

KOROVA (The Cow)

Comedy in do acts aur epilogue ke saath.

Koi bhi (commercial, charitable, professional, amateur) public performance of this play only possible with **author ki permission** se. Play perform karna hai, chahe Russia mein ho ya abroad mein, permission pehle se lena zaroori hai, **khud author ko** contact karke, is address par: ptushkina@mail.ru.

Author **allow nahin karti** text mein koi bhi changes karna, scenes ko shorten karna ya unka order badalna, characters ke names ya age change karna, aur na hi play ka title change karna.

Copyright violation ke liye Russian Federation ke law aur international law ke norms ke hisaab se action liya jayega.

Characters

1. **Katerina (Katya)**
2. **Vadim (Vadya)**
3. **Cow (Buryonka)**
4. **Nina**

5. **Nastya** (6 years old)
6. **Alexandra** – Katerina ki mother.
7. **Alexander** – Alexandra ka latest husband.
8. **Ruslan** – Alexander ka brother.
9. **Man**
10. **Woman**

Act One

Scene: Ek do-room ka apartment. Basically, ek room dikhta hai, living room jaisa. Aur doosra room, jo bedroom hai aur living room se connected hai, usme door ki jagah ek arch hai, jiski half-circle par plaster ke cupids aur angels bane hain. Opening light fabric se draped hai, jisme bows aur sparkles hain. Yeh sab latest fashion trends ki den hai. Aur kitchen – yeh to fashion ki den nahi, balki uska 'chillaana' hai. Yahan bhi arch hai, lekin angels se nahi, balki grapes, tomatoes aur doosre fruits ke clusters se decorated – ek still-life half-arch. Kitchen mein ek classic oval table hai, jiske around circular sofa hai, aur saath hi ek bar counter bhi hai, jiske paas do high stools hain. Sink, stove, refrigerator, chopping table, counter – sab ek strict line mein arranged hain. Windows par – living room mein bhi aur kitchen mein bhi – blinds hain. Sab kuch glossy dikhta hai aur halki irony provoke karta hai, lekin vulgarity ka feel nahi hai.

Living room se pata chalta hai ki is ghar mein logon ne kaafi time se reh rahe hain, aur ise gradually, pyaar se decorate kiya gaya hai. Furniture aur setting – jaise tree trunk ke rings ya archaeological layers – se owners ke kai saalon ke lifestyle ka pata chalta hai. Aur although furniture pompously embroidered covers mein chhupa hai, yeh clear hai ki yeh purana, old-

fashioned furniture hai, lekin itna nahi ki retro lage; shayad parental hai, jo 30 saal pehle newlyweds ko mila tha.

Aur ek cupboard (sasti range ki) unhone khud khareedi thi, un dino mein jab furniture ke liye subah subah line mein lagna padta tha.

Cupboard crystal glassware se bhari hai; collection se lagta hai ki crystal zyada tar gifts mein mila; shayad housewife teacher hai: kuch ek jaisi vases, figurines, kuch alag style ke aur incompatible sets of glasses.

Coffee table, jo mehnga hai; 10 saal pehle, agar latest fashion nahi tha, toh second-latest zaroor tha.

Lekin us par rakha telephone – yeh fashion ka demonstrative victim hai. Kuch fantastical shape ka, bulky, gold aur encrusted, jiska pretension hai ki yeh kisi aisi purani cheez ki style hai jo kabhi exist hi nahi karti thi aur aisa kuch produce nahi karti thi. Yeh phone clearly shock value ke liye hai.

Shaayad yahan log apne upar hasna pasand karte hain aur kabhi kabhi aane waale purane doston ko entertain karte hain. Kyunki is thodi si absurd apartment mein kuch aisa hai jo dikhata hai ki yeh doosron ki approval ya jealousy ke liye nahi, balki apne liye, aur isliye banaya gaya hai ki kisi ko yahan ek doosre ke saath achha lage. Jaise ek maa, apne bachche ko pyaar karti hai, uske room ko weird special cheezon se decorate karti hai, is unconscious desire se ki bachcha us room mein smile aur comfort ke saath rahe. Comfortable wahan hota hai jahan aapko bahut pyaar kiya jata hai.

Is apartment se owners ke baare mein aur kya keh sakte hain? Unki financial status steadily badhi; kuch time pehle woh so-called middle intelligentsia (ordinary engineers, teachers, doctors etc.) se naye social class mein shift hue. Unhe 'new Russians' nahi keh sakte, lekin undoubtedly woh unke saath same environment mein hain aur, though irony ke saath, unhone kuch household (aur sirf household nahi)

orientations adopt ki hain. Is apartment mein clearly kabhi bachche nahi the.

Yahan do log rehte hain; arrangements se pata hai ki third person clearly extra hai.

Aur teen logon ke saath itni luxurious-hotel cleanliness maintain karna mushkil hai. Yeh do log ek doosre par burden nahi hain aur clearly delicate hona jaante hain; isliye, apartment mein doors nahi hain. Owners ko physical tor par ek doosre se alag nahi hona padta; iska matlab woh ek doosre ki freedom aur peace ka respect karna jaante hain.

Winter. Night. Entrance ka kuch hissa bhi dikhta hai, aur right side mein neighbour ka door hai, aur street ka door, aur street light, snowdrifts, aur blizzard.

Lekin is apartment ke owners, jo ground floor par hai (thoda ooncha), soye nahi hain. Woh long-married couple hain. Dono 50 se upar ke hain.

Aur abhi woh door ke paas, apne apartment ke andar khade hain.

Katerina, ek cute comfortable dressing gown mein; red background par kuch blue cornflowers aur yellow butterflies hain. Isse jis tarah se wide yellow belt se casually tied kiya gaya hai, pata hai ki woh ise roz pehenti hai; shayad husband ka gift hai.

Aur Vadim. Woh half-sheepskin coat mein hai, topi haath mein hai. Pair mein ek simple suitcase hai, bahut purana. Aise suitcase ke saath travel nahi karte; isme attic mein off-season ya unnecessary items store karte hain; isme kuch dacha le jaate hain ya ek ghar se doosre ghar shift karte hain. Vadim ke haath mein do glasses hain.

VADIM: (Toast karte hue) Cheers is baat ke liye ki hum hamesha itne hi close rahein, jaise humari poori zindagi rahe!

KATYA: (Suitcase ko dekhti hai, phir shaky voice mein) Is suitcase ke saath tum tab Vologda aaye the mere paas...

VADIM: Haan?

KATYA: Yaad hai?

VADIM: Haan. Yaad hai. (Pause) Proposal kiya tha. (Glass uthata hai) Tumhare liye!

KATYA: Chalo, journey ke liye baith jaate hain! (Baith jaati hai.)

Left wall ke peeche, shayad neighbour ke flat se, cello bajne lagti hai. Koi kuch seekh raha hai, kyunki ek poignant-sad melody almost immediately ruk jaati hai, aur invisible cellist phir se shuru karta hai.

VADIM: (Mechanically apna sir music ki taraf ghumata hai, phir mechanically apni ghadi dekhta hai) Wah! Kya Paganini banne ka irada hai?

KATYA: Paganini violinist tha. Yeh cello hai!

VADIM: (Thodi der music sunta hai) Bahut dinon se nahi suna. Lagta hai, uski progress achhi hai?

Katya kuch nahi kehti.

VADIM: (Toast karta hai) Tumhare liye! Humein dono ke liye! (Ek ghoont mein pee jaata hai) Cello ne mujhe yaad dilaya ki main rifle bhi saath lena chahta tha!

KATYA: Suitcase... Suitcase... Kitne saal, kitni sardi... Ajeeb...

VADIM: Kya ajeeb hai?

KATYA: Bas yeh – suitcase... Iske saath aaye, iske saath ja rahe ho...

VADIM: Main suitcase wapas laa dunga.

KATYA: (Hairan) Suitcase?

VADIM: Maaf karo. (Jaldi se bedroom mein jaata hai aur rifle lekar aata hai) Yeh lo...

KATYA: Cover chest of drawers mein hai, doosre drawer mein.

VADIM: (Rifle diwaar se laga deta hai) Aur cartridges! (Wapas bedroom mein jaata hai)

KATYA: (Suitcase se baat karte hue) Abhi, abhi... Abhi woh tujhe lega aur chala jayega... Khali pan... Khali pan...

VADIM: (Wapas aata hai) Cartridges – yeh lo, lekin cover nahi mila.

Katya cover lene jaati hai.

VADIM: (Use rokhte hue) Jaldi nahi hai. Kabhi aur.

KATYA: Main jaldi karti hoon. Mujhe sab yaad hai, sab pata hai, kahan kya hai...

VADIM: (Kuch aur soch raha hai) Kya jaldi?

KATYA: Cover!

VADIM: Kaunsa cover?

KATYA: (Rukti hai) Mujhe pasand nahi, mujhe pasand nahi ki sab... Sab theek hai... Tumhara shukriya!

VADIM: Kiske liye? Ajeeb – raat ko – cello baj raha hai!

KATYA: (Dhyan se samjhati hai) Main khush thi... Samajhte ho?

VADIM: Samajhta hoon.

KATYA: (Sir hilati hai) Nahin samajhte... Main tumhare saath khush thi... tumhari wajah se... kyunki aisa hua... zindagi bhar tum saath rahe... Jab main 4 saal ki thi... Tumhe yaad nahi, tum chhote ho, tab tum 3 saal ke the... Isliye, tumhe yaad nahi...

VADIM: (Chupke se ghadi dekhta hai) Tumne bataya tha, mujhe yaad hai.

KATYA: Bataya tha... Aur tab se... Tab se, har ghante, har pal tum the... Mujhe fail marks milte, top marks milte, doston se ladti, maa par gussa karti aur roti, college mein admission leti, Vologda mein job ke hisaab se teacher bani, lekin... in sab ke upar hamesha tum the... jaise aasmaan... Mera khushi aasmaan ki tarah thi... Aasmaan ko nahi dekhte, notice nahi karte, lekin tumhe yakeen hai – woh hai... Main tumhare saath itni khush thi... itni... Isi ke saath tum mujhse jaaao! Mera dhyan mat karo, apne baare mein socho, mere pyaare, apne baare mein socho... Main chahti hoon, main apni poori rooh se chahti hoon ki tum khush raho... Tumhare liye! (Ek ghooont mein pee jaati hai)

VADIM: (Sach mein) Main tumhare saath bahut khush tha! Aur... bilkul... main paise deta rahunga...

KATYA: Paise?..

VADIM: Bura laga ki maine paise ka zikr kiya... Hai na?

KATYA: Kyun nahi? Isme bura kya hai? Main baat yeh hai ki tum sahi ho... Pyaar – yeh... Pyaar ke liye...

VADIM: Apartment ke baare mein... bilkul mat sochna... Ab yeh apartment sirf tumhari hai...

KATYA: Thank you, bahut thank you... Thank you... Abhi kahi aur shift ho jaana mushkil hota...

VADIM: Humari photos tumhare paas rahein... Aur mere parents ke paas tum jaati rehna... mere saath? Tum samajhti ho... kabaristan mein kya karna hai, kab, kaise... Aur wahan, unki qabron ke paas, humne apni dono ki qabr ke liye bhi jagah khareedi thi... Ab kya hoga? Kuch main galat keh raha hoon... Kuch main important kehna chahta hoon... Par important kya hai? (Sochta hai) Yeh violin mujhe confuse kar rahi hai... Lagta hai, bas itna hi... Toh main chalta hoon?

KATYA: Jaao! Tumhaara intezaar hai.

VADIM: Woh against nahi hai ki main...

KATYA: Phir bhi, use shayad pasand na aaye...

VADIM: Nahi, woh mana nahi karti!

KATYA: Achha, phir bhi woh 20 saal ki hai...

VADIM: Baat yeh nahi ki woh 20 ki hai, aur tum... (Ruk jaata hai)

KATYA: 53...

VADIM: Main kabhi tumhe nahi chhodta... Lekin... Main tumhe batana nahi chahta tha, lekin tumhe pata chal hi jayega... Woh bachche ki ummeed kar rahi hai...

KATYA: (Hairaan) Kiske saath?

VADIM: (Haath phailaata hai) Bas apne aap ko guilty mat samjho.

KATYA: Main?

VADIM: Ki humare bachche nahi hue.

KATYA: Mubarak ho tumhe! Main tumhari taraf se khush hoon!

VADIM: (Khush ho kar) Sach? Tum - strong woman ho! Aur woh – itni helpless... Tum samajhti ho, na?

KATYA: Main sab samajhti hoon. Haan. Samajhti hoon. Sab samajhti hoon. Alvida!

VADIM: Good night, Katya! (Suitcase leta hai, topi pehenta hai, darwaza kholta hai) Is se... sar mein dard ho gaya. Aur tumhe?

KATYA: Mujhe? Nahi. Kabhi kabhi mujhe lagta hai ki woh bow mere dil par chala raha hai.

VADIM: (Decisively) Bas. Main gaya.

KATYA: Car tak chhodti hoon. Apne Jeep ko 'bye' keh kar aati hoon.

Woh apartment se nikalte hain, stairs utarte hain; Vadim suitcase ke saath aage, Katya uske peeche. Vadim rifle apartment mein bhool gaya.

VADIM: (Rukta hai) Ghar jao! Draught hain, apna khayal rakhna!

KATYA: Mera gown teri sheepskin coat se garam hai! Tera gift hai. Kabhi kabhi mujhe lagta hai, yeh gown nahi, meri apni skin hai.

Wahan, cello par, phir se gadbad hui aur wapas shuru kiya.

Vadim suitcase rakhata hai, entrance door kholta hai aur bahar jaata hai.

Katya door pakad kar khadi hai, gown mein aur zyada lipat jaati hai aur street ko dekhti hai.

KATYA: Shaam se kitni barf giri hai! Jeep kahaan hai? Koo-koo! Poori barf mein chhupa hai!

(Kuch dekhti hai aur tension mein aa jaati hai) Vadya! Vadechka! Zara dekho – tyres ke neeche kuch hai! Kisi ko barf ne dhaak liya! Dekho... Bhagwan na kare kuch...

Wahan Vadim headlights on karta hai. Light entrance tak pahunchti hai. Shadows aur zyada strange ho jaate hain. Is wajah se scene fantastical, unreal feel hota hai.

KATYA: Kisko barf mein dhaak liya? Zinda hai? Koi sharabi?

VADIM KA AWAZ: Agar sharabi hai, toh koi aur nahi, balki seedha singhon waala!

KATYA: Kaise singhon waala? (Entrance chhodti hai aur us side jaati hai jahan se Vadim ka awaaz aa raha hai, Jeep ki taraf)

Aage hum agar unhe dekhte bhi hain toh vaguely aur fragmentarily. Sirf awaazein clear sunai deti hain, blizzard ki awaaz ke beech mein.

KATYA: Oy! Yeh kya hai?

VADIM: Haathon se barf mat hatao! Mitten le lo!

KATYA: Barf ki wajah se dikh nahi raha! Yeh moose hai! Vadik, bilkul moose hai! Aur zinda hai?

VADIM: Paas mat ja! Warna singh maarega, phir pata chalega zinda hai ya nahi. Katya, kaha na, car ke peeche khadi ho, tere paas chappal hain... Yeh koi moose nahi!

KATYA: Toh kaun hai?

VADIM: Koi nahi! Moose nahi! Bilkul common nahi! Cow hai!

KATYA: Cow?! Sach mein, cow! Nahi, yeh mujhe sapna lag raha hai!

VADIM: Paas mat ja! Agar singh maaregi toh turant jaag jayegi! Ghar jaao! Itni raat ko, Boulevard Circle ke paas, cow tumhe na maar de! Main ghoom kar nikal lunga! Yahan itna mushkil nahi! Haan, tum usse chipak kyun rahi ho?

KATYA: (Shocked) Woh saans le rahi hai, Vadya! Woh zinda hai!

VADIM: (Accepts) Yeh zyada der nahi chalega. Jald hi jam jayegi!

KATYA: Hey Buryonka, mat so, jam jayegi!

VADIM: Veterinary call karo...

KATYA: Buryonka, chalo! Letna nahi hai!

VADIM: Kya kar rahi ho?

KATYA: Help karo! Main nahi utha paati! Inme, cows mein, half tonne to hoga... kam se kam!

VADIM: Kyun? Phone karo! Shayad, slaughterhouse le ja rahe the, yeh yahan kahi paas hi hai, Tagan par, shayad! Mera dhyan mat karo! Main ghoom jaunga! Aur sach mein, mujhe jaana hai! Woh nervous hogi...

KATYA: Slaughterhouse? Tum help karo aur jaao!

VADIM: Kya help karun?

KATYA: Usse khada karo.

VADIM: Kise?

KATYA: Cow ko!

VADIM: Kyun?

KATYA: Door le jaaun?

VADIM: Kahaan?

KATYA: Apartment mein, abhi ke liye...

VADIM: Tum ise apartment mein ghusaane ja rahi ho?!

KATYA: Vadya, use marna toh nahi hai? Woh jeena chahti hai!

VADIM: Paagal ho gayi? Kya absurdity hai – cow ko apartment mein! Aur yeh kahan se aayi?

KATYA: Aur, shayad use Bhagwaan ne bheja hai, bilkul abhi, bilkul isliye, taaki main paagal na ho jaun... Bas apartment mein ghaseetne mein help karo, phir main khud sambhal lungi!

Wapas, wohi apartment mein. Itna time bita hai jitna 300-kilo cow ko bedroom tak ghaseetne mein laga. Door open hai. Bedroom arch ka curtain hata kar upar kiya gaya hai, taaki entrance clear ho. Phone waali table side mein hata di gayi, taaki cow ko nikaal sakein. Chairs bhi hata di gayin. Vadim topi pehne hue living room ke beech mein khada hai. Katya gown mein – neighbour ke door ke saamne.

VADIM: (Helplessly) Raat ke 2 baje...

KATYA: Usne Hippocratic Oath li thi.

VADIM: Li thi, lekin cows ke liye nahi.

KATYA: Kya farak hai? Cows, people... "For Whom the Bell Tolls" yaad hai? Hum mein se har ek ke liye. (Doorbell dabaati hai)

VADIM: (Sadly) Kaunsa bell raat ke 2 baje?... Kya main abhi bhi zaroori hoon?

KATYA: Nahin jaanti.

VADIM: Toh main jaata hoon. (Aur jaata nahi) Wahan bachcha so raha hai, Katya!

Neighbour ke door se bachche ki awaaz: "Kaun hai? Daaku hain ya nahi?"

Vadim living room mein wapas aata hai aur nervously ghoomne lagta hai.

KATYA: Daaku nahi hain!

BACCHE KI AAWAZ: (Nirash ho kar) Arre, phir se daaku nahi! Theek hai, kholti hoon!

KATYA: Maine tumhe jaagaya, Nastya? Aur maa so rahi hai?

NASTYA: (Door kholti hai) Hum logon mein koi nahi sota. Maa Uncle Seryozha ko kiss kar rahi hai. Aur main jhaank rahi hoon.

NINA: (Sheet mein lapeti hui, door par aati hai, Nastya ko halka sa thappad maarti hai) Kisne raat ko door kholne diya? Apne kamre mein bhaag! Aur 5 minute mein so jaana! Main check karungi, phir dekhti hoon!

Nastya bilkul ignore karti hai, woh har baat ki full knowledge lene par tuli hai.

NINA: (Katya se) Bhagwan ka shukar hai, tum ho! Nahi toh kisi ke liye bhi khol degi! Sikha rahi hoon, sikha rahi hoon use... (Nastya se) Chup, yahan se hatt, kaha!

Nastya order ki taraf zero attention deti hai.

NINA: (Katya se) Kya hua?

KATYA: (Actually, bahut awkward feel kar rahi hai) Maaf kar dena, Bhagwan ke liye! Tumhe turant medical help ke liye zaroorat hai! Main nahi karti, lekin... ek second bhi waste nahi karna... Life literally melt ho rahi hai...

NINA: (Haath phatakti hai, sheet gir jaati hai, woh mushkil se sambhalti hai) Bhagwan bachaye! Mujhe pata tha! Katya, Katyushka, tune kya kiya?!

KATYA: Jaldi humare paas! Entrance par baat karke koi fayda nahi... Immediate help chahiye...

NINA: Abhi, abhi... (Nastya par chillati hai) Ab tak pairon mein kyun ulajh rahi ho? Hatt, bed par!

NASTYA: (Tark se) Aur ab, wohi baat, lekin cultured aur politely.

NINA: (Dheemi awaaz mein) Please, so jaao. Tante Katya ki problem hai! Tang mat karo! (Katya se) Abhi aayi! (Apne flat mein ghayab ho jaati hai)

NASTYA: (Katya se) Aap roenge ya sab andar hi rakhenge?

KATYA: (Pyaar se Nastya ke sir par haath phera) Main iske baare mein baad mein sochungi.

NASTYA: Rona achha hai! Zor-zor se! Taaki sab sympathy karein!

VADIM: (Bedroom mein jhaankta hai, gambhir saans leta hai aur entrance par jhaankta hai) Katya, teri protege ne itna leak kiya hai... Ab carpet ki tension...

Katya use ignore karti hai. Vadim living room mein wapas aata hai aur sofa par gir jaata hai. Uski poori posture keh rahi hai: chalo, yeh pagalpan dekhte hain, main haath dho leta hoon.

NINA: (Ab jeans, sweater aur doctor ke bag ke saath) Ready. (Katya ko sympathetic tareeke se dekhti hai) Life signs hain?

KATYA: Weak hain.

NINA: Tune use kya kiya? Oh, mujhe iska intzaar tha, intzaar!

VADIM: (Baith jaata hai) Kiska intzaar tha?

NINA: Tu zinda hai? Kitna horrible hai!

VADIM: Kya - options hain?

NINA: Mujhe laga, Katya ne tujhe maar daala!

VADIM: (Ironically) Murder plan tha?

NINA: Are! Apni Katya ko nahi jaanti? Machli bhi nahi maaregi!

VADIM: Aur yeh machli, jise Katya maar nahi sakti, hamare bedroom mein hai! Welcome, Aibolit!

NINA: Kya hua?

VADIM: Humanity ke raaste par chal, Mother Teresa! Aur mujhe jaana hai! Bhagwan kare, mere tyres ke neeche koi camel na aaye!

KATYA: (Vadim se) Mat ja! Zaroorat pad sakti hai!

VADIM: Sahi hai. Wapas ghaseetenge! Lekin, ab murda! Yeh zyada mushkil hai. Lekin humari numbers badh gayi.

NINA: (Darr ke saath bedroom mein jhaankti hai aur uchhalti hai) Oy! Oy! Yeh kya hai?

NASTYA: (Turant wahan aa jaati hai) Maa, kya? (Cow dekhti hai, taaliyan bajati hai) Cow! Fairy tale se! Picture se!

NINA: Kyun? Kahan se laaye?

VADIM: Jahan se laaye, wahan khatam ho gaye. Lucky hain – last waali le li!

Nastya turant bedroom mein ghus jaati hai.

NINA: (Nastya se) Cow ke paas mat ja!

NASTYA: (Bedroom se) Main nahi ja rahi, main sun rahi hoon. Woh keh rahi hai: "Red maiden, mere ek kaan mein ghus, aur doosre se nikal, aur theek ho jaa."

NINA: (Bedroom mein jaati hai) Main tujhe ghusaati hoon! Hatt!

KATYA: (Arch mein) Bach jayegi? Mujhe dar lag raha hai. Kaheen abhi mar na jaaye?

VADIM: Yeh hum sab ke liye tragedy hogi!

NASTYA: (Chillati hai) Mujhe nahi chahiye! Nahi chahiye! Maa, use marne mat do! Main roongi! Zor-zor se!

NINA: Abhi koi marne waala nahi hai! Examine karne ki koshish karti hoon. Itni gandi kyun hai? Dhona padega... Mujhe suspicion hai ki yeh actually white hai...

VADIM: Tabhi to jacuzzi kaam aaya! (Katya se) Agar main tumhe nahi manaata toh cow kahan dhote? Normal bathtub hoti?

NINA: Jacuzzi mein bhi nahi aayegi. Tum log ise bathroom mein ghaseet do, aur seedha floor par shower se dho lo... Ground floor hai, kisi ko flood nahi karoge!

VADIM: White cow ka bathing! Zindagi bari iski dream thi! Lagta hai, ancestors ka call hai, ancient Slavs ka!

NINA: Aankhen half-open hain. Pupil reaction nahi. Limbs sensitive nahi. Pulse... Cow ki pulse kahan hoti hai?

VADIM: Aur main raat ko wapas jaakar kya explain karun? Bolun, cow ki pulse dhoondh raha tha?

NINA: Jugular vein check karte hain... Nahi, better hai yahan, mouth ke kinaare... Pulse mila.

VADIM: Cow ko jine ke liye pulse kaafi hai, ya aur kuch chahiye?

NINA: (Baahar aati hai) Pre-comatose state hai.

KATYA: Jeegi?

VADIM: Kitni der chalegi? Jaldi pata chalega, jeena hai ya marna.

NINA: Marna kyun? Marna nahi chahiye! (Bag kholti hai) Abhi IV karti hoon. Nastya, humare ghar ja, Seryozha ko bata ki main half hour mein aayi.

Nastya bhaag jaati hai.

NINA: Kya injection doon? Cardeomin ya sulfocafocaine?

VADIM: Rhetorical question hai, ya answer ka wait kar rahe ho?

NINA: (Syringe mein medicine bharti hai) Achha... Sochtein hain. Agar billi ko main 0.2 ml deti thi, toh cow ko confidently 2 ml de sakti hoon!

NASTYA: (Wapas aati hai) Uncle Seryozha so gaye! Jaise Robinson Crusoe! Bilkul nange! Kitna funny! Koi nahi so raha! Sirf Uncle Seryozha so raha hai! Sab kuch so jaayega! Use lagta hai, yahan sirf kutta hai, lekin ab cow bhi hai!

VADIM: Kaunsa kutta?

NINA: (Topic change karti hai) Shuru mein, intramuscular try karte hain...

VADIM: Kaunsa kutta? Main samjha nahi...

NINA: Nastya, bahar! Dhyan mat do, woh neend mein hai!

NASTYA: Neend mein kuch nahi!

VADIM: (Dhimi awaaz mein) Nastya, teri maa kaise kehti hai: kutta ya buddha kutta?

NASTYA: Main neend mein hoon.

VADIM: Jawab de – cow gift karunga! Uska kya faida? Buddha kutta kaafi hai!

NINA: (Bedroom se) Mujhe assistant chahiye!

NASTYA: Mummy, mummy, main cow ka haath pakad lungi, woh bhi injections se darti hai!

NINA: Yahan pakdo! Mazboot pakdo! Lekin dabao mat! Aise!

NASTYA: Cow, mujhe bahut injections lage hain! Aur dekho, main kitni beautiful hoon, bas needle baithne mein dard hota hai! Main injections se nahi darti, agar zaroori hai toh lagwa lungi! Bas itna hai! Kya bigda hai – injection! Injection laga aur chalo!

NINA: (Baahar aati hai) Hercules (oatmeal) hai?

KATYA: Hai. Main subah oatmeal khaati hoon.

VADIM: Ab teri company ho jayegi!

NINA: Pani mein banao, thin jaisa kissel, aur garam peene do. Aur mujhe turant kuch woolen do, mitten ya sock, kuch purana. Main use rub karungi, phir massage... Tujhe bhi sikhana padega... Teri Buryonka ko roz massage chahiye.

VADIM: Is cow ke – brilliant prospects hain! Jacuzzi, massage, liquid oatmeal! French sikhane ka plan hai?

NINA: (Bedroom mein jaati hai) Aur ek, aur do, aur teen, aur chaar... Rest. Katya massage ko carefully dekhti hai.

KATYA: (Zor se) Oatmeal mein namak daalun?

NINA: Aur ek, aur do, aur teen, aur chaar... Shabash! Rest!

VADIM: Main cow ke kaam ka hoon ya main chalta hoon?

NINA: Aur ek, aur do... Aur tu, Nastya, uski aage ki taangein raghad!

VADIM: Maine toh Hippocratic Oath nahi li thi!

NINA: Aur ek, aur do, aur teen, aur chaar... Rest!

KATYA: Oatmeal mein namak daalun?

NINA: Namak daal!

Katya kitchen mein chali jaati hai.

VADIM: Tum logon ke saath achha hai! Agar kuch hua, toh hamesha bacha loge! Main jaata hoon! Bilkul jaata hoon! (Jaata hai)

NINA: (Bedroom se) Ab raghadte hain! Tu, Nastya, lower limbs raghadti reh, aur main spine ke saath, stomach par... Meri akal mand, kitni achhi tarah leti hai... Sabar kar, meri achhi, sabar kar!

NASTYA: Budhiya kehti hai: "Cow ko kaato aur bas!"

NINA: Nastya, tu toh so rahi hai?

NASTYA: (Aalsi se) Main nahi so rahi... (Bilkul neend mein) Aur cow real hai ya mujhe sapna aa raha hai?

VADIM: (Wapas aata hai) Katya!

Katya badi spoon ke saath aati hai.

VADIM: Suitcase bhi apartment mein laaye?

KATYA: Sirf cow laaye! Suitcase nahi!

VADIM: Aur boot mein suitcase nahi hai.

KATYA: Tumne toh rakha hi nahi tha! Woh entrance mein, door ke paas hai.

VADIM: Ab wahan nahi hai. Sach hai; agar kuch badha, toh kuch ghatega hi. Wah, log! Raat ko uda le gaye! Blizzard, freezing, aur koi kaheen mera suitcase le ja raha hai. Use surprise hone waala hai! Shayad woh banking

books ki umeed nahi kar raha! Kya zindagi ho gayi? Thoda dhyaan hatao, toh either singh mein ghuso, ya suitcase chura lein.

KATYA: Suitcase le jaayega, books padhega, qualification improve karega. Innocent citizens ko peace dega aur banks lootne lagega.

VADIM: (Gussa nikalta hai) Katya, main teri condition samajhta hoon! Lekin, depression se fight karne ke liye, ghar mein cow laana zaroori nahi! Is se teri problems solve nahi hogi! Sirf nayi problems create hogi!

NINA: (Arch mein) Toh cow le aayi! Tujhe kya? Books ki tension hai? Aur kisi cheez ki tension nahi? Awaaz kyun uchhaal raha hai? Tu kaun hai? Ex-husband? Woh tujhse tang nahi karti, toh tu bhi tang mat kar! Har koi apni pasand ki cheez rakhta hai! Khud choose karta hai! Katya – cow, aur tu – bitch (female dog)!

VADIM: Bas! Kal tak!

KATYA: Ruk! (Bilkul seedha) Ab aur mat aana! Mujhe is se bura lagta hai!

NINA: Shabash, Katerina! Kaato toh seedha!

KATYA: Main ab tumhe dekh rahi hoon! Aur yeh aakhri baar hai. Aur kabhi nahi! (Use der tak dekhti hai)

NINA: (Scream karti hai) Oy, kya ho raha hai!!! Oooy!!!

Katya aur Vadim chonk kar bedroom ki taraf dekhte hain.

NINA: Cow milking waali hai! Iska calf tha! Bichari, calf se juda kar diya!

NASTYA: (Rone lagti hai) Calf ko dukh hai! Aur Buryonka ko bhi dukh hai!

NINA: (Nastya se) Theek hai, theek hai, shant ho jaa...

VADIM: Bye, girls! Calf dhoondne jaata hoon! (Jaane lagta hai)

KATYA: (Pukarti hai) Vadya!

NINA: Katya! Oatmeal jal raha hai!

VADIM: Woh ja raha tha, aur peeche auratein ro rahi thi aur cheekh rahi thi! Alvida, Katya! (Jaata hai)

NASTYA KI AAWAZ BEDROOM SE: Bichari Buryonka, main tujhse pyaar karti hoon!

NINA: (Bedroom se baahar aati hai) Chala gaya? Main khud oatmeal sambhal lungi. Aur tu himmat rakh! (Oatmeal mein busy ho jaati hai) Bas ho gaya! Thanda hone do. Katya, teri companionship chahiye? Yahan akele bura lag raha hai?

KATYA: Main akele nahi hoon! (Hasti hai)

NINA: Sahi hai! Tu toh cow rakh li! (Hasti hai) Aur meri calf (Nastya) kahan chhupi hai? (Bedroom mein jhaankti hai) Katya, dekh! Cow ke paas so gayi! Kya mitha! Kuch achha nahi ho raha hai! Use sanatorium mein bhej rahi hoon! Katya, tu thoda ro leti, na?

KATYA: Main aise handle kar lungi! Thank you!

NINA: Tu jaanti hai us awaazheen singer ko, Vikya Strakh, 14th floor se?

KATYA: Haan, haan... hello-hoti hai...

NINA: Toh, tera... ex... uske saath soya...

KATYA: Kaise?

NINA: Bahut acha! Yahan!

KATYA: Aur main kahan thi?

NINA: Tera appendix operation hua tha. Aur yaad hai, tu French lesson deti thi? Usse, jo international flights ke liye try kar rahi thi?

KATYA: Toh?

NINA: Woh lesson kitne baje khatam hota tha?

KATYA: Ye tu kyun poochh rahi hai?

NINA: Aur raat ko use Jeep mein kaun ghar chhodta tha?

KATYA: Maine khud Vadim se kaha tha. Woh city se bahar rehti hai. Woh reluctantly karta tha.

NINA: Reluctantly ya nahi, main candle nahi pakde hue thi. Aur woh rehti hai – yahan se teen minute ki doori par.

KATYA: Aisa kya!

NINA: Aur lessons tera Vadichka pay karta tha... Aur us ghorhi (lady) ko, jo 4th floor par twins ke saath rehti hai, kya notice kiya? Uske saath bhi soya!

NASTYA: (Neend mein) Aur Tante Vali ke saath!

KATYA: Kaunsi Tante Vali?

NINA: Cleaner waali!

KATYA: Yeh sab nonsense hai! Vali – sharabi hai!

NINA: Tab woh abhi tak heavy drinker nahi thi, technician-caretaker thi! Oh, teri Vadim par fida ho gayi! Use chain nahi diya! Building ki saari auratein gussa thi!

KATYA: Sab gussa thi? Toh, sirf tu akeli hai jiske saath Vadim nahi soya?

Pause.

NINA: Nahi, aisa nahi hai. Mujhe maaf kar, Katya! Mujhe sharm aati hai... Bas ek baar hua... matlab, teen din... Jab tu apni maa ki doosri shaadi mein gayi thi... Aur woh har baar shaadi kyun karti hai? Aur tujhe pata bhi tha?

KATYA: Kyun bataya?

NINA: Tujhe solace dena chahti thi.

KATYA: Solace de diya.

NINA: Main pyaar ho gayi, ab khud ko funny lag raha hai! Chahti thi usse bachcha paida karun aur tujhse chura kar le jaun!

KATYA: Ho nahi paata!

NINA: (Gussa ho kar) Kyun nahi ho paata?! (Phir guilt se) Woh bachcha chahta tha! Tune galat kiya bachcha paida nahi karke! Yeh selfishness hai. Bachcha paida karna chahiye! Aur, agar shadi-shuda ho, toh do paida karo toh behtar! Main use aasani se bachche par pakad sakti thi! Lekin main ne control kiya, main tujh par taras khayi...

KATYA: Shukriya.

NINA: Lekin mera sacrifice useless tha... Koi mujhse zyada smart nikli aur teri Vadim ko pakad liya!

KATYA: Haan. Koi mujhse aur tujhse zyada smart nikli!

NINA: Oh, main ne bahut aansoo bahaye... aur jealousy ki!

KATYA: Jealousy? Mujhse?

NINA: Tu kahan se?... Maaf kar... Mujhe jaana hai! Cow ko khana de aur kuch mat soch! Main apni (Nastya) ko dheere se le jaati hoon! (Bedroom se Nastya ko utha kar ghar le jaati hai, halki awaaz mein) Yeh rifle yahan kyun rakhi hai?

KATYA: (Halki awaaz mein) Fikr mat kar – unloaded hai.

NINA: (Halki awaaz mein) Kehte hain, unloaded bhi, kabhi kabhi chal jaati hai! Good night! Agar kuch ho – bulana!

KATYA: Jeegi ki nahi?

NINA: Theek ho jayegi! (Nastya ko lekar apne flat mein jaati hai).

NASTYA: (Neend mein, aakhri baat) Aur Buryonka wapas apni picture mein nahi jaayegi?

KATYA: (Arch mein rukti hai) Kya hai, Buryonka? Bura lag raha hai? Tujhe... zinda... kisne phenka? Asal mein, tujhse aur mujhse, ek jaisa sulook hua. Shayad isliye, kismat ne humein milaya? Bilkul sahi waqt

nahi... Mere liye bhi, tere liye bhi... Halaanki, tere paas choice nahi thi... Mere paas bhi, shayad. Aur ab tujhe oatmeal peena hai. (Kitchen mein jaati hai) Kis mein tujhe doon? Mushkil hai ki tu apni pichli zindagi mein plate use karti thi... (Sideboard se fruit ke liye ek badi crystal bowl nikaalti hai aur kitchen mein le jaati hai) Mera mehmaan tabhi hoga jab tu crystal mein khaayegi! (Bowl mein oatmeal daalti hai) Khana tayar hai, Madame Cow! (Bedroom ki deheez par baithti hai aur cow ko bowl deti hai. Cow dikhti nahi). Bon appetit, cow! Bilkul attention nahi! Kahin tu bhi suffer toh nahi kar rahi? Hum doosre ke suffering ke baare mein kya jaante hain? Aur apne suffering ke baare mein kuch jaante hain? Mujhe dekh! Main ab bilkul kuch feel nahi kar rahi... Kya yeh suffering hai? Humein kitna kam pata hai ki suffering kya hai... Aur comfort ke baare mein toh aur bhi kam pata hai... Oatmeal kha! Mujhe bhi bahut bura lag raha hai, lekin main khud ko yeh oatmeal khane par majboor kar sakti hoon... (Bowl apne mukh ke paas le jaati hai aur ek ghoont leti hai) Ajeeb, ulti nahi aayi... Taste nahi, smell nahi, - kya yeh suffering hai? (Bowl cow ki taraf badhaati hai) Try kar, cow! Cow... (Soch mein pad jaati hai) Hey Bhagwan, Hey Bhagwan, jaise kal ki baat ho... Primus stoves, kerosene stoves... Aur oatmeal ki waisi hi khushbu... Main aur dadi shaving powder se soap bana rahe hain... Main ek green stool par khadi hoon... Main abhi table tak nahi pahunchti... Dadi gol gol pattiyaan bana kar fork se kinaare dent karti hain... Aur phir dono taraf same fork ke point se roses banati hain... Aur roses ki khushbu aati hai, aur dadi jannat ke baare mein bataati hain... Jannat mein woh jaata hai jo pyaar karta hai... Communal flat ki neighbours dekhti hain, sunti hain, aur aah bharti hain.. Aur us... use dekhna, jaise sooraj ko – zyada der nahi, aankhon mein paani aa jaata hai. Aur kaise pata chala ki lace khul gayi... Stool se utri aur uske paas gayi... Ghoontne par baithi, jhuki aur lace bandh rahi hoon... Aur main abhi lace se deal karna seekha hi tha... Aur mujhe feel hota hai ki khamoshi aur sab humein dekh rahe hain... Main ghabra gayi... kaise-taise manage kiya... Aur accidently uske face par dekha... Aur

suddenly samajh gayi – main use pyaar karti hoon... Bilkul jaan gayi – pyaar karti hoon... Aise hi samajh mein aaya – jaanti hoon ki pyaar karti hoon... Ajeeb... Aadhi century beet gayi, aur main cow ko bata rahi hoon... Cow ko... Toh kya hua, cow ko? Aur shaadi se pehle uske father ne mujhse baat ki... Vadim ke bachche nahi ho sakte... Ek harmless childhood illness ke baad complication... lekin Vadim ko yeh nahi batana chahiye... Mujhe pata hona chahiye, aur Vadim ko – nahi... Tune aankhen kholi? Shabash meri! Aur ab – chatkar dekh! Aur... aur kar, meri aakhri khushi! Shabash! Shabash! Ek aur baar chatkar dekh! Meri khushi, meri dhoop, kya tu mujhe sach mein samajhti hai? (Hasti hai) Kisi ko doosra samajhna nahi diya gaya! Bhagwan ko bhi hum kehte hain; mujhe sun, Bhagwan! Samajh nahi, sun – hum Bhagwan se kehte hain! Kha, kha, meri pyaari, khairiyat se! Kya tu mujhe sun rahi hai? Sun rahi hai? Main yeh kabhi nahi samjhungi! Sun rahi hai? Zara ishaara kar! Ishaara kar! (Be-chain ho kar) Meri pyaari cow, mujhe tasalli de, ishaara kar!

Yahan hum dekhte hain ki cow hilkar, Katya ke face par chatkarti hai aur phir piche hatt jaati hai.

KATYA: Meri pyaari, thank you ki tu mere paas hai! (Woh ro padti hai, aur tez, aur tez, aur cow ki gardan se lipat jaati hai, aur mazaa le kar roti hai, kyunki rone ke liye koi hai.) Main itna suffer kar rahi hoon... main itna suffer kar rahi hoon... main request karti hoon, request karti hoon... oatmeal kha lo... Mar nahi, main akeli nahi reh sakti... main nahi reh sakti... main request karti hoon, oatmeal kha!

Wohi apartment. Kuch changes hain kyunki yahan kuch din se mehmaan hai. Carpet hata kar diwaar ke paas rakh diya gaya hai. Bedroom ka exit chair se block kar diya gaya (us chair ka cover kuch crumpled aur tilted hai, jaise use chew kiya gaya ho), curtain bilkul hata di gayi. Kitchen mein kuch

buckets, sacks, milk ke jars hain. Floor par oilcloths aur newspapers bichhe hain. Katya jeans aur sweater mein, phone receiver haath mein.

KATYA: (Phone par baat kar rahi hai) Yeh warm overalls ke baare mein hai... basically... dog ke liye. Haan, sab measure kar liya... Note karo! (Ek paper par dekhti hai) Spine length withers se tail tak 175 cm... Body circumference, widest part mein, 180 cm. Bilkul, 1 meter, 80 cm! Neck circumference 85 cm. Nahi, sab sahi measure kiya. (Halka sa mazaak kar rahi hai) Kyun nahi ho sakta? Haan! Itni badi... dog! Kya? Kaunsa breed? Mixed breed! Haan, bahut-bahut badi! Do baar measure kiya neighbour ke saath. Continue karte hain. Height, withers se hoof tak... matlab paw ke neeche tak... 140 cm. Kab ready hoga? Varna main ise walk par nahi le jaati. Kaunsa material? Protective? Nahi, woh meri... desanter nahi hai... Aur, agar main apna material doon toh? Mere paas gown hai, main is par adapt kar sakti hoon... Use pasand aata... Oh, almost forgot main baat... Tailoring mein udder ka kuch dhyan rakhna hai... Matlab kaise – kyun? Udder ka naam nahi, udder... Aap kyon hairan hain? Udder kabhi nahi dekha?

Doorbell bajti hai, Nina aati hai.

KATYA: Koi aaya hai! Main phone karti hoon. (Receiver rakhti hai aur door kholti hai)

NINA: (Door par) Katyusha! Kya pata hai tere window ke neeche kya ho raha hai? Singhon waali window se bahar dekh rahi hai, aur log use dekh rahe hain! Bacche school tak nahi pahunchte. Khade rehte hain aur dekhte hain. Cars traffic light par rukti hain aur move karna bhool jaati hain. Buryonka ko horn maarte hain, haste hain. Poori boulevard ke liye show hai! Curtain kyun hata di?

KATYA: (Carefree) Use chew kar rahi hai! Bhagwan na kare, choke na ho jaye! Dekhne do! Usne kya dekha hai?

NINA: (Bedroom mein jhaankti hai) Ungulates ko hello! (Katya se) Palat ke bhi nahi dekha! Use yeh street, jaise humein TV!

KATYA: Humne face dhoya, comb kiya, doha, apartment mein ghooma, exercise ki; thoda window se dekh lenge aur breakfast karenge! (Jars ki taraf sar hilaati hai) Nastya ke liye fresh milk le jaa! Subah 6 litre doha! Ungliyan dard kar rahi hain! Koi baat nahi, aadat ho jayegi!

NINA: Nastya fresh milk bahut achhi tarah peeti hai. Aur jaise mere saamne strong ho rahi hai. Aur baaki, – main toh aise hi...

KATYA: Breakfast ke baad meri cow let jaati hai. Aur main uske paas mattress par baith kar kuch classic padhti hoon, Chekhov, Bulgakov... Kaise sunti hai! Garam ho kar so jaati hoon. Aur sapne aate hain clean colourful rivers aur golden skies... Aur sirf bachpan mein main itni khush thi!

NINA: Kiske paas jeene ke liye paise hain? Milk bech kar trade karegi?

KATYA: Job par jaungi.

NINA: Bahut dinon se job nahi kiya. Aadat hogi? Aur age, sorry of course. Tere age mein career start nahi karte.

KATYA: Jab tak insaan zinda hai aur kisi se pyaar karta hai, kuch bhi late nahi, Ninochka!

NINA: Tujh par ajeeb effect hua ki aadmi ne chhod diya. Mujhe darr tha, tu kuch kar legi. Lekin tu, ulta, jaise... chamakne lagi! Main khud ab, jaanti hoon, kis baat par pakdi gayi hoon? Tujhe dekh kar enjoy kar rahi hoon! Aur tujhse jaane ka mann nahi! Lekin jaana hai! Nastya ko sanatorium bhej rahi hoon. Bahut kaam hai. Main gayi. Milk le jaati hoon. Shukriya!

KATYA: Aur kal main cottage cheese aur sour cream khilaaungi! Aur clarified milk, aur butter... Sab khud seekh lungi. Maine ek special book khareedi hai. Bilkul interesting hai jeena!

NINA: Tu funny ho gayi hai, Katya! Main aaj raat tere baare mein itna acha soch rahi thi, phir sab so gayi. Asaan nahi hai is cow ke saath. Pehle – tere ne tujhe chhoda, aur turant woh aayi! Aur tujhe tasalli di! Oh, yeh simple cow nahi hai! Jaanti hai ki insaan ki soul cat ya dog mein shift ho sakti hai? Bahut saare cases hain!

KATYA: Aur meri cow mein kaunsi soul shift hui?

NINA: Vadim ke deceased parents ki! Jaise woh tujhse pyaar karte the aur tujhe protect karte the, Katya!

KATYA: Mummy, Papa... Vadim kehta tha ki woh bahu se zyada bete se pyaar karte hain... Aur woh haste the aur kehte the ki tu beti hai, bahu nahi.

NINA: Unki souls teri cow mein shift hui hain! Tujhe tasalli dene aayi hain. Khud ko doshi maan rahe hain ki unka beta tujhse bura hua. Mat has, Katya! Khud soch – husband gaya, aur cow aayi. Itna simple nahi! Cow simple nahi! Raat ko, Moscow center mein, simple cow kahan se aayegi? Humein laga woh mar rahi hai, lekin shayad, ulta, woh jee rahi thi... Wahan se aayi aur is duniya ke liye jee rahi thi... (Shraddha se) Main jaa kar hello karti hoon! (Arch ke paas jaati hai) Buryonka! (Cheekhti hai) Katya! Woh Japanese blanket chew kar rahi hai!

KATYA: (Bedroom ki taraf daudti hai) Phir se dhyaan nahi diya! (Bedroom se awaaz) Meri khushi, thook de! Mujhe de! Ye tera hay! Aur yeh hum hata denge, yeh gandagi, yeh synthetic!

NINA: Oh, Katya, tere aur teri cow ke liye words nahi hain! (Milk ka jar le kar jaati hai)

KATYA: (Cow se) Kya humara nose warm hai? Hum window par thand na pakad lein? Meri khoobsurat, meri fluffy, meri jaan, abhi breakfast karenge!

Doorbell. Katya, haath mein hot oatmeal se bhari badi crystal bowl ke saath, door kholti hai. Saamne – Alexandra Emelyanovna aur Alexander

Rifatovich. Uske peeche ek bada backpack, aur aage ek suitcase on wheels. Uske haath mein do bade bags hain. Katya shocked ho kar piche hatt jaati hai.

ALEXANDRA: (Jaise pehle se sure ho ki woh Katya ke liye badi khushi hai) Apni maa ko welcome kar! (Baahon ko phaila kar Katya ki taraf badhti hai)

Act Two

Sab waisa hi hai.

ALEXANDRA: Apni maa ko welcome kar!

KATYA: (Piche hatt kar) Maaf karo... (Jaldi se living room mein jaati hai aur bowl neeche rakhti hai)

Alexandra Alexander ko andar ghaseetne ki koshish karti hai, lekin woh bilkul rokta hai. Katya wapas entrance par aati hai.

ALEXANDRA: Ye tera naya papa hai! (Use Katya ki taraf dhakelti hai) Pyaar se rakhna! Humne honeymoon manaane ka decide kiya! Tujhe tasalli dena, aur saath mein market mein thoda business karna. Husband ne tujhe chhoda, kaafi khali jagah ho gayi! Fikr mat kar, hum saath hain, teri shaadi karayenge!

KATYA: Maa, kuch batati toh!

ALEXANDER: (Bahut shy) Namaste! Alexander, sorry, Rifatovich! Introduce karta hoon... (Himmat jama kar) Mere liye pleasant surprise hai ki meri wife ki beti interesting aur young hai!

ALEXANDRA: (Decisive) Dekh lekin ghoorna mat! (Katya se) Woh itna flirt hai, aankh rakhiye! Ladies ke liye itna shaukeen! (Aur uske saath baahon mein baah daal kar Katya ke saamne aati hai)

ALEXANDER: (Bahut shy) Shayad main yahan theek nahi hoon?

ALEXANDRA: Hello! Woh akeli udaas baithi thi! Aur suddenly surprise – maa aur papa aa gaye! (Husband se) Aur tu uske expression par dhyan mat de... Woh hamesha aisi hai! Na gaana, na naachna! Kapde utaar, kyun ghoom raha hai? (Katya se) Aur tu, chhapat! Chappal de! Use – husband waali, mujhe – meri wali! Hum metro mein bahut dhakke khaye, jhagde! (Husband se) Aur tu kitchen mein jaa! Uski kitchen, cinema jaisi hai!

KATYA: (Alexander se) Bahut acha laga! Please andar aayein!

ALEXANDER: (Kitchen mein jaata hai) Oh, kya outstanding kitchen hai, sorry!

ALEXANDRA: (Door par) Kya tujhe sapna tha, honeymoon aisi kitchen mein manane ka? (Katya ke paas corridor mein aati hai) Bas, uske saamne yeh mat bolna ki tu 50 ki hai!

KATYA: Mera har saal naya papa hota hai!

ALEXANDRA: Yeh papa – tera aakhri papa hai! Shaitani mat kar, 'papa' kehne se zubaan nahi sookhegi! Hamesha ke liye nahi, tere paas! Sirf ek mahine... do mahine... baad mein dekhte hain, kya sochna? (Zor se) Jab tak teri shaadi nahi kar dete, nahi jayenge!

KATYA: Main shaadi nahi karna chahti!

ALEXANDRA: Hello! Bas maa ki baat ka ulta kehna hai! Aur humne toh dhoondh liya hai!

KATYA: Kya dhoondh liya, maa?

ALEXANDRA: Zyada der nahi! Humne use seedha station se phone kiya aur seedha tere paas invite kiya!

KATYA: (Phone laati hai) Aur ab seedha yahan se phone kar aur invitation cancel kar!

ALEXANDRA: (Phone ko dhakel kar) Der ho gayi! Raste mein hai! Aur bahana mat – maine tujhe bahut suitable dhoondha hai!

KATYA: (Ironically) Young bhi?

ALEXANDRA: Nahi, tera tujhse bada hai!

KATYA: Maa, kya baat hai! Apne liye young, aur mere liye...

ALEXANDER: (Kitchen se) Auratein! Tum mujhe bhool gaye, aur main shy hoon!

ALEXANDRA: (Uske paas daudti hai, utawali) Main beti ko tasalli de rahi hoon! Mar rahi hai ki aadmi ne chhoda, itna mar rahi hai, itna mar rahi hai!

KATYA: (Helplessly) Maa.

ALEXANDER: (Katya se) Aap dhyaan mat do! Hum men, aise hi hain – kabhi jaate hain, kabhi aate hain, chain toh sapne mein milta hai! Khaas kar, aap itni interesting, young woman, bilkul ripe!

ALEXANDRA: (Katya se) Dekh, pehle hi tujh par line maarni shuru kar di!

ALEXANDER: (Alexandra se) Main truthful hoon, aur tu twist kar rahi hai! Main hamesha aurat ko tasalli देने mein interested hoon!

ALEXANDRA: Abhi Ruslan aayega, woh tasalli dega!

ALEXANDER: (Katya se) Ruslan – mera brother hai. Hum close age ke hain. Hum 6 bhai hain, sab close age ke, aur shaadi-shuda sirf main hoon. (Katya ke haath se phone cheen kar dial karta hai) Aur Ruslan ki jagah Roman better hota.

ALEXANDRA: Pehle Roman ko phone kiya, lekin nahi mila! Aur Ruslan mil gaya! Jo mil gaya, woh hi sahi! (Uske haath se phone cheen leti hai)

ALEXANDER: Ruslan ka – character hai! Har aurat uska character nahi seh sakti! (Katya se) Aur aap gentle woman hain, yeh aankhon mein dikhta hai, helpless... (Phir se phone leta hai)

ALEXANDRA: Gaa raha hai – gentle... Apni dumbi mat hila! Better bata, – kya woh use pasand karega? (Aakhri baar phone leti hai)

ALEXANDER: Aur kaise? Hum bhai, auraton ke maamle mein sab ek jaise hain... Khud mein alag hain, lekin auraton tak same hain, hum sab auraton ka respect karte hain.

ALEXANDRA: Respect – toh please, usme koi mana nahi karta! Aur, shaadi karega tera Ruslan – kaise?

ALEXANDER: Kyun nahi? Kabhi kabhi shaadi ki! Aur characteristic baat – kabhi kisi wife ko nahi chhoda!

KATYA: Phir unhe kya kiya? Unhone use chhoda?

ALEXANDER: Aise bhi keh sakte hain. Woh teen baar widower hai. Teen wives ko bury kiya, aur hamesha respect ke saath, aur 9 din, aur 40 din, aur ek saal bhi...

ALEXANDRA: Katya ko lucky hota agar us se shaadi ho jaati! Oh, main tension mein hoon, tension mein hoon, kaheen use pasand na aaye!

KATYA: Tension mat kar, maa! Main shaadi nahi karungi. (Receiver leti aur wapas rakh deti hai)

ALEXANDRA: Tujhe umeed rakhni bekaar hai ki tera wapas aayega. Woh 20-year-old se chhod ke, kabhi nahi aayega! Aur apna sar mat kha!

KATYA: Bas, maa! (Topic change karti hai aur kitchen mein jaati hai) Kaise pahunchi?

Alexandra aur Alexander uske peeche aate hain.

ALEXANDRA: Tere liye pahunchi! Tujhe shaadi karwane!

KATYA: Maa, bas!

ALEXANDRA: Aur tu bina husband ke kaise chalegi?

KATYA: Mujhe husband ki kya zaroorat?

ALEXANDRA: Hello! Tu kya, koi prostitute hai, jo bina husband ke ho?
(Husband se) Mere paas jab kuch hai, toh husbands ke saath hi hai! Kabhi nahi! Mere paas toh aisa concept bhi nahi hai, ki kuch bina husbands ke! Main toh bina husbands ke kuch kar hi nahi sakti! Aur kaise start karun samajh nahi aata! Husbands ke saath – haan, lekin bina husbands ke – kabhi nahi!

ALEXANDER: Chahe men kitna bhi fashionable ho jayein, lekin decent woman ab bhi attract karti hai.

ALEXANDRA: Tujhe lagta hai, tera Ruslan us se shaadi karega?

ALEXANDER: Aur agar nahi bhi karega toh? Chaar aur bhai reserve mein hain!

ALEXANDRA: Oh, kaash, haan? Tu Ruslan ko, apni taraf se meri Katya recommend kar! Woh, though ugly hai, lekin usme cleanliness hai, aur cooking... Woh uski poori seva karega! Use akela kyun phire? Khada ho, apartment dikhao! (Katya se) Tujhse kaisi smell aa rahi hai? Samajh nahi aa raha! Billi paal li?

KATYA: Almost! Baitho! Chai peete hain! Chai ke saath kya doon? Guests ki umeed nahi thi!

ALEXANDRA: Hum guests nahi! Hum apne hain! Humse formality mat karo! Chai ki koi zaroorat nahi! Meat do, cheese... agar borscht, ya kuch aur, toh bhi do! Sasha subah khaana pasand karta hai! Bas rakho! Jo hai – sab rakho! Hum complain nahi karenge! Aur yeh milk har jagah kyun hai? Aur handi mein kya hai? (Jhaankti hai) Oatmeal?

KATYA: Millet.

ALEXANDRA: Bhagwan bachaye, itna oatmeal kahan? Saal bhar ke liye ek saath banati hai, kya? (Fridge kholti hai) Aur fridge mein toh ulta khali hai!

KATYA: Healthy lifestyle follow karti hoon!

ALEXANDRA: Paise nahi hain, kya? Aur demand kar! Half par demand kar! Aadhe paise de! Sahi hai na, Sasha?

ALEXANDER: Ye rare hai, jab husband ex-wife ko aadha paise de. Tu, Shura, bags mein se kuch nikaal!

ALEXANDRA: Hello! Sab kuch hum utha ke laaye, khaane ke liye? Aur market mein kya trade karenge? (Katya se) Theek hai, use oatmeal de de!

ALEXANDER: Oatmeal ki kya baat hai? Oatmeal mein koi burai nahi! Achhi cheez hai!

Katya uske saamne oatmeal ki plate rakhti hai.

ALEXANDER: Shukriya! (Try karta hai) Bahut tasty oatmeal hai!

KATYA: Khairiyat se!

ALEXANDRA: Khaya kar! (Katya se) Aur main bhi khaati hoon! Hum abhi teri handi khatam karte hain! Fikr mat kar! Hum, travel ke baad, पूरी handi khaayenge! (Apne liye oatmeal leti hai) Aur sach mein, tasty hai!

KATYA: Toh main turant aur oatmeal ki handi rakh deti hoon!

ALEXANDRA: Kahaan? Doosri nahi kha paayenge!

KATYA: (Concerned) Abhi aur oatmeal banaati hoon... Aur mujhe racecourse jaana hai, aur zoo, aur tailor, zaroor!

ALEXANDRA: Bina husband ke kitna free ho gayi!

ALEXANDER: Racecourse – achha hai. Woman ke liye – rare, aur man ki nazar mein effective. (Alexandra se) Better hota, phir bhi, Roman ko

dhoondhte. Woh racecourse ke liye, sab kuch ghar se bech deta hai. Isliye, wife ne use chhoda. Racecourse nahi seh paayi. Roman tumhe zyada suit karta hai. Oatmeal do, sorry! Oatmeal khaana kam kar diya! Aur bekaar!

ALEXANDRA: (Husband se) Kya tu, Shura, chomp kar raha hai? Tu toh khana khate time nahi chomp karta tha?

ALEXANDER: Chomp nahi kar raha.

ALEXANDRA: Lekin main sun rahi hoon! Koi chomp kar raha hai! Meri hearing sharp hai!

ALEXANDER: Main nahi chomp kar raha.

ALEXANDRA: Toh kaun?

ALEXANDER: Koi nahi!

ALEXANDRA: Jhooth mat bol! (Coquettishly) Main us mann ki respect karti hoon jo chomp karta hai. Matlab, temperamental.

ALEXANDER: Tere kaan mein chomp ho raha hai! Budhaape ke karan!

ALEXANDRA: Kaisa budhaapa? Kya ishaara kar raha hai? Katya, suno! Koi toh chomp kar raha hai!

ALEXANDER: (Taunt) Budhaape se, budhaape se!

KATYA: Meri billi chomp kar rahi hai!

ALEXANDRA: Bhagwan bachaye, teri billi cow ke barabar bada hai! Chomp kar rahi hai, jaise cow!

KATYA: Sahi!

ALEXANDRA: Sab auratein ajeeb ho jaati hain agar unke husband unhe chhod dein! Koi billi rakhta hai, aur koi, bilkul paagal, – dog! Aur seedha flat mein rakhte hain! Thoo, is gandagi ki kya zaroorat!

ALEXANDER: Maaf karo, Katya, lekin main chup nahi reh sakta. Har creature ka apna jagah hona chahiye. Billi, maano, dehleez par, dog – kennel mein...

KATYA: (Ironically interrupt karti hai) Cow – barn mein.

ALEXANDER: Cow ka yahan koi connection nahi. Aap mere words ko kyun stupid bana rahe hain?

ALEXANDRA: (Katya se) Kya rude ho rahi ho? Use papa bulao, rude nahi! Main ja kar dekhti hoon kaunsi billi hai... Chomp kar rahi hai, jaise cow... (Flat mein ghoomti hai) Kits-kits-kits...

ALEXANDER: (Katya se) Aap bilkul apni maa jaisi nahi hain! Aap kaafi attractive hain!

ALEXANDRA: Kits-kits-kits... Aur yahan bhi oatmeal!

ALEXANDER: Mujhe umeed hai, aapse close introduce ho paunga. Maa kal kuch trade karegi, aur mujhe, shayad, tabiyat allow nahi karegi. Main yahan hi let jaunga... aapke saath... Mujhe yahan pasand aaya... Aur aap, aur apartment, aur peace... **ALEXANDRA:** Kits-kits... Hay! Bhagwan bachaye! (Bedroom mein jhaankti hai) Kits-kits-kits! (Zor se chillati hai, tezi se kitchen ki taraf daudti hai, thokar khaati hai, gir jaati hai, zor lagakar rengti hai, kitchen mein ghus jaati hai, door band karti hai, uski peeth door se lagaati hai aur zor se cross ka nishan banati hai) Bhagwan bachaye, Bhagwan bachaye! Maaf kar, Bhagwan, maaf kar mere paap! Mujhe maaf kar, Bhagwan! Main maanti hoon, maanti hoon ki poori zindagi sin mein bitayi! Ki sab husbands se sin kiya! Sab maanti hoon, maaf kar, Bhagwan!

ALEXANDER: (Uth kar baithta hai) Sin kiya?

ALEXANDRA: (Ghoontnon par aati hai) Bhagwan, maaf kar, Bhagwan, maaf kar!

KATYA: Maa, shaant ho!

ALEXANDER: Sin kiya! Wah! Aur aise pesh aayi, jaise main use kanyaa le kar aaya!

ALEXANDRA: (Katya ke haath pakadti hai) Beti, beti, tere bedroom mein... Jaanti hai kaun hai?

ALEXANDER: Auraton ke bedrooms mein koi hota hai? Aadmi!

ALEXANDRA: Aadmi! Aadmi singhon waale nahi hote!

ALEXANDER: Hote hain! (Demonstratively apna sir choo leta hai) Mere toh tere saath nikal aayenge!

ALEXANDRA: (Sab bhool kar, scandalously) Kya ishaara kar raha hai?

KATYA: Bas tum dono! Cow hai mere paas! Kya darr gayi, maa? Cow!

ALEXANDRA: (Hairani se) Cow?

ALEXANDER: Sin kiya?

KATYA: Maa, tune cows nahi dekhi?

ALEXANDRA: Cow?!

ALEXANDER: Sin kiya.

KATYA: Cow! Toh?

ALEXANDRA: Bedroom mein?

KATYA: Abhi bedroom mein, lekin aise, jahan chahe, ghoomti hai!

ALEXANDRA: Cow?!

ALEXANDER: Sin kiya.

KATYA: Theek hai, mujhe use khana khilana hai! (Bare elbow se handi mein oatmeal choochti hai) Thanda ho gaya, de sakti hoon.

ALEXANDRA: Cow ko?

ALEXANDER: (Alexandra se) Aur tu kya sochti thi, itna milk billi se doha?

ALEXANDRA: Cow se?

KATYA: (Crystal bowl mein oatmeal daalti hai) Chalo, main tumhe introduce karati hoon!

ALEXANDRA: Cow se?

KATYA: (Bedroom mein jaati hai, oatmeal lekar) Buryonka, Buryasenska, meri khushi!

ALEXANDRA: (Uske peeche ghaseet-ti hai, abhi bhi shocked) Cow?

KATYA: (Bedroom ki deheez par) Buryasenska, dekha, tune dadi ko kaise dara diya!

ALEXANDRA: (Different tone mein) Main teri cow ki kaunsi dadi hoon? Bilkul bina aadmi ke paagal ho gayi! Crystal mein cow ko khana khila rahi hai! Use coffee bhi de!

Doorbell.

ALEXANDRA: Groom!

KATYA: Kis ka?

ALEXANDRA: Tera! Cow ko chhupa! Turant cow ko chhupa!

KATYA: Maa, uska weight 300 kilo! Soch, kahan chhupayein?

ALEXANDRA: (Panic mein) Oh, kya karun, kya karun? Woh tujhe cow ke saath nahi lega!

KATYA: Kyun? Kehte hain, cow – mera dowry hai!

ALEXANDRA: Tu thodi der ke liye normal bann ja!

KATYA: (Thoda mazaak mein gaati hai) Old husband, fierce husband.
(Door kholti hai)

RUSLAN: (Cake aur roses ke saath andar aata hai, Katya aur Alexandra ko dekhta hai) Uninvited guest, worse than a Tatar.

Alexandra zor zor se hasne lagti hai.

RUSLAN: Halaanki, hum Tatars hain. Mere bhai ne bataya ki hum Tatars hain?

Alexandra pagalon ki tarah hans rahi hai.

RUSLAN: Lekin sirf half... Andar aa sakta hoon? (Roses aur cake Katya ko deta hai)

KATYA: Please, andar aayein! (Roses aur cake leti hai) Shukriya! (Haath badhaati hai) Katerina Andreevna!

ALEXANDRA: Katya, haath kyun bada rahi ho? Tum direct kiss karo... relatives ho na ab! Direct, jaise ajnabi! Sasha, Sasha, jaldi!

ALEXANDER: (Kitchen se nikalta hai aur bilkul us se lipat jaata hai)
Brother!

RUSLAN: (Use gale lagata hai, peeth par thapki deta hai) To, hello, Tatar! Phir se shaadi! Mubarak!

ALEXANDRA: Dekho, Bhagwan ne mujhe kitna mast devar diya! Chalo, kiss karte hain!

RUSLAN: Mujhse kiss nahi kar sakte. Main passionate man hoon. Sasha jealous ho jayega. Hum Tatars, jealous hain. Recent archaeological findings ke hisaab se, Othello Tatar nikla!

ALEXANDRA: (Hasti hai) Katya, teri lucky hai! Kitna funny! Yeh Othello kaun hai?

RUSLAN: Humara hi relative hai.

ALEXANDRA: Oh, kya baat! Katya, tu ise kiss kar le!

RUSLAN: Usme koi objection nahi. Ruslan Rifatovich!

KATYA: Kapde utariye, please!

ALEXANDRA: (Ruslan se) Meri beti shy hai.

RUSLAN: Usme bhi koi objection nahi.

ALEXANDRA: Woh aapko baad mein kiss karegi! Dekh, Katya, usne tujhe dekha bhi nahi, aur already roses aur cake le aaya. (Ruslan se) Itna show-off! Koi ek cheez le aate! Kharcha kyun kiya?

KATYA: Maa! Show-off kaise nahi? Ruslan 'pata chala' aaya hai!

ALEXANDRA: Katya, kya kar rahi ho? (Ruslan se) Aap iska mat suno, yeh aaj kal be-matlab bolti hai!

KATYA: Haan toh tu ne groom aayega, groom!

ALEXANDRA: Main kya jaanti? Mazaak kar rahi thi!

KATYA: Aapne mujhe confuse kar diya! (Ruslan se) Toh aap mujhse shaadi ke liye aaye hain ya nahi?

RUSLAN: Mujhe principle mein pasand hai jab woman seedha 'for the horns' (issues) par aati hai!

ALEXANDRA: Are, tum sab ko horns, horns!

ALEXANDER: Andar aa, Ruslan! Yahan humein oatmeal khila rahe hain!

Sab kitchen mein jaate hain.

Katya cake table par rakhti hai.

Men se chhup kar, Alexandra Katya ko horns dikhati hai, ishaara karti hai ki cow chhupa de.

KATYA: Main flowers vase mein rakh kar aati hoon! (Ruslan se) Roses ke liye shukriya! Bahut beautiful hain! (Bedroom mein jaati hai)

ALEXANDRA: (Ruslan se) Meri beti ko abhi husband ne chhoda! Kisi young snake-nee le gayi!

RUSLAN: Young, matlab?

ALEXANDER: Snake! Tu humein doosre snakes ke baare mein mat bata, tu apne baare mein bata!

ALEXANDRA: Aur unke bachche nahi the! Aur ab Katya ke paas poori apartment hai! Ab woh yahan akeli hai!

ALEXANDER: Akeli! Kya matlab akeli!

ALEXANDRA: Akeli! Aur is base par, uska dimag thoda kharab hai...

Katya bedroom ke exit ko chairs se block karti hai.

ALEXANDER: Uska dimag kharab hai, aur tujhe Satan kyun dikhta hai? Tu shayad umeed kar rahi hai, toh mat kar, main nahi bhoolunga!

ALEXANDRA: Aur agar moonshine ke saath introduction ho toh?

RUSLAN: Moonshine? Dopehar mein?

ALEXANDRA: Karna, karna hai! (Bag mein dhoondhti hai) Apni hai! (10-litre can nikaal kar table par rakh deti hai) Chaaro mein manage karenge?

Katya andar aati hai aur can dekh kar shock ho jaati hai.

RUSLAN: Zyada nahi?

ALEXANDRA: Aur kya? Humein tightrope pe nahi chalna! Aur snack bhi hai! Dekho, kitna oatmeal!

RUSLAN: (Katya se) Kya main ek intimate question poochh sakta hoon?

ALEXANDRA: Bhagwan ka shukar hai, yahan koi girl nahi! Poochh!

RUSLAN: Itna oatmeal kahan? Isse kya karte ho?

KATYA: Khaati hoon. Aaj kal addictive ho gayi.

RUSLAN: Aur poori kha leti ho?

KATYA: Zaroor! Aur milk ke saath pee leti hoon! Healthy lifestyle follow karti hoon!

RUSLAN: Yeh attractive hai jab woman kisi bhi age mein apna dhyan rakhti hai!

KATYA: Toh main aapko kisi bhi age mein lagti hoon, haan?

RUSLAN: Aur main bhi first fresh nahi, aur second bhi nahi... Agar aap younger hoti toh mujhe bhi suit nahi karta.

ALEXANDRA: Bas maine already pour kar diya! Bas karna hai – peena! Aur oatmeal ke saath snack!

ALEXANDER: (Darkly) Kuch healthy lifestyle waale hain, aur kuch kisi bhi age mein sin karte hain. Aur husband ko oatmeal se jhadu dete hain!

ALEXANDRA: Oh, hum oatmeal hi kyun, oatmeal hi! Yaad aaya! Mere paas kya-kya nahi hai! (Bags ki taraf daudti hai, jars nikaalti hai, packets) Ruslan, tu bhi bahu ki help kar!

ALEXANDER: (Uske paas aata hai) Help kar! Tujhe husband ki kami ho gayi?

Sab kitchen mein rakhte hain.

ALEXANDRA: (Kholti hai) Cabbage, pickles, lard... (Glass leti hai) Chalo, introduction ke liye, full!

Dono bilkul synchronised aur ek jaisi full peete hain. Ruslan aadha peeta hai, aur Katya sirf hothon ko choo leti hai.

ALEXANDRA: Katya, Katya, pee, apne aap ko superior mat samajh!

RUSLAN: Age ke saath, kuch cheezon mein restraint chahiye. (Katya se) Allow karein, serve karun? Aapki plate mein kya rakhoon?

KATYA: Main hi aapke liye serve karti hoon! Aap guest hain. (Use daalti hai)

ALEXANDER: (Alexandra se) Haath hata!

ALEXANDRA: (Smoothly) Kya hua, Shurik? Tujhe toh pasand tha?

ALEXANDER: Pehle – haan, lekin ab – haath us jagah mat phaila!

ALEXANDRA: Main toh aise hi. mere dost...

ALEXANDER: Haath hata, kaha! Woh ab tera dost nahi! Characterless!

RUSLAN: (Katya se) Aap mujhe pasand aati hain. Main, jaanti hain, young ones mein interest nahi rakhta. Main un par fida nahi hota.

KATYA: Yeh virtue hai. Main men mein iski kaafi value karti hoon recently.

RUSLAN: Baat yeh nahi ki aap young nahi. Aap kuch special hain, doosron ki tarah nahi. Aap class mein superior hain!

KATYA: (Slightly ironic) Shukriya!

ALEXANDRA: Aur peena? Aur peena?! (Pour karti hai)

ALEXANDER: (Alexandra se) Teri chalaaki galat hai. Main pee lunga, lekin yaad rakunga!

ALEXANDRA: (Katya aur Ruslan se) Aur tum log kyun nahi pee rahe?
(Ruslan se) Main warning deti hoon. Meri beti bilkul temperamental nahi. Mujh jaise nahi. Toh mujhe tujh par umeed hai.

RUSLAN: (Katya se) Aur sach mein, aap bilkul nahi peeti!

KATYA: Main bilkul nahi peeti. Aap mera dhyan mat do!

RUSLAN: Nahi, main dhyan dunga! Aur main aapko bata dunga – young women pasand nahi. Unke shauk ke saath!

ALEXANDER: (Alexandra se) Phir se apni harkat shuru ki?

ALEXANDRA: Sashenka, main tujh par itna melt ho rahi hoon! Main toh temperamental hoon!

ALEXANDER: Haath marunga!

ALEXANDRA: Sashenka, aise nahi... aise tu temperament kho dega...
Jaise hum train mein chal rahe the... Buffer zone mein, haan?

ALEXANDER: Buffer mein kya? Kya – haan? Buffer mein cigarette peeta!
Besharam!

ALEXANDRA: Oh!.. Sar ghoom gaya... Aur baad mein berth mein... haan?
Berth se gir gaye... young se zyada active, haan! Achha, lower berth mil
gayi, warna temperament ki wajah se mar hi jaate... Haan?

ALEXANDER: Wah! Teri age yaad kar!

ALEXANDRA: Bathroom chal, main tujhe dikhaati hoon kiski kitni age hai!
Main tujhe dikhaati hoon! Main tujhe bataati hoon meri age kya hai! (Zor
se) Beti! Hum papa ke saath tera bathroom ache se dekhne jaate hain. 15
minute ke liye! (Alexander ko kheenchti hai)

ALEXANDER: (Uske peeche jaata hai, lekin achaanak wapas aata hai)
Main baithta hoon! Maine tujhse zyada bathrooms dekhe hain. Ab baithta
hoon. Aur tu, jaa, thoda thanda pani le!

Alexandra baahar chali gayi.

RUSLAN: Mere liye, age important nahi. Woman independent, calm, bina
ajeebiyat... Bilkul aap jaisi!

Bedroom se – ek lamba – Moo... Katya bedroom ki taraf bhaag jaati hai.

ALEXANDRA: (Wapas aati hai) Moo, moo – isliye! Aur hum peete hain!

ALEXANDER: Mat maan, Ruslan, auraton ki baat mat maan! Woh tujhe
bana rahe hain! Yahan...

ALEXANDRA: (Interrupt karti hai) Aur, tere liye, Sashenka, full pour kiya!
Full! Jaise tu kar sakta hai – full! Ya, bilkul kuch nahi kar sakta!

ALEXANDER: (Threaten karte hue) Main kar sakta hoon, main sab kar sakta hoon, jo chahiye. Lekin tu – bahut zyada kar sakti hai! (Ek ghoont mein pee jaata hai)

ALEXANDRA: Dekho, mera mann kitna hai! Dekho, kitna temperamental sirf bolne mein nahi, action mein! Chalo, chalo, bathroom dekhte hain!

ALEXANDER: Bhool jaa! Ab tujhe bathroom nahi milega! (Ruslan se) Ruslan, sab jhooth hai. Jaanta hai unke bedroom mein kaun hai?

RUSLAN: Sasha, yeh mujhse related nahi.

ALEXANDER: Tu mera bhai hai, aur main chup nahi reh sakta. Bedroom mein – cow!

RUSLAN: Mujhe pata hai.

ALEXANDER: Kya pata hai?

RUSLAN: Cow ke baare mein pata hai.

ALEXANDER: Already?

RUSLAN: Bedroom mein, matlab? Main, jaise andar aaya, samajh gaya ki cow hai, lekin samajh nahi aaya – kahan? Smell se. Aur usne awaaz di. Bedroom mein, matlab?

ALEXANDER: Apne bhai par hans rahe ho. Aur jaa, jaa, dekh!

RUSLAN: Kyun? Maine cows nahi dekhi?

ALEXANDRA: (Hairani se) Aur tujhe, Ruslan, cow surprise nahi karti?

RUSLAN: Kya woh kuch special hai?

ALEXANDRA: Baat toh yeh hai ki cow, bilkul cow! Bilkul ordinary!

RUSLAN: Aur mujhe ordinary cow par kyun hairan hona chahiye?

ALEXANDRA: Aap bas yeh mat sochiye ki Katya hamesha cows rakhti thi! Pehle husband tha, 30 saal rahe, aur phir – cow.

ALEXANDER: (Abhi sach mein samajha) Bedroom mein – cow?

Katya wapas aati hai.

ALEXANDRA: Katya, tune cow kahan se dhoondi?

KATYA: Hamare entrance ke saamne. Sach mein, dhoondi. Barf ne dhaak li thi.

ALEXANDRA: Meri Katya bachpan mein sab uthaati thi! Aur apne husband... ex... nahi, tab future... ke parents ke paas le jaati thi! Katya dadi ke saath rehti thi! Aur main shaadi-shuda thi! Maine Katya ko bahut young paida kiya, itna young, khud itni young...

ALEXANDER: (Darkly) 10 saal mein paida kiya! Agar maan liya jaaye teri age ke baare mein teri bakwas!

RUSLAN: Main personally – young ko bilkul accept nahi karta! Kya aap sehmat hain, Katerina Andreevna?

KATYA: Sahmat hoon, kisse, maaf karo, samjhi nahi?

RUSLAN: Aap sab samajh gayi, main assure karta hoon, sab samajh gayi, aap bas aise...

ALEXANDRA: Katya mein bilkul temperament nahi, bilkul...

RUSLAN: Chalo, personally Katerina Andreevna ke naam par peete hain!

ALEXANDRA: Oh, oh, pyaar ho gaya, ho gaya! Main toh pehchaan jaati hoon! Bitter! Bitter!

ALEXANDER: (Gussa) Tu pehchaanti hai, bilkul... Tu poori zindagi sirf is mein lagi thi!

ALEXANDRA: Kya hua, Sashenka?

ALEXANDER: Baad mein baat karenge!

ALEXANDRA: Pyaar ho gaya, ho gaya...

RUSLAN: Main toast propose karta hoon aapke liye, Katerina Andreevna aur love ke liye!

KATYA: Bas acquaintance ke liye!

RUSLAN: Aapke words, mere liye law hain!

ALEXANDRA: Oh, pehli baar dekh rahi hoon ki tujh par koi aadmi, kuch reaction de raha ho!

ALEXANDER: (Alexandra se) Tujh par bahut reaction kiya! Tujh par khali jagah nahi bachi! Sab reaction kar diya, har jagah! Main tere saath deal karunga, ruk!

ALEXANDRA: Ruslan, main dekh rahi hoon, aap mann hain. Aap kaise react karte hain?.. Agar, woman ke paas hamesha husband tha?.. Kya yeh aapki nazar mein kami hai? Ya, better, woman ko experience ho? Bada experience... Aur bahut!

RUSLAN: Mujhe koi concern nahi ki mujhse pehle kya tha. Women ko blame nahi karta. Competition mujhe daraati nahi. Main ab bhi woman ko achhi tarah 'damage' kar sakta hoon! Kya aapko, Katerina Andreevna, meri baat weird lagti hai?

ALEXANDRA: Use weird kyun lagegi? Girl nahi! 40 soon!

KATYA: Kaun se 40, maa?

ALEXANDRA: (Significantly Katya ko dhakka maarti hai) Sach, bhool gayi, tujhe 40 ho gaye... abhi-abhi hue...

ALEXANDER: Haan, seedha isi minute hue!

KATYA: Mujhe toh, maa, 50 ho gaye!

ALEXANDRA: Hamesha yeh apne aap ko age badha leti hai!

RUSLAN: Kyun?

ALEXANDRA: Flirt kar rahi hai!

RUSLAN: Hum Tatars, women ke saath mean hain!

ALEXANDER: (Thoda soft) Hum Tatars, women ke mamle mein horses hain!

ALEXANDRA: Tu buffer mein bilkul horse jaisa tha! Itna horse, itna horse, bilkul Genghis Khan!

RUSLAN: (Abhi thoda intoxicated) Aur aap mujhe bahut pasand aayi, Katerina Andreevna! (Use gale lagata hai) Main... main आपको... अभी... अभी 'damage' kar sakta tha!

KATYA: (Piche hatt kar, lekin polite) Kaunsa damage, samjhi nahi?

Alexandra hans rahi hai.

Katya bedroom mein chali jaati hai. Alexandra chillati hai: "Katya, Katya, kya kar rahi ho?" – uske peeche.

ALEXANDER: Tu, brother, bas snack karte reh, warna tu moonshine par strong nahi. Kaheen moonshine key moment par dhokha na de!

RUSLAN: (Thoda aggressive, fight ke liye tayaar) Ishaara kar rahe ho ki main woman ko 'damage' nahi kar sakta? Agar Katerina Andreevna bas ishaara karti, main use itna 'damage' karta, woh khush hoti! Agar mujhe sure hota ki woh, against nahi!

ALEXANDRA: (Bahut aati hai) Aur, hum kab against hain?

ALEXANDER: Tujhe toh offer nahi ho raha!

RUSLAN: Main Katerina Andreevna ko disappoint nahi karta!

ALEXANDRA: (Hasti hai) Aur uske bedroom mein cow hai! (Alexander ko haath se kheenhti hai) Chalo, bathroom dikhaati hoon!

ALEXANDER: Tujhe kya ho gaya!

ALEXANDRA: Tu apne brother ko dekh, aur meri ko dekh. Woh toh full mein hai, aur woh (Katya) bas... Humein dono ko hattna hai! Half hour ke liye, aur woh (Ruslan) use (Katya) ... (Zor se) Katya, kahan gayab ho gayi? Turant – yahan aao!

ALEXANDER: (Alexandra se) Ek mahine se jaanta hoon, aur teri taraf se iske alawa kuch nahi suna... TV par bhi, tu sirf yeh dekhti hai! Teri umar kya hai?

Katya wapas aati hai, lekin kitchen arch mein khadi rehti hai.

ALEXANDER: Katya, misaal ke taur par, aapki personal age kya hai?

KATYA: Meri? (Jawab देने वाली है)

ALEXANDRA: (Scandalous tone mein interrupt karti hai) Katya! Maa ko dhoka देने की हिम्मत मत करना!

ALEXANDER: Misaal ke taur par, 50 हो गये हैं आपके, या Bhagwan ने अभी बचाया है?

ALEXANDRA: Katya, chup!

KATYA: Maa, tu kya kar rahi hai?

ALEXANDRA: Chup! Shraap doongi! (Katya ko kitchen se bahar dhakel deti hai)

ALEXANDER: (Unke peeche) Bas, mujhe banana band karo! (Ruslan se) Shaadi ki, naam ki! Ek baar bhi theek se khana nahi banaya! Khud kapde dhoti hoon! Har jagah – gandagi! Aur yeh ghoomti hai! Nangi!!! Poora village mujh par hasta hai, rasta nahi milta, jab se is se shaadi ki!

Alexandra garv se kitchen mein aati hai.

ALEXANDER: (Uske moonh par) Kaun hai tujhe, budhiya? Tujhse ret gir rahi hai, aur tu kambal hila rahi hai!

ALEXANDRA: Main characterless?! Mujhse ret gir rahi hai?! Main kisi kaam ki nahi? (Garv se simti hai) Main toh tujhe sau singh laga chuki hoon!

ALEXANDER: Arre, saanp! Toh, sambhal! Main abhi tera saara temperament nikaal doonga! (Us par bahut decisively aur gusse se badhta hai)

ALEXANDRA: Help!!! (Maarne ke liye chillati hai)

Alexander jaise jhulsa hua piche hatt jaata hai.

KATYA: Ruslan Rifatovich! Apne brother ko turant yahan se le jao!

RUSLAN: (Abhi bahut nasha hai) Maarne do! Sawaari pasand hai toh dard bhi seh!

Alexander phir se badhta hai.

ALEXANDRA: Logon, madad karo!

KATYA: Bas! Police bulati hoon! (Receiver pakadti hai)

Alexander Alexandra ka gala pakad leta hai, woh chhootti hai aur saans phoolti hai.

KATYA: (Alexander ko Alexandra se hataati hai) Maa ko mat chhuye! Maa, us se door hatt! Aur tum sab – yahan se niklo!

Alexandra piche hatt kar Ruslan ke peeche chhup jaati hai.

ALEXANDER: Katerina Andreevna, aap positive woman hain, lekin humare parivaar mein tang mat aayiye, hum khud sambhal lenge! (Alexandra ki taraf badhta hai)

RUSLAN: (Alexander se) Apne ghar mein khud sambhal! Aur yahan – jaise maarengi! Baith aur baith!

ALEXANDRA: (Alexander se) Baith, kaha! Varna khud maarega aur police mein jayega!

ALEXANDER: (Side mein baith jaata hai, darkly) Theek hai, baitha... theek hai, pahunch jaunga...

Katya baahar nikal jaati hai.

ALEXANDRA: (Ruslan se) Dekho, aap kitne perfect mann hain! Chalo, hum abhi peete hain, aur yeh kone mein baithe! Woh kaisa... (Moonshine daalti hai) Aur aap, Ruslanchik, kaisa...

RUSLAN: (Moonshine leta hai) Kaisa?

ALEXANDRA: Commander. Woman, jaise aapko dekhti hai, sochti hai – commander, aur wait karti hai ki kuch command karein! Aur abhi sab karegi, abhi. Aap itne commander hain. Oh, itne commander! Sahi hai na, Katya? (Pata hai ki Katya nahi hai; zor se) Katya! Katya! (Katya ke peeche jaati hai)

ALEXANDER: Kya gandi cheez hai! Bilkul ordinary words kehti hai, lekin sab kuch uske besharmi se hota hai.

RUSLAN: Toh, chook gaye, brother! Shaadi kyun ki?

ALEXANDER: Usne mujhe pura mantar kar diya! Kabhi vodka, kabhi taarif, bilkul kar diya! Aur main dimag kh baitha!

RUSLAN: Tere paas dimag tha nahi kabhi! Tu aurton ke saath hamesha fool raha!

ALEXANDER: Lekin, tujh jaisa, bimaron se shaadi nahi ki. Lekin tu toh taras khakar shaadi karta raha, aur baad mein medicines ke liye koodta raha!

ALEXANDRA: (Katya ko lekar aati hai) Tu apni cow ke paas kyun lagi rehti hai?

KATYA: Maa, tu mujhse kya chahti hai?

ALEXANDRA: Dekh, tere saamne kitna commander hai! Marshal!

ALEXANDER: Mat sun, Ruslan! Woh aise gaati hai, gaati hai, phir harkat par le jaati hai!

RUSLAN: Main – tu nahi hoon! Main aurton ke saath behaviour rakhta hoon. Meri woman apni jagah jaanti hai!

KATYA: Bas, kaafi! Maaf karo, lekin mere kaam hain! Tu, maa, let jaa, travel se rest kar. Aur aap log, main request karti hoon, jao!

RUSLAN: (Turant uth jaata hai) Katerina Andreevna, maaf karo, agar kuch galat hua. Aapke khilaf nahi. Aapka aage bhi respect karunga, bas thoda pee liya.

KATYA: Pee liya, ab jao aur so jao!

RUSLAN: Chalo, Tatar! Bata kaise chal raha hai.

ALEXANDRA: Tatar kahan jayega? Katya, tu mere husband ko ghar se nikaal rahi hai? Maa ke saath aise behaviour?

KATYA: Alexander Rifatovich reh sakte hain, lekin koi scandal nahi, maa! Aur moonshine hatao!

ALEXANDRA: Is moonshine ki kya zaroorat? Acquaintance ke liye pee liya, ab chai karte hain.

RUSLAN: (Abhi ready) Sasha, chalo ab! Katerina Andreevna aisi woman nahi hain, jinke saath nasha karein. Yeh woman, alag hai.

ALEXANDER: Aur mujhe bhi maaf karo, Katya! Itni unexpected baat hai ki maa aisi, aur beti aisi. Chalo, brother! Main tujhe bataata hoon. Kuch hai batane ko, despite ki bas ek mahina hi uske saath raha.

ALEXANDRA: Kahaan? Kahaan? Chai kaun piyega? Maine toh rakh di!

RUSLAN: Mere ghar chai hai.

ALEXANDER: Chalo! Khud chai piyo humare bina!

ALEXANDRA: Katya, kya tujhe chai pilane mein dukh ho raha hai? Aadmi ne cake par paise kharch kiye, aur tu cake apne paas rakh, aur use – bahar!

RUSLAN: Cake, koi baat nahi. Cake khairiyat se khao!

ALEXANDRA: Chai taiyar hai. Chai pee lein, aur jayein, sober. Varna kya pata kya ho jaye?

RUSLAN: Kuch nahi hoga! Ulta, sab sahi hai. Goodbye!

KATYA: Main gussa ho gayi. Chai pee lijiye, main invite karti hoon!

RUSLAN: Pata nahi... Aap courtesy kar rahi hain...

ALEXANDRA: Manao, Katya, manao... Men aise hain, unhe hamesha manana padta hai!

RUSLAN: Main zaroor, lekin burden nahi banna chahta... Agar sirf half hour...

ALEXANDRA: Baitho, baitho chai piyo! Cake ke saath chai – cultural. Aur tu, Katya, roses table ke beech mein rakh! Hum baithenge aur baat karenge, jaise film mein!

Katya baahar jaati hai.

ALEXANDRA: (Alexander se, aankhon mein aansoo) Dekh, tera cake! Dekh, beech se kaat kar deti hoon, peach ke saath!

ALEXANDER: Mujhe yaad hai, yaad hai... Main teri cross-examination karunga...

ALEXANDRA: Kya ho raha hai? Jaise tujhse baithti hoon, sar ghoomta hai, ghoomta hai... Tujh mein aisi kya baat hai ki main पूरी ghoom jaati hoon? Tujh mein aisa kya hai?

ALEXANDER: Yeh har aadmi mein hota hai!

ALEXANDRA: Har mein nahi, har mein nahi! Sirf tujh mein!

ALEXANDER: Aur tujhe kaise pata? Sabko try kiya?

ALEXANDRA: Sab ko nahi, sab ko nahi!

ALEXANDER: Dekh, chhudaya nahi jata... Logon se sharam aati hai!

RUSLAN: Haan, young, tujhe mil gayi... Wife nahi, perpetual motion machine hai!

ALEXANDRA: (Ruslan se) Aur aap, apne brother se example lete! Woh – mere paas bina cake ke aaya, 50 rupees udhar maangne aaya, aur bas. Aur agle din register kar liya. Aur mahine bhar sab ghoomta raha, ghoomta raha...

ALEXANDER: Ghoomta, ghoomta, lekin 50 rupees toh diye nahi!

RUSLAN: Abhi yaad aaya!

ALEXANDRA: Aur aapne kharch kiya, aur baithe ho, kitna Katya ke paas, lekin aise hi chale jaoge! Aur pyaar toh ho gaya...

ALEXANDER: Aur kahan? Kitchen mein – hum, bedroom mein uski cow.

ALEXANDRA: Cow – hatao! Cow sab confuse kar rahi hai. Yahan mann hona chahiye! Aap dikhao ki – mann ho! Aap use har taraf se dikhao!

Katya roses ke bachche hisse ke saath andar aati hai.

KATYA: Yeh lo! Roses chew kar liye!

ALEXANDRA: Bas, is cow par thoo!

KATYA: Main tension mein hoon! Kuch karna hoga! Saare roses chew kar liye!

RUSLAN: Katerina Andreevna, main aapko itne roses laa dunga!

KATYA: Woh chemicals se treated hain! Buryonka poison ho sakti hai!

RUSLAN: Ek minute bhi fikr mat karo, Katerina Andreevna! Cow kabhi kabhi aisi cheezein kha leti hai! Kilein kha leti hai!

ALEXANDRA: Andhera hote hi – cow bahar, aur le jao kahaan dur!

KATYA: Maa!

RUSLAN: Bilkul nahi! Yeh cow hai, koi dog nahi!

ALEXANDRA: Cow village mein rehti hai! Aur, waise, help kar sakte hain, Ruslan Rifatovich! Aapke relatives village mein hain!

RUSLAN: Ho sakta hai. Kya aap agree karenge, Katerina Andreevna, cow ko village bhejne? Aur price ke baare mein baat karunga, sahi se, taaki nuksaan na ho.

KATYA: Main Buryonka nahi bechti.

ALEXANDRA: Hello! Carpets, crystal aur beech mein – cow! Kis ko batayenge – hansenge! Police bhi aayegi! Pagal khane bhi le jayenge!

KATYA: Zaroor, cow ke liye village better hai. Lekin, kya karun, jab aisa ho gaya?

RUSLAN: Toh, Buryonka ko village le chaloon, mausi ke paas?

KATYA: Nahi, use kindness chahiye!

RUSLAN: Usse zyada kind nahi milegi! Mausi, though ancient hai, lekin haar nahi maanti, animals rakhti hai! Uske paas, 3 cows tak hote hain! Aur pigs, aur rabbits...

KATYA: Woh animals se pyaar karti hai?

RUSLAN: Humara poora parivaar pyaar karta hai!

ALEXANDER: (Haath mein rose le kar) Main personally sirf beef aur mutton pasand karta hoon! (Alexandra se) Chalo, bathroom!

Dono jaate hain.

RUSLAN: Mausi se bas sunai deta hai – meri pyaari, meri soni! Aur 2 mahine mein grass ug aayegi! Aapki Buryonko ko meadow mein chhod denge. Kitni khushi hogi use! Yahan – kya? Na dhoop, na jagah! Aur wahan – jahan chahe charo! Aapki Buryonko ko freedom, hawa! Bull ke saath, calf paida karegi...

KATYA: Kya use visit kar sakti hoon?

RUSLAN: Kitna bhi chaho! Kabhi bhi le jaunga. Sauna mein bhi baithna. Wahan river abhi bhi hai. Usme fish! Dynamite se maarte hain! Mushrooms ke liye, agar shaukeen ho... Aur wahan se cream, butter, aur jo chahiye le aana. Fridge bhar jaayega. Sab kuch organic, shop waalon se koi comparison nahi.

KATYA: Main Buryonka se attached ho gayi hoon... Maine cows zindagi mein sirf ek baar dekhi... Ek baar, pioneer camp mein, neend mein suna – moo... Camp se bahar bhaag kar boundary ki taraf gayi... Aur sooraj abhi abhi nikla tha, dew, fog... Aur cows guzar rahi thi... Ek purana chaarwala whip se phat-phat ground par maarta... Aur mujhe, achanak, aisa laga – meri matrubhoomi, aur main ro padi... aise hi... Funny hai, na?

RUSLAN: Kuch funny nahi, sab sahi hai. Cow – yeh purani cheez hai, yeh humari hai...

KATYA: Meri Buryasya... use lagti hoon, woh itni badi, garam... singhon ke beech khaaronchti hoon... aur gardan bhi khaaronchti hai, pasand hai...

RUSLAN: Ye sab pyaar pasand karte hain.

KATYA: Aur woh, jaise apni... Woh mujhse pyaar karti hai... Samajhte ho?

RUSLAN: Kaise nahi samjhunga? Main bhi aisa hoon...

ALEXANDRA: (Rose ke saath wapas aati hai) Ho gaya! Street par cows pade hain! Aur kisi ne nahi uthaya! Aur meri Katya ko hamesha sab chahiye!

RUSLAN: Aur sahi kiya uthaya! Cow – koi billi nahi, jisse na milk na meat. Katerina Andreevna – serious woman hain, aur solid actions hain.

ALEXANDRA: Aur cow kahan, agar aap nahi hote? Cow yahan se kab le jaoge?

RUSLAN: Agle Saturday hi!

KATYA: Cow kitne saal jeeti hain?

RUSLAN: Yahan aap confidently mujh par bharosa kar sakti hain! Mujhe hamesha pata hai kab time ho gaya... Main aapki Buryonko ko kisi ko nahi dunga, main khud zabah karunga.

Katya uth baithti hai.

RUSLAN: Main, apne logon ke liye, achha karunga. Slaughterhouse mein sab aise-taise hota hai, lekin aapke liye main khud karunga. Pehle, aapki Buryonko ke sir par hammer marunga... (Katya ke sir par dikhata hai) Yahan. Aur aise marunga ki na maaro, bas behosh karo... (Shekhigaadi) Woh giregi zaroor, lekin abhi bhi zinda hogi... Aur khaal main zinda se hi utaarunga... dheere se, carefully...

KATYA: Yeh toh dard hota hai!

RUSLAN: (Katya ke darr se khush, important) Yahan main aap se zyada jaanta hoon aur aapki baat bilkul nahi maanunga! Varna quality nahi aayegi!

ALEXANDRA: Dekho – mann, sab jaanta hai, har kaam mein haath!

RUSLAN: Short mein, aap apni Buryonko ka meat khaayengi, aur doosra nahi chahenge... Aapne aisa kabhi nahi khaya, main guarantee...

ALEXANDRA: Aur usme kitna meat hai! Kya life hai – meat seedha street par pada hai! Achha hai, sab achha hai. Toh, is cow ko Saturday hi le jao!

KATYA: Main Buryonko nahi doongi!

ALEXANDRA: Arre, iski toh hafta mein 7 Friday hain! Aur kahaan rakhegi, kahaan?

KATYA: Yahan rahegi! Humein saath achha lagta hai!

ALEXANDRA: Cow ke saath achha? Tujhe treatment chahiye!

RUSLAN: Nahi, Katerina Andreevna, cow apartment mein nahi tikti. Fish rakho, ya kuch aisa... Lekin cow – nahi... Uske pair chalna band kar denge, aur jald hi kharab ho jayegi aur dhoop ke bina murjha jayegi...

ALEXANDRA: Dekh, jo keh rahe hain sun, sun!

KATYA: Main apartment ko village ke ghar se exchange kar loongi! Village school mein job loongi, French padhaaoongi... Subah uth ke Buryonko dohogi...

ALEXANDRA: Kya? Koi samajh pa raha hai kya keh rahi hai? Kya keh rahi ho?

KATYA: Apartment ko village ke ghar se exchange kar loongi.

ALEXANDRA: Apartment exchange karegi! Haan? Kya mazaak hai! Haan? Yeh tujhe kaun allow karega, haan? Tujhe pagal khane jaana chahiye, kam se kam!

KATYA: Aur mujhse kiske permission ki zaroorat? Apartment meri hai! Main apni life ke baare mein khud decide kar sakti hoon, chhoti nahi hoon, 53 saal ki hoon!

ALEXANDER: (Wapas aata hai) 53! Sab hidden reveal ho gaya!

ALEXANDRA: (Use hata kar) Ruk, tu! Kaise, khud? Kya tu akeli hai duniya mein? Yateem? Main tujhe tasalli dene aayi hoon! Apne husband ko jagah se hata ke layi! Socha – khush hogi! Poori zindagi alag, toh budhaape mein, beti ke paas rahoon! Budhaape mein beti mera dhyan rakhe! Yaad kare ki uski maa hai! Nahi toh, husband ne chhoda, toh woh uske parents

ko, apni real mother se zyada yaad karti hai! Doosron ke deceased mere se zyada close!

KATYA: Maa, tune mujhe 3 saal mein cousin dadi ke paas chhod diya! Aur har saal visit nahi kiya!

ALEXANDRA: Arre – besharam, maa ko sharminda kar rahi hai! Arre – besharam! Aur tu meri life jaanti hai? Jaanti hai meri life? Tujhe ek baar aadmi ne chhoda, aur tu pagal ho gayi, aur mujhe kitni baar chhoda! Aur main hamesha koshish karti ki tera papa ho! Aasan thi meri life? Aur ab, permanently aayi hoon! Aur papa bhi laayi hoon... Taaki, tere paas maa bhi ho, aur papa bhi...

KATYA: Toh, hum sab saath village mein rahenge!

ALEXANDRA: Yeh, ki teri real mother cow ke liye adjust kare? Yeh, ki meri life aisi ho, jaise teri cow ko suit kare? Yeh, kis ko bataaye?

KATYA: Maa, baad mein baat karte hain! Udaas mat ho – baat karte hain.

ALEXANDRA: Main abhi paagal nahi hui, ki cow ke baare mein baatein karun! Cow ko mother se superior bana diya! Tere besharam aankhein! Jab tak yahan cow raj karegi, mera pair nahi! Abhi bahar, aur ab meri beti nahi! Bas!

RUSLAN: (Alexander se) Chalo, Sasha, unhe deal karne do, hum yahan kyun hain?

ALEXANDRA: Oh, mat jao, oh, mar rahi hoon, oh, heart attack ho raha! Oh, beti maa ko maut ke muh mein daal rahi hai! Oh, isi minute mar rahi hoon!

KATYA: Kya ho raha hai? (Men se) Use sofa par leto! Main ambulance bulati hoon!

Ruslan aur Alexander Alexandra ko haath se pakad kar sofa par le jaate hain. Katya phone pakadti hai.

ALEXANDRA: (Apne aap ko sofa tak le jaane deti hai, lekin hamesha chillati hai) Oh, mujhe hospital mein daalna chahti hai! Maa mare, aur woh apni cow ke saath yahan hansegi!

KATYA: Maa, bakwas mat kar! Tujhe doctor chahiye!

ALEXANDRA: (Ab sofa par) Kisi doctor ko nahi aane doongi! Yahan maroongi! Teri cow ke paas!

KATYA: Abhi, maa, ruk! (Bahut aati hai aur neighbour ke door ki ghanti bajati hai)

ALEXANDER: (Alexandra se) Tujhe kya ho gaya?

ALEXANDRA: Kya-kya? Mar rahi hoon! Cow ki wajah se!

ALEXANDER: Marne se pehle bata, teri umar kya hai?

ALEXANDRA: Tujhe nahi, meri umar!

RUSLAN: Nahin maregi!

ALEXANDRA: Aur tujhe kaise pata?

RUSLAN: Main teen baar widower hoon. Experience hai.

ALEXANDRA: Maroongi, maroongi, zaroor maroongi!

ALEXANDER: (Taunt) To, jee li, aur ab jaana bhi chahiye, sharam!

ALEXANDRA: Munh mat kaat! Tujhse zyada jeeyungi!

ALEXANDER: (Ruslan se) Lure kar rahi thi – beti ke paas, beti ke paas, city mein rehna, rich apartment mein!

ALEXANDRA: Aur hum yahan rahenge! Ki main kisi cow ko raaste doon! Rahenge, rahenge!

Nina door kholti hai.

KATYA: Jaldi, jaldi, madad karo!

NINA: (Dari hui) Buryonko ko kuch ho gaya?

KATYA: Maa ko bura lag raha hai!

NINA: Kis ko?

KATYA: Meri!

NINA: Woh kahan hai?

KATYA: Yahan! Chalo!

NINA: (Ubbasi leti hai) Aur woh kahan se aayi?

KATYA: Nina! Shayad use heart problem hai!

NINA: (Aaram se) Aa rahi hoon, aa rahi hoon, kya? (Apne flat mein gayab ho jaati hai)

ALEXANDER: (Alexandra ko chidhata hai) Yahan rahenge, rahenge...
Humari zaroorat hai yahan?

ALEXANDRA: Main uski maa hoon! Main ise jee kar maraoongi!

ALEXANDER: Cow uski maa-baap hai, aur tu bekaar!

Nina medical bag ke saath nikal kar Katya ke saath Katya ke flat mein jaati hai.

ALEXANDRA: Oh, oh, mar rahi hoon, koi doctor nahi chahiye, mujhe chain se marne do!

NINA: Yeh shor kya hai, aur koi ladai nahi?

KATYA: Maa, yeh meri neighbour hai. Nurse hai. Tujhe dekhegi aur batayegi kya hai.

ALEXANDRA: Oh, mujhe kuch nahi chahiye, kuch nahi!

NINA: Patient, drama band karo! Jo sach mein mar raha hai, woh chain se leta hai, aur aap itni awaaz kar rahi hain. (Alexandra ke paas baithti hai) Haath do!

ALEXANDRA: Nahi doongi! Jaao, maine nahi bulaya!

KATYA: Maa, main abhi ambulance bulati hoon!

NINA: (Alexandra se) Main aapko kuch nahi karungi, sirf pulse check karungi. (Kalai pakadti hai) Sab chup! (Uska haath pakad kar ghadi dekhti hai) 63! (Haath chhodti hai) Pulse astronaut jaisa hai. (Katya se) Aankh kholo! Pressure measure karte hain. (Stethoscope nikaalti hai) Yahan toh khushbu hai!

ALEXANDRA: (Bitterly) Aur kaise? Janwar toh rakhte hain!

NINA: (Katya se) Kya teri Buryonko ne moonshine pee li? (Katya se Alexandra ke baare mein) Wah! Yeh toh alcohol intoxication ki haalat mein hai! 130 by 70! Mujhe, young aur sober, aisa pressure chahiye! (Stethoscope hata kar) Aap theek hain, dadi! 100 saal jeeyoge!

ALEXANDER: (Taunt) Use toh 100 ho hi gaye!

NINA: Toh 200 tak jeeyegi!

ALEXANDRA: (Ab josh khatam) Oh, mar rahi hoon...

NINA: Yeh nitroglycerin lo, tongue ke neeche rakhna!

Nastya chupke se flat mein aati hai.

(Nastya ko dekh kar) Tujhe bulaya? (Alexandra se) Summary mein, aap theek hain, dadi!

NASTYA: (Alexandra se) Namaste, great-grandma!

ALEXANDRA: Main teri kaunsi great-grandma?

NASTYA: (Kandhe utha kar) Agar aap meri maa ki dadi hain, toh meri great-grandma.

NINA: Nastya, tang mat kar!

NASTYA: Khud dadi kaha!

NINA: Yeh meri dadi nahi!

NASTYA: Toh kis ki? Tante Katya ki?

NINA: Kis ki nahi! Bas dadi! Kis ki nahi!

ALEXANDRA: (Goli thook kar) Thoo teri goli! Bilkul, kis ki nahi! Kisiko kaam ki nahi! Cow par exchange kar diya!

Nastya bedroom mein cow ke paas ghus jaati hai.

KATYA: Maa, tu theek hai!

ALEXANDRA: Aur tu toh khush hai ki main mar jaun! Tu apni cow ke saath yahan rehti!

KATYA: Maa, tu nahi mar rahi.

ALEXANDRA: Mar rahi hoon! Mera dum ghut raha hai! (Nina ke baare mein) Woh doctor nahi, woh nahi samajhti! Mujhe oxygen chahiye!

NINA: Aapko oxygen pillow ki zaroorat nahi!

ALEXANDRA: Chahiye, chahiye, dum ghut raha hai.

RUSLAN: Katerina Andreevna, main pharmacy bhag kar aata hoon. Mujhe pata hai, main apni sab wives ke liye bhaaga hoon.

ALEXANDRA: Ajnabi bacha rahe hain, lekin apne ko koi kaam nahi! Guests ko pharmacy bhejta hai, aur khud haath par haath dhare cow ke paas baithi hai, aur wait kar rahi hai ki maa mare!

KATYA: Theek hai, maa, main pharmacy jaati hoon!

NINA: Aadhi Moscow ghoom jaayegi, tab tak pillow milega! (Gussa ho kar jaati hai)

KATYA: (Ready hoti hai) Shant ho jaa, maa, sab theek hoga! (Ruslan aur Alexander se) Dekhna! Agar kuch ho – turant ambulance!

RUSLAN: Fikr mat karo, Katerina Andreevna, order maintain karunga, mera experience hai.

KATYA: Shukriya! Main jaldi aati hoon.

ALEXANDRA: (Alexander se) Dekh, Katya gayi?

ALEXANDER: (Door se jhaankta hai) Koi nahi!

Alexandra achanak chusti se uth kar kitchen ki taraf daudti hai, table se bada knife pakadti hai, Ruslan ke paas aati hai aur uske haath mein knife thamati hai.

ALEXANDRA: Kaat!!!

Ruslan aur Alexander shocked hain.

ALEXANDRA: Kaat, jab tak Katya wapas na aaye!!!

ALEXANDER: Wah, turant theek ho gayi!

ALEXANDRA: Cow ko kaat, keh rahi hoon!

RUSLAN: Kaise? Bina malik ke?

ALEXANDRA: Is malik ke upar main aur bhi badi malik hoon! Seedha bata – kya tu Katya se shaadi karne mein interested hai?

RUSLAN: Katerina Andreevna se poochhna padega.

ALEXANDRA: Kya poochhna?

RUSLAN: Kya woh ready hain? Woh cultured woman hain. Shayad mana kar dein!

ALEXANDRA: Mana karegi? Tujhse? Agar yeh cow nahi hoti! Hum Sasha ke saath – market, aur tum log yahan dove-dove ho jaate! Haan, agar yeh cow nahi hoti, aaj hi arrange ho jaate, aur kal register kar lete! Aur woh aisi paagal isliye hai, kyunki uske paas mann nahi!

RUSLAN: Lekin mere hints par reply nahi kiya!

ALEXANDRA: Jhaadu maar diya! Yeh cow yahan achanak nahi aayi! Phenki gayi! Kis ne suna hai, cow mother se zyada important! Ma toh kya – cow ki wajah se mann se shaadi karne se inkar kiya!!!

RUSLAN: Cow mann ko kaise rok sakti hai?

ALEXANDRA: Kaat! (Jaldi se kitchen mein jaati hai, moonshine ka glass bharti hai aur Ruslan ko deti hai) Pee! Aur kaat!

RUSLAN: Yeh aise nahi hota!

ALEXANDRA: Tu pee, pee!

RUSLAN: (Ek ghoont mein pee kar karakta hai) Isme toh kuch substitute rakhna padega, yahan khoon hoga...

ALEXANDRA: Yeh baat alag hai! Tu commander hai! Command kar! Abhi chhoti handiya laati hoon...

RUSLAN: Buckets chahiye! Trough!

ALEXANDRA: Kaunsi trough? Katya abhi aayegi! Kaat!

RUSLAN: Apartment ganda ho jayega!

ALEXANDRA: Dhoyegi, nahi maregi!

RUSLAN: Toh bathroom mein karte hain!

ALEXANDRA: Sahi, bathroom mein! (Husband se) Cow ko bathroom mein le ja!

ALEXANDER: Main?

ALEXANDRA: Nahi toh kaun? Main us se darti hoon! (Use bedroom ki taraf dhakelti hai)

ALEXANDER: (Arch mein jhaankta hai) Wah, kitni badi! Idhar aa, Buryonka! Kaam karte hain! (Alexandra se) Dekh, samajhti hai! Uthi aur aa rahi hai!

Nastya ki tez cheekh: "Buryonka-Maa, mat jaa! Tujhe maarna chahte hain!"

ALEXANDER: Dekh, samajhti hai! Ruki aur bacchi ki taraf mukh moda! Kitna funny!

ALEXANDRA: (Arch ki taraf koodti hai, Nastya se) Ja!

Nastya ki awaaz: "Nahi jaungi, buri maa!"

ALEXANDER: Cow ke peeche chhupi! Smart bacchi!

RUSLAN: (Alexander ko apple deta hai, aur knife apni peeth ke peeche chhupa leta hai) Tu use bahar nikaal, apple ke saath nikaal!

ALEXANDER: (Cow ki taraf apple badhata hai) Idhar aa, achhi, idhar aa, smart, mere paas aa! (Alexandra se) Apple ke liye badhi!

RUSLAN: Aur tu piche hatt, dheere-dheere piche hatt, ishaara kar!

Nastya ki awaaz: "Buryonka-Maa, inka mat maan! Yeh sab jhooth bol rahe hain! Yeh bure hain!"

Alexander tezi se piche koodta hai.

ALEXANDRA: (Alexander se) Kya kood raha hai?

ALEXANDER: Kya maara nahi!

ALEXANDRA: Darpok!

ALEXANDER: Khud bula! Tu bathroom mein jaane ko keen hai, aur woh tujhse zyada smart hai, shayad!

ALEXANDRA: (Ruslan se) Pyar se bula, jhuk, lekin woh nahi aa rahi!
Kameeni, cow nahi! Seedha bedroom mein kaat!

RUSLAN: Nahi, kaise...

ALEXANDRA: Kaat! Baad mein deal karenge! Kaat!!! Time nahi, is ke saath time waste karna!

RUSLAN: Poori zimmedari aap par hai! Mujhe kaatna mushkil nahi, lekin zimmedari aap par, yaad rakhein!

ALEXANDRA: Mere par, mere par! Jaldi kaat, der mat kar!!!

RUSLAN: Toh, Bhagwan madad kare! (Knife ko mazboot se pakad kar arch mein kadam rakhta hai)

NASTYA: (Flat mein bhaagti hai) Maa!!! Tante Katya!!! Buryonko ko kaat rahe hain! (Bedroom mein bhaagti hai)

RUSLAN KA AWAZ: Kaat rahi hai!

ALEXANDRA: Kaat rahi hai? Koi tiger hai, cow nahi!

RUSLAN KA AWAZ: Bacchi kaat rahi hai! Bacchi ko bahar nikalo, warna knife ke neeche aa rahi hai! Nanga na fasa doon!

ALEXANDRA: Bahar, kameeni bacchi!

RUSLAN KA AWAZ: Knife ke neeche mat aa, keh raha hoon!

ALEXANDRA: (Decisively bedroom ki taraf badhti hai) Main abhi dikhaati hoon...

KATYA: (Oxygen pillow lekar wapas aati hai) Yahan kya ho raha hai?
Maa?

ALEXANDRA: Aa gayi! Aa gayi Katya! Use jaldi kaat! Kaat!

Ruslan knife ke saath bedroom se jhaankta hai.

KATYA: (Use pillow se maar kar, rifle pakad kar arch ki taraf daudti hai)
Ruk! (Rifle utha kar) Goli chalaungi!

Ruslan wapas bedroom mein ghus jaata hai.

KATYA: Nikal!

Ruslan phir se nikalta hai.

KATYA: Knife phaink! Goli chalaungi!

RUSLAN: (Knife phainkta hai) Phenk di!

KATYA: Goli chal rahi hai!

ALEXANDRA: Katya, kya kar rahi ho? Logon ke saamne sharminda kar rahi ho! Rifle abhi de!

KATYA: Paas mat aao – bina warning ke goli chalaungi!

ALEXANDRA: Maa par, bina warning ke?

KATYA: (Rifle thoda neechu karti hai) Pairon par! Diwaar ki taraf! Sab diwaar ki taraf!

Sab diwaar se chak jate hain.

ALEXANDER: Kahan nishana bana rahi hain, Katerina Andreevna! Kya yeh pairon par hai? Yeh pairon par nahi, yeh kuch aur hai! Barrel thoda aur neechu karo! (Alexandra se) Mujhe lure kiya! Beti ke paas chale, beti ke paas, uske yahan achha hai!

RUSLAN: Poori zindagi seekhaata hoon – aurton par bharosa mat karo!

NASTYA: (Baahar kood kar Katya se lipat jaati hai) Unhe zor se goli maaro, Tante Katya, yeh bure hain!

KATYA: Sab – yahan se niklo!

ALEXANDRA: (Katya se, dramatically) Real maa ko nikaal rahi hai?!
Shraap doongi!!!

NINA: (Andar aati hai) Aur aap, dekho dadi, bina oxygen ke theek ho gayi!

RUSLAN: (Nina se, achanak frustration ke saath, woh bilkul sober ho gaya) Main fool hoon, oh kitna fool!

NINA: Main argu nahi karungi! Aapko better pata!

ALEXANDER: (Nina se, khusamad karte hue) Yaar brother is Katya se shaadi karne waala tha!

NINA: Lagta hai, shaadi cancel ho gayi! Characters match nahi hue!

KATYA: Jaao!

RUSLAN: Chalo, brother, hum dono fools hain! (Ready hote hain)

ALEXANDRA: Oh, mujhe bura lag raha hai, bura, mar rahi hoon!

ALEXANDER: (Katya se) Goli maar de use, taaki na tarse!

KATYA: Maa, jaa!

Alexandra oxygen pillow pakad kar pipe se lag jaati hai.

NINA: Dadi, pillow apne saath le jao!

Bedroom se – moo! (Aur us 'moo' mein kuch jeet waala)

ALEXANDRA: (Oxygen se high, maza mein) Mar rahi hoon... (Mazaak mein) Oh, mar rahi hoon! (Bilkul masty mein, naachte hue) Mar rahi hoon-mar rahi hoon! (Achanak dham se naachti hai) Uski mighty wave utha kar beautiful princess ko le jaata hai aur use board par phenk deta hai board par aati hui lehar mein!

ALEXANDER: (Use dupatta baandhta hai, coat pehnata hai) Chalo, chalo... board par! Is kalesh ke liye maaf karo, Katerina Andreevna!

Woh jaate hain. Alexandra oxygen pillow apne saath le jaati hai.

ALEXANDRA: (Door par) Hello! Bags, bags! Moonshine, lard yahan chhodein, kya? Taaki woh apni cow ke saath yahan party kare?

Men bags le jaate hain.

RUSLAN: Maaf karo, Katerina Andreevna!

Jaate hain. Alexandra gaati hai: "Mujhe wonderful expanse dikhta hai, fields aur meadows dikhta hai! Yeh Russian expanse hai, yeh Russian land hai!"

Bedroom se: "Moo..." (Triumphantly)

Katya, abhi bhi shock mein, rifle pakde hue, bedroom mein bhaag jaati hai aur wahan se sunai deta hai: "Meri singhon waali, meri safed, unhone tujhe kuch nahi kiya?"

NASTYA: (Nina se) Buryonka kehti hai: "Red maiden, mera meat mat kha, meri haddiyaan utha, ek scarf mein baandh, garden mein lagade, aur mujhe kabhi mat bhoolna, roz subah paani de!"

NINA: Aur cow ki haddiyon se ek apple tree ugti! Aur us par apples oonche-oonche latakte! Aur ek young man apple tree ke paas se guzarta aur apple tak nahi pahunch paata, aur tujhse kehta: "Red maiden, mere liye apple tod de, mujhse shaadi kar le..."

NASTYA: (Rote hue) Shaadi nahi chahiye! Cow chahiye!

NINA: (Nastya ke saamne jhukti hai) Meri khushi! Main tujhe kya tasalli doon? Mere paas tasalli dene ke liye kuch nahi! (Use kass kar gale lagati hai aur apne se laga leti hai)

KATYA KI AAWAZ BEDROOM SE: Meri pyaari, meri helpless!

NASTYA: Aur Buryonko ko ab koi nahi marega?

NINA: Koi nahi, darr mat, pyaari!

NASTYA: Kabhi nahi?

NINA: Kabhi nahi, pyaari, kabhi nahi!

NASTYA: Sach-sach?

NINA: Sach-sach!

NASTYA: Mummy, main tujhse bahut pyaar karti hoon!

NINA: Aur main tujhse kitna pyaar karti hoon!

Katya ko rote hue sunai deta hai: "Hey Bhagwan! Hey Bhagwan! Yeh log kaise hain?!"

Nina aur Nastya bedroom mein bhaagti hain.

Nina Katya ko (jiske paas abhi bhi rifle hai) bedroom se nikaal kar sofa par bithaati hai.

NINA: Theek hai, Katyusha, theek hai, apni Buryonko ko mat dar!

Katya sofa par muh ke bal gir kar roti hai.

NINA: Theek hai, ro le, andar mat rakh!

KATYA: Yeh log kaise hain?! Main toh inhe sach mein maar sakti thi, agar tu andar nahi aati... Hey Bhagwan, hey Bhagwan...

NINA: Tu kisi ko nahi maarti! Bakwas mat kar!

KATYA: Maarti, qasam se, maarti... Hey Bhagwan, Hey Bhagwan... Agar tu nahi aati, main goli chalaane lagti...

NINA: Toh? Rifle toh unloaded hai!

Katya achanak chup ho jaati hai, Nina ko dekhti hai.

Cello diwaar ke peeche bajne lagi. Melody, harmony aur grace se bharpoor, aasmaan ki taraf badhi.

NASTYA: (Arch mein) Buryonka ne potty kar di!

PAUSE. Cello. Music. Peace.

NASTYA: Tante Katya, kya main khud uski goliyaan (round patties) utha loon? Kya main kar sakti hoon, Tante Katechka? Main achhe se utha loongi! Tante Katechka, unki khushbu kitni tasty hai!

Katya achanak hasne lagti hai. Nina use dekhti hai aur zor zor se hasne lagti hai. Nastya taaliyan bajati hai aur hasne lagti hai. Aur ab teen auratein full hasi mein hain, ek doosre ko dekhti hain, aur ek second ke rukawat ke baad, phir se hasne lagti hain.

NINA: Oh, nahi ho raha – aur use board par phenk deta hai... oh, yaad karke!

Vadim andar aata hai, lekin koi use notice nahi karta. Sirf melody rukti hai.

VADIM: (Auraton ko dekhta hai, shanti ka intezaar karta hai) Mere bina masty mein ho!

NINA: Oh, Katya, aaj tera 'open house' din hai!

KATYA: (Uth kar, Vadim ke paas aati hai, rifle badhaati hai) Teri rifle!

VADIM: (Rifle leta hai, confuse) Samjha nahi?

KATYA: Tu rifle bhool gaya. Rifle lene aaya?

VADIM: Nahi, bas wapas aaya.

KATYA: Maaf kar, time nahi hai. Mujhe zoo ya racecourse jaldi jaana hai!

VADIM: Kya zoo postpone nahi kar sakte? Tu toh pehle bhi gayi thi. Bachpan mein!

KATYA: Main hay ke liye ja rahi hoon.

VADIM: Katya, humein baat karni hai!

KATYA: Kal, aaj nahi ho sakta. Hay khatam ho gayi!

NINA: Nastya, haath de, chalo! Humein jaldi hai. Nastya ko sanatorium bhej rahi hoon! Welcome back, Vadim! (Jaate hain)

KATYA: Toh, kya? Jaldi bol, please! Main jaldi mein hoon!

VADIM: Usne mujhe chhoda, Katya!

KATYA: (Baith jaati hai) Shayad sab itna bura nahi? Shayad bas jhagda hua? Hota hai – jhagda, phir manate hain! Dekh, sab theek ho jayega!

VADIM: Usne kaha ki bachcha mera nahi! Mujhe nahi pata, kab jhooth bol rahi thi? Mera bachcha hai ya nahi? Aur tu kya sochti hai, Katya?

KATYA: Main? Main sochti hoon... Main nahi jaanti.

VADIM: Katya, woh mujhse hamesha cheat karti hai! (Katya ke paas baith kar uska sir uske kandhe par rakh deta hai, aansuon mein) Woh mujhse mere saamne cheat karti hai!

KATYA: Bichara, bichara Vadik!

VADIM: (Aansuon mein) Maine use pakda, jaise ek cheap joke mein, aur usne deny bhi nahi kiya! Soch!

KATYA: Kuch nahi, kuch nahi, sab guzar jaayega.

VADIM: Tujhe nahi pata, kitna humiliation hai, mujhe kitna dard hai, kitna insult hua hoon, main toh us par yakeen karta tha... Tujhe yeh sab nahi pata, Katya, nahi pata!

KATYA: Kyun nahi? Main samajhti hoon, main sab samajhti hoon ki tu ab kya feel kar raha hai.

VADIM: Tujhe kaise samajh aayega?

KATYA: Mujhe kyun nahi samajh aayega? Main samajhti hoon! Yeh bahut dard hota hai, jab tu yakeen karta hai, aur woh cheat karti hai.

VADIM: Maine kabhi tujhse cheat nahi kiya!

KATYA: Mujhe pata hai. Use maaf kar aur nayi shuruat karne ki koshish kar.

VADIM: Maine koshish ki.

KATYA: Aur?

VADIM: Woh agree nahi. Kya tu phir se koshish karne ka suggestion de rahi hai?

KATYA: Koshish kar!

VADIM: Main thak gaya hoon, Katyushka, bahut thak gaya... Humiliated, insulted, laughed at... Sirf ek cheez mujhe support karti hai. Yakeen ki tu mujhe hamesha wapas legi. Tujhe mere bina bahut bura lagta hai?

KATYA: Nahi-nahi, mera fikr mat kar! Mujhe achha lagta hai! Sach mein achha lagta hai! Main aakhir samajh gayi ki kya matlab hai jab koi tujhse pyaar kare.

VADIM: Tujhe koi aur mil gaya? (Bitterly) Turant mujhe bhool gayi!

Bedroom se – moo...

VADIM: Cow abhi bhi yahan hai?

KATYA: Hamesha ke liye!

VADIM: Katya, lekin yeh ajeeb hai...

KATYA: Aur kya har kisi ko yeh right nahi hai ki woh khud choose kare, kisse pyaar karna hai?

Doorbell. Katya kholti hai. Saamne Ruslan.

RUSLAN: Samajhta hoon, aap mujhe dekh kar khush nahi hain. Galat tha ki main aapki taraf badha!

KATYA: Andar aayiye!

RUSLAN: (Vadim ko dekh kar) Samajh gaya, time nahi hai. Main jaata hoon!

KATYA: (Ruslan se) Allow karein, main introduce karoon! Vadim. Mera ex-husband. (Vadim se) Ruslan Rifatovich.

VADIM: (Hostile) Lagta hai, future husband?

Bedroom se – moo.

RUSLAN: (Cow ki taraf sar hila kar) Main bas poochhne aaya, aapki Buryonka kaise hai, sab theek hai?

KATYA: Haan.

RUSLAN: Khud nahi jaanta, kya hua! Kuch eclipse tha! Main bas yeh batane aaya ki main samajhta hoon kitna guilty hoon. Maaf nahi maangta! Maaf karna namumkin hai. Bas chahta tha ki aap mujhe sunen. Main baat yeh hai ki aapne mujhe suna, bas itna... (Muh mod kar jaane lagta hai)

VADIM: Mill kar khushi hui! Umeed hai, phir kabhi nahi milenge!

KATYA: Rukiye, Ruslan Rifatovich! Maine galat behaviour kiya!

RUSLAN: Nahi, nahi, aap – sahi, aap – sab sahi...

KATYA: Maaf kijiye ki aisa... Main sab kuch theek karna chahti hoon, lekin...

RUSLAN: Zaroorat nahi. Main aapke noble words ke laayak nahi hoon. Main jaata hoon, main be-matlab hoon. Dekh raha hoon, aapke husband... wapas maang rahe hain.

KATYA: (Hasti hai) Nahi, nahi! Vadim bas aise hi aaya tha...

RUSLAN: (Achanak uske saamne ghoontnon par aa jaata hai) Request karta hoon...

KATYA: Ruslan Rifatovich, Bhagwan ke liye, kyun? Uthiye!

RUSLAN: Mat rokiye, main aapse darta hoon...

KATYA: Hey Bhagwan, kya ho raha hai?

RUSLAN: Aap... aap, star ki tarah... door ki...

VADIM: Oh, yeh toh poet hai!

RUSLAN: Aap mujh par hans rahe hain, Katerina Andreevna? Nahi, aap hans nahi sakti, aap alag hain!

KATYA: Main nahi hans rahi. Sirf ghoontnon par kyun? Yeh extra hai! Uthiye, request karti hoon!

RUSLAN: Meri wife ban jaiye!

KATYA: Hum toh barely jaante hain!

RUSLAN: Dil... Yeh – zindagi mein pehli baar dil dhadakta hai... Aap pehli... aap pehli, jab dil dhadakta hai... Aur aapki Buryonko ko main ungli nahi lagaunga! Main... meat bhi khaana chhod dunga aapke liye!

VADIM: Dekh, mere bina time waste nahi kiya!

RUSLAN: (Jaldi se) Godi mein utha kar chlunga... Main aapko cow ke saath le raha hoon! Zaroor, main aapke laayak nahi hoon...

KATYA: Laayak nahi? Aise words kyun? Baad mein baat karte hain...

VADIM: Katya, kya baat karein? Kya tu even yeh soch sakti hai ki ho sakta hai – tu aur woh?

KATYA: Sochti hoon.

VADIM: Matlab? Aur main? Mera kya hoga?

RUSLAN: (Vadim se) Kya woh tumhari nanny hai? Toh nanny ko bhi shaadi ka right hai!

VADIM: Katya! Tu toh mujhse pyaar karti thi! Tu mujhse aadhi sadi pyaar karti thi! Aur aise pyaar koi nahi karta jaise tu! Aise pyaar par kitaabein likhi jaati hain!

RUSLAN: Woh – haan! Usne pyaar kiya! Lekin tu – fish khaana aur... Maaf karo, Katerina Andreevna! (Vadim se) Kya tujhe pyaar samajh aata hai? Agar... agar mujhe... agar Katerina Andreevna! Main... main president ban jaata, main desh ko flowering garden bana deta... mere paas wings... main space mein, rocket ke bina, sirf wings ke saath! Main... Katerina Andreevna! Katerina Andreevna!

VADIM: Maine kya kiya! Mujhe kya eclipse ho gaya? (Katya ke saamne ghoontnon par aa jaata hai) Katya, mujhe mat chhod!

KATYA: Tum sab ko kya ho gaya?! Utho! Koi toh ek, ghoontnon se utho!

RUSLAN: Main nahi uthunga! Meri suno, Katerina Andreevna!

VADIM: Aur main kabhi nahi uthunga! Katya, maaf kar! Ab kabhi nahi, suna, kabhi nahi... Mujhe yaad aaya, Katya, mujhe yaad aaya! Mujhe yaad aaya!!!

KATYA: Kya yaad aaya?

VADIM: Jaise tu ne mere boot laces bandhe the... Tujhse phoolon ki khushbu aati thi, aur mere boot neele the!

KATYA: Haan... neele...

Nina aur Nastya andar aati hain. Nina ke haath mein bada bag hai.

NINA: Kitne men, aur sab ghoontnon par! Decide kiya! Main turant cow rakhti hoon! Dekh, Nastya, dekh aur yaad rakh! Woman abhi bhi men ko ghoontnon par la sakti hai!

RUSLAN: (Uth kar, Vadim se) Uth! Chalo, kahi baith kar baat karte hain! Aur Katerina Andreevna decide karein!

VADIM: Katya?

KATYA: Jao, Vadim!

RUSLAN: (Vadim se) Chalo, humein nikaal rahe hain!

Vadim uth jaata hai, men jaate hain.

NASTYA: Tante Katya, aap unse kya khel rahi thi?

KATYA: Nastya, main unfortunately is game ke rules nahi jaanti.

NASTYA: Bina rules ke agree mat karna! Haar jaogi!

KATYA: Mujhe dar hai ki tu sahi keh rahi hai.

NASTYA: Main Buryonko se bye kar loon! (Bedroom ki taraf daudti hai)

KATYA: Kyun?

NINA: Kya – kyun?

KATYA: Kyun woh humare saamne ghoontnon par aate hain sirf tab jab humein bilkul zaroorat nahi?

NINA: Kabhi kabhi mujhe lagta hai ki main tujhse kaafi senior hoon. Maine Little Prince aur Robinson Crusoe ki kitaabein padhi hain. Aur Little Prince ke paas, aur Friday ke paas, aur teri Buryonko ke paas ek hi naam hai – loneliness. Itna bada-bada white loneliness, samajhdaar pyaari neeli aankhon ke saath.

NASTYA KI AAWAZ BEDROOM SE: Buryonka, pyaari, alvida! Main yaad karungi, main tere bina roongi! Buryonka, achhi, alvida!

Aur cello diwaar ke peeche rone lagi!

EPILOGUE

Aisa lagta hai jaise space phail gaya ho.

Apartment wahi hai, lekin bedroom ka arch kahi perspective mein chala gaya. Kitchen bhi jaise piche hatt gayi. Aur living room bahut badi ho gayi. Usme furniture jaise chhoti ho gayi, aur items ke beech ka faasla badh gaya. Is space ke beech mein ek real white cow khadi hai. Us par – ek rug,

jo ussi Katya ke gown se bana hai, jisme humne pehli baar Katya ko dekha tha.

Katya black mein – cow ke saamne, haath par sugar rakhe hue.

Side mein – Vadim aur Nina.

VADIM: Cow ko sugar harmful hai.

Space mein echo uski baaton ko vaguely repeat karti hai.

NINA: Kuch nahi, kuch nahi, hone do. (Aur echo bhi)

Cow sugar nahi leti, woh Katya ki taraf badhti hai aur uske face par chatkarti hai.

VADIM: Katya, sambhal! (Echo)

NINA: Vadim! (Echo)

Entrance mein ek middle-aged man, thoda worn-out simple-looking, aur ek middle-aged woman, healthy, calm expression ke saath, andar aate hain aur stairs chadhte hain. Un par white, thode gande gowns hain, lekin style se pata hai ki yeh medical staff nahi hain. Aise gowns shop ke backroom workers ya childcare institutions ke support staff pehente hain. Woh Katya ke door ke paas aate hain, aur woman bell bajati hai.

VADIM: Aur yeh lo, shayad woh aaye! (Echo)

KATYA: (Anxious) Kya yeh uske liye hain? (Katya ke lines echo ke saath nahi aati)

Vadim door kholta hai.

WOMAN: Cow lene aaye hain! Yeh yahan hai? (Echo)

VADIM: Haan, haan, hum aapka wait kar rahe the! (Echo)

Woman aur man andar aate hain aur Buryonko ko dekhte hain.

WOMAN: Kitni beautiful hai! (Echo)

KATYA: (Unki taraf mud kar, anxious) Rukiye, rukiye, aur Nastya? Nastya ka kya?! Woh roegi! Nastya, woh toh... woh... calf ki tarah...

NINA: Yeh woh log hain sanatorium se jahan Nastya hai. (Katya ko gale lagati hai) Shant ho, main tere saath hoon. (Echo)

KATYA: Woh meri Buryonko ko koi nuksaan nahi pahunchayenge?

MAN: Nahi pahunchayenge! (Echo ke saath) Toh, le chalein? Kaise le jaayein? Woh maar toh nahi degi? Kaise, horns mein rope baandh dein? (Apni pocket se rope nikaalta hai)

NINA: (Echo ke saath) Woh gentle hai. (Katya se) Sugar do! (Sugar leti hai, cow ke saamne aati hai) Mere peeche aao, meri achhi, meri smart! Cow phir se Katya ki taraf badhti hai aur phir se uske face par chatkarti hai.

KATYA: Mujhe sure nahi hai ki aisa karna chahiye...

VADIM: (Katya ke paas aata hai aur uska haath apne haath mein leta hai) Katya, humne toh is topic par bahut baat ki! (Woman aur Man se) Le jaao! (Echo)

MAN: (Achanak cow ko rope se maarta hai) Chalo, aage badh! (Echo)

KATYA: (Buryonko ki taraf badh kar, use gale lagati hai, man se) Aap paagal ho gaye hain?!

MAN: (Confused, guilty) Toh agar nahi ja rahi toh kya karein? (Echo)

KATYA: (Be-chain ho kar) Lekin kaise? Main toh in logon ko nahi jaanti, main inhe nahi jaanti!

NINA: Lekin wahan toh Nastya hai, Nastya! (Echo)

VADIM: (Katya ko gale lagata hai aur cow se hata deta hai) Bas, Katya! (Echo)

NINA: Kar hi kya sakte hain? (Echo)

WOMAN: (Cow ko rope se kheenchti hai, pyaar se kehti hai) Chalo, pyaari, chalo! Wahan bachche wait kar rahe hain, wahan teri Nasty hai. Kehte hain, tera milk healing hai, aur hamare bachchon ko fresh milk ki kitni zaroorat hai! (Echo)

Cow resist karti hai, lekin jaati hai.

KATYA: (Gahre dukh ke saath) Shaayad, nahi?

VADIM: Katya, Katya! (Echo)

KATYA: (Buryonko ki taraf badhti hai, uske saamne aati hai) Ruko!

VADIM: (Poised, calmly Katya se) Kuch bhool gayi? (Echo)

KATYA: Haan, bhool gayi... Bhool gayi... Bhool gayi...

VADIM: Kya bhool gayi? (Echo)

KATYA: (Woman se) Aap ko pata hai na, use kaise khana dena hai?

WOMAN: Sanatorium village ke beech mein hai! Wahaan ke logon se poochh loongi. (Echo)

KATYA: Kya aapke paas compound feed hai?

WOMAN: Nahi. (Echo)

KATYA: (Bahut nervous, lekin dhyan se samjhati hai) Tabhi, abhi ke liye crushed wheat grain de sakte hain. Bucket mein – third, boiling water daal kar steam hone do. Din mein – do buckets. Aur hay hai?

WOMAN: Nahi. Aap itna fikr mat karo. (Echo)

KATYA: (Despair mein) Hay ke bina woh ek mahine mein mar jayegi!

VADIM: Yeh sab mamooli baat hai, Katya! Hay ka intezaam kar lenge. (Echo)

KATYA: Ruko, kuch important...

WOMAN: Aap itna stress mat lo, bhookhi nahi rahegi! Agar kuch ho, toh bread mil hi jaati hai! (Echo)

KATYA: Bread zyada nahi de sakte! Soft bread bilkul nahi! Use crust with salt pasand hai! Lekin fresh bread nahi de sakte! Use fibre chahiye.

WOMAN: Theek hai, theek hai... Fibre dhoond lenge! Sab dhoond lenge, fikr mat karo! (Echo)

KATYA: Potato, carrot, cabbage...

VADIM: Bas, Katya? (Echo)

KATYA: Main kuch important bhool rahi hoon... Nikal raha hai... Bhool gayi...

VADIM: Tujhe aisa lag raha hai, Katya, ki important hai... Isme itna important kya ho sakta hai? (Echo)

KATYA: (Panic mein) Yaad aaya... Use apples bahut pasand hain!

MAN: Kaun se apples? Bachchon ke paas kaafi nahi! (Echo)

WOMAN: Apples – autumn mein! Autumn mein! (Echo)

Nina kitchen ki taraf daudti hai aur apples ka poora bag nikaal kar woman ko deti hai.

NINA: Yeh lo – apples! (Echo)

VADIM: Katyusha, ab bas karo! (Mazaak ke saath) Aankhen nam hain! Lambi vidai – extra tears! (Echo)

KATYA: (Sharply) Ruk toh! (Woman se, minnat karte hue) Main aapko nahi jaanti, lekin aapka face itna kind hai! Meri Buryonko ka dhyan rakhna, please, dhyan rakhna! (Aansu rok kar) Ab woh pehle milne waale ki kindness par dependent hai!

VADIM: Katyushka, main request karta hoon... (Echo)

NINA: (Aansuon mein, Man aur Woman ko haath hilati hai) Le jao, le jao!
(Echo)

Woman cow ko rope se kheenchni hai, aur woh majbooran uske peeche jaati hai. Bas bar-bar Katya ko dekhti hai. Aur Katya use jaate hue dekhti hai. Bag phat jaata hai, apples bikhari jaate hain. Woman confuse ho kar ruk jaati hai. Buryonka apples ki taraf badhti hai. Man apples uthane lagta hai.

VADIM: Apples chhodo! Jao, jaldi le jao! (Echo)

Aur sab andhere mein doob jaata hai, sirf Katya, Vadim aur Nastya ke faces dikhte hain.

KATYA: Uska kya hoga? Main kya kar rahi hoon? Hey Bhagwan, maine kya kiya? Use wapas lao, use wapas lao!

VADIM: Katya, teri nerves kharab hain! Tujhe treatment lena chahiye! Yahan cow ki kya baat? Hum normal log hain! Main ek solid bank mein kaam karta hoon! Main allow nahi karunga ki mujhse gobar ki smell aaye!

KATYA: Mujhe jaane de! Main pakad loongi! Use kahan le gaye? Main pakad loongi! Main wapas laoongi!

VADIM: Katyushka, sab theek ho jayega! Humara sab achha hoga! Main wapas aaya hoon! Main kabhi nahi chhodunga! Main samajh gaya, main sab samajh gaya, tu mujhse kitna pyaar karti hai!

KATYA: (Blankly, Vadim se) Mujhe chhod, main akeli rehna chahti hoon... Main thodi der akeli rahungi... (Bedroom mein chali jaati hai)

Light. Vadim aur Nina kitchen mein baithe hain. Diwaar ke peeche – cello. Lekin ab yeh cacophony hai, instrument clearly random, insensitive haathon mein hai. Vadim apple kha raha hai.

NINA: Bas, instrument kharab kar denge!

VADIM: Samjha nahi. Kaise kharab?

NINA: Neighbour ka ladka apna music bina dhyan ke chhod deta hai. Aur uski chhoti behen ajeeb bajati hai, khud nahi jaanti kya! Instrument tod degi! Saari khoobsurati khatam kar degi!

VADIM: (Irritated) Yahan toh smell hai! Poori cow ki badboo! Jaise gobar mein baitha hoon! Ab ventilate karo aur ventilate karo! (Nina se) Apple chahiye?

NINA: (Blankly) Nahi.

VADIM: Tasty hai! (Kat leta hai) Kabhi maaf nahi kar paunga, kabhi. Main Katya ko kaise chhod sakta tha? Umeed nahi thi ki use itna todega. Umeed nahi thi ki woh itna down ho jayegi!

NINA: Pagalpan hai, obviously, lekin Buryonko ke bina flat mein kaafi udasi hai!

VADIM: Tu jaanti hai, milk ke liye abhi kama sakta hoon. Cow rakhna zaroori nahi.

NINA: Sab sahi hai. Lekin mujhe itna bura kyun lag raha hai, haan?

VADIM: (Muskura kar, awaaz mein) Tum auraton ko kaun samjhe?

NINA: Aur tu Katya ko wapas nahi chhodna?

VADIM: Are! Maine itna seekha hai! Aisa pyaar kaun chhodta hai?

NINA: Tum men ko kaun jaane? Daadhi mein safed baal, shaitan mein bala!

VADIM: Lagta hai, mere shaitan mar gaye! Main retire ho raha hoon, Ninochka! Lagta hai, kisi kaam ka nahi raha, Katya ke alawa!

NINA: Itna humble mat ban!

VADIM: Aur pehle bhi, shayad, kisi kaam ka nahi tha, bas samajh nahi paaya!

NINA: Haan, chhod! Auratein tujhse chipakti thi, aur tu bhi unhe nahi chhodta tha! Main, jaanti hai, tujh par kitna pagal thi! Raat ko roti thi – sab sahi!

VADIM: Shukriya! (Uske face par haath pherta hai) Aur ab?

NINA: Nahi bataungi!

VADIM: (Soch mein) Toh Nastya, sanatorium mein hai?

NINA: Sanatorium mein.

VADIM: Aur kaise?

NINA: Kaise? Last reports achi hain. Thoo-thoo, nazar na lage! Mujhe aisa lagta hai, hamari Buryonko ke milk ne use bahut help kiya!

VADIM: (Absently) Zaroor, zaroor... Main yeh... Katya akele rehna chahti hai...

NINA: (Uth jaati hai) Main chalti hoon!

VADIM: (Bhi uth jaata hai) Shayad... invite karun?... Katya ko, basically, peace chahiye... Main yahan kya karun? (Accidentally rifle ko touch kar deta hai, jo diwaar se lagi hai, woh gir jaati hai) Yeh rifle pairon mein ulajh rahi hai, ise dhikkar! Rakh kar aata hoon aur saath mein dekh aata hoon Katya kya kar rahi hai. (Rifle leta hai, chupke se bedroom mein le ja kar wapas aata hai) Bilkul bechain! Mujhe khud stress hai! Purani yaad ke taur par invite kar!

NINA: (Confused, nervous) Mere yahan arrange nahi hai... bed nahi bana... aur... generally... Ajeeb!

VADIM: (Interrupt karta hai, awaaz mein thoda aaram) Formalities ka time nahi... Chalo! (Nina ko gale lagata hai)

NINA: (Nervous) Kya kar raha hai? Kyun?

VADIM: Toh?

NINA: Mujhe itna bura kyun lag raha hai, itna bura? Haan? Kuch theek nahi, haan? Kuch sahi nahi, haan? Haan?

THE END