

Joggin' Along

Dory Kaiser





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Joggin' Along

By Dory Kaiser

Plot:

"Joggin' Along" is a series of five comedy sketches involving two older single women who stop jogging long enough to talk about what's going on in their lives. Nothing is sacred as they discuss exercise, boyfriends, other women and much more.

The women, dressed in jogging clothes, run to center stage, where they stop and begin their dialogue. This sketch has been performed by a Senior Theatre company for five performances each year and the audiences now applaud as soon as they see the 'joggers' enter. The group also takes the sketches to many venues throughout the year, where they always get big laughs. Enjoy!

Joggin' Along—Sketch #1

Dory: We used to have hourglass figures, Sally. What happened?

Sally: All the sand collected at the bottom.

Dory: We need to exercise more. If I don't exercise, my clothes shrink 2 sizes.

Sally: Well, I hate to jog because my thighs keep rubbing together and setting my panty hose on fire. The only reason I exercise is so I can hear heavy breathing again.

Dory: Heavy breathing! Lots a luck! Men our age see a sexy girl and their pacemaker opens the garage door.

Sally: Yeah, but we're just as bad. I thought I looked pretty good for my age. Men kept whistling at me. Then I found out it was the feedback from my hearing aid.

Dory: You know what? I've decided that men are like a laxative. They irritate the shit out of you.

Sally: Oh, I don't know. I think men are more like parking spots. All the good ones are taken and the rest are handicapped.

Dory: Ain't it the truth! Gosh I hate getting old--although I did just have a rose named after me.

Sally: Really? You must have been flattered!

Dory: I was until I read the description in the flower catalog--It said, "No good in a bed but fine up against a wall."

Sally: Well, you're not that old! Not like Mary's boyfriend. He's so old his blood type was discontinued. When he orders a three-minute egg, they ask for his money up front.

Dory: Oh well, Mary's not the smartest person in the world, you know. Years ago, she confused valium with birth control pills. She had 13 kids but she didn't really care.

Sally: Yeh and she's still so man crazy she won't order soup in a Chinese restaurant.

Dory: Why not?

Sally: She heard that Won Ton spelled backwards is Not Now... You know how I love to eat but lately even food reminds me of getting old. Especially those all-you-can-eat buffets.

Dory: You're kidding. Buffets make you think of getting old?

Sally: Yea. What should be hot is cold, what should be firm is limp and the buns are bigger than anything on the menu. Let's jog.

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Joggin' Along—Sketch #2

DORY: Oh. Boy---this is ridiculous! I keep jogging but my weight stays the same.

SALLY: I know. And nobody understands. I joined an exercise class and they told me to wear loose fitting clothes. If I HAD any loose fitting clothes, I wouldn't have signed up in the first place.

DORY: Yea. And I think it's starting to affect my head. I used to feel pretty sexy. Now I get the feeling that my stuff has strutted off without me.

SALLY: I know what you mean. Guys used to love the way I walked. Now, checks are the only things I've got that bounce.

DORY: And my memory's not as sharp as it used to be. Also, my memory's not as sharp as it used to be.

SALLY: Well, the young people of today are gonna have it worse. Do you realize that there's more money spent on breast implants and Viagra than on Alzheimer's research? By 2040, there will be a large elderly population with perky boobs and huge erections and absolutely no memory of what to do with them.

DORY: In about 40 years, we'll have thousands of old ladies running around with tattoos.

SALLY: I'd get a tattoo now if I had any skin tight enough to draw on ... Why not? My grandmother had a tattoo.

DORY: Really?

SALLY: Yea. She was a very tough old lady. She buried three husbands and two of them were napping...She was way overweight, though. In fact, if she had gotten any bigger, she could have qualified for group insurance.

DORY: How's your love life coming along?

SALLY: Boring! I asked my boyfriend to take me someplace expensive so he took me to the gas station. His idea of happy hour is a nap.

SALLY: I hear you! Last night, I said to my boyfriend, "Honey, let's go upstairs and make love." He said, pick one – I can't do both.' ...He's not real bright, either. He thinks King David was the most constipated man in the Bible.

DORY: Why?

SALLY: Because he sat on the throne for 40 years.

DORY: Why is it so hard to find men who are sensitive, caring, and good looking?

SALLY: They already have boyfriends.... Maybe we should try the singles bars.

DORY: No, that's no good either. Men at singles bars have one thing in common.

SALLY: What?

DORY: They're married.... Oh well. Things could be worse. We might be pumping rust, but we're still pumping! Let's go!

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Joggin' Along—Sketch #3

Dory: Hurry up Sally. We need to keep running if we want to stay in shape.

Sally: Wait a sec – I'm pooped. I just can't exercise like I used to. Heck, my last good run was in my pantyhose...I'd lift weights but they're so heavy!

Dory: Be glad you're not as skinny as Mary. She joined a weight lifting class and they started her off with balloons.

Sally: Well I've tried everything. I took an aerobics class, you know.

Dory: Oh?

Sally: Yea. I bent, twisted, gyrated and jumped up and down for an hour. But by the time I got my leotard on, the class was over.

Dory: You didn't miss anything. I joined a gym to meet men but those guys are all bulk and no brains. This one guy was so stupid, he couldn't walk while I was chewing gum. I blew a bubble and he stubbed his toe.

Sally: Let's not get started about men. I keep picking losers. My last date took me to an expensive restaurant and said, "What'll you have?" I said, "I guess I'll have the steak and lobster." He said, "Guess again."

Dory: Speaking of losers, have you heard about old Willie McGee, the guy who owns the candy store?

Sally: What'd he do now?

Dory: He combined with a drug company and now they're marketing a new mint flavored birth control pill for women to take immediately before sex...It's called....pre-DICK-a-mint.

Sally: Oh no. That reminds me of Willie's Brother Pete you know--the guy who makes wine in his cellar?

Dory: Yea. What about him!

Sally: Well, he's invented a wine that's better than Pinot Blanc and Pinot Grigio. Pete says it will reduce the number of trips older people have to make to the bathroom.

Dory: Wow! What's his wine called!

Sally: Pino More.

Dory: Are all men that crazy? I give up. In fact, I'm starting to think that love is like a roller coaster.

Sally: A roller coaster!

Dory: Yea. When it's good, you don't want to get off, but when it isn't, you can't wait to throw up.

Sally: True and so sad.

Dory: Yea, sad--but not as sad as that funeral I went to last week.

Sally: Oh! Who died!

Dory: That guy who wrote "The Hokey Pokey." It was especially traumatic for his family getting him into the coffin. They put his left leg in .. and then the trouble started.

Sally: *(beat)* Hey, I have a great idea! This should cheer us up!

Dory: What?

Sally: Let's fix those losers up with Mary. We'll tell her we've met some great guys and they're dying to date HER.

Dory: Fiendish plan! Mary is so dumb, she'll believe anything. She once told me the power failed and she was stranded on an escalator for 6 hours.

Sally: I know. And she spends money like crazy. She has so many credit cards with magnetic strips that her purse points north.

Dory: Hah! She's hot for accessories, too. She got a Medic Alert bracelet with earrings and a ring to match.

Sally: What a hoot!.... Oh well, we really shouldn't be so catty. I have enough problems of my own. In fact, I'm getting worried about myself.

Dory: Why?

Sally: Well, yesterday I got Preparation H mixed up with Poligrip. Now I walk funny but my gums don't itch.

Dory: I hear you. I think we've entered the Snap Dragon part of life.

Sally: Huh?

Dory: Yea. Part of me has snapped and the other part is draggin'...Let's go!

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Joggin' Along—Sketch #4

Dory: Can't you jog any faster, Sally?

Sally: No. My doctor told me to start my exercise program very slowly. So I started the day by slowly driving past a store that sells sweat pants.

Dory: That's no excuse. Fast aerobic exercise is good for us.

Sally: Yea, well my best aerobic exercise is running late. It makes me tired.

Dory: I'm a little tired myself. Actually, I haven't been feeling well since I went to that country music concert...can you catch bird flu from the Dixie Chicks?

Sally: I don't think so. You probably ate too much.

Dory: No, I'm a light eater. As soon as it gets light, I eat.

Sally: Well we don't have to worry about bird flu. Our government is going to take care of it.

Dory: Really?

Sally: Yeah. I hear we're going to bomb the Canary Islands. And let's not talk about eating. Now that food has replaced sex in my life, I can't even get into my OWN pants.

Dory: What? Don't tell me you've given up on men?

Sally: Yea. I've had it. I'm tired of stingy guys.

Dory: Your boy friend is stingy?

Sally: He's so cheap he tried to put a bag of M and M's in layaway.

Dory: I know what you mean. Yesterday I thought I smelled an exotic incense in my boyfriend's house.

Sally: Wow! What's so cheap about that?

Dory: It was roach spray.

Sally: That figures. There's just no romance anymore. The men I've met think an affair of the heart is a by-pass.

Dory: Romance! What a laugh! I tried to get my boy friend in a romantic mood so I put on a sexy nightie and met him at the door. I said he could tie me up and do anything he wanted.

Sally: Whoa! What did he do?

Dory: He tied me up and went golfing.

Sally: Oh no...Well, we're still not as bad off as Mary. She keeps picking losers. Her newest boy friend is so old the bank sends him a calendar one month at a time.

Dory: I heard about him. He covers his bald spot with hair growing out of his ears. It looks like he's wearing headphones all the time.

Sally: Yea. Well you know Mary's not very bright.

Dory: I know.

Sally: For fun at Halloween she paints black widows on her spider veins. And she thinks elections are held in November because it's the best time to pick out a turkey.

Dory: Ha! And she knows absolutely nothing about sports. Her idea of a Super Bowl is a toilet that cleans itself. *(Both laugh)*

Sally: She needs to have more order in her life. Like me--I organize chores into categories--things I won't do now. Things I won't do later and things I'll never do.

Dory: You need to think positive.

Sally: I DO look at the positive side. I've convinced myself that seniors are more valuable than younger people.

Dory: Valuable?

Sally: Yea. We have silver in our hair, gold in our teeth, lead in our feet and...we're loaded with natural gas! *(More laughs)*

Dory: And we still have a sense of humor. When life hands us lemons, we'll ask for tequila and salt and have a party!...Let's jog!

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Joggin' Along—Sketch #5

SALLY: Ah hah! Hurry up! This time I got ahead of you.

DORY: I know. I stopped to tie my shoe and forgot what I was down there for.

SALLY: I sometimes have the same problem. Have you ever walked into a room to get something and forgot what it was?

DORY: Of course. Why do you ask?

SALLY: Ask what?

DORY: Oh never mind. As long as we keep exercising, we're OK.

SALLY: I hate exercise. I pulled my right shoulder out doing an exercise, then I pulled my left shoulder out putting Ben Gay on my right shoulder.

DORY: Well, I like to exercise. I burned up twenty-five hundred calories today.

SALLY: Wow! How'd you do it?

DORY: I set my fettucini alfredo on fire.

SALLY: We have to stop eating fattening foods. Willie McGee might help.

DORY: Willie McGee? The guy who invented Pinot More wine?

SALLY: Yea. He's got an invention called the Sniff Diet. It's an inhaler that smells like Fritos. When you are hungry, you smell it and it tricks your body into thinking you're eating.

DORY: Does it work?

SALLY: Well, half his customers are losing weight ---the other half are eating the inhaler.

DORY: That figures. Willie has wild ideas. I heard he wants Annheuser Busch to do public relations for the Red Cross.

SALLY: Huh?

DORY: Yea. Their new slogan would be 'this BLOODS for you.'

SALLY: That crazy McGee family all want to be inventors. You know Flip McGee?

DORY: Yes. What about him?

SALLY: He's invented a silicone drink for single women. They drink two cups before a date and it increases their breast size and decreases their intelligence.

DORY: Wow! What's it called?

SALLY: Pepto Bimbo.

DORY: That's awful. Flip is cheap too. I heard he keeps his wife's teeth with him so she can't eat between meals.

SALLY: Yea. She asked him for a foreign convertible and he bought her a rickshaw.

DORY: Men are really impossible...Although, I still find a few guys looking me over.

SALLY: Really?

DORY: Unfortunately, they're all plastic surgeons.

SALLY: I wish my boyfriends would look ME over. It's so long since I had sex I've forgotten who ties up whom.

DORY: I know what you mean. I keep trying to get my boyfriend in a romantic mood. Last night I told him I was like fine wine.

SALLY: So?

DORRY: So, he locked me in the cellar.

SALLY: What a life! My back goes out more than I do.

DORY: We're still better off than Mary. She goes out a lot but her boyfriend is really ugly.

SALLY: I know. His nose is to big he could smoke a cigar in the shower.

DORY: Actually, I feel kinda sorry for Mary.

SALLY: Why?

DORY: Well, nobody likes her. I heard she once entered a beauty contest and Miss Congeniality bit her.

SALLY: She's definitely over the hill.

DORY: Oh well—When you're over the hill you can always pick up speed on the other side. Let's Jog!

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