

Lifeguard on Duty

George Sauer





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LIFEGUARD ON DUTY

by

George Sauer

Freeview

CAST

GEORGE: A fit elderly man, retired.

PAUL: His friend. Also fit, elderly and retired.

Place

A lifeguard station.

Time

The present. A beautiful summer day.

Production Note

The lifeguard station can be represented simply by two folding chairs at stage Center. If desired and budget allows, the chairs could be on a platform.

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Setting: *A beach.*

At Rise: Lights come up on PAUL and GEORGE who sit in lifeguard chairs. They wear proper attire for lifeguards on duty.

GEORGE: What a day! What a glorious day! Not a cloud in the sky. A dome of azure blue—

PAUL: What the hell is that?

GEORGE: What?

PAUL: That fruity word. Azure.

GEORGE: Come on. You know what azure is.

PAUL: Remind me. I may be having a senior moment.

GEORGE: It means...blue.

PAUL: Blue? Why the hell didn't you say that then?

GEORGE: I did.

PAUL: No. You said, "a dome of azure blue." Which would mean a dome of blue, blue. Which is redundant. Right? The problem is you don't think I listen.

GEORGE: A dome of...resplendent blue. Like we were sealed shut in a sky blue Tupperware container. And God just burped the lid. The sand, of course, being the lid.

PAUL: If I have to listen to crap like that all day long, I'm going back into retirement.

GEORGE: Ah, lighten-up. This job is a God-send.

PAUL: No job is a God-send. At least no job I ever had.

GEORGE: This is God's attempt to make it all up to you. Imagine, being lifeguards at our age. Who would have thought?

PAUL: What's the mystery? They can't hire kids at these wages. When the college kids get here for the summer, they want the jobs with the big tips.

GEORGE: Yes. It's a sad comment on today's youth. Why when we were young, who cared what the pay was. We would have worked for nothing to be up here in our bright red trunks. Our tanned, toned bodies the envy of every scrawny kid. Lusted after by every pubescent sand nymph on the beach.

PAUL: The only looks we're getting are ones of disbelief.

GEORGE: Ah, don't be so paranoid.

PAUL: You heard that woman tell her kid not to go in swimming until the real lifeguards come on duty.

GEORGE: We simply need to gain our public's trust. We need to assure everyone in our charge that we are up to the task.

PAUL: What do you suggest? I swim out, fake a cramp, get in trouble, then you save me?

GEORGE: That would make me look good. But it wouldn't do much for your image.

PAUL: Image! That's a laugh. I'll just take a nap up here until someone in authority comes to his senses and fires us.

GEORGE: I'll have none of that. No sleeping on my watch.

PAUL: But I get groggy out here in the sun.

GEORGE: Then what we need are a few exercises.

PAUL: What!

GEORGE: Yes. We should start our session with calisthenics. (*demonstrates*) Torso twists and deep knee bends.

PAUL: Calisthenics! Where does it say we're supposed to do calisthenics? I'm not doing anything more than what I get paid for. If someone is in trouble in the water, I'll try to save them. That's it. Period!

GEORGE: That's a sad comment on the work ethics of senior citizens.

PAUL: Of senior citizens? We don't have work ethics. We're nearly dead!

GEORGE: You start talking like that and before you know it you're in the nursing home waiting for some nurse's aide to give you a tubby.

PAUL: A tubby? What are you talking about?

GEORGE: It's what they call getting a bath. Getting in the tub. Going for a 'tubby' in nursing-home-speak.

PAUL: And a nurse's aide does this to you?

GEORGE: They're not going to trust you to do it on your own.

PAUL: (*dreamily*) Let me see. A young girl, fresh from nursing school, presumably in a starched white uniform, gives you your tubby. Scrubbing you down with a rough loofah sponge. Over all your dirty spots. Something to look forward to. In fact, I think I may be getting excited right now.

GEORGE: Will you give it a rest?

PAUL: Ah, there you go. You've ruined the moment. Not likely to happen again anytime soon. So we've talked about sex. What's next? Religion?

GEORGE: What's next is getting back to what we're paid for. Guarding the beach.

PAUL: Okay. Point taken. (*stands*) Let's see, someone must be acting-up. Breaking a rule. Endangering his welfare. Ah, yes! (*blows whistle, shouts*) Hey, hot-dog! Yes, you! Don't pretend you can't hear me. Come-in a little closer! (*to GEORGE*) How's that?

GEORGE: I don't think the term "hot-dog" is used anymore. Especially—

PAUL: He knows I'm talking to him.

GEORGE: Especially when you're addressing a rock!

PAUL: What are you talking about? Look at him splashing around out there.

GEORGE: Those are waves hitting a rock.

PAUL: A rock! You are really losing it.

GEORGE: I'm losing it? Put on your glasses, before someone comes after you with a net.

PAUL: (*putting on glasses*) You're the one they'll be coming after...Oh, jiminy! It is a rock!

GEORGE: And, I might point out one, that doesn't even look very life-like.

PAUL: Do you think anyone noticed?

GEORGE: No, I think you're okay.

PAUL: How about that teen-ager over there?

GEORGE: With the pink hair? I think she talks to rocks, too.

PAUL: That was close. You're wrong about one thing though. I don't think they come after you with a net anymore.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!