

Chatterton Country Club

Annette Tringham





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CHATTERTON COUNTRY CLUB

by

Annette Tringham

THE PLAYS

IT'S YOUR MOVE

WITH FRIENDS LIKE YOU

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM

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.

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: Aaaahhhh! Forget it.

END OF FREEVIEW of this play

You'll want to read the others and perform this show!

WITH FRIENDS LIKE YOU

CAST

ARLENE
MARGARET

Setting: Lights up on an exercise room in the clubhouse of Chatterton Country Club. 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.

At Rise: 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.

MARGARET: *(doing arm circles)* Well, Betty told me that Karen Ames saw LaRue Hines at the spa last week and LaRue told her that Connie Williams heard from Debbie Lewis that Becky Stein and Sally Fishbeck kicked Judy out of their book club.

ARLENE: Why?

MARGARET: Because she's such a gossip. Ooooooooooww!

ARLENE: What is it?

MARGARET: *(rubs her calf muscle)* Cramp.

ARLENE: Walk it off. Walk it off. Oh there's Gwen. *(she appears to notice someone offstage right and obnoxiously tries to get her attention by waving her towel and jumping up and down)* YoooHoooo. Gwennn!...over here. Woooooo hooooo!!!! *(then, covering for the fact she was ignored)* Hmm. Well I guess she didn't see me. How's your leg?

MARGARET: Think I need to stretch.

(The two sit on the benches and begin doing half-hearted leg lifts while they continue to talk)

ARLENE: Anyway, Helen told everyone that she was going to Palm Springs for the weekend, and on Monday Judy saw her at the Walmart with big sunglasses and a bandage on her nose.

MARGARET: Maybe Stan popped her one.

ARLENE: That's not funny.

MARGARET: Are you kidding? Stan and Helen are the best entertainment in the lounge. When those two get drunk, it's better than pay-per-view. You should have seen them at the Christmas party last year.

ARLENE: What Christmas party?

MARGARET: The one in the lounge. Right after "Holiday Golf Carts on Parade."

ARLENE: I don't remember that.

MARGARET: You didn't go. You and Ralph had tickets to see "The Miracle of Jesus" over at Piedmont Presbyterian that night.

ARLENE: That's right! Oh what a disaster that was. They never should have used a live donkey. Peee yeeeww!!

MARGARET: Yeah, they should have used Harvey Beemish instead. He can be a real ass.

(They burst into hysterical laughter and ARLENE's laugh sounds like a donkey.

MARGARET stops and just stares at her in horror for a few moments until ARLENE notices)

ARLENE: What? What's the matter?

MARGARET: Oh, nothing. ANYWAY, Stan and Helen really got into it at the party that night. Hoo whee! Helen was hanging all over Frank Taylor - you know Frank Taylor?

ARLENE: Sure. He lives in the big two-story with the koi pond over on Blossom Avenue. The guy with gray hair and glasses.

MARGARET: That's the one. He just died you know.

ARLENE: No I didn't know. Didn't he have a woody?

MARGARET: Pardon me?

ARLENE: His golf cart. It looked like a woody station wagon.

MARGARET: Oh, yes, I think so.

ARLENE: Hmm. Ralph and I were thinking of getting a new cart. I wonder if that one will be for sale...

MARGARET: So anyway, Helen is hanging all over Frank at the bar, and Stan walks over, grabs her by the arm and says "It's time to go." She starts yelling, "Leave me alone you stupid old fart," and rips off his toupee right in front of everyone.

ARLENE: No!

MARGARET: Yes!

ARLENE: I didn't know he wore a toupee. I just thought that was a bad comb-over.

MARGARET: No honey, it's a bad toupee. Anyway, Stan slapped her, and Helen threw her Tom and Jerry at him. Only she missed and hit Vicky Wheeler who was wearing a white blouse and apparently no bra!

ARLENE: Oh dear.

MARGARET: Poor thing. It looked like she was trying to smuggle golf balls in under there.

ARLENE: So what happened?

MARGARET: Well everyone started laughing of course. I mean really, you've never seen anything so small and dimply in your life.

ARLENE: No, I mean with Stan and Helen.

MARGARET: Oh! Well Helen stormed out and Stan chased her in the golf cart. He was so drunk he drove into the duck pond. Chuck and Ray pulled him out, but the cart was a total loss. Idiot!

ARLENE: Well, if Ralph ever laid a hand on me I'd throw more than a Tom and Jerry at him. He'd get slapped with a Jacoby and Meyers!

MARGARET: Amen to THAT sister. *(They high-five)*

ARLENE: Oh there's Bonnie. *(She again appears to see someone offstage right and jumps about--trying to flag her down)* Boonnnie! We saved you a spot. Oh, okay. Maybe next time?

**END OF FREEVIEW of this play
You'll want to read the others and perform this show!**

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM

CAST

MAVIS DUNCAN
JUDY CRAYON
GRETCHEN TAYLOR
WINNY MASTERS
JOE
BOB

Setting: A meeting room in the clubhouse of Chatterton Country Club. There are a table and two chairs stage right. On the table are a crock pot and several colorful tumblers.

At Rise: 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)* Eeeww. *(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 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.

MAVIS: Oh that's right. I heard she kicked you out of her book club.

JUDY: Who told you that?!

MAVIS: Well, Karen Ames saw LaRue Hines at the spa last week and LaRue told her that Connie Williams said--

JUDY: (*gives her a scathing look*) She did NOT kick me out. I quit.

MAVIS: (*chuckles under her breath*) Right. Who else did you invite to this—'meeting?'

JUDY: Helen Lubcoe, but she's getting a facial this afternoon.

MAVIS: Facial. Is that a code word for 'another procedure?'

JUDY: Oh, I hope not. My goodness, you could bounce a quarter off that woman's face. (*she laughs hard at her own joke*)

MAVIS: I don't get it, what do you mean?

JUDY: (*rolls her eyes*) Never mind.

MAVIS: What about those two ladies from stretch-ercise class? Arlene and Margaret.

JUDY: Hell no. Arlene is ok, I know her from glee club. But no one can stand Margaret.

MAVIS: Well, who IS coming today?

JUDY: Winny Masters. And she invited Gretchen Taylor. I don't know her but she lives near you. In the big two story with the koi pond over on Blossom Avenue.

MAVIS: Oh, I pass by there every day on my power walk. I love those pretty fishies. I even named one of them Bernie.

JUDY: Yes, I'm sure you did dear. Do you know Gretchen?

MAVIS: No, but her husband has the cutest golf cart. It's a woody station wagon.

JUDY: He just died you know.

MAVIS: No! What a shame. Ooooo, I wonder if she's going to sell his golf cart.

JUDY: Winny thought it might be good for Gretchen to get out of the house a little. Apparently she doesn't have much of a social circle.

MAVIS: That's too bad. I wonder why.

(Just then, GRETCHEN TAYLOR and WINNY MASTERS enter from stage right. GRETCHEN carries a large plate covered in foil. An extremely odd duck, she is way overdone in Hawaiian clothes. She is also wearing a huge flowery headdress, and knee-high combat style boots. Her makeup is mostly very black eye shadow or liner and two perfect circles of dark pink blush with matching overdrawn lipstick. WINNY carries a thermos and a brown paper bag containing a bottle of vodka. She wears sweats or jeans, anything decidedly NOT Hawaiian. She's a little tipsy)

WINNY: Hello ladies. Sorry we're late, there was no place to park.

JUDY: Hello, you must be Gretchen. I'm Judy Crayton, this is Mavis Duncan.

MAVIS: *(taking the plate from her)* Mmm, that smells delicious, Gretchen. What is it?

GRETCHEN: Barbequed koi.

MAVIS: Bernie? *(distressed, she drops the plate on the table and backs away)*

JUDY: Winny! Oh doesn't anyone read their e-mail? It's a tropical theme dear, you're supposed to dress accordingly.

WINNY: Well excuse me, my grass skirt was at the cleaners. And who the hell does theme parties anymore? *(holds up the thermos)* Where do you want me to put this?

JUDY: Oh that is so tempting...

MAVIS: I'll take it. *(takes the thermos and places it on the table)* What's in here?

WINNY: Hawaiian PUNCH. *(She winks)*

JUDY: We need one more chair.

MAVIS: I'll get it.

(She exits stage right. JUDY begins to arrange the food, again singing "Old Man River." WINNY pulls the vodka out of her bag and mixes it in two of the tumblers along with a mysterious red liquid from the thermos. When she is done she takes a long swig from the vodka. GRETCHEN stands meekly by, just looking lost. MAVIS enters from stage right with another chair, placing it with the others. WINNY hands MAVIS and GRETCHEN each a drink)

JUDY: Let's get started. I thought we could meet first and eat later if that's OK with you.

(in unison)

MAVIS: Fine

WINNY: Sure.

GRETCHEN: I guess so.

(MAVIS and GRETCHEN sit. WINNY remains at the table preparing her own beverage-- mostly vodka. JUDY paces while she delivers her 'speech'.)

JUDY: Thank you for coming. I'm sure I speak for all of us when I say that we share a deep concern for the continued welfare of Chatterton Retirement Community.

MAVIS: *(takes a sip of her drink)* Oh this is good Winny. What is it?

WINNY: Tropical Thunder! *(she chugs half of it down)*

JUDY: We all moved to Chatterton because it's safe, it's clean and we enjoy the amenities of country club living, am I right?

(in unison)

MAVIS: Absolutely!

GRETCHEN: I guess so.

WINNY: Here here! *(she raises her glass in a toast, then chugs some more)*

JUDY: But lately I feel that our so-called Board of Administration has become bored of administering the laws of this community. They seem to have turned a blind eye to people who think the rules don't apply to them. Hypocrites! Rules exist for the common good of all. I follow them to the letter and so should everyone else.

(in unison)

MAVIS: Me too!

GRETCHEN: So do I!

WINNY: I'll drink to that.

(WINNY finishes her drink, pours more vodka into her glass, then sits with the others. She gradually starts nodding off)

JUDY: For example, the Gleasons down the street from me have a shrub in their front yard that is three inches taller than the maximum allowed, AND last Christmas they left their lawn decorations out until January FIFTH. The association covenants CLEARLY state that they must be removed by the second. It's not right and I want to do something about it.

MAVIS: Me too! I'm tired of people who park in a red zone for half an hour and put their flashers on so it looks like they'll be right back.

JUDY: Or people who leave their trash cans in the street for three days after pickup.

MAVIS: Or drive their golf carts over the speed limit, and blow through the stop signs.

END OF FREEVIEW

Now, you'll want to perform all three shows!