

# A HAINSWORTH HOLIDAY

WRITTEN BY DARREN BREALEY

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## CHAMPAGNE LADIES

## A HAINSWORTH HOLIDAY

Written by Darren Brealey.

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Subject: Nembutal®

Source: Wikipedia (2008)

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nembutal>

### Veterinary Euthanasia

Pentobarbital is a short-acting barbiturate, used by itself or more often in combination with complementary agents such as phenytoin, in commercial animal euthanasia injectable solutions.

One trade name for this drug is Nembutal®, coined by Dr. John S. Lundy, who started using it in 1930.

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## **Characters**

Mr Alfred Hainsworth	...	Father
Ms Elizabeth Maree Hainsworth	...	Twenty year old daughter
Ms Candice Francis Hainsworth	...	Nine year old daughter
Miss Marcie Dobbs	...	Housekeeper
Great Aunt Isobel Wright	...	Alfred's Aunt
Mr George Hickenbottom	...	Elizabeth's ex-lover
Mr Robert Moore	...	Elizabeth's current lover
Ms Mimi Faqual	...	Tennis student for Alfred

**Total Characters: 8**

### Adult Characters

Male: 3

Female: 4

### Child Characters

Female: 1

## **Setting**

### ***Period***

This script is set in current day Australia, with current day values, accents and personalities.

### ***Location***

The Hainsworth holiday home is a palatial two story building situated by the sea, sitting on a high cliff face, overlooking the ocean. The gardens surrounding the house are vast and lush with vegetation typical to seaside locations.

The property is located closely outside the main township with direct road access to the train station, shops, services and the town's infrastructure. The seaside township has a tourist industry providing hotels, restaurants and other tourist interests.

### ***Relationships***

The Hainsworth family are a close-knit unit; Alfred (the father), Elizabeth, (eldest daughter) and Candice (youngest daughter).

Marcie is the Housekeeper for the Hainsworth family. She is loyal to Mr and Mrs Hainsworth.

Isobel is the younger sister of Alfred's mother. Alfred does not enjoy the company of his Aunty and finds her interfering and contemptuous.

George is Elizabeth's ex-boyfriend and intends to ask her to take him back as her boyfriend.

Robert's intentions are to ask for Alfred's blessing to marry his eldest daughter, Elizabeth. At the same time he flirts with Marcie and Mimi.

Mimi has been invited to the holiday house by Alfred for a rendezvous, acting as if to be there for a tennis lesson.

## **On Stage**

This play is written for one set with many entrances to heighten perplexity and interest in the story.

The set is designed as an open plan dining area with an adjacent lounge area. In the lounge room there is a buffet and settee and dining table. On the dining table there is a small bouquet of flowers in a vase.

The front door opening to outside at downstage right, a staircase leading upstairs at upstage centre and underneath the staircase is a swinging door to the kitchen.

The East wing entrance is at upstage left and the West wing entrance is at upstage right.

The furnishings are modern, yet the architecture is old style. The set consists of a lounge area with settee setting with scatter cushions and matching chairs, coffee table, coat stand, side tables and telephone table and telephone. The dining area consists of a dining table and matching chairs and buffet.

The set is dressed with oil paintings, curtained windows, a large rug, knick-knacks and other ornaments suited to a well-to-do family's well kept holiday home.

## **Synopsis**

A few members of the Hainsworth family are arriving for the weekend as Marcie prepares for their arrival. Alfred and two of his children, Elizabeth and Candice are met by Robert, Elizabeth's boyfriend, at the train station. Alfred, tennis pro turned coach has been invited to a conference on Carbon emissions as their motivational speaker.

Alfred and his wife Julia are two free spirits who enjoy their family life and their individual pursuits of happiness; they share a special arrangement in their intimate affairs. Alfred enjoys his tennis (students) and Julia enjoys her art (students).

This weekend, Elizabeth decides who is eligible to win her heart. Waiting for Elizabeth's arrival is George, her ex-boyfriend, keen to win back Elizabeth. Candice, the baby of the family sees how much George pines for her eldest sister and devises a plan to overthrow Robert's stronghold.

Secretly, Alfred's tennis student Mimi arrives to partake in extracurricular tennis games. Alfred decides he is a little old for these games and wishes to introduce Mimi to George, but George has other love interests on his mind.

Aunt Isobel announces her intentions of how to pass on the Hainsworth Estate. Her intention is to leave the Estate to the Elizabeth, if she marries George. A safe husband is paramount for the continuance of the Estate. The Estate will provide a multi-million dollar income for the rest of Marcie's life and she strives to gain the advantage by keeping Robert and bay and George out of sight, yet she is dedicated to the Hainsworth family. She coordinates hiding Mimi from Isobel for the sake of Alfred.

Meanwhile, Mimi and Robert seem to be building their own relationship, as is Marcie and Robert, and as is George and Mimi so it would seem. Candice executes her plan, setting up Robert as a jewellery thief. Candice encourages Robert to give Elizabeth the diamond necklace to Elizabeth as a token of his love for her; Isobel's diamond necklace.

All secrets unravel when Isobel finds Elizabeth wearing her diamond necklace. She discovers Robert has a habit of stealing jewellery and passing it on as gifts to his girlfriends. Candice's plan to discredit Robert as a worthy advocate as Elizabeth's husband comes to fruition, allowing George to take up the gauntlet to win Elizabeth's heart.

Isobel must protect the family Estate and decides to leave the Estate in Marcie's hands for safekeeping, until such time Elizabeth marries a suitable man. Marcie is announced as the executor.

Marcie becomes the executor of the Estate, Alfred sees the error of his extra-martial ways, George proposes to Elizabeth and she declines. Elizabeth is not ready to marry, yet. Robert and Marcie find their true love in each other.

## A HAINSWORTH HOLIDAY

### ACT 1

*MARCIE dusts the buffet then settee in the adjacent lounge area, fluffing up scatter cushions, straightening knick-knacks and dusting the tops of the furniture head rests. She exits via the kitchen and returns with a tray of cups, saucers and silver tea spoons, setting them on the dinning table. She dusts about the dinning area. Marcie looks over her morning tea setting. She places a newspaper on the arm rest the settee. She takes a wine glass from the buffet and pours red wine from a decanter, placing the wine glass on a side table next to the newspaper. MARCIE exits via the kitchen. There is a knock at the front door. GEORGE enters via the front door carrying a large bunch of flowers and a large box of liquor chocolates.*

GEORGE: Hello? Marcie?

*MARCIE enters via the kitchen.*

MARCIE: Good evening Mr Hickenbottom.

GEORGE: Mr Hickenbottom?

MARCIE: Isobel's coming; she prefers the hired help to address her the old fashioned way.

GEORGE: There's nothing *hired* about you. Has Elizabeth arrived, yet? I left my polo match half way through the game and rushed here.

MARCIE: I thought you're allergic to horses?

GEORGE: It's water polo.

MARCIE: Wouldn't they drown?

*Pause. Marcie sips the wine.*

GEORGE: What are you doing?

MARCIE: It helps me get through the family's arrival. It was sweet of you to bring me flowers and liquor chocolates.

GEORGE: No. They're for Elizabeth.

MARCIE: She's attached, you know.

GEORGE: Who to?

MARCIE: Robert Moore.

*Pause.*

**GEORGE:** No. No. Once upon a time we were happy together; I should've proposed to her in Paris. I know I have my faults. I love her, Marcie.

*George retrieves a folded photo from his pocket.*

**GEORGE:** This is a photo of Elizabeth and I on the left bank of the Seine River.

*He hands the photo to Marcie, who studies it for a moment. Pause.*

**GEORGE:** You see that ice-cream shop behind her. There. I brought us two hot chocolate fudge banana sundaes. I want to make her happy again.

*Marcie hands the photo to George. He folds it and returns it to his pocket. Marcie sips the red wine.*

**MARCIE:** Robert makes her happy, now.

**GEORGE:** Does she love him?

**MARCIE:** I suppose she does.

**GEORGE:** Does he love her?

**MARCIE:** I'm not the one to make that judgement. He showers her with flowers and chocolates; too flashy for my liking. Young girls call that love these days.

**GEORGE:** I'd do anything to win her back.

*There is a bang. BLACK OUT*

**MARCIE:** Oh. Ever since we had that damned fuse box...

**GEORGE:** Do you want me to have a look at it?

**MARCIE:** What would you know about fuse boxes?

**GEORGE:** I consider myself pretty handy.

**MARCIE:** Knock yourself out.

*George accidentally touches Marcie on the bottom.*

**MARCIE:** Get your hands off my bum.

**GEORGE:** Sorry Marcie, my mistake.

*LIGHTS UP*

**MARCIE:** I think we'll wait for the electrician.

**GEORGE:** I see. You don't think I'm capable, neither does Elizabeth.

*The telephone rings. Marcie picks up the receiver. George reads the newspaper.*

**MARCIE:** Hainsworth residence. Ms Wright. Yes, ma'am. No, they're due to arrive any moment; Robert is picking them up from the train station. A white chocolate cake for her wed...? I see. The Family Estate. I will keep that announcement to myself. Yes, ma'am. Unfortunately, Melanie and Michael remain at Boarding School this weekend. Yes, ma'am, young Candice will be joining us. Thank you ma'am.

*Marcie hangs up the receiver.*

**MARCIE:** Alfred will go out of his mind when he finds out about Isobel.

**GEORGE:** He still calls her the Ice Queen?

**MARCIE:** And worse.

*They share a laugh.*

**GEORGE:** It says here there's been an increase of robberies at the train station.

**MARCIE:** This sleepy little seaside tourist town isn't what it used to be.

**GEORGE:** I don't like him. Robert.

**MARCIE:** Alfred and Julia like him. Yet, that rumour Candice brings up...

**GEORGE:** What rumour?

**MARCIE:** I'm not a gossip.

**GEORGE:** You can't keep secrets from *your* George.

*Pause.*

**MARCIE:** The day he departs this family, the better. I don't trust him. I tell the kitchen staff to lock up the silverware when he visits.

*George laughs out loud.*

**MARCIE:** You'll do me right by keeping that to yourself.

**GEORGE:** You lock up the silverware?

*Pause.*

**GEORGE:** What's the rumour?

**MARCIE:** Are we alone?

**GEORGE:** I wouldn't be standing here talking to you about Robert, if your staff were about? You'd force feed me some inane conversation about the damned weather.

**MARCIE:** I have strict ethics...

**GEORGE:** Enough of the semantics Marcie. Did he kill someone?

**MARCIE:** Oh, pish-posh. I've heard he steals jewellery, for his girlfriends.

**GEORGE:** Have you told Elizabeth?

**MARCIE:** I don't gossip.

**GEORGE:** I've got to tell her.

**MARCIE:** And sound like a fool? You can see Elizabeth when he's left.

**GEORGE:** I suppose he's picking them up in his flashy Monaro? I don't understand. She called me, told me to meet her here. Maybe she's going to dump Robert.

*Marcie neatly folds the newspaper. Pause.*

**GEORGE:** Maybe I should let Elizabeth settle in.

**MARCIE:** What a splendid idea.

**GEORGE:** Thank you Marcie. You're a sweet thing.

*George kisses Marcie on the cheek. Marcie blushes and moves away.*

**MARCIE:** George Hickenbottom.

**GEORGE:** Oh, Marcie.

*Marcie shows George to the front door.*

**MARCIE:** I heard a car. That'll be them. I suggest you return later.

**GEORGE:** It's taken me a long time to build up the courage to come up here, now I have to wait. I've made some mistakes in my time, Marcie. This proves I'm a bigger fool than I first thought.

**MARCIE:** Now come on, if you love her that much, a little longer won't matter.

**GEORGE:** You're wiser beyond your years.

**MARCIE:** I'm just the Housekeeper.

**GEORGE:** Thanks Marcie.

**MARCIE:** Quick, hide.

***GEORGE** disappears behind the coat stand.*

**MARCIE:** In the kitchen.

***GEORGE** exits via the kitchen. As Marcie opens the front door, **ALFRED** falls through with his arms filled with suitcases and hat boxes.*

**ALFRED:** I had a key.

*Only the house key remains in Alfred's hand.*

**MARCIE:** A quick trip, Alfred?

**ALFRED:** Yes.

***ELIZABETH** enters, walking over the top of Alfred. Alfred stands.*

**ELIZABETH:** Hello Marcie.

**MARCIE:** Elizabeth. My you're looking more the fine young lady every time I see you. You look as though you've lost some weight.

**ELIZABETH:** I have.

*They embrace. Marcie removes all the suitcases and hat boxes off to the east wing. When done, she refills the wine glass and hands it to Alfred.*

**MARCIE:** Did you have a pleasant trip?

**ELIZABETH:** Why don't you ask father.

**ALFRED:** Damn that mechanic for refusing to work overtime to fix my car. Why I am forced to travel by such an antiquated mode of transport; it's unacceptable.

**ELIZABETH:** Oh, come on Dad, we love to travel by train. It reminds us of why we started coming up here in the first place. Dad still refers to the train as the Petri dish.

**ALFRED:** And I can't believe you condoned that crazy woman screaming at me.

**ELIZABETH:** You had your face nuzzled in her...

*Pause.*

**ALFRED:** In her what?

*ELIZABETH:* (*pointing to her breasts*) In her...

*ALFRED:* She was waving them about the carriage.

*ELIZABETH:* She was breast-feeding. You could've kept your face to yourself.

*ALFRED:* The train came hurtling to a stop. I wouldn't have been standing, if you hadn't insisted on another sandwich.

*ELIZABETH:* The look on your face when the conductor arrived.

*ALFRED:* He disappeared faster than a fart in a fan factory.

*ELIZABETH:* Dad.

*ALFRED:* I wasn't sure who was more embarrassed, that child conductor or me.

*ELIZABETH:* The poor thing.

*ALFRED:* The poor thing?

*ELIZABETH:* I'm sure he's only twelve.

*ALFRED:* And being crammed into Robert's car was such a blast.

*ELIZABETH:* Oh Dad. Get with it, it's a sports car.

*ALFRED:* It's a bloody sardine tin; what with all four of us and your luggage.

*ELIZABETH:* I must look my best. And what about your case?

*MARCIE:* Is Julia not with you?

*ALFRED:* The ball and chain is staying home for the weekend to teach her art class, hence the other car is safe and *unused* at home.

*MARCIE:* I suspect that's for the best.

*ALFRED:* Oh?

*MARCIE:* The fuse box is playing up again.

*ALFRED:* Blackouts?

*MARCIE:* Seven, so far. I'm not counting.

*ALFRED:* Julia's not one for impromptu blackouts. I suspect teaching art class was a better idea. Give me a hand to unload the sardine tin ... sports car.

*ALFRED exits via the front door. ROBERT enters via the front door. Marcie removes the silver teaspoons from the dining table and places them in her apron pocket. MARCIE exits via the front door.*

ELIZABETH: Oh Robert, I get to spend my entire weekend with you.

*They embrace.*

ROBERT: You will be my only distraction.

ELIZABETH: Can we go for walks along the beach?

ROBERT: And in the sand dunes, on the cliff face; anywhere.

ELIZABETH: Dad, Candice and Marcie will be around.

ROBERT: My eyes will only see you.

ELIZABETH: Oh Robert, you make me blush.

ROBERT: I'll glow in the radiance of your warmth. I am but your mere shadow.

*Elizabeth giggles.*

ROBERT: We can go for that walk on the pier tonight with its lights and the moon; it should be perfect.

ELIZABETH: I'm not sure what dad has planned.

ROBERT: Best do what your father says. There's a good girl.

ELIZABETH: Of course.

*ALFRED enters via the front door, carrying CANDICE in his arms. She is asleep with Robert's diamond Wedding Ring on her thumb. MARCIE enters via the front door carrying two suitcases.*

ALFRED: The train trip has exhausted Candice.

ELIZABETH: Poor thing.

*Marcie places the suitcases near the base of the stairs and takes Candice from Alfred.*

MARCIE: Let me put her to bed.

*MARCIE and CANDICE exit via upstairs. Pause.*

ALFRED: Are we ready for a fun night in?

**ROBERT:** What have you planned, Mr Hainsworth.

**ALFRED:** How about I start with a joke for you Robert.

**ELIZABETH:** Dad, try not to embarrass yourself.

**ALFRED:** A ninety-eight year old man walks into a brothel. He asks the Madam for one of her girlies.

**ELIZABETH:** Dad, is this appropriate?

**ALFRED:** Yes, now wait. He asks the Madam for one of her girlies. The Madam replies to the ninety-eight year old man, 'Look at you, you've had it'. In which case the old man asks, 'How much do I owe you?'

*Alfred laughs at his own joke.*

**ELIZABETH:** Once upon a time we used to find Dad hilarious, now we just find him peculiar.

**ALFRED:** Is the car unpacked?

**ROBERT:** Just the chest.

*MARCIE enters via upstairs.*

**ALFRED:** Come on. Let's put you to good use; show me some of that strength.

*ALFRED and ROBERT exit via the front door.*

**MARCIE:** George is here.

**ELIZABETH:** Already?

**MARCIE:** He's in the kitchen.

**ELIZABETH:** I'm nervous.

**MARCIE:** Be true to yourself. There's nothing to worry about.

**ELIZABETH:** I'll find out now, won't I?

**MARCIE:** Yes. You will.

*ALFRED and ROBERT enter, carrying a chest.*

**ROBERT:** My god this is heavy. What's in here?

**ALFRED:** Tools of the trade.

**ROBERT:** Some tennis racquet.

**ALFRED:** Just put it down here.

*They place the chest down.*

**MARCIE:** That's everything.

**ROBERT:** I'll park the car.

**ELIZABETH:** I'll come with you.

**ROBERT** exits via the front door.

**MARCIE:** And before I forget, I have three messages for you.

*Marcie retrieves three slips of paper from her apron pocket.*

**ALFRED:** Three. There must be an overflow of unemployed Gardeners in this sleepy seaside hollow. Being one of the locals, I assume your keen sense of immorality will have picked up the scent by now.

**MARCIE:** Mr Bower from Gipps Street called very early this morning. His voice crackled down the telephone; clearing his throat of last nights' dregs.

**ALFRED:** Sounds positively ghastly, I think I like him.

**MARCIE:** Mr Boyd from the State School. He was laid off after his back gave out from lifting a heavy garden shed. I wouldn't worry about him.

**ALFRED:** And your favourite?

**MARCIE:** Mr Smithdon. He's the right age and has the right qualifications. He was an apprentice to the Bower's head gardener, Mr Pierce for fourteen years, until they moved interstate. Then he moved to the city where he worked for a landscaping firm. His latest engagement was with Mrs Frymen.

**ALFRED:** Who?

**MARCIE:** Mrs Frymen, the owner of the craft shop in town.

**ALFRED:** Wasn't she accused of being a terrorist for stockpiling fertilizer in her cellar?

**MARCIE:** She's sixty-eight years old.

**ALFRED:** Put all my messages in the study. I'll look at them later.

**MARCIE:** Let's have a look at that fuse box.

**ALFRED:** Good idea. I can get myself electrocuted. That's one way of getting out of tomorrow's conference at the winery.

**MARCIE:** But, aren't you their motivational speaker?

**ALFRED:** Yes, creative ways of turning carbon into something useful; from a tennis coach's point of view. Stop talking about it and get off their fat hairy arses and just do it; that's my core statement for tomorrow.

**MARCIE:** And after all that meaningless hot air, you'll need a glass of wine.

*ALFRED and MARCIE exits via the east wing.*

**ELIZABETH:** George. George.

*GEORGE enters via the kitchen, carrying the flowers and liquor chocolates.*

**GEORGE:** Hello, Elizabeth.

**ELIZABETH:** You're early.

**GEORGE:** It's been too long.

**ELIZABETH:** They for me?

**GEORGE:** Yeah. Boy, I've missed you. You look stunning. There's something different about you.

**ELIZABETH:** You noticed?

**GEORGE:** I always notice you.

**ELIZABETH:** I've lost a little weight.

**GEORGE:** Not that you needed to. Is Robert still here?

**ELIZABETH:** Let's not talk about him.

**GEORGE:** You two are set, together, aren't you?

**ELIZABETH:** Yes. Dad just loves having him around.

**GEORGE:** Doesn't he prefer the younger ladies?

*Pause.*

**GEORGE:** I miss you. I came here as soon as I got your call.

**ELIZABETH:** My call? Oh, yes, my call.

**GEORGE:** Sounds like you had something important to ask me.

**ELIZABETH:** I have a thing or two.

**GEORGE:** Looking at you standing there reminds me of Paris.

**ELIZABETH:** That was a life time ago.

**GEORGE:** It was only last summer.

**ELIZABETH:** That was a good holiday.

**GEORGE:** No, that was a great holiday. Do you remember this?

*George moves towards Elizabeth to kiss her, but trips as...*

*There is a bang. BLACKOUT*

*Elizabeth screams. GEORGE exits via the kitchen carrying the flowers and liquor chocolates. ROBERT enters via the front door. ALFRED and MARCIE enter via the east wing.*

*LIGHTS UP*

**ALFRED:** *(over)* What's going on in here?

**ROBERT:** *(over)* Are you alright?

**MARCIE:** *(over)* Elizabeth, what happened?

**ELIZABETH:** It's ... it's ... nothing; just the surprise of the black out.

**ALFRED:** Just like her mother.

**ROBERT:** Come on, you. I'm not letting you out of my sight.

*ROBERT and ELIZABETH exit via the front door.*

**MARCIE:** Do you think they make a romantic couple?

*Pause.*

**ALFRED:** Why is Robert here?

**MARCIE:** Elizabeth invited him here for the weekend.

**ALFRED:** He's not staying in the house, is he?

**MARCIE:** He's staying in a hotel.

**ALFRED:** Of course he is.

*There is a bang. BLACK OUT*

**MARCIE:** Make that nine.

*The Telephone rings.*

**ALFRED:** Can you get the telephone?

**MARCIE:** If I can find it.

*There is a crash as Marcie knocks over the telephone and the telephone table.  
The telephone stops ringing.*

**MARCIE:** Found it.

**GEORGE** enters via the kitchen. Pause. Marcie squeals.

**MARCIE:** Shame on you.

**GEORGE:** Sorry Marcie, I thought that was the door handle.

**MARCIE:** Get away from me.

**ALFRED:** Is that you, George? Good to see you.

**GEORGE:** Thought I'd make a run for it whilst the lights were out.

**ALFRED:** What brings you to town? Why don't you stick around, I could use the company?

**LIGHTS UP**

\*\*\*\*\* Truncated \*\*\*\*\*

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