

George Palo Monologue Script

(Takes place shortly after George moved into his apartment in the retirement community)

My name's George...George Palo. I'm the oldest living Palo on my dad's side right now. Yes sir, the ripe old age of 90. This is my old companion Max...my Golden Retriever. He's old too – goin on 13 now. We're both getting along fine. It was rough going for us both when my wife Anna died. Yea, I'm a widower – 2 years now. Anna was a good woman. We were married 65 years. You don't see that much anymore. We had a good marriage - it's been tough without her. My kids worried about me living alone. Anna was the housekeeper and cook. Oh I can fix up a meal here and there; don't like to clean much though. I tend to keep to myself – no sense having folks poke their nose in your business. I can take care of myself you know -both me and Max. Two old fellers hanging out.

So, Anna and me, we had 4 great kids. My oldest, Maggie, she's a wonderful gal – she and her husband Rich and my 2 grandkids Nate and Zach live about 30 minutes away. Maggie sees to it that I keep up --calls me every day and comes to see me 1-2 times per week. My boys, Rich, John and Dan – well they moved further away. Don't see them as much. John hunts though and every fall he takes me duck huntin. Max too – that's what a retriever lives for!! You're never too old to hunt.

Me and Max walk every day - retrievers need exercise...guess I do too. Worked on the range for US Steel for 25 years. Retired from that job and went to work for the city – parks and recreation. So you see, spent most of my life working outdoors - 45 years' worth. Guess that's where I picked up the walking habit. You know you get into a routine. Max and I walk down to the mailboxes in the morning to get the paper, then walk down to the park. I read the paper while Max sniffs his way around the bushes – that old dog!! Sometimes we stop in at the coffee shop down the street. Still see some of the same folks – our friends Pete and Marge – well they own the shop you know. If Pete's in a good mood he'll spot me a cup of coffee on the house. Did that for Anna every day though. So, she's gone now – yea, it's been tough you know?

One of me and Anna's favorite things to do was volunteering at the Humane Society. That's where we picked up Max. Every week we would walk dogs, bathe dogs – anything they needed. I still manage to get there without her. You know she passed on – bout 2 years ago. There I go again, repeating myself. Maggie tells me I've been doing that more lately. When you're as old as I am, you should expect to be more forgetful. I'm pretty darn healthy though. My ticker is good. The doc put me on some medication for my blood pressure last year. Don't think I really needed it, but I'm taking it every day. Maggie makes sure I do.

About 2 months ago, my kids helped me find this place -- smaller, not so much to take care of. And it's right in town, more people around -- don't need to drive my car everywhere. I wasn't too excited about the move. It sure has been an adjustment. Hard to lose your sweetheart, then your home. Should expect that though, when you're old as I am. These last 2 years I've really begun to feel my age. Guess I'm grateful though. This apartment - they call it "a retirement community" -- has all the services us old folks need. I wonder how long I will be able to afford it. Got good health care benefits working for the steel industry though. You know, this place even takes your blood pressures. Maggie has me going to get my blood pressure taken every week -- even started trackin it on the computer. Doin' it for Maggie -- she's a worrier -- been worrying about me ever since her mom Anna died of a stroke. That was 2 years ago you know. Anything for my little girl. Better this than a nursing home. I just don't want anybody comin' into my house and pokin' around. Haven't needed any help up til now and don't want any. What's that...oh it's Max scratching at the door, better take him out. Time for another walk...that old dog!