

Play for 4,5,6 people
Nikolay Lakutin

16+

Cucumber on a tomato!

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«ЛитРес: Самиздат»

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Lakutin N.

Cucumber on a tomato! Play for 4,5,6 people / N. Lakutin —
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Two married couples face the same problem. A problem that every family man faces in his time. But they solve this problem in different ways. What decision will be the most reasonable-you will find out in the Comedy " Cucumber on tomato!»

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Nikolay Lakutin

Cucumber on a tomato! Play for 4,5,6 people

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Comedy. Duration 1 hour.

ACTORS

MAKAR

NINA

JEANNE

OLEG

RITA

YANA

Four female roles can be played by two or three Actresses.

1 STREET

Street bench. Flashlight. The lights are dim.

A light lyrical composition plays.

With a sad look, haggard, hands in his pockets, Makar slowly comes out.

Dressed like a home. His shirt was worn, buttoned up and disheveled, his jeans were torn, and he was wearing Slippers.

Makar goes to the front of the stage, looks warily at the audience. Especially he pays close attention to the first rows, having sharpened his attention by choosing for himself some "victim" from the audience, which he looks at several times very warily with undisguised interest.

He sighs, looks at the "victim" again, makes an outrageous gesture with a nod of his head and leaves, sits down on the bench.

The music stops.

MAKAR (indignantly): No, well, it must be so-no? I managed to marry a girl with a typical appearance. Now where you do not go-everywhere it is in the eyes of imagining. It's like I miss her at home.

There is a nervous cry of his wife (a cry of discontent): Makar! Where did he go again? I'm not finished. Home quickly!

Makar jerks discontentedly in the direction of the scream, looks from under his brows, sighs heavily, gets up from the bench.

MAKAR (indignantly): yeah. Now ... I'm Running and twitching like I want to go home.

He goes to the front of the stage, again glares at the "victim", looks away, but again he is all attention there.

He looks away again, sighs heavily, hands in his pockets, and walks across the stage.

MAKAR (indignantly): Here ask me an idiot or not? Get married at eighteen. Yeah, who does that? Instead of taking a deep breath of the long-awaited spirit of freedom, opportunities and desires, he took and put himself on a chain. Just got out from under parental care and then-on! I fell under the influence of my wife.

There is a nervous cry of his wife (a cry of discontent): Makar!

Makar looks around with hatred.

MAKAR (hating, emotionally, shouting, loudly): How I love you berry, I love it! Right with all my heart! Right with all my heart!!!

Makara shakes, he is not modest in gestures and facial expressions.

He walks across the stage, sits down on a bench.

MAKAR (sadly): Twenty-five years today since the darkest day of my life... Since the day we got married. Happy holidays, Makar.

He takes a cheque out of his pocket and nervously unscrews the lid. He took a SIP, sniffed it with his sleeve, and put it away.

MAKAR (sadly): did I Think that this is how it would turn out? After all, it was once all different ... (romantic with a gentle smile) I met my Nina on the bus. I caught her looking at me first, and she immediately looked out the window. Then, after a couple of stops, I caught her looking at me again, and she smiled a little sheepishly, lowered her eyes, and looked out the window again. I realized it was a call to action. It is understandable, I was a prominent guy. You can say handsome. Here ... I quickly Assessed the situation (shows a description of the female body with gestures and then an approving conclusion – all with gestures). And when she started to go out, I went out after her.

Makar takes out the Cheetos again, is going to "bite", but changes his mind, removes the bottle. Enthusiastically continues to tell.

MAKAR (emotionally, joyfully): I called out to her as soon as I came down the steps. He shouted to her:

– Girl, you forgot here...

She turned around in confusion and asked timidly, her voice shaking with excitement:

"excuse Me? What did you forget?

I said –

" you forgot to meet me!"

I held out my hand to her, and she broke into a smile... We chatted all the way. I made sparkling jokes, she burst out laughing, embarrassed, blushing, laughing... I felt like I was on top of the world. It was great...

Makar sighs heavily, his face changes.

MAKAR (dejectedly): and now what? These eternal squabbles... Constant dissatisfaction with each other. Everything is wrong, everything is wrong, everything is not according to her. I didn't even notice when she became like this? So... so different... not the one I liked... Different, some complete stranger... Some complete stranger.

Makar gets up from the bench, looks sadly in the direction from which he came and leaves the stage in the other direction.

From the same side from which Makar came out, his wife Nina comes out.

Her mood is clearly not optimistic. She is wearing a housecoat, a bun of hair is gathered on her head in a not very attractive way, galoshes are on her feet, and a small floor Mat is in her hand.

Nina goes to the middle, looks around, and after a short visual search turns to the viewer.

NINA (to the viewer): have you seen mine?

Withstands a very slight pause, after which he begins to shake the rug and complain about life.

NINA (annoyed): he's Gone somewhere, damn it. And I haven't told him everything yet. Oh, it's boiling in me, Oh, it's boiling...

He stops clapping the Mat, looks around once again, notices the same "victim" in the hall in the first rows, which Makar was looking at carefully. He comes closer, takes a closer look. He also looks at her ambiguously and with undisguised surprise.

He goes to the bench, blows on it, wipes it with his hand, sits down, puts the rug next to it, puts one foot on the other.

NINA (annoyed): Ah, Makar, God gave me such a ... beautiful person. Where have I sinned so ... Where?

He covers his face with his hand and shakes his head.

NINA (annoyed): After all, he was quite a normal person. Well ... weird, of course, not without it, but ... it wasn't as critical as it is now.

Nina sits in a sad reverie, but suddenly begins to smile and laugh.

NINA (fervently): Makar this one. I remembered something about how I met him. I'm on the bus, I'm looking out the window, I'm not touching anyone, and then someone said something, I was distracted-look. Is this one worth it... my hero today. And such a huge pimple on his nose pressed flaunts. Much just as bright in the crowd. Then he looked at me and I turned away. And the laughter itself parses. He was so unsightly, he looked like a baby bird, shaggy, thin, his little eyes only running around in fright. And that pimple. It is he now, my Makarushka, let as they say, the earth will be down to him, he has eaten away, so nothing, he has become like a man. Went out, fed. And then in General the cub is unreasonable. I look at him again – and he looks at me again. And I'm laughing. I sit and think, God forbid anyone such a guy. It should be the same as above it nature is perverted. Well, I looked, and forgot. She went off into her own thoughts. And then I got off the bus, and this unsightly one got caught behind mine, as it turned out. And the voice is so nasty.

"You – he says-forgot to meet me."

That's where I got the shame. Send far away-education did not allow. Well, I think, okay, do not cause a person psychological trauma by instant refusal. Let him skip a couple of lines, and then I'll let him know that we are not on the way.

And he opened his mouth and didn't close it all the way. I didn't have time to put in a line. And he was talking such nonsense. People go to meet them, almost at the temple twist. And Makar is mine-the chest of the wheel, the pride of the first degree, well, the king of the world, where to go. And I'm burning with shame... Oh ... Guys. That young – that old. They're always trying to make an impression, and they don't know how to do it. At least the books that you read, but where is there...

Nina's face changes, and the romance disappears.

NINA (softly): well, I couldn't get away from him. I regretted it on my head. Now I'm working off karma, or whatever it's called.

He gets up from the bench, twists the rug.

NINA (loudly shouts to nowhere): Makar!

He shakes his head in annoyance, looks at the "victim" again, and makes a gesture of surprise. He leaves.

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2 APARTMENT OF ZHANNA AND OLEG

evening. Residential furnished bedroom is no longer a young married couple. Exhaling heavily, Oleg goes to bed in his family underpants, socks, Slippers, glasses on his nose and with a newspaper in his hand in the direction of the bed.

There is a moderately calm cry of his wife (a cry exclusively for volume, a quick manner of communication): Oleg, did you take pills for blood pressure?

Oleg stops, his whole appearance makes it clear that, of course, he forgot about the pills. But he doesn't say anything.

There is a moderately calm cry of the wife (the cry is only for volume): Clearly. Okay, I'll get you everything, go to bed!

Oleg settles down on the bed, unfolds the newspaper, begins to read it without much interest. Quickly scans, removes.

A cheerful and cheerful Jeanne enters the bedroom in a housecoat. She carries a small mug of water. She talks in a fast, hurried manner.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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