

Directors Notes, CAST:- 6/8 Females 5/6 Males (Some doubling possible)

The play, a comedy farce in two acts, is set in a charity run opportunity shop. The three lady volunteers who work in the shop should be middle aged or older. The men may be of any age, although Wally would be of pension age, and Marty is younger than the other two.

Upstairs, over the shop, (*Off stage*) live two younger women, Madge and Carol. These ladies are exotic dancers at the Pink Pussy by night, and by day they run a very successful phone sex business, which the opp shop staff believe is simple tele marketing.

The dissimilar values and attitudes of the two very different lots of tenants, upstairs and downstairs, and the stream of weird and wonderful customers coming and going through the Opp Shop, create some very funny situations.

When the local councillors decide to run a recycled fashion parade and talent quest as a promotion to advertise their recycling policies, the girls upstairs are enlisted to help the opp shop staff with their entry in the competition.

The competition entry from the Opp Shop is the finale of the play, and this may be as informal or as lavish as you like to make it. A simple fashion parade of recycled clothes, plus a trio by the three older ladies, a



dance number by the two upstairs ladies, or the three guys doing something like the full Monty!

There are lots of walk on comedy roles, speaking parts and non speaking, as customers enter and exit the shop. If you are short of players, some of these roles may be doubled up.

If you've never been to an Opp Shop, you should make a field trip, you never know just what you might find, when.....

Opportunity Knocks!

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The Opp Shop Volunteers.....

Daphne..... Volunteer, Bossy, in charge of the Opp Shop

Hazel..... Volunteer, older, slightly deaf.

Rose..... Volunteer, mutton done up as lamb. Flirt.

Wally..... Volunteer, Pensioner. Cheerful.

Herb..... Volunteer. Has a bad back.

Marty..... Younger. Assistant, not very bright.

The Girls Upstairs.....

Carol.....(*Could be a Blonde.*) Exotic Dancer

Madge..... Exotic Dancer

The Customers. (*May double up if necessary.*)

Lady 1. Smartly Dressed. Looks wealthy.

Man 1..... Scruffy. Perhaps, black singlet and thongs.

Whingeing Woman..... Middle Aged. Well Dressed.

Older Man.... Walks slowly, as if in great pain

Hippy 1. Male or female. Love beads, bare feet etc.

Hippy 2. .Male or female. Love beads, bare feet etc
Detective or Policeman.Male or Female.
Mayor. (Must be male.) Male
Mayor's Wife.... Female

Various other customers should enter and exit the shop during the play, either singularly or in pairs. Some of them buy and pay for purchases, and some simply browse through the racks of stock and eventually leave. The director should plan these entrances and exits throughout the rehearsals.

ACT ONE

"Opportunity Knocks"

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ACT ONE.

Setting:- Inside the local thrift shop. Racks of old clothes, boxes of odds and ends everywhere. Changing rooms or signs denoting Male and Female, are located upstage, a small counter with a telephone and an old fashioned cash register, slightly angled down stage, on one side and a sorting table with perhaps two chairs, downstage on the opposite side.

Music No. 1.

Music fades down as enter two elderly ladies, Hazel and Daphne, they move to the counter, slowly back and forth, sorting clothes.

HAZEL. (Loudly.) Is this the last box of dresses, then?

DAPHNE. No. I don't think so, there's still one or two more boxes out the back.

HAZEL. What?

DAPHNE. (Louder.) There's still a few more boxes out the back.

HAZEL. (Sympathetically.) Oh, you've put your back out.

DAPHNE. No. I haven't! (Loudly.) The rest of the boxes are out the back!

HAZEL. (Oblivious) Fine. You just rest your back. I'll just go and see if there's anymore boxes out the back.

(Hazel shuffles slowly towards the back exit.)

DAPHNE. (Loudly.) There's nothing wrong with my back!

HAZEL. Then why did you say there was?

DAPHNE. (Shouting.) I didn't!

HAZEL. Well, there's no need to shout!

DAPHNE. Never mind! Rose will bring in the last few boxes, when she gets here.

HAZEL. (Stops, turns around.) Who?

DAPHNE. (Louder.) Rose.

HAZEL. (Disapprovingly.) Oh, is Rose on today?
(Hazel shuffles back to original position.)

DAPHNE. Yes, she is.

HAZEL. (Annoyed.) But Gladys is always on with us, on Tuesdays.

DAPHNE. I know, but Gladys had a doctors appointment, today, so Rose swapped with her.

HAZEL. (Interested.) What's wrong with her?

DAPHNE. (Absently.) Who? Rose?

HAZEL. (Louder.) No. Gladys! What's wrong with Gladys?

DAPHNE. I think she has some gynaecological problem.

HAZEL. (Surprised.) At her age?

DAPHNE. Anyway it's none of our business... Let's just get on with this lot.

HAZEL. (Looking around.) Yes, it is a nice shop. It was good of the council to let us have it.

DAPHNE. What?

HAZEL. A lot bigger than the other shop too.

DAPHNE. (Loudly.) Did you forget your hearing aid again today, Hazel?

HAZEL. (Huffily.) Yes, I did. But you don't have to shout. I'm not that deaf.

DAPHNE. (Quietly.) That's your opinion.

HAZEL. I heard that!

DAPHNE. (Louder.) There's at least another three boxes still to be sorted, they're ~~outside on the back porch~~.....

HAZEL. (Surprised.) A black Porsche? Who's got a black Porsche? Rose, I'll bet! She's always trying to impress everybody, that Rose. Now, what on earth would she need with a car like that?

DAPHNE. (Giving up.) Never mind! (Holding up a lacy black G string.) Look! What do you reckon this thing is, Hazel?

HAZEL. Good Heavens! I don't know, Daphne. There's no telling what some people will donate to charity these days.

ROSE. (Entering with a box of hats.) Good morning girls. Where do you want this lot, Daph?

DAPHNE. (Still examining the G string.) 'Morning Rose. Just put it down anywhere, for the time being.

HAZEL. (Ignoring Rose, and taking the G string.) I think it's some kind of newfangled underwear.

DAPHNE. What do you think, Rose?

ROSE. *(Rose puts down the box and takes the G string. Smiling, she demonstrates a sling shot.)* Yes! Could be.... Either that, or a lace covered sling shot.

DAPHNE. Don't be silly, Rose. Give it here. *(Taking the G string..)* Oh, yes. I see now. I think Hazel's right. It is a piece of underwear. *(Holds the G string upside down in front of her chest.)* Look, these strappy bits must go over the shoulders.

ROSE. Yeah! Right!

HAZEL. Oh Well! It takes all kinds.

DAPHNE. Thanks for coming in at such short notice, Rose.

ROSE. *(Cheerfully.)* That's okay. Have you heard how old Gladys is?

HAZEL. *(Seriously.)* I think she's about eighty three.

ROSE. What?

HAZEL. I know she's older than me, but I don't think she's quite as old as Myrtle Stevens. Myrtle was ninety last February and....

DAPHNE. *(Annoyed.)* Oh, for goodness sakes, Hazel.

HAZEL. *(Innocently.)* What? What did I do now?

DAPHNE. Never mind! Why don't you go and bring in the rest of the boxes, from outside ?

HAZEL. Alright! I can see that three's a crowd. I know when I'm not wanted! *(Huffily.)* I'll just go and bring in the rest of the boxes, from outside.. *(Hazel exits through back exit.)*

DAPHNE. *(Shaking her head.)* Left her hearing aid at home again! Now where were we?

ROSE. Gladys?

DAPHNE. Oh yes. Gladys had an appointment to see Dr. Winsome, this morning.

ROSE. *(Concerned.)* Nothing serious, I hope?

DAPHNE. Women's problems. She'll probably be in again next week.... and no doubt we'll hear all the gory details then.

ROSE. *(Interested.)* Dr Winsome, you said. He's the new doctor at *(...Local Medical Centre.....)* Have you met him yet?

DAPHNE. No, I haven't. Have you?

ROSE. Oh, yes!

DAPHNE. What's he like?

ROSE. *(Dreamily.)* He's lovely. Youngish... nice hands. So gentle, and really handsome. *(Sigh.)* He could put his shoes under my bed anytime he likes.

DAPHNE. *(Shocked.)* Rose! Sometimes you can be so coarse.

ROSE. *(Shamelessly.)* I know! *(Sigh.)* I took the baby, you know, little Jimmy, in the see him last week. We were a bit worried that he wasn't putting on enough weight.

DAPHNE. *(Sorting clothes.)* Oh yes?

ROSE. Dr. Winsome examined him ever so thoroughly.

DAPHNE. *(Absently.)* And what did he say?

ROSE. He agreed that Jimmy is underweight for his age, and he asked me if he was breast fed.

DAPHNE. *(Disinterested.)* And is he?

ROSE. Oh, yes.

DAPHNE. So, what did the doctor suggest?

ROSE. *(Gleefully.)* He suggested that I take off my blouse, and he gave my boobs a thorough examination.

DAPHNE. *(Shocked.)* He did what?

ROSE. *(Blissfully reminiscing.)* Oh, yes. All over. Up here and over there, and under here....*(Sigh.)* Then he said, "I can see what the problem is. You have no milk."

DAPHNE. *(Horried.)* Of course you have no milk. Jimmy's your grandson!

ROSE. I know. *(Sigh.)* But I'm awfully glad I took him in!

WALLY. *(Entering from the upstage entrance, with shopping trolley or wheelbarrow full of boxes.)* Good morning girls!

BOTH LADIES. Morning, Wally.

WALLY. What's got into old Hazel today? She nearly bit my head off. All I said was, good morning.

ROSE. Left her hearing aid at home.

WALLY. Again?

DAPHNE. Do you think you could run her home to get it Wally? She's going to be impossible to work with all day, without it.

WALLY. Sure, not a problem. Where do you want this lot, then?

DAPHNE. Put them over there, thanks. Rose, will you give him a hand? You might have to shift that dress rack a bit. *(Rose moves to help Wally.)*

HAZEL. *(Re enters, with small box.)* This is the last of them. I thought we'd have a lot more room than this. *(Complaining.)* The director said the new shop was going to be twice as big as the other one.

WALLY. *(Looking around the shop.)* This shop is twice as big as the other one..... Only, now we have three times as much junk as we had at the other place.

ROSE. *(Smiling.)* You know, Wally, I think you're right!

WALLY. Beats me where they get all this junk from.

DAPHNE. *(Seriously.)* I do wish you wouldn't keep referring to the stock, as junk!

HAZEL. Yes, Walter. Show a little respect. All of this junk, ... er I mean, stock, has been very generously donated to charity.

WALLY. *(Holding up a broken item.)* Yeah! Very generous. Every home should have at least one of these!! And how about this? *(Holds up a wind up toy.)* It reminds me of a toy I had when I was a kid. *(Looks closely at the toy.)*

ROSE. I think I had one of those too.

WALLY. *(Looking closer.)* You know, I think it's the actual one my dad bought me, back home from the war, in nineteen forty five.

MUSIC No. 2.
(Ladies join in the chorus, encourage audience to join in.)