

# Eating Corfu

Short Play (Comedy)

by

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*Can you really have your cake and eat in too?*

## **CHARACTERS:**

**ROBYN:** Female, 50s, New Age re-birther, Liz's big sister, condescending and egocentric.

**LIZ:** Female, 40s, Writer, Robyn's little sister, married to Tony, in training to be assertive.

**TONY:** Male, 40s, Accountant, married to Liz, macho and domineering.

**SETTING:** Living room

**TIME:** The present

*There is a living room with a couch and coffee table. There are two small plates with forks and a cake knife on the table. ROBYN enters, carrying a small beautifully wrapped gift. There is a knock on the door. She looks around and puts the gift on the arm of the lounge then answers the door. LIZ enters.*

ROBYN: Liz darling, it's so good to see you. What on earth have you done to your hair? And that blouse! I thought you stopped going to op shops twenty years ago. After you dropped out of Uni. *(pause)* Are you menopausal?

LIZ: I washed my hair, I don't go to op shops, well, maybe once in a while, and...what was the last question?

ROBYN: I want to hear everything about this new book of yours. It's so exciting!

*ROBYN sits down on the couch and looks at LIZ expectantly.*

LIZ: Do you know what day it is?

ROBYN: Of course I do. It's just the two of us now. Orphans at last! How could I possibly forget your birthday? I'm just so excited about your first book.

*LIZ sits down next to ROBYN.*

LIZ: It's my second book.

ROBYN: You can't count that other one surely! No-one actually bought it. There were two copies on the \$2 table in Borders before they went bust. Can you tell me in ten words or less, what's this new book all about?

LIZ: You're really that interested huh? Well, it's about love, relationships, jealousy, loyalty, betrayal, overcoming adversity -

ROBYN: Sounds excruciating. Are any of the characters based on...anyone I'd know?

LIZ: You'll have to read it to find out.

ROBYN: Where's my copy?

LIZ: You'll have to buy one like everyone else.

ROBYN: How do you expect me to read it? I suppose I can wait until it makes the \$2 table at Dymock's. Shouldn't take too long by the sound of things. (*Looks at her watch*) Look at the time! I'll get the dinner.

LIZ: I'm not staying for dinner!

ROBYN: You have put on a bit of weight lately.

LIZ: I called in to have a drink with you for my birthday. Not to be insulted about my hair, weight, clothes, my new book -

ROBYN: Let's talk about your achievements shall we? Why has everything always got to be about you?

LIZ: I'm not here to argue. It's my birthday for christsakes!

*LIZ stands up to leave.*

ROBYN: Where are you going? We haven't had the cake.

LIZ: What cake?

ROBYN: My birthday cake.

LIZ: But it's not your birthday!

ROBYN: It will be when I'm on Corfu.

LIZ: You're going to Corfu? Again? When?

ROBYN: A week before my birthday.

LIZ: But that's two months away!

ROBYN: Exactly! That's why we've got to celebrate my birthday today. Come sit down, I want to explain everything.

LIZ: Why do you want to celebrate *your* birthday on *my* birthday? It doesn't make sense.

ROBYN: This is so like you - always thinking of yourself! Me, me, me, me, me! You're not the only person on the planet who's allowed to celebrate their birthday on the 11<sup>th</sup> of July.

LIZ: You have more than sixty days to choose from and you just happen to choose my birthday?

ROBYN: It's the only day I have free. Next week is the Body, Mind and Spirit conference in Byron. I'm running three re-birthing sessions - they're just so lucky to get me. You should see my diary! The week after that I'm –

LIZ: Look at the time! Tony will be furious. We're off to see *Streetcar*, for *my* birthday.

ROBYN: You don't care about me! You only care about yourself, your precious book and whatshisname?

LIZ: You mean Tony, my husband of fifteen years.

ROBYN: I don't care about him! I mean Tennessee Williams. I blame him for all the Dakotas, Arizonas, Montanas, Indianas, Virginias, Georgias and Carolinas in this world. Don't Americans have any imagination at all? Why do they insist on naming their children after the states of America? It's beyond patriotism!

LIZ: Tennessee isn't his real name, it's Tom.

ROBYN: And what would *Tom* know about women, sexual desire and passion?

LIZ: Have you seen the play?

ROBYN: I don't need to. Sit down and I'll get the cake.

LIZ: I can't stay!

ROBYN: Wait until you see it, you won't want to leave.

*ROBYN exits to get the cake. LIZ walks towards the door then stops.*

LIZ: I should just walk out that door and not look back. Shit!

*ROBYN returns with the cake (with a lit candle on top).*

ROBYN: Da-da! Isn't it amazing?

LIZ: I don't think I can do this.

ROBYN: It's Corfu - I was up all night baking it - for *you*.

LIZ: For *me*? But you said it was *your* birthday cake?

ROBYN: It is, but I want to share it with you.

LIZ: I absolutely can't do this!

ROBYN: You can't go! I haven't blown out the candles. And I can't possibly do that until you've sung "Happy birthday".

LIZ: To you? You want me to sing "Happy birthday" to *you* on *my* birthday?

ROBYN: Don't make me beg. You know I'm not the begging type. I'll be all alone on Corfu, on my birthday... Just the first verse. Hurry up or you'll be late.

LIZ: I can't believe I'm doing this. Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you -

*LIZ'S mobile phone rings. She answers it.*

I'll be two secs. We're just about to have some birthday cake  
(*pause*) Not exactly. (*pause*) Robyn's.

*LIZ puts her hand over the phone so Robyn can't hear TONY shouting.*

Calm down!

ROBYN: (*sings*) Happy birthday dear Robyn, Happy birthday to me!

*ROBYN blows out the candles then cuts a piece of cake and puts it on a plate.*

LIZ: I'm leaving – right now.

*LIZ hangs up the phone.*

ROBYN: Why was he shouting? That man needs one of my anger management workshops. They're booked out but I'll try and squeeze him in somehow.

*ROBYN tries to give LIZ the plate as she goes to leave. There is a loud knock then TONY enters.*

TONY: For God's sake Liz!

LIZ: I've been trying to leave.

TONY: It's easy, I'll show you. You put one foot in front of the other and you keep going.

ROBYN: What an unpleasant surprise! I don't suppose you'd like a piece of Corfu?

TONY: A piece of what?

ROBYN: Off you go then. Enjoy yourselves at your precious play. Don't worry about me.

TONY: We won't!

*TONY and LIZ turn to leave.*

ROBYN: I'm going to Corfu to die!

*TONY and LIZ stop and then turn around. ROBYN holds out the cake.*

ROBYN: Cake anyone?

*LIZ takes the cake..*

LIZ: Why didn't you tell me?

ROBYN: I tried.

LIZ: Is it cancer?

ROBYN: Not yet.

LIZ: What is it then?

TONY: She doesn't look too sick to me.

LIZ: Tony! How do you know you're going to die?

ROBYN: Because I've planned it.

LIZ: You're going to kill yourself?

ROBYN: That's one option.

LIZ: What's the matter Robyn? Are you depressed? I'll find someone who can help you. Please don't do it!

TONY: I wouldn't try and talk her out of it. She seems pretty definite. Do you mind if I turn on the TV while you two discuss things? The State of Origin's about to start.

LIZ: My sister is dying and all you can think about is football? You insensitive prick!

*LIZ shoves the plate at TONY.*

Shut up and eat this!

TONY: She's not dying, she's going to kill herself. What's your problem? She's only ever been a bitch to you, to both of us, not to mention the kids. Don't pretend you won't be glad to see the back of her.

ROBYN: I told you what he was like twenty years ago but you wouldn't listen. It was all that dope you smoked. You could've done something with your life without that ball and chain around your neck –

*TONY stands up and eyeballs ROBYN.*

TONY: This ball and chain made more money last year than you've made in your entire life. All that hocus-pocus chanting shit you carry on with! And those poor neurotic bastards you rip off! You'd better get in quick and top yourself before somebody does it for you!

LIZ: Tony!

ROBYN: Are you threatening me? I'm not scared of bully boys like you. He who saw the GFC as an investment opportunity!

*ROBYN steps closer to TONY.*

Bottom feeder!

TONY: White witch!

ROBYN: Snake-oil salesman!

TONY: Whale kissing, tree-hugger!

ROBYN: Corrupt, slippery, slimy, fraud!

TONY: Crystal-rubbing, navel-gazer! I bet you're not even going to top yourself.

LIZ: Stop it!

*LIZ pushes ROBYN and TONY apart.*

ROBYN: I didn't say I was going to kill myself.

LIZ: Yes you did.

ROBYN: I said I was going to Corfu to die. Suicide is one option that I'll consider when the time comes.

LIZ: How do you know you're going to die?

ROBYN: We're all going to die. I'm just choosing the place and time.

TONY: You can't stay on Corfu, you're not even Greek!

ROBYN: I will be when I get married.

LIZ: You're getting married? Who to?

ROBYN: I'm keeping my options open.

TONY: Now we get to the tricky part.

LIZ: Let me get this straight. You're going to Corfu to get married to someone you haven't even met, and then... die there?

ROBYN: That's the plan.

LIZ: But that's not the same thing as saying you're going to Corfu to die! How could you say that to me? You cow! You lying cow!

*LIZ grabs ROBYN'S hair and they fight.*

ROBYN: I didn't lie, you jumped to conclusions.



LIZ:                   What other conclusion could I jump to? You're a manipulative, soul-destroying bitch!

*LIZ and ROBYN fight. TONY pushes them apart.*

TONY:                She's winding you up, just like she always does. Let's go! If we hurry we can make Act 2.

ROBYN:             You're both so superficial! You were only prepared to stay if I was going to die.

TONY:                Correct. Or if I could watch the State of Origin.

ROBYN:             Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world and he had to walk into yours!

LIZ:                   I hope you meet Mr or Ms Right and live happily ever after on Corfu!

*LIZ and TONY turn to leave.*

ROBYN:             You forgot something.

*ROBYN picks up the small wrapped gift from the lounge and holds it out for LIZ.*

TONY:                Don't do it Liz! Come on – you can do it - one foot in front of the other - just walk out that door!

ROBYN:             Happy birthday little sister! How could I possibly forget your birthday!

*ROBYN and LIZ are both holding onto the gift. Lights.*