

Extract from

The Geboers brothers

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ACT ONE

(Loud music. IVAN is dancing, dressed as a woman. Enter MARNIX)

MARNIX: What the fuck do you think you're doing? Take that off. Now. Dickhead.

IVAN: *(removes wig)* It's not what you think.

MARNIX: Sure looks like it.

IVAN: I won't even bother to explain. You wouldn't understand anyway.

MARNIX: We've always known. From when you were tiny, that you're a pansy.

IVAN: I'm not. I'm not a pansy.

MARNIX: Then prove it. Ever knobbed a chick before?

IVAN: *Man.* Like flies to honey.

MARNIX: Sure. We're really worried about you.

IVAN: I'm not interested, that's all.

MARNIX: I don't give a rat's arse, to be honest. If you swing the other way. Live and let live is my motto. *(points)*. You'd think Gran would get a massive headache, wouldn't you? With that armchair of hers almost glued to the box.

IVAN: Where else should she put it? She's barely got three metres.

MARNIX: *(sneering)* Council flats. Where's Gran anyway?

IVAN: She'll be back at five. Card club. *(irate)* You scumbag. Thursday. Mum and I stood outside the gate. SORRY, MISTER GEBOERS LEFT AT TEN TO EIGHT. You couldn't wait ten minutes, could you?

MARNIX: Wow. *MISTER* GEBOERS.

It used to be plain GEBOERS! I had to get out of that shithole. Double quick. Leave the place behind me once and for all. I'm losing my hair. Fuck. I'm going bald. Six years inside.

IVAN: Six months.

MARNIX: Felt like six years to me.

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IVAN: It's Tuesday.

That's five days without news.

Not even a phone call.

MARNIX: I started running and I continued to run.

IVAN: Mum was admitted yesterday.

MARNIX: Back inside?

IVAN: Not the nuthouse. Hospital. They're operating on her tomorrow.

MARNIX: What's wrong with her?

IVAN: A cyst.

MARNIX: A what?

IVAN: Didn't you read my letter? An infection on one of the ovaries. I told you about it in my last letter. Which you clearly haven't read.

MARNIX: I have.

IVAN: I wrote to you about it.

MARNIX: I must have read over it.

IVAN: It's not cancer, the doctor says. But they've decided to remove it anyway. To be on the safe side. They're not taking any risks.

MARNIX: Cut people up, then send them a massive bill afterwards. Bastards. How long will she have to stay?

IVAN: Couldn't say yet. Two weeks. Maybe three.

MARNIX: (*explodes*) I'm not going to that hospital every day!

IVAN: This is our mother we're talking about! I'm going in later. To bring her night gown. I'm taking the twenty past five bus. Come with.

MARNIX: No. Not in a million years. Can't stand the smell. It's like being in a morgue. All those doctors. Idiots, the lot of them. And those nurses. VPLs showing through their dresses. Disgusting.

IVAN: Think I enjoy hospital visits? Mum wants to see you. She's worried. You should worry too. What if anything happens to her?

MARNIX: I'll pop round tonight.