



Newsletter November 2018

A Red Plaid Shirt

Facing retirement is a very timely topic of conversation for those of us 50 and older. Canadian playwright, Michael Wilmott, has chosen retirement and what that all means to us as the theme for his comedy “A Red Plaid Shirt.” The situations in the play revolve around two couples who have been friends for years. The women, Deb and Gladys, seem to have accepted this change in their life path with relative ease. Their husbands, Marty and Fred, however, are not finding it quite so easy; in fact, at times they seem lost at sea. Therein lies the humour in this delightful Canadian Comedy. Marty, searching for a purpose, thinks he would like to buy a motorcycle and explore the open road. His buddy, Fred, has become a lot more introspective and now spends his time worrying about his health checking his

symptoms on his lap top. The two friends at the urging of their spouses decide to take a woodworking class at the High School together rather than face a “honey do” list prepared by their wives.

The woodworking shop provides many comedic scenes between the two friends that will surely keep audiences in stitches.

Rehearsals are well underway since mid September and the actors are having fun exploring the nuances of their characters. A Production crew is in place working on the set, gathering props and costumes and doing all the necessary ground work to provide the finished Show. Our Producer, Peggy Muldoon, will keep the News informed on further developments as Rehearsals progress.

Granite Ridge Education Centre November 29, 30 and December 1, 2

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Red Plaid Rehearsals

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Directed by Pam Giroux

The Cast

Fred - John Stephens
Gladys - Kelly Meckling
Deb - Sharon Rodden
Marty - Greg Morris



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The Boy Wonder

AUDITIONS
Early January

STAGE
DOOR

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Ever hankered to be on the Broadway stage? Well, here's your chance. Auditions for **The Boy Wonder** will be in early January. With music by George Gershwin, Irving Berlin and George M. Cohen; songs like "K-k-k-Katy," "Second Hand Rose," "You Made me Love You," and "But Not for Me." So, think about joining a struggling theatre company in the 1930s.

On the next page is a sample of one of the scenes from the play. Guy Martin, the harried writer/director of the show, has asked "Jaunita," his new leading lady, to come up to his hotel room for dinner. She thinks it's going to be a romantic evening. He has other ideas.

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Guy's hotel room. A table is set for two dinners (plates with food, empty wine glasses, an opened champagne bottles, candles, two chairs, etc.). GUY is sitting on a sofa. He's without his jacket and his tie is loose around his neck. He's reading his play script with pencil in hand. We hear a knock on his door. He gets up and exits. MONICA enters followed by GUY. She's changed into a knock-out evening dress which she wears for this special occasion.

GUY: Wow. You look ... (He doesn't want to say "beautiful.") You look grand. And no glasses.

MONICA: Thanks. Oh, what a nice table.

GUY: Courtesy of Mr. Bradshaw's no doubt ill-gotten gains. The last time we were here for the tryout run, we bought deli food and made our own sandwiches. Deloris naturally objected.

MONICA: Naturally.

(a beat of awkwardness)

GUY: Well ... Can I pour you some champagne, Juanita?

MONICA: That would be very nice.

GUY: (pours two glasses) I always try to be nice ... when I'm not being a bastard, that is. (He hands her a glass.)

MONICA: Thank you.

GUY: Well, a toast.

MONICA: A toast.

GUY: Here's to Mr. Bradshaw and his money.

MONICA: (disappointed it isn't to her) Mr. Bradshaw. (They drink.) And here's to your play, Guy. That's what we should be toasting.

GUY: That still remains to be seen, but I'll drink to that. (They drink.) Well, Juanita, you may have the seat of honour. (He pulls out a chair for her. She sits.) It's the only chair with a cushion.

MONICA: (disappointed that the "honour" isn't for her) Thank you.

GUY: (after a beat of silence) Well, dig in.

(They begin to eat.)

MONICA: Guy, I love the new numbers ...

GUY: (at the same time as MONICA) I thought after we eat, we could ...

(They laugh.)

MONICA: You go first.

GUY: No, it's always ladies first. Say what you were going to say.

MONICA: I was just going to say how much I love the new numbers you've put in the show. They seem to make the story come alive.

GUY: Don't forget, you had some good suggestions, too. Uh ... that's one reason I wanted to have this little dinner. To thank you. Before everything gets crazy. If you think you were busy these last days, wait until you do nearly thirty performances in three weeks in three cities. Then you'll know busy.

(They eat in silence.)

MONICA: (hopeful) And what was your other reason?

GUY: What? Oh, yeah. Juanita ...

MONICA: What Guy?

GUY: I was thinking ...

MONICA: Yes, Guy?

GUY: I was thinking ... After dinner we could go over those last scenes in act two. There's still a few things that don't seem quite and—

MONICA: (stands abruptly) Oh! Last scenes! I didn't get all dressed up to go over last scenes.

GUY: (stands) What do you mean?

MONICA: What do I mean! I spent half of what I have on this dress and these shoes and

GUY: Oh that. I said you looked nice.

MONICA: Nice! You wouldn't know nice from a trash can. Guy, you're not only blind as a bat, you have no ... (searches for the right word) No passion. All you think about is your damn play. You have no thought about the people in your play.

GUY: Now that's not fair, Juanita. Of course, I do. I couldn't direct everyone if I didn't think about their characters.

MONICA: But that's your trouble, Guy. That's all you think about. Your characters. Oh! Men. Mitzi was right.

GUY: Juanita, what's wrong? Is the food too cold? I know how Deloris was fussy about food.

MONICA: Deloris! Too cold! Guy Martin, you're the one who's too cold. (starts to exit)

GUY: Juanita, please. What did I do? What did I say?

MONICA: You wouldn't know it if they printed it in headlines in Variety.

GUY: Juanita, I never read Variety.

MONICA: Exactly. (She exits and then comes back.) And my name's not Juanita. It's Monica. Monica Jones. Just plain, Monica Jones. (She exits.)