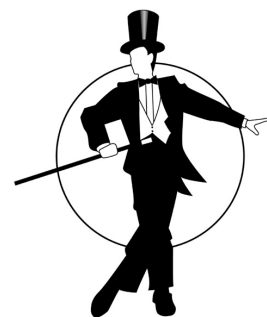


Velma vs. Velma

Linda LaRocque



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ArtAge Publications
Bonnie L. Vorenberg, President
PO Box 19955
Portland OR 97280
503-246-3000 or 800-858-4998
bonniev@seniortheatre.com
www.seniortheatre.com

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VELMA VS. VELMA

by

Linda LaRocque

CAST

Homer Crosley: Older male

Cindy: Older female

Place

An upscale Victorian Bed and Breakfast

Time

Watermelon season

Setting: The front desk of *Fern Cottage Bed and Breakfast*.

At Rise: *CINDY, the innkeeper, is seated stage Left at the inn's front desk. SOUND CUE: Her telephone rings. HOMER CROSELY, calling from his Mississippi watermelon farm, is seated stage right.*

CINDY: Good morning from beautiful Fern Cottage Bed and Breakfast. This Cindy. How may I help you?

HOMER: Hi. This is Homer Crosley. I want to talk with somebody who knows what's going on at your place. Not some little...No offense intended.

CINDY: Well, Mr. Crosley, I am Cindy, the owner and innkeeper of beautiful Fern Cottage. With that being said, I am ultra confident in saying there are few concerns or questions that I couldn't, with great authority, address.

HOMER: Oh, well let me see—

CINDY: First of all, what exactly do you need to know?

HOMER: For starters, are you as first class as you claim? Of course, I want the best and money ain't no object with me.

CINDY: Mr. Crosley, my husband and I have owned Fern Cottage for eighteen years. We pride ourselves on having created a standard of excellence within the bed and breakfast industry that many B&B's can only hope to achieve. We have twice been named by the International Innkeepers' Association as one of the top ten bed and breakfasts in North America. In fact, I am looking at the plaque right now. Fern Cottage has been featured in numerous magazines over the past eighteen years. We have hosted well over 300 weddings and anniversary parties and my husband is currently mayor pro tem of our town. Now, how may I assist you, Mr. Crosley?

HOMER: Well, you sold me on your place, and besides, I like your spunk. We're gonna get on fine, me and you.

CINDY: I think you may be correct. Now again, how can I help you, Mr. Crosley?

HOMER: No, call me Homer, little lady, and if it's all the same, I'd be honored to be calling you Cindy.

CINDY: Of course...Homer. Now, did you want to make a reservation today?

HOMER: Yes, ma'am. Now here is what I'll be needing. I want the biggest, best and most expensive room you got. I want clean sheets on the bed every night. Oh, we'll be staying a week, you know, seven days. So you better check that book of yours to find out if you got that first class room available from August 5th through August 12th, for a whole week. You know, seven days. I'll tell you right now, Cindy, I ain't gonna be moving from one room to the other. I want the best you got, and I want to stay the whole time.

CINDY: We should be able to accommodate you, Mr. Crosley.

HOMER: Homer. Remember? And do you guys use that fabric softener stuff on your towels and sheets? Can't do it on mine. Allergic to all chemicals. Oh, and I need a king size bed. I told you, nothing but the best.

CINDY: All right, Homer. I believe I've got it. How about arriving on August 5th, with check-in at 3:00 P.M. Staying through August 11th with check-out being at noon on August 12th?

HOMER: That sounds dandy to me. There's breakfast, right?

CINDY: Certainly and that is served from 6:00 A.M. to 10:00 A.M.

HOMER: I hope you aren't serving watermelon. Don't give me no watermelon.

CINDY: We do an assortment of fresh fruits for our guests along with our regular breakfast menu. Watermelon is included in that assortment but you certainly don't have to eat it, Mr. Crosley. I mean Homer.

HOMER: Well, it ain't like I got something against them watermelons, but I get a little tired of 'em by this time of year. You see, I'm a watermelon farmer down here in Mississippi. Yup, I farm about 400 acres of 'em down here.

CINDY: Really? That is so interesting. Who knows? Maybe we have actually served some of Homer Crosley's watermelons here at Fern Cottage.

HOMER: Could be. We ship them babies all over.

CINDY: By the way, Homer, just how did you hear about Fern Cottage? I am always curious where people find us.

HOMER: Off the internet, I guess everything is off the Internet these days. Probably my wife was looking for some place different for us to try. I guess it was just on the screen one day. She probably left it there for me to see. Sort of a hint so I will take her somewhere. You know how some gals can be when they want something? Pretty foxy.

CINDY: At any rate, I'm glad your wife found us.

HOMER: So am I and you're positive about them dates now, ain't you?

CINDY: Yes, Homer. We've got you down for August 5 through August 11 and our policy is a half down, non-refundable deposit with the balance due upon check-in. I see you've just handled all of this online as we've been talking.

HOMER: Yup, I did, and by the way, Cindy, is there a florist in town and could you call them for me and order some flowers and just add it to my bill?

CINDY: Yes. It's Forever Flowers, and I'll handle it for you.

HOMER: Would you allow them to be delivered to our room a little before three on the day we arrive?

CINDY: Of course. What is this, a special anniversary surprise for your wife?

HOMER: It's a special surprise all right. Fact is I am so excited I could bust. I want forty-one long stemmed red roses delivered to the room. What do you think of that?

CINDY: Forty-one red roses? Homer, that is impressive. You must be some guy, and she must be some woman!

HOMER: She sure is. And she's a looker, too. At least she used to be. I ain't seen her in 41 years. My old flame, she is. Found her on Facebook. She was the one who got away, so forty-one roses for the forty-one years it's been. I know. I know. I'm a married man, but I gotta do this. Can't help it.

CINDY: Look, Homer. You don't have to explain a thing to me. All I have to do is keep fabric softener off your towels and sheets and watermelon off your table. All you have to do is pay me, and we're even. Please know all of us at Fern Cottage will do everything we can to make your stay here with us as enjoyable and romantic as possible. By the way what is your friend's name? Just her first will do.

HOMER: Velma. Yup, Velma. You ain't gonna believe this, but she and my wife got the same first name. Ain't that a coincidence? Makes it easy on me though, if you know what I mean. But I don't want you thinking I'm a bad guy, cuz I ain't. I'm just a guy who has always wondered is all. She said she's wondered, too, so we're gonna rendezvous at Cindy's beautiful Fern Cottage on August 5th through the 11th. We're gonna at least see what things might have been like.

CINDY: Well, I hope you and Velma have a good time here with us. I know sure we'll do our part. The rest, my friend, will be up to you.

HOMER: You know Velma, I mean my wife Velma, still eats watermelon, seedless or not, but wouldn't think of serving it to me. After forty years of marriage she understands. She loves that fabric softener stuff, too. Says it makes things smell real pretty, but she won't use it because I don't want her to. She ain't much of a looker anymore. Used to be but getting older changes a lot of us I guess. It did her anyway. She was always a hard worker. Still does all the books.

CINDY: What about Velma? Girlfriend Velma, I mean? Is she still attractive?

HOMER: She don't look bad. It's hard to tell with the photograph on Facebook. No. She looks pretty good. At least she's still got her hair which is more than I can say. I'm as bald now as a hairless frog but at our age it ain't about looks anymore. Oh, it helps, I suppose, but it takes more than a couple of dimples to keep my attention.

CINDY: Homer, you are an absolute delight and I can't wait to meet you and girlfriend Velma. August 5th at three o'clock. Believe me that is when the magic at Fern Cottage officially begins.

HOMER: I'm looking forward to meeting you and your hubby. Maybe we can all get together some evening for a drink or two. I've really enjoyed talking with you, Cindy. You should have been a shrink or something. You know that, right ?

CINDY: One more thing?

HOMER: What's that? Is it gonna cost me?

CINDY: No, it isn't going to cost you but I was wondering. I'm a 60 year old rather frumpy, overweight, married, hard working innkeeper and...um ... exactly what does it take to keep my husband's attention?

HOMER: Now, don't ask me that. You're getting too deep. I'm just a dumb old watermelon farmer, remember? Besides, if I had all the answers I wouldn't be planning a rendezvous at Fern Cottage with girlfriend Velma.

CINDY: *(laughs)* All right my new friend - until August 5th.

HOMER: *(laughs)* Until August 5th. Stay out of trouble, Miss Innkeeper.

(Both hang up. There is a brief pause as HOMER redials his telephone.)

CINDY: Good morning from beautiful Fern Cottage Bed and Breakfast. This is Cindy. How may I help you?

HOMER: Cindy? It's Homer Crosley again.

CINDY: Hi, Homer. Did you forget something?

HOMER: No, I just remembered something.

CINDY: Sure. What is it?

HOMER: Could you order forty red roses instead of forty-one?

CINDY: I guess so. Sure. Is there a problem?

HOMER: Yeah. Me.

CINDY: Now I'm confused.

HOMER: So was I. I've changed my mind. It's going to be me and *wife* Velma.

CINDY: All right.

HOMER: I think I just figured out what keeps a man's attention.

CINDY: Really? Tell me, please.

HOMER: Being wise enough to know...never, ever to serve him watermelon. You know what I mean?

CINDY: I believe so. It's like never, ever putting fabric softener in his laundry, either.

HOMER: Yeah. You know what I mean all right. Strange thing but it seems like it's never the big things that really count. It's all them little things adding up that matter most. I gotta say, with your kind of attitude, you got nothing to worry about. You'll keep your husband's attention.

CINDY: Well, thank you, Homer. I really appreciate your comments. By the way, I think you are a nice guy. I have to admit though, you had me wondering.

HOMER: I had myself wondering, too. They say there is no fool like an old fool, and boy, that was almost me. My wife ain't perfect but she puts up with me, and that's saying a lot. Thank you, Cindy. I appreciate all you've done for me. And remember... forty red roses for Homer and Velma Crosley!

CINDY: Yes. Forty red roses. I'll make certain they are delivered before three.

HOMER: See you the 5th of August.

CINDY: I'm looking forward to it. Goodbye, Homer.

(Lights out on HOMER. A pause. SOUND CUE: the telephone rings)

CINDY: Good morning from beautiful Fern Cottage Bed and Breakfast. This is Cindy. How may I help you?

WOMAN'S VOICE: *(Offstage)* Yes. This is Velma Crosley and I want to reserve a suite from August 5th through August 11th at beautiful Fern Cottage! I so hope you have a vacancy?

CINDY: *(weakly)* Umm. Yes, we do.

WOMAN'S VOICE: *(Off stage)* Wonderful ! You see my old high school boyfriend, and I will rendezvous there. We haven't seen each other in forty-one years. Can you imagine that? So I would like to have forty-one red roses delivered to our room just before we arrive. You know one red roses for each year. Would you handle that for me please? And just put them on my bill, of course. Oh, and when is check in time?

THE END