

Sex In Strange Places And Other Self Help Guidance For Couples Over 50 Who Want To Stay Together

Cast:

Malcolm – Early Fifties, Married to Janet. Male, any race.

Janet – Early Fifties, Married to Malcolm. Female, any race.

Set:

A bed, centre stage, bedside tables each side with lit lamps.

Time:

Present day, late evening.

/ Indicates interruption of dialogue.

... Indicates a pause, use to good effect but the dialogue should not drag.

(As the curtain opens/lights up Malcolm is sat up in bed reading a novel, THE BOOK THEIF by Markus Zusak, he is engrossed and doesn't acknowledge Janet as she enters from one side, in a negligee not quite fitting of her age, but she's proud to be wearing it. She walks seductively round Malcolm's side of the bed, does a little shimmy over him, but he does not react. She huffs, walks back round, climbs into bed, fluffs up a pillow and sits next to Malcolm.)

Janet: Well, wasn't that a lovely evening?

Malcolm: ...

Janet: Isn't Lesley such a sweetheart? Bit of a plain Jane, but pretty nonetheless.

Malcolm: ...

Janet: *(nearly shouting)* MALCOLM!

Malcolm: *(dropping the book)* Ah! What happened?

Janet: I just said 'Isn't Lesley lovely?'

Malcolm: Yes. *(gathering up his book and finding his place.)* Better looking than Morgan anyway, haha!

Janet: Honestly!

Malcolm: What?

Janet: Doesn't matter. *(beat)* Have you noticed what I'm wearing?

Malcolm: *(reluctantly stops reading to have a glance.)* Is it new?

Janet: Yes, I bought it the other day from Ann Summers.

Malcolm: Was it too big for her?

Janet: Who?

Malcolm: Ann Summers.

Janet: It's a shop... and I'll ignore that comment. I... I thought you might find it...sexy.

Malcolm: *(already back to reading.)* Very.

Janet: *(Huffs. Picks up a book from her bedside table and randomly flicks through it for a few seconds.)* What are you reading?

Malcolm: The Book Thief.

Janet: No, I paid for it.

Malcolm: That's nice.

Janet: Are you even listening to me?

Malcolm: Yes of course.

Janet: You know our postman, Mr Hibbs?

Malcolm: Hmmm?

Janet: When he dropped a parcel off this morning I let him in and gave him a cup of tea... and blow job in the hallway.

Malcolm: That's nice.

Janet: You're not listening to a word I'm saying!

Malcolm: *(Reluctantly lays the book down.)* Sorry love. It's a really good book, I'm engrossed.

Janet: I can tell.

Malcolm: Anyway, I did hear what you said.

Janet: Ah, sorry. Just trying to get your attention.

Malcolm: Lesley is not a 'Plain Jane', she's naturally very pretty.

Janet: Of course. *(beat)* What's your little book about then?

Malcolm: It's about a young girl, Liesel, adopted during World War Two in Germany, she steals/

Janet: Do you want to know what I'm reading?

Malcolm: ...steals a book from a grave digger, even though she can't read/

Janet: It's a new book I bought from Ann Summers, where I also got a whip and fluffy handcuffs.

Malcolm: *(Back to reading.)* That's nice love.

Janet: IT'S CALLED!.... *(this grabs Malcolm's attention.)* Sex In Strange Places And Other Self Help Guidance For Couples Over 50 Who Want To Stay Together.

Malcolm: Rather long title. What's it about?

Janet: Really?

Malcolm: Well you enjoy your little book with its big title while I get back to see how Max is getting on in the basement...

Janet: Malcolm, please. I'm trying here. Put your book down for this evening, read some of mine with me.

Malcolm: Very well, let me just finish my hot chocolate.

Janet: You finished it already.... I had a bit of a read earlier. It lists lots of strange places where people have had sex.

Malcolm: The clue *is* in the title, love.

Janet: (*ignoring him, reading*) It says here a couple in Kentucky, USA were caught having sex in automatic car wash.

Malcolm: A quicky then.

Janet: She was very wet.

Malcolm: I bet.

Janet: Their car was a convertible, the roof was down haha! They were both drenched!

Malcolm: (*Becoming interested*) Haha!

Janet: ...In the Wonder Wheel at Coney Island...

Malcolm: No CCTV?

Janet: Maybe there was... maybe they *wanted* to be caught!

Malcolm: Sounds a bit risky.

Janet: Remember when we were?

Malcolm: What?

Janet: Risky, you know... at the crazy golf in Great Yarmouth, in the windmill.

Malcolm: Oh yes! But that was back in 1987.

Janet: (*reading*) At the Vatican, would you believe? In the ladies toilets of course.

Malcolm: I would hope so.

Janet: On the ninth hole at Gleneagles...

Malcolm: Not possible.

Janet: Why ever not?

Malcolm: Women aren't allowed in the club.

Janet: Who said anything about a woman.

Malcolm: Oh, fair enough.

Janet: In Paris a couple were arrested atop of the Eiffel Tower, while she was on her knees. Says here that while being interviewed by the Parisian Gendarmerie, Pierre explained that given a few more seconds, Estelle *would have had* an eye full...

Malcolm: What does that me.... Oh, ha!

Janet: British couple did it on the 'Colossus' rollercoaster at Thorpe Park, would have got away with it but for the camera which takes a photo you can buy at the shop afterwards. Look.

Malcolm: *(holds the book at a few angles)* Is that her bum?

Janet: *(takes the book back)* No, his.

Malcolm: How can you tell?

Janet: Look closely, you can see hairs.

Malcolm: Oh yes.

Janet: Talking of bums...

Malcolm: Yes?

Janet: There's no mention of it here.

Malcolm: How do you mean?

Janet: Nothing, nothing in this book about it being... *unusual*.

Malcolm: I don't follow.

Janet: Yes you do.

Malcolm: No. You've completely lost me love.

Janet: There's nothing in this whole book, I know because I've read it cover to cover.

Malcolm: You only bought it today.

Janet: I speed read remember.

Malcolm: Yes. So what exactly is your point?

Janet: There's nothing in this book, *Sex In Strange Places And Other Self Help Guidance For Couples Over 50 Who Want To Stay Together*, that says 'up the bum' is a strange place!

Malcolm: *(Stunned)*...

Janet: Well?

Malcolm: I offered it to you once before, you said no. So I took that as a 'No'.

Janet: That was August the 5th, 1986, 7.15pm, in my parents bed while they were downstairs!!

Malcolm: Really? You remember the date?

Janet: Yes I remember the date, clearly!

Malcolm: Wow.

Janet: Yes, Wow. And you've never offered it since.

Malcolm: Believe me darling, I know you well enough to know that when you say no, you mean no.

Janet: You thought that even back in 1986?

Malcolm: I guess so.

Janet: So....

Malcolm: So?

Janet: Soooooo.....?

Malcolm: Sooooo... what?

Janet: So... ask me now.

Malcolm: Can't I read a bit more of my book, you know it helps me sleep.

Janet: I WANT IT NOW MALCOLM !

Malcolm: Oh... very well.

Janet: YES!

Malcolm: How... erm...where...

Janet: Just turn out the lights and I'll guide you.

(They both turn off their bedside lights together and the stage is in complete darkness)

Malcolm: Where are you?

Janet: Just here, on my front.... Do your worst big boy!

Malcolm: Right... OK... Ready?

Janet: I've been ready for thirty six years Malcolm!

Malcolm: OK... here goes...

Janet: Not there...

Malcolm: Oh.

Janet: Up a bit.

Malcolm: Like this.

Janet: Yes!... ouch! Slowly!

Malcolm: Sorry, how about...

Janet: OK... steady now.

Malcolm: Is that...

Janet: Ow!

Malcolm: Sorry, too much?

(we hear a scuffle, more screams and squeals from Janet and apologies from Malcolm, then silence. After a few seconds both bedside lights are turned on by Malcolm and Janet, they sit up.)

Janet: Erm.... Fancy a cuddle instead?

Malcolm: Another hot chocolate?

Janet and Malcolm: *(cuddle up to each other, one kiss.)* Perfect.

END OF PLAY