

**Viagara Falls &  
the 70 Year Old Virgin**

**Janet Findlay & Alan Youngson**



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# VIAGARA FALLS & THE 70-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN

By Janet Findlay and Alan Youngson

## CAST

(Characters with accents like Scottish Jock McPherson can be changed to a Texan and re-named as Jake Jackson)

**ERIC MEAKIN:** Seventy years-old, slightly built, retired entomologist. He is unworldly, nervous, and more at home looking at six-legged creatures under a microscope than in the company of two-legged human beings! Slight stammer when stressed or nervous. About to marry Fran. First marriage (and first relationship).

**FRAN FOSTER:** Late sixties, easy-going, been around the block. She is now into New Age philosophies especially crystals. Has a heart of gold, married three times before. About to marry Eric.

**IAN BELL:** Late sixties, jovial, retired minister/pastor who now conducts civil ceremonies. Empathetic, good humored and kind. Belongs to a number of clubs in the Village. He has been married to Kitty for many years.

**JOCK MCPHERSON:** Early 70's gregarious Scotsman who likes to drink and is a 'loose cannon.' Is Eric's best man. Twice divorced, he still sees himself as a ladies' man but he's having trouble keeping up with girlfriend, Norma.

**KITTY BELL:** Late sixties. Competent, witty, organizing and outspoken. Married to Ian. Is Fran's Matron of Honor.

**JANE PARKER:** Sixty plus years, retired science librarian. Unmarried, critical and suspicious. Doesn't get on with neighbor, Kitty, but is good friend of the easy-going Fran. Is going to give Fran away at the wedding.

**DR. SADHU:** Genial, gentlemanly Indian (or Anglo-Indian) physician attached to Serenity Gardens Retirement Village, who practices hypnotism on the side. Enjoys using it to help others, likes happy endings. Mixture of idealism and pragmatism.

**SERGEANT PAM HARDING:** Fifties or sixties, strong looking and sounding female, member of Local Terror Prevention Squad.

Place

Serenity Gardens Retirement Village.

Time

The present.

Scene Locations

The Action of the play takes place in:

Act 1 Scene 1 Community Hall, Friday early evening

Act 1 Scene 2 Community Hall, Tuesday late morning

Act 2 Scene 1 Outside Community Hall, Thursday evening

Act 2 Scene 2 Community Hall, Friday early afternoon

Act 2 Scene 3 Community Hall, Friday sunset

Act 2 Scene 4 Community Hall, Saturday mid-morning.

Description for Set Scene

The play can be simply staged with the Community Hall or more elaborately, like using the set design included in the Production Notes which are after the script.

Projection

This is an essential and integral part of the show. A white projection screen or cyclorama or white flats at rear of set can be used to project the voice over Prologue poem with integrated slides, slides at the beginning of each scene with day, time and location to represent the swift progression of days to the wedding. The projection screen can be used for the live silhouetted live sequence of men in caftans, or done as a series of slightly menacing slides.

VIAGARA FALLS & THE 70 YEAR OLD VIRGIN

**Pre-Show Slide: Serenity Gardens** on before the audience enters the theater. Pre-show music is from *The Beatles*. Other music is used to link scenes with new slide of day and time.

*Pre-show slide of Serenity Gardens is faded out as House lights dim.*

*Play starts with Prologue Poem with slide show of people and settings that depict the mood or items in the poem.*

Here at Serenity Gardens  
The folk appear so chilled  
Days pass without great drama  
The hours are happily filled  
With bridge, mahjong, Tai Chi and chess  
Or ping pong, bowls and mindfulness.

But for some there's a nagging suspicion  
That time may be running out  
Have they done everything they wanted  
And well, what's this life about?

Take one man for example  
So long obsessed with bugs  
A lifetime spent with microscopes  
Is quite devoid of hugs.

He's making up for lost time  
By marrying a cheery Gran  
Who's never given up her hopes  
Of finding The Right Man!  
Just like her friend and neighbor did  
Who married back in ancient times  
She's chalked up nearly 50 years  
Since her wedding bells did chime!

Another two – though not a pair  
For reasons of their own despair  
At ever finding Love again  
- perhaps because they're such a pain!

But Time's too swift for those who fear  
And as his Wedding Day draws near  
The bridegroom fears he'll be no catch  
For the feisty Gran – not up to scratch?

Yes, the countdown's on and life hasn't slowed  
In Serenity Gardens on Cemetery Road  
The calendar pages are flipping so fast  
Calling to all "ENJOY WHILE IT LASTS!"

So may this romp about elderly heroes  
(Whose scores out of ten can often be 'zeros')  
Remind us when we're lamenting our Fate..  
To get up and JIVE – for it's never too late!

ACT ONE Scene 1

**Slide: Community Hall—Friday, 7PM**

FRAN: (*laughing off stage, then enters and calls back*) C'mon Eric! You can do it—only another 10 meters to go!

ERIC: (*enters triumphantly holding up walking stick and wearing moon-boot*) Yay! I did it, Fran! I did it!

FRAN: No more stick? (*puts walking stick on down right side of table*)

ERIC: No more stick! I've walked from my unit to your unit and now to the Community Hall with only the merest twinge in my Achilles tendon!

FRAN: And it's taken us nearly six months to get to this point!

ERIC: Oh, Fran, is it really six months since that blue butterfly landed on my ankle and caused my foot to slip into the rabbit hole while I was studying a stick insect just outside our Village?

FRAN: Yes, and now look! We're about to get married in ten days' time. I told you from the start Eric, that butterflies bring good luck!

ERIC: Ah ha, yes well, it took me a little while to come round to your point of view Frannie, but now that I'm about to get m-married for the first time, at the age of seventy, to a w-wonderful, warm, caring woman—how could I deny that butterflies bring good luck!

FRAN: Oh Eric!

ERIC: Oh Fran! (*they kiss*)

FRAN: Um, how would you like to pop into my unit for a little canoodle, now that your leg's better? I've been waiting quite a while for this moment Eric...

ERIC: (*slightly embarrassed*) Oh no, Fran n-not with my moon-boot still on!

FRAN: (*seductively*) We can work around that silly boot Eric...

ERIC: But I thought you were getting ready for your bridal shower tomorrow night. Aren't Kitty and Jane coming over to your place to help prepare the food?

FRAN: Yes they are, but we've got a good half hour to, um, "play with" before then...

ERIC: Oh Fran, you know how much I want to become more familiar with your... considerable charms, but as I've told you, I'm a bit of a r-romantic and a perfectionist! Plus, I want to be in tip-top shape—as perfect a ph-physical specimen as I can be for my bride on our wedding night!

FRAN: (*sighs*) Yes, Eric...so you've said. Well, I'm a bit more realistic I guess, having been married three times before. I was a romantic too with Clive, my first, but I soon came down to earth with a bump when I realized he was making out with my bridesmaid! Then Gary— my second - seemed sooo sensitive and considerate until I caught him kissing the meter man! What a shock to the system that was!

ERIC: (*earnestly*) Did you blow a fuse?

FRAN: Well, I can tell you, sparks flew! And then, poor Harold. Dear old dependable Harold, who'd weathered so many storms in his life. How could a decorated veteran of two wars lose his life simply by slipping on a bit of bat shit in our backyard...and then, contracting Lyssa virus? I was rather hoping that lovely blue butterfly would bring me a bit of better luck this time... (*she starts to cry*)

ERIC: (*puts his arm around her*) Oh, but it will Frannie—it has already. Look, you don't have to worry about me. I may have been m-married to my work as a worldwide expert on The Brazilian Weevil, but I'm not a Clive. I'm certainly not a G-gary and as a scientist, I would never be silly enough to venture barefoot into the fecal-strewn habitat of a Feral Flying Fox. It'll be all right Fran—you'll see. I'll make a final appointment with Doctor Sahdu and then I can take off this wretched moon-boot for good. And after that...

FRAN: You promise it'll be all right Eric? I'm not just being taken for a ride again?

ERIC: No, Frannie, I promise! (*then daringly*) It'll be the Rrrrrr-ride of your Life!

FRAN: (*giggles*) Oh Eric! You're daring to be a bit naughty! I like it—it suits you. (*they kiss again*)

JANE: (*voice offstage*) Yoo hoo Fran! Are you there Fran?

FRAN: Uh-oh, that's Jane. Now what does she want I wonder? Oh, that's right, she's coming to help me prepare for the bridal shower. I'd better go dearest! (*calls out*) Coming Jane! (*Disengages from him and blows kiss as she's leaving*) No high kicking without your stick now!

ERIC: (*laughing, relieved*) Ha, ha no! No chance of that. (*watches Fran go, then pulls cell phone out of pocket, muttering*) Technically Fran, that blue butterfly was a Celestrina Ladon Echo, popularly known as a Spring Azure...hello? Is that the Cemetery Road 24 Hour Medical Centre? Ah, this is Eric Meakin...I'm wondering if I could have a quick word with Dr. Sahdu...? Oh m-marvelous. (*tries doing high kick with moonboot*)

Ah Dr. Sahdu! Yes...yes, the tendon's healing rather well. As of today, I no longer need the stick...So I'd like to make an-another appointment with you sometime soon... but um...first I need to talk to you about a rather sensitive matter Doctor. (*coughs*) I'm afraid I've misplaced the instructions for those sugar-coated, soluble Viagra pills you prescribed for me last week...yes, those new trial ones...well, I wanted to keep them a secret from my fiancée, so I put them in an artificial sweetener container...yes Doctor, an artificial sweetener container but, in doing so, I've misplaced the accompanying information. Now remind me, how long before, um, sex should I start taking them, and how many should I take at one time...? No, we haven't exactly done that yet..Why not? Well, I'm not overly...experienced...and now I'm suffering from per-per...Yes, yes—that's it. P-performance anxiety!

Anyway, the instructions please.. Yes...mmm...uh huh...normal dose 10 minutes before commencing...what? You're suggesting I DOUBLE THE DOSE for the honeymoon! Really?!

Pardon me? Have I got enough pills? Oh yes, you prescribed enough for an elephant...what's that? Best of luck? Well, maybe with the pills, I won't have to rely on m-mere luck. Thank you, Doctor. And I trust you will respect my confidence...thank you again. Goodbye now. (*fiddles with phone*) Darn it! I forgot to make the final appointment for this ankle! Siri! Remind me...make another appointment with Dr. Sahdu—oh and pick up the new issue of *BUG MONTHLY* that I ordered. I believe the insect life at Niagara Falls is ph-phenomenal. (*Jane enters*) Oh, Jane!

JANE: Hello Eric. Fran said there were some bowls in here somewhere for the nibbles and nuts. (*she looks on the table containing tea cups, etc.*)

ERIC: (*vaguely*) Ah yes, the nibbles and nuts...

JANE: (*finds two bowls*) These'll do! Now, back to work. (*turns back*) I can't trust that Kitty to do a thorough job with cleaning the glassware, you know.

ERIC: Oh, I'm sure she'll do an excellent job—

JANE: No, she won't. She's too haphazard! Oh, by the way Eric, Fran wanted me to tell you that she's borrowed your container of artificial sweeteners for tomorrow night. SWEETEN UP I believe is the brand.

ERIC: WHAT!!?? Oh no, not the um... the **Sweeten Up**?

JANE: Yes! Silly name isn't it? All this dependence on sugar and sugar substitutes is beyond me. Surely at our age, we've learned to control cravings for those things that are bad for us. It's a sign of character weakness. Anyway, on with the job! (*she exits*)

ERIC: But Jane...Jane! Oh dear. I'm going to have to get that container back from Fran immediately...(*goes to exit and runs into Ian*) Ian!

IAN: (*enters and knocks into Eric. He's a man with a benign expression, was once a pastor, now a jovial marriage celebrant, maybe originally from England*) Ah ha, Eric! You've lost the stick I see.

ERIC: Yes, not before time either!

IAN: (*heartily*) Well, there'll be no stopping you now Eric! (*puts an arm around Eric's shoulder*) "Watch out Fran" is all I can say. Anyway, I thought I'd drop in to see if there was any male company available while our better halves are otherwise engaged!

ERIC: Ah ha! Yes, jolly good—ah...but look Ian, I just need to pop over to Fran's for a moment...(*Ian above table – stops Eric and ushers him back to sit down in chair at left of table*)

IAN: Oh, I don't think you'd be welcome there right now, old boy (*hand on Eric's shoulder*)—women in the kitchen and all that! (*Eric sits*). By the way, I got your email about redrafting the wedding vows. (*using hands on back of center chair*) I've deleted the bit about the wife obeying her husband—and not for the first time lately I can tell you! (*speaking as if giving one of his sermons, hands on lapels*). That's the marvelous thing about being a civil minister rather than a religious one, there's so much more flexibility with the vows. I definitely prefer it.

ERIC: Oh, good, good and...ah, regarding the adaptation of the Kahlil Gibran extract... the advice 'to eat not from the same loaf'...could that be changed to 'eat not from the same plate'? (*Ian writes notes*) You see, Fran is forever stealing food off my plate whenever we dine out together!

IAN: Very well, I've made a note of that. And I hope it puts a stop to the practice. (*taps Eric's stomach*) You're wasting away Eric!

ERIC: I'm just a little anxious at the moment. What with the Achilles tendon and my impending marriage.

IAN: Just relax old boy. (*hands massaging Eric's shoulders*) Stop worrying. It'll all be all right on the night as they say in show biz... (*sees Kitty approaching*) Well, ding dong dell, it's Pretty Kitty Bell! (*Kitty- wearing an apron - sails in, making a face at him as she does. Ian blows her a kiss*). Kitty my love! I thought you were going to help Fran set up for the party tomorrow? (*stands above center chair at table*)

KITTY: (*sits at table*) Well, I was helping, but I find it impossible to work with Jane. I had to get away from her. (*turns to Eric*) Eric! I hear you're not using the walking stick any more. How wonderful! You'll be getting excited about your big day now.

ERIC: (*makes to answer*) I—

IAN: Just look at him...He's terrified!

KITTY: Ha ha! So, what are you guys up to? (*stands*) A bachelor party for two? Arrgh! (*crosses left to tea urn and cups on small table or trolley*) That Jane Parker! I know it's not very Christian of me to say this Ian, but that woman can be a real pain in the behind sometimes!

ERIC: Look—if you'll both just excuse me for a moment...

KITTY: (*pushes Eric back down in his chair*) Oh, I know she's as sweet as pie with you Eric, but there's another side to her. (*picks up teapot*) Ah! Tea. (*starts pouring tea in to 3 cups*) I need a good strong cuppa. Forget about the Lord providing the strength to carry on Ian, it's Twinings' English Breakfast for me every time! Somehow that Jane manages to step on my toes every time we meet. Always some complaint about what we're doing on our side of the wall or on our side of the fence. (*sips tea*) Mmm...that's better. Ian? You're never one to refuse a good brew. What about you Eric? Is it tea for three?

ERIC: Um. I'd love to Kitty, but—

KITTY: (*pushes Eric down in his seat again*) Excellent!

ERIC: But first I really think I must go and see Fran about—

KITTY: (*crosses above table to Ian and takes Eric's sweetener out of her apron pocket. Eric recognizes container and gasps*) Now, Ian - one or two of these? (*Eric watches aghast as Kitty opens the sweetener container*)

IAN: Ah, two my darling, thank you.

KITTY: (*sees Eric looking stricken*) Something the matter Eric?

ERIC: But you can't! You see, they're—

KITTY: Yes, artificial sweeteners. SWEETEN UP they're called. I took them from Fran's place just now because I know there are never any here in the Community Room. (*stirs Ian's tea cup busily*) You both gave them up a while ago didn't you Eric, because of the— what's that stuff called again? Aspara-Asparagus—

ERIC: Aspartame. It's called Aspartame—

KITTY: That's the one! Oh, there's no need to look so alarmed. They can't be that bad. Ian's been having them in his tea for years and it hasn't done him...much harm! In fact, a lot of folk in this Village use them now.

ERIC: No, no that's not the problem! It's not that they're sweeteners with aspartame, it's that they're—

KITTY: (*glances at packet*) Totally natural! That's what it says here, see...Sweeten Up made with 100 % organic fruit extract. (*as Eric starts to lunge at the container, Kitty nonchalantly switches it to downstage hand and crosses to the tea table*)

ERIC: (*quite sharply*) Give them to me Kitty! I'll take them back to Fran now!

KITTY: No! No need for that Eric! You know you're not allowed anywhere near a bridal shower —even the night before! Now stop being so jumpy! I'm going back in there as soon as I'm fortified, and I'll return them to Fran myself. (*notices Ian looking puzzled*) What's wrong Ian?

IAN: Hmm... these make the tea taste a little different. Not quite sweet enough. (*crosses to Kitty*) Could you pop in another one please darling?

KITTY: (*sighs dramatically*) When will you believe me dearest when I tell you, you're quite sweet enough! (*puts another pill into his cup. Eric's eyes are on stalks. She drains her cup and glances out the window.*) Ooh, Jane's leaving already! What a stroke of luck. I'll get back over there to help Fran. But really, she should know better than to invite us both at the same time. She's only asking for trouble.

ERIC: She just wants you two to get along! After all, Jane's giving her away and you're her matron of honor. (*he watches carefully as she puts lid on Sweeten up container*)

KITTY: (*dismissively*) Hmmph! Actually Ian, (*crosses to Ian*) I'll leave these with you in case you want another cuppa. (*Ian puts container in his lap out of reach of Eric*) I know you can never stop at one. Just drop them back at Fran's on your way home dearest. (*looks out window*). Oh, look Eric! Your best man's heading this way. Trust Jock McPherson to get wind of a bachelor party! Well, at least there's some tea left for him. (*she starts to exit, then returns*) Actually, I might try one of these myself. Some people say I need 'sweetening up' (*looks at Ian & pops a pill*). Mmm, yum. Now guys, don't get up to too much mischief! (*Kitty exits*)

IAN: Highly unlikely! (*Ian stands with container in his hands*) Good old Jock, he's bound to have a bit of whisky on him (*crossing in front of table where Eric sits and tries to grab container, but Ian—like Kitty—switches hands*)—that'll liven up our tea party!

JOCK: (*blusters in. Loud-mouthed, loud-shirted Scotsman, twice-divorced and fancies himself as a ladies' man.*) Hello laddies! (*grabs arms of both Eric and Ian and walks them downstage*)

IAN: Jock old man! To what do we owe this honor?

JOCK: Well, Norma from next door was just over 'visitin' (*finger quote marks one of his mannerisms*)—if ya know what I mean—when Fran phoned and asked if she'd come and help with settin' up the bridal shower. (*sighs with relief as he ushers Eric to sit on left end of sofa*) To tell ya the truth laddies, I was a pretty relieved! Lately, I've been findin' it mighty difficult to "keep up" with Norma—if ya know what I mean! Anyway, (*Ian crosses back to table to get his cup of tea as Jock crosses above sofa to Right end*) when I saw the lights on here, I decided to join the party! (*Ian crosses back to table as Jock says to Eric*) Och, I see ya've lost ya stick...how are you ma wee mon? (*sits next to Eric*) All equipped for the 'big night'? (*friendly punch on Eric's shoulder*) if you know wha' I mean? (*gives him a wink as Ian looks on amused*)

ERIC: Oh yes, I'm very well prepared for my nuptials thank you Jock. Yes, yes, I'm pretty much on top of everything.

JOCK: (*laughingly*) Oh, c'mon now laddie. Thar's only one thing you wanna be sure you're on top of come Saturday, and tha's ya new "lady wife!"

ERIC: (*looks embarrassed*) Well, ah...yes ah...

IAN: Come on Jock. Let's toast Eric's health and vigor with a cup of tea—unless of course, you've got something stronger on you?

JOCK: Nah, I havna got a drop! Norma just downed the last of ma whisky in a glass of coca cola...Now that's what I call a crime! Nah, a big strong cup o' tea'll be just fine for me, thanks Ian.

IAN: How do you take it?

JOCK: No milk and a big lump o' sugar—unless there's any of them artificial sweeteners in here. As you know, I'm tryin' to trim down to fit into ma old suit for ya wedding Eric! Aye, that's the kind o' sacrifice ya best man's making for ya, laddie!

IAN: (*opening sweetener container*) I'm sure Fran wouldn't mind if we used more of these. One Jock? Or two? They're not all that sweet.

ERIC: (*in desperation*) No-ooo!

JOCK: Ah, what the hell! It's a party. I'll live dangerously...give me FOUR! (*Ian puts 4 pills in and then puts bottle in his left pocket of cardigan. Eric watches aghast*). It's not every night at Serenity Gardens that ya find yaself at a bachelor party with two of ya best buddies! (*gets his cup of tea and raises it aloft*) So, let me propose a toast to wee Eric here! May he have a long—

IAN: —and happy married life! Full of affection, domestic bliss and—

JOCK: Seeeeeex – lots of it!

IAN: Let's drink to that! (*both have a long swig of tea*) And may he always stay—

JOCK: Erect!

IAN: To Eric!

JOCK: The Erect!

IAN: The Upstanding! *(both have another long swig of tea)*

ERIC: *(embarrassed)* Oh really ah guys—thank you...but I should be going—

JOCK: Ooh! I have to say that's a really strong cup o' tea. Ooooh! I'm feeling "very lively" all of a sudden. I could do a Highland Fling. Or two! *(does a little dance)* Och, I don't know what's come over me! Oooh. *(picks up the cushion from Right end of sofa/settee and holds it in front of his crotch area)* I think I'm goin' to have to leave you lads to yer revels. *(with cushion in place backs upstage)* I need to go home, slip into somethin' more comfortable like ma kilt, and wait for Norma - "if ya know what I mean." In the meantime, maybe I'll play with mah bagpipe. *(winks at Ian)*

ERIC: *(in all innocence)* Oh Jock, surely not at this hour! Think of the neighbors!

JOCK: You're so right Eric! I'll "toss ma caber instead!" *(tosses cushion in air and exits very awkwardly back to audience)* If ya know wha' I mean! *(guffaws as he exits)*

ERIC: Oh dear! Oh, dear!

IAN: What's up now old boy?

ERIC: Oh, Ian, I have to talk to you. I hope you don't mind. I'm afraid I have a confession to make...

IAN: *(smiling)* Confess away old chap. People do it to me all the time.

ERIC: Er—it's about...it's about... *(he is frozen)*

IAN: *(helpfully)* Is it about your wedding night, by any chance?

ERIC: Yes. Yes, it is. You see, you-you have something that I very much want and I don't know how to get it, without first revealing something very personal and embarrassing about m-m—

IAN: *(reassuring)* It's all right Eric. I know what you're referring to.

ERIC: You do?! How?

IAN: (*taps nose*) Call it intuition, call it pastoral experience. But let's not beat about the bush. I have a certain confidence that comes from years of happily married life and you envy that. You covet my confidence because, well, sorry to tell you this old chap, but because you are so obviously lacking in it yourself!

ERIC: Oh. Oh. That's not quite what I meant...but, does it show?

IAN: 'Fraid so old bean. Nothing to be ashamed of though. Fran clearly finds your naivete endearing – some women are like that, so you're lucky to have found her! You'll be all right Eric. You just need to communicate honestly with Fran. You do that (*suddenly, realizes he is aroused*) and you'll be (*high pitched voice*) sweet! You're chalk and cheese both of you, but I do think you'll create a happy life together. (*grabs cushion and puts in front of crotch*)

ERIC: Well, thank you for that Ian, I appreciate it. But getting back to—

IAN: (*patting the sweeteners in his pocket starts backing upstage with cushion*) Now, if you'll excuse me Eric, I'm also feeling unusually lively—

ERIC: (*panicking, stands in front of Eric, holding his arms out*) Er – um – Ian....man hug?

IAN: (*Ian looks taken aback – does double take between audience and Eric*) Ah...okay old chap. (*looks at him warily*) If that'll make you feel better...

(*They circle slowly around each other and then have an awkward hug where Ian is sticking his bottom out trying to avoid contact. He drops cushion as Eric is trying to reach into Ian's left cardigan pocket for the pills but accidentally pats him on the butt. Ian backs off suddenly and moves quickly to the swivel desk chair which he puts in front of his crotch. He then gives Eric another wary look. Eric blushes and steps back.*)

ERIC: I'm s-sorry. I- I don't know what came over me...

IAN: (*looking serious*) Eric, before you marry you should be sure—otherwise it's not fair to Fran. She's been let down like that before. You, ah, don't like men? I mean, you're not gay, are you? Not that there's anything wrong with that if you were!

ERIC: (*shocked*) Good lord no! No! I just ah—(*lamely*) s-suddenly felt in need of your support.

IAN: (*relieved*) Excellent! And you have my support. All of my (*hands together in prayer pose*) moral support. And ah...suddenly, I'm feeling like I should go home. (*starts backing up stage with desk chair held in front of him*) I, er—find myself with an unusually strong um, need to... to be close to my lovely wife. And I hope and I pray (*he starts to exit*) that she won't be too long in assisting Fran with her preparations for the party tomorrow! (*pushes desk chair away and hobbles off as fast as he can, calling hoarsely*) Kitty? Kitty! Here Kittee... Kittee... Kittee!!

ERIC: Oh dear, I'm going to have to act fast. I've got to get those pills back or perhaps get some more... (*looks at cell phone; hits re-dial button and starts to pace and forth behind sofa more agitatedly*)

ERIC: Hello? Cemetery Road 24 hour Medical Centre? This is Eric Meakin again. Is Doctor Sadhu still there? Oh. No...Nobody else will do...(through remainder of speech gets increasingly frustrated and frantic, walking around as if he has ants in his pants) Yes...if I could make an appointment with him at his earliest convenience...what?! Booked out till Friday...Oh, put me on a waiting list for heaven's sake—yes, it IS urgent! No. No. Nobody else will do! Let me know. As soon as possible...goodnight!

(*ends call, leans against front of table, stares bleakly out at audience and sighs despondently*).  
Ohhhh dear! (*his hand finds walking stick on table, picks it up and considers it, then giving in, he supports himself on stick and hobbles off*)

MUSIC: (*excerpt from chorus of "Walk Like a Man"*)

End of ACT ONE Scene 1

**END OF FREEVIEW**

***You'll want to read and perform this show!***