

Rock Star Retirement Home

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Opening Shot: INT - Activity Room at a retirement home... small assortment of folks in walkers, chairs and canes. There is a big screen TV, card tables and a bingo ball off to the right. The only thing out of place is a large poster of Jimi Hendrix in concert, kneeling at his guitar on fire in some form of worship. The other thing that seems out of place is many of the hairstyles are longish, male pony tails, headbands, sheepskin vests, tie dye shirts and beads.

A nurse walks into the middle of the room with a pill cart and makes an announcement.

Nurse
Pain meds!

There is a flurry of activity universally from all quarters as the old timers come to life and limp quickly over to the pill cart by whatever means, cane, wheelchair or walker. Some can still move on their own.

Nurse
Hold on, hold on... one at a time, folks! One at a time. Now I can only give you the amount perscribed by the doctor so no requests for doubling up and no offers of money... or sex... Mick..

Mick
Oh... come on, luv... just havin'a bit of fun. And I am richer than bloody Bezos..

Nurse
I'm sure. And to everyone... today's visiting day so do not zone out for visitors and family with hoarded meds, please. We've been getting complaints. Additionally, one of the staff came across a stash of brown acid in one of the rooms ...so... (she pulls out a mini-bullhorn... it echoes and feeds back... like Woodstock to the half

deaf assembly) .. PLEASE
DON'T TAKE ...THE BROWN
ACID...it's BAD...AGAIN, DO
Not take THE BROWN ACID..
you will have a BAD TRIP.

4 or 5 of the residents stop in their tracks,
reach into their pockets, pull out a small bit of
folded paper (presumably containing a hit of
acid) and toss it in the air almost
simultaneously, continue toward the pill cart
line.

Resident #1
Can we have some music?

Nurse

NO... the last time we did
that, 3 of you started a
fight over guitar brands
...which started the whole
Clapton/Beck/Hendrix debate
again, 2 residents calling a
third a fascist and staff
having to defibrillate 2
bystanders. Not a chance,
Billy (Idol).

Billy

You're no bloody fun anymore
sweetheart.... I could turn
that frown around... bit of
flesh for fantasy.. (he
wheezes horribly and launches
into a horrific coughing fit
that cuts him off)

Nurse

Jim... get Billy his
cortizone and some oxygen ...
Jeezus.

An orderly wheels over a portable oxygen tank,
straps the mask onto Billy, who takes it
gratefully, then fishes out an inhaler from

Billy's pocket, pulls down the mask and gives him a blast.

Ozzy

Look here, woman... in here, your THE MAN. We hate THE MAN.

Nurse

You want some mo' pain for those meds, Crazy Train?! Keep it up..

Ozzy

Uh.. no mam.. but my knee's a bit dodgy again.

Nurse

Suck it up, boomer!

The whole room goes "Ooooooooo" at the term "boomer" ...it must be a term of last resort from a very frustrated nurse. They all settle down a bit more.

Nurse

And don't you talk to me about "The Man"... you seen a single white orderly since you been here!? Now, single file or no Cialis for the conjugals and escorts this week..!

They all get the message and start obeying fearfully, making a crude line of walkers and chairs, grumbling .

A message comes over the PA system, a spacy, Nurse Ratchety kinda voice.

PA Message

Visiting hours have now commenced. Visiting hours have now commenced. Have a nice day.. !

Nurse

Oh cripes... here we go..

PA Message
Perimeter breach, area 3.
Perimeter breach, area 3..
Please assume security
posture 2C... security
posture 2C... that is all.
Have a nice day!

The nurse whips out a walkie talkie and squawks it.

Nurse
Harley, this is Alpha room..
come back.

Harley
Copy Alpha.. go ahead.

Nurse
You got eyes on this?

Harley
Oh Ya... there are about 40
elderly ladies moving...
slowly... across the lawn
bowling green in chairs and
walkers, some have bongos,
some are carrying their Nana
undies and swinging them over
their heads. It's quite
something to see. It looks
unauthorized.

Nurse
It is. They're groupies from
Shady Acres trying to crash
the building. They do it
every now and then. They have
been banned from this
institution so don't let them
through.

Harley
Copy. Hang on... they're
stopped .. they seem to be
resting, sitting on their
walker chairs and grabbing

their breath.

Nurse

Of course they are. Get Mikey and Deshawn and lock the doors on that side of the building. They'll eventually nap and go home once their meds have worn off.

Harley

Roger. Out.

A spry older chap comes waltzing through the main doors of the activity room in a "Tattoo You" T-shirt, , jean jacket, head band, sunglasses, chains and rings and worn motorcycle boots, a spring in his step and smoking a cigarette. It is Keith Richards. He stops in the middle of his grand entrance, waves to all and makes a big greeting.

Keith Richards

Peace and love, brothers !
(*double peace sign*)

Everyone looks over and immediately recognizes him, lift their canes and hands in a aged, muffled if not enthusiastic greeting for their dear old friend. It's the best they can do. The nurses immediately make their way over to him and start flirting.

Keith Richards

Well, hello their sweetheart.
Have you got a pen? Forgot my pen... getting old I guess.

The clutch of nurses giggle and start batting their eyes, etc. One positions for a selfie... the girls line up on both sides of Keith in his arms and he makes a big roddy toothed smile. The pic flashes and they move off.

Keith

Sorry ladies... all bizness today. Have to feed *the man*. Got some paperwork for Mick. I'll be outta here soon as my ride gets here. Just waiting on a friend. Jeez, I still got it.

Nurse

Put out that cigarette, you limy hump. This is a nursing home, for God's sake.

Keith

Oh.. Jeez... terribly sorry.
(looks for an ashtray)

Mick rolls into the scene.

Mick

Never mind her... she's in a mood. Total square all bloody day. You got them papers? Hurry up, I'm nodding off.

Keith has since doused his smoke in a discarded coffee. He pulls out some pages from his vest pocket and steps over to Mick.

Keith

Sure mate... got it right here.

Mick snags the paper from his hands and takes a look.

Mick

Bloody paternity suits... when will they ever end... my God. This one nearly finished me, mate... I mean it... full oxygen, the works... it was almost ta ta mumsy.

Keith

Well, that's what you get for taking nicotine out of your diet friend. I warned you.

Mick

Yes.. yes you did. How's the wife?

Keith

You asking me? She moved in here last week, mate... I was gonna ask you.

Mick

Oh .. right. Sorry..

All of a sudden, the TV volume goes way up. We see Billy Idol, sitting impishly in his chair, remote aimed pointedly at the screen with his thumb hitting the volume button with all his frail might. It is his ancient video from "In the Midnight Hour" ... he starts bobbing his body and head goofily to the beat, managing a quirky, reminiscing smile through his specs and spiked, gray hair. After a few beats, he starts into a horrid coughing fit again and starts flailing around for his oxygen mask. The Nurse grabs the remote and turns it down. Waves over an orderly, shakes her head.

Another younger nurse walks over and switches the channel... it lands on a Golden Girls re-run... all the men have bad reactions, moan and wail like Frankenstein at a flame and some begin early convulsive behaviour. The head nurse switches the channel quickly and admonishes the younger nurse.

Head Nurse

My God! Golden Girls... ?
NEVER Golden Girls.. they
freak out... don't ask me
why... NEVER do that again...
hear me?

Resume Mick and Keith.

Keith

Crikee... he's not good.
(Nods to Billy Idol) Getting worse.

Mick

Their calling it
"Rockheimer's" ... some bloke
from the university was out
here this week doing a
psychological survey. We're
all fucked, mate. All Peter
Pan's in a crash dive. 'Cept
for you.

Keith

I know.. I don't get it,
mate. I mean I had a
cheeseburger and a rum and
coke for bloody breakfast.
Not a bleedin' mark on me.
What can I say. (He lights
another smoke
absentmindedly.)

Mick

Well, you're depressing the
crap out of everyone... you
got Billy all riled up. Best
get out of here before they
pull out the defib kit,
friend.

Keith

Righto ... wouldn't want old
Billy on my conscience. I'd
stay drunk for a bloody
month. Anyway, my new girl's
coming to pick me up.

Ozzy

(has been eavesdropping)
That was fast... it's not
Sharon is it?. She hardly
visits. She keeps sending me
drawings she does of shapes
of penis' she prefers to
mine. And Jack's in Anarctica
recording an album. That's my
boy.

Keith

No.. not Sharon, Ozzy ..(Keef

rolls his eyes at Mick.
Resumes chat.) . This one's
a keeper. I mean I started to
feel like bloody Highlander
putting all my girls into
homes and then heading out to
parties that same bloody
night. No... This girl can
keep up, my god. She's a
dynamo... in more ways than
one... know what I mean..

Mick

This I gotta see. Who is this
super groupie that can go
round for round with the
great Keith Richards... she
must be a goddess.

At that instant, we see Betty White make her
entrance, skipping about and she heads
immediately over to Keith, plants a big, long wet
one on him and then grabs his ass. He startles
and pulls her hand away, almost embarrassed.

Keith

Jeez.. babe... there are
people around.

Betty

Square. There fixing my bed
this afternoon ...do you
wanna stop by again.

Keith

Well, I dunno, luv. I was
thinking of staying in and
putting the feet up.. I'm a
bit shagged... worn out.

Betty

Fu*&%ing Wanker..

Keith

It's just the back isn't what
is used to be babe... not any
thing to do with you, luv..

you're the best I ever..

Betty

Don't sweat it, Keef. I'm sure I can line something up if you're not up to it.

Keith

Line something up? Now that's my bloody line, sweetheart..

Betty's tired of the scene and moves on pretty quickly...

Betty

You snooze.... see ya later, old man.

Keith's face ... utter shock and confusion.

Keith

Now that's... something's not right here.

Mick

Bloody brilliant... who'd 've thought, even with an artificial heart, I'd live to see the day. Good God...
(scene slowly darkens with light focussed on Mick in close up... some great echoed fearful pronouncement)
You've tangling with the great Elizabeth "Betty" White, mate...the scourge of lead singers and guitarists everywhere.. From Wembley to Madison Square Garden.. the Montreaux Mauler...hehehe...
Drowned in their own vomit?
My Aunt bloody Fannie...
that's been her calling card in the press for decades ...
Yee who doubt your courage go no further... *(Long maniacal laugh ending in an overhead*

*boom shot.. then a long death
cry "AAAAaaaagh"....then back
to prev normal shot) ...I'd
start eatin' right, if I were
you friend.. . Good to see
ya, Lizzy.. Take care, luv.*

Betty waves and kisses Mick from a distance on
her way out.

Betty
Thanks Mick... we'll always
have Toronto.. the Elmocombo.

Mick waves back like Bogart... taps his heart..
takes a hit of oxygen. Keef is stunned, out
matched and takes a seat and crumples into an
empty wheelchair.

Scene Fades...

THE END.