

# Love in 4/4 Time

Gary Young





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](http://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!***

ArtAge Publications  
Bonnie L. Vorenberg, President  
PO Box 19955  
Portland OR 97280  
503-246-3000 or 800-858-4998  
[bonniev@seniortheatre.com](mailto:bonniev@seniortheatre.com)  
[www.seniortheatre.com](http://www.seniortheatre.com)

## NOTICE

**Copyright:** This play is fully protected under the Copyright Laws of the United States of America, Canada, and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention.

The laws are specific regarding the piracy of copyrighted materials. Sharing the material with other organizations or persons is prohibited. Unlawful use of a playwright's work deprives the creator of his or her rightful income.

**Cast Copies:** Performance cast copies are required for each actor, director, stage manager, lighting and sound crew leader.

**Changes to Script:** Plays must be performed as written. Any alterations, additions, or deletions to the text must be approved.

**Permission to Film:** You do not have permission to film, record, or distribute the play in any medium. You are also not allowed to post on electronic services such as, but not limited to, YouTube. Exceptions must be granted by written permission from the publisher.

**Royalty:** Royalties are due when you perform the play for any audience, paying or non-paying, professional or amateur. This includes readings, cuttings, scenes, and excerpts.

The royalty for amateur productions of this show is posted online. It is payable two weeks prior to your production. Contact us for professional rates or other questions. Royalty fees are subject to change.

Insert the following paragraph in your programs:

*Performed with special permission from ArtAge Publications' Senior Theatre Resource Center at 800-858-4998, [www.seniortheatre.com](http://www.seniortheatre.com)*

*Love in 4/4 Time* © 2019 by Gary Young

LOVE IN 4/4 TIME

By Gary Young

CAST

CAROL: Senior, married to Ted.

TED: Senior, husband of Carol, resident of a memory care facility.

ALICE: Senior, wife of Bob, resident of a memory care facility.

BOB: Senior, married to Alice.

Place

Various.

Time

Present day.

ACT ONE, Scene 3

“The Home”

*Music: “What the World Needs Now” fades as lights come up.*

*At rise, Carol and Bob dressed neatly. Alice and Ted perhaps in sweatshirts and pants or casual, frumpy, perhaps wrinkled clothing. Alice and Bob sit at a dining table with four stools, he has just finished feeding her, takes off bib, wipes her face.*

*Ted and Carol enter wearing masks. Carol wears a Wonder Woman mask Ted wears a Humphrey Bogart mask. Bob notices, Alice seems unaware.*

CAROL: Hello.

BOB: Hi, Nice disguise—Wonder Woman, right?

CAROL: You’re the first one to recognize the real me. You two are staying for the Mardi Gras dance and raffle, aren’t you? It’s a fundraiser for Alzheimer’s.

BOB: Oh, hadn’t thought about it. Actually, didn’t know about it.

CAROL: You must be new here.

BOB: Just about three months now, transferred over from a facility across town. This is my wife Alice, I’m Bob.

CAROL: I’m Carol, this is my—

BOB: Husband?

CAROL: Yes, but he often...*(Whisper)*...thinks I’m his sister, calls me “Sis.”

BOB: Oh...

CAROL: Actually, I'd love to be Wonder Woman. But my super powers seem to be waning, so call me Carol, all my friends do. This is—this is Ted or, Bogie. He was such a movie fan. I always called him Bogie.

BOB: Good to meet you Bogie, loved all your movies. Especially the way you said, "Sweetheart." Always wanted to be you, Mr. Bogart. Still do. Oh, I'm sorry, I digress.

CAROL: No, no, this is starting to sound like a conversation, something I've missed. I can't remember the last time I saw a movie. I think it was *The Big...* something or other.

BOB: *The Big Lebowski*? You're a Lebowski fan? Really? I never thought I'd find another.

CAROL: That's the one. With Jeff Bridges, right? No, no, not me. That was Ted's movie. I tolerated it. But loved watching Ted watch it.

BOB: Would you mind if Alice stayed with you while I pay for the tickets?

CAROL: Of course, not at all. (*as Bob exits*)

Don't forget your masks. And raffle tickets.

(*Carol seats Ted at the table, near Alice*) Alice, that's a very pretty dress, it looks very nice on you. I like it. And, the pearls are perfect.

ALICE: I found them shopping...

(*Bob returns wearing a Superman mask bringing a Marilyn Monroe mask for Alice. Carol looks at Bob*)

CAROL: So Bob, are you looking to be typecast or what?

(*Bob puts Marilyn mask on Alice with tender help from Carol*)

BOB: Once I saw your Wonder Woman mask, I thought, "Yes, it does take extraordinary effort to care for your loved one." Superman was a natural for me—although if push came to shove, I'd quickly have to admit at least a tinge of self-doubt. "Self-doubt" is my Kryptonite, it's treacherous and dangerous.

CAROL: So, I'm not the only one who feels that way?

(*Bob shakes his head "No." Carol notices Bogie and Marilyn looking closely at each other.*)

Any insights about our Hollywood stars?

BOB: Just that there is so much more there than what we can see or know. I want to believe the memories are still there, only locked up. If only there was a key.

CAROL: Thank you for that thought—it's easy to forget. Alice is new here, about three months?

BOB: Yes. At first, I did full time home care, until...until...I...I...just couldn't do it anymore.... came down with pneumonia, ended up in the hospital. That's when our daughter, Susie, said to me, "Dad, you can't do this anymore. I don't want to lose both you and Mom."

You think you can, ought to, but 24-7 just isn't possible—it takes awhile to admit it. How about you and Bogie?

CAROL: A little over a year here. Like you, I did home care before, too. But, finding caregivers got to be more and more of a problem. At sundown he would become agitated. Guess that's why they call it "Sundowners Syndrome."

Holding and cuddling seemed to chase those monsters away. Caregivers didn't last too long. When I'd interview potential caregivers, I always asked the question: "How would you feel about cuddling with my husband when I'm away?"

BOB: (*with laughter*) And their response?

CAROL: Needless to say, I did a lot of interviews. I always said I'd never "put him in a facility." I promised him. But life takes a lot of turns.

This place is a godsend. I feel we both have better lives. And the caregivers are more than wonderful. They've become like family. They are family...

BOB: Yes, I've noticed that. Young people think that growing up is the difficult time but it doesn't hold a candle to the "growing down" side of life. (*Beat*)

Hey, they're getting ready to draw the ticket for the Dinner for Two prize. I almost forgot I bought the three-ticket package, so there's one for you and Bogie, one for Alice and me and instead of five bucks apiece they gave us three tickets for ten dollars. So, we have an "extra" ticket - who could pass up that kind of a deal?

VOICE: And, now for the dinner for two at Katch's by the Sea—ticket number 332-9575. The winner must be present, do we have a winner. If not, we'll draw again.

CAROL: This one's 9574.

BOB: Mine's 76.

VOICE: 9575, is 9575 here? Going once... twice...

BOB: It's here, it's the "extra" ticket- 75! 9575!

VOICE: We have a winner!! Dinner for two at Katch's by the Sea!

*Lights Down.*

*Music up: "What the World Needs Now"*

End of ACT ONE, Scene 3

ACT ONE Scene 4

Katch's by the Sea

*Music down. Lights up.*

*At rise: Nice restaurant, candles, wine. Carol and Bob are dressed for an evening out, Bob in sports coat and slacks, Carol in a dress or pants suit. They are finishing their meal, a half bottle of wine sits on the table. As the lights come up, they converse with each other and an unseen waiter.*

CAROL: That—by far—was the best meal I've had in...I'm not sure how long.

BOB: Same here. And by candlelight no less!

CAROL: I usually eat with the lights on - and standing up too, don't you?

BOB: Ummm. I'm not sure what you...

CAROL: Oh, I bet you know. It's like this: it's late, you've just returned from 'the home,' you open the refrigerator, the light comes on, you search for something to eat, find it, grab a fork from the drawer, and eat—when you're finished you close the door and stand there, in the dark, wondering how it all came to this.

BOB: Guess I've never thought of that as dining—there's not much in my fridge. Some left over Chinese food containers and the remains of a six-pack. I usually open a can, head to the TV and start to watch *The Newshour*. I always start to watch, but more often than not, I fall asleep. Alice used to tease me about sleeping with Judy Woodruff. Now, I often sleep the night in the recliner without Alice, the old familiar patterns are going. More wine? *(Carol accepts)*

CAROL: Thank you. This is dessert, isn't it? *(Beat)* I used to love our house. In it, I'm surrounded by everything that reminds me of Ted. In the well years, it used to be comforting but now, I'm not sure.

BOB: Perhaps houses have their own dementia, too. Fading away, like our old photographs.

CAROL: We used to belong to a “Couple’s Club” at the church we attended, but after Ted became a resident the invitations dwindled—not sure if it was because they didn’t know what to do with me or because I was always here with Ted. Seems like nobody knew how to treat him.

BOB: In my case I just got tired of answering the questions: “How’s Alice doing? Is her memory improving..., when will she be discharged...does she still know you?” Yes, someone really asked those questions. It was all I could do to keep quiet.

CAROL: Or, how about the line: “You know the Bible says, God won’t give you any more than you can handle.”

BOB: Yep, had that one too. I’m not a Bible scholar—far from it. But I did Google it and guess what? It’s not in the Bible. Even if it was, I’d either cut it out or ignore it.

CAROL: There are things I used to cry about, but now I laugh and just shake my head. Laughter’s better than tears.

BOB: That’s for sure. One weekend, before I moved Alice to...well, you know—it’s just hard to say sometimes...I had been out working in the yard when I came into the house. Something was baking. I asked Alice, “What’s in the oven?” Said she didn’t know. I looked and in the oven was a perfect chocolate cake. “Isn’t that nice,” she said. She had no idea she baked it. She had used a cake mix. I know, because I found the empty box in the refrigerator. And, she added eggs. I knew *that* because when I cut into the cake, I found the eggshells. *(Beat, laughter)*

CAROL: My “Ted” story happened after he moved to... ‘The Home.’ Guess he’d been living on the unit for a month or so and he just disappeared. Apparently, the door didn’t lock and when he pushed on it—out he went. They called me. I was frantic. They were frantic, everybody was out searching for him. Then he just showed up at the entrance—with a car!! He had walked a couple of blocks away and behold—a used car lot. Walked in, started talking to the young salesman. They gave him the pitch and he bought it. He still had his wallet—with credit cards. No driver’s license, he had a DMV identification card—but no driver’s license. The car was one of those \$1,000 specials - and looked like it. Actually, it turned out for the best, it’s here, sits in the parking lot, and whenever he wants to go for a drive an aide goes with him. The car doesn’t move, just sits in the parking lot and the keys stay in the office. Sometimes he takes other residents for rides too.

BOB: Do they wash and wax the car on weekends too, like in the Karate Kid?

CAROL: Yes, they do! It's a favorite activity. Wax on. Wax off, Mr. Miyagi. Repeat, over and over, again and again, just like with Alzheimer's. Muscles may remember, but the mind... well... *(Beat)* Here comes the waiter. *(Carol and Bob snicker as they pick up the dessert menus. Bob looks up at unseen waiter.)*

BOB: Dessert? I'm sorry, we haven't decided yet...oh, there's a special "Anniversary Dessert..." that won't be necessary...When's our anniversary?

CAROL: August 12<sup>th</sup>                      BOB: June 25<sup>th</sup>.

BOB: Guess we'll have to get back to you on that.

CAROL: I think the rest of the wine will be fine—for this anniversary.

BOB: You're right, the wine-for-dessert. Always the best option. Carol, this evening has been...delightful. I was going to say helpful, because it was. But in retrospect "helpful" sounds too therapeutic so, I'll say it again—this evening has been delightful.

CAROL: Thank you, Bob. For me, too. It's, helpful to talk with someone facing similar issues...

BOB: I don't want to seem forward, but would you be interested in doing this again? Say, maybe next week—if that's too soon maybe next month?

CAROL: Actually, I was thinking Tuesdays.

BOB: Tuesdays?

CAROL: Yes. Tuesdays.

BOB: Oh...Tuesdays.

**END OF FREEVIEW**

***You'll want to read and perform this show!***