

Shellakybooky
(ten page sample)

By

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Cast of Characters

Mar Roache (44):

Brigette Vanderwinkel (4:

Hans Vanderwinkel (50):

Geza Szabo (50):

Ildiko Pesti (21):

Kyle Vanderwinkel (19:

Bela Varga (60):

ACT I:

Scene 1: Arriving

Budapest Airport, 11th April 2013. MAR ROACHE, a drably dressed, yet striking, 44-year-old Irish woman walks onto the stage. She wears a large back-pack and looks around as if lost. Announcements in Hungarian can be heard on the tannoy. Finally, MAR spots her sister, BRIGETTE (BREDÁ) VANDERWINKEL. BRIGETTE glances at her watch and looks annoyed. BRIGETTE, 46, is dressed colourfully and glamourously with shades and a long scarf. MAR approaches her.

MAR

Well Breda girl!

BRIGETTE, who is looking in the other direction, jumps when she hears her name. She puts her hand to her heart and inhales dramatically. Then she takes her shades down from her eyes and looks at MAR, flings out her arms and hugs her sister, bag and all. BRIGETTE is very theatrical.

BRIGETTE

There you are. Oh, at last! Oh, kisses, kisses, Mar, let me have a look at you.

BRIGETTE stands back and holds her sister's hands as she regards her.

MAR

Bridge, you...

BRIGETTE

...it's Brigitte now. Brigitte.

MAR

Brigitte, Well, you're looking good, whoever you are!

BRIGETTE

Yes, I suppose I am. I have a personal trainer here, Zsolti - gorgeous. You had a good flight?

MAR

Eh, yeah...

BRIGETTE

You were up there long enough. That plane is over an hour late. They were making all sorts of announcements in Hungarian. What is the point in putting out announcements if no one understands them?

(CONTINUED)

MAR

Well, maybe the Hungarians...?

While her sister attempts to speak, BRIGETTE bends her head and looks at MAR more closely.

BRIGETTE

Mar, what is that on your face?

MAR moves her hand to cover her upper lip and pulls her head away from BRIGETTE. BRIGETTE looks even closer still.

MAR

I, em, I don't...

BRIGETTE

A mustache! Oh, Mar, what are you doing with a mustache again? You're a lost cause, you are.

MAR

I...

MAR keeps a finger over her mustache. Brigitte is about to say something more, but recollects herself and changes tack. She smiles and pats her sister on the shoulder.

BRIGETTE

Right, well, we'll sort that out later. Come on...

BRIGETTE touches her own upper lip and then she motions for them to walk to the exit. She does not offer to help MAR with the bags and leads the way, MAR trails behind with her load.

MAR

You were right to convince me to come, Bridge. Pat'll have a hernia when he finds out I've emigrated. Pat...

BRIGETTE

It's been way too long since the Roache sisters were in action together, Mar. Sorry, I haven't been there for you much these past.. eh

MAR

...twenty years...

BRIGETTE

God, is it? Well, at least I made the call last week, eh?

MAR

I thought it was the champagne made the call. You know what they say, don't drink and dial.

BRIGETTE

I'd only had a glass! And if I hadn't called, you wouldn't be here, would you? It's a pity it took a break up to get you out here.

MAR

Yeah, but me and Pat...

BRIGETTE

So, what's the gossip from Waterford?

BRIGETTE stops walking and looks at her watch again and appears annoyed once more.

MAR

Times are bad, Briget. People are losing their jobs, their houses. It's like the eighties all over again.

BRIGETTE

Oh, that doesn't matter to us out here. It isn't affecting me and Hans. We don't even watch the news. It's always so negative and you know I don't do negativity. I mean, is it really necessary?

BRIGETTE looks around the stage.

BRIGETTE

Now, where is that Hungarian walrus?

MAR follows her gaze, with no clue what she is looking for. She takes her bag off her back.

MAR

So, anyway, I took the redundancy. You were dead right, Bridge. I wasn't going to spend every day with Pat Kelly dangle his Latvian tart in front of me. Far arsed cow. Verushka is her name, did I tell you? Sounds like a toe wart. Looks like one too - a long long, thin, skinny blonde toe wart.

BRIGETTE becomes more interested in what her sister is saying. She nods.

BRIGETTE

Oh shag Pat Kelly. How long are you waiting for him to put a ring on your finger? You're well rid of him. You're here now. Hans will sort you out with a job and you'll find someone else soon enough. There's plenty of desperate divorced men in the expat circle. You'll see.

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BRIGETTE puts her arm around her sister.

BRIGETTE

Everything is going to be alright, nothing is going to change. Nothing.

MAR pulls herself together in an instant. She looks at her watch.

BRIGETTE

Hmmm? Yes. Of course, everything is fine. Right now, where is that idiot? Oh there he is...

A spotlight falls on a car (perhaps three chairs, one in front, two behind - or an animated/graffitied car projected onto gauze screen. A uniformed man in his 50s with a walrus mustache is sitting in the front seat, reading a newspaper (Magyar Nemzet) smoking a pipe.

BRIGETTE

Geza! Are you smoking in the car again?

Géza very slowly puts down the newspaper and the pipe and shrugs his shoulders.

GÉZA

Ah, Madam Vanderwinkel, I always smoke my pipe when I read my paper. It calms me while I digest the tragedies of my country. Poor Hungary is under attack from the rest of the world, the IMF, the EU, the...

BRIGETTE

...oh, for God sake! Can you put my sister's bags in the boot please?

Géza slowly moves to the bags. he gives MAR a good look over. He smiles, stands to attention and takes her hand from her face to his lips. BRIGETTE makes a face at MAR behind his back.

GÉZA

Your sister? Kezét csókolóm. I kiss your hand, my beauty.

MAR is taken aback and giggles. BRIGETTE rolls her eyes.

BRIGETTE

Géza! We've already had Hungarian pilots take up half my morning with their delays, I don't need Hungarian chauffeurs delaying me all afternoon.

Géza bows to MAR. He takes the bags and places them in the boot. The ladies sit in the back and Géza in front. BRIGETTE opens her make-up compact and applies lipstick. Géza continues to smile at MAR via the rear view mirror. MAR giggles. BRIGETTE snaps her make-up compact closed.

BRIGETTE

Just to let you know, Mar, my Kyle is back with us. He, he's on a break from university - for, er, work experience with Hans.

MAR

With Hans? But isn't he studying medicine at Trinity?

BRIGETTE

Yes.

MAR

Why's he learning about manufacturing washing machines on his work experience then?

BRIGETTE

These days, Mar, doctors have to have strong business skills... oh, OK, OK, he is not at Oxford. But we have to tell people that. Just, well, you know, go along with it Mar, it is like that here. OK?

MAR

Understood. Brigitte.

MAR emphasises her sister's pretentious name. Suddenly, the car jolts and swerves. Géza sticks his head out the front window and shouts. MAR and BRIGETTE fall forward.

GÉZA

Kurva anyad!

BRIGETTE

Géza!

GÉZA

I am very much sorry, Madam Vanderwinkel but there is a stupid woman driver in front who is dreaming of her boyfriend and not looking at the road.

He beeps the horn. Géza mimes overtake the woman driver and then blows her a kiss and laughs to himself.

GÉZA

ha ha, but what a lucky boyfriend. Beautiful.

He makes breast gestures with his hands and nods appreciatively at the lady in the other car. Géza smiles into the rear mirror and MAR giggles. BRIGETTE shoots her a look.

BRIGETTE

Géza, can you keep your eyes on the road please? God, Mar, these people. I don't know how I stick it out here. I really don't.

BRIGETTE opens a cupboard in front of her seat and takes out a bottle of champagne and two glasses and pours out tow drinks for herself and her sister.

BRIGETTE

There you go, kid.

MAR

Champagne, ha, if Pat could see me now. Slainte!

Géza switches on the radio and sings along to 'Szomoru Vasarnap' (Gloomy Sunday), a depressing Hungarian song. He continues to make eyes at MAR.

MAR

That's a lovely song you're singing, Géza. Pity I don't understand a word of it.

MAR looks at BRIGETTE and they both laugh.

GÉZA

'Szomoru Vasarnap', it means 'Gloomy Sunday'. It a famous Hungarian song about the suicide. In the Great Depression, everyone who hear this song, the go jump off Chain Bridge. Rezso Seress, the composer, he jump from the fifth floor of New York Hotel. Ah, a beautiful song... 'Szomoru Vasaaaarnap'.

BRIGETTE

Oh for feck's sake.

MAR

Right, lovely.

BRIGETTE

Can you turn off that depressing dirge. Jesus!

Géza switches off the radio station and mumbles away in Hungarian.

(CONTINUED)

MAR

What's he saying?

BRIGETTE

God knows, Mar. I don't speak a word of the babble.

MAR

You don't speak any Hungarian at all? How long are you out here? Ten years?

BRIGETTE speaks with some pride.

BRIGETTE

Not a word. I've been quite lucky, I've never had very much to do with them. Nor will you...

BRIGETTE stops speaking as she spots a car on the road. BRIGETTE swivels her head around and cranes out the back to view a car and then back again to talk to MAR.

BRIGETTE

Is that Hans in that sports car? No, was it, Mar? Geza?

Géza knows it was HANS and stays quiet.

MAR

Your Hans? In that car, with that blonde woman? I don't think so, though I haven't seen him in years. But isn't he at work?

BRIGETTE

Yes. Yes he is. It wasn't him so. No.

Scene II: Meeting

A plush living room decorated with more money than taste. There are two sofas facing each other and a small side table. To the left there is a hallway with two doors. One door faces the audience - it leads to another part of the house. Then, there is a side facing front door that leads to the stage left. In the living room, there is a laptop on the side table and another at the feet of KYLE Vanderwinkel. Kyle is a twenty year old sitting on a sofa, dressed in the uniform of the young middle class: rugby shirt, chinos etc.. There is some pink and orange paint in his hair. He is drawing in a sketchbook with crayons. His father enters the room. HANS VANDERWINKEL is wearing a suit and is a handsome, distinguished looking businessman in his early fifties.

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KYLE

Hi, Dad. Who was that in the phat red sportscar?

KYLE nods in the direction of the audience, in doing so he indicates a window.

HANS

I, eh, a client. Not important. I had to nip out to the office for a few hours. I take it your mother is not back from the airport yet?

KYLE

Not yet.

HANS

How're you getting on with the emailing?

KYLE

Sweet.

HANS

Any messages?

KYLE nods at the laptop on the side table.

KYLE

Some guy called Brendan Quinn is looking for you. He said he couldn't track you down at the office.

HANS

Eh, no, I was at a meeting. Well, I had better give him a call.

HANS sits on the couch, takes his laptop onto his knee and puts on his headset..

HANS

Hi Brendan. Sorry, I was em.. tied up. I see... I haven't been in the office yet today.

KYLE looks over at HANS

HANS

I wouldn't give much credence to rumour, Brendan... ha ha... Listen, good luck with that! I'll let you know if I hear anything about it from HQ. Ok, will do, OK. Bye.

HANS looks up and speaks to his son.

HANS

Ha, would you believe that fool is learning Uzbek?

KYLE does not look up, but keeps on drawing in his sketch pad.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

What the..?

HANS

Oh, what they speak in Uzbekistan.

KYLE

Whack. Where's that? Mars?

HANS

It's in the 'stans. You know, Kazakstan and all that. We've opened a manufacturing plant there, outside Tashkent, and the big man is sending young Brendan out to head it up. Poor Brendan has got it into his head that he has to learn the lingo, go native. Idiot. How long are we here and we've never needed to learn a work of Hungarian?

KYLE puts his hand up.

KYLE

Kérek egy sört. It means, 'can I have a beer'?

HANS laughs with pride.

HANS

Does it? Well done, son. Did you learn that at the International school? Is that the fine education I paid for?

KYLE

I thought the company was paying. Whatever. Geza taught it to me. He says Hungarians invented beer, and pubs. he says Hungarians, like, invented the telephone and the word "hello" - so people would know what to say when they used them. How whack is that?

HANS

According to Geza, Hungarians are the master race.

Skype rings again. Hans puts on the headset.

HANS

Hulloh?

HANS winks at Kyle.

HANS

Yes...oh, yes, oh good morning to you Jean-Claude.

HANS sits up and straightens his tie. KYLE goes back to his scribbling.

(CONTINUED)

HANS

Right, yes, I've heard... But that's the entire factory... 700? I think it is completely feasible... Brendan? You're joking... I will, certainly, Jean Claude. I'll have it to you by tomorrow morning... Yes. Bye.

HANS pulls off his headset and drags his hands downwards over his face. His mobile rings, he picks it up and speaks brusquely.

HANS

Yes, what? What is it? Who?... Oh, what does she...?

HANS looks at KYLE.

HANS

...look, tell her we'll get back to her within ten minutes.

HANS hangs up. He looks stressed, distracted.

HANS

Kyle are you finished writing that email to HR?

KYLE

Working on the phrasing.

HANS

You started it two hours ago.

KYLE

I'm tweaking.

HANS

Tweaking! You're telling her we need more coffee in the canteen.

Kyle puts down his crayons and tucks the laptop up on to his lap. HANS drags his hands over his face again and exhales noticeably.

HANS

Oh, don't bother. You don't have to come into the office today, but I'll have to head in now. It looks like it is going to be busy. Listen, there is a do-gooder on the loose. She wants to talk to me about our green field development in Tata. I'm going to text you her number. Just humour her, and whatever you do, promise her nothing.

END OF SAMPLE