

**With Friends Like You**

**Annette Tringham**





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***We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!***

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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 hoooooo!!!! (*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.

## **END OF FREEVIEW**

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