

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Shondelle the Tiger

by Terence Crawford

EXTRACT

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SHONDELLE THE TIGER

a one-act play adapted from the radio play of the same name, commissioned and produced by ABC radio in 1996

Terence Crawford

Characters:

Shondelle Vuletic Early twenties. Team mascot of the Balmain Tigers. Daughter of legendary Tigers halfback and Rothmans medallist, Sid Vuletic.

Eric Mathers Mid-forties. Unathletic. Would have been a footballer if he'd had any talent. Instead dedicates himself to minor administrative jobs surrounding the team, club and ground. Polices dress regulations at the club. Wears walk socks and sandals.

Set:

The main acting area represents Shondelle's locker room; a bench, a couple of old lockers, team posters and paraphernalia. A peripheral area represents part of the sideline fence, another has a swing hanging for the scene set in a suburban playground.

The play is set throughout the 1999 rugby league season in Sydney, in the aftermath of the 'SuperLeague War'.

Note:

This play uses names of real people to create a convincing context. The many fictional names used represent entirely fictional characters. Any perceived or actual resemblance between these characters and their actions, and any real people, is unintended and completely accidental.

SCENE ONE

A TIGER ENTERS, EXHAUSTED, INTO THE DECREPIT, DINGY LITTLE SPACE.

SHONDELLE

I hate all birds. Always flappin' round annoyin' me.

(SHE TAKES OFF HER TIGER HEAD) Tonight, during the second half while that young fullback had his concussion, I was sitting on the bench havin' a word to Blocker Roach. That bloody Sea Eagle comes flappin' 'round behind us like a friggin' idiot. I turn 'round and catch him playin' up to the crowd. He was makin' fun of Blocker. Makin' out like Blocker was fat since he retired. Now ... that's just not on. Blocker is dead-set one of the nicest blokes ...

So I complained to Eric Mathers who's s'posed to be responsible for this kind of thing, an' all Eric says is, 'Well, maybe you shouldn't've been sittin' on the bench in the first place.' I said, 'Eric, I *know* Blocker.' I wouldn't say we're friends but I know him.

Eric is a dead-set waste of space. It's administrators are wreckin' this game.

(WITH DARK DISGUST) NRL. Stewie Hammond is a barman at the club. He reckons it stands for Not Real League. I dunno. Everything's up in the friggin' air since the Super League War. Everybody scared they won't even have a team next year. I dead-set aged heaps durin' the War.

Jesus, it's hot. Gotta get out of this bloody skin. S'posed to wear a full leotard underneath to stop the sweat gettin' into me fur. Bigger that. Sometimes I don't wear anything. Then I get in here, strip off, an' sit here in the nuddy listenin' to the blokes next door showerin', gettin' changed, swearin' and laughin'.

SHE SWIGS HER CAN OF DRINK.

Not much of a start to the season tonight but it was only our first trial match and Manly, even though I hate their guts, they are a top side.

We were just givin' some new kids a bit of a run. Mob of young blokes down from the country tryin' to get a contract and Junior was just havin' a bit of a squiz at 'em.

Tell you what, I was havin' a bit of a squiz at 'em as well. (SHE LOOKS DOWN, A LITTLE EMBARRASSED, THEN CONTINUES DEFIANTLY) Don't think I'm a slag 'cause I'm not. I just love the Tigers.