



Soliloquies & Shorts: Adventures in Aging Boldly (in Sun City)

Co-Directed by Karen Pinomaki & MaryEllen Vogt

Producer: Richard Fitzmaurice

Technical Director: Jim Moon

Production Dates: August 1 & 2, 2026

Kilaga Presentation Hall

**Nora from *Love Loss and What I Wore*
by Norma and Delia Ephron**

RECORDED INTRODUCTION

A Woman's closet contains items from a lifetime, and we women can attest that a wardrobe item or accessory can drum up precise memories of what we were wearing during those milestones. The memories may conjure feelings that are pleasing, heartwarming, or even tragic. Here is a testament to one of our everyday accessories causing feelings of angst and stressful demands.

Here is Nora. She has a bone to pick about a woman's most valuable possession.

NORA

I hate my purse. I absolutely hate it. If you're one of those women who thinks there is something great about purses, don't even listen because I have nothing to say to you. Buy a trench coat with a lot of pockets instead! This is for women who hate their purses. Who are bad at purses, who understand that their purses are reflections of negligent housekeeping, hopeless disorganization and a chronic inability to throw anything away. This is for those of you who understand, in short, that your purse is in absolutely some horrible way, you!

Anything is better than carrying a purse, because here is what happens when you buy a purse: you start pledging yourself to neatness. Am I wrong? You start small. You start vowing that this time it will be different. You start with a wallet and a few cosmetics. But within a few seconds your purse has accumulated the debris of a lifetime. The cosmetics have fallen out of the shiny cosmetic bag. There's a half- drunk bottle of water, along with several snacks saved from an airplane trip in case you find yourself craving a piece of cheese that tastes like plastic. You move to a bigger purse. Perhaps you can fit your sneakers in your purse. By God you can! And before you know it you get an even bigger purse and everything you own is in your purse! You could flee the Cossacks with your purse! ... But when you open it up you can't find ANYTHING!

THE GREAT ESTATE SALE CAPER

Created By MaryEllen Vogt & Karen Pinomaki

RECORDED INTRODUCTION

Sun City Lincoln Hills is known for our ubiquitous estate sales, right? In our first play, *The Estate Sale Caper*, the real valuables might be the secrets, not the merchandise. When a group of determined shoppers storm the sale looking for deals, drama, and maybe a little dirt on each other, chaos is guaranteed. Enjoy the scheming and the hunt for treasure—real or imagined.

CAST

- **BARBARA** – Blunt, unimpressed, determined to insult every item she sees.
- **FRANCIE** – Shoe lover; laser-focused on finding the deceased woman's shoes.
- **FRANKLIN** – Self-proclaimed antiques expert who is almost always wrong.
- **DOTTY** – Bargain-hunter who enjoys negotiating for any and all things
- **MARLENE** – The estate-sale cashier; inflexible, suspicious, and humorless.

SETTING

Projections: A living room filled with estate-sale tables, boxes, etc. On stage: 3 card tables, holding the items mentioned in the play -- many more items will be pantomimed as actors pretend to look at them. Signs on two easels: **NO HAGGLING** and **ALL SALES FINAL**.

(Lights up.

MARLENE

(standing behind a card table with a cash box, scanning the room (including the audience) like a hawk)

Welcome to another Sun City Lincoln Hills estate sale. Here is the list for today's sale items with prices. No discounts. No negotiations. No shoplifting. I have eyes everywhere.

BARBARA

(Enters, looks around the room at the sale items, grimacing)

Well, this is bleak. Looks like a yard sale that lost the will to live.

MARLENE

Ma'am, please refrain from insulting the merchandise.

BARBARA

I'm not insulting it. I'm describing it accurately.

FRANCIE

(FRANCIE rushes in, scanning the room)

Shoes. Shoes. Where are the shoes? This classy woman wore a size seven

narrow. That is my destiny size.

BARBARA

You're acting like Cinderella at a clearance sale.

FRANCIE

If the shoe fits, Barbara. If the shoe fits.

DOTTY

(DOTTY enters, already calculating) What's the price on that lamp?

MARLENE

Ten dollars.

DOTTY

I'll give you two.

MARLENE

No.

DOTTY

Two fifty and a peppermint.

MARLENE

No.

DOTTY

Three dollars and I'll stop talking.

MARLENE

Ten dollars.

FRANKLIN

(enters with a magnifying glass) Stand aside, amateurs. I sense valuable artifacts.

BARBARA

You "sensed artifacts" last time and bought a ceramic cat from 1998.

FRANKLIN

It had historical charm.

FRANCIE

(holding up a shoe)

Oh! A pump! A single pump! Where is her sister?

BARBARA

That shoe looks like it's been through a war.

FRANCIE

It's lived a life. I respect that.

FRANKLIN

Let me examine it. *(He squints.)* A rare Italian leather—

MARLENE

Payless. Clearance rack.

FRANKLIN A rare Italian-inspired leather-adjacent product.

MARLENE

(narrows her eyes at BARBARA) You. The one with opinions. You look like a pocket-stuffer.

BARBARA

I wouldn't steal anything from this sale. I wouldn't take half this stuff if you PAID me.

DOTTY

I'd take it if it were free.

MARLENE

Nothing is free in this Estate Sale.

The others drift up stage to the tables of the estate sale, assume positions, and freeze.

Dotty is left holding a delicate teacup she's been admiring. Franklin is nearby, pretending to examine a lamp but clearly watching her.

DOTTY

(softly, to herself) My mama always said a lady should never fall in love with a inanimate object. But this teacup... well, it's trying its best.

FRANKLIN

(approaching, gentle for once) It's a good one. Bone china. Hand-painted. Probably late 1940s. Worth something, too.

DOTTY

(smiles) Franklin, you say that about everything from a chipped ashtray to a plastic butter dish.

FRANKLIN

(defensive, but warm) Well... everything is worth something to somebody. But that one — that one suits you.

DOTTY

(blinks, touched) Suits me?

FRANKLIN

(glancing at the tea cup with his eyes on Dotty) Yeah. It's... refined. Classic. Looks like it's been through a lot but still holds itself together pretty well.

DOTTY

(looks at Franklin, surprised by the sincerity) Franklin ... that might be the nicest thing anyone's said to me in a long while.

FRANKLIN

(shrugs, suddenly shy) Well, don't get used to it. I've got a reputation to maintain. You okay, though? You've been... quieter today.

DOTTY

(sighs, letting her guard down) It's just... estate sales always make me think about how quickly a life becomes a table of mismatched things. *(pause)* And how easy it is to end up alone with them.

FRANKLIN

(Franklin absorbs what Dotty says. He sets down the lamp, steps a little closer.) You know... you're not the only one who thinks about that.

DOTTY

(turns to him) No?

FRANKLIN

No. *(pause)* Truth is, I come to these sales because... well... it's better than sitting at home talking to my toaster.

DOTTY

(chuckles) Does your toaster talk back?

FRANKLIN

Only when I burn things. *(softer)* But it's nice... being around people. Being around *you*.

DOTTY

(breath catches just a little) Franklin... are you saying what I think you're saying?

FRANKLIN

Maybe. *(pause)* Or maybe I'm just saying that if you ever wanted company — you know, for tea, or... whatever people drink tea *with* — I wouldn't be opposed.

DOTTY

(trying not to beam) Well. I suppose I could make room at my table for someone who appreciates fine china... even when he's wrong about half of it.

FRANKLIN

(smiles) Forty percent. I'm wrong forty percent of the time. Tops.

(They share a warm, lingering look — the kind that tells the audience something new has begun.)

BARBARA

(offstage, yelling) WHO BOUGHT THIS HIDEOUS THROW PILLOW? I NEED TO INSULT THEM IMMEDIATELY!

(Actors unfreeze when Barbara yells.)

DOTTY

(startled, but still glowing) We should... probably go rescue whoever that is.

FRANKLIN

Yeah. *(offers his arm, awkward but earnest)* Walk with me?

(Dotty slips her hand into the crook of his arm — elegant, understated.)

DOTTY

I'd like that. *(A new softness between them, they move together to the table where Francie has discovered something).*

FRANCIE

(picks up a small velvet box)

Oh! What a sweet, little box! I wonder what it was used for.....maybe a brooch... or—

(gasps when she sees what is in the box; recovers quickly)

Or maybe shoes for...uh... a doll!

BARBARA

It probably holds disappointment.

FRANCIE

(to Marlene) How much?

MARLENE

Five dollars.

DOTTY

Oh no, FRANCIE. One dollar!

MARLENE

Five.

DOTTY

Two-fifty, and a coupon for a free car wash.

MARLENE

Five.

FRANCIE

I'll take it! *(she clutches it protectively)*

BARBARA

You're buying a box without knowing what's in it?

FRANCIE

It's all about the mystery. And the possibility...

FRANKLIN

(pointing to a hideous vase) Ah! A Ming dynasty vase!

BARBARA

That vase is so ugly it should come with a warning label.

MARLENE

(reading tag) HomeGoods. Last spring.

FRANKLIN

A Ming-inspired HomeGoods reproduction. Very collectible.

DOTTY

How about four dollars?

MARLENE

It's twelve.

DOTTY

Three.

MARLENE

Twelve.

DOTTY

Three fifty and a slightly used umbrella.

MARLENE

Ma'am, step away from the vase. *(Dotty smiles and steps away, toward Franklin.)*

BARBARA pays MARLENE for several items.

FRANCIE

(FRANCIE crosses downstage from the others, whispering to herself)
I can't wait. I need to see what's in the secret pocket.

Oh... my... stars. Real diamonds? Real diamonds? Real diamonds!

(She closes the box and hides it behind her back.)

BARBARA

(crosses to Barbara)

What'd you find?

FRANCIE

(shaking her head innocently) Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Just... just a little

box. A very plain, very ordinary box.

FRANKLIN

I'll appraise it for you.

FRANCIE

NO! *(clears throat)* I mean... no thank you. It's sentimental. To me. Already.

DOTTY

(to Franklin) But she paid full price for that little box. It must remind her of something very special.

MARLENE

Alright. If you're done insulting, haggling, and misidentifying everything in this sale, please step up here to the table to pay – cash only. No returns. I'll show you out.

BARBARA

Fine. But I want it on record that everything I bought today is just terrible.

DOTTY

Not for me, Barbara. I got something today that I didn't bargain for. *(Looking at Franklin)*

FRANKLIN

(Looking at Dotty) And I didn't buy a thing...but I found a treasure.

FRANCIE

(smiling secretly as she pays Marlene five dollars)

I didn't find any shoes today ... but I found something better!

(All, except for Francie, gather their items and exit, followed by Marlene. FRANCIE lingers a moment, opens the little box again, removing the necklace so the audience sees it. She then slips it back into the hidden pocket in the little box.)

Franklin's not the only one who found a treasure today

(FRANCIE exits.)

(Lights fade.)

Willy Loman and Linda Loman from *Death of a Salesman* by Arthur Miller

RECORDED INTRODUCTION

Retirement presents changes that can be positive and stimulating for us here in Sun City, but for some it can be a downward shift in self-worth and life's purpose

*In Arthur Miller's play *Death of a Salesman*, the protagonist, Willy Loman has hopes for the American Dream are corroded by his selfish acts, changing times, and a fear to adjust to the modern ways.*

Willy's wife, Linda Loman, represses her own personality and opinions by admiring and supporting her husband despite all his faults.

Here now we find Willy Loman at the end of his career in an act of desperation as he has been unable to adapt to the modern business culture.

Then we find Linda, fearful that her husband may do something drastic defending his behaviors to their sons in hopes they will give him the respect he is due.

WILLY

Frankly Howard I've just been tired lately. Tired of traveling so much. I'm getting old and I'd appreciate it if you could get me a spot here. All I need is just fifty dollars a week Howard to set my table. Howard, wait a minute, give me a minute. I get it. Business is definitely business. It's just "a business decision". But just listen for a minute. You don't understand this.

When I was a boy, eighteen, nineteen, I was already on the road. And there was a question in my mind as to whether selling had a future for me. Because in those days I had a yearning to go to Alaska. See, there were three gold strikes in one month in Alaska, and I felt like going out. Just for the ride, you might say. And I almost decided to go, when I met a salesman in the Parker House. And he was

eighty-four years old, and he'd drummed merchandise in thirty-one states. And he'd go up to his room, you understand, put on his green velvet slippers, I'll never forget. And pick up his phone and call the buyers, *and without ever leaving his room*, at the age of eighty-four, he made his living. And when I say that, I realized that selling was the greatest career a man could want. When he died, and by the way he died the death of a salesman, when he died, hundreds of salesmen and buyers were at his funeral. See in those days there was a personality in selling, Howard. There was respect, and comradeship, and gratitude in it. Today, it's all cut and dried and there's no chance for bringing friendship to bear, or personality. Personality, Howard. Do you see what I mean? Do you see what I mean Howard? Now it's all cut and dry. They don't take time to get to know one another. They don't know me anymore! They don't know me anymore.

LINDA

Willy Loman never made a lot of money. His name was never in the paper. He's not the finest character that ever lived. But he's a human being, and a terrible thing is happening to him. So, attention must be paid. He's not to be allowed to fall into his grave like an old dog. Attention, attention must finally be paid to such a person. You called him crazy... no, a lot of people think he's lost his... balance. But you don't have to be very smart to know what his troubles are. The man is exhausted. A small man can be just as exhausted as a great man. He works for a company thirty-six years this March, opens up unheard-of territories to their trademark, and now in his old age they take his salary away.

When he has to go to Charley and borrow fifty dollars a week and pretend to me that it's his pay? How long can that go on? How long? And you tell me he has no character? The man who never worked a day but for your benefit. When does he get the medal for that?

DINNER WITH SPIRIT

Created by Karen Pinomaki and MaryEllen Vogt

RECORDED INTRODUCTION

Welcome to “Dinner With Spirit,” a lighthearted séance gone delightfully sideways. Tonight, three friends gather for an evening of food, fun, and a little harmless ghost-hunting... until their medium-for-hire connects with someone unexpected. Settle in for a comedy of surprises, secrets, and spirited interruptions.

CAST

- **CLARA** – Practical, skeptical, allergic to anything “woo-woo.”
- **MAUREEN** – Warm, sentimental, quietly hopeful for signs from the universe.
- **SALLY** – Blunt, funny, easily distracted by snacks.
- **MADAME LUCINDA** – A medium hired for “light entertainment,” confident but not expecting real results.
- **CHARLES** – Maureen’s deceased spouse; appears physically onstage when summoned. Warm, gentle, grounded.

SETTING

A cozy living room. A dining table set for four, candles, snacks, and a slightly theatrical “spirit-summoning” setup arranged by Madame Lucinda.

Lights up.

CLARA

(adjusts the table settings with military precision)

I still don't understand why we're doing this. We could've just played cards like normal people.

SALLY

(shoving chips into a bowl)

Because Maureen wanted something "memorable." And because I lost the vote.

MAUREEN

(enters with cookies)

It's just for fun. A little magic. A little mystery. Something different.

CLARA

Fun is bingo. Fun is a matinee. Fun is not summoning dead people between appetizers and dessert.

MAUREEN

We're not summoning. We're... inviting. Casually.

SALLY

Well, I hope whoever shows up brings wine.

(Doorbell . Enter MADAME LUCINDA, draped in scarves and confidence)

LUCINDA

Good evening, seekers of the unseen. I am Madame Lucinda, conduit to the beyond.

CLARA

You can leave your shoes on. We didn't vacuum.

LUCINDA

(smiling)

I sense... skepticism.

CLARA

I'm not hiding it.

LUCINDA

(surveys the room like a director preparing a scene)

Before we begin, we must prepare the space. Spirits appreciate ambiance.

SALLY

So do I. Should I dim the lights or bring out the good cheese?

LUCINDA

Both would be appropriate.

CLARA

This is already too much.

LUCINDA

(rearranges candles, humming dramatically)

We must create a circle of intention.

CLARA

We have a rectangle of snacks. Will that do?

LUCINDA

It will have to.

LUCINDA

(hands each woman a small stone)

Hold these. They are grounding crystals.

SALLY

Mine looks like a jellybean.

LUCINDA

Do not eat it.

CLARA

Mine is chipped.

LUCINDA

It has character.

MAUREEN

Mine is warm.

LUCINDA

That means you are open to connection.

CLARA

Or she's been holding it too long.

LUCINDA

(sits, closes her eyes, and breathes deeply)

Now... join hands.

SALLY

Do we have to?

LUCINDA

Yes.

CLARA

Fine. But if anyone's hand is sticky, I'm out.

(They join hands. Sally's hand is indeed sticky.)

CLARA

Sally! Eeewww...

SALLY

What? I only had a caramel.

LUCINDA

Spirits of light, if you wish to speak, give us a sign.

(nothing happens)

SALLY

Maybe they're busy.

CLARA

Maybe they heard we're serving gluten-free crackers.

LUCINDA

Spirits... we welcome you.

(pauses)

Anyone?

(tries again)

Anyone at all?

CLARA

Maybe they're shy.

SALLY

Maybe they're unionized.

MAUREEN

(shushing)

Give her a chance.

LUCINDA

I sense... someone whose name begins with... C? Or S? Or possibly M?

CLARA

That narrows it down to everyone here.

LUCINDA

Alright, alright... let me focus.

(shakes her hands dramatically, then freezes)

LUCINDA

Oh.

(softly)

This... is different.

MAUREEN

Different how?

LUCINDA

Someone is coming through on their own.

(pause)

He's asking for... Maureen.

MAUREEN

(startled)

Me?

LUCINDA

He says... “Hello, sweetheart.”

*(A soft light glows upstage. **CHARLES** steps into view — gentle, warm, smiling. As he appears, **CLARA, SALLY, and LUCINDA** freeze completely, mid-gesture.)*

MAUREEN

Charles?

CHARLES

(soft, warm)

Hi, love.

MAUREEN

(tears forming)

I... I can't believe you're here.

CHARLES

I've been trying to reach you. You're a little hard to get through to.

MAUREEN

I thought... maybe signs... maybe little things... but I wasn't sure.

CHARLES

You kept blaming everything on the wind.

MAUREEN

Well, the wind *is* suspicious.

CHARLES

(smiling)

Still adorable. Still dramatic.

MAUREEN

I miss you. Every day.

CHARLES

I know. And I love that you miss me. But I don't want missing me to be the only thing you do.

MAUREEN

I'm trying. It's just... hard.

CHARLES

I know.

(steps closer)

But you're still here. You still get sunrises. And coffee. And friends who make you laugh. And chances to do things you've been putting off.

MAUREEN

Like what?

CHARLES

Like traveling. Or taking that painting class. Or saying yes when someone invites you somewhere instead of saying, "Maybe next time."

MAUREEN

I didn't know you noticed that.

CHARLES

I notice everything.

(softly)

You've been living in the waiting room of your own life.

MAUREEN

(voice breaking)

I didn't mean to.

CHARLES

I know. *(places a hand near her cheek without touching)*

But it's time to step out. Not all at once. Just... a little at a time.

MAUREEN

I'm scared.

CHARLES

So was I. But you're stronger than you think. And you don't have to stop loving me to start living again.

MAUREEN

I don't want to lose you.

CHARLES

You won't. I'm part of you. Always.

(smiles)

But I don't want to be the reason you stop moving forward.

MAUREEN

I'll try. I promise.

CHARLES

That's my girl.

CHARLES

One more thing.

MAUREEN

Anything.

CHARLES

Let yourself laugh more. Let yourself say yes more. Let yourself be surprised.

(softly)

You're doing great. Keep going.

MAUREEN

Thank you, my love.

CHARLES

I'll always be close. Just... maybe not in my slippers.

*(They share a warm smile. **CHARLES** slowly steps backward into the soft light and fades out. As he disappears, the others unfreeze.)*

CLARA

(blinking)

Did... something happen?

SALLY

I feel like I blacked out for a second.

LUCINDA

(confused)

I... don't usually lose time. Not unless Mercury is in retrograde or I've skipped lunch.

MAUREEN

(soft, glowing)

I'm okay. Really. I just... felt something. Something good.

CLARA

You sure? You look like you just ran a marathon and won a prize at the same time.

MAUREEN

(smiling warmly)

Maybe I did. In a way.

LUCINDA

Well... whatever happened, the energy in here shifted. I can feel that much.

CLARA

I still don't believe in any of this.

(pause, softer)

But I'm glad you're smiling.

MAUREEN

I am. More than I have in a long time.

SALLY

Well, I'm thrilled for you, honey...

(grabs a bowl)

...but I'm also thrilled these snacks are finally fair game again. Someone pass the pretzels before I start channeling the cheese platter.

(they laugh together)

(Lights fade.)

Vanya from Vanya Sonia Masha and Spike
by Christopher Durang

RECORDED INTRODUCTION

What happened to the good ol' days? When communication relied on landlines and letters, creating anticipation rather than instant gratification. People were more present– centered on face-to-face gatherings, hobbies, and physical, community-focused activities.

In this monologue, following a family dinner, 70- year old Vanya has written a play and is encouraged to read it out loud to his family. As he does so, he is triggered by a young relative that is rudely checking text messages during his play reading.

VANYA

Excuse me. What are you doing? It's very rude... What's that? ... You're *tweeting* "but it's okay because you're also listening?"

"You can 'multitask'?!" (feeling very frustrated)

Well, how *wonderful*. You can *tweet*. You can *twitter* and *tweet*, you can email and text. Your life is ABUZZ with electrical communication. (Brief breath)

I know older people always say the past was better, but really---instead of a text, with all those lower-case letters and no punctuation, how about a nicely crafted hand-written letter... sent through the post office? ... Or a thank you note? Not a tweet– or an email!

And we used postage stamps. Not just a *click* on the keyboard and it's sent!! But we had to *lick* the postage stamp. Obviously, you've never heard of that!! We didn't just peel-off ready-made stamps with sticky stuff on the back. The sticky stuff had to be triggered by your wet tongue—it took time. And if you were sending out many letters you could be licking stamps for ten minutes or so!!

We used typewriters back then, and whiteout for corrections, and carbon paper for copies!

And we had telephones. And we had to *dial* the numbers by putting our index finger in the hole representing 2 to zero. And if the number was (acts out dialing the numbers) 9-0-9-9-9-9-9 it could take *hours* just to dial the number!!!

We didn't *multi-task*! And we played games like scrabble and Monopoly. We didn't play video games where we kill for some sort of past time.

But now there's Twitter and email and Facebook and cable and satellite and virtual reality. And the movies and TV shows are all worthless. There are 785 worthless television channels, but we don't even watch the same worthless things together. It's all separate. Our lives are...disconnected and you can't sit still for longer than 15 minutes.

But I guess you can *sort of* listen to a play, and *sort of* send a message, and *sort of* play a video game... all at once!

(He regains his composure and states very matter of factly)

I'm worried about the future... I miss the past... I don't want to talk anymore.

If I Went Missing
By Kelly DuMar

RECORDED INTRODUCTION:

We have raised children. We have nurtured, cared for, and guided our children from infancy through adulthood, providing for their physical, emotional, and educational needs. It involved teaching values and social norms, and fostering independence. And our children will be forever grateful...or so we hope...

Meet 72 year old Helen. She is having a moment. Her 45 year old daughter has been seeing a therapist for her anxieties of life. It was suggested by her therapist that Sarah confront Helen with the notion that the anxieties stem from overbearing parenting during her childhood.

HELEN

I ruined your life? Me? I did? Wait. OK so, because I needed to know where you were going after the high school games, your therapist thinks this is the reason you can't cope with life?

Ok. That is very interesting. But let me share something with you. Do you want to know why I needed to know where you were going? Why??? I'm glad you asked! Because, I AM YOUR MOTHER.

That person in your life, who, beyond everyone else, and beyond reason or limit, CARES about where you were and were going.

I CARED because it is in my blood and bones to care. I CARED because whether or not you're satisfied with the result, I brought you kicking and screaming into this world. And because I CARED, more than any other human being has, or WILL EVER, care about you while you are traipsing over this earth, I needed to know where you were BECAUSE , if you went missing, by choice or by force...however small that horrible possibility may have been...

I would have been *compelled* to find you.

If I had to lose my job, become homeless, and snowshoe across Siberia in a blizzard— I wouldn't have stopped searching until I had found you!!! Now you may decide,--- when you can no longer afford therapy— whether this kind of caring was loving devotion or bizarre fanaticism. But, like it or not, I'm on your trail. For life!! That's why I need to know where you're going— before you get there!

Pickleball 101: Wait, This Isn't a Cooking Class?

Created by MaryEllen Vogt & Karen Pinomacki

RECORDED INTRODUCTION

A group of Sun City Lincoln Hills seniors arrives at a class ready to sauté, season, and sample... but instead finds themselves holding paddles, not spatulas. In Pickleball 101: Wait! This Isn't a Cooking Class?, a simple sign-up mistake turns into a showdown of pride, misunderstandings, and determination. It's a recipe for laughter—no cooking required.

CHARACTERS:

- **CHAD** -- SCLH Pickleball Instructor; wearing a "Dink Responsibly" headband (or cap) & brightly covered tee shirt and shorts. He is vibrating with fitness energy.
- **MARGE** -- Wearing a floral apron over a tracksuit. She carries a notepad labeled "Recipes."
- **WALTER** -- Hard of hearing, holding a fork he brought from home.
- **EDITH** -- Peering through thick glasses, carrying a heavy jar of mustard.

SETTING: The Kitchen Room in Kilaga Springs Lodge. A rectangle of blue painter's tape is on the floor. There are three chairs for the students and one table upon which is a paddle and Pickleball. Chad is prepared to instruct the three students on how to play game.

CHAD

Welcome, everyone! Gather 'round the tape! Today is Day One of your journey into the fastest-growing sport in the world: Pickleball!

WALTER

(moves toward taped area and Chad; cupping his ear) What kind of ball?

CHAD

Pickleball, Walter!

WALTER

(nodding) I knew it. I told you, Marge. It's a cook-off.

(Marge picks up her purse near her chair and rifles through it looking for her pad of paper and pen. She pulls out both.)

CHAD

(amused but gentle) It is not a cook-off. It's a paddle sport.

Now, the first thing you need to know is that the goal is to "pickle" your opponent by not letting them score.

MARGE

(poising her pen over her notepad) Now, is that a whole pickle, or do we slice it into chips? I find chips soak up the brine better.

CHAD

(kindly) No, no... "Pickle!" is what you shout when the server is ready. It's the name of the game. It was named after a dog named Pickles who used to chase the ball.

EDITH

Awww....how sweet! *(Thinks for a moment; then horrified)* You named a sport after a dog that puts its mouth on the equipment? That's a health code violation. I'm calling someone over at Orchard Creek.

CHAD

That was a long time ago, Edith. The dog is gone. (*deep breath*)

Now, let's look at the floor. This area inside the blue tape is called "The Kitchen."

MARGE

(*Stands, looking confused*) Where? The stove is over there along the wall (*pointing SR*). I certainly can't sauté in here without a range!

CHAD

It's a metaphorical kitchen! It's a non-volley zone. You cannot stand in the kitchen and hit the ball out of the air.

WALTER

(*Stepping firmly into the bluerectangle*)

I'm in the kitchen. I'm ready for my appetizer.

CHAD

Walter, get out! If you stay in the kitchen, you'll get smashed!

WALTER

Well, of course I'll get smashed. It's Happy Hour. Where's the gin?

CHAD

There is no gin! There is only "Dinking"! Not drinking!

(*While Chad demonstrates dinking, Edith searches for the mustard jar, while Walter picks up a glass and searches for the gin*).

EDITH (*offering her jar*)

I didn't bring gin, but I brought mustard. If we're making pickle sandwiches in the kitchen, we'll need a garnish.

CHAD

(Taking another deep breath)

Listen to me. A "Dink" is a soft shot. You want to drop the ball gently into your opponent's Kitchen so they can't return it.

(Chad demonstrates carefully.)

MARGE

So... I'm throwing food at people? Like a food fight?

CHAD

No! You're hitting a plastic ball with holes in it! Like Swiss cheese!

WALTER

(whispering to Edith) Now he's got cheese. Swiss cheese, pickles, and mustard. He's making a Cuban sandwich.

EDITH

But he won't let us stand by the counter to assemble it! He keeps yelling at us to get out of the Kitchen. *(shaking her head sadly)* It's very disorganized, Chad.

CHAD

(Waving a plastic ball) Does this look like a sandwich to you?! It's polymer! It's aerodynamics!

MARGE

(Squeezing the ball) It is a bit rubbery. You've overcooked it, dear. You have to watch the timer when you're pickling.

CHAD

There is no timer! There is no brine! There is only the score! 0-0-2!

WALTER

(Checking his watch) 0-0-2? We've been here for a long time and we haven't even had a sampler platter. I'm going back to the OC Bar. They have good french fries there.

CHAD

(Desperate) Wait! We haven't even talked about the Third Shot Drop!

EDITH

The Drop?! Oh! *(thinking)* Is that like when you drop a tray?

Because I did that at the New Years Eve dinner party. *(laughing)*

Meridians has never let me hear the end of it.

CHAD

(Within the "Kitchen" taped area, Chad slides down onto a chair.)

(mumbling) Just bring the ham tomorrow. We'll make the sandwiches.

MARGE

(writing in her book and reading aloud)

"Step one: Stand in the blue tape.

Step two: Wait for the dog to bring the Swiss cheese."

Thank you, Chad. Very educational, but I still don't understand why we have to go get one pickle before anything else. That's very confusing, Chad.

CHAD

(stands up, removing chair from Kitchen area) Okay. Okay.

New strategy. Let's talk about the "Lob." Sometimes, your opponent is crowding the Kitchen—standing right at the counter, so to speak—and you need to hit the ball high over their heads.

MARGE

Like a vaulted ceiling?

CHAD

No, like... think of a salad! You're tossing a salad! You want to get that lettuce—the ball—high up into the air so the dressing—the momentum—really coats it before it lands in the back of the bowl.

EDITH (*Horried*)

You're tossing the salad over our heads? In Kilaga, here in the Kitchen room? (*groaning*) I just had my hair done, Chad. I will not be coated in ranch dressing for a sport named after a Cockapoo.

CHAD

No dressing! It's a metaphor, Edith! You're just lifting the ball! It's a high, graceful arc. Like you're flinging a crouton to the back of the buffet line.

WALTER

(*Frowning*) I don't like the sound of that. Tossing salad is a delicate business. If you lob a tomato too high, you're looking at a lawsuit. My cousin Bernie lost an eye to a runaway radish back in '88.

CHAD

Nobody is losing an eye! You just want to push them back. You lob it high and they have to run away from the kitchen to get it.

MARGE

Wait a minute, Chad. You told us the kitchen was the *only* place to be. Now you want us to run away from it? Look, I paid for this class after I read about it in the Compass, and I've also paid for the ham and the pickles at Safeway. I'm not leaving my station!

CHAD

(feeling encouraged) That's the game, Marge! It's about movement!
It's about strategy!

EDITH

(Crossing her arms) It's about being rude. If I'm in the kitchen making a salad, and you "lob" a crouton over my head to make me leave, you're not a sportsman. You are a hooligan!

CHAD

(Voice cracking) I am a certified Pickleball instructor! I am trying to teach you the "Third Shot Drop" and the "Lob" so you don't get "Smashed!"

WALTER

(Pointing his fork at Chad) That's the third time you've threatened to smash us, Mr. Pickleball. I don't care what kind of a pickle you are in, but you cannot talk to Edith that way.

CHAD

I'm not threatening you! An overhead smash is a technical term!

MARGE

(stepping into the blue tape area, nose-to-nose with Chad)
Listen here, "Chef" Chad. We came here for a Pickle Social. We brought the mustard. We brought the forks. And you've spent all this time telling us we can't stand in the kitchen, we can't eat the cheese, and now you're tossing salads at our hairdos.

CHAD

(hollering) THERE IS NO SALAD! THERE IS NO HAM! IT IS JUST A PLASTIC BALL WITH HOLES!

EDITH

(To Walter) He's hysterical. It's the lack of electrolytes. He hasn't had a single pickle since we got here.

WALTER

(Advancing with his fork) I think you need to leave the Kitchen, Chad. Our kitchen.

CHAD

(Backing away from the blue tape) But... I just taped that! That's my zone!

MARGE

(Opening her notepad) Not anymore. Walter, get the folding table. Edith, start slicing. If we're going to be in a non-volley zone, we're at least going to have a decent spread.

CHAD

(At the door, defeated) Meridians is going to hear about those unauthorized deli meats!

WALTER

(Waving the fork) Just go....dink yourself, Chad!

[SCENE END]

Roy from *Lone Star*

by James McClure

RECORDED INTRODUCTION

Ahhh yes, the glory days... As we get older, we often like to reminisce about our past. We like to bring back those bygone days, and tell the tales of those nostalgic reflections of the past – whether others want to hear it or not... ! Like Roy here.

Roy, Here he goes again retelling a most memorable event from his past when he was on top of the world to his brother Ray.

ROY:

Did I ever tell you about the time Wayne and me went to Bossier City, Louisiana? Bossier City! Kinda got a sound to it, don't it? Bossier City! Babylon on the Red River! The biggest strip of nightclubs 'tween Vegas and Miami Beach! Bossier City! One summer morning in 1967 Wayne said to me, "Roy, we can either get drunk here in Maynard or we can get drunk in Bossier City!" So we drove to Louisiana! And as soon as we got there, wham! Things started to happen! We saw a car wreck. That was nothin'. We saw three before we left town. We were in two of them. Wayne backed up into one car, hits a fence, and then as he's leaving the parking lot he side-swipes an oncoming Lincoln Continental. *(Pause.)* I tell you we started at one end of that Bossier Strip and worked our way to the other. Did we get in any fights? We got kicked out of *The Ace's Lounge* and *The Torch* for fighting. We started them.

Anyway, me and Wayne ended up in Kim's Lounge. And Wayne begins to sweet talk this girl down at the end of the bar. And pretty soon he's taking this girl out to the pickup truck. He told me it wouldn't take long. So I ordered another drink. Then, in about five minutes, old Wayne comes back in as white as a sheet and says: "Roy, let's get the hell out of Bossier City." So we did. But after only six hours on the Bossier Strip we had ourselves two fights, two car wrecks, and Wayne Wilder had French-kissed a man in a dress!