

The Great GG Gang

Linda L. Rand





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THE GREAT GG GANG

By

Linda L. Rand

CAST

SUE: Female 65+ Ingenious, intelligent, cautious woman with a plan and a purpose

HAL: Male 65+ Adventurous male with a sense of humor and ready for a new relationship, no matter the risk

Place:

An outdoor park in NYC

Time:

Present day. Late morning

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Setting: *A solitary bench in the park*

At Rise: *Sue sits alone. She wears sunglasses and a Hawaiian lei. After a moment, Hal enters. He wears a cowboy hat and has a pipe in his mouth. He, too, sits on the bench. They sneak a peek at each other. And then look away.*

HAL: Glad it stopped raining.

SUE: Yes.

HAL: Dampness ruins my joints.

SUE: It can.

(He gives her a sidelong glance.)

HAL: How about those Ducks?

SUE: *(looking around)* Where?

HAL: California.

SUE: They like warm weather.

HAL: Hockey.

SUE: Hockey? Why would somebody call hockey players ducks? Ducks don't like ice.

(He points with his pipe.)

HAL: Nice lei.

SUE: Thank you. Nice pipe. Reminds me of...*Carey Grant*.

HAL: Carey...Grant. (*looking at his pipe intently*) Yes.

SUE: Glad you liked my...*lei*.

HAL: Don't see a lot of lei's in Central Park in January.

SUE: Unless....

HAL: Yes?

SUE: (*points to his cowboy hat*) You like horses?

HAL: Scared to death of them.

SUE: (*taken aback*) Then...

HAL: You asked for it. Didn't you?

SUE: (*looking around*) Shhhh.

HAL: Look. It has to be you. And I'm *him*. I did what you asked, and you got that stupid thing around your neck. Come on now.

SUE: Okay. Okay.

HAL: So. I'm here. What did you have in mind?

SUE: I thought you had enough clues with what I posted on Geri-Greets.com.

HAL: Mysterious male who likes to go to the firing range and can hit his mark. Yes. I guess that should have cleared it all up.

SUE: I couldn't be too specific until...

HAL: Yes.

SUE: Until I knew you were what I was looking for.

HAL: And?

SUE: You own a gun?

HAL: No. At my age I'm afraid I'd shoot myself in the mirror thinking a burglar broke in if I heard a noise in the middle of the night. I rent one at the shooting range. I go every six months to practice.

SUE: Oh. That won't work then.

HAL: I can turn this around (*takes pipe and reverses his hold of it to look like a gun*). It looks real in my pocket. See? (*cowboy style delivery*) Hands up, pardner!

SUE: Not the same.

HAL: You only asked if I could hit my mark. I can. It may take a few rounds and an arm support.

SUE: No. This is not acceptable.

HAL: That's all you want in a man? I'm good in bed. After I get warmed up, of course.

SUE: I'm not looking for a lover!

HAL: Then why the subtle innuendo about getting laid? The masquerade? I thought this was the test prior to the foreplay.

SUE: It's not always about sex! I meant *lei*. I never once said laid! I know how to spell. Honestly! Is that all you men think about?

HAL: Well...now that you asked...the nights get a bit lonely—

SUE: Damn. I'm screwed.

HAL: Well....not really. Not yet. But I'm willing—

SUE: Shut it up, buster!

HAL: Hal. My name is Hal.

End of FreeView—Now buy the entire show. So nice!