



SECRETS, SEX & OVER 60

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Secrets, Sex and Over Sixty

Characters:

Ruth

Katie – Bernard's Niece

Joyce

Marissa

Bernard – Ruth's Husband

Charlie – Joyce's Husband

Adam – Charlie's Nephew

Danny

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Scene One

(A radio is heard reporting on the busy traffic and gorgeous weather as the stage lights come up revealing two caravans. Only half the caravan can be seen in each case (a door with some metal steps leading up to it and a window with frosted glass). The caravans are on grass and the space in front is decorated with colored fencing, lawn ornaments and colorful furniture. There are also bushes lining either side of the caravans with space to hide behind. There is a few moments of silence before Ruth and Bernard enter. Both are dressed in summery clothes and are in their 60s. Bernard carries a large suitcase struggling with the weight and Ruth carries two shopping bags.)

Bernard: Good god woman, how much did you pack? We're only here for a week.

Ruth: You may be able to survive in the same two shorts, three t-shirts and four pairs of underpants Bernard but I am a lady of style, I require options.

(Ruth moves over to the left caravan door and taking out a set of keys she unlocks and opens the door.)

Bernard: *(Putting the case down and stretching)* Its hardly Paris.

Ruth: *(Glancing back at her husband)* I know you don't have to remind me.

(Ruth moves into the caravan.)

Ruth: *(From inside)* Good lord it's like an oven in here.

Bernard: *(A moment of realization as he goes to pick up the cases again)* Oh...is it?

(Ruth appears at the caravan door with no shopping bags.)

Ruth: You forgot to call them about opening the windows didn't you?

Bernard: I...

Ruth: *(Sighing and moving down the steps and over taking up the case)* You are absolutely hopeless, it'll take hours to get the musty smell out now.

Bernard: *(Reaching for the case)* I can take that...

Ruth: *(Turning back toward the caravan with the case)* No you stay there, I know where I like to keep things. Just stay out here and keep out of trouble.

Bernard: *(Saluting & muttering)* Yes ma'am.

Ruth: *(Turning sharply back to him)* What was that?

Bernard: *(Quickly dropping his hand)* Nothing dear, nothing at all.

(Ruth sighs and shakes her head moving into the van. Bernard sighs and moves to sit down on one of the plastic chairs.)

Bernard: Ah! Perfect.

(Bernard sits relaxed for a moment or two before Charlie and Joyce's voices are heard off stage.)

Joyce: I said we should have left earlier, they'll have been here for ages by now.

Charlie: Goodness sake we do have a week together, I'm sure you'll have plenty of time for gossip.

Joyce: How dare you! We don't gossip we...deliberate on current events.

Charlie: Yea well if it looks like a gossip and walks like a gossip...

Joyce: Oh shush!

Charlie: Anyway, we're here now.

(Charlie and Joyce enter, again both are in their 60s and wearing summer clothes. Charlie carries two small suitcases and Joyce is carrying a large shopping bag.)

Joyce: Yes well better late than never I suppose.

Charlie: We are not late, we're here...when we're meant to be here.

Joyce: Well we'd have been here earlier if you didn't drive like you were 95 years old.

Charlie: If you don't like it you can always walk.

Bernard: *(Standing up)* It that the sound of the love birds I hear?

Charlie: *(Putting down the cases and walking over to Bernard giving him a hug)* Hiya mate, so good to see you.

Bernard: Good to see you too.

Charlie: Where's Ruth?

Bernard: Oh she's just inside finding a place for everything.

Charlie: *(To Joyce)* See, they've only just arrived.

Joyce: You still drive like an old fossil. Adam said...

Charlie: I told you...

Joyce: I know, no one touches your precious car but you. *(Turning and walking over to the caravan door)* honestly you men and your cars.

(Joyce unlocks the door and walks inside as Katie enters on the opposite side. She is a girl in her early 20s carrying a purple duffle bag and dressed in shorts, vest top and sandals. She has one hand on her stomach as she comes in. Bernard notices her as she enters.)

Bernard: *(Walking over to take Katie's bag)* You ok love?

Katie: Yea, yea I'm fine. Long car journeys aren't the best for me.

Charlie: Especially not with his driving I'll bet.

Bernard: Hey! I am a very safe driver.

Charlie: Oh yea, and I'm sure Evil Knievel thought the same.

Bernard: *(Sarcastically)* Ha ha! Anyway, this is Katie.

Katie: *(Walking over and shaking Charlie's hand)* Nice to meet you.

Bernard: She's Brenda's daughter.

Charlie: Ah yes of course, and how is your dear sister? *(Cheekily)* Still holding a torch for me?

Bernard: Not since you told her she looked like a low budget Mrs Doubtfire.

Charlie: It was a joke, I thought the artsy sort were supposed to have a sense of humour.

Bernard: Apparently not.

Charlie: *(To Katie)* So how is Brenda? Still...

Katie: Yes she's still very much her...individual self.

Charlie: That's a polite way of putting it, we used to say she was as mad as a box of frogs with top hats and tutus on.

Katie: I'm starting to understand her feelings towards you.

Bernard: Oh Charlie's harmless really.

Charlie: And legless when I get the chance. *(He laughs before addressing Katie)* So what's a young thing like you doing on holiday with these two fossils?

Bernard: *(Offended)* Hey!

Katie: I just...fancied a change of scenery.

Bernard: *(Half whisper)* Man trouble.

Katie: Uncle!

Bernard: Ah it's alright girl, me and Charlie and seen it all, haven't we Charlie?

Charlie: Oh yes, broken a few hearts in our day I can tell you.

Bernard: All tame now though eh Charlie?

Charlie: Course, being married to Joyce is like being a wild dog, always kept on a tight leash and eventually neutered.

Bernard: Ah she's not a bad sort your Joyce.

Charlie: No, wouldn't have her any other way would I? Same as you I dare say.

Bernard: Couldn't change Ruth if I wanted to, not that I ever do.

Katie: Aw, aren't you two sweet.

Charlie: Well we're not all scoundrels and vagabonds.

Katie: That's a relief, two good men in the world.

Charlie: Well three.

Katie: Oh?

Charlie: We've got my nephew staying with us as well.

Bernard: Young Adam? Not seen him since he was a scrawny little thing.

Charlie: Not so young now, he's taking a break from his studies, he's studying to be a doctor.

Bernard: Blimey! Didn't think your lot worked with anything that didn't have four wheels and a motor.

Charlie: Now that's just not true.

Bernard: No?

Charlie: No, Keith fixed the throttle on a moped just the other week.

(The two laugh uproariously.)

Katie: I can see the comedy world is greatly deprived without the two of you.

Charlie: Ah you don't want to be minding us love. At our age we only have a few pleasures in life. If we didn't get together and tell bad jokes and mock each other what would we do...

Katie: Spend time with your wives?

Bernard: It's not nice to threaten people Katie.

(The two laugh again as Adam enters. He is a man in his twenties wearing shorts and a t-shirt carrying a rucksack over his shoulder and a stack of bedding in his arms so he can't actually see.)

Adam: Remind me why I'm carrying all this again?

Charlie: *(turning towards Adam)* Ah there you are, thought you'd gotten lost.

Adam: Well it is difficult to erm...see.

Charlie: Ah you don't need to see, if you fall over or in something you'll soon know about it.

Adam: Oddly enough that doesn't give me confidence.

Charlie: Oh give some of it here *(Charlie walks over and take the bedding from Adam)* You young people are neither use nor ornament in the real world. *(Charlie turns for the caravan)* Make yourself useful and introduce yourself to the neighbors.

(Charlie staggers inside and Adam turns towards Bernard and Katie. On seeing each other for the first time Adam and Katie stare in a flabbergasted way.)

Bernard: *(Walking over and offering Adam his hand)* Alright young man, don't suppose you remember me do you?

Adam: *(Taking his hand but not looking sure)* I erm...Brian...

Bernard: Brian?! Brian?! Do I look like a Brian?

Adam: Well to be fair I'm not sure what Brians are supposed to look like.

Bernard: *(Laughing)* Ah I see you've got your uncle's sense of humour. Good, good, that'll do you fine. I'm Bernard, me and the wife stay next door. Course you haven't been here since you were...ooo how long has it been?

Adam: *(Looking past Bernard at Katie)* I...couldn't say.

Bernard: I'd say easily fifteen years or so, well you've shaped up nicely despite your relations *(he laughs before letting go of Adam's hand)* Oh sorry, where are my manners. *(Turns to Katie)* This is our niece...

Adam: Katie.

Katie: Hi Adam.

Bernard: Oh, you two know each other then?

Adam: We've met...once or twice.

Bernard: Ohhhh, I see how it is.

Katie: No we were just friends, met at a couple of parties at uni.

Bernard: Just friends?

Katie: Yes, just friends.

Bernard: Well...as you are already...friends. I shall take this inside. *(Takes Katie's bag off her)* And leave you young people to talk.

(Bernard takes Katie's bag and gives them both a knowing look before disappearing into the caravan. There is a few moments of silence.)

Adam: So...

Katie: So?

Adam: You're staying with your aunt and uncle.

Katie: So are you.

Adam: Oh yea, sorry I meant that to sound more like a question.

Katie: Oh?

Adam: Yea, I mean well...this place isn't exactly roaring with life is it?

Katie: Oh I don't know, there's always bingo or the dance competition and there's even water aerobics.

Adam: I can barely contain my excitement.

Katie: What about you?

Adam: What about me?

Katie: Well this is hardly a place I'd expect you to spend your holidays. You were very fond of the party life at uni.

Adam: A little too much as it seems.

Katie: Oh dear.

Adam: My mum thought a nice quiet and calm summer would set my head straight for next year.

Katie: Sounds like a sensible idea.

Adam: So are you still with...

Katie: No.

Adam: Oh, sorry.

Katie: Why? I'm not.

Adam: Oh it was one of those breakups.

Katie: You mean the kind that find your boyfriend in bed with your best friend and you seeking solace in a bottle of wine and consider the idea of setting fire to his car?

Adam: Erm yea, one of those.

Katie: Sadly yes, but like you I'm here to put last year behind me and enjoy my summer.

Adam: Of bingo and ballroom dancing?

Katie: Well my aunt Ruth tells me things can get awfully exciting round here.

Adam: I can hardly wait.

Bernard: *(From inside the caravan)* Katie! You going to come and put this stuff away if you've finished chatting with your...friend?

Katie: *(To Bernard)* I'll be right there.

(Katie turns to go inside and Adam reaches out and catches Katie's hand.)

Adam: It would be nice to catch up, drink and a nice chat maybe?

Katie: Well I'm sure we'll see each other, we live next door.

Adam: I was thinking more just the two of us.

Katie: I'd like that.

(There is a moment of silence where they stare at each other before there is a crash heard from Joyce and Charlie's caravan.)

Joyce: *(From inside the caravan)* I told you that box need to be carried from underneath!

Adam: I should go and make sure everything is alright.

(Adam lets go of Katie's hand and turns and heads over to the caravan.)

Katie: I'll see you later then.

Adam: *(Turning to look at her)* Yea, later sounds great.

(Adam disappears into his caravan and Katie smiles after him for a moment.)

Bernard: *(Appearing at the door of the caravan)* Katie!

Katie: Right, right I'm coming.

(Katie walks over and into the caravan past Bernard. He smiles for a moment and shakes his head before disappearing inside. The Lights Fade.)

End of Scene One

Scene Two

(Later that same evening, Ruth and Joyce are sat at a table, each with a glass of wine. Ruth has just taken a sip as the lights come up.)

Ruth: Ah there is nothing like holiday wine.

Joyce: How do you mean?

Ruth: Don't ask me to explain it Joyce, all I know is wine drunk on holiday always takes just that little bit more satisfying than wine drunk at home.

Joyce: Oh don't talk daft! *(Joyce takes a sip of her own wine and pauses a moment)* Actually I can see what you mean.

Ruth: Oh I'm full of all sorts of tidbits of wisdom me.

Joyce: All hail the grand mistress.

Ruth: *(Laughing)* I've missed this you know.

Joyce: Me too.

Ruth: So go on then, how've things been?

Joyce: Well her at number 32 has had work done.

Ruth: Oh yes?

Joyce: Put it this way, it was an achievement to the world of brassiere engineering I'll give them that.

Ruth: *(Laughing)* A defiance of the laws of physics no doubt.

Joyce: Oh yes, although since she's had them done I've noticed she's been getting more frequent visits from Mr Jacobs from number 16.

Ruth: Never!

Joyce: At least three times a week now, and he's there for over an hour.

Ruth: So you reckon he's playing away then?

Joyce: Well I don't think he's inspecting the grouting in the bathroom.

Ruth: You never know, people are up to all sorts these days.

Joyce: Oh yes?

Ruth: Well...I didn't see it for myself but Mrs Lomax from number 27, you know the one?

Joyce: Was she the one who had the botched lip fillers and now she looks like her mouth has been assaulted by a vacuum cleaner?

Ruth: No! That's Ms Henderson at number 18, Mrs Lomax is 72!

Joyce: You're the one who said people can get up to all sorts.

Ruth: Well anyway...Mrs Lomax saw Mr Kilgen from number 3 coming back in a taxi the other night, third time this month apparently he's gotten home after midnight and it's always on nights when his wife is at her Book Club meetings. Although in my mind it's less about reading books and more about polishing off 4 or 5 bottles of wine and complaining about their husband's.

Joyce: So you reckon he's got a bit on the side?

Ruth: That's what I thought at first but then Mrs Lomax said the week before his wife had been away visiting her sister because she'd been going through a divorce.

Joyce: Oh no!

Ruth: Well it's her third one, you think she would know how to pick them by now.

Joyce: So his wife's away, so what?

Ruth: I'm getting to it. Well she saw Mr Kilgen getting into a taxi around 9...but he wasn't 'Mr' Kilgen then.

Joyce: No!

Ruth: Oh yes, done up to the nines he was. A scarlet gown, fur shawl and heels, he had the lot!

Joyce: What did he look like?

Ruth: Kind of like a cross between Lily Savage and Ruby Wax.

Joyce: Well I never! Do you reckon his wife knows?

Ruth: Mrs Lomax seemed to think so, apparently she was often hanging up two different types of underwear.

Joyce: Well that doesn't prove anything.

Ruth: It does when one set are pink, frilly and look like they'd fit Bernard.

(The two ladies laugh. After a moment Adam comes out of the sticks his head out of the caravan.)

Adam: Auntie Joyce, you're needed.

Joyce: *(Sighing)* What's he done now?

Adam: Well Uncle Charlie was looking at the pipes under the sink and...

Joyce: *(Putting her glass down and getting up)* For goodness sake, what about 'getting someone professional to look' doesn't he understand?