

The Last Resort.

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Directors Notes:-

The play is set in the foyer of a retirement village complex. The residents are all active middle aged people who enjoy a busy social life. They are planning a concert to raise funds for a week away on a bus trip for some sightseeing and a little gambling at the Casino.

Vanessa Sanders has booked her mother, Silvie, in to the village for three weeks respite. Silvie doesn't want to be there. She is convinced that her children are trying to get rid of her.

Harry the bus driver, recognises Silvie as a classmate from high school days, things begin to improve for Silvie. Eddie, one of the residents invites her to be part of the concert. Harriet, Eddie's wife, is jealous of the newcomer and tries to make things difficult for her.

The preparations for the proposed bus trip are brought to an abrupt halt when the village's ancient tour bus breaks down. Jenny, the receptionist tells them that the management of the village have declined to spend any more money on the vehicle.

The residents, mostly pensioners, pool their resources to save the old bus, and complete their planned trip. A jumble sale, a raffle as well as the concert, are arranged to raise funds for repairs to the bus.

Three weeks later, the day of the concert, Vanessa returns for her mother. She is amazed at the change in Silvie, and even more concerned about her mothers plans for the future.

CAST:-

Three Male Seven Female.

EDDIE Organiser. Outgoing, Golfer.
HARRIET Eddie's wife. Whinger.
MERV Vague. Early stages Alzheimer patient.
VIOLET Merv's Wife. Cheerful.
GLADYS Overbearing. Loud.
FLORENCE Old fashioned, Prim, Friend of Gladys
HARRY Larrikin, Coach Driver Mechanic.
SILVIE Unwilling Respite Patient.
JENNY Nurse/Receptionist
VANESSA Daughter of Silvie. (Cameo role)



SUGGESTED MUSIC

Act One

1. *(Overture.)* **Twilight Time.**
Or You Will Never grow Old (Music only)
2. **Dearie.** *(Florence & Gladys.)*
3. **Leaning on a Lamp-post.**
or an Elvis Number.
(Eddie, Merv, Violet & Harriet.)
4. **Day Trip to Bangor** *(Silvie & Harry.)*
5. **These Boots Were made For Walking**
or The Old Grey Mare. *(Line dance number.)*

Act Two.

6. *(Overture.)* **Twilight Time.**
Or You Will Never grow Old (Music only)
7. **I'm Just Wild about Harry.** *(Silvie.)*
8. **The Marrow Song.**
Or Yes, We have no Bananas
(Harry, Violet and Harriet join in the chorus.)
9. **Hawaiian War Chant or Pearly Shells or**
Keep Your Eyes on the Hands
(Either Florence and Gladys, or Harriet and Violet.
And Merv, Or all of them.)
10. **You Will Never Grow Old.**
(Eddie & Silvie, with audience participation.)
11. **Viva Las Vegas! Or We're in the Money.**
(Finale Full Company.)

N.B. This script is text only. Music is of your own choosing and copyright permission, if applicable, should be sought for any music used in your production. Titles listed here are suggestions only of the type of music suitable.

The Last Resort *by Judith Prior.*

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Setting. *The scene remains the same for the entire play.*
The reception foyer of a retirement village complex. A large well furnished room with bookcases, a television set, comfortable chairs, occasional tables, magazine racks etc. Downstage to one side is a small reception desk. Upstage a fireplace. Upstage, doors or french windows open out onto a garden area, leading off to a barbeque and swimming pool,(off stage) Exits upstage and downstage right and left to other parts of the building, and to the outside of the building.

Act One SCENE ONE.

MUSIC No. 1. *(The Overture.)*

(Downstage, opposite the reception desk Violet and Merv are seated at a small table. Violet is knitting or crocheting and Merv is doing a crossword puzzle.)

MERV. *(To himself.)* Now, let's see... Four across... a three letter word for a horse.... Hmmmm. Horse..... three letters.

VIOLET. I do wish you'd spend some time cleaning the car instead of wasting your life away on those stupid crossword puzzles, Merv.

MERV. *(Ignoring Violet.)* Three letters?

VIOLET. Did you hear what I just said?

MERV. *(Absently.)* Hmmmm.

VIOLET. *(Louder.)* Mervin! Have you got your hearing aid turned off again?

MERV. (*Without looking up.*) No dear. I heard you.

VIOLET. What did I say?

MERV. (*Vaguely.*) Er... Something about the car, wasn't it?

VIOLET. Yes. The car. It's all covered in dust, and the windows are filthy, you can hardly see through them, and the inside could do with a good vacuum as well. I was just telling Harriet the other day.....

MERV. (*Enlightened.*) Nag! That's it. Nag!

(*Writes word into his puzzle.*)

VIOLET. (*Indignant.*) Nag! I do not nag. I never nag! If you want to hear nagging you should listen to Harriet. Now there's a real nagger for you. She never stops! I don't know how poor Eddie puts up with it. On and on she goes, day in day out. Get me a cup of tea, Eddie, Get me my cardigan, Eddie,...do this Eddie, do that Eddie.....

MERV. (*Ignoring Violet.*) So seven down has to be right, and six across starts with a D.

VIOLET. Are you listening to me Merv?

MERV. (*Without looking up.*) Yes, dear. Hmmm, a five letter word for a bee, starting with D?

VIOLET. I know the doctor says you have early symptoms of Alzheimer's, and the crosswords help you to exercise your mind....

MERV. (*Absently.*) Yes, dear.

VIOLET. But sometimes I wonder.. ... More like selective amnesia, if you ask me. The memory loss is only when it suits you.

MERV. Yes, dear. (*Writes in his puzzle.*)

VIOLET. I think you hear what you want to hear, and you forget anything you don't want to remember.

MERV. (*Looks at her over his glasses.*) Drone!

VIOLET. (*Waspishly.*) I beg your pardon!

MERV. (*Innocently.*) What?

VIOLET. What did you just say?

MERV. (*Innocently.*) Drone! A five letter word for a bee.

(*Writes word into his puzzle.*)

VIOLET. One of these days, Mervin. One of these days!

(*Enter Florence and Gladys, from upstage. During the following exchange they walk across the stage from upstage to downstage exit, stopping occasionally as they chat to each other.*

They are oblivious to Violet and Merv.)

FLORENCE. (*Gossiping.*) Did you hear all that shouting coming from Barry Winslet's unit last night, Gladys?

GLADYS. (*Interested.*) No. I never heard a thing. Barry's always as quiet as a mouse. Wouldn't know anybody lived there except that I see a bit of washing on the line now and then.

FLORENCE. (*Smirking.*) Well, you might get to see some interesting washing in the near future.

GLADYS. What ever do you mean?

FLORENCE. (*Importantly*) It seems Barry's getting married.

GLADYS. (*Surprised.*) What! Who to?

FLORENCE. Don't you mean, to whom?

GLADYS. You know very well what I mean, Florence. Who's he getting married to?

FLORENCE. (*More importantly*) Rhonda Bishop. From number six.

GLADYS. (*Incredulous.*) Rhonda Bishop?

FLORENCE. Yes. That's what I said.

GLADYS. Well, I never!

FLORENCE. Remember when we went on that bus trip, last month? They were sitting together.

GLADYS. (*Speculatively.*) So they were.

FLORENCE. Well, I thought at the time. I thought then.....

GLADYS. Rhonda Bishop! Huh! He'll be sorry.

FLORENCE. That's what his son was trying to tell him last night.

GLADYS. He must have had his kids over to break the news to them.

FLORENCE. That's what all the shouting was about. I just happened to be out in my garden and I couldn't help overhearing most of it.

GLADYS. I suppose you were gardening right by the fence?

FLORENCE. Naturally! Rhonda's been married before hasn't she?

GLADYS. Has she ever! (*Importantly.*) She's been married four times.

FLORENCE. (*Incredulous.*) Four times? Really!

GLADYS. Oh, yeah! She was telling me all about it one day at Bingo. (*Ticking off on her fingers.*) Her first husband was a millionaire, the second one was an actor, the third one was a minister, and the fourth one was an undertaker.

FLORENCE. (*Ticking off on her fingers.*) Wow! One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and four to go!

GLADYS. Yep!

FLORENCE. You know, I think I remember her last husband. He died, didn't he?

GLADYS. Yeah! Heart I think. The one before that was killed in a car crash. Can't remember what happened to her first two husbands. Divorced I think. Can't remember things as well as I used to.

FLORENCE. Me neither.

MUSIC. No. 2 *Dearie*

(Exit Florence and Gladys downstage, to outside.)