

# TODAY'S SPECIAL

by Greg Vovos  
© 2003

TO PRODUCE THIS PLAY  
CONTACT PLAYWRIGHT AT:  
[gregvovos@yahoo.com](mailto:gregvovos@yahoo.com)  
Or 216-319-0292

# TODAY'S SPECIAL

by Greg Vovos

## CHARACTERS

STAN: A man.

VELMA: A woman.

THE WAITER/WAITRESS: Eccentric, perhaps with a voice like a game show host.

## SETTING

A restaurant.

## SYNOPSIS

Stan and Velma's first date takes a strange turn when Stanley offers more information than might be...appropriate. How far is too far for a first a date?

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that *Today's Special* is subject to a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright convention and the Universal Copyright Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including professional and amateur stage performing, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound taping, all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as information storage and retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

Inquiries concerning all rights should be addressed to the author at [gregvovos@yahoo.com](mailto:gregvovos@yahoo.com).

**TODAY'S SPECIAL**  
**By Greg Vovos**

*Lights up as STAN and VELMA sit at a table in a nice restaurant. VELMA puts her napkin in her lap. STAN, spying her, does the same. STAN looks at the wine menu for a few moments. VELMA studies her menu.*

VELMA  
I want to hear the specials.

STAN  
They have quite a wine list here. Very impressive.

VELMA  
I don't believe I'll be drinking any wine.

STAN  
Oh, no wine, huh? You don't drink?

VELMA  
Not this evening.

STAN  
I understand.

*HE shuts the wine menu.*

VELMA  
What do you understand?

STAN  
A first date. Don't want to let your defenses down so you figure you'll stay away from the alcohol. Very smart. You're a very smart girl. And beautiful.

*STAN fingers the wine menu.*

VELMA  
If you want to drink, go ahead. It doesn't bother me.

*STAN quickly moves his hand away.*

STAN

Noooo. Don't be silly. I don't NEED to drink. I just thought it would be nice for dinner. That's all. But I don't need to.

VELMA

Well, it's your choice.

STAN

It is.

*They both look at their menus for a moment. STAN taps his fingers on the menu, a nervous habit.*

VELMA

Look, if you want to order a drink then you —

STAN

I don't want a drink! Excuse me. I didn't mean to get so...loud.

VELMA

Well, it seems as if you do. You seem very nervous.

STAN

Well, first dates make me nervous. There. I said it. I've lost my cool mystique and tipped my hand. First dates make me nervous. Certainly I'm not the Johnny Depp you were looking for.

VELMA

That's okay. I'm not asking you to be. Relax. Let's get to know each other. Tell me something about yourself.

STAN

Well...I'm married.

VELMA

You're what?

STAN

Oh god. I probably shouldn't have said that. But it's true. I'm married.

VELMA

I see.

*Pause.*

STAN  
Is that a problem?

VELMA  
No.

STAN  
And you? Are you married?

*The WAITER enters. He sounds more like a game show announcer than a waiter.*

VELMA  
Oh thank God. The waiter.

WAITER  
Good evening. Would you be interested in hearing tonight's specials?

VELMA  
We would.

STAN  
It's true. She's right.

*VELMA eyes STAN oddly and the waiter proceeds.*

WAITER  
Would you like something to drink first?

VELMA  
I'll have some sparkling water.

WAITER  
Sparkling water. Sexy. And the monsieur.

STAN  
I'll have a glass of your best Cab.

WAITER  
Wine for the monsieur. No wine for the lady. Interesting.

*HE begins to exit.*

STAN

I thought you asked if we wanted to hear the specials?

WAITER

I did. It's true.

*HE exits.*

STAN

He's odd.

VELMA

Yes, he is.

STAN

So we have that in common.

VELMA

It's true we do. (*Pause.*) Does your wife know you're on this date?

STAN

She does.

VELMA

Really?

STAN

Yes. It was her idea in fact. Thought it might help things between us.

VELMA

Oh. Sounds like a strange woman.

STAN

(*Beaming*) She is. She really is. But let's not talk about her. Let's talk about you.

VELMA

What shall we talk about?

STAN

We could talk about how you take my breath away.

VELMA

I think I should tell you...uh...I'm sorry I don't even know your name.

STAN

It's Stan.

VELMA

Stanley?

STAN

NO! Stan. Just Stan. Stan Casual.

VELMA

Stan Casual?

STAN

Truly.

VELMA

Again. Odd. You're a very odd fellow. But I must say I am intrigued by you.  
Even drawn to you.

STAN

That makes me very happy. I can't express how happy that makes me, except to say it makes me VERY happy. Very.

VELMA

But I am having a hard time getting over this thing with your wife.

STAN

Forget about her. Wash her from your memory. She's dead to me now. Only you reside in my heart.

VELMA

I'll try. But it's not easy. I feel as if I have a responsibility to your wife –

STAN

Can we please stop talking about my wife!

*HE slams his fist on the table.*

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to react like that.

*SHE stands up to leave.*

You're not going to leave me, are you?

VELMA

I don't see why I shouldn't.

STAN

Our dinner for one. I hear the specials here are magical. Please. I can make this up to you. I really can. If you insist on—or rather if you want to talk about my wife then feel free.

VELMA

Well, if you're married why should I even bother to continue this?

STAN

Why? Because I'm trained. I've been purged of all the irritating behavior of men that drives women crazy. I have been whipped into tip-top shape, I assure you. For example, I always leave the seat down. I shave regularly. I understand the importance of flowers. I can order good wine—if you want it. I don't talk about sports. I can talk about the arts. AND MOREOVER, you would get the best of me because you don't have to see me day in and day out. That's my wife's problem not yours. She would have to put up with the daily grind while you reap the benefits. Imagine what a great sex life we could have.

*VELMA sits.*

VELMA

You might have a point.

STAN

I really think I do.

VELMA

I very much enjoy good sex.

STAN

I think we're in complete agreement there.

VELMA

Sometimes I like to be naughty.

*STAN shifts in his chair.*

STAN

Me too. Me too. I don't mind telling you--. Well, I hope I'm not being too forward right now but you are--. I better stop right there.

VELMA

Please don't. Tell me.

STAN

I don't think I should. Where is that waiter with our drinks?

VELMA

I think you should feel free to tell me anything. Reveal yourself to me.

STAN

Well, your naughty talk is giving me a Woodrow.

VELMA

A Woodrow?

STAN

Yes, a woody. A hardon.

*SHE slaps him.*

VELMA

I am appalled. That's how you talk on a first date?

*VELMA stands to leave. The WAITER stops her.*

WAITER

Please do sit down, ma'am. I am ready to recite the specials to you.

*VELMA hesitates. The WAITER stares at her. SHE sits. The WAITER looks as if he's going to recite the specials and then begins to exit.*

STAN

What about the specials?

*The WAITER turns.*

WAITER

I am no longer ready.

*WAITER exits.*

STAN

I am really sorry about that. This whole dating thing is so new to me. I just—I don't know how to behave, how to censor, how to talk. To be quite honest I don't know a lot. Please forgive me and my ignorance.

VELMA

I forgive you.

*STAN grabs her hand and stares into her eyes.*

STAN

Thank you so much for not leaving me.

VELMA

Did you enjoy that?

STAN

Enjoy what?

VELMA

My slap. The way I slapped you.

*STAN rubs his face, reliving the moment.*

STAN

I must say I did enjoy the stinging.

VELMA

I thought you might. There's more where that came from you know.

STAN

Perhaps we should leave right now.

VELMA

But we haven't eaten.

STAN

We can eat something else. Somewhere else. Something on the order of cream perhaps.

VELMA

You need to exert more control, Stan. Don't rush things. It is only our first date.

STAN

You are right. Waiter? Waiter? We're ready to order. Where is he? You're right. We should have dinner first.

VELMA

And then what, Stan?

STAN

We should just see where the night takes us.

VELMA

See what arises?

STAN

I like the sound of that.

VELMA

Perhaps your wife would be interested in joining us.

STAN

Perhaps we should keep her out of this.

VELMA

Are you embarrassed of me?

STAN

No. I just don't think...I don't think I'm ready for that kind of a thing yet.

VELMA

Hmmm.

STAN

What hmmm? You sound disappointed.

VELMA

I just thought you were a bit more cosmopolitan. That's all.

STAN

It's not that I'm afraid. It's just —

*STAN lights a smoke.*

VELMA  
Suddenly you smoke?

STAN  
I've smoked since the first day you met me.

VELMA  
I'm turned off by it.

*STAN snuffs out his cigarette.*

STAN  
It's just that I'd like to keep you and my wife separate.

VELMA  
You think you can do that?

STAN  
I just now realized that I don't even know your name.

VELMA  
It's Velma.

STAN  
Velma. Interesting. And your last name?

VELMA  
I don't want to reveal that.

STAN  
I understand.

*SHE leans in seductively.*

VELMA  
But I am ready to reveal other things to you.

STAN  
Such as?

VELMA

Well, you'll just have to wait.

STAN

But what if I can't?

VELMA

You must.

STAN

I can't.

VELMA

I know your wife.

STAN

I don't believe you.

VELMA

Who do you think set this up? Do you think you did this by yourself?

STAN

I thought so. Yes.

VELMA

It's because your wife is crafty.

STAN

If she is, I wouldn't know now would I?

VELMA

Perhaps it is time for us to engage in some experimentation.

STAN

I couldn't agree more.

VELMA

Do you think it will be difficult for you to return to your wife once you have experienced what I have to offer?

*Pause.*

STAN  
I couldn't say for sure.

*Pause.*

VELMA  
I could. Go home to your wife.

STAN  
And you?

VELMA  
I'm pregnant.

STAN  
Is that so?

VELMA  
And, moreover, you're the father.

STAN  
So you've been faithful to me all this time?

VELMA  
Of course. I made a commitment to you before God.

STAN  
Shall we go then?

VELMA  
We shall.

*The WAITER arrives.*

WAITER  
Where are you going? I am now ready to recite the specials.

*STAN and VELMA exits as lights fade to black.*

END OF PLAY