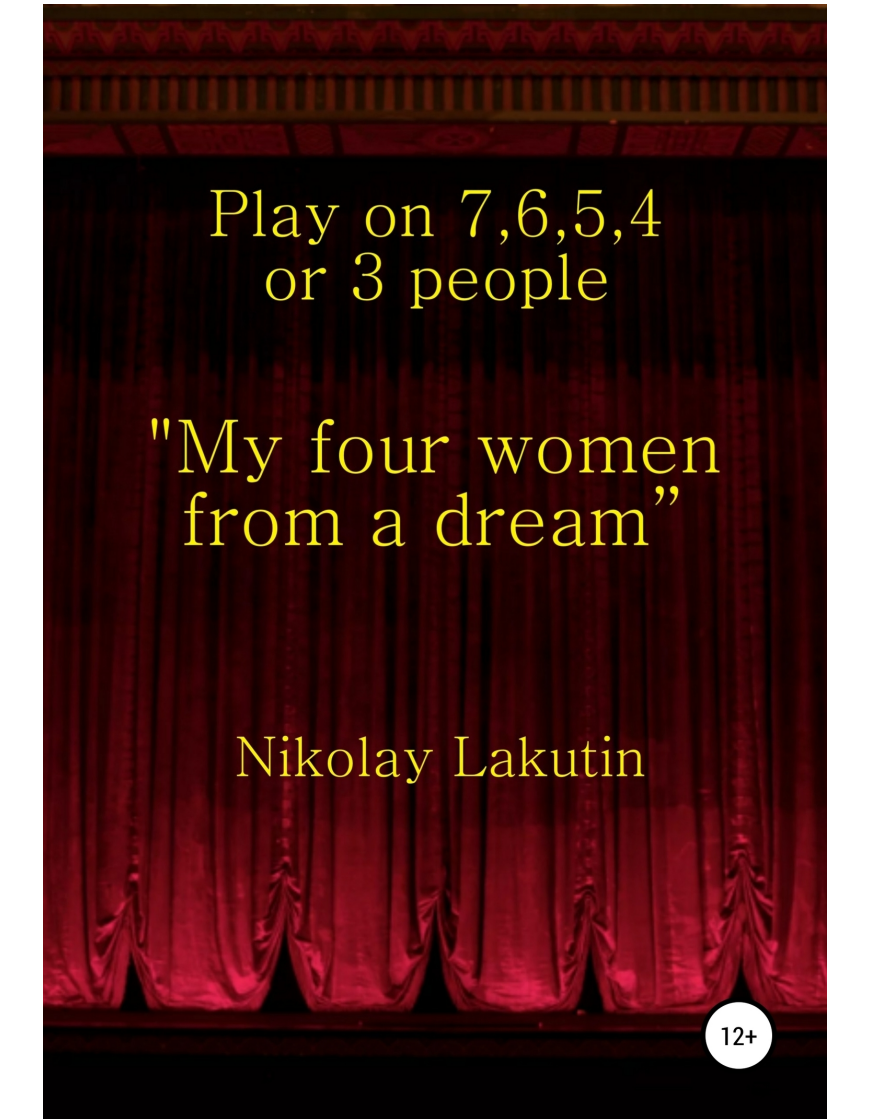


The background of the entire image is a photograph of a theater stage. It features heavy, dark red curtains that are slightly parted in the center. Above the curtains, a decorative ceiling with a repeating pattern of vertical lines and small rectangular motifs is visible. The lighting is dim, creating a classic, intimate atmosphere.

Play on 7,6,5,4
or 3 people

"My four women
from a dream"

Nikolay Lakutin

12+

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"My four women from a dream".

Play on 7, 6, 5, 4 or 3 people

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Аннотация

Sleep is such a large layer of life for each of us. How many interesting things are happening on the other side of memory. To the hero of our story in a dream come beautiful maidens who seek to tell him what will play a key role in the turning point of the life of an ordinary guy. Whether he hears, understands, or can learn the lessons from the dream and apply them in real life, see the great Comedy with a pleasant aftertaste "My four women from a dream»

Содержание

ACT ONE	5
HOUSE	5
1st DREAM	11
HOUSE	16
HOUSE	19
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	21

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Big Comedy for 2.5 hours in two acts.

ACTOR

YAROSLAV – the main character, the seeker of the one and only;

AIDA – 1-I'm a girl from a dream;

VIORICA – 2-I'm a girl from a dream;

GELLA-the 3rd girl from a dream;

DROID – 4-I'm a girl from a dream;

NINA – a girl – a maid;

DIMON is a colleague of Yaroslav, a friend.

Five female roles can be played by 5,4,3,2 or one actress.

The time of year when actions take place is warm winter.

ACT ONE

HOUSE

The front door was locked, and the thin wire from the bell was wrapped around the door in a tangle.

A hanger, a bed, shelves littered with junk, a nightstand with things, a table with a bunch of Newspapers, a book and a phone, a TV. Mess (in the corners of some piles of things, on the table a pile of barely fit on it dishes).

Twilight.

Yaroslav enters the room. He looks haggard.

He throws the heavy bag on the floor and takes off his jacket. He sits down on the bed and idly pulls off his shoes. One of them does not want to be removed. The shoelace is tied at the knot, not untied.

YAROSLAV (nervously): Well, where are the sticks? A knot or something?

Looks at the Shoe, tries to untie it. It doesn't work.

YAROSLAV (humbly): Exactly.

He gets out of bed, pulls off his jacket, trousers, and remains in his underpants, drunk t-shirt, socks, and one Shoe.

He goes into the kitchen, scratching his leg. He returns with a bag of milk, which he drinks straight from the throat, and takes

the remote control from the TV. It tries to turn it on, but it doesn't work.

YAROSLAV (nervously): Well, where are the sticks? Are the batteries dead?

Puts a carton of milk, opens the lid of the remote, fiddles with the batteries there, tries to turn on the TV – it does not work.

YAROSLAV (humbly): Exactly.

Puts the remote control aside, goes to the front of the stage, with milk, drinks, scratches his belly, drops a bag of milk on the way. Fortunately, it is not complete, but something still spills over the stage.

Yaroslav looks at all this good with a certain amount of indifference and self-irony.

YAROSLAV: I have a Good day today. Here is recognized, feel – my day.

He goes to the kitchen and comes back with a rag. Wipes the spilled milk, picks up the milk bag, tries to finish what is left in it, and there is almost nothing left.

There is a loud knock on the door, which scares Yaroslav, and he spills the remaining drops on the t-shirt from the package.

YAROSLAV (nervously): Well, where are the sticks?

He shakes off his shirt.

Music is playing loudly (only the introduction of Pa' mi casa – Bebe, or something like that)

He goes and opens the door. Dimon bursts into the room.

DIMON: Healthy, Yaroslav batkovich.

YAROSLAV: hi, Dimon.

Greets the handle, the guest takes off his jacket on the go, takes off his shoes.

DIMON: Listen, old man, when will you fix the bell on the door? It's no business, no business, to beat on the door with your fingers, I've already broken all the cauldrons.

Shows Yaroslav the Kazanka river.

YAROSLAV: Yes, I'll fix it somehow. Once. What are you doing without warning? It's a bit of a mess...

DIMON: Yes, I had a fight with my wife. And you are alone, you can always find a dry friendly heart to shelter.

YAROSLAV: Well, Yes. What are the passions in the family?

DIMON: Imagine, I come home from work early today, and there...

YAROSLAV: Lover?

DIMON: if only... Dinner is not prepared! Well, what is it? A man came home from work, but there is nothing to eat at home.

YAROSLAV: Natasha always did a good job with you. Maybe she was busy, didn't have the opportunity?

DIMON: Why are you protecting her? I should have found an opportunity. I had a bite of cheburek on the way, while I was coming to you, so I let go a little...

YAROSLAV: Yes, I feel the fat of the tenth overcook (disperses the air with his hand near his face). Why didn't you take it for me?

DIMON (guiltily): I didn't think of something, I'm sorry. In

my thoughts, I could see that I was wandering. I'll go and get you one.

Dimon minces to the door, but Yaroslav stops him.

YAROSLAV: no need, I have already intercepted so little at home.

A friend notices that Yaroslav is standing in one Shoe.

DIMON (intricately): Listen, what is this outfit you have?

Points to the Shoe.

YAROSLAV: it Doesn't untie, you bastard!

DIMON (exquisitely): Ahhh... Are you going to walk like this now?

YAROSLAV: So I will. No, I'll untie it some day, of course, or cut the cord, but then, I don't want to do it now. Let's go and sit down.

Pass on the sofa, sit down.

DIMON (exquisitely): Well, when?

YAROSLAV: when What?

DIMON: When can I see a young lady in this house?

YAROSLAV: Oh, I don't know, Dimon. The question is certainly interesting, but I don't have an answer to it yet.

DIMON: Let me introduce you to Natasha's friend? She's been divorced for a long time, which means she won't miss another fool like that. Will love you as the most-the most... At least you will think so, as we all do.

YAROSLAV: Yes not... thank you of course, but as something need to this... in General, you can solve such issues

yourself.

DIMON: Ooooh, well, how much did you do? What a mess you've made. A woman's hand, my friend, is needed in this house!

YAROSLAV: I Don't want to talk about it.

DIMON: Okay.

Pause.

YAROSLAV: Dimon...?

DIMON: Aya?

YAROSLAV: I think you're a cretin.

DIMON: A very interesting discovery.

YAROSLAV: No, I think I understand everything!

DIMON: What are you talking about?

YAROSLAV: Why didn't your wife have time to cook anything?

DIMON: Well?

YAROSLAV: your birthday is tomorrow, you fool! Here's Natasha and ran around looking for a gift, and you let all the dogs down on her.

DIMON (scratching his head): Damn, it looks like you're right. I'd forgotten all about it. By the way, come back tomorrow, we'll sit and celebrate.

YAROSLAV (unconvincingly): No, I have business there, in General, there is. If I can get away... But it is unlikely.

DIMON: Kapets, it was inconvenient. (Guiltily) I'll go smooth out the corners.

Dimon gets ready, dresses, shoes.

DIMON: Come on, this... tomorrow evening, if that (indicates with a gesture the invitation to the acceptance of alcohol).

Yaroslav shrugs his shoulders.

Dimon leaves.

Yaroslav wipes the floor clean, takes away a rag and a milk carton. He takes off his t-shirt and unties the shoelace, while exuding growls and incomprehensible vocabulary. He takes off his other foot, picks up a book from the table, reads for a while, puts the book down, and goes to bed with a blanket over his head.

ZTM.

1st DREAM

Plays quiet lyrical music (Maxim Timoshenko "Traces", or something similar).

The room becomes light.

Yaroslav is asleep. Light air step slowly is Aida. Loose garments do not constrain her movements, on the contrary, they give her elegance and a special tenderness.

Aida walks across the room, trembling, holding her hand to her chest, looking around the room. Whirls. Her eyes appear sleeping Yaroslav. She clasps both hands to her chest, looks at the man with a tender look, and sits down next to him on the bed.

Yaroslav feels some excess pressure on the bed. The hand begins to feel the place of the supposed changes. His hand meets the contours of the body of Aida, who calmly observes what is happening.

The music stops.

Yaroslav realizes that he is not alone on the bed. He opens his eyes, jumps up with a wild yell, and falls off the bed at the other end.

YAROSLAV (in a whining voice): Well, where are the sticks? I think I broke a rib.

He holds his side, stands up, and does not look at the girl, thinking that he is imagining it.

AIDA (gently): Don't worry, it's just a small bruise.

Yaroslav slowly turns around at the voice. Cautiously looks at the girl, disperses the air with his hand, in front of his face, driving away the remnants of sleep. Shaking his head doesn't help. He crawls onto the bed and slowly creeps on his knees to the other side, where Aida is sitting. He raises his hand and starts poking her cheek with his finger.

JAROSLAV (trembling with fear voice): Yeah well eelke-where Palki. How is that even possible? Girl, are you alive? I mean, it doesn't seem like it to me? I mean, where, how?

Yaroslav sits down on the bed in complete confusion.

AIDA (affectionately): Hello, my good.

JAROSLAV (cautiously, nodding his head): ...St.

AIDA (gently): no, Yaroslav, I am not alive...

JAROSLAV (screaming hysterically, jumping up on the bed): What? No? I'm dead, right?

AIDA (gently): Yarik, calm down, please. You're not dead, I'm not dead either, but you're dreaming about me now. You are sleeping.

Yaroslav narrows his eyes in disbelief. He creeps up to Aida and again pokes her in the cheek with his finger.

AIDA (gently): This is not a very pleasant feeling...

Yaroslav pulls back.

JAROSLAV: AND how can I make sure that we are really in a dream right now?

AIDA (gently): If people knew how to be aware of themselves in a dream, and what they can do here, they would not come back

voluntarily.

YAROSLAV: Why?

AIDA (gently): you will Find out... But it's too early. My visit to you is not related to this question.

YAROSLAV: which ONE? Who are you anyway?

AIDA (gently): My name is Aida. I...

YAROSLAV: a Figment of my imagination?

AIDA (gently): Perhaps it is easier for me to agree than to explain what I really am, because this will inevitably lead to questions about who you are.

Yaroslav listens carefully, but does not understand very well. Straining his ears and eyes. Waiting for something, shaking his head.

YAROSLAV: Listen, what's your name?..

AIDA (gently): Aida.

YAROSLAV: Yes, here I am... as something apparently with dream... I can't figure out what's going on.

AIDA (gently): we have a little time, I will tell you. We have several of your favorite women. I am Aida – your first projection of the desired diva image. I have been living with you for a long time, but not in your head, but in your soul, so it is not possible to recognize me by logical conclusions. After all, love is not the mind, and even, in all conscience, not the heart. Love comes from the patrimony of the soul. And not only love for a woman or a man, for children or for the Motherland... Love for everything comes from one huge, vast area, which is impossible to touch

and determine by eye.

YAROSLAV: and the love of money?

AIDA (gently): and the love of money is not even self-love, it is fear. Fear of losing what you have and not getting what you crave. Fear is my own brother, it is beautiful in its own way, and it lives just in the zone of mental hindrance, but this is not about it. I know you're longing for a man who's been looking for you for a long time, and I'll tell you a secret – he'll find you soon.

YAROSLAV: We are now talking about a betrothed, do I understand correctly?

AIDA (gently): it Sounds funny, but so be it. Yes, we are talking about her. Her soul yearns as much as yours. Soon, very soon, you will meet.

YAROSLAV: You know everything here, don't you?

AIDA (gently): And you know, you just don't remember...

YAROSLAV (incredulously): Well, then, tell me why I haven't been able to meet this one for so many years?

AIDA (gently): Why should I keep an answer about this, ask yourself why I chose this particular path. I tried to talk you out of it, but you insisted and I gave up.

YAROSLAV: I? What are you saying? When did I insist on spending half my life in agony and confusion?

AIDA (gently): It was not so long ago, Aranka... and not here. But I don't want to fill your head with questions that won't do you any good at this stage, but rather will be harmful. And our time is inexorably running out. I just wanted to see you, talk to

you, and of course help you. Even though it is forbidden to us.

YAROSLAV (hurriedly, nervously): so help, help quickly, you say yourself, time is running out. Come on, tell me what to do. Where to go? Where to meet? How will I recognize her?

AIDA (gently): Silly... why, I've already told you everything...

Aida gets up from the bed and slowly moves back in the direction of movement, without taking her eyes off Yaroslav.

YAROSLAV (hurriedly, nervously): where Are you going? Wait? No! Not now. Stay a little longer... Please don't go!

AIDA (gently): You will meet soon, Yaroslavushka... (quietly) soon...

A short musical motif sounds the same as when Aida appears.

Yaroslav stretches out his hands in the direction of the retreating lady, who hides the features of the characters.

ZTM.

HOUSE

Morning. Yaroslav wakes up and stretches. She sits on the bed and looks around the room. He goes to a pile of things, rummages through it, selects a cleaner t-shirt, sniffs.

YAROSLAV (in an appreciative tone): OK!

Puts on this shirt, takes socks from another pile of things, performs the same olfactory analysis.

YAROSLAV (in an appreciative tone): they still look Like that.

He pulls on his socks.

She sits on the bed, scratches her neck, and looks disapprovingly at her room.

YAROSLAV: Actually, of course, you can't do that. I don't have time to do all this myself, and I don't want to. We need someone to handle this...

Yaroslav takes the newspaper from the table, looks at the ads. Leafs.

YAROSLAV: So! Nanny services are not the same. Husband for an hour (looks with insight) – actually, it can be. They also screw up the shelves, hang the curtains, they can probably do the cleaning too, and wash the dishes somehow. But a man is a man, again, you will get the same business owner as me... Okay, I'll make a note just in case. What else is there?

Flips through the pages of the newspaper.

YAROSLAV (delighted): In! The housekeepers went.

Picks up the phone, starts calling.

YAROSLAV (positively): Hello, Hello!

A short pause, and Yaroslav's face changes.

YAROSLAV (coldly): Goodbye.

Hang up.

YAROSLAV (indignantly): With such a voice only in the toilet to sit and shout – busy. I don't want one.

Shakes his head indignantly

YAROSLAV (indignantly): they've been Smoking Since they were young, and then their voice doesn't sound attractive at all. However, maybe, of course, from birth such, I knew one girl... well, never mind, I suspect that this lady still smoked her voice.

Then he looks at the ads.

YAROSLAV (in a businesslike tone): So – so – so – so – so... Let's call here.

Picks up the phone, starts calling.

YAROSLAV (cautiously): Hello? Yes, Hello. (The face becomes more open and inviting, the tone changes accordingly). Girl, I need a helper around the house. I can't cope alone, I can't get married, and the problem is getting worse.

Yaroslav smiles.

YAROSLAV (in a friendly way): it is Good that you are so humorous about this, without humor here... (he looks around his filthy room.) Well, will you come? Yes, we'll decide on the payment. What is your name? Nina? Well. After six o'clock

today? Coming! Write down the address...

ZTM.

HOUSE

Yaroslav enters the room. He looks haggard.

He throws the heavy bag on the floor and takes off his jacket. He sits down on the bed and idly pulls off his shoes. One takes pictures, the other doesn't want to take pictures. The shoelace is tied at the knot, not untied. Now it's a Shoe on the other foot.

YAROSLAV (nervously): Well, where are the sticks? On the node again?

Looks at the Shoe, tries to untie it. It doesn't work.

YAROSLAV (humbly): Well, exactly. It reminds me of something. I won't drink milk today, just in case, and we'll do without any accidents.

There is a timid, hesitant knock on the door.

Yaroslav listens.

YAROSLAV: it Seemed, probably.

Still fiddling with the shoelace. The knock on the door is repeated, but more confident.

Yaroslav looks at the door with an intricate expression on his face.

YAROSLAV: or maybe it didn't seem so...

In one Shoe, he goes to the door and opens it.

Nina enters the room. She is wearing a grey raincoat and a headscarf.

YAROSLAV (coldly): Hello. What can I do for you?

NINA (with interest and caution looking around the room and its owner): Hello, I'm Nina.

A skeptical pause on the part of the host.

YAROSLAV (coldly): I am very happy, and I am Yaroslav. So what do you want, Nina?

NINA: well, of course... We agreed, didn't we?

Yaroslav attentively looks at the girl with a severe penetrating look.

YAROSLAV (coldly): Girl, and you hour apartment not mixed up? I don't understand you.

NINA: Is this the eighty-seventh?

YAROSLAV (coldly): yeah...

NINA: did you call me about the housekeeper?

Yaroslav's face changes.

YAROSLAV (cordially): my God, Nina! Why didn't you introduce yourself right away? Please come in!

The girl is confused. This can be seen in the expression of the face and in the movements.

NINA: Yes, I actually introduced myself, but... Okay, it's good that we figured it out.

YAROSLAV (positively): Well! (throws out his arms) This is my domain! The field of battle, so to speak, with sewage is marked!

The girl takes off her shoes and pays attention to the fact that the owner is wearing only one Shoe.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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