

HOLY DAY

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Characters:

Cal – mid-late 30s, talkative, nickname: Callie

Tim – mid-late 30s, quiet but not when he's with Callie, nickname: Timmy

Hannah/Air Stewardess/Audio Guide/Jane Eyre – can be played/spoken by one actress.

Setting:

As Daft Punk would have it: around the world. Countries are never directly mentioned.

Note:

No one nags.

It would be ideal if both characters were onstage almost all of the time, when it makes sense, to smoothly transition between scenes. These transitions should be part of the trajectory of their travelling journey.

A slash (/) indicates that the next character should begin speaking. A hyphen (-) means the character's line is interrupted by the next character's line or that the speaker switches thought midway and interrupts her/himself. Square brackets around text indicate where the rest of the line was going if the speaker had not been interrupted. As a rule, there should not be any air between lines, mimicking the way we speak in real life.

I – AFRICA

Scene 1: Arrival

Tim and Cal sit on the airplane. Tim is reading “The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo”. Cal is reading the Lonely Planet guide. She makes barely articulated sounds as she reads.

Cal: (to herself) Mm. (Beat) Ugh. (Beat) Mm.

Tim: Wha-?

Cal: Ah-

Tim: Huh?

Cal: (a laugh sound)

He puts the book down.

Tim: What?

Cal: What?

Tim: What’s going on?

Cal: Oh... Nothing really.

Tim picks up his book again, continues reading. She continues reading. A beat or two.

Cal: Mm. (Beat) Mmmm.

Tim: What?

Cal: (Smiling into book) Nothing.

Tim: What is it?

Cal: *(Smiling into book)* Wow, nothing. Oh my god!

Tim: What is it-?

Cal: *(Laughing and reading aloud)* “Do not, as the tourist office states, ‘make affections in public’”! You better remember that, OK?

Tim: I’ll try.

They go back to reading silently. Cal eventually puts her book down and turns to Tim and smiles. She watches him for a long moment as he reads. He pretends not to notice and eventually:

Tim: What Cal?

Cal: Nothing sweet. Nothing.

Tim: Are you giving me some of your sweet nothings?

Cal: Maybe I am.

Tim: I like it when you give me those.

She slides her hand under his airplane blanket.

Cal: Maybe I can give you something else.

Tim: *(Turned on)* Ohhhhh....

Cal: Keep reading.

Tim: Oh. Kay.

She begins to jerk him off under the blanket. He tilts his head back against his seat and closes his eyes.

Cal: Keep reading!

He pretends to read. She looks straight ahead pretending at nothing, while jerking him off.

Cal: You said you want to read four books in four weeks, you gotta keep going if you want to make your vacation deadline.

Tim: Mmm. Four books in four weeks.

Cal: Ahhh. Four countries in four weeks. *(Beat)* How is it? Your book.

Tim: Excellent.

Cal: Good. Could it be better?

Tim: The pacing is slightly off. It could be a little slower.

She slows down.

Cal: How about now?

Tim: A little bit... harder.

Cal: The book you mean.

Tim: The *book* could be harder.

Cal: Ok. How about this?

Tim: Better. Definitely better.

She jerks him off for some time, gets tired, shakes her hand out, switches hands.

Tim: *(coming)* Mmmmm-

Cal: Shhhhhh...

There is a scratchy, staticky announcement over the plane speakers – totally incomprehensible, with a strange accent.

Air Hostess (V/0): Misha goinga da stillnox water break apart seats still heshkanickoff landing and take away spiraling stax and flubst.

Cal and Tim look at each other bemused. The voice continues as Cal and Tim stand, each picking up a suitcase from their side, moving seamlessly to the next scene.

Air Hostess (V/0): We want to thank you for choosing to fly- (*loud static for a deafening moment*) Without stutterpox und the temperature on the ground is a sunny 30 degree Celsius, and the local time is 16 hundred hours so remember to wear a hat and hold onto your wallets at all times because no one... (*a pause*) is ever safe. Remain startlex creeshad stix and stax and earwax until darklesparks und cabin crosscheck and secure. Thank you.

Scene 2: Check in

Cal and Tim stand at a sad hotel lobby desk festooned with dying money plants. Cal rings the bell on the desk. They wait. She rings it again. Tim notices an envelope with their names on it sitting on the desk. He opens it.

Tim: (*Reads*) Please be welcome my guests. I am very sorry I could not be attend for your arrival? I am at the wedding of my cousin. Here is the key for open your door. (*Takes out a key*) Please be enjoy yourself and drinking tea from the teapot. Tomorrow you must be coming to the wedding for dancing-

Cal: So we're supposed to just check ourselves in?

Tim shrugs.

Cal: Not very welcoming.

Tim: He left a note, he please be welcomed us.

Cal: Yeah.

Tim: What?

Cal: I'm just. I guess, I thought we would arrive and they would put leis on us and sing us some kind of welcome song-

Tim: We're not in Hawaii, Callie.

Cal: I just imagined it would be different. The cab driver didn't even respond to my "Salam Alaykum." And then he took us to that shiesty hotel – I mean, I know the guidebook says they might rip you off but I didn't think they would *actually* rip us off – and now we get here and there's not even a glass of water.

Tim: *(Moving towards her)* You're just tired.

Cal: Don't tell me I'm just tired. I know I'm just tired. I just thought it would be different.

Tim: What did you want, Cal? The honeymoon suite? You said you wanted an intrepid vaca-

Cal: We said-

Tim: OK. We said we wanted an intrepid vacation, no cell phones, off the map, something *real*, no chocolates on the pillow and heart shaped beds-

Cal: Mmmmm. Chocolates. *(Beat)* I know, I know. I meant it. I just thought it would be different.

Tim: I wonder where this room is.

Tim goes to exit.

Tim: Are you coming?

Cal sits slumped on her suitcase.

Cal: Why don't you leave the bags here with me and come back when you've found the room?

Tim: But... it'll be quicker if we just take them up now.

Cal: Please.

Tim pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket and looks at his list.

Tim: But we have all this stuff to do today. We've got the city markets and that colonial hotel restaurant and the safari museum and that ancient temple with the engravings-

Cal: Can't we just relaaaaax-

Tim: And I wanted to go to that foreigner's jail-

Cal: Really?

Tim: Ok, well, there's the baby elephants? You wanted to see the baby elephants.

Cal: Yeah, I do. But there's no hurry.

Tim: But we won't get everything done.

Cal: There's nothing to get done. We're on vacation.

Tim: I thought you wanted to sightsee? *(Beat)* Ok. So you don't want to see the baby elephants? *(Baby voice)* The little itty bitty witty elephants-

Cal: *(Laughing)* We'll see the elephants! We'll see the elephants! Relax. Reelax-

Tim: Ok, I'll relax. *(Beat. He's not.)* I'm super relaxed.

Beat. They stare at each other – standoff.

Tim: Are we finished being relaxed now?

Cal: *(amused)* Tim.

Tim: *(Let's get cracking)* I'm ready to go – what do you want to do?

Cal: I thought we were going to wander around... and I dunno, get some iced tea.

Pause.

Tim: Ok. I s'pose. I just. Ok.

He crumples up the piece of paper and puts it in the trash.

Cal: *(Teasing)* Was that your itinerary?

Tim: No.

Cal: It so was.

Tim: Stay here with the bags. I'll go find the room.

Tim exits with his suitcase. Cal fishes the "itinerary" out of the trash and reads it lovingly.

Cal: 11:00-11:30 check in. 12:00-1:00 walk to city markets. 1:00-2:00 browse city markets slash eat lunch. Street food safe, question mark? 2:30 take shuttle to ancient temple where met H. *(To herself)* H? *(reading)* slash if no time go straight to baby elephants-

Tim: *(From off)* Cal? Found it!

Cal folds the itinerary, puts in her pocket and exits with her suitcase.

Scene 3: The Hotel Room

Tim is asleep alone in the hotel room. The blinds shift slightly in the wind. He stirs and sits up. Something like Neko Case's version of "Deep Red Bells" is playing softly.

Tim: Cal?

The room creaks.

Tim: Cal?

A low woman's voice from off.

Woman: She's not here.

Tim: What?

Woman: She left.

Tim: Where did she go?

Woman: Where did she go?

Tim: What? Cal?

Woman: She's not here.

Tim: Where is she?

Woman: She's not here.

Tim: What?

Woman: You can't hold onto things.

Tim: What?

Woman: You can't hold onto things.

Tim: Yes, I can. Anyway, I'm asleep.

Woman: Are you?

Tim: Yep, I'm asleep. Yep, I'm asleep. I'm going to wake up now.

Woman: Wake up then.

Tim: Ok, I will. *(Beat)* Cal?

Woman: She's gone.

Tim: Where would she go?

Woman: Where would she go?

Tim: I'm asleep.

Woman: Sshhhhh. Go back to sleep.

Tim: I'm already asleep.

Long pause.

Tim: Hannah? *(Beat.)* Hannah, is that you?

Woman: Sshhhhhh.

Tim lies back down.

Tim: I'm going to wake up any moment.

Woman: Sshhhhhhh. Go back to sleep.