

Making a Move

Carl L. Williams





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ArtAge Publications

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MAKING A MOVE

by

Carl L. Williams

ABOUT THE PLAYWRIGHT:

Carl L. Williams is a playwright whose full-length and one-act plays have won numerous national competitions, with productions from California to New York, including off-off-Broadway. More than two dozen of his plays have been published. Since his retirement as a social worker, he has been pursuing playwriting full-time.

The Cast

HARVEY BURKE: Senior Citizen, out of shape

VERA BURKE: Senior Citizen, his wife

GLORIA: Middle-Aged, their daughter

TEDDY MUSTERMAN: Senior Citizen, in good shape

Place:

The Burke living room. Front door and door to hallway.

Time:

Present, late afternoon.

Synopsis: A man's wife and daughter try to convince him that moving to a retirement community would be a good idea. He resists any such notion until confronted with the apparently romantic attentions of an athletic friend toward his wife.

(HARVEY BURKE and his daughter GLORIA sit looking at brochures for a senior retirement community. A large, open bag of potato chips sits on the coffee table.)

GLORIA: Just consider it, Dad.

HARVEY: No. How many times do I have to say no? I should get a big stamp that says NO and stamp all these brochures you keep bringing me.

GLORIA: You know good and well this big house is too much for you and Mom to keep up. *(points to a brochure spread open on the coffee table)* See these pretty little bungalows? Just perfect for you.

HARVEY: I like it here.

GLORIA: And what happens when Mom can't do everything around the place anymore?

HARVEY: She doesn't do everything. I help out. Ever since I retired, I've been helping with the housework.

GLORIA: Putting dishes in the dishwasher isn't quite the same as dusting and vacuuming and sweeping and mopping and--

HARVEY: Hey, I take the dishes out of the washer, too, you know, and put them back in the cabinet.

GLORIA: And then you go and lie down to catch your breath. Which brings up the main reason for moving to Silverwood Estates Retirement Community. Look here...*(opens a brochure)* They have their own health club, with all this exercise equipment. They even have a physical trainer who comes in several times a week.

HARVEY: Fine. He can use the equipment. *(eats a potato chip)*

GLORIA: *(grabs another brochure)* And look here. The bungalows face this beautiful golf course.

HARVEY: I don't play golf.

GLORIA: You could learn.

HARVEY: How many windows get smashed from the golf balls coming over? And who pays for the windows? Did you ever stop to think about that?

GLORIA: *(exasperated)* Honestly, Dad. If you ever get a window broken, I'll pay for it.

HARVEY: I don't need my daughter paying for my windows. Which aren't my windows, because I'm not living there. Look, Gloria...I know you're trying to help. But we don't need your help. Not this kind, anyway.

GLORIA: Yeah, well, you might check with Mom about that.

HARVEY: What do you mean?

GLORIA: It's not just all the housework. She's worried about you.

HARVEY: For thirty years she's been worried about me. That's what wives do. They worry about their husbands.

GLORIA: And she'd like to keep on worrying about you for a good many years to come, which she might not be able to do if you don't get yourself in shape.

HARVEY: I'm in shape.

GLORIA: *(gives him a look)* Dad.

HARVEY: Maybe not great shape, but shape is shape, and this one's mine.

GLORIA: I can see from the outside you're in desperate need of exercise, and I hate to imagine what you look like on the inside.

HARVEY: If you nagged Isaac as much as you're nagging me...*(trails off, knowing he's gone too far)*

GLORIA: *(hurt, chastened, finishes for him)* Then it's no wonder he divorced me. Is that what you were going to say?

HARVEY: I'm sorry, honey. I didn't mean it. All I'm trying to say is, let your Mom and me make our own decisions. Isn't that what you were always wanting from us? To let you make your own decisions?

GLORIA: Yeah, and look how that turned out. You always advised me what kind of car to buy, but when it came time to pick a husband, you had nothing to say.

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