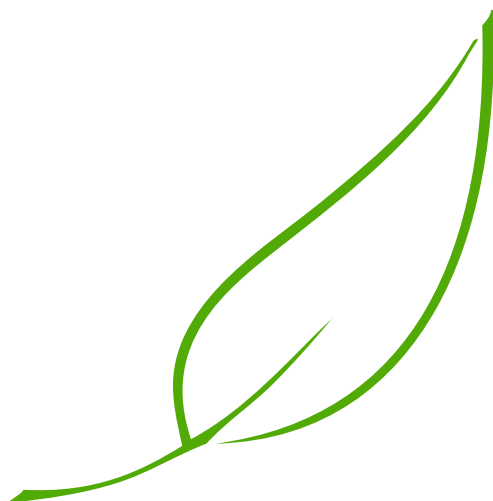


ONE COOL OLD LADY

by Ken Bradbury



GREEN ROOM PRESS

greenroompress.com

Copyright Notice

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Green Room Press. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Green Room Press. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Green Room Press. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Green Room Press.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Green Room Press.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Green Room Press.

ONE COOL OLD LADY
by Ken Bradbury

ONE COOL OLD LADY**by Ken Bradbury***(2f): Jenny and her Grandma**(Grandma sleeps in her chair as Jenny carefully enters. She looks around the room, then lightly touches her grandmother's shoulder.)***JENNY:** Grandma? *(Jenny looks around, sees no other way so she shakes her a bit more firmly.)* Grandma, wake up.**GRANDMA:** *(groggily coming out of her sleep)* Hmm?**JENNY:** It's Jenny, Grandma.**GRANDMA:** Time to eat?**JENNY:** It's Jenny. I don't work here. I'm your granddaughter.**GRANDMA:** *(squinting)* Do I know you?**JENNY:** I'm your granddaughter Jenny.**GRANDMA:** You look just like my granddaughter Jenny. *(A pause. Jenny is confused, perplexed)* *(then exploding)* Kidding! Of course I know you! Can't you take a joke? Sit down! What're you doing here? Did I miss my funeral? They never tell me about these things. I was late to bingo yesterday. You think I'm losing it?**JENNY:** *(laughing)* Grandma, you are so funny.**GRANDMA:** Yes. Yes, I am. I didn't miss my funeral, did I? I wanted to go ... you know, just to see who else came and what they said.**JENNY:** No, Grandma, you didn't miss your funeral.**GRANDMA:** Good. Have they scheduled it yet?**JENNY:** Grandma!**GRANDMA:** Your mother is a planner. I'll give her that. I'm sure she's got the date penciled in somewhere. Look, when you get home try to find it, would you? I don't want to miss it.**JENNY:** How are you?**GRANDMA:** Nuts. I'm completely nuts. How are you?**JENNY:** Can I sit down?

GRANDMA: I don't know. Have you practiced? You just bend your knees a little bit then you ease your tail into the chair. Of course at my age you just aim your rear in the right direction and plop. I don't sit anymore. I plop. So plop yourself down, Jenny-Girl. (*as Jenny pulls up a chair*) Are the Bears winning any games?

JENNY: I didn't know you were a football fan.

GRANDMA: I'm not. I'm trying to relate to you. I'm trying to be relevant.

JENNY: I love you.

GRANDMA: I don't blame you. I'm a lovable old coot. So what are you doing here? Nobody comes to the retirement home unless they feel guilty. You feel guilty? Been doing something you shouldn't? Spill the beans, Jenny. Gossip is the only fun we get around here. ... and Herb.

JENNY: Herb?

GRANDMA: He lives down the hall. Thinks he's George Washington. Last night he crossed the Delaware right in the middle of supper. You ever try to guide a rowboat through split-pea soup?

JENNY: What!?

GRANDMA: Makes your oars sticky. Herb's a nutcase but we love him. Last week he was Billy the Kid. He held one of the cooks hostage behind the salad bar for twenty minutes 'til they finally captured him.

JENNY: Captured?

GRANDMA: Somebody hit him with a bowl of low-fat Ranch dressing and he fell headfirst into the three-bean salad. It was a great shot. He woke up singing *London Bridge is Falling Down* and they hauled him away in time to watch *The Golden Girls*. That show always calms him down. So you didn't answer my question. What're you doing here? It's not Christmas is it? They never tell me these things.

JENNY: Well ... I mean, I came here because I miss you ... That's the main reason ... and I really love you, Grandma.

GRANDMA: You should. I'm extremely lovable. But it's an assignment, isn't it?

JENNY: How'd you know that?

GRANDMA: “Old” does not mean “stupid.” You’ve got a notebook sticking out of your bag and it’s just now time for school to be out.

JENNY: You’re sharp.

GRANDMA: And cute. Don’t forget cute. They’re always forgetting “cute.” You think I should dye my hair red? Maybe get a tattoo? I’ve started tanning, you know.

JENNY: Tanning?

GRANDMA: Yep. Every day I drive my wheelchair by the window. It’s a slow tan ... another twenty years and I’ll be Hawaiian. You don’t have an old hula skirt around the house, do you? So what’s your assignment?

JENNY: Well, we ...

GRANDMA: Don’t tell me! “For Monday you will interview an older relative in your family. Find out what life was like in the good old days. If they are able, try to get them to tell you stories of what it was like when they were young.”

JENNY: That ... that is amazing! How’d you know?

GRANDMA: I can read it. It’s sticking out of your bag. I may be goofy but I’m not blind.

JENNY: (*laughing*) Grandma, you are the youngest person I know.

GRANDMA: Cute. Cute. You keep forgetting “cute.”

JENNY: And you’re cute. So many of the other kids don’t even know their grandparents. They’ve moved away or they’re sick or ... well ...

GRANDMA: Dead. It’s okay to go ahead and say it. “Dead.” I say it several times a day. “Oh look! That plant’s dead! That fried chicken! Dead, dead, dead!” Things die. I’m a big girl. You can be honest with me.

JENNY: You are a lot of things, Grandma ...

GRANDMA: And dead isn’t one of ‘em. Okay, so what do you want to know? Hurry up, any minute I may be dead as the fried chicken.

JENNY: (*looking at her notes*) Okay ... uh ... What was it like in the good old days?

GRANDMA: Dumb question. Go on to the next one.

JENNY: Huh?



GREEN ROOM PRESS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

ONE COOL OLD LADY

by Ken Bradbury.

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:*

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.

customerservice@greenroompress.com

www.greenroompress.com