

AROMA

by

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BEAR: Pessimistic, straight-talking guy's-guy who really wants to settle down and be a Dad. Real name is Daniel. Use to play football with the Uncle.

VINNIE: Son of the late Uncle Richard. Irresponsible. Honest. Morally a bit dodgy. Always got in trouble at school. Recently broke up with Olivia.

HEATHER: Intelligent. Cynical. Quick witted. Older sister to Rose and Vinnie's cousin. Takes on the mother-role though is against any gender stereotypes.

ROSE: Open and loving. Wears her heart on her sleeve and under that sleeve are a ton of tissues. Suffers from a head cold but determined to pay her respects. Younger sister to Heather and Vinnie's cousin.

OLIVIA: Comfortable in her own skin. Greets everyone with a hug. She pissed off her father by dating Vinnie but truly loves him, or did love him? A foul mouth lurks beneath. Recently was dumped by Vinnie.

HAYLEY: Blunt, brash Northerner. Neighbour to the dead Uncle. Was in love with him but never opened up.

ACT I SCENE 1

LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

ROSE AND HEATHER PASS POSSESSIONS TO VINNIE, WHO PASSES IT TO OLIVIA WHO PUTS IT IN A BOX (TITLED KEEP). WITHOUT ANY ONE NOTICING, HAYLEY INSPECTS THE BOX, REMOVES SEVERAL ITEMS AND PUTS THEM IN THE 'SKIP' BOX.

OLIVIA: (HOLDING A LAMP - OR SOMETHING ELSE) He lent me this lamp, remember Vin? When you broke my pink one in the hall.

VINNIE SMILES. HE CAN'T REMEMBER.

VINNIE: Mmm-hmm.

HEATHER: How you keeping, Hayley?

HAYLEY: Oh, well...it's...y'know...

ROSE: It's never easy.

HEATHER: Yeah...

ROSE SNEEZES. WIPES HER NOSE WITH A TISSUE.

OLIVIA: Bless you.

ROSE: Thanks.

HAYLEY: I'm more worried 'bout him, the Master of the House.

VINNIE: Me? I'm fine. Thanks for this. He had...a lot...of...shit.

ROSE: He was a good man. (SENSING EVERYONE BRISTLING). Well, he was alright by me.

VINNIE: You're looking well, Rose. Have you lost weight?

HEATHER: (INTERJECTING) Vinnie. Help me clear some space.

HEATHER PICKS UP ONE END OF A CLOSED LARGE CARDBOARD BOX.

VINNIE: (PICKING UP OTHER END) Sure.

THEY SHUFFLE TOWARDS STAGE RIGHT.
HEATHER PULLS A FUNNY FACE AT
VINNIE.

VINNIE: Where to?

AS THEY REACH THE EDGE OF STAGE
RIGHT --

HEATHER: Dining room.

VINNIE DROPS HIS END OF THE BOX ON
HIS FOOT, LEAVING THE BOX HALF WAY
ON STAGE.

HEATHER: Vinnie!

VINNIE SITS DOWN, RUBBING HIS FOOT.

WITH HER BACK, HEATHER PUSHES THE
BOX OFF STAGE (RIGHT).

HEATHER: Don't worry, muscles. You get some rest and
let the tiny woman finish the job.

HEATHER ENTERS BACK ON STAGE.

HEATHER: (TO VINNIE) What's wrong with you?

VINNIE: Lordy. (SMELLING HEATHER) What is that?

ROSE: (SNIFFING THE AIR) I can't smell anything.

HEATHER: Lucky you.

VINNIE: It stinks.

HAYLEY SMELLS OLIVIA. SHE GENTLY
PUSHES HER AWAY.

OLIVIA: (SWEETLY) Fuck you.

HAYLEY: It aint that bad.

OLIVIA: Is it.. (POINTS TO DINING ROOM)

OLIVIA, HAYLEY, HEATHER AND ROSE
MOVE TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE DINING
ROOM. VINNIE HANGS BACK. REMOVES A
FEW MORE POSSESSIONS FROM THE "KEEP"

BOX INTO THE "SKIP" BOX.

HAYLEY: Yeah, you're right.

OLIVIA: Is he...

HAYLEY: No, it's them chemicals they use, to pickle him, like. They over did it. Look at him...

ROSE: He's glossy.

HEATHER: When did he ever wear a suit?

HAYLEY: I found it at the bottom of his wardrobe, tags still in, hidden behind an apocalypse supply of biscuit tins. Gave it to the funeral folk.

OLIVIA: (PINCHING HER NOSE) It's the smell of hospitals.

ROSE SNEEZES. BLOWS HER NOSE.

ROSE: (RE: CLEARING HER NOSTRILS) Oh...that's...oh, that's disgusting. That's foul.

ROSE MOVES BACK INTO THE LIVING ROOM. THE OTHERS FOLLOW.

ROSE: Aww..aww..I'm gonna puke.

OLIVIA: No! Don't. The smell of sick makes me vomit.

HEATHER SITS ROSE DOWN, PUTS HER ARM AROUND.

HEATHER: Just take deep breaths.

HAYLEY: I'll open some windows.

HAYLEY OPENS A COUPLE OF WINDOWS.

VINNIE: Come on, let's get out of here.

VINCE PICKS UP THE KEEP BOX. OLIVIA SPOTS WHAT'S INSIDE AS HE PASSES HER. OLIVIA GRABS THE BOX OF HIM.

VINNIE: What you doin'?

OLIVIA: There's nothing in here.

VINNIE: So?

OLIVIA: So. You don't want to keep anything.

VINNIE: No.

OLIVIA: Well I do.

OLIVIA GRABS THE LAMP FROM THE
"SKIP" BOX.

VINNIE: Take what you want. It's all going in the bin.

ROSE: You don't want anything to remember him by?

VINNIE: Oh, don't worry. I won't be forgetting him for quite some time.

HAYLEY: Now's not the time to be sentimental.

OLIVIA: Er, weren't you and Richard, y'know, bedtime companions? Sorry Vinnie.

VINNIE: I don't care.

HAYLEY: (ONE EYE ON VINNIE) Aye. Now and then. And? Shagging isn't some permit to keep boxes of their crap.

ROSE: Well, I want something too.

ROSE LOOKS THROUGH THE "SKIP" BOX.

HEATHER: Rose. We hardly knew him.

ROSE: I did. I remember.

ROSE PICKS UP A EMPTY BISCUIT TIN.

ROSE: He'd slip me biscuits when Dad wasn't looking, and Mum was lecturing me about my weight again.

ROSE SMELLS THE TIN, QUICKLY PUTS IT
BACK DOWN.

ROSE: Now everything smells...fluidy.

ROSE THROWS THE TIN AWAY FROM HER.

HEATHER: Let's get home.

VINNIE, HAYLEY AND HEATHER WALK TO
THE FRONT DOOR. ROSE REMAINS SEATED,

OLIVIA STANDS NEXT TO HER.

ROSE: No, it's not right. I don't want to remember him like this.

HAYLEY: No piece of junk is gonna change who he was.

ROSE: You obviously liked him.

HAYLEY: Give over.

VINNIE: Let's go.

HEATHER: Rose.

ROSE: He had a scent, didn't he, like, his own natural scent.

OLIVIA: ...Yeah.

ROSE SMELLS AN ITEM FROM THE BOX.
THEN SNEEZES ON IT.

VINNIE: You can keep that.

OLIVIA: What was that smell?

HAYLEY: Cresote.

VINNIE: Whiskey.

ROSE: No. No. It was distinctive. What was it?

ROSE PUTS THE OPEN CARDBOARD BOX OF
KNIC KNACS ON THE TABLE AND STARTS
SMELLING.

HEATHER: Rose.

ROSE: It was like short crust pastry.

OLIVIA: It was sweeter. Like...like...It was biscuity.

GROWING FRUSTRATED, ROSE ROUGHLY
HANDLES THE OTHER ITEMS, SHE GENTLY
TUGS ON STRANDS OF HER HAIR.

ROSE: Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. All I can smell Vix and snot.

HEATHER JOINS THEM IN AN ATTEMPT TO
RELAX HEATHER.

HEATHER: (SHE'S SEEN HER SISTER DO THIS BEFORE) Rose.
Rose.

THE THREE CONTINUE TO SMELL ITEMS.
AGREEING AND DISAGREEING.

ROSE TAKES OUT A NEARLY EMPTY CAN OF
SPRAY PAINT. SHAKES FOR THE AGES,
THE BALL INSIDE RATTLING AND
RATTLING AND RATTLING...

HAYLEY: Gimme that.

HAYLEY JOINS THEM. ROSE SPRAYS.
ROSE, OLIVIA AND HAYLEY SMELL THE
AIR.

ROSE: Nothing.

HAYLEY: (PINCHING HER NOSE) How can you not smell
that?

HEATHER TAKES OUT AN EMPTY BOTTLE,
LABEL MISSING. SMELLS IT.

HEATHER: Mmm. This brings me back.

HAYLEY: (TAKING BOTTLE) What is it?

HEATHER: Malibu.

HAYLEY: Aww..aww...I'm...

HEATHER: (AUTHORITATIVELY; MEASURED) No one is gonna
vom.

HAYLEY: (TAKING DEEP BREATHS) He made me stay up with
him... Cause he was miserable... England, not
qualifying. I puked through my nose.

EVERYONE REACTS. VINNIE HAS HAD
ENOUGH, TAKES THE BOX AWAY FROM
THEM.

VINNIE: Stop. Stop. Stop it. Stop touching his things.
He didn't have a scent, and he wouldn't give a
shit what you think. He didn't care for any of
y'all. (TO HEATHER AND ROSE) He hated your
family. He thought you were all boring. He
didn't care. He didn't care about you, he
didn't care about Mum. He was a shit father.
He was a shit Uncle. He was a fucking bastard.

AS THEY ARGUE: NO ONE NOTICES BEAR, CLUTCHING A BUNCH OF FLOWERS, ENTER STAGE LEFT. HE CREEPS BEHIND THEM, NOT WANTING TO INTERRUPT. AS HE PASSES HEATHER, SHE RECOGNISES THE SMELL AND SPOTS BEAR ENTER THE DINING ROOM (STAGE RIGHT).

HAYLEY: Now you listen up. You don't...show some respect and behave. Your dad was an...he was what he was. No one here has forgotten. But don't take, whatever is going on with you, out on others. You hear me?

VINNIE SULKS IN A CORNER. OLIVIA APPROACHES HIM.

VINNIE: Leave me alone.

OLIVIA: Vinnie.

VINNIE: What are you even doing here? We broke up.

OLIVIA AND VINNIE ARE THE LAST PEOPLE TO NOTICE BEAR HAS REAPPEARED BY THE DINING ROOM ENTRANCE.

OLIVIA: Don't be a dick, Vinnie.

SHE JOINS THE OTHERS, NOTICES BEAR CONTENDED TO WAIT HIS TURN.

BEAR: Hi. Hello. Alright, ladies. This is where the party's at, huh?

BEAR GOES TO GREET ROSE WHO SNEEZES. BEAR MOVES PAST HER AND SWAGGERS OVER TO HEATHER.

BEAR: My name's Bear.

HEATHER: First name, Paddington?

BEAR: Nope. First name, Bear. Like in...Grizzly. (TO VINNIE) Hey, Vincent.

VINNIE: Hey, Bear.

BEAR: I'm sorry for your loss. Dicky was a...I'm sorry.

VINNIE: Thanks.

BEAR WALKS OVER TO OLIVIA.

BEAR: Did you know Dicky?

OLIVIA: Yeah.

BEAR:: I'm sorry for your loss.

THIS IS THE NICEST THING OLIVIA HAS HEARD FOR A WHILE. SHE PULLS HIM INTO BEAR HUG. BEAR ENJOYS THE HUG. VINNIE EYES THEM, JEALOUSLY.

HAYLEY: You knew Richard?

BEAR: (STILL HUGGING OLIVIA) Yeah. He played football with us, 'till he got injured. He was...

HAYLEY: ...we know...

BEAR: ...an asshole.

VINNIE: (PULLING OLIVIA AND BEAR APART) Okay. That's enough.

HAYLEY: Sorry, love. This isn't a good time.

BEAR: I understand. The boys from the club just wanted to pay their respects.

HEATHER SLOWLY APPROACHES BEAR. SNIFFS HIM.

ROSE: (LIKE WTF) Heather?!

HEATHER: Smell him.

ROSE: You what?

HEATHER TAKES ANOTHER DEEP WHIFF OF BEAR.

HEATHER: Come on. Come smell Bear.

ROSE HESITANTLY TAKES A SMELL, NEEDS TO TAKE ANOTHER.

HEATHER: It's Uncle Richard.

HAYLEY: Don't be mental. Listen to yourselves. You're as dumbwitted as he was --

-- HEATHER PULLS HAYLEY INTO THEIR
HUDDLE. HAYLEY SMELLS, RECOGNISES
IT.

OLIVIA EXCITEDLY JOINS THEM, WRAPS
HER ARMS AROUND THEM AND INHALES
DEEPLY. EVERYONE EXCEPT VINNIE IS AS
CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TO BEAR, AWKWARDLY
UNSURE WHAT'S HAPPENING.

BEAR MANAGES TO GET OUT HIS MOBILE
PHONE, GLANCES AT IT FOR THE TIME.

BEAR: Best be off.

NO ONE MOVES.

BEAR: Ladies. At ease.

ONE BY ONE THEY PEEL OFF AND SIT
DOWN ON THE CHAIRS.

HEATHER: (TO ROSE) You were right. It's...it's...

HAYLEY: It's cut grass. From mowing his lawns.

OLIVIA: And from his football shirts.

HEATHER: His boots in the porch.

A SMALL BEAT. THEN --

ROSE: Not it isn't.

HEATHER: Yeah it is.

ROSE: Not for me. It was something else for me...

VINNIE: She's right. (BEAT) It was his...his...his
jumper.

ROSE: That's it. It was his woolly red jumper. Where
is it?

EVERYONE STARTS TO LOOK FOR IT.

BEAR: Found it.

BEAR HANDS THE JUMPER TO ROSE WHO
SMELLS DEEPLY BEFORE PASSING IT TO
HAYLEY WHO PASSES IT TO HEATHER WHO
PASSES IT TO OLIVIA. THEY ALL TAKE A

TURN TO SMELL IT.

VINNIE: (TO OLIVIA) Gimme me.

OLIVIA: Oh, so there is something you want to keep.

VINNIE: Don't be a dick.

OLIVIA: Why did we break up?

VINNIE: I told you.

OLIVIA: I don't believe you.

VINNIE: Why are you here?

OLIVIA: For you. For him. He was still your dad.

VINNIE: He didn't like you. Do you know that? He was ashamed of me. He was ashamed that I was with you. We embarrassed him.

OLIVIA: So, now that's he's dead, you're gonna do what he wants. Here. You want his jumper. Take it.

OLIVIA OFFERS THE JUMPER IN FRONT OF HER. VINNIE APPROACHES BUT AS HE IS ABOUT TO TAKE IT SHE THROWS IT INTO THE DINING ROOM (OFF STAGE RIGHT).

OLIVIA: Go get it.

LIGHTS DOWN.