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SUNNY ROOM IN CHARMING HOUSE

By

Marcia Savin

The Cast

LYDIA BAILEY – Woman, 60s

CONNIE PENDLETON – Woman, 60s

The entire action takes place in Lydia's living room.

At rear is front door. Nearby is an antique standing cabinet, about three-feet high. It holds a corked red wine bottle, one glass and framed photo of Lydia and her husband, dressed for a party, a few years earlier. He's 60ish. Lydia's comfortable house shoes by door. Also, a coatrack with a jacket, silk scarves, hats and gym bag.

Downstage

A coffee table, vase of flowers in exact center. Chair at left is soft, comfortable, lived-in. Two formal, stiff chairs are spaced equally around the coffee table. A side table holds Trollope's Framley Parsonage.

(SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 4pm. Doorbell rings. Lights. LYDIA onstage, in slacks, casual top, scarf at neck, closes eyes for good luck. She's excited, hopeful, nervous as she opens front door. Enter CONNIE, tousled, in casual jacket, jeans, bike helmet, camera around neck. She's overloaded, carrying a laptop, suitcase, shopping bags spilling DVDs, photo albums, swimming goggles, gym bag: her worldly goods. Front door stays open.)

Note

Connie's distinguishing characteristic is a big, infectious smile. It's the smile of one who finds people and the world amusing. It can be a grin, or knowing, or a "gotcha" smile, but it's never phony.

LYDIA: Connie, you made it!

CONNIE: *(big smile)* Lydia, I don't know you without your goggles.

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LYDIA: *(laughs)* We were ships that passed in the Slow Lane. *(looks at helmet)* Connie, you didn't bike over with all this?

CONNIE: No, silly. Took a cab. *(Reaches outside front door. Brings in battered bike. Shuts door. Leans bike against cabinet. Bike starts to fall. LYDIA rushes to grab wine bottle. CONNIE moves bike to rest against wall.)* Don't worry, Lydia I'll keep it in my room.

LYDIA: *(uneasy laugh)* Fine.

CONNIE: *(Collapses into comfortable chair. Removes helmet.)* Whew! Sooo glad I saw your notice at the Y. I was getting a wee bit antsy about finding a place to live.

LYDIA: *(Takes stiff chair)* Well, I'm glad it was you who answered it. At least, I knew you: The lady who kicked me in the pool with her frog stroke! *(demonstrates flinging arms and legs out.)*

CONNIE: I can't see anything without my contacts. I didn't hurt you, did I?

LYDIA: Oh, no. And Connie, you were so nice about it. Some people snarl, "Stay in your own lane!"

CONNIE: *(gets up, looks around)* I loovve your place, Lydia! The old ceilings and fixtures.

LYDIA: We did the refinishing ourselves. *(beat)* But I was worried that I overstated the "charming" part. On the notice.

CONNIE: Oh, nooo. When I saw the photos of my room, I thought: perfect!

LYDIA: It's a big step, sharing ...

CONNIE: Yeah, but it was: share — or the street.

LYDIA: I meant, for me. I've never done this before. I'm a little nervous.

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