

# TWO OLD MEN

By D.B. Braxton

Copyright © 1997 by D.B. Braxton, All rights reserved.

ISBN 1-930961-24-3

**CAUTION:** Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

*Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC*

**COPYING:** Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

## TWO OLD MEN

by  
D.B. Braxton

**CAST: JED and ED**

**AT RISE: JED stands center stage, bent with age, as ED enters, walking slowly, his hand on the small of his back. He mostly shuffles.**

JED: What in Henry Ford's name are YOU doing in town, Ed?

ED: **(shuffles up to JED)** I drove in from the country just now. I wonder I don't come in to town very often. It takes hours to get here.

JED: Nonsense. It takes less than twenty-five minutes from your house.

ED: It took me three hours.

JED: Three? Three hours? How could that happen? You just hop on the highway and you're here. Didn't you use the highway?

ED: Course I did. I just don't drive as fast as all them crazy people around here.

JED: There's a sign that says, "Minimum Speed-45 MPH." When you putt along at 15 or 20, you're the one that looks crazy.

ED: It's what that derved cop said. Can you believe it? Gave me a ticket for going too slow. Said I was going twelve miles an hour in a 55 and had single-handedly backed up traffic for miles.

JED: The Department of Public Safety should be arrested just for allowing you to drive.

ED: **(loudly)** What do you mean? I was drivin' legal. All those idiots honking their horns...they could have gone around me, but no...There was a bunch of 'em, all soundin' like a flock of geese.

JED: Can you blame 'um? Folks can get killed with you draggin' along at bicycle speed on the highway.

ED: A year ago, I was drivin' sixty and I got pulled over for that, too.

JED: It was a school zone, Ed! You nearly ran over three kids and the crossing guard. **(pause)** So, what brings you to town, old man?

ED: I ran outta my pills, so I thought I'd get up early and drive on into town and pick up some more. I have to get back and do some gardening before the sun gets too hot.

JED: Drug store's closed, buddy.

ED: That's okay. I'll walk down there and wait until it opens.

JED: That'll be about 12 hours from now.

ED: Hogwash! I don't have my watch with me, but I know it's about openin' time.

Two Old Men - Page 3

JED: You senile old dog, they closed about thirty minutes ago. It's 8:30 at night!

ED: Are you kidding? Look at the sun. It's comin' up.

JED: It's going down. In ten minutes, it'll be completely dark. Don't you have a night vision problem?

ED: That don't matter none! The sun is on its way up, not down.

JED: I guess we'll see about that.

ED: **(snorts angrily)** Hmph! **(pause)** Hey Jed.

JED: What Ed?

ED: It's my birthday.

JED: Today was your birthday? Well, happy birthday, you old skeleton.

ED: No, it's not today.

JED: Tomorrow.

ED: No. But I think it's coming up pretty soon.

JED: Like you think the sun's comin' up?

ED: No, smart guy. It's just around the corner. Next week, maybe. I'm not sure of an exact date.

JED: You're not sure of anything. You drove all the way to town because you thought you'd be first in line when the pharmacy opened. Except you don't know your AM's from your PM's anymore.

ED: Well, I know a donkey from a...

JED: Look, it's getting darker.

ED: Those are clouds. They usually come out in the early morning.

JED: Got news for ya', old man. Mornin' ain't comin' around for a while. I hope you're more certain of your birthday than you are of the time.

ED: I know what time it is. I just don't know the exact day when I was born.

JED: Everybody knows their birthday. You must be losing your beans. You don't even know when your birthday comes around.

ED: I never knew. I don't keep up with such sentimental hogwash.

JED: That's pathetic to forget which day you were born. Do you know how old you are?

ED: Can't say that I do. Between us, we've had at least 150 birthdays. Don't think this one will make the earth stop turning.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from TWO OLD MEN by D.B. Braxton. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC  
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406  
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011  
[www.brookpub.com](http://www.brookpub.com)**

Do Not Copy