

LADIES AT POKER

By Carol Woods

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STORY OF THE PLAY

The Ladies meet at Suzie's home for a game of poker - which they know little if anything about. Suzie's husband, Willoughby, sticks his two-cents-worth in and the game disintegrates into a sharing of make-up and poker-bridge. As usual men are a part of the discussion. About 20-25 minutes.

Add the two plays below for trilogy of one-acts which may be performed together as an evening of entertainment, *Ladies -- A Trio of Six*.

LADIES AT LUNCH: (6w, 2m) Six alert and active senior ladies meet for lunch each week. Between their arranging chairs, sharing OTC medications, discussing mammograms and men, they give a waiter and his manager a really bad day. About 20-25 minutes.

LADIES ON VACATION: (6w) The Ladies go on vacation and rent a condo with only one bathroom. From trying to get all of their luggage into one minivan, deciding who sleeps where and what to eat, to finally selecting the activities, life gets wild and silly, all intensified by lack of sleep. About 20-25 minutes.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(6 females, 1 male.)

Women near or at retirement age:

DEBBIE
GRACE
KATHERINE
LINDA
SARAH
SUZIE

Suzie's husband:

WILLOUGHBY

SETTING: Suzie's home. Table slightly to stage right.
Chair sits to stage left. On top of table are boxes, poker chips in six equal stacks, two decks of cards, 2 six-packs of different soft drinks (*empty.*), money jar.

PROPS: Table, chairs, assorted pop cans (weighted and empty), two bowls for snacks, poker chips, cards, cardboard boxes (empty), newspaper, money jar.

LADIES AT POKER

(Scene opens as WILLOUGHBY enters from stage left and walks over to chair, sits down with newspaper. As he starts to read, SUZIE enters stage left looking hurried, dressed in old pants and sweat shirt, big floppy slippers and with hair uncombed.)

SUZIE: Those ladies are going to arrive in just a little while and I'm not close to being ready. Did you get all the clothes into boxes for that charity to pick up in the morning?

WILLOUGHBY: Sure they're right over there. *(HE points toward boxes sitting on table.)*

SUZIE: Will, we can't play poker with boxes all over.

WILLOUGHBY: You ladies can't play poker with or without boxes. This isn't going to be a poker game - not like men play. It will just be a lot of cackling like a gaggle of geese.

SUZIE: Well, I say we can and I'll prove it to you. We'll have fun in our own way and I wish you would change your shirt. That one has grease all over it.

WILLOUGHBY: This shirt's just fine. I put it on clean last week. Nobody's going to look at how I'm dressed. Anyway you don't look like a fashion model to me. Not with those slippers.

SUZIE: *(Holds up foot.)* I intend to change before they get here. Come on, Will, work with me - okay? And get those boxes poked in a corner somewhere. I'm making this special party mix that I found the recipe for today.

WILLOUGHBY: Isn't that living dangerously to use your friends as guinea pigs? Although I've watched them eat so it does seem appropriate. Suzie, it's getting close to the time for your group to arrive. How long does it take to make this jazzy mix?

SUZIE: Oh, it shouldn't take long. I'll put it in the oven, go and change clothes, and by then they'll be here.

WILLOUGHBY: I suppose you're going to use the smoke alarm as your oven timer like you do most of the time.

SUZIE: (*Whines.*) Will-ou-bee! If you don't stop giving me a bad time, I'll make you go to your room and watch TV.

WILLOUGHBY: You mean like a "time out" on a chair in the corner. Come on - I'm just kidding around. You working in the kitchen should be declared a hazardous occupation.

SUZIE: Will, that ain't funny. (*Exits left to kitchen.*)

WILLOUGHBY: (*Yells.*) I don't know why you keep planning parties and get-togethers when they make a nervous wreck out of you.

SUZIE: (*Yells from offstage.*) I like doing it!

WILLOUGHBY: (*To himself.*) The only woman I know who likes to drive herself nuts. I wonder sometimes if her elevator goes all the way to the top. (*Knocking at door. Yells.*) Suzie, I think your poker buddies are here.

SUZIE: NO-O-O!! They're ten minutes early. How could they do this to me?! Answer the door.

WILLOUGHBY: Door's open, come on in.

(*KATHERINE, DEBBIE, and SARAH enter.*)

WILLOUGHBY: Hi, how are you. Come right on in. (*Yells.*) Suzie, your friends are here.

DEBBIE: I'll bet you Suzie is running late as usual and isn't ready for us.

SARAH: I have to sit down. I turned my ankle this morning getting out of the car and it really hurts. And of course my bad knee always aches.

SUZIE: (*Enters stage left still in same clothes but hair combed.*) Hi, everyone. My goodness you really are early, aren't you. Did I tell you the wrong time?

WILLOUGHBY: (*To himself.*) That's being a gracious hostess and making people feel welcome.

KATHERINE: What do you want us to do, Suzie? Go home and come back later? We are only ten minutes early. My goodness, you aren't even dressed yet, are you? (*Stares at Suzie's slippers.*)

SUZIE: Well, Katherine, I do have some clothes on. I'll change in a few minutes if my appearance offends you. (*Raises foot and waves around.*)

DEBBIE: Don't worry about it, Suzie. You look fine and you certainly do look comfortable. Go ahead with what you need to do and we'll make ourselves at home.

SUZIE: Just grab a seat anywhere. I'll only be a minute.
(Exits left.)

KATHERINE: Well, we might just as well sit down and be prepared to wait. Anytime Suzie says a minute it can be anywhere from ten minutes to an hour. That woman has absolutely no concept of time.

SARAH: Let's sit instead of just talking about it. My poor ankle is throbbing.

DEBBIE: *(Goes to chair with box sitting on it and looks inside.)* What are these, Willoughby? Can we put them somewhere else so we can sit down?

WILLOUGHBY: *(Peers over top of glasses and grins.)* Sure, no problem. Those are boxes for a charity to pick up tomorrow. Set them out on the porch if you want.

DEBBIE: *(Gingerly lifts one box to test the weight of it - grimaces.)* These are kind of heavy, could you...

WILLOUGHBY: *(Interrupts.)* That's okay. Why don't one of you take one end of the box and the other one the other end. That way they won't seem so heavy. Just set them on the floor out of your way. I'll get them out on the porch later after I finish the paper.

(KATHERINE and DEBBIE move some boxes to stage right.)

DEBBIE: *(To KATHERINE.)* Isn't that typical of a man? Don't do today what you can put off until tomorrow.

KATHERINE: Yes, and he got us to move the boxes for him. *(Pulls out chair in middle of table.)* Come on, Sarah, you can sit on this chair while Debbie and I move the rest of these boxes. I sure wish Suzie would learn how to manage her time better.

DEBBIE: Katherine, we've known her for ten years and she's always been like this. Stop trying to teach an old dog new tricks.

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SARAH: I think the rest of the group is coming up the walk.
Should someone get the door?

(SARAH stares at Willoughby. WILLOUGHBY peers over top of glasses then raises paper higher to hide his face. KATHERINE gives loud sigh and walks to door.)

LINDA and GRACE: *(Enter from right.)* Hi! How are you?
Been here long? Are we late?

GRACE: *(Looking at boxes.)* Oh, is Suzie moving?

DEBBIE: No, Grace, these are for the charity truck to pick up.

GRACE: I didn't know they picked up at night.

LINDA: They don't, Grace. I'm sure these are to put out for pick-up in the morning.

SARAH: Well, I think we should start playing poker if we're going to. You know I have to get to bed by 10:00 so I get nine hours of sleep. If I don't get enough sleep I just feel terrible all day.

WILLOUGHBY: *(To himself.)* Suzie says that lady feels lousy all the time. She's got more aches and pains than Carters got pills.

SUZIE: *(Enters from left with large serving bowl in her hand.)* Everybody just grab a seat and sit down. Will, why did you put all those boxes in front of the closet door? No one can hang their coats up if they want to.

KATHERINE: He didn't - we did. Come on, Debbie and Linda, we'll move them out of the way.

(THEY get up and move boxes in back of table behind Sarah. Everyone sits down leaving chair at stage right end of table for Suzie.)

SUZIE: Willoughby, get up off your backside and help them.
I'll go put the mix in the oven and then we can start. *(Exits left.)*

WILLOUGHBY: Oh boy! I bet the smoke alarm goes off in about thirty minutes.

GRACE: Why will the smoke alarm go off?

End of Freeview

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