



THE OLD PEOPLE ARE REVOLTING

BY DEVON WILLIAMSON

Auditions - 10 October 2021

All you need to know for the audition process, acting roles, supporting roles, time frames and production dates for our summer production.

[Jennie Johnson](#)

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Welcome to the information pack for the audition process for our summer production. Thank you for showing an interest in helping with this show in some way, whether you want to perform as one of the characters, help backstage, or with sets, technical tasks etc – WE NEED YOU.

AUDITIONS will be held at the **Town Hall on Sunday October 10th at 4pm.**
Please be there on time.

Wear comfortable, **warm clothing.**

We will use the **audition sheets contained at the end of this pack** to go through the character auditions. You will be given a few minutes to read through the relevant sheet for the character you wish to apply for, and practice it with someone at the audition, and then you will perform the scene together, with the scripts.

Full scripts will be available on the day for the successful cast to take home.

DATES for the 8 shows are:

OPENING GALA NIGHT: **Wednesday 26th January 2022**

First Week Evening shows: **Thursday 27th, Friday 28th and Saturday 29th**

Matinee: **Sunday 30th**

2nd Week Evening shows: **Thursday 3rd, Friday 4th and Saturday 5th February 2022**

The rehearsals are tentatively scheduled for:

- Wednesday nights at 7.30pm to 9pm
- Sunday afternoons at 4pm to 6pm.

These may be altered as needed to suit the progress of the show and of course there will be some alterations to the schedule to accommodate the Christmas and New Year holidays.

ZOOM REHEARSALS – some rehearsals may be conducted by zoom for the following reasons:

- Covid restrictions on gatherings
- If extra short rehearsals needed
- If there are difficulties for some actors travelling to rehearsal (i.e.: road closures)
- One on one sessions between director and actor to develop certain aspects of a role

SUMMARY OF THE PLAY

THE OLD PEOPLE ARE REVOLTING

by Devon Williamson

Directed by Jennie Johnson

The Old People Are Revolting! is a mad cap comedy about seniors seeking revenge! The residents of the Sunshine Retirement Village have had enough: they're revolting!

Once the 'makers and shakers' of their community, the residents of Sunshine Village are now largely ignored, and relegated to the side-lines of life. The world is about to find out how dangerous retired lawyers, car salesmen, hairdressers and farmers can be! Using the United Nations charter on the rights of self-determination, the residents decide to create their own independent Kingdom, appoint a monarch, and teach the wider community a lesson.

The resulting chaos and shenanigans draw the attention of the international media and upsets the nations balance of power.

Bursting with eccentric characters and crazy shenanigans the play is great fun to stage and a huge audience pleaser.

THE CAST

Cast: 5 female / 2 male

Patricia: Resident of the Sunshine Retirement Village. Patricia has an air of education and sophistication about her that is unmatched by the other residents. She has led the other residents to believe she was a High Court Judge when in fact she was a Clerk of the Court. Dreams of overseeing a landmark court case.

Howie: Resident of the Sunshine Retirement Village. Former car salesman. A little crass and on the lookout for some fun. He sees himself as a bit of a ladies' man but unfortunately the ladies could not be less interested in him. He has a son. Never married. Looking for love.

Shirley: Resident of the Sunshine Retirement Village. Suffering from the effects of drugs and wild living of the 1960's making her quick tempered, rather dramatic and erratic. For some reason only known to herself she steals mail and makes copies for her files. Her claim to fame is her union role in the 1968 textile workers lockout. Looking for one last opportunity to "stick it to the man".

Peggy: Resident of the Sunshine Retirement Village. Former seamstress for a suit manufacturer. Peggy is a kind, gentle and insightful woman who is never separated from her latest cross-stitch project. Looking for company.

Doug: Newest resident of the Sunshine Retirement Village. Recently and reluctantly retired from his farm after his wife passed away. He hates the retirement village because there is nothing to do... everything works so there is nothing to fix. Looking for something to do.

Elizabeth: Resident of the Sunshine Retirement Village. The oldest character by quite a margin. She is suffering from the onset of dementia and is only able to remain living independently at the Village through the assistance of the other residents.

Ashley Hardwick: (could be female OR male, young or more mature) Reporter for a local television station. Looking for her big break into national prime time television. Self-serving, condescending, who despite her contempt for the elderly can't help herself eventually liking the residents of the Sunshine Retirement Village.

The entire play takes place in the communal lounge of the Sunshine Retirement Village, so the set is easy with no major changes other than a few props, lighting etc.

There are a few sound effects needed and some music between scenes and acts to link it all together.

Other roles:

Production assistant

Lighting technician

Sound technician

Stage Manager

Set builder/s

Wardrobe person

Script prompter

Front of House organizer

AUDITION SHEETS FOLLOW.....

AUDITION SHEETS: Pg 3 – 5 For Patricia, Howie and Elizabeth

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The entire play is set in the Community Lounge of the Sunshine Retirement Village. All very average with sofas, noticeboards, telephone, television, doors leading outside and to other rooms.

Note : *Each of the residents has their own villa at the village. All are mobile and independent. The Community Lounge is the social centre of the village for the plays residents.*

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Howie's Liberation Movement

Morning. Birds are singing. Lights come up revealing Howie sitting in a lounge chair reading a newspaper. Patricia is sitting with the morning sun on her face, eyes closed enjoying the tranquillity. Howie leans to one side and farts gruesomely.

Howie : 'cuse me. *(Short pause)* Ohhh that's rich. *(Takes a deep breath and then as a wine connoisseur...)* Subtle oak tones with a hint of citrus, an afterglow of plums... and beans on toast. *(He squirms in his chair)* Served with a side dish of skid mark.

Patricia : You're revolting.

Howie : It's a liberation movement Patsy. Get it? "Liberation movement".

Patricia : *(Ignoring the "joke")* I've asked you not to call me that.

Howie : I'm a freedom fighter, Patsy. *(Saluting)* Corporal Brown reporting for duty ma'm!

Patricia : My name is Patricia, and I expect you to have the courtesy to use my name.

Howie : That's where you keep coming undone, my dear - your expectations. "If you expect less, you'll always get more". That's my philosophy. See, one of these days I'm going to surprise you... all I have to do is get your expectations low enough -

Patricia : Well, you're getting close I'd say -

Elizabeth enters, stopping Patricia and Howie in their tracks. Elizabeth is in her "going out" clothes, sun hat, handbag hooked over her arm, and a plate of raspberry slice in hand. Patricia and Howie watch her as she goes to each window in turn, pulls back the lace curtains and looks out. She pauses and then does the circuit again. Howie and Patricia give each other knowing looks. This is an uncomfortable ritual they experience everyday: Elizabeth waiting for her family to arrive... they never do.

Elizabeth : What's the time Mr MacLaine?

Howie : *(Looking at his watch and grimacing)* Ten o'clock.

Elizabeth : Yes, ten o'clock. They'll be here soon.

Patricia : Traffic's probably, you know... *(Looking to Howie for help)*.

Howie : Heavy.

Patricia : Heavy. The traffic's probably just...

Howie : Heavy.

Patricia : Heavy. Yes.

Elizabeth : Yes.

There is a long uncomfortable pause for Howie and Patricia. Elizabeth is oblivious to it.

Howie : *(Finally breaking the silence. At each mention of "Patsy" he gets a glare from Patricia. Clearly he is enjoying it.)* Yes, Patsy and I were just talking about the traffic. "It's heavy Patsy", I said. "Patsy", I said, "That traffic's heavy". Patsy agreed. Didn't you Patsy? You agreed the traffic was probably heavy this morning didn't ya... *(a long, delicious, pause)* Patsy ?

Patricia : *(Acidly)* Yes. Yes I did.

Howie : That was just before we talked about "liberation movements". Wasn't it, dear Patsy?

Patricia : *(Hissing)* You're revolting! *(She stands to leave and says politely to Elizabeth)* I hope you have a lovely day out, Elizabeth my dear. *(Walking past Howie she leans down and hisses to him)* . You are a

horrible and revolting man.

Howie : *(Giving her a wink and grinning widely)* "Expect less, you get more".

There is a moment where we think Patricia might actually tear his head off. Instead she gathers herself together, stands up straight, puts her nose in the air and stalks off.

Elizabeth : What is that terrible smell?

Howie : *(As if it's a secret)* That was Patricia. She did a...

Elizabeth : *(Understanding)* Smelly-pop.

Howie : *(Agreeing)* Smelly-pop.

Howie *smirks, takes a piece of raspberry slice and pops it into his mouth as the lights fade to black.*

AUDITION SHEETS: Pg 20 – 22 For Ashley & Patricia

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A new morning. The lights come up on the community lounge. There is no one there. We hear a voice from off. It is Ashley Hardwick, a local news reporter who is desperate to make it to the national news.

Ashley : Hello? (*Ashley enters, a young woman very smartly dressed with a video camera on a tripod and a large microphone. She's a woman at the bottom but on her way up*). Hello? Hello? (*She looks around, obviously she was expecting someone to be here and is unsure what to do. Finally she takes the phone, locates a number on the laminated phone list on the wall and calls the village office*). Hi, Ashley Hardwick here, I was just up at the office. (*She is interrupted by the person on the other end asking about a cat stuck up a tree that she covered for the news sometime ago*) Yes they got the cat down. "Fluffy", yes. Look, the reason I called is that I'm in the community lounge but there's no one here. (*Listens, looks at watch*) . No, I'm pretty sure I'm in your community lounge. (*Listens*) Well, it looks like a community lounge. (*Listens and looks around*) Sofas, TV and all that. (*Listens, then walks to the front door and looks at the sign*) "Community Lounge". (*Listens then rolls her eyes*) Yes, I'm in your community lounge. Listen, is there anyone else at the front office I can talk to? (*There isn't*) . OK, I'll wait ten minutes and if no one turns up I'll go down to The Three Oaks Retirement Home. Bye. (*She hangs up and wanders around the room killing time. When she approaches Howie's usual chair she is struck by a bad smell*). Wow that's nasty. (*She takes a perfume bottle out of her handbag and liberally sprays the chair. She glances out the window and sees someone coming. She quickly sets up the camera. Patricia enters*).

Patricia : (*Surprised to see Ashley and the camera*) Oh, hello.

Ashley : (*Reaching out to shake hands*) Hi, I'm Ashley Hardwick. (*Passes her a business card*).

Patricia : (*Shaking her hand with some apprehension and looking at the card*) Yes, I've seen you on the news.

Ashley : (*Proudly*) Of course.

Patricia : (*Blurting*) The 4pm local news.

Ashley : (*This has hit a raw nerve*) It's still the news.

Patricia : Of course, I didn't mean anything, news is news, isn't it.

Ashley : Yes, news is news. (*Obviously to Ashley it's not*).

Patricia : Did they manage to get that cat out of the tree?

Ashley : (*Sighing at the trivial nature of her work*) Yes. Fluffy is fine.

Patricia : Oh good. Isn't your camera a little small? I thought they were big cameras, you know, news cameras.

Ashley : There is nothing wrong with my camera. Now, stand here.

Patricia : Where's your cameraman?

Ashley : I am the camera- woman.

Patricia : Oh, right. Sorry. Who's the reporter then? (*Excitedly*) Is Tom Blackmoore here?

Ashley : No, Tom is not here. I am the reporter.

Patricia : Sorry, I thought you were the camera-woman.

Ashley : I am the camera-woman and reporter! OK? Does it really matter?!

Patricia : I suppose not.

Ashley : (*Trying to salvage some pride*) I work alone. That's the way I roll. I'm a lone wolf. A free agent.

Patricia : With a little camera.

Ashley : (*Taking control and moving Patricia into position, and turning the camera on*). There is nothing wrong with the camera and you're wasting time. Now, stand there and look at the "little camera". (*Snapping into "news reporter" mode*) Now, I've come to get the comments of the elderly on the Council's decision to -

Patricia : "Seniors".

Ashley : Sorry?

Patricia : We prefer "seniors". We're a retirement "village" so we're seniors. The elderly are in retirement "homes".

Ashley : (*Shrugging*) All right.

Patricia : (*Serious*) It matters.

Ashley : (*Patronisingly*) Of course it does. I'll cut that out and we'll try again. Try not to interrupt please. (*Checking her position in front of the camera and speaking into the microphone and back into "news" mode*) I'm at the Sunshine Retirement Village, for the elderly "seniors", and I've come for reaction on the councils decision to remove the rates discount for the elderly (*patronisingly*) including "seniors".

Patricia : (*Stunned*) The council are doing what?!

Ashley : That was fantastic! I'll cut there. Now where can I find some more of your little friends to interview?

Patricia : My "little friends"?!

Ashley : Well I don't know, "Seniors".

AUDITION SHEETS: Pg 13 - 17 For Peggy, Shirley & Doug

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A new morning.

Scene opens as per previous scenes. Howie reading the paper and Patricia enjoying the morning sun. Peggy is seated doing a cross stitch and wearing large headphones.

Howie : You don't sound alright. Does Patricia sound alright to you, Peggy?

Peggy : Tummy still a bit upset, Love?

Patricia : What? What are you talking about? Howard, stop playing your silly games.

Howie looks to Peggy and gestures that Patricia is crazy. Shirley bursts in.

Shirley : *(Usual greeting and raised fist salute)* Free Tibet!

Others : *(Half heartedly as usual)* " Free Tibet".

Shirley : He's coming! He's coming! Quick!

Peggy : Who?

Howie : Dracula.

Peggy : What?

Shirley : *(At the window)* Quick, look!

They all rush to the window.

Patricia : What's he doing? What's he picking up?

Peggy : Letters, I think. What's on top?

Shirley : A stone.

Howie : There's a trail of letters with a stone on top of each one.

Shirley : Yes!

Peggy : That's odd.

"He" must be getting closer to them as they all pull back from the curtain and peer more surreptitiously.

Howie : He's following a trail of letters over here.

Peggy : It's all very "Hansel and Gretel".

Shirley : Isn't it!

Patricia : What's going on Shirley?

Shirley : I'm luring him over here.

Patricia : With letters?

Shirley : *(Very pleased with herself)* Yes, with his letters! It's like they've been blown out of his letter box. He'll never know it's us.

Patricia : Well it's not us, is it. It's you.

Peggy : Why did you put stones on them?

Shirley : So they won't blow away in the wind. *(She places a letter on the floor in the doorway, with a stone on top, and then another couple of letters and stones leading to the centre of the lounge).*

Howie : *(Watching her)* Isn't that going to be a bit of a giveaway?

Shirley : What?

Howie : The stones on top of each letter. Hard to pass that off as a gust of wind.

Shirley : Good point. Hopefully he won't think about that. *(Cheerfully)* He could have early dementia or "environmental dislocation", which would be great.

Patricia : *(Ironically)* We can only hope.

Howie : Yes, for his sake, we can only hope that *(picks up a letter and reads)* "Doug Patterson" is losing his mind.

Shirley : I had to get him out. I've been collecting his mail for a while now. *(To Howie)* Put it down. *(He does so).*

Patricia : You need to stay out of other people's mail!

Peggy : Shush! Here he comes.

They all scamper back to their seats and attempt to look casual. Doug enters, picking up letters and stones all the way to the centre of the room. He realises he is not alone.

Shirley : *(Not holding back any of her excitement)* Hi!

Doug : G'day.

Shirley : I'm Shirley! *(Proudly)* Spokeswoman for the 1968 textile workers lock out. Yeah, that was me. *(No response from Doug)* Never mind. This is Peggy, Howie and Patsy.

Patricia : Patricia.

Shirley : That's right.

Patricia : Hello.

Peggy : Hi.

Howie : How's it going? *(There is a long pause as they wait for Doug to respond. He doesn't)* You're Doug, right?

Doug : *(Suspiciously)* That's right.

Howie : Welcome, Doug, to the Community Lounge. The Village's social centre, and the HQ for my Liberation Movement. Glad to have you with us. Sit down, make yourself at home. Game of darts? Coffee? Elizabeth will be in soon with the raspberry slice. *(No reaction from Doug)* Sit down.

Doug : I didn't come for that.

Shirley : *(Enthusiastically)* Your letters just blew in here!

Doug : *(Obviously unimpressed)* Did they just?

Howie : Oh yeah, and this mini tornado, we get those here, dropped a stone on top... of each one... which had the useful effect of keeping the letters from blowing away. There's a pool table through there if you'd like a -

Doug : (*Interrupting*) Stay away from my mailbox, would ya's? (*He exits*).

Patricia : (*Nervously blurting as he disappears*) It was her! I wouldn't touch your mail! Regardless of whose jurisdiction it is!

Howie : (*Mimicking*) "It was her! I wouldn't touch your mail! Regardless

of whose jurisdiction it is!". I don't think you'd stand up well under interrogation Pats.

(*Peggy goes to the window and watches Doug*)

Shirley : (*Accusingly to Patricia*) Stool pigeon! I thought we were all in this together!

Patricia : What gave you that idea?! I never said that. Why would you think I wanted to be a part of it? You shouldn't interfere with someone else's mail, I've been over that with you.

Shirley : As you said, the law is a little vague in this area.

Patricia : I wasn't giving you approval for it!

Shirley : What makes you think I need your approval? You're bourgeois!

Patricia : I am not!

Shirley : You're with "The Man". You're "status quo" and always will be!

Howie : Ladies, if you are going to do this, I want a mud pit and bikinis.

Shirley and **Patricia** : Shut up Howie!

Peggy : (*Still at the window*) He's rather dishy though, don't you think?

Shirley and **Patricia** : (*Rushing over to the window*) Oh yeah / absolutely.

Howie : What? He's "dishy"? Where on earth did that come from? He's a "sheep shagger"! He's got a thing for guinea pigs. He can barely string two words together.

Peggy : It's all right Howie, we still love you. (*The others look doubtful*) Well, we still tolerate you.

Shirley : He's got an air of mystery, Doug has. There's no telling what's going on under that tough exterior.

Patricia : (*Pointedly to Howie*) The strong silent type.

Howie : He's probably hiding something. No one is ever who they

appear to be.

Shirley : We all pray that you aren't who you appear to be Howie.

Patricia : Nicely said Shirley.

Peggy : (*Giggling*) Now, ladies!