

The Golden Years

a short comedy

with seniors

by John Schall

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The Golden Years

Announcer *(From Behind the curtain trying to find the opening---shaking the curtains)* Marty. I'm on and I can't get out! Open the curtain a little bit

Marty: Okay, but that wasn't in my play book!

Announcer: Wheew! Good evening and welcome to "**A Day at The Center.**" First off, I need to give a disclaimer that any similarity to anyone living or dead in this play is purely coincidental. It's about seniors, and the goofy things we occasionally do. At our age we've learned to laugh at what the years have brought about. We've all had that moment when we've gone into a room to get something and then stand around wondering what it is we're looking for. We have cupboards full of pills to make us go, and when we can't stop going we have a pill to stop. We have pills for blood pressure, cholesterol, prostate, diabetes, yes and we even have that little blue pill for---well you know. We—

Announcer: *(pauses as Hillbilly walks slowly onto stage left, looks around and then exits right--no dialog)* We watch TV together and think this could be our lucky night and so we head for the bed room, then go back to turn off the TV. By the time we get back to the bed room we've forgotten why we didn't watch the ending of the show. How many of us go looking for our glasses until someone tells us we're wearing them. We've lost the hair on our heads and find it has taken root in our ears, eyebrows, and nose. We have unexpected utterances from our bodies at the most inopportune times! But we are proud to have made it this far---we are seniors and this is one day of our story!

As scene opens the director and 2 volunteers, enter right. Volunteers (**Violet and Stella**) seats themselves behind desk as director (**Mildred**) continues toward door left.

Mildred: I'll be in my office if you need me. I need a cup of coffee. *(exits left.)*

Three women **Darlene, Maggie, Belinda** and two men, **Clarence, Herman**, enter right and seat themselves at the tables. Men tap deck of cards on table)

Clarence: Well what will it be Herman, Euchar or Pinochle?

Herman: Clarence, you know we always play Euchar on Tuesday. *(looks puzzled and scratches head)*---or was that on Monday we played it?

Clarence: Must be on Tuesday because we didn't play it yesterday. Isn't today Tuesday or is it. I don't know. I'd check my watch but my 5 year- old grandson hasn't been around to set it for me.

Herman: Let's just wait til Norman or Eustus gets here. One of em'll remember. I'm going to get a cup of coffee---want one? (

Clarence: No. I think maybe I had one before I came here. I'll just wait here for Norman. *(Herman gets up, takes a couple of steps and stops as director rushes in. Sits back down)*

Mildred: *(Rushes in)* The coffee fund money is missing again! Somebody stole the coffee fund money! Call the police. Stella, hurry! Call the police!

Stella: It's okay, it's okay. Just calm down! I'll check on it.

Mildred: You don't need to check on it, I know it's gone. I watched Velma take out 4 ones from the can, put in a five and get a cup of coffee yesterday. I even went over and took out the five and-----oh my!
Hurries from the room.

Stella: Do you ever get the feeling that Mildred just might be losing it?

Violet: I guess she may be shy a few brain cells but she has enough left to run a place like this.

Eustus: Well hi you all! Oops, sorry can't talk; those beans I ate last night are acting up. I need to use the rest room. Be right back. *(Exits left)*

Violet: *(tosses him a can of deodorizer before he rushes out and says)* Use this when you leave.

Stella: You know what this means. Got to call Wilbur at the maintenance office. He's gonna love this. *(picks up the phone and calls Wilbur. Phone rings in audience. Wilbur answers.)*

Wilbur: Maintenance office. This is Wilbur

Stella: Wilbur, this is Stella at the Center. We've got a plumbing problem. Eustus just headed to the restroom and *(interrupted by Wilbur.)*

Wilbur: No need to explain. I know, I know, I'll be right over.

(Director enters left waving a five- dollar bill)

Mildred: I just remembered. I took the money and put it in my desk drawer just to be safe. **Well!** You do know it **has** been taken before.

Violet: *(laughing)* Well, maybe you should check your desk more often.

Mildred: Humph *(exits left):*

Maggie: *(To Darlene)* You see Herman over there. You know he's never been married--but I hear he dates around a lot.

Belinda: *(lowers voice)* Well, I've talked to Wynoa Crafty and she said he suffers from E D!

Darlene: Humph, I've never heard of that. What is it; some kind of Environmentally caused Dementia? *(Maggie looks shocked at the reply and starts to explain).*

Maggie: It's when-----*(interrupted by Belinda)*

Belinda: Don't say it! Just don't say it! We shouldn't be discussing things like this in public. Besides he might hear us. Well, anyhow I'd certainly like to know how Wynona found out about that. Of course I hear she's a little on the---well you can guess.

Clarence: *(Elbows Herman in the side).* You see how that Maggie's been giving you the eye there Herman? You sly devil you. Tell me. What's with you and her?

Herman: There's nothing between us. Besides, she's a bit high faulting. See all those fancy clothes she's wearing. Now why would anyone get all dressed up to come in here? Well anyhow, she looks really good.

Clarence: Good enough to ask for a date?

Herman: Yeah, I think I'll go over and talk to her. Maybe even ask her for a date! *(Walks to table and sits down)* Hi, Maggie I, ah, I'd like to ask you, ah. What medical provider do you have?

Maggie: You came over here to ask me about my medical coverage?

Herman: Well, ah, no. I'd like to ask you to have lunch with me.

Maggie: Well, I, I'm not sure. As you can see, I take care of my figure. I'm very particular about what I eat. Anyhow, where have you got in mind?

Herman: Well, ah, I thought we could just slip back to the dining room and eat here at the Center.

Maggie: What! You're asking me out to have lunch with you and you're going to walk me back to the dining room to eat that---(*interrupted by Herman*)

Herman: (*Excitedly*) Well, they are having Mac and Cheese, and you know that's a favorite around here. I can't wait to dig into that Apple, whatever you call it, desert.

Maggie: Well, let me think about it. I'll let you know. (*Herman goes back to seat*)

Belinda: What's the matter with you Maggie? Can't you tell when someone is hitting on you? You better jump on board while the getting is good. Just look around at what you have to choose from.

Maggie: Humph: I think I'm worth more than a dollar and quarter lunch at the Center. (*Darlene and Belinda look at one another and roll their eyes*)

Darlene: (*to Maggie*) You need to remember the pickins get less and less the older we get and you aren't exactly in the prime of life. Whoa, look who just walked back in. (*Eustus enters left*) Now there is a man.

Herman: (*Who had been ease dropping*) Well, you know what they say. "Getting old is just like a roll of toilet paper. The closer you get to the end the faster it goes!"

Belinda: (*thumbing toward Herman*) He's right you know. And whoa, look who just came back in. I hear he comes with a toilet plunger. (*Ladies all laugh*)

Eustus: Whee, you! Men, that was close. Anyhow, deal em' up. I'm ready for a game of Pinochle. Where's Norman. We got to have him to play Euchar—I mean Pinochle.

Clarence: No it's Euchar day. We always play Pinochle on Monday!

Herman: You're both wrong. Now I am confused. We'll wait til Norman gets here. He'll remember.

Norman (*enters right*) Sorry I'm late but I'm glad that's over. I had to have my physical. Wasn't too bad til the doc said, "Assume the position," and I heard them rubber gloves snap. Then he says I have the prostate of a 30 year- old. Tell me why the devil a 90 year- man needs the prostate of a 30 year-old. (*sits down at the card table and sniffs several times*) What's that smell?

Wilbur: (*enters right holding a plunger and wearing a dusk mask. Goes to desk*) You can all relax. Wilbur is on the job! If I'm not out in ten minutes, call 911. Goodbye! I'm going in.

Goldie: (*bus driver, waving arms and flustered, enters right*). I'll never go back there! Never, never again! I need to see Mildred right now!

Mildred: (*Enters left*) What in the world is all the commotion about?

Goldie: I went to pick up Homer Spickler and he came to the door half dressed. I saw his----I saw---IT! (*women behind desk gasp and then giggle*)

Mildred: What do you mean, you saw---IT?

Goldie: His IT! I saw his, you know, his IT!

Mildred: Are you sure it was his---IT.

Goldie: Well, I've seen enough of those to know what an IT looks like.

Mildred: Don't worry, Goldie, I'll make a note to send a male driver the next time.

Goldie: I would hope so. No one should have to look at that, old----well you know what I mean. (*Mildred exits left, Goldie sits at ladies table. Phone rings, Violet answers*)

Hillbilly: (*enters left, walks slowly across stage and exits right as Violet talks and stares at him--as does everyone.*)

Violet: Good morning. This is The Center. Can I help you?

Wanda: (*seated in the audience*) This is Wanda Dupree. I'm at home waiting for the bus. I'd like to know just when that driver is going to pick me up?

Violet: I'm checking the list and I don't see your name on it.

Wanda: Well, that's odd. I called yesterday and ask to be on the list for Wednesday's trip with the Lunch Bunch.

Violet: I'm sorry Wanda but you are not on any list for today. Besides, today is Tuesday. I see you are on the list for tomorrow's Lunch Bunch.

Wanda: Well anyhow, now that I'm all dressed up, can the driver take me to Wal-Mart?

Violet: Goldie! Can you pick up Wanda Dupree and take her to Wal-Mart?

Goldie: Do you know how often she has done this? But yes (*disgusted*) I'll go pick her up! At least **she'll** be dressed.

Maggie: Since you mentioned "IT" that reminds me. I think I'll go talk to Herman. (*walks over to men's table*) Herman, I'd be happy to eat lunch with you---anywhere.

Wynona: (*Enters right, looks around and walks over to Herman*) Well hi Herman. Remember we have a lunch date for today. Got any place in mind? I'm up for some Italian. How about you?

Herman: I, well you see I think I might have forgot. I, I thought today was Tuesday and our date was for Monday. That was yesterday, I think. I don't remember. (*pulls out hanky and mops forehead as ladies stand and glare at one another*)

Maggie: (*To Wynona*) Just what do you mean you have a date with Herman? (*turns to Herman*) Herman! Is this true?

Clarence and Norman: (*get up and head for the door right*) If you all will excuse us we'll be on our way to eat lunch. Catch you later Herman.

Eustus: (*stays seated smiling and shaking head*) Well, well. This I gotta hang around and see!

Wynona: (*says to Maggie*) He has a date with you? Humph. (*turns to Herman*) What has she got that I haven't got a lot more of.

Herman: I don't know. Haven't got around to that yet. Hey fellows! Wait for me! (*hurries after buddies*)

Wynona: (*hurries after Herman*) Herman! Herman, don't leave without me! I'm sorry. Wait for me at Wendy's!

Goldie: Well, I guess I'd better be on my way before Wanda calls and changes her mind. (*phone rings. Stella answers as Goldie exits right*)

Stella: This is Stella at the Center. May I help you?

Wanda: This is Wanda Dupree. Is the bus driver having a problem finding my home? I want to go to Wal-Mart. **Humph!** You should furnish your drivers with maps of the city so they don't keep a body waiting.

Stella: The driver is on her way. Please try and be patient. *(pauses shakes head and looks disgusted)* She hung up on me!

Violet: Oh yeah, that's Wanda all right. She's just getting old. Hey, just look at the clock. It's lunch time.

Belinda: I can't believe it's that time already. Let's all head back to the dining room and grab our table before that Rhonda Burger and her bunch get it.

Darlene: As soon as we finish we need to get back to the rec room for the meeting so we can get a decent chair.

Belinda: Yeah, you're right. Those steel ones make my hinny hurt, especially when the speaker goes on and on and on.

Darlene: Just like that last guy that talked about book writing. He just went on and on right into our Bingo time. I felt like getting up and walking out.

Maggie: You're right Darlene. Some of them just can't tell time. I kept thinking, B 1, B 1. You know, **Be** gone, it's **One** o'clock! It was 4 minutes after one before he closed.

Belinda: Remember the fellow that came and talked about "Memory Gardens." I had to laugh to myself, wondering who was in there trying to remember why I'm here.

Maggie: We've had some really uplifting speakers for sure. Like the one that talked about planning our funerals. With all the medical problems we have it made me feel like I was at death's door and the doctors were going to pull me through.

Eustus: *(gets up and heads for the door left)* Got to go get those two mouth-watering sandwiches I've been saving for lunch

Darlene: I'd hate to be in charge of finding entertainment for this group. No matter who we have somebody is going to complain. But then, we're not going to get an Elvis for what we pay.

Belinda: Besides, Elvis is dead.

Maggie: No he is not! I just read in that "The Truth" magazine where he's alive and living on an island in the Pacific.

Darlene: Well, dead or alive we can't afford him. *(Eustus returns)*