



THE WRINKLE RANCH

By Debra A Cole

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The Wrinkle Ranch

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SYNOPSIS: The female residents of Rancho Felicidad Assisted Living Facility can only play so much Scrabble before they decide to pony up for some more exciting activities.

CAST:

COLLEEN (Female-80): Sassy and spunky

BARB (Female – 82): Level-Headed

EDITH (Female – 78): Cautious and Reserved

FIREMAN PHILLIP (Male-35): Good Looking and Strong

SETTING: Rancho Felicidad Assisted Living Facility

TIME PERIOD: Modern Day

SCENE 1

(Lights come up in the Rancho Felicidad Assisted Living Common Room. Colleen, Barb, and Edith are sitting playing Scrabble. Colleen is in a wheelchair, Barb has a walker nearby, and Edith has a cane leaning against the game table.)

COLLEEN:

JEZEBEL – twenty-five points!

BARB:

(grins) You would find that word.

EDITH:

Why does Colleen always find the raunchy words in Scrabble?

COLLEEN:

Jezebel is not a raunchy word.

EDITH:

Oh, yes, it is. What if I called YOU a Jezebel?

COLLEEN:

These days, I would be thrilled.

EDITH:

(shocked) COLLEEN!

BARB:

(firmly) Enough. Your move, Edith.

(Edith finds her next word.)

EDITH:

DRIED – seven points.

COLLEEN:

DRIED UP would have been better.

EDITH:

(confused) THAT would have been two different words – not allowed.

COLLEEN:

I'll tell you what's not allowed at Rancho Felicidad Assisted Living Facility – SEX.

EDITH:

COLLEEN!

COLLEEN:

Well, I'm sorry, but it's true. Do you know of anyone on the first floor having any morning, afternoon, or early evening fun?

BARB:

There is no rule saying explicitly that sex isn't allowed here.

COLLEEN:

Yes, but when was the last time either of you...

EDITH:

(sharply) NONE of your business.

BARB:

(thinks) When was Reagan in office?

COLLEEN:

Exactly! Ladies, we need a little fun.

EDITH:

But Scrabble is fun. We play every Friday.

COLLEEN:

Well, if it is Scrabble you want, *(looks at her letters)* what is a big letter word for sex?

EDITH:

This is wrong.

BARB:

(grabbing phone) My grandson accidently showed me this website called Urban Dictionary.

EDITH:

Oh, I love dictionaries.

BARB:

You wouldn't love this one.

COLLEEN:

How does your grandson ACCIDENTALLY show you Urban Dictionary?

BARB:

Well, we were playing Scrabble....

EDITH:

You play without us?

BARB:

(starts typing into the her phone) He had just played the word SWELLEAGANT, and I was sure that was a made up word. I grabbed his computer, he always has that thing up while he visits, and I typed in the word dictionary. The first hit was Urban Dictionary, and I figured it just meant words that city people use. Well, I could not have been more wrong. *(shows her phone)* It explains the words all the kids are using these days. They are usually highly suggestive....and a little naughty. He was horrified, but I was intrigued by this new vocabulary the kids are using.

COLLEEN:

Now, we're talking. Any new-fangled word for sex that would be high points in Scrabble?

BARB:

(reading the phone) No, but there is a definition for something called "sex scrabble."

EDITH:

(covers ears) I don't want to hear it.

COLLEEN:

I do. What does it say "sex scrabble" is?

BARB:

(reading the phone) "SEX SCRABBLE is a board game played with the normal Scrabble board and pieces. The rules are that you can only spell sex related words. Example: We grew tired of regular Scrabble and wanted to spice things up, so we decided to play Sex Scrabble."

COLLEEN:

Not so outrageous.

EDITH:

(disgusted) It's awful.

BARB:

There's more. *(reading the phone)* It can also be, "whilst having sex, you have create as many words/ letters as you can with your positions. For example, last night me and my girlfriend played sex scrabble and nearly did the whole alphabet in positions..."

EDITH:

(outraged) I'm not playing sex scrabble with the two of you OR anyone else!

COLLEEN:

No, but surely, we could scare up a little, geriatric sex around this place for at least two of us.

EDITH:

Geriatric sex? What on Earth could that even mean? Isn't sex just sex?

BARB:

(reading from the phone) Let' see...According to the site, there are Nasty netters, geriatric pimpers, something called granny dipping...

EDITH:

(offended) Stop.

BARB:

(reading the phone) ...the old fartful, rubbing the casket, the dusty pencil, a bloody prune...

EDITH:

Please stop.

BARB:

(reading the phone) ...something called a Jurassic chomp....

COLLEEN:

(quickly and firmly) Barb, you have to get off that Urban Dictionary site. None of that sounds good...or pleasurable.

BARB:

The idea of sex sounded pretty good until I read those names. So much has changed over the years. I'm not sure I could even keep up. *(worried)* Do you think my grandson reads about those things?

COLLEEN:

I guarantee it.

EDITH:

Filthy. All of it.

COLLEEN:

But didn't you enjoy sex with Walter when he was alive?

EDITH:

We had sex to procreate, and I had four lovely children.

BARB:

That's it? Four times?

EDITH:

Yes. Walter was a gentleman.

COLLEEN:

Walter was light in his loafers, Edith.

EDITH: