ArtAge supplies books, plays, and materials to older performers around the world. Directors and actors have come to rely on our 32 years of experience in the field to help them find useful materials and information that makes their productions stimulating, fun, and entertaining.

ArtAge’s unique program has been featured in *Time Magazine*, *Modern Maturity*, on CNN, NBC, and in many other media sources.

ArtAge is more than a catalog. We also supply information, news, and trends on our top-rated website, www.seniortheatre.com. We stay in touch with the field with our very popular enewsletter, *Senior Theatre Online*. Our President, Bonnie Vorenberg, is asked to speak at conferences and present workshops that supplement her writing and consulting efforts. We’re here to help you be successful in Senior Theatre!

**We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!**

**ArtAge Publications**  
Bonnie L. Vorenberg, President  
PO Box 19955  
Portland OR 97280  
503-246-3000 or 800-858-4998  
bonniev@seniortheatre.com  
www.seniortheatre.com
NOTICE

Copyright: This play is fully protected under the Copyright Laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth of Nations, including Canada, and all countries of the Berne and Universal Copyright Convention.

The printed text is offered for sale at the price quoted, with the understanding that if any additional copies are needed for production, they will be purchased from the publisher.

The purchase of this play as an e-script entitles the purchaser the right to make photocopies for your cast. Sharing of the material with other organizations or persons is prohibited. This play may not be reproduced in any other form without the written permission of the publisher. Please include the copyright statement on each copy made. The laws of the United States are specific regarding the piracy of copyrighted materials.

Royalty: The writing of plays is a means of livelihood. Unlawful use of a playwright’s work deprives the creator of his or her rightful income. The play is subject to royalty payment for professional and amateur performances. This includes readings, cuttings, scenes and excerpts, whether admission fee is charged or not.

The royalty for amateur productions of Chatterton Country Club is $20 for each play in the series or $40 for all three plays, payable two weeks prior to your production. Insert in your programs:

“Performed with special permission from ArtAge Publications’ Senior Theatre Resource Center at www.seniortheatre.com, 800-858-4998."

Contact ArtAge Publications for information about royalty for professional productions, permission to videotape, or additional questions. Royalty fees are subject to change.
FREE VIEW
THIS IS COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL

IT’S YOUR MOVE

By

Annette Tringham

CAST

JOE

BOB

(Lights up on a lounge in the clubhouse of Chatterton Country Club, a 55+ retirement community. Joe and Bob are seated at a table playing checkers. Bob is wearing a golf shirt and Bermuda shorts, held up by suspenders. He wears sandals and black knee-length socks (also held up by suspenders). Joe wears a golf shirt and khaki pants. They are fixed on their game.)

JOE: King me.

BOB: Huh?

JOE: KING ME. RIGHT THERE. I’M A KING. Put the thing on the... thingy there.

BOB: Uh huh.

JOE: Why aren’t we in the community room today?

BOB: Huh?

JOE: WHY AREN’T WE IN THE COMMUNITY ROOM TODAY? We always play in the community room on Wednesday. Why do we have to sit in the lounge?

BOB: They’re having a macramé class in there today.
JOE: Buncha crap. Why don’t they have a fishing tackle demonstration or something a little more interesting? People might get more involved.

BOB: I’d go for that.

(They play in silence for a moment.)

JOE: Hey Bob, did you hear? Stan Lubcoe says he shot his age last Friday.

BOB: Oh yeah?

JOE: Says he shot an 83. Wonder what he got on the BACK nine. (He laughs hystically.)

BOB: Huh?

JOE: I SAID I WONDER WHAT HE... Oh never mind. I think he’s full of crap.

BOB: You don’t think he shot an 83?

JOE: No, I mean I don’t think he IS 83. Even with that bad dye job and ridiculous comb-over, he doesn’t look a day under 90.

BOB: I thought he wore a rug.

JOE: What are ya, kidding me? I’ve seen better hair on a coconut. (muttering.) Lying about his age – at HIS age, now that’s a helluva thing.

BOB: Either way, 83 is a great score.

JOE: Aaaaaaa! Forget it.

(They play in silence a while.)

JOE: So did your doctor finally put you on that stuff?

BOB: Huh?
FREE VIEW
THIS IS COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL
WITH FRIENDS LIKE YOU

By
Annette Tringham

CAST

ARLENE
MARGARET

(Lights up on an exercise room in the clubhouse of Chatterton Country Club, a 55+ retirement community. There are two workout benches at center, an exercise chart on the upstage back wall, and some random equipment (i.e. hand weights, yoga balls, etc.) strewn about on the floor. Margaret dressed in flamboyant workout gear from head to toe stands near the benches arranging her mat, unpacking her gym bag, warming up, etc. Arlene wears a leotard and tights or sweatpants. She has a towel draped around her neck and wears a lot of expensive jewelry.)

ARLENE: (scrutinizing herself from all angles.) Does this outfit make me look fat?

MARGARET: (looks her up and down.) You’re kidding right?

ARLENE: What!

MARGARET: Honey, you ARE fat. That’s why we’re here.

ARLENE: No, I’m just trying to get in shape, that’s all.

MARGARET: Yeah right. Me too. Any shape but round.

ARLENE: (pinching her “spare tire”) It’s mostly water weight. Thanks a lot.

MARGARET: Honey, if your best friend won’t tell you, who will?
ARLENE: So who’s leading class today?

MARGARET: Gail Martin. That’s why we’re late getting started. She needs to either take a sleeping pill OR a laxative before bed, but not both.

ARLENE: *(stares out front, appearing to see someone.)* Would ya just look at her. LOOK at her.

MARGARET: Who?

ARLENE: Helen Lubcoe.

MARGARET: Where?

ARLENE: Third row in the pink spandex. WAIT! Don’t look. She’s looking over here. *(they try to act busy.)* Okay NOW look.

MARGARET: What am I looking at?

ARLENE: I think she had her eyes done.

MARGARET: How can you tell from back here?

ARLENE: Judy Crayton told me.

MARGARET: When did you start hanging out with Judy Crayton?

ARLENE: I don’t hang out with her, I just know her from Glee Club. Did you know she’s a tenor?

MARGARET: No, but I know she’s a busy-body, always on her high horse about something. You should keep your distance. No one likes her you know.

ARLENE: Really? She seems kind of nice to me.
FREE VIEW
THIS IS COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL

IF YOU CAN’T BEAT ‘EM

By

Annette Tringham

CAST

MAVIS DUNCAN
JUDY CRAYON
GRETCHEN TAYLOR
WINNY MASTERS
JOE
BOB

(A meeting room in the clubhouse of Chatterton Country Club, a 55+ retirement community. There are a table and two chairs stage right. On the table are a crock pot and several colorful tumblers. Judy enters from stage right with another chair and a shopping bag over her arm. She sets her bag and chair down left center stage, and then brings the other chairs over as well; singing “Old Man River” in a low key as she works. After a moment, Mavis enters from stage right carrying a jar of salsa and a bag of chips. Both ladies are wearing Hawaiian outfits.)

MAVIS: Hi Judy, where do you want the chips and salsa?

JUDY: Mavis! The theme of this meeting is tropical dear, not Mexican.

MAVIS: Well what did you bring?

JUDY: Hawaiian meatballs. (she points to the crock pot.)

MAVIS: What’s the difference between Hawaiian meatballs and Italian meatballs or Swedish meatballs or… just MEATBALL meatballs?
JUDY: They have pineapple in them.

MAVIS: (makes a face.) Eeww. (she opens the chips and starts munching.) So what is this “secret” meeting about anyway? Your e-mail just said you were starting a new club.

JUDY: It also said “Tropical theme – bring an appropriate dish”. You bring chips and salsa to every potluck there is because you’re cheap. How are they tropical?

MAVIS: (shows her the label on the salsa.) It’s mango salsa and as everyone knows, mangos are a tropical fruit. And I’m NOT cheap, I’m… on a budget.

JUDY: (exasperated.) Oh never mind.

MAVIS: You still didn’t answer my question. What’s the meeting about?

JUDY: The obvious need for tighter rule enforcement around here. But hold your horses, I want to wait ‘til the others arrive to go into detail.

MAVIS: Who else did you invite?

JUDY: Well, Claire Fitzpatrick, but she can’t make it. Club Thespian is having auditions for their production of “12 Angry Women” this afternoon and she’s the director. It’s too bad they can’t get more men in their group.

MAVIS: Did you see their last play? It was called... oh what was the name of it...? Anyway, I liked it a lot, but I heard Sally Fishbeck sent them a letter for saying “damn” in it three times. If she was so offended why didn’t she leave after the first damn? Dammit, what was the name of that play?

JUDY: She’s so close-minded.

MAVIS: No, that wasn’t it.

JUDY: I mean Sally Fishbeck.

FREE VIEW
THIS IS COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL
Now buy the entire show—such fun!