ArtAge supplies books, plays, and materials to older performers around the world. Directors and actors have come to rely on our 30+ 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 Wall Street Journal, LA Times, Chicago Tribune, American Theatre, 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 e-newsletter, 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!

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CHATTERTON COUNTRY CLUB

by

Annette Tringham

THE PLAYS

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IF YOU CAN’T BEAT ‘EM Page 26

Each play is suitable to be performed independently of the others or you can perform them together as one show.

IT’S YOUR MOVE

CAST

JOE
BOB

At Rise: 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.

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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 hysterically)

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?

JOE: THAT STUFF! THAT STUFF FOR YOUR BLADDER. DID YOUR DOCTOR PUT YOU ON THAT?

BOB: Oh yeah.

JOE: So how’s it working?

BOB: Oh pretty good. I only have to get up twice a night now, but I pee like a racehorse.

JOE: I don’t go for all those drugs. You ever see the commercials?

BOB: Uh huh.

JOE: Every night during Jeopardy, there must be twenty commercials for some kind of drug. Half the time you don’t even know what they’re for. Someone pops a pill and the next thing you know, they’re sitting in a bathtub on a mountain top. What’s that supposed to mean? Pile of crap if you ask me. Drug companies – a bunch of crooks.

BOB: Your move.

JOE: No, I just moved this one here.

BOB: Huh?

JOE: THERE. RIGHT THERE. I JUST MOVED THIS ONE. IT WAS HERE AND I MOVED IT THERE.

BOB: Okay.
JOE: One time I saw this commercial for a drug and it says “Ask your doctor if this is right for you.” So I asked my doctor, you know what he said?

BOB: Nah.

JOE: He said if I grew a set of ovaries and started having hot flashes he’d write me a prescription. Now THAT’s a helluva thing. No I’m never taking any drugs.

BOB: Well Joe, wait til you get to be my age.

JOE: You’re only three years older than me.

BOB: At our age, three years is a lot. That’s like dog years. Just wait, you’ll see.

JOE: I don’t care. The side effects are worse than the problem.

BOB: Uh huh.

JOE: At the end of those commercials, they always say things like, “could cause brain damage, bleeding ulcers, kidney failure and in rare instances, your eyeballs fall out.” I mean, jeez, I’d rather just have to pee a lot.

BOB: Yeah, well the side effects of getting old are no day at the funhouse either. There should be a warning label for THAT. “Could cause incontinence, spontaneous growth of nasal hair and common occurrences include uncontrollable flatulence and generalized crankiness.”

JOE: I’m still not taking drugs.

BOB: Okay.

(They play in silence for a while)

JOE: Did you hear Frank Taylor died?

BOB: Who?

JOE: Frank Taylor.

BOB: I don’t know him.

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JOE: Sure you do. He lives over on Blossom Avenue.

BOB: No, I don’t know him.

JOE: The big two-story with the koi pond in front.

BOB: Nope.

JOE: Right in the cul-de-sac there.

BOB: I said I don’t know him!

JOE: You do too. We played in a foursome with him and Jack Rayburn last winter.

BOB: What’s he look like?

JOE: He’s got white hair and glasses.

BOB: Oh THAT guy.

JOE: See, I KNEW you know him.

BOB: No I don’t.

JOE: Then what are you talking about?

BOB: You just described every guy who lives in this place, including me. I was being sarcastic. Don’t you even know sarcasm when you hear it?

JOE: Alright Mr. McFunny Pants. He’s the guy with the custom-made golf cart. Looks like a woody station wagon. Remember him now?

BOB: Nope.

JOE: Aaaahhhhhh! Forget it.

**END OF FREEVIEW**

You’ll want to read and perform this show!

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