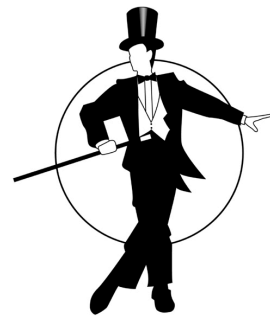


It's Hell Gettin' Old

Harry Stutt



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It's Hell Gettin' Old

by

Harry Stutt

Cast

BILLY: Hard of hearing.

CHARLIE: Normal, whatever that is.

FREDDY: Can't remember what day it is.

Place

A park bench on a sunny, warm day. Three old codgers gather here every day; the conversation seldom changes. They all have canes.

(CHARLIE and FREDDY sit, enjoying the warm sun. BILLY, with cane, comes hobbling up to them and sits.)

BILLY: What's y'all gabbin' about, boys?

CHARLIE: We was remembering the good old days...when we was young'ens.

FREDDY: We was?

CHARLIE: Damn, Freddy, cain't you remember anything?

BILLY: Hey, whaja say?

CHARLIE: I said, "Old Freddy here cain't remember a thing."

BILLY: Ding? Old Doc Green got a good one on his brand new car 'tother day. Went up to see Miss Hammer and afore he opened the door, one of her goats butted his car and put a big ding in the door. He's madder than hell about it, too.

FREDDY: What was Doc mad about? Who's Miss Hammer?

CHARLIE: Geez, Freddy--Miss Hammer has goats. Don you 'member anything?

FREDDY: Oh, yeah. Now I remember. Goats?

(The three sit and enjoy the sun for a moment.)

BILLY: What ya say?

CHARLIE: Didn't say nothing. That was just Freddy a-fartin'.

BILLY: Red Martin? Remember him, Charlie? The time we were swimmin' down at the old railroad bridge? Red climbs up top of the bridge and jumps in the river and...

CHARLIE: Yeah, I remember. Red jumps in and lands on poor old Freddy. That's 'bout the time Freddy started to lose his mind.

BILLY: Hey, whad he say?

CHARLIE: Said Freddy lost his mind.

BILLY: Too bad. If'n he still had it, what with the price of coal, Freddy, you'd be a rich man.

CHARLIE: *(Exasperated)* Oh, geez...here we go again.

FREDDY: Where we goin', Charlie?

CHARLIE: *(Muttering under his breath)* It's hell getting old.

Now buy the entire play! Such fun!
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