

GRANDMA ROSIE

By John Donald O'Shea

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 Females, 1 Male, 2 Either)

ROSIE (F): A 94 year old grandmother. She is spry. Her long term memory is in tact. But her short term memory is not what it was.

SARA (F): Rosie's attractive grand daughter. She is a widowed mother of a 12 year old girl. A business woman. She is 35 to 40 years of age.

CLYDE (M): Rosie's 70 year old son.

KATE (F): Rosie's daughter-in-law. Slightly younger than Clyde. Sara's mother.

STANLEY OR SAMANTHA FRANK (E): Vice President of the Sauk State Bank.

SHERIFF (E): The local sheriff

VOICE ON THE ROOF (E): A roofing contractor. (Same actor as Stanley Frank)

THE LOCATION AND TIME

The action takes place in Rosie's living room. The time is the present.

PRODUCTION NOTES

"Grandma Rosie" was first performed on March 7, 2008 at Seton Catholic Junior High School in Moline, Illinois. The play was performed for the student body at 1:30 p.m. and for the public at 7 p.m. with the following cast of characters:

Rosie	Alexandra Kerr
Sara	Hannah Nelson
Clyde	Eric Pimentel
Kate	Kayla Clark
Stanley Frank/Roofing Contractor	Jonah Maynard
Sheriff/Deputy Sheriff	Keith Kinnan

“Grandma Rosie” was later performed on April 4, 2008 at Edison Junior High School in Rock Island, Illinois with a performance for the student body at 1:50 p.m. and a public performance at 6:30 p.m. The show was double cast with each cast doing one performance.

LIST OF PROPS

Three or four telephones

A donut box

A small black umbrella

A paper gift bag, to hold the umbrella as a present

A toy “shotgun” (*may easily be mimed*)

Badges for Sheriff and deputies

Flashlight

COSTUMES

(Assume that it is Summertime)

ROSIE

She wears a house dress, age appropriate.

SARA

Perhaps a skirt, attractive blouse and heels.

CLYDE

A golf shirt, slacks and shoes.

KATE

A skirt, blouse and shoes.

STANLEY FRANK

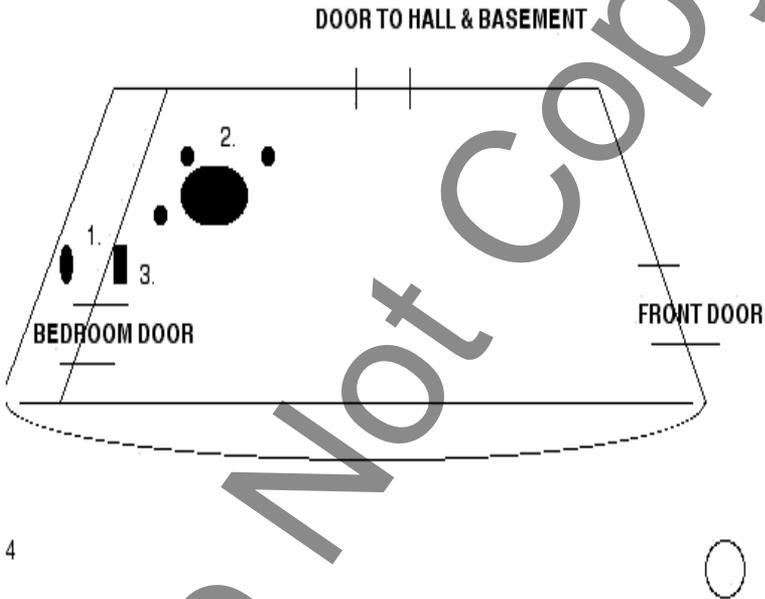
A business suit or a business appropriate sport coat and slacks. Tie.

SHERIFF

A tan uniform (possibly a soldier, sheriff or boy scout uniform).

“GRANDMA ROSIE”

THE SET



The set is very simple. This is Rosie's living room. Only the most basic set is shown. The director can stage the play on a very "basic" set, or he can add additional pieces.

1. = a table and a telephone in Rosie's bedroom (this can be omitted if space is a problem).
2. = a table and chairs
3. = a table and a telephone in Rosie's living room
4. = A table set up below the stage, DSR for Clyde's phone
5. = A table set up below the stage, DSL for Sara's phone.

**RANDMA ROSIE
ONE-ACT COMEDY**

by
John Donald O'Shea

SCENE 1

Rosie's Umbrella

(SARA is an attractive professional woman, between 35 and 40 years of age. ROSIE is her 94 year old grandmother. ROSIE is spry and opinionated, but more than a little forgetful. Once, however, ROSIE grasps an idea, SHE has trouble letting go of it. SHE lives alone. ROSIE is alone on stage at curtain. SHE is dusting a table up center right. ROSIE speaks perfect English with one exception. Her misuse of "was" for "were" betrays the fact that SHE was born in Germany. The "was" can be changed to "were" for directors concerned about proper English usage)

(SARA knocks on front door down stage left. ROSIE crosses down stage left and opens door. SARA enters. As SHE does, ROSIE backs off a step or two right and up stage.)

ROSIE: Sara, darling, how nice to see you!

SARA: Good morning, Grandma. I just stopped by on the way to work to see how you were. I brought you some donuts. *(crosses right to table to place the donuts on the table)*

ROSIE: *(takes a step or two following SARA)* Where was you last night? I called you and you wasn't home! Where was you?

SARA: *(turns to answer ROSIE's question)* I took Erin to her soccer game.

ROSIE: *(moves a step closer to SARA to scold her)* Your daughter shouldn't be playing soccer. Soccer's a boy's game. She could get hurt. How would you feel if she broke her leg?

SARA: All the girls are playing soccer, Grandma. Nobody breaks their legs. *(notices the telephone desk is a bit messy, and crosses down stage right to put it in order)*

ROSIE: *(takes a step or so toward SARA to admonish her)* In my day, parents, who cared, gave their daughter piano lessons.

SARA: *(turns to ROSIE)* Grandma, Erin takes piano lessons. You've heard her play!

ROSIE: Yes, and if I might say so, she plays better than you ever did.

GRANDMA ROSIE- Page 6

SARA: *(takes a step or two toward ROSIE to confront her)* Grandma, I don't play the piano. I play the flute.

ROSIE: *(turns and crosses away from SARA and moves down stage left a few steps)* Big deal. *(turns to face SARA)* Who gathers around a flute player for a sing-a-long? Nobody, that's who! *(crosses a step toward SARA to admonish her)* You should have played the piano.

SARA: Mother played the flute. She taught me to play the flute.

ROSIE: Flute, schmoot. I wanted a daughter-in-law who played the piano.

SARA: Grandma, you don't play the piano, either.

ROSIE: I've been thinking. Maybe I'll take some lessons. If you could play the piano, then you could give me lessons.

SARA: *(crosses to ROSIE and takes her hand)* Grandma, you're a rich woman. Spend a few bucks. I'll find you a piano teacher.

ROSIE: *(breaks away and crosses down stage right)* I don't have a piano.

SARA: Grandma, you have a million dollars in the bank. You can afford to buy one.

ROSIE: *(turns to face SARA)* I'm saving my money for a rainy day.

SARA: Grandma, you're 94.

ROSIE: You think it quits raining just because you're 94?

SARA: You can afford it. You make \$10,000 a month on your investments. You live on a \$1000 a month!

ROSIE: *(crosses to SARA and takes her hand)* Sara, darling. You're too young to remember the Great Depression. You've never gone to bed hungry. *(crosses away from SARA, moving down stage left)* I remember men on street corners selling apples. Nobody had work. It was Mr. Hoover's fault. *(turns to warn SARA)* Never vote for a Republican!

SARA: Grandma, we're not in a depression. You can quit worrying.

ROSIE: Yes, thanks to Stanley Roosevelt.

SARA: *(realizes ROSIE's mistake)* Stanley Roosevelt?

ROSIE: Yes, dear. Stanley Delano Roosevelt. But most people called him Franklin.

SARA: Grandma, the economy is booming.

ROSIE: Things were booming in the 1920's, too. Right up to *Black Friday*. Didn't you take history in school?

SARA: *(crosses to ROSIE and takes her hand)* Grandma, I'm going to buy you a piano. If you can't afford it, I can! *(crosses in front of ROSIE and heads to front door, stage left)* Now, I'll see you later. I've got to go to work.

GRANDMA ROSIE- Page 7

ROSIE: (*crosses stage right in exasperation*) I can't understand why! Can't that husband of yours support you? (*crosses a step or two toward SARA*) What kind of a bum did you marry?

SARA: (*is just about to open the door, turns back in to face ROSIE*) Grandma, I've been widowed for three years. I work to support myself.

ROSIE: Then you shouldn't waste your money on pianos and piano lessons.

SARA: I thought you said my daughter should take piano lessons.

ROSIE: That's different. She's 12. I'm 93.

SARA: 94. Incidentally, what are you doing today? How about if I take you out to lunch?

ROSIE: A man [lady] from the bank is coming over at 10 o'clock. He's [she's] bringing me an umbrella.

SARA: What?

ROSIE: A nice young man from the bank called yesterday, and said he's bringing me an umbrella.

SARA: Grandma, banks are not in the business of delivering umbrellas.

ROSIE: Why not? (*delivers this line to audience*) You think it stops raining just because you're 94? (*turns to SARA*) Wait 'til you get to be 94. You'll see!

SARA: Grandma, banks don't deliver umbrellas!

ROSIE: Mine does. He said they do it for all their "seniors." He told me I was one of their best customers.

SARA: (*takes a step toward ROSIE*) Grandma, something's wrong.

ROSIE: He said his name was Mr. Frank, and that he worked at the bank and he wanted to come over and give me an umbrella.

SARA: Grandma, this sounds like a con.

ROSIE: A what?

SARA: A con. There are people who go around trying to steal money from nice little old ladies. He could be coming here to rob you of all your money.

ROSIE: (*to audience*) O dear! (*to SARA*) What should I do? He seemed so nice. (*turns and starts to bedroom stage right*) Should I get grandpa's shotgun?

SARA: (*takes a step to ROSIE*) No, don't shoot him. He may be using the gift umbrella as a way of getting in the door. Don't let him in, unless mom and dad are here. Mom said they'd be over about 9:30. If he pounds on the door and insists on coming in, I think you should call the sheriff.

ROSIE: Are you sure?

SARA: Whatever you do, don't let him in, unless mom and dad are here first. Now, good bye, darling. I've got to get to work. (*starts to front door stage left*)

GRANDMA ROSIE- Page 8

ROSIE: All right, dear. Thank you, dear. By the way, where was you last night? I tried to call you.

SARA: *(stops at the door, and shows some exasperation)* Soccer game, darling. Bye, I'm going to be late for work. *(leaves)*

ROSIE: *(calls after SARA as SHE exits)* You're too old to be playing soccer, dear. You'll get hurt. *(exits stage right into bedroom)*

(CLYDE is ROSIE's mature adult son. HE is about 70 years of age. KATE is his wife. THEY enter using CLYDE's key.)

CLYDE: *(enters 4 or 5 steps to center)* Anybody home? Mother?

KATE: *(following CLYDE in, enters two or three steps)* Mother, yoo-hoo!

ROSIE: *(from bedroom)* Who is it?

CLYDE: It's Kate and I, mother.

ROSIE: *(enters living room from bedroom)* Where was you? I called you. Where was you?

KATE: You probably called us as we were driving over.

ROSIE: *(to KATE)* How are you coming with your piano lessons?

KATE: My what?

ROSIE: Your piano lessons, dear.

CLYDE: Mom, Kate doesn't take piano lessons.

ROSIE: No wonder you play so badly.

KATE: *(crosses to ROSIE, as CLYDE counters)* Mother, I don't play the piano badly; I don't play at all!

ROSIE: That's because you don't practice, dear. *(to CLYDE)* You see! I told you to marry a girl who plays the piano.

KATE: Rosie, darling . . . You don't play the piano either. You don't even own a piano.

ROSIE: *(to KATE)* But I'm going to start. *(crossing to CLYDE, as KATE counters)* Sara's buying me a piano, and I'm going to take lessons.

CLYDE: Mom, you're ninety four. If you wanted to take piano lessons, why did you wait so long?

ROSIE: *(to audience)* I been busy. *(to CLYDE)* Furthermore, no one ever offered to buy me a piano!

KATE: *(changes the subject)* How are you feeling, mother?

ROSIE: *(to KATE)* Like 94. *(to audience)* Better than 95, *(to CLYDE)* but not as good as 93.

CLYDE: How'd you like to go out to lunch.

ROSIE: What day's tomorrow?

KATE: Wednesday.

ROSIE: *(crosses right to KATE and then walks her down stage right)*

You can take me tomorrow. Let's go someplace fancy. How about

GRANDMA ROSIE- Page 9

on the River Boat. And bring some money; *(turns to CLYDE)* I'll show you how to play Blackjack.

CLYDE: I can't do it tomorrow, mother. I'm playing golf.

ROSIE: Forget the golf. I'm 94. I may not be around Thursday.

KATE: Unless you're available Thursday, you better be available today.

ROSIE: You won't cancel golf even to have a last lunch with your poor old mother.

CLYDE: *(with a golfer's wry sense of humor)* Not even to bury my poor old mother!

ROSIE: *(crosses to CLYDE)* Then I'm leaving all my money to Sara!

(turns to KATE) Which reminds me . . . There's a man coming over this morning to give me an umbrella, which is why I can't go to lunch today. *(turns to CLYDE)* So cancel your golf.

KATE: Why is a man coming over to give you an umbrella?

ROSIE: He said he's from the bank.

KATE: *(takes a step toward ROSIE)* Mother, bankers don't give away umbrellas.

CLYDE: Are you sure he's from the bank?

ROSIE: Of course. He said so. Bankers don't lie.

KATE: He could be a con man, coming over here to swindle you.

ROSIE: I know, dear. *(crosses between KATE and CLYDE)* That's why I want the two of you here. That way he'll have to swindle all three of us.

KATE: *(to audience)* What a lovely thought.

ROSIE: *(crosses KATE heading toward bedroom)* I think I'd better get my shotgun?

KATE: *(stops ROSIE in her tracks)* No! No, I don't think that will be necessary.

CLYDE: When's he coming.

ROSIE: He said 10 o'clock. *(doorbell rings)*

CLYDE: *(looking at his watch)* Well, if he's a con man, at least he's a punctual con man.

KATE: *(crosses left to front door; CLYDE counters R; KATE opens door and admits STANLEY FRANK, taking a step or two back and up center as SHE does)* Yes?

STANLEY: *(enters a step or two)* I'm Stanley Frank from the Fox State Bank.

KATE: Yes?

STANLEY: I'm here to see Mrs. Higher. Do I have the right house?

KATE: Yes, you do.

STANLEY: Because Mrs. Higher is such a good customer of our bank and because we all know she has a hard time getting out and around, I've brought her a gift. *(holds up a gift bag with the umbrella)*

GRANDMA ROSIE- Page 10

(ROSIE sneaks into her bedroom DSR to use a second telephone. A spot light comes up on ROSIE. OTHERS freeze.)

ROSIE: *(On phone, after dialing 911)* I want you to come over here, right away. There's a man in the living room who's here to steal all my money! So you come right over here, right a way. Now! *(hangs up)*

(The spot on ROSIE dims. SHE freezes.)

CLYDE: *(crosses past KATE to STANLEY, as SHE counters)* What sort of gift?

STANLEY: We're giving out umbrellas to our most valued customers. The girls just love her. *(gives the bag to KATE)*

CLYDE: I think I'm a pretty good customer. Where's my umbrella?

(Spot light comes up on ROSIE. OTHERS freeze. Her phone rings)

ROSIE: *(answering phone)* Yes. Of, course this is Mrs. Higher. Who did you think it was? *(Pause)* How do you get here? Don't be silly. Just get in your squad car and drive over! *(hangs up; lights down)*

STANLEY: Yes, you are. Yes, indeed. You can pick yours up at the bank, next time you come in.

ROSIE: *(enters from bedroom with her shot gun, and points it at STANLEY; This may easily be mimed.)* Reach for the sky, Pilgrim!

(STANLEY ducks and cowers. KATE takes a couple steps toward ROSIE, but not in front of the shotgun)

KATE: Don't shoot!

CLYDE: Don't shoot, mother.

STANLEY: *(beside himself with fear)* Please, don't shoot!

ROSIE: Give me one good reason why not.

STANLEY: Because I don't want to be shot!

KATE: He's from the bank, mother.

ROSIE: Then why's he trying to steal all my money.

CLYDE: He's not.

STANLEY: *(ducking behind CLYDE)* I'm not. I'm not!

KATE: He brought you an umbrella.

ROSIE: What do I need an umbrella for?

KATE: So you don't get wet when you go out in the rain.

ROSIE: *(to audience)* Why would I go out in the rain? I'm 94. I know better. *(to CLYDE)* When you were a little boy, didn't I tell you not to stand in the rain?

GRANDMA ROSIE- Page 11

STANLEY: Why would you do a dumb thing like shooting me?

CLYDE: Mother, put the gun down!

ROSIE: Can you handle him, Clyde?

CLYDE: Yes. *(crosses R to ROSIE, and with his hand pushes the barrel of the gun down; KATE counters left)* Now put the gun down before it goes off.

ROSIE: *(annoyed that CLYDE would question her competence to carry a gun)* It won't go off unless I squeeze the trigger. *(looking at STANLEY)* You don't think I'd shoot you accidentally, do you?

STANLEY: That thought did cross my mind, Mrs. Higher.

ROSIE: *(levels the gun at STANLEY)* Where's my umbrella?

(There is a knock on the door.)

ROSIE: *(anticipating)* Come on in, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: *(entering)* Put down that shot gun, Rosie before it goes off.

(SHE complies, lowering the gun)

Now what's the problem?

CLYDE: It's all a misunderstanding, Sheriff. *(indicating STANLEY)* Stanley Frank, here, really is from the bank. He came over to give Rosie an umbrella. She thought he was using the umbrella as a ruse to get in and steal her money.

SHERIFF: *(takes a step to STANLEY)* Just to be safe, Mr. Frank, can I see your identification?

ROSIE: Where's my present?

STANLEY: I've got a driver's license, and credit cards, but I don't have any identification from the bank.

ROSIE: No umbrella, and no identification. Lock him up, sheriff.

STANLEY: Just call the Bank. They know who I am.

CLYDE: Good idea, I'll do it. *(crosses down stage right into bedroom to telephone)*

STANLEY: Mrs. Higher, your umbrella is in the gift bag.

(KATE hands ROSIE the bag with the umbrella)

KATE: It appears sheriff, that the Bank was giving umbrellas to their better customers, as Christmas presents. Mr. Frank was kind enough to make a special trip over because Rosie is 94.

CLYDE: *(returning)* They say they never heard of him . . .

(STANLEY almost faints.)

GRANDMA ROSIE- Page 12

Just kidding. He's a vice-president at the main bank up in the City.
ROSIE: *(having opened her umbrella)* Black! Phooey! Black's for old ladies!

SHERIFF: *(to STANLEY)* Sorry for the inconvenience, Mr. Frank. If you all will excuse me, I've got other things to do. Rosie, do you want me to unload the shotgun before I leave?

ROSIE: Of course not.

KATE: Mother, let him unload the gun before someone gets hurt.

ROSIE: No one's going to get hurt.

CLYDE: Mom, give him the gun.

(ROSIE crosses stage left to hand the sheriff the weapon.)

SHERIFF: *(checking)* It's empty. There aren't any shells.

ROSIE: If I'd put shells in it, it might have gone off, and Stanley could have been hurt.

STANLEY: You mean it was unloaded?

SHERIFF: Yup.

KATE: We're sorry for the confusion, Mr. Frank.

ROSIE: *(taking a second look at her umbrella)* Maybe it's not so bad, after all . . . I can use it at funerals. Thank you.

STANLEY: *(not exactly overwhelmed)* I'm glad!

ROSIE: I don't go to as many as I used to, though. Maybe I won't need it after all.

KATE: Mother, I think you owe Mr. Frank an apology.

ROSIE: I'm sorry, Stanley. But it wasn't my fault.

SHERIFF: Oh, it wasn't, huh? Then who's fault was it, Rosie?

SARA: *(entering and crossing to ROSIE)* Grandma, I was worried about you, so I took an hour off work. Is everything okay?

ROSIE: *(points at SARA)* Hers!

(OTHERS all glare at ROSIE; lights out)

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