

I want to be a scoundrel too!

Play for 4 people

Drama

Nikolay Lakutin

16+

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«ЛитРес: Самиздат»

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Lakutin N.

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Perhaps, after reading this play, you will change your attitude to the term "scoundrel"! You will love the main character, or hate it, it does not matter. It is important that it will be revealed to you in a very unusual understanding until today. In a divided and revised understanding for many from now on.

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Drama. Duration: 1 hour. 10 minutes

ACTORS

EVGENIY

ALENA

GLAFIRA

OLESYA

1 HOUSE

Evening. Residential cozy apartment. The lights are dim.

The door opens, and a tired Eugene enters. He undresses, arranges things like a master, pours water from a jug, drinks, exhales, sits on the sofa, lays out some documents, studies them.

Olesya enters the room. Dressed in a homely, but tasteful way.

OLESYA (happily): Honey, are you early today? What a surprise. And I haven't had time to cook dinner yet, why didn't you call?

EUGENE (all in business, studying the documents): Yes, I'm exhausted. It's okay, I'm not too hungry right now. I'll just work on the paperwork, and I'll be hungry in time, and you'll have time to finish everything in that time. It's okay, honey, don't worry. I'm sorry I didn't warn you, I'm so busy, my head is spinning.

Eugene turns his gaze from the documents to Olesya.

EUGENE (in a nice way): Sit down, sit with me for a minute. Olesya sits down next to me, and they hug each other.

EUGENE (kindly, embracing): I know perfectly well what the chores are worth. Always clean, always cozy. Everything is always washed and ironed. And you cook very well, not to mention everything else that you do skillfully.

Eugene begins to flirt with Olesya, she laughs, jumps off the sofa and goes to the kitchen.

OLESYA (happily, running away): The burgers on the stove, favorite I'm sorry...

EUGENE (good-naturedly): Oh, nothing, nothing... That's all right... (thoughtfully, slowly, stretching on the sofa) All ho-ro-sho.

Olesya sets the table in the hall where Eugene is sitting. Fusses, brings meatballs. Eugene helps her to arrange, puts his documents to the side, changes clothes.

They sit down at the table.

Eugene tries it.

EUGENE (pleasantly surprised): Mmm, honey, I can't stop admiring your cooking. You're a wonderful hostess. You're great at everything.

OLESYA (happy): A woman becomes wonderful only when she tries for the person she loves. So the fact that I am, as you say, wonderful, is "to blame" for you.

EUGENE (gently): I love you!

OLESYA (happy): And i you.

They eat.

OLESYA (pleasantly): How are things at work?

EUGENE (calmly): And..., nothing very new. Although! It could be something new, by the way. Again, I am not being prophesied to be a deputy.

Olesya nods knowingly.

EUGENE (indignantly): The main thing, you know, they take some people who don't understand where they came from, put them in office, a month or two or three, everything, again the vacancy is free. Again they accept, again people leave. They're looking for a man again. Well, why, I wonder, look for someone from the outside, when here I am. And with experience, and in good standing, and I know all the nuances. I'm already worn out. My superiors in the dining room are already bypassing me through the distant tables, so long as I do not bother again with an urgent question. But I get them there, too. And what do you think?

OLESYA (questioningly): What?

EUGENE (angrily): Yesterday I attended another of the screw-head.

OLESYA (with support): I never understood these bosses. And everyone says that they have, say, "big heads". Where are they big? In what place? Elementary things do not understand, and all the same-the bosses ...

EUGENE (with support): Here-here-here. Golden words!

OLESYA (warmly): Well, you eat-eat. The bosses are the bosses, and we have more important things to do here.

EUGENE (not quite understanding, after a pause): Burgers then?

OLESYA (warmly): Yeah.

EUGENE (heat): That yes. This is always a priority.

They eat.

OLESYA (cautiously): Zhen?

EUGENE (in the process of eating, not too interested): M?

OLESYA (carefully): Why can't we legalize our relationship?

Eugene chokes, begins to clear his throat.

Olesya jumps down and slaps him on the back.

Everything ends well.

Catching his breath, Eugene throws up his hands in response.

EUGENE (with shortness of breath): Dear, is it possible to talk about such things like this, without overclocking, without foreplay, so to speak ...

OLESYA (carefully): I'm sorry... It's just that we've been living in a civil marriage for three years now. My family and I keep asking why Zhenya won't marry you, and I keep joking, but...

EUGENE (seriously): Olesya!

OLESYA (seriously): Zhenya!

EUGENE (cautiously): My love, we've already talked about this. The stamp in the passport only spoils the relationship. I do not know exactly how this works, but everyone, literally everyone I know, says with one voice that relationships change literally from the very day this unfortunate stamp appears! And they are changing, mind you, not for the better! We live in such an idyll, we are the envy of all your friends, you think I do not notice how they look at me, flashing their cunning eyes. And they're all married. Why do they look at me like that when you can't see them? And because the house itself is full of "rotten", sorry for the expression. Because "husband" is in itself humiliating, just like "wife".

OLESYA (seriously): Humiliating?

EUGENE (cautiously): It is humiliating if we consider these words from the point of view of feelings, love, passion, emotions. From the point of view of life, my dear, my beloved, my most-most-most. You have no idea how much I value this relationship between you and me, how much I value you, how much I'm afraid of losing what we have. And I know, I know, for sure, that if we sign, we will not be interesting to each other. At one point, couples around the world turn from lovers to a burden, it is worth putting this damned stamp in your passport! I'm sorry, I understand that this sounds rude and not very pleasing to the ear, but life is not a very simple thing, it is such a syndicate of intricacies and rapid events, in which it is almost impossible to meet your happiness, and when you meet it-to keep it. I'm lucky to have met you, and I don't want to lose you under any circumstances, honey... If you only knew how afraid I am of losing you...

Eugene puts his head in the lap of the melting Olesya.

Olesya strokes Yevgeny's head, touching the surface of his hair with her fingers, very gently and lovingly.

OLESYA (in a voice trembling with emotion): Zhenya, my dear, I'm sorry. I didn't even think about how serious this is for you. I didn't know you cared so much for me. I... I'm ashamed of myself. I... I love you so much, really. Very much, Zhen, do you believe?

Eugene rises, looking tenderly into the eyes of Olesya.

EUGENE (tremblingly): Of course I do. Of course I do, I've always trusted you. I believed, I believe and I will believe!

Olesya hugs Eugene.

OLESYA (in a voice trembling with excitement): Eugene... how happy I am with you... How lucky I am to have you. How happy I am... What a fool I am, a lucky fool. I won't bring it up again. Sorry, sorry, sorry ...

EUGENE (gently): Forgive me, I understand that you want a white dress, a holiday, guests, fun... I understand perfectly well that for a girl-this is one of the main events in life, and I... with my cockroaches, I'm depriving you of all this. With me, probably, it is very difficult. You tell me, if you get tired of putting up with me, I'll understand, I will...

OLESYA (voice trembling with excitement): Eugene, it doesn't matter to me, it doesn't matter to me, it's important to me that I have you! And all the rest – all the material-is already the little things of life. And you're not difficult at all, you're great. I'm happy with you.

EUGENE (gently): And I'm happy with you.

Hug even tighter and even stronger.

ZTM.

2 CAFE

In the cafe plays soft relaxing music. A cozy prepared table for two with lit candles is already waiting for the guest.

In full dress, with far-reaching intentions, Alyona enters the cafe. She's really good. Clothing, style, posture, delivery, charming smile. Everything is with her.

The girl enters the cafe, approaches the table with burning candles, examines it with a careful approving look. I am satisfied with what I saw. She leaves her purse on a chair and goes into the ladies' room.

He returns, tapping his cheeks with his fingers, delicately and expertly handling the cream on his face. He wipes his hands with a napkin, looks in the mirror, after taking it out of his purse. It's all right, she's happy with herself.

He sits down at a table, looks at his watch, looks around.

He pulls out his phone and starts ringing.

The buzzer of long beeps is heard, but the phone is not picked up.

The girl throws off the phone, dials the number again, and puts the phone to her ear. He's getting nervous.

The buzzer of long beeps is heard, but the phone is not picked up.

Alyona resets the call, turns the phone in her hand, nervously taps her nails on the table.

The text message sound is heard. She gets a message on her phone.

Alena quickly opens the message and changes her face, now there is no trace of romanticism, tenderness and attractiveness.

Alyona reads out the message.

ALYONA (barely restraining her emotions, reads the message): Sorry, dear. It didn't work out today. I have to take my wife to the procedures. I'll call you when I get the chance.

Alena nervously throws the phone on the table and blows out the candles.

He begins to tap nervously with the nails of both hands on the table. Thinks. He exhales heavily, shakes his head in displeasure.

He ties himself a napkin, looks around the table once more, and proceeds to eat without pleasure.

ALYONA (to the viewer, as if to herself): Well, yes... Everything is right. It was high time to get used to the fact that you, Alyonushka, are always in the background. And it's still good if it's on the second one. I suspect that in fact, not even on the third.

Eats slowly. Exhales, shakes his head in displeasure. He puts one of the dishes on his plate.

ALYONA (to the viewer, as if to herself): Why should I be surprised? Well, yes, well, the date, what – no. We've been dating for a year. So what? So this seems to be just a landmark date for me. It probably doesn't mean much to my chosen one. No, I understand, of course, anything can happen and anything can happen, but we have been preparing for this day for three weeks. We agreed on the restaurant, the menu, and the table we ordered. I do not believe that nothing could have been thought up to solve my problems there, in the family, and come here. Since he was so eager to celebrate our grand event. But... It seems that my Tolik has never been mine and never will be. And what will happen? And nothing will happen. He will, just as before, throw dust in my eyes and convince me how much he loves me and how he can not live without me... And I, a fool, will listen and believe... everytime.

Alyona eats, takes the phone in her hand, checks if there is anything there, but throws the phone back on the table completely disappointed.

ALYONA (to the audience, frankly to the audience, turning to the audience, but continuing the meal): You condemn me, don't you?

He pauses, not paying much attention to who is thinking what, and slowly eats his food, turning his eyes back to his plate.

ALYONA (to the viewer, as if to herself): Of course you do. I blame myself, too. And myself and people like me. I never thought it would be like this... I'll be dating a married man. A year ago, I would have scratched out the eyes of someone like me. I am well aware that a family is a family. It's sacred. And you don't have to go in there. Either look for a free man, or die an old maid, but do not interfere with someone else's family!

He eats. It pauses.

ALYONA (to the viewer, as if to herself): But ... in fairness, I must say that I did not climb! He came by himself! Ha ... yes, yes, like in that old movie with Nikulin. Innocent me ... eating. It pauses.

ALYONA (to the viewer, as if to herself): Yes, guilty. Of course, guilty.

He eats. It pauses.

ALYONA (to the viewer, as if to herself): It just so happened that... I'm like nothing so all. But... as they say, everything would be nothing, but everything is nothing! All sorts of coxcombs just stick together. If you meet a normal man – he is definitely already married. The paradox of life. A normal man becomes only in marriage. In fact, marriage makes a man a full-fledged man, and at this moment he becomes interesting for a woman. Yes, that's just bad luck – he is already married. And what is interesting, this man, he becomes attractive to a woman, having passed a certain path in his family, being married. He becomes attractive to a woman, but not to a wife! Most of them. And the woman, probably, as well. Having squeezed out some of its rough edges, it becomes attractive to a man. But not for her husband. Most of them. That's the truth of life. And there is somehow not so everything is glued as it should be, and here it is as if it is impossible. And what is remarkable... Whether you abuse this "can't" or don't abuse it, whether you allow yourself this "can't" or don't allow it – everything goes wrong somehow. And how should it all go? Who knows... Ah, children's naive fairy tales... Where are you, fairy princes? Not married, not defective, not gamblers, not drunks, not parasites, and not mama's boys... Where are you... the princes of my childhood. My distant and unfulfilled dreams.

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