

Family Affairs (16/03)

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Roles (6) *Storyline: Two brothers, with their wives, have been invited to their grandparents' estate to mourn in unison their late great-grandfather. As fate would have it, each one of the brothers have exchanged romantic interests to each other's wives. It only gets worse when the night where each one of them are planned to have a romantic night, they find themselves nearly exchanging their saliva with their own grandparents.*

Myrtle
Bennet
Robin
Samantha
William
Pauline

Act 1 Scene 1

[Scene Opens with the Brothers gathered around a dinner table, discussing the death of their late grand-grandfather, when suddenly the phone rings and William goes to pick it up and gets informed on their upcoming visit to their grandparent's house.]

William: Sad day everyone, sad day.

Robin: Indeed it is Willy, indeed it is.

Samantha: Oh yes, old man Wilberforce was a kind man!

Pauline: And so young too!

Robin: He was 104 darling. About time he died.

Pauline: Well, the world's oldest turtle died at 300! The only difference between old man Wilberforce and a turtle is that he wasn't a turtle.

William: She is not wrong.

Samantha: William!

William: What? The man was as active as a stationary building, and they don't move a lot.

Samantha: Still, we must have respect for the dead.

William: He was dead honey, the only difference now being that it's official.

Robin: Enough banter about the old man, let him rest.

[The Phone Rings]

William: I'll get it.

[William talks to the phone for a bit]

Robin: Who was it?

William: Grandpa Bobby, we've been invited to "mourn together" his late father.

Samantha: Oh not him.

Pauline: Why, he is very kind.

Samantha: If you think being called an "insufferable prick" is kind, than I've nothing to say.

Pauline: He calls you that, he calls me "his little princess"

Samantha: "his little distress", you have misheard it. Or it's just too advanced, for your vocabulary?

Pauline: Leave my constabulary alone!

Samantha: As you wish, constable.

End of Act 1 Scene 1

Act 1 Scene 2 [Scene opens with the elderly sitting on the couch, waiting for their grandchildren.]

[Grandpa invites them to his house, to honour the deceasement of his beloved grandfather. The couples, rather than modestly visiting and paying their honours, see it as an opportunity to engage sexually, as the brothers have reportedly had sexual "action" with each other's wife (There is a tense atmosphere, as everybody has had their suspicions.)]

Robert: Did you phone them, honey?

Myrtle: Certainly did Robert.

Robert: Oh excellent then.

[Looks at his Newspaper]

Robert: Well, can you believe it!

Myrtle: What is it?

Robert: The government has been bought by Honda.

Myrtle: What?

Robert: It says it here, “Last night, Japanese executive Hiroto Bing, secured a deal with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher that sold 99% of Great Britain’s shares to Honda. The Prime Minister says that this is a good deal for the English people. Also, Honda plans to make Wales a 20,782 acre golf course and Scotland a habitable place with free speech therapists.”

Myrtle: Let me see that!

[Sees the Newspaper]

Myrtle: Oh Robert, you’ve been reading the “Fool Me Thrice” magazine again!

Robert: Well, it seems that I’ve been fooled three times. Anyways..

[Cuddles up to her.] did you enjoy last night?

[Myrtle gives him a sassy look]

Myrtle: Yes, as much as I do every time.

Robert: How about we renew our relationship again tonight?

Myrtle: Certainly! Is it a special occasion?

Robert: Well, after we’ve inherited the money, it will be!

Myrtle: Oh Robert!

Robert: Oh Myrtle!

[They were about to kiss, when the doorbell rings]

Myrtle: I’ll get the door.

[Myrtle opens the door]

William: What-ho Granny!

Myrtle: Hello Willy! Oh everyone’s here! Come in, come in.

[Everyone Enters]

Myrtle: Hello! Hello! Bennet!

Bennett: Yes, ma'am?

Myrtle: Please prepare the dinner table, if you'd be so kind.

Bennett: Certainly ma'am.

Myrtle: Please come in, have a sit. Make yourselves at home!

Robin: Thank you granny. Please girls, after you.

Samantha: Thank you, come on Pauline.

[They all sit down]

Robin: What-ho grandpa bobby, how have you been?

Robert: Well, getting older! How long are you planning to stay?

Pauline: Well, we'll just have a quick one.

Robert: What did you say?

Samantha: Excuse her, what's left of her mind is exclusively aimed towards reproductive matters.

Robin: Well, as we said, three days. You invited us grandpa.

Robert: Oh yes I did! Sorry! Ha-ha, as I said, getting older!

William: Don't worry grandpa everything is alright.

[Enter Bennet]

Bennet: Dinner is ready ma'am. Swordfish with Broccoli, Fish soup and veal chop with mashed peas along with the Jellied Eels are awaiting on the dinner table.

Myrtle: Oh just in time, come along everyone.

Pauline: Robin honey, what's Jellied Eels?

Robin: Something that the British cuisine spat out after a long night of Saturday night drinking. Come on, let's dine.

End of Act 1 Scene 2

Act 1 Scene 3

[Enter the women & Bennet][The women in a line in front of a counter, washing dishes, Bennet sitting on a stool polishing glasses]

Myrtle: So how are my sons doing?

Pauline: Oh my Robin is fine, although the last couple of weeks he's being missing more and more.

Samantha: [Thinking to herself] Weirdly enough, my William too.

Pauline: Yes, I asked him about it and he told me that he is now doing, what was it.. Ah, Night Time Sermons, that's it!

Myrtle: Pauline, Robin is a bank accountant. What night time nonsense are you talking about.

Pauline: I was expecting you'd say that. Robin told me that if anyone asked I'm to say that following the path of god was always his ambition.

Samantha: Robin is Jewish.

Myrtle: He's what? Oh no, my little Robin. Why would he do that to his-

[Samantha clears her throat loudly]

Pauline: Yes that's right. He's baptized and everything.

Bennet: Ma'am if I am to take the liberty of expressing an opinion, I am to say that people of Jewish beliefs, don't tend to get baptized. Unlike their adversaries, the Christians.

Samantha: How does he know all that?

Myrtle: Oh, I left a Bible on his bedside table. The only book allowed in this household, together with Margaret Thatcher's Memoirs.

Samantha: Truly educational.

Bennet: Precisely my words ma'am.

Samantha: Mother, I'm pretty sure your son has somehow attracted another female, apart from this pile of silicone.

Myrtle: No no, I refuse to believe it... who has he found?

Samantha: I couldn't possibly think of a person that would be attracted to Robin. I mean the only favoring thing on him, apart from his luscious curls, masculine body stature and penetrating eyes, is his "I am afraid of women" T-shirts.

Bennet: Ma'am if I am to, again, interrupt this most invigorating conversation, Mr. Robin is not to blame for his "fear of women" as the opposite sex can be quite intimidating at times, especially if they happen to be on their much feared period of period. And that is also the reason behind my cautious stance towards female persons.

Myrtle: We for sure appreciate, your views, Bennet, although in times like this particular one it is preferred that you just keep polishing your glasses, if you will. Let's keep in mind you are not renowned for your particular preference for women. Now go fetch my phone.

Bennet: We are in the 1960s ma'am.

Myrtle: Oh, yes, I forgot. I tend to travel to the future sometimes. In that case go fetch my sewing materials.

Bennet: As you wish ma'am. [Exit Bennet] [Enter Bennet]

Bennet: Mrs. Samantha, Mr. Robin wishes to converse with you for discreet matters. [Enter Robin]

Robin: Samantha, can I see you in the other room for a second?

Samantha: Which one,, granny's mansion has 700 fucking rooms.

[Sam and Robin exit to what is supposed to be a nearby room]

[Exit Rob and Sam]

Myrtle: I say Pauline darling, how about I have a little talk with Robin later, just to help you figure out what's going on.

Pauline: Oh that would be excellent!

Myrtle: Right-ho then! Any particular topic you'd like me to talk with him about except your little problem?

Pauline: Oh yes! Could you, perchance, ask him why I keep finding blonde hair on his clothes?

Myrtle: You're blonde, dear.

Pauline: Oh, now I see.

End of Act 1 Scene 3

Act 1 Scene 4

[Scene opens with Robin and Samantha on the other room talking]

Robin: Samantha darling, you need to calm down, she's as smart as Stephen Hawking's ability to move any of his limbs. She won't realize a thing.

Samantha: Just now at the kitchen, she was saying something about you being a man of the church. Couldn't you really find anything, *anything*, better to say?

Robin: Yes, probably. But why would I waste my life finding explanations, when I can be with you? If we keep being that secretive, our lives will be gone, just like old man Wilberforce's ability to live.

Samantha: I guess you are right. This is our chance. We're gathered in this mansion, to mourn an already dead man. No need for excuses, tomorrow at 3 am in the kitchen, just me, you and Myrtle's kitchen appliances.

Robin: Yes, nothing more romantic than kissing, and small chef figure holding straws.

Samantha: Yeah, nothing arouses me more than little plumb chef figurines.

[Focus shift to the kitchen]

Myrtle: Finally, that pile of dishes is gone and we deserve bourbon. Let's just move ourselves to the living room, and chat while having our 6th drink for this hour.

Bennet: That for sure is an aspect of your personality I admire, ma'am.

Pauline: What's a bourbon?

Myrtle: Certainly not a color, if that is what you are thinking.

[Door opens, everyone meets]

Myrtle: Well, well, well... How nice of a hangout you're having... Might if I interrupt you? I will anyways... So what's your drink of choice dear?

Pauline: A lemonade, please?

Myrtle: Bourbon it is. [In the set, 10 similar bourbon bottles] And you, Samantha? A divorce- I meant Dewar's?

Samantha: Yes mother.

Myrtle: I'm sorry, Dewar's is a whiskey. Have a Scotch bourbon instead. Let's just sit here, as a family, after all these years. And by that, I mean, Pauline and Samantha, get your bourbons and get to the kitchen.

[Both exit]

Robin: What-ho, mummy?

Myrtle: Don't you "what-ho" me. What is this funny business of lying to your wife like that! Do you ever stop drinking? How about when you're asleep?

Robin: Mummy I-

Myrtle: No, Pauline is your wife Robin. She might have some small flaws, which, weirdly all happen to be in her cognitive abilities, but that is no reason to go about sleeping with other women!

Robin: I did not!

Myrtle: Yes you did! She told me.

Robin: What? How does she know?

Myrtle: Aha! Got you! I really can't believe you'd do such a thing to your wife. I can very clearly remember I never raised you in such a way!

Robin: Well, there was this one event with Bennet.

Myrtle: Well, yes, that was an attempt to reinstate his manhood, which I admittedly have failed. The folly of youth.

Robin: That was 2 weeks ago-

Myrtle: Never mind that! That was enough of your nonsense you man!

Robin: I'm 45-

Myrtle: To your room now!

Robin: Which of the 700 would that be?