Attention Harmony Heights Residents!

By Brian Sylvia

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STORY OF THE PLAY

Ever wondered what life in the world's smallest retirement home is like? Well, then it's time to visit Harmony Heights. Add four very colorful residents and one extremely versatile (and overworked) employee, and you've got a peek into life at Harmony Heights. Retired Army Captain Charlene "Charlie" Freeman, innocent former middle school librarian Vivian Perkins, hippie thespian Shirley Furley, and sarcastic curmudgeon Orville Barrington join their very diverse personalities together to solve a perceived injustice. Everything from an "accidental" intoxication, an emergency five-minute quarantine for a hilarious non-existent disorder, and a closing "performance" featuring the entire cast, make *Attention Harmony Heights Residents!* a hilarious experience for casts and audiences alike. This show is perfect for performing any time of year by senior actors or younger performers stretching their acting skills.

The Playwright's Special Thanks

A huge thank you to my wife Rebecca for the title idea, as well as multiple nuances that made this script work. She's the queen of edits! And to my initial table reading crew and premier cast for helping with giving these characters their initial life, allowing for the final editing process to go a lot smoother. And to Lift Church in Venice, Florida for being the debut venue and allowing our crazy crew to bring Harmony Heights to the stage.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

Performed June 19-20, 2026 by inCharacter at Lift Church in Venice, Florida. The show included the following cast and crew:

QUINN ..... Shane Hotchkin
CHARLIE FREEMAN ..... Annaliese Sylvia
VIVIAN PERKINS ..... Merci Hotchkin
ORVILLE BARRINGTON ..... JP Marker
SHIRLEY FURLEY ..... Nicole McCurdy
HAIRSTON ..... Brian Sylvia
MEGAPHONE VOICE ..... JP Marker
TECH CREW ..... Warren & Jennifer Wood
SET DESIGN & BOX OFFICE ..... Rebecca Sylvia
SHOW GRAPHIC ..... JP Marker

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 m, 3 w, 2 flexible, 1 offstage voice)

QUINN: (Either) Employee at Harmony Heights who wears many hats, literally. Wanders in and out at the most unexpected moments.

CHARLIE: (Female) Charlene Freeman is a wannabe stand-up comedian, retired army captain and the self-proclaimed ringleader of the small band of residents.

VIVIAN: (Female) Vivian Perkins is a very conservative, never-married retired middle school librarian. She is also a borderline narcoleptic who has what she calls sleep attacks. Sweet on Orville.

ORVILLE: (Male) Orville Barrington is a cranky (but endearing) and opinionated retired government worker. Harmony Heights was originally his great-grandfather's estate before being converted into a retirement home.

SHIRLEY: (Female) former community theatre star who adopted the stage name of Shirley Furley. High-energy and a bit of a hippie. Her skills are called upon in the residents' plan to stop the corporation from overtaking Harmony Heights.

HAIRSTON: (Either) the corporate bigwig of Sunshine Dreams Industries, a leader in senior living communities, or is he? Ironically, Hairston actually wears a big wig.

MEGAPHONE VOICE: (Either) loud—as if through a bullhorn. May be recorded.

SETTING

The main sitting room of a very small retirement home.

PROPS

Generic cap
Duster
A walking stick / cane
Newspaper
Beat-up walker or cane
Giant sun hat and garden gloves, garden utensil
Sun visor, swimwear, several pool noodles
Individual bottles of juice
Chauffeur hat
Oversized wig
Chef hat, oven mitts, platter of cookies
Boom box, bucket of hats
Doctor’s smock and mask or a hazmat suit
File folder
Cell phone
Unique assortment of theatre costume pieces
Suitcase
Leather jacket, jeans, and a long wig
Puppet dressed like Orville
Outrageous theatre outfit
Contract

Scene 1

(AT RISE: The main sitting room of Harmony Heights. VIVIAN is asleep in a wing chair. QUINN enters wearing a generic cap and collects several loose items, dusts a little bit, and then notices Vivian.)

QUINN: If it isn't our resident power napper. *(Looking at VIVIAN.)* Miss Vivian, it appears that you are having another one of your sleep attacks. You are certainly one, uh, concentrated sleeper. *(Looks around.)* Well, our little Harmony Heights isn't going to take care of itself. Who knew that one large house with only four elderly residents would keep me so busy? Actually, being the only employee has its benefits and its challenges. Suffice it to say, I wear many hats. *(Somewhat aside.)* And apparently, I've begun talking to myself. I've got a feeling this is going to be a perfect day.

(QUINN exits, humming a happy tune while dusting a couple of items on the way out. CHARLIE then enters slowly, using a walking stick / cane.)

CHARLIE: Quinn? Quinn, are you in here? I could swear I heard his voice. Apparently, Quinn *was* in here since I sense that some loose, du—du—dust… *(Sneezes. Looks nervously at VIVIAN.)* And I should've known. It would take a bucket full of dynamite to wake her. Another one of your *(Air quotes.)* "sleep attacks," I see. *(Looks.)* Hey Vivian, did you hear about the dyslexic satanist? *(Beat.)* He sold his soul to Santa. *(Beat.)* Just as I thought—nothing. *(Continues to sofa and sits. SHE picks up a copy of a newspaper and begins reading. She gasps as if shocked.)* You've got to be kidding me! This is absurd! *(Loudly.)* I. Am. Outraged! When were they planning on telling us this? *The Bedford Bugle* knew it before us! *(Continues mumbling.)*

VIVIAN: *(Waking up suddenly.)* Did you say something, Charlie?

CHARLIE: *(Startled.)* Yes, indeed. I absolutely *did* say something, Vivian.

VIVIAN: Well, I was taking a little cat nap and missed it.
CHARLIE: Vivian, you take so many cat naps in a day, I'm surprised you don't drink milk from a saucer.
VIVIAN: That's quite clever, Charlie. A bit insulting, but clever, nonetheless. And, for your information, that dyslexic satanist joke is older than you. *(Pause.)* What did you happen to see in the paper?
CHARLIE: *(Still slightly surprised that VIVIAN heard her.)* It's in the want ads.
VIVIAN: Oh my, Charlie, are you searching for a job?
CHARLIE: No, I am not wanting to get back in the workforce.

(ORVILLE enters using a beat-up walker or cane.)

CHARLIE: *(Cont'd.)* Thirty-five years as a captain in Uncle Sam's Army is about all I could handle.
VIVIAN: Well, then what's the fuss?
ORVILLE: That was going to be my question. I was enjoying a great little cup of tapioca when I heard the commotion.
VIVIAN: Oooh, there's tapioca?
ORVILLE: Yes, in the dining room. Quinn made it and it's the good kind—not too lumpy and not too runny.
VIVIAN: I absolutely love tapioca. Why didn't you tell me?
ORVILLE: Because you were taking nap number 27 of the day, before lunch I might add. And I could hear Charlie complaining from the dining room. Which, as you know, is two rooms away.
CHARLIE: Well, Mr. Orville Barrington, you'd be complaining too if you just read what I read.
ORVILLE: I don't complain.

(Pause. CHARLIE and VIVIAN just stare at HIM.)

ORVILLE: *(Cont'd.)* What?
CHARLIE: *You* don't complain?
VIVIAN: Orville, you know I adore you, but complaining is your love language.
CHARLIE: *(Smirking.)* And if anyone knows your love language…

End of Freeview

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