

AUSTRALIA'S OLDEST MAN

A ten minute play for two characters:

**Bob – 142 years old
Katya – his wife, 97 years old**

**By Kieran Carroll
2/34 Keith Ave
Edithvale 3196
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia 3196
Tel: 0061397731210 / 61 (0) 429235751
kierancarroll@hotmail.com
www.kierancarroll.com**

AUSTRALIA'S OLDEST MAN

Darkness. It's 2010. Bad Old Man by Babybird plays. White light flashes several times across the face of a very old man propped up on a chair. He is blind. Music begins to fade and the slow revealing of the lights sees him holding a hip flask in one hand and a small radio in the other. He has an ear-piece in his right ear. He speaks very loudly and aggressively.

BOB: I am Australia's oldest man. No-one fuckin' believes me but I am.

I was too bloody old for the First World War. Way too old. That's how long I've been around. I was born in 1868. I'm a hundred and forty-two but who's fuckin' countin'? (*Screaming*) Katya, Katya, bring me my oysters. (*Pauses. Drinks.*) Didn't marry until I was ninety-eight. Didn't want to hurry things! Had a kid at one-hundred and seven. Still able to power along all night then. Now, I'm as fuckin' limp downstairs as a French handshake. In fact, truth be told, I hardly ever get out of bed. My bowels have been clogged the last ten years, so I rarely shit, and I've got a bladder that can hold out for weeks. I've got my rum, my oysters and my radio. What the fuck else do you want when you're one-hundred and forty-two? In a lot of respects, it's bad news living this long. All my friends have been dead sixty or seventy years. Even Katya's ninety-seven and wrinkled to bits. (*Screaming*) Oysters! Oysters! (*Drinks*) I think a highly unconventional sex life is the only thing that has kept me alive. (*Screaming*) Katya! Katya! Oysters! Oysters! (*Tunes the radio*) All my foods have to slide down the gullet with ease. I despise wearing false teeth. Oysters, soup and chocolate mousses are my staples. (*Screaming*) Katya! (*Takes out his ear-piece*) Some nights for titillation, Katya brings me a laptop computer and I listen compulsively to the wild grunts and moans of Scandinavian porn films. Katya has always understood my bodily desires, the pleasures I've sought to exhume from my own body; and the obsessive interest I have in fleshy blondes copulating indoors

and out. My aural interest in pornography goes back almost a century. It stems from the simple fact that I was a virgin until my eighty-seventh birthday. (*Screaming*) Katya! Katya! Oysters! Oysters! And Mousse! Chocolate Mousse! Bring it at once or I'll send you back on the first cheap flight to Krakow! (*Pause*) The other complication with living this long is that the Australian Government hate me. I retired from work as a railway ticket seller in 1912 due to health problems and because I won a big prize in a lottery. So I've been retired ninety-eight years and it irks the government and it pisses the taxpayer off. Australia hates me and because the whole country hates me, I just want to stay alive to piss 'em off even more! Every now and then I write letters to the government just to hassle the bastards. I ask the pension to be tripled for blokes over a hundred and forty. In other words...for me! They ignore my handwritten requests so I telephone and really get under their skin. It's a major source of bedridden entertainment. I couldn't care less about the result. I just like causing a commotion. Always have. Bob The Shitstirrer they used to call me on the railways. I'd argue with anybody: politics, religion, family issues, sport, the weather, government policy, immigration. I'd happily go against whatever somebody said even if I secretly agreed with them. When they'd say, but yesterday Bob you believed this, and you were saying that, I'd reply, that was yesterday and I've got a democratic right to change my mind...so why don't you shut the fuck up and listen to what I've got to say today! (*Screaming*) Katya! Have you got your hearing aid on, you forgetful dismal Pole? (*Coughs*) Then I'd tell whoever I was telling off to buy me a drink. I haven't bought anyone a beer since New Years Eve 1899! That was my new century's resolution: to spend nothing on anybody else's drinking habits. I made the same resolution on the tip of the 21st century as well. If someone comes to visit me and they haven't brought drinks, I scream at them to go to the bottle shop. Do they think

that because I'm one-hundred and forty-two that I haven't got a thirst? (*Screaming*)

Katya! Katya! This is the last time I'll call out! Oysters! Mousse!

He drinks from the hip flask.

Where is she? She knows I like my food and Scandinavian titillations at this hour. I told her to give away fellatio on me last year, that it had become a waste of time.

Now, every month or so, she likes to pull up a big old farmer's stick and give my member a thorough whack in the hope of it springing into action - but all it does is shrivel more and sting and bleed and stay flat as a pancake. Still, she is determined and I cannot hate her for trying. (*Screaming*) Right that's it Katya, you Polish nincompoop. I'm ringing the airlines. It will be back to the potato fields for you.

(*Coughs horribly for quite some time*) My testicles are another matter. I believe I've now got the longest ball-bag in the history of mankind! My right testicle goes down to my ankle and my left tickles my lower calf. It's repulsive but what can I do? Because of this impediment, a few people have suggested a nursing home but everybody's too bloody young! I mean, when you're seventy does anybody say you have to spend your life with ten and twenty year olds? No. What's the fuckin' difference now? If they're eighty or ninety, they're still all kids to me! I mean some of them were born in 1930 for Christ's sake! I'd already been retired eighteen years! No, I'm going nowhere. If Katya drops off before me, I'll just hire a couple of maids. (*Screaming*)

Katya! Katya! You deaf giraffe. Oysters! Mousse! Bananas! Soup! And don't fucking forget the Scandinavian porn! I'll have my will revised if you don't show up this instant. (*Screaming and coughing*) Katya! And bring the Tinea cream and the Dobie's Itch ointment. Lather me up!

Bob can now sense Katya finally entering the room by the sound of her footsteps.

BOB: Katya, is that you? Katya, speak woman, speak!

Katya climbs on top of him attempting to have sex with him. Initially, this pleases him. Then she begins slapping him across the face and commences choking him. Bob's head moves rapidly from side to side. She is very strong and he is powerless to stop her. His head begins crashing against the back wall.

BOB: You wench. You Polish wench. I didn't give you permission to choke me or throw my head into the wall this evening. Why do you persist in revisiting sexual games we gave away over thirty years ago? I do not want to be choked! Katya, do you hear me? Where is your hearing aid?

Katya continues choking him. He is getting impossibly short of breath.

BOB: You're choking me, choking me...I can't breathe. I can't breathe. I knew you were from a family of sexual assassins! Well, if it's games you want, it is games you'll get. I'll give you games after dinner - on my terms, on my terms. Do you hear? Release me. Release me. You, you...

She has choked him to death. Bob falls out of the chair and onto his stomach. Katya's laughter is full of malicious pleasure before speaking.

KATYA: Finally...what I want to watch on the computer and where I want to sleep!

The laptop is mine! The bed is all mine!

Laughter returns before she begins screaming.

KATYA: Randall! Randall! Butler! Butler! Fish! Salade Verte! Quail! Cheesecake!

*She laughs maniacally. Lights fade to black. **The End.***

