

Plays
for 5,6,7,8,9,10 people

Collection №4

Nikolay Lakutin

СОДЕРЖИТ
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ

БРАНЬ

18+

Nikolay Lakutin
Plays on the 5,6,7,8,9,10
people. Collection №4

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Аннотация

This collection contains modern classic, fantastic, new year's and extravagant plays of the 2019-2020s with the number of actors from five to ten people. Performances based on some of the plays listed in the collection are already being staged on the territory of the Russian Federation. Содержит нецензурную брань.

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Play for 10,9,8 or 7 people "Hear or see"

Fiction. Drama. Comedy. Duration is two hours.

A play in two acts.

ACTOR

PHILIP Georgievich – Director of the company, "happy owner" of the gift;

VACHAGAN – the question of who he is remains open to the viewer (the actor's voice is required mysterious, voluminous);

YANA – Philip's wife;

JULIA – the mistress of Philip;

YULECHKA's LOVER – a cameo role without words.

ANTON is an employee of the company, Logist;

YURI – employee of the company, the Manager;

NATALIA Viktorovna – company employee, accountant;

GENNADIEVICH – an employee of the company, a driver (preferably a tall actor with a tummy);

MARK – a homeless man, a tax collector, a cameo role.

The play provides a record (the true thoughts of the characters) of almost all the characters. The sound engineer has a very serious job ahead of him, but it's worth it.

Combining roles:

Vachagan, Gennadievich and Yulechka's lover or Vachagan

and the lover can be played by one actor, at the discretion of the Director.

Mark and Yuri or mark and Anton are also interchangeable roles.

ATTRIBUTES REQUIRED FOR STAGING:

Three office desks, three office chairs, three laptops, an office phone, an office sofa, a cooler with a water bottle, a pile of documents. Scenography of the working office environment at the discretion of the Director.

The play also involves two different living spaces (no frills). Wardrobe, bed, chair, table, the rest is at the discretion of the Director.

To simulate a forest, you will need several Christmas trees (you can use artificial Christmas trees)

Small safe water explosive packages attached to the actor's body (preferably) or computer graphics simulating flying water splashes.

Safe fireworks that spray fireworks in a diameter of no more than 2 sq. m. (highly desirable)

You will need two large trained sheepdogs for the production!!! (highly desirable), otherwise dummies or children dressed in authentic dog costumes will do, but the effect will not be the same.

From special effects, it is highly desirable to create snowfall, rain, thunder, as well as wind that reaches the audience (it is extremely and extremely desirable to implement all this)

The season of events is autumn (September – October)

Due to the complexity of this statement, the contract will provide for possible minor changes.

ACT ONE

OFFICE

A small office sofa for visitors, on which, snoring, huddles heavy driver Gennadievich. Desktops, laptops at which Manager Yuri and logistician Anton sit impressively, they are passionate about a computer game of tanks, play with each other over the network. The noise of gunfire and the roar of engines comes from their computers. Accountant Natalia pedicure with my bare feet on his Desk, carefully removes the cover on nails while talking on a cell phone with a friend, holding the phone shoulder to ear. With all this, the handset of the work phone breaks, but there is no one to take it, everyone is "very busy".

Finally, Natalia can't stand it, glancing at the work phone several times and looking around, picks up the phone.

NATALIA: (politely to your mobile) Snezhinotchka, could you wait a second. The phone is ringing under my ear, I can't hear you at all.

He puts down his mobile phone and puts the work phone to his ear.

NATALIA: (sternly, defiantly, boorishly) Yes! What did you want?

He listens to the phone, looks in the direction of the guys who are engaged in the game, turns to the phone.

NATALIA: (sternly, defiantly, boorishly) Yuri can't come to the phone right now, he has... negotiations!

He listens to the phone, looks in the direction of the guys who are engaged in the game, turns to the phone.

NATALIA: (sternly, defiantly, boorish) Anton is also busy right now. Do you think we sit around here all day, waiting for your call? Avral, that you as a small! Call back in... two hours.

Natalia looks doubtfully at the guys who only start hitting the keyboard harder with their fingers, their enthusiasm only increases.

NATALIA: (already moderately, without irritation) Although you know, call back better later in the evening, or even better tomorrow morning. I'll tell them you called, and if the guys are free, they'll call you back early. Have a nice day."

Natalia hangs up, shakes her head in disapproval, and shouts at the guys.

NATALIA: Yura!

The driver shudders on the couch from the scream, marking his experience of this gadfly with a particularly loud snore.

One of the guys reluctantly turns to Natalia.

NATALIA: (angrily) Yura, my God, I'm an accountant, not a Manager, why do your clients call me all the time, distract me from work!

There is an explosive, furious, victorious laugh from Anton, who jumps up from his chair and gestures humiliatingly (preferably decently) at Yuri.

ANTON: (as emotional as possible) That's it, baby, Yes!!!
Ukontrapupil Gavrik. How to drink give otchekryzhil on one-
two! On!!!

Yuri panicked looks at his monitor, realizes that he lost, jumps out of the chair in horror, starts yelling at Natalia.

YURI: (furiously, gesturing) Natasha, mother peremat, to vymat to perejimati!!! Why are you distracting me at a time like this? I almost made it! And that you! (Savagely, puffing out the veins in his neck from exertion) Myyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!

NATALIA: (Yelling at Yuri) You deal with your customers first, then you will stuff Anton's hangar with your ammunition! For some reason, you don't get any calls about accounting issues, and I'm already sick of your clients! Petropavlovsk called again, they still haven't received the cargo!

(turns to Anton, shouting) You, by the way, Antoshenka also concerns!

Anton stops making faces and dancing, which he has been doing up to this point.

ANTON: I mean, Petropavlovsk. We shipped them everything two weeks ago.

NATALIA: (angrily, to Anton) Two weeks ago, this issue was removed long ago. They sent a new request, the invoice was issued and paid ten days ago. What have you forgotten?

Natalia looks in the direction of the sleeping driver.

NATALIA: (to the driver) Gennadievich, did you take the goods to the transport company in Petropavlovsk?

The driver doesn't respond, he's asleep.

Natalya waves her hand in his direction.

YURI: (to Natalia) What's the bill? By what amount, on what date?

Yuri reaches into his laptop.

NATALIA: (to Yuri) There are two hundred and something thousand, I don't remember exactly. Look at the last bill from them.

Anton also goes to his laptop, looking for something there.

Natalia picks up her mobile phone, squeezes it back between her shoulder and ear and continues her pedicure session.

NATALIA: (into the phone, gently) yeah, Snezan. So what's this dog of yours?

then he listens to the phone, nods his head, paints his toenails.

Plays loud rhythmic music of a panicked nature (recommended Intro to "Hymn of the jester»)

All office workers are scared.

The driver jumps up like a scalded man from the sofa, rushes, runs towards the cooler. His face is sleepy and swollen (you may need makeup).

Yuri and Anton jump up from their chairs, grab their heads, frantically start pounding on the computer keyboard, disconnect some cables, hide game disks, some records and magazines under the table, jump on their chairs, "stick their noses" in laptops, create the appearance of work.

Natalia with fright falls from her chair upside down,

somewhere at the table, while only her painted leg remains in sight (to provide a soft safe fall).

Philip enters the office, looking stern in a suit and holding a mobile phone. In the other hand is a work bag. Presses the phone button, the rumbling music stops abruptly (the panic music is the soundtrack set as Philip's mobile phone ring).

Philip puts the phone to his ear.

PHILIPP: (into the phone, sternly, loudly) Hello? Yes! Ya With me can agree on. What volumes are you interested in? (he listens, expresses rejection on his face) Why are you calling me with your hundred kilos, we are a wholesale company, working from a ton. Well, we can deliver five hundred kilograms in exceptional cases, but no one will bother with a hundred here. You are welcome. Just...

Hangs up. Discontentedly looks at the situation in the office.

The driver Gennadievich is drinking water from a single glass, squinting in the direction of Philip, trying to remain unnoticed.

Accountant Natalia rummages under the table, trying to quickly put on shoes and quickly remove all unnecessary attributes of cosmetics.

Yuri and Anton, as if by chance, distracted from the pile of work, pay attention to the fact that the Director is in the office.

ANTON: (To Philip, as if surprised) Oh, Philip Georgievich! What brings you here? You're supposed to be on a business trip...

YURI: (to Philip) Good afternoon, comrade Director, what

a pleasant surprise. And here we are already missing you. The office is boring, no one knows how to joke like you, everyone is sitting rotten stunted, but the work is really in full swing, here... from Petropavlovsk, the order was knocked out for two hundred s ...something like thousands. Snatched it can be said from the hands of competitors.

PHILIPP: (To Yuri, sternly) What kind of order is this? Which they paid for ten days ago?

YURI: (to Philip) Well... (improbably, wagging) they paid, then wanted to refuse, someone offered them better terms, but in the end, thanks to my assertiveness and eloquence, we did not lose the client. All for the good of the company, Philip Georgievich, we try and work!

Philip looks at Anton.

ANTON: (To Philip, nodding) yeah. All right. We work like hell.

PHILIPP: (To Yuri and Anton) Well, I look, my eyes are so red. As if the day did not depart from the monitor. You at least have a rest sometimes, you can't do that either. There are, after all, regulations. No more than two hours in a row, then a fifteen – minute break. Have a Cup of tea, I brought it with me just in time for tea. I was released early, the negotiations were easy.

Philip goes to the accountant's Desk, puts out sweets and cookies, and notices that Natalia is rummaging under the table.

Philip leans across the table and looks down at the accountant.

PHILIPP: (Natalya) Good afternoon, Natalia Viktorovna!

Natalia looks out from under the table, confused.

NATALIA: (playfully) Hello, Philip Georgievich. Well, what are you so immediately official, Natalia Viktorovna...

PHILIP: (smiling) Yes, this is me, which can not be said in a joke conversation.

All the employees in the office start laughing hard in an instant. The Director draws attention to the driver, who inadvertently gave himself away with a laugh.

PHILIPP: (serious) I didn't understand. Gennadievich. What are you doing here? Are you a driver or what? You have a delivery schedule for two weeks in advance, everything is tight on time, and you are here to cool off...

GENNADIEVICH: (stammering) Yes... Yes I literally stabilizability to drink went. All in deliveries, working hard, and no honor! Why are you so quick, Philip Georgievich?

PHILIPP: (Gennadievich) Water means something to drink? And why is the muzzle all swollen out and dented? Not from a dream?

Gennadievich makes a humble face, lowers his hands, lowers his head in agony.

GENNADIEVICH: (plaintively) I'm starving, Philip Georgievich, I didn't want to tell you, but since you asked. My salary isn't that high, you know, and utilities are getting more expensive. I'm malnourished... result on the face. And dented – so it was in the transport company in the queue brawl was. I have a lot of cargo, so one of the guys in the queue got nervous.

They dented me a little. I suffer, I don't regret my stomach, Philip Georgievich, but you treat me like this... like I'm... ashamed to say it...

Colleagues shut their mouths, trying to cover themselves in every possible way and not give out their laughter from the driver's skillful twisting out of the situation. And yet, laughter sometimes slips from colleagues.

PHILIPP: (to everyone, sorry) Okay, what's so funny? The man over there didn't get hurt for anything. Here's a bonus for you, Gennadievich, (takes a wad of money out of his pocket, counts it out, gives the driver a nice pile of cash) you're doing a good job, I'm sorry if I said something wrong.

Gennadievich, as if reluctantly, hesitantly, accepts the money.

GENNADIEVICH: (plaintively, to the Director) I'll go, I think, there really is still a lot to do.

PHILIPP: (driver) Can we have a Cup of tea with you? You won't get enough of water. And so you see... plump...

GENNADIEVICH

: Thank you, Philip Georgievich, I'll have something to eat on the road, there's money now (shows everyone the bonus money, colleagues look at the driver with indignation). I'll go, I won't waste any time. We are all considered one family, we work in the same pot, if someone gives a slack, then we will all feel a drawdown.

Philip is moved, wipes a tear from his eye, hugs the driver, pats him on the shoulder.

PHILIPP: (driver) Come on, Gennadievich, take care of yourself. We need you and your family... Don't worry too much about it, either.

Gennadievich nods to the Director in a friendly and respectful manner, and leaves the office with the grimace of a modest hero.

PHILIPP: (to all the rest, cheerfully, positively) Well... a Cup of tea?

Loud positive music is playing (recommended by Passion Fruit "The Ring Ding Dong Song").

Colleagues on the rise begin to approach the table, cheerfully and joyfully dancing, carry their mugs, Philip unpacks Goodies, a pleasant organizational moment is coming.

ZTM.

MISTRESS'S APARTMENT

The apartment has an intimate atmosphere. Prepared a bed, a table with refreshments. Twilight.

Yulechka in a short dressing gown defiles in a great mood, dancing. From the bathroom comes the sound of running water (shower).

Yulechka longs for upcoming events, all this is reflected on her face. The girl straightens the bedclothes, gently and tenderly straightens the sheet.

The sound of running water stops.

The girl enthusiastically looks in the direction of the upcoming appearance of the desired man.

A man in a large sombrero comes out in a long, beautiful

dressing gown, his chest puffed out, and an important feigned gait. The man's face is not visible, as well as everything else, except for bare feet and hands, but it is clear that this is a man. And his intentions are not ambiguous.

Yulechka gets out of bed, begins to passionately untie her dressing gown, when suddenly the doorbell rings.

The characters freeze in their movements.

Philip's voice is heard from the other side of the door.

PHILIPP: (playing voice) My love! I'm here! Meet your baby bird soon!!! loud

rhythmic music of a panicked nature is playing (the introduction to the "jester's Hymn" is recommended)

Yulechka runs around the apartment in a panic, does not know what to grab. The man grabs his things from the chair, gestures and asks the girl where to go. After a short thought and panic throwing, Yulechka helps the man hide under the bed, he hardly fits under it. The girl covers the visible space with a blanket to the floor, gets better, goes to open the door.

Philip enters the apartment beaming with joy with a bouquet of flowers, takes out the phone, throws off the call. The music stops abruptly.

PHILIPP: (working tone) It's not working time, I'm still out. He puts the phone in his pocket, looks at the girl, and smiles.

PHILIPP: (gently) Hello, my Bunny, how I missed you.

Yulechka closes the door runs up to Philip and jumps on top of him with a squeal, wrapping her arms and legs around him.

Philip can barely hold his ground.

JULIA: (passionately kissing the neck, cheeks and nose) My love, you came, I did not prepare for nothing!

Philip puts his arm around the girl, holds her by the waist, and Yulia goes down to the floor.

PHILIPP: (gently) Really waiting for?

JULIA: (very honestly, reverently) Very! PHILIP

: (gently) But I'm supposed to be on a business trip right now, right? I decided things quickly and first of all to you, I wanted to make a surprise.

JULIA: (gently, pressing his cheek to the man's shoulder) Filechka, my love, I'm waiting for you all the time. It doesn't matter where you are! In my heart you are always, you are always here (puts Philip's hand to his left breast). Feel that, honey? Do you feel how much love is placed in this fragile chest?

PHILIPP: (embarrassed, bursting with compliments) It is not so you have too fragile...

JULIA: It's an allegory, silly. I'm speaking figuratively. In General, the fewer words, look at this!

The girl turns Philip to the center of the room and the man is presented with a romantic view, a ready, untouched table, two wine glasses, a bed spread out.

Philip opens his mouth in surprise, wiping his lips with his fingers in anticipation and delight.

JULIA: Everything for you, my love, everything for you!

from UNDER the BED: (short, indignant): Ahem-ahem...

Philip turns around, not UNDERSTANDING what it was just now.

Yulia immediately begins to clear her throat, trying to make her voice as rough as possible.

JULIA: I've been waiting for you so much, hoping so much, I couldn't say a word because of the experience of our separation, my voice sank completely. But this is nothing, the most important thing is that my (loudly, addressing under the bed) WOMEN'S FUNCTIONS ARE NOT OTRAFIROVALIS IN RELATION TO ONE MAN FROM THESE AWKWARD CIRCUMSTANCES!

Philip hugs Julia gently, carefully stroking her on the back.

PHILIPP: (gently, carefully) My girl, I had no idea that our separation was so painful for you. Do you really love me that much?

YULECHKA: (recoiling, looking into her eyes) Are you still in doubt? Yes, I'm already pounding all over with emotions and separation! With you, I generally have every time as the first time. I didn't even know it happened.

PHILIPP: (guiltily) I'm sorry, my girl, I blurted out without thinking. You're really shaking all over. Here, take the flowers, the ones you love.

Philip gives the girl flowers, she shows that she was offended, but accepts the flowers, goes with them to the kitchen, dubbing Philip a biased look.

Philip shakes his head guiltily, showing his disappointment in

himself, and covers his mouth with his hand.

Takes off his jacket and sits down at the table.

PHILIPP: (loudly, sucking up) Yule? Really, how long have we been Dating?

From somewhere behind the door jamb, Yulia's frightened face looks out.

PHILIPP: (loudly, fawning) My love, we're probably already celebrating our anniversary! For...

JULIA: (interrupts, doesn't let me finish) Five minutes you're already tearing my heart out! For five minutes, Pilecka, well, what does it matter now? Hold me quickly, can't you see how much I'm yearning? Enough words, run to the shower and get down to business, otherwise I'm just going to tear apart from the tension!

Philip jumps up happily, grabs something from the table, shoves it into his mouth as he goes, and tries to unbutton his shirt in the process.

JULIA: (moans, dripping sexy down the closet) Rather cute, rather!!!

Philip excitedly grunts, gestures something to himself, runs off to the bathroom.

The girl sees that he is gone, whispers in the direction of the bed, corresponding to the situation by changing the intonation.

YULECHKA: (in a whisper, to her lover) You've got three minutes to get ready, come on, get laid!

A man starts to get out from under the bed, a door slams from

the bathroom, and Philip quickly returns to the room without his shirt. He smiles affectionately and flirts.

The man fussily crawls back under the bed. Philip doesn't notice him.

PHILIPP: Sorry, another bite, I'm so hungry, I just had a Cup of tea at work, and everything here is so delicious.

He grabs something from the table and puts it in his mouth.

Yulechka runs up to Philip, passionately stroking his back, scratching his stomach with her claws, moaning.

JULIA: (very sexy) Yleaaaa, I can not, rather, in the shower, rather. Let's go there together, and we'll eat later...

Yulechka drags Philip into the bathroom, and a man hastily, cautiously crawls out from under the bed, grabs his things, and leaves the apartment.

ZTM.

PHILIP'S HOUSE

Yana is sitting in a chair, knitting something, listening to music in large headphones. She looks quite presentable, this is not a typical housewife. Makeup, manicure, hairstyle, high – heeled shoes, dress is not at home. She closes her eyes from time to time, listening to the musical motifs and getting great pleasure from them, dances, bringing out the rhythm with the movements of her head.

The door opens and a grim-faced Philip enters. His wife doesn't see him, and he doesn't look at his wife. He takes off his jacket, hangs it on a hanger at the entrance, takes out his

mobile phone, scrolls through something, puts the phone away with a dejected expression, and, taking a step towards the room, suddenly freezes in confusion, looking at his wife.

His wife does not see him, she is interested in knitting and music.

PHILIPP: (in doubt) Dear?

The wife does not hear, only dances to herself and knits.

PHILIPP: (loud) Yana?

The wife starts in surprise, takes off her headphones, but continues knitting.

YANA: (calmly, without emotion) what are you making noise about?.. What happened?

PHILIPP: (thoughtfully) No, it's just... Are you waiting for someone? the

Wife looks at her husband strangely, the husband looks at his wife strangely.

YANA: (angrily) What's going on?

: (jealously) Yes, nothing starts. It's just that the husband suddenly returns from a business trip, and the wife, you know, is sitting all dressed up, in heels, listening to music, knitting, getting high. How should I react to all this? (Shouts) What's going on in my house?

YANA: (calmly) Hmm... so if the wife is sitting at home not as a chuyryla, but as a woman, if she gets high, then she is already in fact to blame for something?

PHILIP: (jealous, shouting) Yes!

YANA: (angrily) Hmm.

PHILIP: (jealous, shouting) There are no happy wives! If the wife is happy, it means that there is some parasite that makes her happy behind her husband's back. (Shouts) Where is he?

Philip begins to rush around the apartment, looking for a lover. The wife sits quietly in a chair knitting, puts on an earpiece, continues to have fun.

Philip checks everything that is possible, approaches his wife, looking for a trick. My wife listens to music, doesn't respond to it.

Philip removes the headphones from his wife's head, bends down, and looks intently into her eyes.

YANA: (calmly) I'm listening to you carefully, Philip Georgievich!

PHILIPP: (shouts) Stop it! Stop clowning around!

Yana looks at her husband quite calmly, making eyes at him.

PHILIPP: (shouts) You.... this... You know what? You don't give me that here... Because this isn't it!

JAN: (sarcastic tone) Here you are! PHILIP

: (shouts) Stop it! Stop clowning around! Yana! Yana stop! I demand satisfaction!

Yana nervously throws aside the ball, gets up from the chair.

YANA: (seriously, shouting) Who insulted you, caught you, or humiliated you? The soup is on the stove, not yet cold, as I knew, I started cooking late. In the freezer ice cream is your favorite, yesterday I took it, I thought you would come – you will be happy. True, I waited not today, but as promised, but what

does this change? Everything is ready. The house is tidy, the wife is in place. Why are you bothering me? Set up an interrogation here. Shoes, dress? Well, I bought it today. I tried it on, but I haven't taken it off yet. Make-up, hairstyle for this case navayala, I wanted a little pokayfovot. Have fun, damn it! All the mood is ruined!

Yana sits back in the chair, arms folded and pouting.

PHILIPP: (calmly) Voot. Now I believe you. Shouting, nervous, sulking... it's all right, I'm home.

Philip goes into the kitchen, rubbing his hands together contentedly.

PHILIPP: (speaking softly to the audience, as if to himself) The best defense is a good offense.

Philip winks at the audience and disappears behind the wall.

YANA: (with resentment) What a man...

shakes his head, takes off his fancy shoes, picks up the discarded ball, puts it on the chair, takes away the headphones and shoes.

They return to the room together.

Philip is already at home, nods contentedly, wipes his mouth with a napkin, takes the newspaper and sits down on a chair. Yana stands up, leaning against the wall, looking at her husband from under her brows.

YANA: (with resentment) HOW's the soup?

: (calmly, without looking up from the newspaper) Normally.

YANA: (sadly) Normally...

Yana shakes her head in resignation and is about to go to the kitchen, but her husband stops her.

PHILIPP: Wait a minute. Come here to me.

Yana

approaches her husband, Philip grabs her, puts her on his lap, Yana involuntarily smiles through her sadness.

YANA: Well, stop it... the

Wife is not particularly, but still, as if trying to escape.

PHILIPP: (serious)

YANA: (looking away, calmly) Love.

Philip puts his hands on his wife's head. Kiss.

ZTM FOREST

Lightning flashes, thunder is heard, the sound of rain. The light flashes. Semi-darkness is set. From the edge of the trees in a raincoat, Philip makes his way to the stage, cringing, with a basket in his hand.

He puts down his basket, looks indignantly at the sky, and winces. He takes an armful of mushrooms out of the basket and looks at them with regret.

PHILIPP: (loudly, plaintively) And the devil took me this weekend to get out into nature. I didn't really want these mushrooms that much. I would be sitting in a comfortable chair, warm, watching TV, inhaling the aroma of burnt cutlets on the stove. This is romance, this is recreation, a worthy pastime.

What's this? (Loudly, as irritated as possible) Ugh!!!

There is a flash, deafening thunder, and the lights go out.

PHILIPP: (in a trembling, fearful voice) Oops... Oppulence... What was that just now? Where is the light? The Eclipse seems to be for the next couple of hundred years was not promised... Ggggggreat something like that somewhere... (shouts in the dark) People!

Turns on the light, dimness. On the stage with two large dogs (for safety reasons on leashes, if the dogs are real) is a tall man in a raincoat and hood facing Philip. Philip is startled. It is advisable to shout so that even the viewer shudders, given the unexpected situation. If the dogs are trained to bark at the cry of Philip – this will be aerobatics, if not, you can use an audio recording of the bark.

PHILIPP: (with a panicked, strangled cry) Aaaaaah!

Philip's legs give way from fear, and he falls into an awkward Crouch, trying to say something inarticulate in a trembling voice.

VACHAGAN: So you say... damn you... well,well. Take it higher, Philip Georgievich... Let's get acquainted – Vachagan!

There is a flash and thunder. The gloom is restored, and the sound of rain fades, but it doesn't stop.

VACHAGAN: (important, heartfelt, deep) these Mushrooms are for you in so far as, my friend. But our meeting was supposed to take place... I should have! PHILIP

: (in a strangled, panicked voice) I didn't make an appointment with anyone here, you've got me confused with someone else.

I'm not...

VACHAGAN: (interrupts in a grave voice) I know all about you. Even what you don't know! Haven't you ever wondered about the sincerity of your friends?.. close... colleagues? At the time of choosing the necessary parameters for life, you preferred the standard set. Therefore, you are always guided by what you see, like most people... But today I'll give you the gift you've been dreaming about for so long. From now on, you will not only see, but also hear your opponent.

PHILIP: what? What does it mean? Who are you? How do you know...

VACHAGAN: (interrupts in a grave voice) Now you will hear the true thoughts of a person. This gift will be given to you for as long as you wish. Yes, be careful, try not to go crazy after you see the "true faces" of people...

PHILIP: Vachagan? What a strange name... Who are you?

VACHAGAN: (with a grin) Hah... also my desire... Well, hold on... Good luck!

Flash, thunder, lights go out.

There is a startled cry from Philip.

Plays loud rhythmic mysterious music (recommended introduction to "the sorcerer's Doll")

CURTAIN

The music stops.

ZTM

END OF THE FIRST ACTION

ACT TWO

PHILIP'S HOUSE

Philip is asleep in his bed, and his wife is not there.

The alarm goes off, Philip groans, wakes up, turns off the alarm, sits on the bed, holds his head in his hands.

Yana enters the room in her home clothes, Slippers, no manicure on her hands, no trace of her hair left.

Yana carries a plate of porridge for her husband, a piece of bread, a spoon.

YANA: are You awake? Here you go, eat the rice you like sweetened.

Yana gives the plate to her husband, he looks at his wife in a dazed way, accepts the plate, thinks something to himself, and begins to eat.

YANA: Well, tell me. What happened to you yesterday?

Philip looks up from his meal and looks at his wife strangely.

PHILIPP: What happened to me yesterday?

YANA: I don'T know... You came in late, all wet and drunk... It looks like you ate some raw mushrooms that you picked, and who knows what you picked there, because in the basket that you brought, there were only a few bitten White legs, one red leg, a couple of spat Buttercups that didn't seem to be to your taste, and a hat of Aspen.

YANA's voice in THE recording: But you didn't get poisoned, you bastard, you just gave me hope for nothing...

Philip shudders. He looks around with wide eyes, then looks

at his wife. He scratches his ear and shakes his head.

PHILIPP:

YANA'S VOICE in the recording: Aha, it looks like a couple of toadstools did shoot. It's kind of slow... there's something wrong with the rumors. Maybe there's still a chance...

Philip shudders again. He looks directly at his wife. The porridge from the plate in his hand begins to fall to the floor, Philip doesn't notice, his mouth opens in surprise, and he begins to understand what is happening.

Yana looks at him as if nothing has happened, with the humble, decent look of a wife.

YANA'S VOICE IN THE RECORDING: (Joyous) So... So... well,well,well,well... It looks like my prayers were answered after all. Well, come on, honey, well davaaaaay....

YANA: I say, I was worried about you, no matter how poisoned. I don't know where I went, what I did. He came home looking strange and thoughtful. I was even afraid to approach you. I looked around the corner as you struggled to undress and fell asleep. So I ask... What happened, my dear? How are you? The porridge is falling on the floor, be careful... Everything okay?

PHILIPP: (sighs) Phew... I don't understand it myself. Some kind of haze. So I got drunk last night? Probably because of this. I was in such a downpour yesterday. All the world was cursed. It would be better to sit with his beloved wife at home, watch a movie. Why didn't you stop me?

YANA'S VOICE in the RECORDING: (Annoyance) Why the hell would you give me up here, sit with you and watch a movie? I think it's a false alarm. Held by a cucumber. Know neomails.

YANA: (trembling) I... didn't think of it. I respect your choice. A man must have his own space, well... I thought you would relax, gain strength, come home happy, rested...

Philip looks doubtfully at his wife, strokes his chin with the palm of his hand, puts the porridge aside.

YANA'S voice in the recording: (indignantly) What are you looking at, goat?

YANA: Something wrong, my love?

PHILIP: (holding back feelings) Hmm... uh-huh... all clear... favorite means...

YANA: (Gently) Yes, my love...

YANA'S voice in the recording: (indignantly) Favorite – favorite... was once... my mother's, I guess... Who else would love you, a poor one... However... there was one fool... How did I fall for it? I don't know.

Philip shakes his head, trying not to show his angry, angry look.

IAN: (thoughtfully) Will you be late for work, dear?

YANA'S VOICE in the recording: (indignantly) Get out of here...

PHILIP: (holding back his feelings) NDA... I think it's really best for me to go to work now... (With insight) Oh... by the way... work... we'll clear it up there now... Well, guys... keep.

Philip is furious, and hastily puts on his work clothes, grabs his bag, and slams the door, leaving the house.

The wife looks at all this with interest and incomprehension.

YANA's voice in the recording: What's wrong with him? No, something is happening...

Yana sits down, puts the porridge that has fallen on the floor back into the plate on her knees, and stands up.

YANA'S voice in the recording: Okay, we'll figure it out. Gone and, thank God. So I belong to myself until tonight. (Intricately) And maybe not just for yourself...

Yana goes into the kitchen, dancing in a great mood.

ZTM. OFFICE

The picture is already traditional. A small office sofa for visitors, on which, snoring, huddles heavy driver Gennadievich. Desktops, laptops at which the Manager Yuri and logistician Anton sit impressively, they are again passionate about the computer game of tanks, playing with each other over the network. The noise of gunfire and the roar of engines comes from their computers. Accountant Natalia is engaged in this time manicure, sipping tea, does not ignore a large box of chocolates standing on her Desk, open and partially eaten, while talking on a mobile phone with a friend, holding the phone shoulder to ear.

The work office phone is broken, but there is no one to pick up the phone, everyone is again "very busy".

Anton defiantly presses a button on his laptop, leans back in

his chair, stretches, yawns.

ANTON: (To Yuri) eh... let's take a break. Let's get some tea or something. (Natalia, loudly) Natasha do you have any more candy in there?

NATALIA: (distracting from the conversation, "through the teeth») Yes, but not about your honor.

The accountant continues to go about his business, conversation, candy, manicure.

Anton and Yuri get up, smiling sweetly. They take their mugs, throw in a tea bag, go to the cooler, take water, stirring with spoons, clink mugs, going to Natalia's table. They look at me almost hypnotically. Very intently, but with a touch of irony. Begin to mix the tea more diligently, the ringing of spoons in mugs increases.

Natalia winces and writhes, but doesn't give up.

The phone continues to ring on the accountant's Desk with small interruptions to re-dial the number.

Yuri picks up the phone and answers it himself.

YURI: Hello, am I listening? That's right. Who is needed? (He looks at Natalya with his lip stuck out) On what issue? (Outstretched) Oh, from naloooooogovoy...

Natalia throws the phone of her personal phone to the side, gestures to indicate that she is not there, so that the Manager does not give her the phone.

Yuri understands everything, shows his colleague the " Ok " gesture.

YURI: (into the phone) You know, she literally just left with the reports, I think, to redirect you. (Listening to the phone) Oh, that's what you're talking about? Well, that means everything is in order, soon all the documents will be in place. (He listens to the phone) Yes, Yes, of course I understand. We just have so much work to do, Natalia Viktorovna comes before everyone else and leaves later than everyone else, all in reports, in documents. Still on it, does not have time, but she tries very hard, believe me.

Yuri hangs up the phone with a dissatisfied face.

YURI: (to Natalia) She didn't seem to believe me... and hung up. In General, the report is required quarterly...

NATALIA: Yes, I understand already. Pancake... Okay, I'll do it... in a week.

The guys continue to tap their spoons inside their mugs, and look at the accountant pleadingly.

NATALIA: All right, all right, take it. (Hands a box of chocolates to the boys) I'm already full anyway.

Natalia picks up her mobile phone.

NATALIA: (into the phone) Hello, Snezan? Are you still here?" Yes distracted again, the tax brakes. No,no, it's all right, tell me. (Loudly, violently) Here's a dog...

At this cry, a sleepy Gennadievich turns around, looking questioningly at Natalia. He looks at the guys eating candy, and the driver's face changes to a disapproving expression.

GENNADIEVICH: uh,uh, guys, what are you doing?.. are you eating candy?

He rises from the sofa, grunting.

GENNADIEVICH: It's not Christian. What about corporate ethics, male solidarity. Have you seen my mug?

Natalia pulls out a driver's Cup from somewhere and raises it above her head, not looking up from the conversation.

GENNADIEVICH: OH, thank you.

The driver takes water from the cooler, staggers sleepily to the guys, takes a candy from the box, puts it in his mouth.

Plays loud rhythmic music of a panicked nature (recommended Intro to "Hymn of the jester»)

All employees of the office get scared, drop all their business, rush in all directions.

Natalia throws the phone away, quickly removes all the manicure accessories from the table, and runs somewhere to get the documents.

The driver, choking on a candy, coughs, chokes, Yuri slaps him on the back, Anton runs to his and Yuri's computers. Something there tries to do faster, close, quickly creates a working environment.

Philip enters the office looking pleased, in a formal suit, mobile phone in hand. In the other hand is a work bag. He presses the phone button, and the music stops abruptly.

Philip puts the phone to his ear.

PHILIPP: (into the phone, fervently, cheerfully) I'm listening? Yes I. Transferred? Great. All right, I'll move it.

Puts down the phone, looks at the employees "choosing a

victim".

The driver finally clears his throat, and Yuri stops slapping him on the back.

Natalia, with documents in her hands, approaching her Desk, casually notices the Manager.

NATALIA: (sycophant) Oh, Philip Georgievich, Hello. You are so happy today, you look so good, you look so much younger and refreshed. How do you do it?

NATALIA'S voice in the recording: (offended) You came here, you brute, after all. Never lets you talk to your friend properly. I hope he didn't show up for long.

PHILIPP: (with a twofold smile) Thank you, Natasha, you are so kind. I had a good rest in nature yesterday, gained strength, shook my brain so to speak, well, that's the result on the face. (With a trick) How are you doing? You can be calm about the accounting direction?

NATALIA'S VOICE IN THE RECORDING: (mockingly) Of course you can... true, maybe someone will be put in jail for fraud and double accounting, I messed up a little in the documents there, well, like a little... for six years so strict.

NATALIA: (fawning) Philip Georgievich, what a conversation, you know me! I stand day and night at the post of our financial well-being. I can say that I protect the interests of the company with my chest (protrudes my chest forward). (As if by accident) If only someone would give me a bonus for such efforts... for my zeal for my self-denial... Ah... I would put it

bluntly... absolutely not upset... PHILIP

: (viciously, softly, turning away from the audience) I'll give you a bonus, I'll give you a bonus for six years of strict Protocol.

He turns to the accountant and tries to be polite.

PHILIPP: (with a twofold smile) Let's discuss it, Natalia Viktorovna.

Natalia sits down at the table, with a satisfied smile anticipating a solid bonus, lays out the documents.

NATALIA'S VOICE IN THE RECORDING: (mockingly) I'll roll this Murlo out for more money. I have enough for Paris and Italy. I was a little modest last month when I debited funds past the cash register. But never mind, I'll catch up this month. I'll have half a year's work under me, and then I'll have enough to live on, and the ends will be in the water.

Philip hears all this, his face confirms it, his eyes fill with rage, his fists clench, his veins swell.

The driver, catching his breath, leans on Yuri's Desk, tries to sneak away under the noise, Yuri takes his workplace, simulates complete immersion in the labor process.

DRIVER'S VOICE IN THE RECORDING: (unruly) So, valim – valim, on the quiet...

PHILIP: (loudly, violently, to the driver) Stop!

The driver freezes in place.

PHILIP: Gennadievich..., my dear. How is your health? How are you feeling?

The driver turns and tries to make a pained face.

GENNADIEVICH: (pitifully) Yes...

the DRIVER'S VOICE IN THE RECORDING: (unruly) Like you on....to globocice I do not.

GENNADIEVICH: (compassionate) Nothing, Philip Georgievich, nothing. Creaking slowly. Your prayer.

PHILIPP: Why is your face swollen again? I gave you a bonus, didn't I? Are you still starving?

DRIVER'S VOICE IN THE RECORDING: (unruly) I'll tell you what's on your tongue, right now... from hunger. It will always come when you didn't expect it. At least once I got a good night's sleep. And I would buy a normal sofa, zhmotyara, on this while you sleep, you will bend to the death, then you will not straighten up. What goes here, still does nothing at work, except to create importance. These Directors in General, in all conscience, decent shit in essence, and ours is no exception. No one thinks about employees... nobody!

GENNADIEVICH: (compassionate) I'm Sorry, Philip Georgievich. Indeed, I still save on food. I have a lot of debts accumulated, I gave out a bonus, I didn't leave anything for myself. But I'm not complaining, everything is fine, I'll manage, don't worry.

DRIVER'S VOICE IN THE RECORDING: (unruly) Oh, I didn't say a damn thing, I liked it myself. No, I'm still talented. I'm doing the wrong thing, I feel like I need to steal big, and here I am... then a ten, then a twenty of gasoline with salt... all these little things... fifty liters a week, well, do not respect yourself.

It's all wrong... scale is needed, scale! I'm just wasting my talent. Oh... what an actor is dying in me... And this.... this is it... the Director can't even buy a normal sofa.

PHILIPP: (With contempt) How can I not worry, my dear man, when such a person dies in you?.. such an honest, pure in thought and deed, sincere, sensitive person. A good man, the pride of our company!

The driver is embarrassed, stands up in a timid pose, shyly, modestly runs the toe of one foot on the floor, as if embarrassed, showing extreme timidity.

PHILIPP: (to the audience, as if to himself) And the actor is really talented. Notable plays, parasite. That means fifty liters a week... and a comfortable couch to sleep on... well,well...

GENNADIEVICH: (very located, welcoming) I will go, Philip Georgievich, there are a lot of deliveries for today, I need to do everything in time, I don't want to inadvertently disgrace the company's image.

PHILIP: Okay, go with God... the

Driver leaves, the Director looks reproachfully at his back, thinks about how to live with this further and what to do in General.

Suddenly, the Director's face changes, he hears the next lines in his head.

ANTON's voice in the recording: Sooooo, it's going to get to us.

Philip turns his gaze to Anton.

ANTON'S VOICE in the recording: Watching. Now it's getting to something anyway. So, we pretend to work. Work... Work.

The VOICE of YURI IN writing: Anton, damn, you should at least I was knocked out. I've just turned everything off in a hurry, and you're still online, so we'll sleep for a day or two... Yeah, man, I really fucked you today. And all because you have no strategy. Tactics are weak, and in General, you are a so-so opponent, what is there, more than a fee. All the same, logistics is not really engaged, even if I trained at work once again than with women with their own on Dating sites to hang out.

Philip, understanding the true situation, nods his head sadly, biting off his lower lip. He goes to Yuri, who is sitting with his back to him, and puts his hand on his shoulder.

Yuri jumps a little in surprise on the spot.

PHILIPP: (trying to hide his indignation) How's our sales Department doing, Yura?

YURI: Philip Georgievich, I'm sorry, I was working quite hard, and I didn't notice how you approached... Sales are going... going, everything is good. (Unconvincingly) I'm just developing a new region. We swim very shallow, Philip Georgievich, don't you think? Yes, the city, below us, the nearest regions, this is all fine, but there are still a lot of undeveloped territories. It's all about the customers, money, development...

PHILIP: (to the viewer, as if to himself) NDA...

PHILIP's voice is smooth.: (To Yuri) Well,well... so, how's

your progress in developing new territories?

YURI: (important) Well, Philip Georgievich, we are working! Immediately... you know, the process is not fast. While you're fishing, while they're discussing everything, while they're making faces. At the prices of the swing again, no one shies away from today. In General, I fight for the common cause, I hammer the regions, I push...

PHILIP: (playfully, loudly, to the audience) Pretty boy! What a man! This is a fighter. Shark of business!!! You're the king of the world, boy! As if...

Philip swings his fist until no one can see, aims at Yuri's head, but manages to control himself, and when Yuri turns his gaze to the Director, he hugs him with his arm raised above his head.

PHILIPP: (thoughtfully, sarcastically) Yes... This is a team, this is what I understand, strength! Power!

Philip is coming to Anton. Anton looks at the Director with the most honest and loyal eyes ever.

ANTON: (indulging) Philip Georgievich, everything is fine with logistics. There are no complaints, we deliver everything on time, and sometimes even exceed expectations. Within the organization, the supply issue is also resolved efficiently and on time. We work only with proven transport companies, local carriers and attract only legal entities during the seasonal period, so that there is someone to ask in case of anything, however, there have been no incidents about this yet, and I hope they will not happen in the future. The entire logistics system operates under

my strict guidance. We are working hard, Philip Georgievich!

PHILIPP: (to the viewer, as if to himself) Prepared... Okay... live for now... therefore, not all so tragic as it seems at first glance...

Philip Anton nods, moving away from his Desk, stops, hearing the thoughts of Anton in the back.

Anton leans back in his chair with a satisfied grin looking at the back of the departing Director.

ANTON'S VOICE IN THE RECORDING: What a fool. He doesn't know who works for whom in this organization. I love these suckers. (Philosophically) Ah... Life would be boring without fools! Thank you, God, for sending such an idiot on my beautiful path. Go, go, (mockingly) Filippok, live in your happy ignorance.

Philip turns abruptly to Anton, his arms outstretched in a belligerent attitude, lightning flashing on his face.

Anton suddenly leans back in his chair, his face showing genuine fear.

The Director pulls himself together and, coming out of the position and pose, snaps his fingers and points his index fingers at Anton.

PHILIPP: (Anton) Pretty boy!

Philip drops his hands and looks at his working colleagues in resignation, realizing that they are really slackers, deceivers, and hypocrites. He leaves with a wave of his hand.

NATALIA: (to the guys) It's not like that today... strange...

Anton drains back in his chair, recovering from the shock.

ANTON: Yeah... does the head have weakened our leader...

YURI: Man, he scares me with his behavior. No matter what happens...

Plays a growing mysterious cheerful music (recommended Linkin Park "Faint" – Intro)

(It is desirable to "shake" the viewer with a loud pulsating rhythm, by this time he is already tired).

Employees of the company sigh with relief, Natalia waves the report in front of her face, blowing herself, Anton shakes his head, leaning back in the chair with his feet on the table. Yuri scratches the back of his head and taps his fingers on the tabletop in thought.

Music plays as loud as possible.

The light gradually begins to fade.

The end of the scene ends with a rapid fading of the music volume.

ZTM.

MISTRESS'S APARTMENT

Yulechka lies in her crib, moaning and basking, gets to the edge of the bed, tries to get up. But her legs are shaking feverishly, and there are obvious problems with her balance.

YULECHKA: (staggering) Oooh, no-no-no... not now, but later.

Lies back down, enjoys the state. She holds out her pen, picks up the phone next to her, and calls her friend.

JULIA: (enough, stretching like a cat) Hello, girlfriend. How is it? (Listening to the phone) Yes? What's just like that? (Listens) Hmm... And I'm just fine... (Listens) Well, Yes, I was... (smiles tenderly, nostalgically, on a languid exhalation) I just left. (He listens, changes face, indignantly) Yes, what Philip, no, I'm not telling you about him. I had Vasily, Vasily. What did you forget? No, not this one. I've only met him a couple of times, and that was it... I remembered, too... it must have been three days, maybe four. (He listens to the phone) Oh, no, not that one. The one you're thinking of, he can barely fit under the bed. In General, an inconvenient lover, not practical, I would say! I won't meet him again... (hesitantly) probably. But this one isn't, this one is smaller, but it's more solid and hardy. How would you like to do that?.. In a word, I went to the root, you know...

Yulechka smiles intricately.

YULECHKA: (into the phone, proudly) This, girlfriend, musiiiiic! Yes... I'd go to hell for that... Why didn't you go? So because he earns little. What are we going to do with his salary in this fire and water? (He listens to the phone) No, it's like that, but it's like that, you know... not exactly like that. Something like that. Did you explain it clearly?

Yulechka stretches her lips in a smile, makes a face in the style of "CE La vie»

YULECHKA: (into the phone) What about Philip? Everything is fine with Philip. I milk it like a pretty unmarried girl should. While the feeder is working, we will meet. (Listens to

the phone, indignantly) Come on, noooo. I don't give a shit about him. Not my passenger at all. (Listens to the phone, indignantly) Listen! Don't spoil my mood, huh? It was so good... Philippa's got something on her mind. (Gently, in anticipation) Let me tell you about Vasily!

The doorbell rings.

Plays loud rhythmic music of a panicked nature (recommended Intro to "Hymn of the jester»)

JULIA: (anxiously) Another time I'll tell you, sorry, business!

The girl slams down the phone, jumps out of bed, as if limping, bent over, with hardly stretching muscles, expressing a difficult female fate, rushes to open the door.

Philip steps into the apartment dressed warmly, he is wearing a raincoat, Yulechka is transformed in an instant! She is fresh, light, gentle and inspired again!

Philip drops the call on his mobile phone, and the music stops abruptly.

The girl jumps on Philip in the usual way, wrapping her arms and legs around him.

JULIA: (gently) My love, I missed you so much, you finally came!

Philip looks suspiciously at his mistress, listens to her thoughts, but they are silent. After listening for a while, he happily hugs the girl, stroking her back.

PHILIPP: I'm so glad I have you, Julia. You have no idea how happy I am to know that I have you. You're so good... so good.

The girl sinks to the floor and gives Philip another trembling hug.

JULIA: (gently) Thank you, Filechka, it is very important for me to know that you are still interested in me.

Philip listens.

YULIA'S VOICE in the recording: It's really important for me to know this. So – loves, it's very good.

Philip smiles, takes off his outer clothing, and settles down.

Yulechka goes to the kitchen, brings out a plate of fruit, and puts it on the table in front of Philip.

JULIA: (gently) I'm sorry, I didn't have time to cook anything serious, eat some fruit while, I'll quickly figure something out.

YULIA'S VOICE IN THE RECORDING: I don't have time to do anything with my schedule, and I'm already very hungry myself. So... scrambled eggs, scrambled eggs or porridge for five minutes to cook? I'll put the horns on, it's only eight minutes after boiling, and I'll open the canned food now, it'll make a nice dinner.

Philip rubs his hands together contentedly, even happily, takes an Apple from the plate, takes a bite, and looks longingly at his mistress, who leaves the room.

A little "warming up with fruit" Philip calls Yulechka.

PHILIP: Little one, can I have you?

Yulia runs into the room.

PHILIPP: I wanted to... (thinks) I wanted to discuss a very serious matter with you.

JULIA: Philip shakes his head regretfully.

JULIA: (anxiously) God, you're scaring me. Tell me quickly, WHAT happened?

: Understand... I suddenly found out that you're the only one I can trust. That everyone around me is a traitor, a hypocrite, and ... No matter. I may be out of a job and out of a place to live for a while. Can I stay with you during this period?

Yulechka is silent, and her thoughts are silent. The girl's face lights up with a dazed expression.

PHILIPP: Don't worry, it won't be long. Maybe two months, maybe three. A maximum of six months, while I solve all the organizational issues in the company and at home. And there with the wife we exchange... well, we'll see, maybe... I'll stay here forever.

Yulechka raises her eyebrows in surprise, but is silent, the state of shock does not leave her, but only increases.

PHILIPP: The money will be needed for start-up capital in a new business. I will have to do something else, because in this area for me, as it turned out, already smells fried. Both in the company and in the family. So that... we can finally not hide from anyone. We'll live together, maybe organize a common cause. It will not be easy and at first it will not be very profitable, but we will work hard and in three or four years we will probably have more or less serious results.

Yulechka stretches her lips in confusion, looks away.

PHILIPP: (enthusiastically) honey, are you happy? We can finally be together! We will build a family and family business not on lies and deception, but on feelings! On the truth! On sincerity! We'll get up from our knees together, and then we'll think about having a baby or two... Isn't it great?

Yulechka shows her hand in confusion in the direction of the kitchen, trying to get there somehow without an answer, taking advantage of the situation.

JULIA: (anxiously) Sorry, the noodles are probably overcooked on the stove. I'll sort it out and we'll talk.

Yulia runs to the kitchen in a panic.

Philip picks up his half-eaten Apple and dreamily imagines a possible not-too-distant future as he leans back on the bed. And all of a sudden he is changing in the face; he hears the thoughts of Julia.

YULIA'S VOICE IN THE RECORDING: Hell, it looks like the store's closed. I'm the one who's going to have to find some other fool with money. I don't want to work myself, really... Ah... I feel so sorry for him, like a woman, because the man himself is not bad, he loves me, trusts me. He's making some plans for the future. These men are as naive as children... "candy" beckons, and then it's all yours. .. all right, I'll tell him something about an urgent County. I'll change my phone number and rent an apartment, and then I'll start looking for a new daddy...

A growing lyrical composition is played (recommended by

Linkin Park "Runaway" – Intro 30 seconds).

Philip gets out of bed, heartbroken. Puts the half-eaten Apple on the table, takes his clothes, and leaves the apartment.

ZTM.

PHILIP'S HOUSE

Yana is standing in front of the mirror, setting up a marathon. Chooses the perfume that would create your current fragrance. Determined with a choice.

Yana is fresh, in a great mood, dancing. Dressed quite nice and attractive. Not at home.

Philip enters the house, his face reflecting not the most beautiful feelings. He looks at his wife reproachfully.

The wife turns her gaze to her husband and continues to preen.

YANA's voice in the recording: (with a sneer) The beloved...

PHILIP has arrived: (with background) how far are you going, my love?

YANA: we agreed TO meet with our FRIENDS. Let's sit and chat...

YANA'S voice in THE recording: (with self-congratulation) Don't say anything, but you need to be able to lie. I'm telling my husband the truth. I was actually going to see a friend... a little later, but first... hmm... well, that's all right.

YANA: (without looking up from the mirror) I've prepared everything for you there. If you want something sweet, I've got some cakes on the microwave. By the way – delicious.

PHILIPP: (incredulously) yeah...

Yana looks at her husband with a smile. She approaches him with genuine curiosity.

YANA: (genuinely surprised and happy at the same time) Come on.? Can't be? Are you jealous? No, really, it was just jealousy, wasn't it?

PHILIPP: (incredibly) Not at all, I just... I just didn't hear you. You said it with your friends, didn't you? "

Philip scratches his ear defiantly.

PHILIPP: (incredibly) Perhaps the tube in the middle ear, something not so good was to hear it.

YANA: (enough) Well,well...

Philip looks seriously at the back of his wife, who is walking away to the mirror and is beginning to put her earrings on her ears.

PHILIPP: (seriously, softly) I wanted to ask you...

Yana catches an earring, tilts her head questioningly in the direction of her husband.

PHILIPP: Tell me honestly, do you still love me a little?

The wife looks at her husband thoughtfully.

The husband looks at his wife questioningly.

The pause drags on.

YANA: (seriously) SINCE when are you interested in this? : (sincerely, extremely interested)

Yana carefully twitches her shoulders, returns to the mirror, and grabs the second earring.

YANA'S VOICE IN THE RECORDING: (thoughtfully) Do

I still love you?.. I haven't asked myself that question in a long time, and you want me to answer it. Love in General is a very strange thing. Sometimes it is not enough to understand it for a century. (Dreamily) It's easier to be in love. As soon as I introduce Kostya, my school friend... my so-called "first love"...

Lyrical music starts playing (recommended by Gaitana "The best" – the last chorus from the time of 2min. 10 sec. and to the end)

Yana dances, approaches her husband, asks for help with gestures to fasten the zipper on the dress, stays there with her thoughts... with this very Kostya, the husband dutifully zips it, but he hears everything, he understands what is happening.

He reluctantly undresses, and Yana happily gathers herself on the rise.

The husband goes into the room, the wife goes to the exit, automatically kisses him on the cheek, completely senseless, "robotically" and goes to the door, with a great mood and lust puts on graceful boots, a fashionable jacket... Yana soars... her

Husband goes into the room, sits down in a chair, puts his head in his hands, realizing the drama of the situation as a whole.

Yana leaves the apartment.

The music ends.

ZTM.

STREET

A beggar crouches against the wall.

He looks as if at the sky, but the cap has moved so that you

can't see the face. In front of the beggar is a box containing several bills.

Philip walks slowly, hands in his pockets, head down, himself hunched, broken.

He is equal to a beggar. Stops.

PHILIPP: (beggar) How are you, buddy? the

beggar gestures "OK" while continuing to sit in his pose.

Philip takes a crumpled pile of bills from his pocket and tosses them to the beggar without counting them.

PHILIPP: How about now?

The beggar bends down, opens the space for the eye on the cap with his hand, sees the amount, returns to the starting position. She holds out her hand to Philip and introduces herself.

MARK: mark!

Philip shakes his hand in return.

Philip: Philip!

MARK: shall We sit down?

Philip, without thinking twice, sits down next to him in the same position, looking somewhere in the sky.

PHILIPP: I'm in no hurry, so why not sit down. What are you doing here?

": The fate of the villain. No health, no documents, no connections... nothing. But apparently, today and even tomorrow I will live, thanks to one generous person.

Mark offers his hand, and Philip shakes the beggar's hand in return.

MARK: Thank you.

Mark frees his hand and sits with his mouth closed. Philip can hear his thoughts.

MARK's voice in the recording: interesting... when I had everything, I hardly met any good people. I was surrounded by thieves and hypocrites. And when I found myself on the porch, I began to meet beautiful people almost every day. It may not be so straight beautiful, but they open up to me in the best qualities. And the most interesting thing... I'm still alive, even though I've been fighting for survival every single day for a long time. Amusing... It makes sense to know.

Philip gets up, looks at the beggar with respect and interest, and takes a few steps back.

PHILIPP: (to the viewer, as if to himself) That's really interesting.

Philip leaves with his head down again and his hands in his pockets.

FOREST

Twilight, rain.

Philip goes on stage in a windbreaker, with a rope, looking for a place to put it, ties it to something at the top, is going to hang himself. The rope gets tangled, he can't untangle it, he throws it. Takes out a large blade, looks at it as the last thing he sees in his life.

PHILIPP: (heartfelt) Somehow everything is not right in my life... Somehow everything... senselessly. Deceive me...,

deceive me..., what is the meaning of this cycle of lies? And I can't stop it, and I don't see any other way out of this cycle.

A lyrical philosophical composition begins to play (recommended by Felix ilinykh "White snow as white captivity").

Philip swings with a sharp movement, raises the blade above him with both hands, ready to plunge it into his own chest. And then the snow begins to fall.

Philip freezes, his paradigm shifts.

He is distracted by this phenomenon as a child, completely carefree looking at the snowfall, as if he sees it for the first time in his life. He automatically lowers the blade, forgetting about it and about his former intention.

The composition fades for Philip's words.

Philip: (doomed) Here is the first snow... the

Music is gaining strength again.

Philip changes his mind about committing a tragedy. Music is playing. Philip plays a scene of silent experiences of the last events of life.

Lightning flashes, thunder rolls, all this goes in parallel with the loud playing composition. The light flickers like lightning. Vachagan walks slowly across the stage in the same attire with the dogs on a leash.

Philip does not see him, he just grabs his head, falls to his knees, shows maximum emotional experiences.

The song sounds. Vachagan stops for a moment near Philip,

looks at him, shakes his head, passes on, slowly leaves, taking the dogs with him.

The lights are still flickering, and the thunder and lightning are fading into the background. The composition remains on the main background. Clear weather is gradually beginning to set in on the stage.

The song ends.

Philip stands up. His hair is wet, and so are his clothes. He is exhausted, exhausted, but he smiles, sanctifying the audience with his Holy eyes.

ZTM.

STREET

It's raining. Twilight.

Plays a soft sad lyric composition (recommended by Terry "don't Talk about love" up to 1min 29 sec)

A few seconds after the start of the loss, Philip slowly enters the stage. He's all wet, exhausted, and drops of water are dripping off him on the floor.

The wife comes on the stage from the other side the same, all wet, exhausted, having experienced all the same things that her husband experienced. They approach each other slowly with the last of their strength, looking into each other's eyes with a plea and forgiveness. They lean on each other to keep from falling.

The allotted time passes for the lyrical component in the composition, the music subsides.

PHILIPP: (extremely tired of everything) Yana... do you

think there's anything else we can do? Do we have any more "we"?

YANA: (extremely tired of everything) I knew you cheated on me... a woman always knows, feels, notices when she shares her husband with someone... At first I endured, hoped for something, and then... I became no different from you in the matter of loyalty, and off we go. But happiness is not everything as you can see has brought neither you nor me... And one day I met a man with two dogs... with a very strange name...

Philip is wary.

YANA: after that, I learned to hear the thoughts of my entire environment... And the masks fell! I saw the true faces and was horrified.

Philip looks at his wife with a guilty, surprised, and at the same time exhausted look.

YANA: (extremely tired of everything) And it was with you that I once learned what a woman's happiness is...

PHILIP: (extremely tired of everything) And I've never been as happy with anyone as I've been with you... Then something happened... something went wrong... me... I broke down.

Philip lowers his head guiltily.

Yana gently, with a tired hand, strokes her husband's head, and in this movement you can read real unconditional love.

YANA: I don'T hear anything else...

PHILIP: And I again became ordinary...

YANA: (extremely tired of everything) Then... let's just start

with a clean slate. Let's fix what's broken and try to remind each other of what happiness is... Looks like... what besides you and me for you and me... no one can do this!

Philip looks up, looking hopefully at his wife.

PHILIPP: (extremely tired of everything) Think... can we still fix it?

YANA: (extremely tired of everything, but with hope) I think so... We will restore the Foundation, and everything else will be added...

PHILIPP: (with hope and a rapidly forming plan in his eyes) Then... we'll go up ourselves, and then... I know a beggar who will also need help! Let's do it, Yana!

Philip and Yana look at each other, guiltily lower their heads to the floor, and then defiantly with the last of their strength, with the remnants of rage and all the remnants of feelings, they throw themselves into each other's strong arms, so that the spray flew from them in all directions. (Perhaps, for greater effect, it makes sense to provide some bursting containers with water – explosive packages that are safe for actors or use laser graphics).

Fireworks begin to sparkle along the edges of the stage (it is highly desirable to implement this).

A growing lyrical composition is played (recommended by Vengaboys "Boom Boom Boom»

Bright lights on the stage.

The music is playing in full force, and the actors begin to bow on the stage.

A CURTAIN

In the play "Hear or see?» the following compositions were recommended for musical accompaniment: the

King and the jester "the jester's Hymn" Intro – as Philip's call

Passion Fruit «The Ring Ding Dong Song»

The king and the jester "the sorcerer's Doll"

Linkin Park "Faint" – Intro (30 seconds)

Felix ilinykh "White snow as white captivity»

Terry "don't Talk about love" up to 1min 29 sec

Vengaboys «Boom Boom Boom»

Play for 10 people

"Temporarily in adekvat"

duration 1 hour 40 minutes.

ACTOR

The doctor is a woman about 55 years old;

DINA – a woman about 55 years old, a school friend of the doctor;

JULIA – about 35 years old, Vicki's mom;

VIKA – Julia's daughter, capricious, cunning, spoiled, about 10 years old;

ZHANNA – about 30 years old, Rudik's mother;

RUDIK – Jeanne's son, a quiet, scolded boy, about 10 years old;

NELLY – Marina's mom, about 30 years old;

MARINA – Nelly's daughter, an ordinary child, about 10 years old;

KIRILL is Dima's handsome, charming dad, about 40 years old;

DIMA is Kirill's son, a nice little boy, 8-9 years old.

Act one

Typical situation of a state children's polyclinic.

A corridor with a flickering fluorescent light. A tortured door to the office with a large crooked number "5" nailed on it. A

ceiling light hangs over the door. The "do not enter" sign lights up.

There are only two chairs for visitors near the office. There are no people.

Julia runs into the room, looking around warily, pulling the child's hand, which whimpers and resists.

JULIA: Vika, hurry up. Vaughn (pointing to the burning ceiling light with the inscription do not enter), while the cart was moving, someone already slipped through. We're in a terrible hurry. Did you forget that you have practice at three o'clock?

Mom opens the door to the office, looks in. From there comes the wild growl of the doctor: the

DOCTOR (furiously): Close the door...those, I'll call!

JULIA (sternly): We're two fifteen!

DOCTOR (furiously): Who is the "Do not enter" sign for? What if I had a man standing naked? Mother, are you adequate?

Julia closes the door with an indignant look.

JULIA: You will be adequate here... Well, what to do, you have to be... we'll have to wait.

VIKA: Mom, I'm sick.

JULIA: Are you ill? You'll tell the doctor how sick you are, but you won't fool me, I've already stepped on this rake many times. So like Tuesday and Thursday, you immediately get sick, and characteristically, the disease suddenly hits you exactly a few hours before the choreography.

Vika is sulking, silent.

JULIA: So what? Are you still sick or are we going to

practice? Or do we go first to the doctor, and only then after exposure to training?

VIKA (sincerely indignant): I think you suspect me of something.

JULIA (playing along): What are you, my daughter, how could you think such a thing about me?.. I firmly believe that there are such coincidences in life. At least, no one has ever had it, but you have.

VIKA: I don't know what's going on. That's just like training, so this ache attacks. Straight twists all (shows how it turns), shivers, turns out. My throat aches, my nose squishes, my ear shoots, my knee crunches, my side aches.

JULIA: and the head?

VIKA: does it hurt!

YULIA: AND here (shows), under the ankle?

VIKA: Does it hurt!

YULIA: Left hand (raises her left hand)?

VIKA: Hangs like a whip (shows)!

JULIA: And of course my ass hurts... my Daughter is thinking...

VIKA: Pop? No, there's nothing wrong with my butt, it doesn't hurt.

JULIA (in all seriousness): Does it hurt? Are you sure?

VIKA: Absolutely!

JULIA: so, now it will hurt!

Starts whipping her daughter with her purse on the soft spot.

They run around the stage, Vika tries to Dodge, screams, and her mother catches up with her, completing her aim.

The door of the office opens, and a stern doctor in a medical gown looks out.

THE doctor (in a rough, indignant voice): Can you keep it down? People work here! I can't hear what's going on in a person's lungs because of you! I can't even hear your breath, so scream.

The doctor slams the door behind him.

Mom, taking advantage of the opportunity, while the daughter was distracted a couple of times hits her purse on a known place.

Jeanne's moralizing, authoritative voice is heard behind the stage.

JEANNE (instructive): Vooot! That's right! Children need to be raised!

Jeanne goes on stage, leading the boy by the hand.

JEANNE: They must be kept in a tight grip from the very childhood, otherwise they will bloom, then it will be too late.

Jeanne goes to the study, opens the door, and looks in.

From the office, the doctor can be heard growling:

DOCTOR (furiously): Close the door, I'll call!

The son of Jeanne starts at such a furious cry.

The lady closes the door, looks skeptically around the corridor, stops her gaze on the mother with the child.

JEANNE (busily): Also in the fifth?

JULIA: Yes! I here is so, too, looked, so me inadequate called!

JEANNE (busily): Not adequate?

JULIA: Yes!

ZHANNA: This is still tolerable. Follow me!

Jeanne passes by like a hostess and sits down on the chair closest to the office.

JULIA (indignantly): Why on earth would that be? You came after me, but you're getting ahead of me?

Jeanne looks at Julia as if she's nothing.

Julia indignantly looks at the boorish visitor, turns to her child:

JULIA: Vikul, go while you draw over there, you see a table, chairs, pencils there some paper. Do something while we wait. I'll call you when it's time to go.

Vika leaves the stage.

Jeanne looks after the girl and turns to her son.

ZHANNA: Rudik, the girl you see went where? Follow her step March! Get busy, too, and your mother will call you.

Rudick goes behind the Vic.

Julia takes an empty chair and moves it closer to the door, she sits down on it.

JEANNE: what? The smartest one? I'm on the record, it's my time!

JULIA: I, by the way, also have an appointment for two-fifteen! You have how many?

JEANNE: At two-thirty!

Zhanne shows Yulia's wrist watch.

ZHANNA: can you tell the Time? How much does it show?

Julia looks at her watch.

JULIA: Well, two-thirty, so what?

JEANNE: AND then! My time, so I'll go! If you've spent your time crowing, it doesn't mean that The whole queue should get lost because of you!

JULIA: I haven't crowed anything! I came on time! It's just that when I got there, it was already occupied. Until now, there's a man sitting there, not coming out.

JEANNE (indifferently): Not my problem.

JULIA: I won't argue with you here. Now the man will come out, I'll go.

JEANNE (roughly): I'll go!

JULIA: BUT we'll see!

ZHANNA:

JULIA: let's see!

JEANNE: Let's see!

Nellie, the over – excited mother, rushes onto the stage. He pulls the girl's hand. Does not pay any attention to the people sitting at the office. He runs to the office, opens the door, and pushes his child in.

The DOCTOR (furiously): Close the door! I'm calling!

NELLY: I only ask!

JEANNE (indignantly): Eeeee, Eeeee!

Jeanne gets up and pulls Nellie out of the office by the scruff of her neck.

NELLIE: I just need to ask! What do you allow yourself!

JULIA: Everyone just needs to ask. In the queue – mom!
Wait!

Nellie looks around, realizes that the trick failed.

NELLIE: Well... who am I going to follow?

JEANNE and JULIA (chorus): Follow her!

They point their fingers at each other.

NELLY: I don't understand!

(in chorus): I go first, she goes second, you go third!

Nellie pulls her face, gets a rough idea of what's going on in the queue, and decides not to get into trouble.

NELLIE: So, well, then you decide between yourself, I'm going anyway, it turns out, third. Marinochka (turning to her daughter), go over there with the kids, draw something for now, we won't get to the doctor soon.

Marina leaves after the children.

JEANNE (Julia): I'll go next!

JULIA: Just stick your head in!

JEANNE: What will you do?

Julia glares at Jeanne, then silently opens her purse, takes out a pepper spray, takes it expertly in her hand, and points it at Jeanne.

JEANNE: What is this? Pepper spray? What did you say the doctor called you?

Jeanne turns to Nellie.

Jeanne (calmly, as if nothing had happened): Follow me!

NELLIE (looking apprehensively at the can): Understood – understood.

In tears, Rudik runs to the stage, runs to his mother – Jeanne.

RUDIK: Mother, that girl took my pencil from me!

JEANNE: did you take the Pencil? It's a real bitch. What kind of girl are you talking about?

RUDICK: The one over there (pointing at the children) seems to have introduced herself as Vika.

Jeanne (rising from her chair): Vika? Well, I'll give it to her now. So, girls, Vicky, that red-breasted lapwing, whose daughter?

JULIA (aiming the spray at Joan): Well, my!

Jeanne (sits back in her chair): Good girl, pretty. You go easy on her, what's so child on the ass with a bag. The child loves affection. (Turns to his son) Go, Rudik, (shouts) go, draw, said! Take another pencil, there's a lot on the table over there. Don't swear at the girls (rudely) and don't tell me anything here.

He slaps Rudik's ass, and he runs off the stage back to the kids.

Jeanne smiles peaceably at the children.

He turns to Julia.

JEANNE: Children, what can you do? They were like that themselves.

JULIA: Well, Yes. (He turns to the children and shouts at his daughter.) Vika! Well, I returned the pencil to the boy and didn't want to take it back!

JEANNE: Come on, come on, what, let the girl draw. Good girl. It won't get any worse than mine.

Nellie languishes in anticipation, does not find a place for

herself. He tries to squat down, lean against the wall, everything is uncomfortable, and finally gets up again.

NELLY: I didn't understand that there are only two chairs for the entire children's Department?

Why are you surprised? In our clinics, especially in state institutions... Thank you for putting up two chairs.

NELLIE: it's easy for You to talk, you're sitting down! I've been up since morning, and I haven't sat down for a minute. You know how much I want to land somewhere.

ZHANNA: there are no hopeless situations, (turns to Julia) isn't there a friend? If you want to land hard – land, the floor is large, there is a lot of space.

Nellie looks at her mothers with a puzzled expression and a disgusted appraisal of the floor.

NELLY: I was actually hoping that one of you would give me a seat. After all, you will be going soon, you will sit in the study for a while longer, and you have been sitting here for so long, and I will be here for a long time.

Julia: never mind, I'll go to the office soon, so you'll take my place. Sit down and relax. I don't see a problem here.

There is a roar from the children.

Julia jumps up from her seat.

JULIA: my God, Vika, how are you so unlucky...

Julia runs away to the children.

Nellie sneaks in and sits down in the empty chair.

NELLIE: Ooooooooooooo (stretches out her legs) how good it

felt right away...

JEANNE: Yes... At such moments, you realize how little a person needs to be happy. I came home from the cold – and it's warm there. Happiness?

NELLIE: Well, Yes. Or when you run from the theater after a performance to the toilet and run first, while there is no queue yet. This is such happiness!!!

JEANNE: Oooh... Yes... However, this happiness is almost impossible. Almost always there is some trash that has time to rush forward.

NELLY: And not alone!

JEANNE: here! Which is quite a shame. And most importantly, you look, in men's clothes – so freely. They walk quietly back and forth, you look in while the door is open, and there are plenty of free places. So you envy the men, they generally have an easier life. And you have fifteen bodies ahead of you, and no one cares what's already gurgling in your ears. As you want, so get out...

NELLY: Yes, as you want? In our case, everything is as usual.

JEANNE: Here. You're a friend to the point. Every girl's middle name is patience. How much we have to suffer from them in life...

NELLIE: Oh, don't tell me. You have to suffer so much before you can get even a little warmth.

JEANNE: I have to. And what is interesting, every time on the same rake!

NELLIE: YES!

Laugh.

ZHANNA: but the conversation still started for happiness. So, when these "rakes" do not poison our lives, or at least do not poison us much, then this is also a great happiness. Isn't it?

NELLIE (after thinking it over, agrees): Happiness. But these "rakes" can not only poison life. That's when you're on a bus full of people and a man gives you a seat. This is also happiness!

JEANNE: OH, Yes, it is. Especially if there are several girls standing next to this man, and he gives way to you, this is generally ecstasy.

Laugh.

NELLIE: No, I would have split it up. When a man gives way, it is happiness. But when you see the fierce envious glances of other ladies that the place was given to you, that's ecstasy!

They both laugh.

Jeanne (holding out her hand like a man): Jeanne!

NELLY: Nelly! (holds out his hand in response).

Awkwardly shake hands, smile at each other.

Julia returns, sees that her place has been taken, puts her hands on her hips, looks at Nelly with displeasure.

JULIA: I'm having A lot of fun here. I've got a girl's forehead bruised, and they're grinning?

NELLIE: that's not what we're laughing about. We have a dispute about men.

JEANNE (corrects Nelly): About happiness!

Nellie looks at Jeanne and nods her head vaguely.

NELLY: About men and happiness. Where else to talk about this as in a children's clinic.

Nellie and Jeanne are laughing.

Julia shakes her head disapprovingly, with all the accumulated resentment goes to the office door, quickly pulls the handle.

JULIA (belligerently): So, how long can I sit there?

The door suddenly swings open and hits Yulia's forehead. Dina runs out of the office with a cheerful laugh, followed by a cheerful laughing woman doctor.

Julia falls to the floor, loses consciousness. Her daughter Vika comes running to her, sits on her knees, pats her mother on the head.

VIKA (softly, barely audible over the laughter of the women coming out of the office): Mom, mom, mom...

DINA (laughing merrily): I won! I told them they couldn't stand it and would look in! (reproachfully turns to the girls sitting on the chairs) Girls, how long can you sit? Well, you have the nerve. I thought I was going to lose the argument. I would have looked in ten times and blown the place to hell, but I got an appointment. And you are sitting... eh, the wrong generation is growing up, there is no core in you that was in our time.

DOCTOR (turns to a friend): Yes, Dina, a deal is a deal. Cahors next time with me.

DINA: Two! (Shows two fingers) We had a two-bubble

argument.

DOCTOR: Well, two, two... That's it, go on, I have to work. Who's next?

The doctor examines the bullfighter and draws attention to the lying Julia and the crying child next to her.

DOCTOR: yeah. This, the next patient, as I understand (looks at Yulia). Dina wait, don't go. Let's get some help. We'll drag the body into the office together.

Dina and the doctor drag Yulia into the office by the hands and feet, and the child comes in with them.

Dina goes out, closes the door behind her, and addresses the seated girls.

DINA: Phew... (sighs). What about the girl? Nerves? Or oxygen starvation? It's a little stuffy in here. Long lies?

JEANNE: So you're her... (changes her mind to explain). Yes, oxygen starvation, it seems. Literally fell in front of you shortly before. She's a strange girl. Not adequate, it seems.

DINA: Come on, who is adequate now in our time. Fainting isn't a big deal. Now her friend will pump it out.

NELLIE: Friend? I'm sorry, but what did you go to the doctor about? Where is your child?

DINA: my child is in Los Angeles, building a career. And the mother here is dying of melancholy. So I stopped by a school friend's house and watered it down for an hour.

NELLIE: Wow. Here people sit waiting, in a hurry, and they talk there, remember their school years?

DINA: WHAT's the BIG deal? You know, girl, from the height of my experience, I can say that all the fuss that is very important to you right now, it's all zilch. A prolonged zilch that has no significant value in life.

NELLIE: What? So the fact that I worry about my child, that I take care of my girl, bring her to the doctor when she is ill – it's all not important? Is it zilch?

DINA: That's not what I mean. It is necessary to take care, it is absolutely necessary. I'm talking about the rush, the rat race that you all participate in. After all, you are always in a hurry somewhere, somewhere in a hurry. Jump over each other's heads in your ghostly dreams. What don't I know? I was like that myself.

JEANNE: You can see it. You have a lot of nerve. You were arguing about something, weren't you?" More precisely about someone. About us, right? People sitting outside the door, waiting for help. You sit there, have fun, hold up the queue, the doctor, and then start teaching us how to live? Go, woman, go. It's already stuffy in here.

DINA: Well,well... Okay. Why talk to you? Everyone is used to stuffing their bumps, we do not like to listen to advice. Here we go...

Dean starts to leave.

The office door opens, and Yulia comes out, her head tied up, holding the child's hand.

Dina whirls around, waving her hands.

DINA: Ugh, Christmas trees... I forgot to tell you about cucumbers!

Dina pushes Yulia out into the corridor, shoves Jeanne, who is starting to get up from her seat, and She falls back into the chair.

Dina dashes into the office, slamming the door behind her.

JEANNE (to everyone): Did you see that? In a woman. No shame, no conscience, but assertiveness... you'll enjoy this.

NELLIE: Yes... there are still instances of Soviet stagnation. They don't know how to speak properly, they don't have any education, they don't have any life achievements, and everyone thinks they're the smartest.

Julia pulls the bandage off her head, checks the bump, and begins to dress the child.

JULIA (Nelly): I'm the one who suffered the most in this situation. In our clinics, it looks different to the reception and you will not get, only feet first. But, nevertheless, I will say a word in defense of what you call instances of Soviet stagnation.

NELLY: So what's there to say? The situation showed everything for itself.

JULIA: I do not know what this situation has shown you, but I do know that it is not necessary to equalize everyone with the same comb. I have a lot of friends, friends of my mother, friends of my father, people I respect very much, and believe me, there is something for it. Are you saying that they don't have any personal achievements, that they don't really know how to talk? Yes, people did not chase money before as it is happening

everywhere now. Our grandfathers and fathers lived by the idea, our country was built and raised from the ruins after the Second World war. My father worked hard at the factory not because he was so stupid, he knew his business so well that people came to him from abroad to train.

My uncle created a cooperative. A businessman, in our opinion, was listed. So he did not chase the profit, did not look for a cooler car, as all went on the bus. He had other aspirations. He helped orphanages. For the new year, the children brought toys, clothes, different rags. Take our grandfathers, who had three classes and five classes of education there. Rarely when nine classes who finished. Yes, there was also a professorship, but the main layer is hard workers. Of course, people got drunk a lot, I don't argue, but people drank not from the fact that they were not smart enough to quit a bad habit, but from the fact that they carried all the pain of the past in themselves, and tried to drown it out. We were worried about future generations. We tried hard for the country.

Julia looks at Nellie with disdain and addresses her.

JULIA: here's how much... twenty-five years old? Thirty? What have you done for your country?

Nellie is silent.

JEANNE: So, girls, let's somehow dispel, here and so sad, sitting, waiting for the weather by the sea, climb out (points to the door)... I know we are all a little wound up, there is certainly no nerves will not be enough, but it is necessary as-that to dispel,

dispel... Let's treat the situation appropriately, without sharp conversations.

JULIA: Well, here you are dispel, practice in adequacy, and we went.

Julia straightens the child's things, throws her purse over her shoulder and heads for the exit.

A statuesque, prominent man with a military bearing and a charming smile, Kirill, comes out to meet her, leading his son Dima by the hand.

The man's face glows with nobility, calmness. He smiles affectionately and affectionately.

He pauses in the corridor and assesses the situation.

The mummies don't take their eyes off him, who is completely focused on the object.

Not weak interest and sympathy is read in the eyes of every mother.

Julia stops as she passes the man. She doesn't want to leave. But he doesn't find an excuse to stay. She is captured, waiting for developments.

Act two

KIRILL: Hello, lovely ladies. Everyone is in a good mood, which is probably not so easy to do in this type of institution.

Girls exhale. Their faces turn into charmed smiles.

KIRILL: I understand that everyone is in the fifth office?

ZHANNA, NELLY (chorus, gently): Yes!

KIRILL: Great. And who is the extreme one?

Nellie raises her hand like a schoolgirl. Her eyes Express the look of a kitten who asks for a pen.

Cyril notices her and smiles at Nellie.

KIRILL: I Understand, fine, I'll follow you then.

NELLIE (affectionately): Well.

Kirill comes closer to the office, looks for a place to Crouch, and the ladies watch him.

CYRIL: Hmm... funny. There's nowhere to sit. But nothing.

The man squats down and puts the child on one knee.

Ladies watch as the man famously solved the issue of seats.

JEANNE: Oh, what a good boy. What's your name?"

KIRILL: are you talking about the child or about me?

The ladies start laughing foolishly all at once, trying to make a greater impression on the man.

CYRIL: (smiling): My name is Kirill, and the guy's name is Dima.

ZHANNA: very nice, I'm Zhanna, I also have a little son, Rudik.

Jeanne shouts to her son and waves at him.

ZHANNA: Rudik, my son, come here and see what a good boy Dima is. Go get acquainted soon. (Turns to Cyril's son) Dimochka, hi, I'm aunt Zhanna. What happened to you? Sick?

Dima: Yes.. Rudik

comes and looks at Dima with a hostile, frowning look.

ZHANNA (to her son): Well, I held out my hand, as men say Hello. He held out his hand.!

Rudik holds out his hand. Dima holds out his hand in response.

Nellie calls her daughter

NELLY: Marinochka, my daughter, run quickly here, go meet the boy.

Marina comes running with pencils in her hand.

NELLY (refers to Cyril): I – Nellie, and my daughter's name is Marina, let's get acquainted.

CYRIL: (smiling): Very nice to meet you.

Children are standing, looking at each other. Marina and Rudik run away to draw again.

Julia looks at the whole thing, takes her daughter's hand, and returns to the office.

YULIA: AND my name is Yulia, my daughter is Vika.

KIRILL: Let's get acquainted, Kirill, Dima (points to his son).

JEANNE (Julia): I didn't understand, but why did you come back? You have already been accepted? It seems to have already left, again drawn.

YULIA (without taking her eyes off Kirill): Yes, I remembered that there is still something to clarify. But I'm on a first-come, first-served basis. I'll be right behind you, Kirill. All right?

NELLIE (indignantly): you don't need to borrow. Walk in front of me, I'll skip it, you won't be long.

JEANNE: Well, we are not people. Walk in front of me. Now directly and come in with Vika, this aunt will come out of the

office and immediately come in, we will wait (turns to Nelly). We'll wait, won't we?

NELLIE: Of course, what's the conversation about? Go first, Julia, it's still your turn, by the way.

Zhanna: By the way, Yes!

YULIA (without taking her eyes off Kirill): Oh, no, girls, thank you, I'll wait. We are not in a hurry.

VIKA: Mom? Should I go to practice?

JULIA: A.... we're already late anyway. There's no hurry now. You know what? Go home, my daughter, and I'll come in and ask the doctor, because you don't have to be here. Go home, do your homework, and I'll be here for a long time, you see, two aunts and (gently) a man.

VIKA: Really? Cool. Well, that's it, I'll go home then.

Vika joyous runs away from the stage.

JULIA (looking pityingly at Cyril): Yes... and there's really nowhere to sit down.

Julia bridges, attracting the attention of a man, shows with all her appearance how uncomfortable she is and how hopeless her situation is.

KIRILL: (looking at Yulia's maneuvers, he turns to her): It really hurts to look at Vichy wanderings, I would be happy to offer you something, but there is nothing to offer except the second knee.

Moms laugh, appreciating the joke. Julia laughs the loudest. The laughter stops.

JULIA (seriously): I agree.

Yulia approaches Kirill, who is taken aback, and sits down on his second knee next to Dima.

JULIA (playfully turns to Dima): Hi! We're neighbors now! What's up?

DIMA: It's okay, aunt Yul. How are you doing?"

JULIA (enthusiastically): I remember! He remembered me! How nice. Oh, I'm fine. My daughter has been discharged and you will soon recover. What happened to you?

DIMA: I have a sore Throat.

CYRIL: purulent sore throat!

Julia jumps off her knee as if scalded and runs away, hiding behind Nelly and Jeanne.

All moms show excitement and apprehension, looking at Dima.

JULIA: It's contagious!

KIRILL: I was joking. We had too much ice cream on the weekend. Vaughn's own voice has also sat down (clears his throat).

The mothers laugh vaguely, a broken, unnatural laugh.

ZHANNA (to Cyril): And what do you do with the child to the clinic, why not the wife?

The other moms show genuine interest in the man's response.

KIRILL: WHAT's the big deal? Aren't men allowed in here?

NELLY: no, Why not. You can, of course. It's just that men don't meet here very often. Usually mothers take children to the

reception. And in General, in General, mothers are usually more engaged in children. No?

Cyril takes his son off his knee.

KIRILL (son): Go, Dima, draw while there with Marina and Rudik.

The boy leaves.

KIRILL (sadly): Usually... Usually, I think so. But I don't have a wife. Die in childbirth.

NELLY, JEANNE, JULIA (together they cover their mouths with their hands in fright): Ah!

The office door opens and Dina comes out, looking pleased.

DINA: Uh, well, everything seems to have been discussed, now I won't come for a long time.

Jeanne jumps up from her seat and turns to Dina with a panicked look of hope.

JEANNE: How about everything? About everything? And about cucumbers and tomatoes and the whole crop?

DINA (quite): Yes!

JEANNE: And what about seeds and winter crops?

DINA (quite): Yes!

JEANNE: AND about pensions?

DINA (quite waving her hand): Also!

JEANNE (from the last hope): What about grandchildren?

Dina thinks about it. Her face shows confusion and a sly smile.

DINA: Actually, I didn't want to tell you, my granddaughter is about to be born. Ah, well, I was, I wasn't.

Dina gives an elaborate wave and returns to the office.

ZHANNA (to Cyril): And what have you been doing all this time? One?

KIRILL: Yes, it's fine, I'm used to it. At first, it was certainly difficult, but this is good. It was distracting from the loss. Then everything settled down more or less. Dimka I have almost no pain, a strong guy. He's good.

JEANNE (sympathetically): My God, my God, my God...

NELLIE: Excuse me, but what do you work for?

KIRILL: I was a pilot until the tragedy happened. Then I had to leave. I devoted myself to my son.

Julia: but what about you...

KIRILL: WHAT did you live on?

YULIA: Yes!

KIRILL: pilots have a fairly high salary. I managed to work for ten years, saved a good amount. I planned to buy a Villa in Spain and move my family there, but I didn't have to. That's how they lived with their son. I then successfully managed to invest in dollars, the exchange rate increased and the amount doubled. Everything is not just so in our life, somehow everything is predetermined as if. Or it may not be a foregone conclusion, but it is provided for – that's for sure.

JULIA, JEANNE, NELLY (chorus): Yeah...

NELLIE: About a foregone conclusion or provided for... I've been thinking. (Turns to Julia) You say that your uncle bought toys for orphanages.

JULIA: I bought it. And toys for the new year and some things brought. Why do you remember that now?

NELLIE: You asked me what I did for my country. So I managed not to die in this mess, and survive!

JULIA: Great credit. You say that because you have nothing to compare it to. Didn't she talk to her parents, her grandparents, as they had to?

NELLIE: That's just it... There was no one to talk to... I grew up in an orphanage.

Sad, quiet music plays.

NELLY: They didn't teach us much about high morals. I was taught only one art from birth, the art of survival. Our brother's gratitude is eliminated from the body after the first few nights in the shelter.

JULIA: I'm Sorry. You don't look it. You look pretty decent. Educated, well-groomed...

NELLIE: She made herself so. It's been a long time coming and I'm still on my way...

Mommies look down.

NELLY (Julia): So what kind of orphanage did your uncle bring toys to?

JULIA (almost crying): I honestly don't know. I wasn't particularly interested.

NELLIE: WHAT'S your uncle like? Describe it?

JULIA: Well, now he is bald, but the beard remains, as it was in his youth. I never changed my principles.

NELLIE: is the beard red?

Julia looks at Nelly in disbelief.

JULIA: Red-haired...

NELLY: He's tall. In a raincoat with a torn pocket?

JULIA: Noooo. No. No. This can't be happening. I do not believe. He did have a bit of a torn pocket, and he wouldn't let his wife sew it up. Because this pocket was torn by a child in an orphanage. I clung to it, didn't want to let go. I asked to go with him. And my uncle couldn't take me in, there were enough children of his own, and my wife was against it, but as a memory, he didn't sew up this pocket.

NELLIE: this pocket was torn by a girl...

Nellie and Julia approach each other, stand, stare at each other, their eyes filling with tears. And suddenly, in a sharp mutual impulse, they embrace, pressing each other in a strong embrace.

The climax of the music sounds louder. The music plays, the music stops.

The door in the fifth office opens, Dina comes out, or rather the doctor pushes her out.

DOCTOR: that's enough. Who's next there? Go.

Nelly and Julia let go of each other.

DINA (to the doctor): Well, what are you, just a little bit more would have waited, and would have broken for sure!

DOCTOR: stop playing around. 1:1. So that Cahors with half of take. That's it, go, you also need to work sometimes. (Turns

to the patients) Next, come in!

Dina leaves, Zhanna calls Rudik, who comes running and they hide in the office with the doctor.

KIRILL: I'll go and see how the children are doing...

Nellie and Julia sit on chairs.

Nellie: CAN you arrange a meeting with your uncle? I want to see him and hug him.

JULIA: of course, he will be happy!

NELLY: only don't tell his wife anything about it...

Julia looks at Nelly with incomprehension.

NELLIE: No,no, I don't mean anything like that. It's just that you yourself say that he didn't take me because of his wife, she was against it. I don't think she will appreciate my impulse to see someone who instilled faith in the best not only in me.

JULIA: Yes... you're probably right. She doesn't want to know. In this case, the less you know, the better you sleep. All the more reason to think of something else. In her old age, she became somewhat nervous.

NELLIE: You know, those gifts were so important to us.

Julia nods her head knowingly with a tender, tremulous smile.

NELLIE: we were all very much waiting for the kind uncle to come and do something for us just like that. We had everything at stake. If you want an extra piece of bread, you can get it, but you will have to give something in return. And then just take away the rights of the strong. And then there was this... other

person. He smelled good. I still remember his smile. He stood a little way off and watched the children take their toys apart. And so pleasantly, gently and warmly smiled. That's when I rushed to him, because I felt that such a person in my life may never meet again. Of course, I wanted him to be my father, but I knew that it was unlikely that my wish would come true. Pocket I then he blew up...

Julia gently hugging Nellie.

The door to the office opens, a satisfied Jeanne and her son come out, say goodbye, and leave. The doctor looks out of the office.

DOCTOR: Next, please.

The doctor closes the door behind him.

NELLY (Julia): Will you go?

JULIA: No, I'm going there, in General... Write down my phone number. Call me when you're free. I'll arrange a meeting with your uncle. I promise!

Mommies hug one last time, Nellie calls her daughter Marina and goes into the office with her.

Julia waves goodbye to Nelly, leaves the clinic.

The corridor – stage remains empty.

Soft, soft music plays.

Kirill enters the stage, leads his son Dima by the hand, and holds a stack of drawings in his other hand.

They sit on two chairs outside the office.

Cyril puts his arm around his son, and they have a silent

dialogue. They look at drawings, discuss something, the father smiles, laughs inaudibly, the son also smiles, animatedly explains something to the father. Their dialogue is inaudible, the music plays, the music stops.

The office door opens and a distressed Nellie and her daughter come out. Nellie holds the recipe in her hand. Mother and daughter hurriedly leave the stage.

The doctor comes out of the office, examines the corridor, looks at the father and son with emotion, approaches Kirill with the child.

The music stops.

Doctor (To the child, affably): hi, how are you?

DIMA (draws attention to the woman standing next to him): Hello, nothing, thank you. Please sit down! (gives way)

The doctor smiles and sits down next to dad.

DOCTOR (Child): Thank you dear. This is education, this is what I understand. Father – well done. (Turns to Cyril) Are you coming to me?

KIRILL: Yes, Hello. The child's throat was cold, so they came for the advice of a knowledgeable person.

DOCTOR: am I knowledgeable?

KIRILL: I suspect so.

The doctor smiles and waves his hand. Then he looks at the child.

DOCTOR (to Cyril): You've got a good kid. Strong build, healthy skin. Calm, well-mannered. I don't want to ruin it with

drugs.

KIRILL: Sorry, I didn't understand.

DOCTOR: everything that we should recommend in this case has side effects and contraindications, and this, frankly, is not very good. And the quality of modern drugs leaves much to be desired. You know what they say, if you treat a cold, it will go away in fourteen days, and if you do not treat it, then in two weeks.

KIRILL: About how... But in General from observations – it seems to be true.

DOCTOR: Well, so... (beckons Dima) Come here, little one.

Dima comes closer to the doctor.

DOCTOR:

Dima opens his mouth wide and shows his throat.

DOCTOR: everything is clear, you can close it.

Dima closes his mouth and steps aside.

The DOCTOR (Dima): Did you draw this? (pointing to one of the drawings in Papa's hand.)

DIMA: Yes. I drew the beach that my dad and I went to recently.

DOCTOR: WHERE are all the people? Uncles, aunts, children, Umbrellas from the sun, towels, bedspreads...

DIMA: now I will finish drawing!

Dima takes the drawing in question and runs off to finish everything else.

DOCTOR (to Cyril): You know, gargle with cold, ice-cold

water. Pour cold water into a glass, add a few pieces of ice to it, and when it cools down more strongly, let the child rinse. You do not need to drink it, but rinse it – it will be the best.

CYRIL: It's kind of like fight fire with fire?

The DOCTOR: Sort of.

KIRILL: AND what will help?

DOCTOR: IN America, everyone has been treating the throat for a long time. It passes very quickly. And in our country everything is topsy-turvy. The throat is irritated, and it's still boiling water and raspberries. And then they come with a swollen throat, wonder why it didn't help and it got worse.

KIRILL: I didn't really think about it. Well, we'll try, thank you.

DOCTOR: a Woman came to see me, did you see her?

KIRILL: is she an Old woman?

DOCTOR: Well, Yes. This is my friend. Medicine is powerless for her. Dina has an incurable disease. The doctors can't help her, and no one knows how long she has left. Maybe a week, maybe a year. But when she comes to me, she's so happy. She forgets about the disease and the disease seems to recede. She even looks different when she leaves me. We'll talk, talk about this and that, and I'll look at it and listen to it... and she lives, smiles. In this I see my help. Some people are helped by pills, and some by a kind word. People are different, treatment is different, so I'm sorry that I had to wait a long time.

Kirill shakes his head understandingly.

Kirill: of COURSE, I understand.

Nellie returns with her daughter Marina, and Nellie hands the prescription to the doctor.

NELLIE: Here, I took the first and second at the pharmacy, but the rest they said – no.

DOCTOR: I see, well, then replace it with this, (writes something on a piece of paper) drink for four days, on the fifth to see me, I think everything will pass by then. We'll discharge you.

NELLIE (sadly): Okay, thanks.

The doctor stands up.

DOCTOR (Good to parents and children): Get well!

The doctor goes into the office, closes the door behind him.

Remain in the hallway, Cyril, Nelly, and Marina.

Cyril sees that Nelly is upset.

KIRILL (Nelly): is Everything okay?

NELLIE: I don't know... I wish it was better. I thought I'd be on sick leave for a couple of days at most and go back to work. And you'll have to sit for another week.

KIRILL: are you So eager to get to work?

: I would not rush, I do not work officially, sick leave is not paid. You want to go, you don't want to go, but you won't get any money either, and you can't raise a child by yourself... you won't run too far.

KIRILL: You are also alone...

Nelly sighs.

NELLIE: my Husband left two years ago.

Cyril looks at Nelly questioningly, but doesn't ask. She catches a questioning look on her face and explains.

NELLIE: I found a younger one.

KIRILL: Well, do you communicate? Helps, probably, all the same?

NELLIE (waving her hand): Yeah, talking. He doesn't even wish the child a happy birthday, much less me. There, the young woman turned his head thoroughly. He has a completely different life for a long time. We became strangers.

CYRIL: it turns out...

NELLY: what?

KIRILL: it turns out that we are comrades in misfortune, in a way.

NELLIE (smiles): So it turns out.

Dima returns with the drawing.

DIMA: everything is fine, I finished it (shows the drawing).

Kirill looks at the drawing.

KIRILL: Well, Yes, that's better. Aunts, uncles, children, umbrellas from the sun, towels, this is probably a blanket (asks, pointing to the drawing)?

DIMA: Yes.

KIRILL (Dima): Wait, where are we? Am I missing something?

Dima points at the drawing with his finger.

CYRIL: that's it?

DIMA: Yes.

KIRILL: Wait, I don't understand. But there are four people under the fungus. And there are two of us with you , aren't there? : I just really want there to be four of us the next time we go to the beach. You, me, mom and sister.

Dad makes a duck-like gesture with surprise but approval.

CYRIL: that's Interesting.

NELLY: can I see it?

Kirill hands the drawing to Nelly. She studies him carefully, smiling.

Marina also goes to the drawing, also looks.

MARINA (seriously): She looks like me (pointing).

NELLIE (half laughing): Indeed, there are similarities.

DIMA: Well, that's right, I drew my sister from Marina.

There is an awkward pause.

Cyril and Nellie look at each other.

Kirill takes the drawing, looks at it, then looks at Marina, then at Nelly, then at the drawing.

KIRILL: Well, then... I don't mind.

Nellie takes the picture gently from his hands, Kirill, is also looking at the picture, then dim, then to Cyril. Then he looks down at the drawing.

NELLY: Yes, I am, in General, too.

Cyril and Nelly stare into each other's eyes.

Marina carefully takes the drawing from her mother's hand. He stares at the drawing, then at Dima, then at the drawing, then at Kirill, then at the drawing, then at his mother.

MARINA: I agree, too.

Kirill: Well, then... (pulls his son closer, hugs him)

Nelly and Marina also come, Kirill hugs them, they hug everyone.

KIRILL: Then... then we wish good luck to our new crew and a good journey together!

Loud and effective music!

A CURTAIN

Play for five, six or seven people

"Honest announcement"

ACTORS

MOM – a short, cheerful old woman of 66 years;

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

SANEK is a friend of Yura, a darling 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 relationship candidates overlap, they
can be played by 4.3 or 2 Actresses.

Yura's Hobbies are fooling around, 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 that correspond to a residential home is not rich environment.

Quiet, calm music is playing. Not a bright light.

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

After a while, my mother appears again, holding a saucepan and a cutting Board. Puts everything on the table, hurries to the kitchen, brings two spoons, a salt shaker, and napkins to the hall. It stands, looks carefully at the table, calculates something. She remembers that she hasn't reported it yet, runs to the kitchen, returns with a teapot and two mugs. He looks at the table contentedly.

The music stops.

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

MOTHER (affectionately, loving, caring): Yuri? My son? Time to get up. The porridge is getting cold. (Walks across the room, puts two stools at the table, turns around, sees that his son has not yet arrived, continues to call) Yurochka Wake up, dear, Breakfast is ready!

With the face swollen from sleep, in half – lowered family underpants of a very intricate style, which his mother-old woman

obviously sewed for him (it is highly desirable to make to order or sew something unconventionally funny on her own), yawning and stretching, reluctantly, a bumpy son, a tall fellow, passes into the hall. In his hand, he has a crumpled t-shirt, which he tries to straighten out and determine where the front is and where the back is. Puts it on, but, as it turns out, on the left side. The 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... Sleep is just fine. Everything was even good there, but not enough.

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

Yura looks at her mother with a strange look. He's confused, and he knows he shouldn't have said that.

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

The old mother pays attention to her mistake, throws up her hands in frustration.

MOM (annoyed): Oh, I'm so busy. Now, my dear, now everything will be fine.

The mother runs to the kitchen and returns with two plates. Takes care of his 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. Proceeds to the Breakfast.

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

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

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

MOM (annoyed): What is it, dear?

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

MOTHER (alarmed): Well, what?

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

MOM (alarmed): Speak up, Lord Almighty. What happened?

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

Mom lets out a sigh of relief, preparing for something more weighty.

MOM (guiltily): So I'm old, no teeth read. And so I try to be careful.

JURA (on the nerves): And not particularly it turns out!

Mom shrugs guiltily and continues to eat. Every now and then she makes a little noise.

YURA (with a flourish and a grimace): It may sound a little strange, it may even sound 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, you said yourself... my

Mother humbly takes her Cup, spoon, and leaves the table.

MOM (guiltily): Yes, Yes... I understand everything. When I was young, my grandfather also irritated me with such phenomena... it came back to me. Enjoy your meal, son. I'm in the kitchen, if you need anything, call out.

Mom leaves.

The son makes a disgusted face, a little contemptible shiver runs through him (twitches). He looks to see if mom's gone, grimaces. The mood lifts, and he begins to eat with an impudent haughty expression on his face.

With a clang, clang and 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 obviously after meeting with the clumsy foot of a not too young and not particularly attentive man.

SANEK (on emotion, rushing into the room): .

Yura is sitting with her back to him, jumping up from the clang and crash, spilling porridge on her pants, the plate falls to the floor, but the spoon with the pitiful remnants of Breakfast is still in her hand.

YURA (recovering from the shock, trying to cope with a nervous TIC that came from nowhere): Sanek... Healthy, old boy. You what is this neither light nor sh..., (takes a breath) nor dawn, and even so shocking. And what about the mother? I didn't hear...

Sanek collects the basin, bucket, and ladle that he dropped, and carefully sets them 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 outraged facial expressions and gestures speak for themselves.

YURA (taken aback): A fool or what?

SANYA (smoothing out the corners): Me? Yes, it seems not quite. It's just that the "tazovederny trains" in your house didn't cross my path before. And as for 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 her mother with displeasure.

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

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

YURA (to her mother, incredulously): Mom, is it really eleven o'clock?

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

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

MOTHER (calmly, good): I did Wake you up, son. I came to

you four times, but you didn't Wake up. He grumbled, swore, and threw a pillow at me one last time. Breakfast was already cold, and I had to warm it up. I tried, really.

YURA (to her mother, indignantly): So you're not trying hard. I should have done something different, I don't know... to be 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. It happens to everyone. I've sometimes gone as far as twelve, or even as far as two.

MOM (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 disapproving, reproachful look, but they are silent.

Mom 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. (Resignedly, continuing cleaning) Never mind, we'll hang out sometime. I understand everything, these are difficult times, the employer is deceiving at every step. (Son) You'd better be at home, so it will be safer, and calmer. I've got a pension for a thousand dollars, and I've taken some home-sewing work. It's normal, why complain, a lot of people 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 may be about to turn forty, but you can't just take me. Spend priceless years of your life sitting in depressing warehouses, production halls, or dusty offices? I didn't find myself in a dumpster. It is necessary to live brightly, easily, naturally! It's so easy. Is it really that 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 (making excuses): well... it doesn't apply to your mother, but in General... some generation of fools seems to have grown up in the post-war years. Well, it's understandable, in General, it was hard, it was necessary to raise the country! Education and self-development was not at all in the first so to speak needs...

YURA (turning the topic): Okay, no more demagoguery. What was there, how it was there. We met today for a very specific event, so we won't waste any time!

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

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

SANEK (cheerfully, enthusiastically): So!

JURA (business): Marriage was not seen...

SANYA (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): It happens! Haven't you read Omar Khayyam? Here he says that it's better to be alone than with just anyone!

Sanek scratches his chin thoughtfully.

SANEK (surprised): However... And have you read much of this outstanding man's work?

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

SANEK (smiling contentedly): Ah...Well... that's What I thought.

YURA (businesslike): So! Again with the topic jumped. So, today we are going to find me a life partner! Or have you changed your mind to help me in this difficult task?

SANEK (smiling contentedly): What are you, old boy! Where are you without your old friend, wise bitter experience in the field of gender relations? Of course, I will help, I have already made some sketches, so to speak, variants. We are going to place an ad about Dating on the Internet?

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

SANYA (business): There! I figured out how to correctly compose the ad text, so that, you know – to hook! To attract! To catch the hook of such a girl, with whom you will then swim all your life 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 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 single girls, or not singles, this is already... you know, things happen, your person. So. Option one!

YURA (intrigued): Right?

SANEK (pathetic): A seasoned alpha male, in the Prime of life, with excellent health and a well-established 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 (pathetic): What's it like?

SANEK (disappointed, drooping): Listen well... I don't know, of course, what's wrong with the genotype. About health – well... unless... Yes, I'm not exhausted by work, but I would hardly be accepted into the Olympic reserve, as if... everything is not so smooth for me. And 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 it'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 average person that this product, product, service or... (takes a breath, points to a friend) in this case, a person, just needs it! We have to make you the kind of macho man that hundreds of women, thousands of girls, and maybe even a dozen men will want.

Sanek twists his smile, jokingly shows his tongue.

Yura shudders at the last thing he heard. His face reflects a premonitory state.

SANEK (cheerfully, fervently): Yes, I'm joking, relax, (with a dig) although...

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

SANEK: okay. A lot will depend on the quality of your profile picture!

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

SANEK (pressing): Of course! This is almost the most basic point! The most important first factor that will determine whether you will start 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 someone by their appearance!

SANEK (sarcastically): Yes? You flipped through these sites

in front of me last week! I saw you there looking for a soulmate, sweeping left and right all those who did not conform to the categories is not something that even a miss of a city or region, but something even a miss world or miss universe, not every you have arranged for a photo in the profile! Well... you can talk?

GEORGE (indignantly): This is different! After all, I'm a man, it's important to me that my girlfriend was beautiful!

SANEK (with sarcasm): And... so it's important for you that the girl is 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...

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