



SWEET NOTHING

By Richard Smithson

A SMITH SCRIPT

This script is protected by copyright laws.  
No performance of this script – IN ANY MEDIA – may be undertaken without payment of the  
appropriate fee and obtaining a licence.  
For further information, please contact SMITH SCRIPTS at [info@smithscripts.co.uk](mailto:info@smithscripts.co.uk)

# SWEET NOTHING

A Play

by

Richard Smithson

# CHARACTERS

Freddy: 80 years old

Hermione: 80 years old

Waiter: Male, aged 30 to 50.

# SWEET NOTHING

SCENE: A restaurant interior. Freddy and Hermione, seated at a table.  
A tea light, bottle of wine and two glasses.

FRED: I do love you most awfully Hermione.

HER: And I do so love you terribly back, Freddy.

FRED: We must marry, and soon.

HER: Yes. Yes we must.

FRED: We have been putting it off for far too long.

HER: Yes but you always said one mustn't rush headlong into it.

FRED: Oh, quite. Think of all those young couples, those impulsive young things ...

HER: Who rush headlong. Only to realise their mistake and to go through an acrimonious..

FRED: And expensive ...

HER: Divorce. Very sad. You heard about Teddy and Fanny, I suppose.

FRED: Oh Teddy and Fanny, yes. They were the exception. A golden couple.

HER: A true love match.

FRED: And so successful, Teddy with his hotel chain ...

HER: And Fanny with her screenplays.

FRED: Didn't last though.

HER: No. Together forty-seven years, scores of grandchildren and then it all goes wrong.

FRED: They say neither of them ever had affairs.

HER: I suppose they just fell out of love.

FRED: Sadly, it happens.

HER: It won't happen to us, dear, will it?

FRED: No dear.

Enter Waiter

WAIT: Would you like to see the dessert menu?

FRED: [*To Hermione, in a whisper.*] Sweet?

HER: [*In a whisper.*] Nothing.

FRED: [*To Hermione*] Nothing? [*To Waiter*] No thank you. [*Exit Waiter*]

HER: I love it when we do that.

FRED: Do what, my turtle dove?

HER: Whisper sweet nothings.

FRED: Oh, so do I. So very very much.

HER: I am so looking forward to it.

FRED: Being married?

HER: Yes of course. We'll have a charming cottage in Shropshire ..

FRED: Or Somerset.

HER: You'll write your memoirs and I'll breed Chihuahuas.

FRED: Now that you mention it, there is a slight snag.

HER: A snag. Not another one. Oh I do hope not.

FRED: Gordon, you remember.

HER: Yes, how sad. But you can get another best man surely.

FRED: Yes of course. It's just that Gordon was ... how can I put it?... a great source of support to me.

HER: His passing away seems to me like a kind of warning.

FRED: A warning? You mean ....

HER: Exactly. We mustn't leave it too late. It would be a pity if these many years of mutual devotion were all for nothing.

FRED: Oh, quite. [*He waves a debit card in the waiter's direction.*]

HER: It must have been hard for you, being engaged all these years, but not having sex. I know that men find sex very important.

FRED: It's not as hard now as it used to be.

HER: I have heard that married couples soon lose interest in having sex. I don't think that will happen to us. I'm sure that once we're married we'll be at it like ... like

FRED: Like there's no tomorrow.

HER: It's good that we're able to talk frankly about the things that matter.

FRED: Isn't it? I suppose it's because we're mature.

HER: No. We've always been like that. Ever since I came out.

FRED: You do know, don't you that the expression 'coming out' has a rather different meaning now than it did in the nineteen fifties.

HER: Of course I do. In today's more egalitarian times it means having the courage to admit that one was a debutante, doesn't it?

FRED: Something like that, dearest.

[*Enter Waiter with bill and portable card reader.*]

WAIT: Your bill, sir.