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We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

ArtAge Publications

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HIGH SCHOOL REUNION

by
Arthur Keyser

Characters:

Robert, a 62 year-old man, who is the host in a restaurant.

Patrick Martin, a 101 year-old man.

Thomas Delaney, a 101 year-old man.

Place:

A downtown restaurant in a mid-sized city.

Time:

Twelve-thirty in the afternoon on a mid-week day in late spring.

(Lights up on ROBERT, standing at a music stand, which is used as a lectern, close to the glass front door of an upscale restaurant. He doesn't notice PATRICK, who is carrying a briefcase and sturdy cane, approaching from the outside. PATRICK taps on the door with his cane. Getting no response, PATRICK hits the door more forcibly. ROBERT quickly walks to the door and opens it. PATRICK walks in and ROBERT closes the door.)

PATRICK: Damned door's too heavy for a man my age to open.

ROBERT: Sorry, Mr. Martin.

PATRICK: Next time, I'll hit it hard enough to break the glass.

ROBERT: I should have noticed you arriving, but I was checking reservations.

PATRICK: It's time you kept up with the rest of the world. The pharmacy doors open when a customer comes up close.

ROBERT: I'll make sure to mention it to the owner.

PATRICK: I hope you're not trying to humor an old man.

ROBERT: I never think of you as old. In fact, you look quite young.

PATRICK: Don't lie to me. No one at a hundred and one looks young.

ROBERT: I think you're amazing for your age.

PATRICK: The only thing amazing about me is that I'm still alive.

ROBERT: Which one is this?

PATRICK: Our eighty-third.

ROBERT: You don't look a day older than last year.

PATRICK: You'd better have your eyes checked. How old are you now?

ROBERT: Sixty-two.

PATRICK: You probably still have your baby teeth.

ROBERT: You certainly haven't lost your sense of humor.

PATRICK: It's about the only thing I haven't lost.

ROBERT: May I show you to your table?

PATRICK: I don't need any help. If it's my regular table, I can see it from here.

(PATRICK walks to a table, which has only one chair and is set for one person. He sits down. ROBERT has followed PATRICK to the table.)

ROBERT: Your waiter will be Conner. He's in the kitchen right now.

PATRICK: Where's George? He's been waiting on us for almost forty years.

ROBERT: He retired at the end of last year.

PATRICK: It's not like the old days...can't rely on anyone anymore.

ROBERT: He wanted to move to Florida.

PATRICK: He'll be sorry. Nothing there but a bunch of old people.

(ROBERT sees an elderly man, waiting at the lectern.)

ROBERT: Would you excuse me, Mr. Martin? Someone needs my help.

(ROBERT walks back to the lectern, where Thomas is standing. PATRICK opens his briefcase and removes a folder and a small gavel, both of which he places on the table.)

ROBERT *(Cont'd)*: Good afternoon, sir. May I help you?

THOMAS: I'm here for the class reunion. Is Patrick Martin here?

ROBERT: He arrived a few moments ago. I'll show you to his table.

(ROBERT leads THOMAS to where PATRICK is sitting, brings a chair over to the table for THOMAS, and then walks back to the lectern. THOMAS remains standing.)

THOMAS: Good afternoon, Patrick...Tom Delaney. I'm sure you don't remember me.

PATRICK: Don't know where you learned my name. You're at the wrong table. This is the Central High School class of 1931 annual reunion luncheon.

THOMAS: I was in that class.

PATRICK: No you weren't!

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!