10 FUNNY SKITS
IN SEARCH OF ACTORS

By Doris Kirkendall

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These ten skits are lots of fun for older actors. Skits vary from six actors in "How to Play Golf and Other Foolish Games" to only two readers in "Presidential Primary Party Picnic." Includes a pantomime, "The Board Meeting," and the costume ideas and monologue for a silly fashion show.

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A Peculiar Bridge Game

Cast of Characters

Ethel: bridge hostess
Emily, Loretta, Phoebe: bridge players
Jerry: burglar *(can be a woman dressed as a man)*

Props

Card table, four chairs, unbreakable knickknacks, bridge cards and accessories, burglar's gun and bag, living room chairs, if desired.

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(AT RISE: ETHEL, is busy getting the card table ready when the doorbell RINGS. EMILY, LORETTA, and PHOEBE enter, chattering about the weather. THEY sit in conversational area or at the bridge table.)

LORETTA: Oh, it feels so good to come into a cool house.
PHOEBE: Mouse? Eek! Where? Where?
LORETTA: Oh, for Pete's sake, I said "house." When are you going to get a hearing aid?
EMILY: Maybe you could use the one my dear Henry used. I still have most of his things.
ETHEL: Emily, it's been three years since Henry died. Isn't it time you let go?
EMILY: Oh, I can't bring myself to give his things away.
ETHEL: Why don't you do it gradually? I gave Dave's things away little by little.
PHOEBE: Henry played the fiddle. He used to entertain at all our parties. *(OTHERS give varying reactions.)*
LORETTA: What's the golf tournament for next week?
EMILY: I hope I don't get paired with you-know-who.

PHOEBE: I know who you mean. She drives me crazy. Always telling me where to park the cart.
EMILY: I hope it's a contest for who has the most strokes.
PHOEBE: I remember when my husband had his stroke. It was terrible. He couldn't seem to follow my conversation. *(OTHERS react.)*
LORETTA: I'm talking about golf strokes. I count every one of mine. Once I swung and missed three times, and I counted every one.
ETHEL: I don't think we should have to count it unless we actually hit the ball.
LORETTA: We're going to make you president next year.
ETHEL: Good. I'll make up a whole new set of rules.
EMILY: Could we tee up our ball on the fairway?
LORETTA: And in the sand?
EMILY: *(Adamantly.)* And if we go in the water, we get to hit again with no penalty.
PHOEBE: I agree. After all, you've just lost a ball. You shouldn't be penalized twice.
LORETTA: I heard a good joke. The wife said, "Elmer, why don't you play golf with Ted anymore?" "Would you play golf with a fellow who moved the ball with his foot when you weren't watching?" "Well, no," admitted his wife. "And neither will Ted," replied the dejected husband.
ETHEL: Did you play golf Thursday?
EMILY: I had so much trouble getting my ball out of the sand. It was so hard.
PHOEBE: Oh, I just throw mine out.
ETHEL: You throw what out?
PHOEBE: My golf card.
EMILY: I said the sand was hard. I finally gave up and threw the ball on the green. That could be another rule, Ethel.
LORETTA: Has anyone heard how Grace's husband is doing?
ETHEL: The last I heard he was using a walker. Guess he won't be playing golf for a while.
LORETTA: That's a shame. He's such a good golfer.
PHOEBE: He dug all kinds of holes in the greens.

EMILY: Who did?
PHOEBE: That gopher.
LORETTA: *(Disgusted.)* I said Grace's husband was a good golfer.
PHOEBE: Oh, well, he probably dug holes in the greens, too.
EMILY: Did you hear about Marie's accident?
ALL: No, what happened?
EMILY: She was playing golf and she hit her toe on a rock.
PHOEBE: She hit Joe with a rock?
ETHEL: No, she hit her toe and fell down. (*ALL shake heads and comment*.) Well, let's play some bridge. *(ALL move to bridge table, or if already at table, rearrange themselves somewhat.)*
PHOEBE: I was talking to Henrietta the other day and she thinks her husband is leading a double life.
LORETTA: I'd redouble if he was mine. *(ALL laugh.)*
EMILY: Talking about double lives, did I ever tell you about the time --
LORETTA: Shut up and deal. *(EMILY deals.)*
ETHEL: How do you play, Emily? Is your club forcing, or do you play the convenient minor?
EMILY: I like to play straight Goren. That's the way I learned. I can't remember all that other stuff. *(ALL study cards.)*
ETHEL: Who dealt? *(ALL look around.)* I guess you did, Emily.
EMILY: Oh, did I deal? I don't even remember.

(*Suddenly the door bursts open and a BURGLAR enters. ALL scream and exclaim. ETHEL jumps up, taking her cards with her.)*

ETHEL: What do you want? I'm just a widow. I don't have much money. Don't hurt us. Girls, give him your purses. Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

(PHOEBE and EMILY stand, clutching purses.)

BURGLAR: *(To OTHERS.)* You people stay where you are. *(To ETHEL.)* You come with me.

(EMILY and PHOEBE are still murmuring and gasping.)

LORETTA: Oh, shut up and sit down. Let's get on with the game.

(BURGLAR takes ETHEL by the arm and gives her a bag.)

BURGLAR: Here, you hold this. *(ETHEL lays her cards down and holds bag while BURGLAR puts things in.)*

(EMILY and PHOEBE look at each other, and then sit down.)

PHOEBE: Oh, isn't this terrible? He's taking all her beautiful things.

(Gradually ALL but ETHEL refer to cards, furtively peeking at BURGLAR and ETHEL, and occasionally looking at cards.)

EMILY: Who would expect to be robbed in broad daylight like this? I'm going to say a spade.
LORETTA: Pass. *(Turns to ETHEL.)* What do you bid, Ethel? Your partner bid a spade.
ETHEL: *(Nervously following BURGLAR around while he puts things in the sack. Picks up cards. BURGLAR glances at her hand and goes back to putting things in sack.)* Oh, two spades, I guess.
BURGLAR: You can't say two spades. You've got too much count. *(Looks at hand again.)* Say two diamonds.
ETHEL: ALL right, two diamonds. *(THEY go back to filling sack.)*
PHOEBE: Pass.
EMILY: Three hearts.
LORETTA: I'll pass. Your partner says three hearts, Ethel. What do you say?
ETHEL: *(Looks at cards.)* Oh, I guess I'll pass.

End of Freeview

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