrapped in rags, then removed them ran – squeezed, and again wrapped. And again they ran – squeezed. That's how they ran for three days, until someone thought of them to call the emergency service. Women, what to take from them. The phone was dead, of course, and she didn't have time to look for a charger anywhere. I have a good one... was. She wasn't smart enough to know about the emergency service, but she didn't need to, with a husband like that. I myself have always been a think tank in the family, a decision-making body and any communication issues!

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