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SEASIDE POSTCARD

by Terence Frisby

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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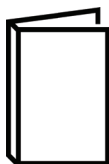
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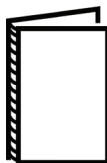


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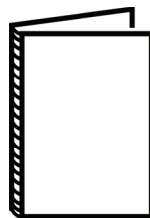
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Playwright, author, actor, director, producer.

Terence Frisby's most famous play, *There's a Girl in My Soup*, was London's longest-running comedy (six and a half years) 1966-1972 and a worldwide smash hit, with long runs on Broadway, and in Paris, Berlin, Stockholm, Sydney, Rome, Vienna, Prague and many other places. It is still constantly played wherever there is theatre.

His script of the equally successful film, which starred Peter Sellers and Goldie Hawn, won the Writers' Guild of Great Britain Award in 1970 for the Best British Comedy Screenplay.

His other stage plays include *The Subtopians* (Arts Theatre, 1964), *The Bandwagon* (Mermaid, 1969), *It's All Right If I Do It* (Mermaid, 1977), *Seaside Postcard* (Young Vic, 1978), *Rough Justice* (Apollo, 1994), *Funny About Love* (two UK national tours, 1999-2000). All his plays are published by Samuel French.

He has also written many plays for television, two of which were nominated for awards. His comedy series include *Lucky Feller* with David Jason (1976) and *That's Love* with Jimmy Mulville, Diana Hardcastle and Tony Slattery, (1988-92), which won the Gold Award for Comedy at the 1991 Houston International Film Festival.

His radio play *Just Remember Two Things: It's Not Fair And Don't Be Late* for BBC Radio 4 won The Giles Cooper Play of the Year Award achieved some sort of record by being broadcast ten times in a few months on Radio 4 and BBC World Service.

A stage play with music of this was produced at the Queen's Theatre, Barnstaple, in 2004. It was again tried out in 2011 as a full musical, with the new title of *Kisses on a Postcard*. A West End production is now being sought.

The book of *Kisses On A Postcard* was published by Bloomsbury Press in 2009. It has sold and is selling many thousands.

His first book was *Outrageous Fortune*, an autobiographical story about his fifteen years as a litigant-in-person in the High Court following his spectacularly awful divorce. *Outrageous Fortune*, both hilarious and nightmarish, created shock waves throughout the legal world and helped reform divorce law.

Besides his work as a writer, Terence has worked extensively for over fifty years as an actor, director and producer. He has played leads and directed in the West End, Young Vic and all over the country. As a producer, his favourite presentation was the South African, multi-award-winning *Woza Albert* at the Criterion Theatre in 1983, subsequently off-Broadway and worldwide.

Terence is currently writing a novel and *Diary of a Grandfather*.

Scene.

A beach in north Cornwall.

Seaside sounds are heard: a lighthouse foghorn, seagulls, waves, distant shouts.

A respectable-looking MAN, possibly of military appearance, wanders on with binoculars round his neck. He looks about him, stretches, then peers through his binoculars across the audience. He sees what he is looking for, namely an attractive female shape and leaps into a pointing posture letting out a groan of pleasure. He follows its movement across the back of the auditorium then lowers his binoculars and gives another little groan of contentment. He sees someone coming, makes another little noise, more anticipatory this time, and drops out of sight.

A pretty GIRL with a nice figure enters.

She looks about her then selects a place.

She drops her things then wriggles gently and sensually out of her clothes. She is wearing a bikini underneath.

The MAN reappears during this.

As she wriggles out of her jeans, the MAN lets out a groan which is followed by the lighthouse foghorn.

The GIRL considers removing her bikini top. She puts her hands up to do so.

Causing the MAN to let out a squeak of pleasure which is followed by a seagull squawk.

The GIRL looks round as the MAN dives for cover.

She changes her mind about sunbathing topless. She stretches, feels the warm sun, then with a final luxurious, narcissistic movement lies full length.

Pause.

Sound effect of a seagull swooping. A sizeable dollop of seagull dropping smacks her squarely amidships.

She sits up with a jerk and looks at her bespattered stomach.

GIRL *(disgusted)* Ooouargh!

She gathers her things and quickly leaves in angry discomfort, looking for something to wipe herself clean.

The MAN is furious. he shakes his fist at the sky.

MAN Bloody seagulls! *(He peers off through his binoculars after the GIRL. He groans with ecstasy)* Oh, look at her move.

He throws back his head and lets out an uninhibited yell of enjoyed, frustrated lust as he dances with glee. He pulls himself soberly together as he sees another person approaching. He hides.

SHARON SPICER *enters.*

*She has large and wonderful breasts. Her every move is designed to entice and excite the man she wants: **TERRY REES**, who follows her on.*

He, poor sap, is besotted. He looks back and, satisfied that they are unseen, comes near to her.

She is posed, staring out over the audience, and sighs.

SHARON Oooh! It's lovely, innit?

TERRY *edges closer.*

Look at that ship out there.

TERRY *gets behind her.*

TERRY Where?

SHARON (*pointing*) There.

She points, making herself available to his next move.

He puts his hands on her waist.

She leans into him.

He starts to raise his hands to her breasts but dares not.

TERRY Oh, yeah.

SHARON Like a toy one.

TERRY Yeah.

SHARON And the lighthouse too. Triffic innit?

TERRY Amazing.

SHARON (*wriggling against him*) Standing up out there, all straight and proud with the sea surging about.

TERRY I know how it feels.

SHARON 'S lovely, innit.

They slide smoothly into a romantic kiss. He puts in plenty of head work and runs his hands up and down her.

The MAN reappears at a new vantage point, watching through binoculars.

SHARON (*breaking*) Phaw. Terry Rees, you dunnalf know how to kiss.

TERRY I know.

He tries again. She breaks.

SHARON No, the others are coming.

TERRY They're miles behind.

SHARON They'll see us.

TERRY No, they can't. We're hidden.

SHARON All right, then. One quickie.

Another kiss of simulated passion.

Again the MAN appears, watching.

SHARON *turns herself so that her back is to TERRY and sighs and stares romantically out to sea.*

TERRY *finally plucks up courage to raise his hand and touch her breast. He sighs audibly with pleasure.*

She thrusts him sharply away with her behind.

TERRY's *sigh turns to a yelp of pain.*

Stop it.

TERRY Why?

SHARON I don't like it.

TERRY You do.

SHARON I don't.

TERRY Well *I* do.

SHARON I know you do. You're always feeling my boobs.

TERRY I like 'em.

SHARON I dunno what you see in 'em.

TERRY They're lovely. Better'n that bloody lighthouse.

SHARON *(pleased)* Honest?

TERRY Yeah.

SHARON You only want me for one thing.

TERRY (*he grins shyly*) Two.

SHARON See.

TERRY Anyway, I don't, I don't. I want you for – well – just for you. I want you for everything.

SHARON Oh, yeah, now. Then when you got it – slam, bam, thank you ma'am.

TERRY (*urgently*) No, no, no, honest.

SHARON You won't respect me as a person.

TERRY I do. I do. I do respect you as a person.

SHARON You don't.

TERRY (*feverishly*) I do, I do, I do, I do. I do.

SHARON Do you?

TERRY Yeah. I respect you like mad.

SHARON Yeah, now. But you won't after.

TERRY After? (*He realises and is nearly convulsed*) I will after. I'll respect you more as a person.

SHARON Will you?

TERRY Yeah.

SHARON Course, it'd be different if...

TERRY What?

SHARON If we was engaged. Oo, look at that bird up there. Innit unusual. What is it?

TERRY A seagull.

SHARON Oh.

TERRY You look beautiful like that.

SHARON Ha.

TERRY You always look beautiful.

SHARON I'll bet you say that to all the girls.

TERRY No. no, you are. Really beautiful. Not just pretty, but beautiful.

SHARON So are you.

TERRY Ah, come on, you're just being silly.

SHARON No, I'm not. I mean you're not handsome or anything, but but you are beautiful. I mean your character.

TERRY I'm not.

SHARON You are.

TERRY Attractive.

SHARON What?

TERRY That's what I am. Attractive. No more. I mean some people have got it, and some haven't. Let's sit over here.

SHARON Oh.

TERRY There's nothing in that. We gotta sit somewhere, 'less you're thinking of walking all day.

He sits.

She sits away from him.

Over here.

SHARON No.

TERRY Don't be mean.

SHARON No.

TERRY Go on.

SHARON No.

TERRY They'll be here soon.

SHARON Well, you'd better come here then or you'll be too late.

He scuttles over and, horizontal, they kiss again.

She has her legs crossed.

He hooks his toe under her foot, gently lifts it and places it so that her legs are apart. He gets one knee in between hers and rolls on top of her.

During this the MAN appears and groans with pleasure.

SHARON allows this for a moment then decides **TERRY's** time is up.

She knees him. He gasps and breaks away.

TERRY Oooh. What d'you do that for?

SHARON You know what for.

TERRY You've made my eyes water.

SHARON You should control yourself.

TERRY I'm only human.

SHARON So was Jack the Ripper.

TERRY Coh, Sharon. You'n half mean with it.

SHARON I'm looking for a long-term emotional commitment within the context of a caring relationship and all you do is try to screw me all the time. Why don't you try talking to me for a change?

TERRY I do talk to you. I talked to you last night. For hours. I nearly lost me voice shouting against the waves. You fell asleep.

SHARON 's the sea air. You soon woke me up though, din ya. Blinking hands everywhere.

TERRY You gonna come down the Lobster Pot disco again tonight?

SHARON Dunno.

TERRY Oh, go on.

SHARON I'll see.

TERRY Don't then, I don't care. *(He rolls over away from her)*

SHARON They got an old Elvis film on down the Rex in Padstow.

TERRY He's a twat.

SHARON Oo, may your tongue drop out. You shouldn't speak ill of the dead.

TERRY I'm gonna watch *One Man and His Dog* on telly then I'm going down the Lobster Pot. You can take your rotten, smelly boobs and wave 'em at Elvis and I hope he waves something back.

She is outraged.

SHARON Terry Rees. You dirty devil!

GLYNIS SPICER *enters and sees SHARON and TERRY.*

GLYNIS Oh, there you are, little love birds. Found you at last. Oo, what a drag through them sand dunes, like walking on cornflakes. It's wrecked my new wedge heels. **(GLYNIS waves and calls off)** Whoo-oo. They're over 'ere.

There is an incoherent, agonised female shout in answer.

Yes, over 'ere.

More noise from the female off which continues as GLYNIS shouts.

Come on. 's lovely over here. Lovely little hollow. *(To TERRY and SHARON)* Lovely here innit? *(Archly)* You found yourself a nice sheltered little place, didn't you? *(To SHARON)* Can't trust you out of my sight, can I? *(To TERRY)* Dunno what it is about you, Terry, but ever since you came along she's been a changed girl. Sort of – awakened. Just as well I can trust you innit?

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