

CASUAL ENCOUNTERS

CHARACTERS

JAMES ROGERS: A respectable man, aged 38-45

JENNIFER ROGERS: His respectable wife, also aged 38-45

PETER MORGAN: A not-so respectable 20 something year old man

ANNETTE MORGAN: His not-so respectable 20 something year old wife

DETECTIVE SERGEANT COOK: A Police Sergeant. Age and sex flexible.

SETTING

The living room of a suburban house on a Saturday evening.

SCRIPT EXTRACT

PETER: So what do you think?

JENNIFER: About what?

PETER: About me. Do you like what you see?

JENNIFER is clearly unsure that she does like what she sees.

JENNIFER: I think so. You'll do.

PETER: I'll do. Good one. I'll tell you honey, after you've been with me, you'll never want to swap with anyone else.

JENNIFER: No, I don't think I will.

ANNETTE: That's the biggest problem you see. After women have had him they don't want their husbands anymore.

PETER: She's exaggerating, but there have been a few times when wifey's come round without her husband's knowledge, looking for a bit of extra. If you see what I mean.

JENNIFER: Yes, I do.

PETER: I turn them down of course. I mean, it wouldn't be fair on Annette. She's got to get her fair share too, I can't do the wife if she's not getting the husband.

ANNETTE: He's very considerate like that. A real gentleman.

JAMES re-enters with a tray with a glass of wine, two cans of bitter which have been mostly poured into glasses, and a large glass of coke.

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PETER and ANNETTE exit.

JENNIFER: I don't want to do it.

JAMES: Pardon.

JENNIFER: I don't want to do it.

JAMES: It's too late now. They've come all the way from Godalming.

JENNIFER: I don't care if they've come from Timbuktu. I'm not doing it. Pay for their petrol if you feel that guilty.

JAMES: I don't think it's the cost of the petrol they'll be put out about.

JENNIFER: I don't care, I don't like them.

JAMES moves to look into the kitchen, checking they can't be heard as well as looking at Annette.

JAMES: She's alright.

JENNIFER: Oh fine. Sod me. As long as you've got some twenty year old bimbo to shag.

JAMES: She's not 20.

JENNIFER: She's not far off it. She's definitely younger than us. Why couldn't you have got someone our own age?

JAMES: I thought they were.

JENNIFER: How? You saw their photos.

JAMES: I thought they were lying. I thought the photos were old.

JENNIFER: Why?

JAMES: Everyone puts old photos on these things. I used the ones of us in Malta.

JENNIFER: Malta. That was ten years ago.

JAMES: Eight.

JENNIFER: It's still long enough for it to be mis-selling of goods. God what must they have thought when they saw us.

JAMES: They didn't seem to mind too much. You should take it as a compliment.

JENNIFER: But he looks like a pimp.

JAMES: That's good. Means he knows what he's doing.

JENNIFER: It's seedy.

JAMES: Isn't that the point?

JENNIFER: Well, yes, but, I don't see why the people have to be seedy too. Why can't they be a bit more, refined?

JAMES: Do it for me darling. Please.

JENNIFER: Give me one good reason why.

JAMES: Because if we don't, and we try and send them home, there's every chance they could cause a scene, and you wouldn't want that, would you?

JENNIFER quickly weighs the options.

JENNIFER: Okay. But we're telling them we haven't done it before.

JAMES: We can't. I don't want them thinking we're wife swap virgins.

JENNIFER: I'm sorry, but you didn't hear him. If he thinks I'm a veteran I won't be able to sit down for a week by the time he's finished.

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ANNETTE: It's a very nice house you've got. We would invite you round to ours, but it's a bit embarrassing.

PETER: One bedroom flat above a petrol station. Not very conducive to wife swapping. Wrong kind of ambience.

ANNETTE: We're trying to get a place of our own, but it's a struggle with the prices.

JAMES: I can imagine.

ANNETTE: I've had some months when I've wondered whether I should be charging for this sort of thing, just to make ends meet you know. But that would take the fun out of it.

JENNIFER: Don't want to mix business with pleasure.

JAMES: Though, you could make a very good living if you did.

ANNETTE: Thanks. That's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me.

JENNIFER looks at James. There is another silence as sandwiches and canapés are politely nibbled.

JAMES: So, how do you normally start these things? Should we finish the sandwiches, take our drinks upstairs and come back when we're done?

JENNIFER: We could watch a bit of TV and have a game of scrabble first?

*PETER and ANNETTE exchange glances.
ANNETTE stands up.*

ANNETTE: Let's start now.

JAMES gets up.

JAMES: Okay, we can take the master bedroom -

ANNETTE: *(Interrupting)* Actually, we prefer to do it here.

JAMES: In the living room? Are you sure? We've just had the carpets done.

ANNETTE reaches into her handbag.

ANNETTE: We normally start with these.

She produces three sets of handcuffs. JAMES and JENNIFER exchange glances. JENNIFER implores JAMES to speak. He doesn't.

JENNIFER: I'm sorry. We're not doing kinky stuff.

ANNETTE: Don't worry. We're not going to handcuff you while we have our evil way.

JAMES: You're not police are you? *(Starting to panic)* Oh God, please don't arrest us. It's our first time, and we haven't even done it yet.

JENNIFER: Darling, they can't arrest us, even if they are police. Wife swapping isn't illegal.

JAMES: So what are the handcuffs for?

PETER: We're going to rob you.

PETER stands up and takes a gun from inside his trouser pocket and points it at them. From this point on PETER and ANNETTE ditch the pimp/bimbo act they are putting on, and adopt their normal voices. PETER is naturally calm and menacing. ANNETTE is more erratic.

What? Aren't you going to say you thought I was just pleased to see you?