

Nikolay Lakutin

90*60*18

Play for 3 female roles,
comedy

16+

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Lakutin N.

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Three epochs converged at one point. Grandmother, mother and daughter each live their own canons, but at the same time try to get along in the same apartment, which inevitably generates squabbles. They sometimes quarrel by pulling each other's hair, but at the same time they love each other very much, appreciate, respect and support in every possible way! Against the background of their "measured life", they reveal the background of many fried topics for the viewer.

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Play for 3 people (three female roles)

Comedy. Duration: 1 hour and 20 minutes.

One-act play.

ACTOR

IYA-daughter, 18 years old;

AURORA-mother, 60 years old, good-looking (looks well-groomed 40-45);

EVDOKIA-grandmother, 90 years (looks on 70-80);

1 living ROOM

Cozy home environment. Three ladies live in the apartment, and this is felt throughout. And in the flowers on the windowsill and in the ruffles on the curtains and in the capes on the chairs, tablecloths, decorations. But most of all it is visible in the many piles of things, neatly and not too neatly stacked throughout the living room.

Iya enters the room in a tight sports outfit for fitness, with a towel on her shoulder. She's upbeat, excited. In her hand is a measuring tape, which she puts on the table. He wipes the sweat from his brow with a towel and casually throws the towel somewhere on the sofa. She takes a measuring tape, stands complacently in front of a large mirror, looks at herself, strokes her stomach with her hands, strokes her buttocks, assumes, as it seems to her, a sexual pose, admires herself.

IYA (in a businesslike tone): So! Let's get started!

Takes a measuring tape, goes to the mirror, measures the lower part, the area of the soft spot.

An even more or less robust old woman, Evdokia, slowly steps into the room, leaning on a crutch. She watches her granddaughter grimace in front of the mirror. Slowly, silently, she moves to the sofa, picks up the towel that Eeyah has thrown there, and goes to her granddaughter. Her granddaughter doesn't see her.

IYA (in a businesslike tone): Sooo. Ninety... almost.

Measures your waist.

IYA (in a businesslike tone): Sixty... almost.

Measures your chest.

IYA (in a businesslike tone): Ninety... almost.

The soft spot of AI is overtaken by a strong blow with a towel from Evdokia.

OYA pulls herself together and turns around.

IYA (with an exasperated cry): Grandma! What are you doing?

EUDOXIA: I what? What are you doing? The towel is wet on the sofa. Do you think it will dry out there?

IYA (with an annoyed cry): Yes, I put it there for a minute, now I was going to measure the results of my efforts and hang it up to dry!

EUDOXIA (with a sneer): yeah... Look at the blouse lying there (pointing to the chair), the jeans (pointing to the sofa), the tunic (pointing to the chair). I put everything down for a minute... three days ago, and probably just about to clean it up?

IYA (in a malicious tone): Yes! I was going to do it right now. And the tunic over there is not mine at all, my mother threw it, and ask her!

EVDOKIA: Iya, granddaughter, well, you can't be like this... such... how would you like it to be softer...

IYA: Sloppy, right?

EVDOKIA (on the nerves) Yes, an arsehole, for God's sake, what's the point of being so refined? Look what the house and mother have turned into! There is nowhere to sit, everything is covered with clothes! Rags!

IYA: Yes, grandma! I am still not ninety years old and my name, thank God, is not Evdokia! Do you want your mother and I to dress like you? One shawl for all occasions!!!

EVDOKIA (on the nerves) I don't understand why you don't like my name. Well, Evdokia. A very honourable name... it was.

IYA: it was! That was it. Then sometime then... maybe it was customary to wear one gray skirt and one white blouse all your life. And now the time is different! You have to put up with it, at last! Many things are a necessity for a modern girl! And nothing they do not lie around the house, and neatly lie. I need it all and I need it right where it is!

EUDOXIA (on the nerves) My mother is the same. I gave birth to her at thirty, I couldn't get pregnant for a long time, and she had fun until forty, that's the result!

AURORA (from behind the scenes): Up to forty-two!

An elegant and precocious-looking Aurora enters the room defiling. She takes the measuring tape from her daughter and also stands in front of the mirror, measuring her self-esteem.

Iya nervously grabs her jeans and blouse and leaves the living room.

EVDOKIA: OH..., another beauty has appeared in our pearl Kingdom. Here, look, Aurora, (throws up her hands) what you have turned the house with your daughter into. It's not a house, it's a warehouse! And in the bathroom? You can't turn around there. Five hundred tubes, seven hundred vials, four hundred bottles... That one that another!!! Only one man on the mind! Well, who are you doing all this for, what are you wasting your life on? Don't you have enough sense for anything else?

AURORA: (taking measurements, walking calmly around the room): Is everything all right?

EUDOXIA: (calmly) No. You know what else I wanted...

Grandmother completely unobtrusively approaches her daughter, as if in the ear of a secret wants to say something.

Aurora leans over to mom and gets a left hook with a towel on the causal spot.

Aurora cries out.

EUDOXIA: (calmly) That's it now!

AURORA: Mom, you don't change. The years go by, and wisdom is not added. I'm not your girl anymore, so with me...

EVDOKIA: (calmly) You are always a girl to me. Put away your tunic, (pointing to a chair) beauty.

Aurora pompously puts the measuring tape on the table, picks up her tunic, and leaves with it.

Grandma looks around. No one is left in the living room but her. Takes a measuring tape, goes to the mirror, begins to measure its parameters with an intricate sly look, evoking a song.

Music.

ZTM.

2 living ROOM

The living room is empty. Iya runs around in upset feelings, hysterically throws her purse on the sofa, throws herself on the other side of the sofa, crumpling the pillow with her hands, whimpering.

The grandmother enters the room with a watering can, watering the flowers, from time to time glances at the sobbing granddaughter, but does not come.

The granddaughter sees that the grandmother is here, tries to show her moods to the public, but the grandmother holds up well.

IYA (to my grandmother, angrily): I don't understand how you can be so callous. Do you really care what happens to me?

EUDOXIA: (quietly) Dear granddaughter, I will tell you in confidence that there has not been a single day since you were born when I did not think of you. It's very important for me to know that you're doing well, but sometimes when I see that you're not, you don't always let me talk to you. The last time I tried to find out what caused you to suffer, you tried to knock your grandmother out with a pillow, the one you have right now. And I lose my knack with time, and sometimes I don't have to Dodge.

Oia calms down, sits up straight, and looks guiltily at her grandmother. Grandma finishes watering the flowers, puts her hands on her hips, looks at her granddaughter.

The granddaughter slaps her hand on the sofa, inviting her grandmother to sit next to her.

Grandma puts down the watering can, sits down next to her, and hugs her.

IYA (to grandma, humbly): Bab... why is that, huh? Is there something wrong with me? Well, all guys can't be complete jerks. Or do I just have a happy hand on them?

EUDOXIA: (calmly, putting his arm around his granddaughter) Offended by who?

IYA (to my grandmother, humbly): No... not that I would offend... Understand... This is different. I'm eighteen, you know, and I'm getting old. In these years, being a girl is like death. I'm still careful.

EUDOXIA: You're a smart girl, it's better than from an early age and with just anyone!

IYA: Yes, I've read a lot about it. One person... He is a psychologist, I contacted the Internet remotely, no one knows about it. You're the first person I tell about this. In General, a year ago, I was desperate, I was ready to throw myself at the first person I met, just not to be a black sheep among my friends. And by chance... well, not by chance, but it so happened that on the Internet I got to the page of a psychologist. He gave the first consultation for free, and I asked what I should do.

Evdokia listens attentively, stroking her granddaughter's head.

IYA: Here, and he told me about the effect of the first male. Can you imagine? It turns out that you can't just go out with someone like this for the first time. He is the first, leaves his mark for life and even years later, and after changing a lot of partners, the child can then be born with exactly the qualities that this first guy had. Can you imagine? Did you know that?"

EUDOXIA: (calmly, putting his arm around his granddaughter) I didn't hear it, but you know it... in our years, the attitude to this issue was somewhat different. It was not customary for us to be with someone before the wedding. They did not get married for the sake of quick realization of an intimate relationship.

IYA: why then?

EVDOKIA: Honey, we were looking for a life partner. Support, the right shoulder. Fortunately, there were many worthy men then. There was a different upbringing, different mores, different values.

IYA: Bab... don't start, huh?

EVDOKIA: Yes, I'm sorry. Well, so what? Why are all these guys jerks? Why are you so upset?

IYA: So I'm telling you! After the psychologist explained everything to me, I realized that I actually did everything correctly. That there is no need to hurry, we need to find a decent person from whom I might want to have children later.

EUDOXIA: This is a smart move, granddaughter. Not only does attachment and instincts work here, but the head is already involved in the process.

IYA: Yes! But that's the problem!

EUDOXIA: Why not?

IYA: Yes, because as soon as I start to look closely at the boy I like, I inevitably sooner or later realize that he is an idiot.

EUDOXIA: Is that so?

IYA: Yes, that's right. You have no idea how many boys I've already met. They come from everywhere, just like an obsession. On the Internet every day a lot of sufferers who want to walk, ride, go to the movies, cafes, and so on. On the street, they approach me—they get acquainted, in transport they shove their mobile phones with the words: "Hello."

EVDOKIA: Well... This is no wonder, you are a prominent girl.

IYA: no, I'm not complaining about that. I am certainly pleased that I am popular with the boys. But I can't communicate with them for a long time! As long as they sing my praises, everything is great. But as soon as their vocabulary runs out, that's it... Either they fall off or I lose interest.

The grandmother looks at her granddaughter attentively, sympathetically, kindly.

IYA: the Women... I'll still be an old maid if it goes on like this. And this psychologist—a bastard, the second time does not want to consult for free. What should I do?

EVDOKIA (warily): my pension is small...

IYA: That's not what I'm talking about. Well, you're old... I mean, wise. Advise me! Tell me what to do.

EVDOKIA: and tell me this. How long does it usually take from the moment when you are interested in a guy to the moment when everything goes to hell with you?

IYA (thoughtfully): Oh, Bab... well..., in different ways. Once a day, once two... Well, probably the longest is four or five days.

EVDOKIA: everything is clear, granddaughter. All the people you've had the pleasure of talking to... meet... They had only one not-so-original goal in mind.

IYA (thoughtfully): You think all they wanted from me was...

EVDOKIA (interrupting, confidently): Yes!

Iya thinks about it.

IYA (thoughtfully): Wait, but many of them spoke so colorfully about me, they talked about their plans for me, promised a lot of things...

The grandmother looks at her granddaughter affectionately. Iya catches this skeptical look on her face.

IYA (thoughtfully): What do you think, that all stupidly lied, pursuing one single goal?

My grandmother shrugs her shoulders apologetically and sympathetically.

IYA (thoughtfully): Means... I was right... They're all jerks. But where can I find a decent person?

EUDOXIA (thoughtfully): Listen... why don't you talk to your mother about it? She's something... I think he knows more about these things than I do. After all, she was married four times, and each time successfully, as she claims.

IYA (indignantly): With mom? Well, noooo. We are not friends, but rather competitors. I can imagine what advice she can give me...

EVDOKIA (not understanding): What? What do you mean, competitors? You're eighteen, she's sixty. What kind of competition can we talk about, Oia?

IYA (indignantly): Sixty-something sixty, but looks something she, a disease on forty!.. forty-five at most. You and I know that it's high time for her to choose a stronger piece of clothing, and the guys think that she's still in full bloom! Have you seen the photos she posts on her social media page? Eight boys have already left me for her. From me to her, you know? And you say-what competition...

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