

Viva Espana

by

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A villa in Spain. Interior. Day. A room with a table, TV, sideboard, desk with diary. A settee. The room has Spanish plates. There is a radio on the sideboard and a mobile phone. There is a landline phone on the desk. Through a doorway CSL streams some sunlight. A woman (50ish) is lying on the settee snoring, her back towards us. She is wearing a wrap over a bathing suit. There is a pair of beach shoes near the settee. A bottle of Gordon's gin is on the table next to an ice bucket. A glass of gin is on the floor near the beach shoes. The mobile phone rings. The woman stirs, slowly sips her gin then crosses to the sideboard lazily and picks up the mobile.

Woman: *(Sleepily)* Oiga!.....Oh, it's you Max.....*(irritated)*...yeah, yeah, I'm fine..... To be frank, I thought it was the television man – the bloody thing's on the blink. He's coming over from Benidorm.

The landline phone rings.

Can I call you back?.....It's important?..... Well hang on then.

Woman shows irritation at mobile. Gulps her drink and then answers the land line phone.

Oiga!.....oh, hi Brenda.....fine but a bit, you know after the CBeebies meeting last night.....Sorry you couldn't come but simply got to tell you all about it! But I got Max on the other line. Hang on, I'll get rid of him.

Doorbell rings offstage.

There's the bloody doorbell.

Puts down landline phone. Loudly to phones in the room

Won't be a momentito.... *(pronounced: momenteetoe')*

Exits CSL. Woman's voice off saying 'Gracias'. Enters room carrying large box. (Shouting to phones). Hang on everyone. Be with you! Delivery!

Opens box and peers in. Takes out gins, wine and some foodstuffs. Gulps gin. Pours another and crosses to mobile.

As I was saying, I got Max on the other line. Shit, he's a pain. Ever since I let him soak his ham overnight, he thinks he's in love with me. Love! I tell you – the only bit of a girl he can make moist are eyes with tears of boredom. God it was like being in bed with a fat slug. *(Slowly realises she is on wrong phone. Mouths.)* Oh my...oh shit!

Crosses to landline phone. Speaks quietly.

Brenda? That you?.....oh bugger it! I thought I was speaking to you but it was.....you heard? Oh, shit! *(Gulps some gin)*. Just hang on will you. Just hang on!

