

Opening

Good afternoon/evening, ladies and gentlemen!

It's a pleasure to be here. At my age, it's a pleasure to be *anywhere*.

I'm in my seventies. Which means two things: I can say whatever I like... and I'll probably repeat it ten minutes later.

I'm not elderly — I'm vintage. Elderly sounds like you're about to fall over. Vintage? That means you cost more... and people only wheel you out on special occasions.

The Aging Body

My knees sound like a bowl of Rice Bubbles. Snap, crackle, pop — and that's just brushing my teeth.

Getting dressed is a workout. Socks? Cardio. If I get them on without swearing, I call that a win.

Intimacy changes too. When you're young, you make noises for fun. At my age, I make noises just rolling over — like a haunted wardrobe rehearsing for a play.

Technology

I bought one of those new fangled smartwatch recently. It told me I've walked 500 steps today. What it didn't tell me was where I left my glasses.

I joined Instagram thinking it was for grandkids' photos. Nope — strangers posting avocado toast. Sharon, if I wanted soggy bread, I'd just look in the mirror. [pause, smirk] And that's on a good day.

Passwords these days are so complicated, it makes me feel like I'm defusing a bomb: capital G, hashtag, crying emoji, goat... and if I get it wrong, I'm pretty sure my bank account explodes.

Everyday Life

You know you're old when you walk into a room and forget why. The other day, I went into the kitchen with my car keys... and ended up in Woolworths holding a cucumber, wearing no trousers.

Multitasking changes. When you're young, it's texting while cooking. At my age, it's chewing and breathing — if I laugh, one of them fails.

Audience Interaction

Anyone over 60? [hands up] Survivors! Anyone under 30? [hands up] Bless you. At your age, you bend to tie your shoes. At my age, I bend, think 'what else needs doing?' — and spend ten minutes wondering if I'll get back up.

[To someone young] "Twenty-five? Cute. At 25, I could drink all night. Now, I sniff a cork and need Panadol and a defibrillator."

[To someone older] "Seventy-two! Brilliant! You know what I mean. Hangovers? Gone. Now it's body-part roulette every morning: 'Is it my hip, shoulder, or knee?'"

Romance & Companionship

Dating when you are older? You're not after passion — you're after someone who can still drive at night.

Foreplay now? "I've put the kettle on."

Arguments? They're still there... just slower. "You said something rude Tuesday." "Well, it's Thursday. Shall we call it even?"

Life Perspective & Absurdity

The best thing about age? You can say whatever, and people nod. Fart in public? "Oh, bless." Try that at 25 — lunch alone.

Dropped dinner on the floor? Five-second rule turns into "grab it before it grows legs."

And I may be vintage, but I've still got fight. Cross me? I don't call the police — I grab the frying pan. Experience talking... and maybe a little chaos.

Final Punch / Callback

So here I am — creaking, cracking, occasionally leaking — still standing, still laughing, still able to get my socks on most mornings.

Don't underestimate us older folk. We shuffle, we creak, but we've got weapons: frying pans, walking sticks, shoes with orthopaedic support — they don't miss.

Vintage, yes. Cranky, yes. But clever, armed, and slightly dangerous — just like this show you're about to see.

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen! Now, sit down, shut up, and enjoy the bloody show!