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Checking In

By

TRACY WELLS

Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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Checking In

CHARACTERS

BERNARD (m): Bellhop who gets drawn into the lives of the hotel guests and who is falling for Natasha.

NATASHA (w): Housekeeper and love interest of Bernard.

MRS./MR. HUMPHRIES* (a): Hotel manager who is strict with the staff but ingratiating with the guests.

JENNY/JEREMY* (a): High energy, often annoying Kids Club Captain.

MARTHA* (w): Hotel concierge who has a zest for life.

HELGA/HANS* (a): Grumpy hotel masseuse.

MOM-TO-BE* (w): Extremely pregnant woman who just wants to enjoy her babymoon.

DAD-TO-BE* (m): Her concerned husband.

LUCY/LUCAS* (a): 8- to 11-year-old child, who lives in the hotel and whose parents are frequently away.

DAUGHTER/SON* (a): Teenager who spends all his/her time online and now fears life in the real world.

MOTHER/FATHER* (a): Parent of daughter/son who wants to show how great the world is outside of a screen.

BACKPACKERS 1-4* (a): Young adults, ages 18-22, who are exploring the world on a budget but whose hostel fell through, forcing them to stay at the hotel.

JOHN SPENCER* (m): Man on a business trip who needs help remembering that there's more to life than work.

BRIDE* (w): Woman on her honeymoon.

GROOM* (m): Man on his honeymoon.

MOM* (w): Frazzled mother who needs a break.

DAD* (m): Her equally frazzled husband.

KIDS 1-3* (a): Their children, ages 5-12, with a lot of energy.

MABEL* (w): Empty nester ready to enjoy all that life has to offer.

CHUCK* (m): Empty nester who just wants to relax and spend time with his wife.

WIDOW/WIDOWER* (a): A recent widow who is ready to embark on the trip she and her husband had always planned to take together.

GUESTS/STAFF* (a): Extras as desired to work in the hotel, walk through the lobby, check in, etc.

TIME: Modern day.

PLACE: Interior of the Regency Arms Hotel. The Regency Arms can be located in whatever city in the world you choose or may be in an undisclosed location near the ocean or in the mountains or anywhere picturesque.

SCENES

ACT I

Prologue: A Room With a View

Scene 1: Fresh Squeezed

Scene 2: Extended Stay

Scene 3: In Room Safe

Scene 4: À La Carte

Scene 5: Guest Relations

ACT II

Scene 1: Romantic Getaway

Scene 2: Wake-Up Call

Scene 3: Room Service

Scene 4: Trip of a Lifetime

Epilogue: Turndown

PRODUCTION NOTES

Production notes, including information on casting, cutting, setting, costumes and props, can be found in the back of the book.

Checking In

ACT I

Prologue: A Room With a View

AT RISE: NATASHA is C, absentmindedly dusting the table while also looking out the window. Her cleaning cart is nearby. BERNARD enters, unseen by NATASHA.

NATASHA (*to herself*). The view from here *is* beautiful.

BERNARD (*to himself, while looking at NATASHA, although louder than he intended*). It sure is.

(*NATASHA jumps, startled. BERNARD jumps, realizing she heard him.*)

NATASHA (*turning quickly*). Oh! Sorry, I didn't see you there. Did you say something?

BERNARD (*nervously*). Um, no. I don't think so.

NATASHA. I could've sworn you said something.

BERNARD. Out loud?

NATASHA (*chuckling*). Pretty sure it was out loud.

BERNARD (*walking backward, toward the door*). Oh, well, it was nothing, really. (*Turns and starts to exit.*) I'll just be going then. Lots of work to do—

NATASHA (*calling out to him*). Wait!

(*BERNARD stops and turns back.*)

BERNARD. Yes?

NATASHA (*holds out her hand and crosses to BERNARD*).

My name is Natasha. I'm the new housekeeper.

BERNARD (*taking her hand*). I'm Bernard—the bellhop.

NATASHA (*smiling as she shakes his hand*). Nice to meet you, Bernard.

BERNARD (*smiling at her; maybe a little too much, continuing to shake her hand, now excessive*). Nice to meet you, Natasha.

(He continues to look at her with a big smile on his face, shaking her hand. NATASHA looks at him, at first confused as to why they are still shaking hands, and then a little concerned. After a moment, she extricates her hand from his and wipes it on the leg of her uniform as BERNARD stares in wonder at his own hand that was just shaking hers. When she looks at him, he quickly puts his hand behind his back.)

NATASHA (*crosses to her cart, picks up a spray bottle and starts cleaning*). So, what are you doing here, Bernard?

BERNARD. Well, I always wanted to travel the world, but I don't have the money. So I figured, what's a better way to make the money I need to travel than by working in a world-class hotel?

NATASHA (*chuckling*). I meant, what are you doing in this room? The next guest doesn't arrive until later this afternoon. Isn't a bellhop supposed to help the guests with their baggage?

BERNARD. Baggage? You could say that— (*Smirks.*) in more ways than one.

NATASHA. So if there are no guests in this room, then why are you here?

BERNARD. I heard we had a new housekeeper, so I just wanted to check in on you.

NATASHA (*Smiling to herself, but not looking at him*). Do you check in on all the new housekeepers?

BERNARD (*to himself, but louder than he intended*). Only the pretty ones.

NATASHA (*looking up*). What was that?

BERNARD (*flustered*). Nothing!

NATASHA. I could've sworn you said something.

BERNARD. Out loud?

NATASHA (*chuckling*). Pretty sure it was out loud.

BERNARD. What I meant to say was that I was just passing this room and wanted to see if there was anything you needed.

NATASHA (*crossing to the cart and putting away the spray bottle*). The housekeeping cart is pretty well stocked. (*Pats the cart.*) I think I have everything I need right here.

BERNARD (*walking backward, toward the door*). OK great. Well then I guess I'll just let you get your cleaning done. (*Turns around, toward the exit.*)

NATASHA. Bernard?

BERNARD (*stops and turns back to her*). Yes?

NATASHA (*smiling*). Someday I want to travel the world, too.

BERNARD (*smiling*). Better get back to work then. There's lots of rooms to clean at the Regency Arms Hotel.

NATASHA. And lots of guests with baggage.

BERNARD (*smirks*). You have no idea. (*Starts to cross to the door again.*)

NATASHA (*picks up a stack of towels and crosses to the window*). Not a bad view to look at while we wait, is it?

BERNARD (*turning back to look at NATASHA. To himself, but louder than he intends, smiling*). Not bad at all.

NATASHA (*turning quickly*). Did you say something?

BERNARD (*flustered, starts to walk backward*). No. Nothing at all. Have a great day, Natasha. Nice to meet you.

(BERNARD bumps into the plant by the door on his way out, nearly knocking it over. He turns, rights it, then hurries quickly through the door.)

NATASHA. Nice to meet you too, Bernard.

(She smiles, takes one last look out the window, then walks into the bathroom, exiting as lights fade to black.)

Scene 1: Fresh Squeezed

(As lights rise, BERNARD enters, pushing a luggage rack with suitcases on it. DAD-TO-BE follows closely behind. There are two white bathrobes folded on the bed.)

BERNARD. Here we are—your room. (*Crosses to the window and opens the curtain wider.*) And might I say, you have a spectacular view.

DAD-TO-BE (*looking out the window*). Wow! You're not kidding! (*Calling back out the door, loudly.*) Honey, you should see the view we have in our room!

MOM-TO-BE (*offstage, calling out loudly*). Can't wait!

BERNARD (*crossing to the bathroom door*). Your bathroom is fully stocked with soaps, shampoos and lotions from France.

DAD-TO-BE (*calling back out the door, loudly*). Honey, we've got French soaps in the bathroom!

MOM-TO-BE (*offstage, calling out loudly*). Ooh-la-la!

BERNARD (*leans toward the door, trying to see MOM-TO-BE, then crosses to the bed and picks up one of the robes*).

During your stay, feel free to enjoy these complimentary bathrobes. (*Hands one to DAD-TO-BE*.) They are the softest robes you'll find in any hotel, guaranteed.

DAD-TO-BE (*holding the sleeve of the robe up to his face and nuzzling it*). It's as soft as a cloud. (*Calling back out the door, loudly*.) Honey, you've gotta feel these bathrobes!

MOM-TO-BE (*offstage, calling out loudly*). I'm coming! I'm coming!

BERNARD (*leaning to look out the door, concerned*). Is she OK?

DAD-TO-BE. She's all right— (*Suddenly a little worried himself*.) I think.

(*MOM-TO-BE enters through the door, sideways and slowly, as she is very, very pregnant*.)

MOM-TO-BE. I made it! Finally. (*Crosses to the bed and sits down, exhausted, and wipes her brow*.) You didn't tell me the walk from the elevator would be so far, Bernard.

BERNARD. It's only about twenty feet.

MOM-TO-BE (*holds up her feet*). Yeah well when your feet are *this* swollen, twenty feet is pretty far, Bernard.

BERNARD (*unconvinced*). If you say so.

MOM-TO-BE (*agitated*). Have you ever been nine months pregnant, Bernard?

BERNARD. Can't say that I have, ma'am.

MOM-TO-BE. Then maybe you should take my word for it.

BERNARD (*holding up his hands, as if saying he doesn't mean any harm*). I think that's a good idea.

DAD-TO-BE (*aside to BERNARD*). Trust me—it is.

BERNARD (*unloading their suitcases from the luggage cart*). Where would you like me to put these?

MOM-TO-BE (*points to one side*). Over there will be fine.

BERNARD. Very well. (*As he takes luggage to the designated location.*) So you guys just wanted to take one last trip before the baby arrives?

MOM-TO-BE (*excitedly*). It's our babymoon!

BERNARD. Babymoon?

MOM-TO-BE. It's like a honeymoon for a couple, but instead of celebrating your marriage, you're celebrating your pregnancy.

DAD-TO-BE (*less excited*). Most people don't wait until they are nine months pregnant to take their babymoons. (*Points with his thumb at MOM-TO-BE.*) But *this one* couldn't drag herself away from her job.

MOM-TO-BE (*agitated*). You know I had to save up my vacation time for when the baby comes.

DAD-TO-BE. We didn't have to take such an extravagant trip. We could've just gone for a long weekend.

MOM-TO-BE (*more agitated*). You know how long I've been looking forward to this trip. I was not going to miss it for anything! I don't know why you're insisting on starting an argument the second we arrive, especially in front of Bernard.

BERNARD (*speeding up*). Don't mind me. I'll be out of your hair in a jiffy. Let me quickly get these last few bags—*very* quickly.

DAD-TO-BE (*crossing to put his hand soothingly on MOM-TO-BE's shoulder*). I'm not starting an argument, honey. I'm just pointing out that it's a little close to the due date for a trip like this.

MOM-TO-BE (*crossing her arms and narrowing her eyes*).

You know the due date isn't for another eight days.

BERNARD (*looking up from his work, nervously*). Eight days?

MOM-TO-BE. We have plenty of time to enjoy our vacation.

DAD-TO-BE. Maybe it'd be a good idea if I keep my mouth shut for now.

BERNARD (*aside to DAD-TO-BE*). Trust me—it is. (*Puts the last bag in its location.*) That's the last of them. Is there anything else you need before I leave you?

MOM-TO-BE. That's not where I told you to put the bags.

BERNARD. I'm pretty sure it was, ma'am.

MOM-TO-BE (*agitated*). No it's not! I told you to put them over there. (*Points to the opposite side of the room. She stands and crosses to the bags.*) I guess I have to do it myself. (*Starts to tug on the heaviest bag to move it.*) I probably should get used to it. Once this baby comes, I'll never have another moment's peace again.

BERNARD (*rushing over to try and help MOM-TO-BE*).

Why don't you let me take care of the bags, ma'am?

MOM-TO-BE (*angrily*). Will you stop calling me ma'am? I'm not that old! Ma'am is what you call somebody's mother!

BERNARD. What would you like me to call you?

MOM-TO-BE (*suddenly clutches the lower part of her belly*).
Holy mother of mercy!

BERNARD (*confused*). Holy mother of mercy? I thought you didn't want to be called somebody's mother.

MOM-TO-BE (*clutching the lower part of her belly and exclaiming*). John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt!

BERNARD. That's my name too! (*Laughs.*) I see what's going on. We're playing a name game. (*Thinks.*) Maybe I should call you—

DAD-TO-BE (*interrupts*). I don't think she's playing a game.

(*Crossing to MOM-TO-BE, concerned.*) Honey, are you OK?

BERNARD (*unaware*). Rumpelstiltskin! (*Thinking.*) No, then you wouldn't want me to guess your name. Or maybe it's—

MOM-TO-BE (*clutching the lower part of her belly and yelling*). Bernard!

BERNARD. No, that's my name.

MOM-TO-BE. I'm in labor!

BERNARD. Labor? (*Looks at MOM-TO-BE, who is now huffing and puffing, trying to control the pain. Realization dawns.*) Oh, labor! (*Starts running around the room frantically.*) We need towels, hot water, something to put the baby in when it comes out, and a knife. (*Looks around.*)

Where can I get a knife sharp enough. (*Puts his forefinger up as he has an idea.*) The kitchen! Let me just call down to the kitchen. (*Rushes to the phone.*)

DAD-TO-BE (*helping MOM-TO-BE over to the bed*). Why don't you just call an ambulance instead?

BERNARD. I think that's a great idea.

MOM-TO-BE. Trust me—it is.

(*BERNARD picks up the phone as MOM-TO-BE laughs.*)

MOM-TO-BE (*cont'd*). I'm so sorry I got us into this mess, sweetheart. If I hadn't insisted on taking this silly babymoon—

DAD-TO-BE (*stopping her*). It's all right, honey. (*Rubbing her belly.*) Who would've thought this little stinker would show up eight whole days early?

BERNARD (*with the phone to his ear, leaning toward DAD-TO-BE*). Um, pretty sure anyone could've guessed that. You know those due dates are only guidelines, right?

DAD-TO-BE (*with a pointed look*). The ambulance?

BERNARD. Right! (*Turns back to his phone call.*) We need an ambulance at the Regency Arms Hotel right away. (*Listens for a moment.*) We have a mother who has gone into labor.

MOM-TO-BE (*sweetly, smiling*). Did you hear that, sweetheart? I'm going to be somebody's mother. I like the sound of that.

DAD-TO-BE (*smiling*). So do I.

(He rubs her shoulders or kisses her forehead as BERNARD puts the phone down.)

BERNARD. The ambulance will be here any minute.

DAD-TO-BE. Great. Thanks, Bernard.

BERNARD (*crossing to MOM-TO-BE*). So do you know if it's going to be a boy or a girl?

DAD-TO-BE. No. We wanted it to be a surprise.

(MOM-TO-BE clutches the lower part of her belly, in pain.)

BERNARD. Do you have a name picked out yet?

MOM-TO-BE (*exclaiming in pain*). Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

BERNARD. Twins! That *is* a surprise!

(MOM-TO BE cries out in pain again as DAD-TO-BE and BERNARD draw closer to soothe her as lights fade to black.)

Scene 2: Extended Stay

(As lights rise, LUCY is bouncing on the bed. MRS. HUMPHRIES is standing next to the bed, holding a clipboard and crossing her arms. The room is a mess.)

MRS. HUMPHRIES. Now Lucy, we've talked about this.

LUCY (*continuing to jump*). I don't know what you're talking about, Mrs. Humphries.

MRS. HUMPHRIES (*as nice as she can be, under the circumstances*). You can't be jumping on the bed like that! It's destructive to hotel property.

LUCY. But I live in the hotel, so doesn't that make this bed my property?

MRS. HUMPHRIES (*a little flustered*). Well ... not exactly ... it's hard to explain. Besides, your jumping is disruptive to the other guests.

LUCY. Who cares about the other guests!?

MRS. HUMPHRIES. I do!

LUCY. Well you have to care about them, Mrs. Humphries—you're the hotel manager. I'm just a kid.

MRS. HUMPHRIES (*looking around*). Where are your parents, Lucy?

LUCY. Oh, you know—here and there.

MRS. HUMPHRIES. Here and there?

LUCY. Father's on a business trip and Mother's on one of her grand shopping trips overseas.

MRS. HUMPHRIES. I see.

LUCY. I've lived in this hotel practically my entire life, Mrs. Humphries. You should know by now that my parents are always leaving me here to fend for myself.

MRS. HUMPHRIES. You're not fending for yourself. You have a nanny. Where is she?

LUCY (*chuckling*). I sent her on a little errand.

MRS. HUMPHRIES (*suspicious*). What kind of errand?

LUCY. Oh, you know—the kind of errand that'll have her running all over the city looking for a purple-headed waternoose.

MRS. HUMPHRIES. What's a purple-headed waternoose?

LUCY (*shrugging her shoulders*). Who knows? But nanny will be gone for hours looking for it!

MR. HUMPHRIES (*as she crosses to the phone, picks it up and starts dialing*). All right, that's it. I'm calling for reinforcements.

LUCY (*stops bouncing*). Reinforcements?

MRS. HUMPHRIES (*speaking into the phone*). Hello, this is Mrs. Humphries. Can you send Natasha up to room 803? It's a mess.

LUCY (*looking around*). It's not *that* bad.

MRS. HUMPHRIES. And can you send up Jenny as well?

LUCY (*jumping off the bed, alarmed*). Not Jenny!

MRS. HUMPHRIES. Thank you. (*Hangs up the phone.*) Reinforcements are on their way.

LUCY (*rushing over to MRS. HUMPHRIES and grabbing her arm*). Please don't send Jenny up here. I'll be good, I promise!

MRS. HUMPHRIES. It's done. She's already on her way.

LUCY (*pleading*). I won't jump on the bed ever again, Mrs. Humphries. I promise!

MRS. HUMPHRIES. Sorry, Lucy, but you forced my hand.

(*A knock on the door is heard.*)

LUCY. Oh no! She's here!

(*LUCY rushes to hide behind MRS. HUMPHRIES or behind the bed as NATASHA enters, pushing her cart.*)

NASTASHA. You wanted to see me, Mrs. Humphries?

LUCY (*relieved, coming out from her hiding place*). Phew! It's only Natasha.

MRS. HUMPHRIES. Yes. Can you tidy up this room? Lucy's been left unsupervised— (*Looking pointedly at LUCY.*) again—which means she's been jumping on the bed and making quite a mess.

NATASHA. You got it.

(*NATASHA starts to make the bed as MRS. HUMPHRIES looks at her clipboard.*)

LUCY (*crossing over to NATASHA and helping her make the bed, lowering her voice so only NATASHA can hear her*). You didn't happen to see Jenny on your way up here, did you?

NATASHA. No I didn't. (*Stops and starts to cross to phone.*) Would you like me to send her up?

LUCY (*grabbing NATASHA's arm*). No! Mrs. Humphries already called her, but I'm hoping that maybe she's too busy. She's terrifying.

NATASHA. Terrifying? (*Laughs.*) Jenny's not terrifying. She's—
LUCY (*interrupting*). An unspeakable nightmare that lurks in the shadows, preying on innocent children, just waiting for the right moment to spring out and—

(*JENNY bounds into the room, holding a big colorful box.*)

JENNY (*energetically, bordering on annoying*). Well hidey-ho, kiddos! Who's ready to have some fun?

LUCY (*screaming*). Ahhhh! It's Jenny!

(*LUCY runs to hide behind MRS. HUMPHRIES.*)

MRS. HUMPHRIES (*pushing LUCY out in front of her*). Now Lucy, there's no reason to be afraid of Jenny. She's the Kid's Club Captain after all.

JENNY (*with an exaggerated bow*). At your service.

LUCY. Please don't make me go with her, Mrs. Humphries!

NATASHA (*as she straightens up the room*). I bet Jenny has a lot of fun activities planned for you, Lucy.

JENNY. You bet I do! (*Digs in her box and pulls out a top hat and wand.*) We can put on a magic show— (*Puts the hat on LUCY's head and hands her the wand, then digs in her box again.*) Or try out some new kid-friendly recipes— (*Pulls out some cooking supplies and hands them to LUCY.*) Or we could do some arts and crafts— (*Pulls out some art supplies and hands them to LUCY, whose arms are starting to get full. She then resumes digging in her box.*) Or maybe we could play some practical jokes on some of the staff—

(JENNY pulls out a pair of comedy glasses with a nose and mustache, a Whoopee cushion and a joke can of nuts with snakes inside. She puts the glasses on LUCY's face, puts the Whoopee cushion on a chair and brings it behind LUCY or guides LUCY to it, having her sit on top of the Whoopee cushion, then opens the can, sending the snakes spraying into LUCY's stunned face. JENNY laughs hysterically.)

JENNY (*cont'd*). Ha! That one gets me every time.

LUCY (*dry and sarcastic*). Hilarious.

MRS. HUMPHRIES. With your nanny gone, we have to find something for you to do besides jump on the bed, Lucy.

JENNY. And that's the job of your Kids Club Captain! I've got all the games, gags and giggles that every gleeful girl could want!

LUCY (*dry and sarcastic*). Great.

NATASHA (*crossing over to LUCY and removing the hat and glasses and handing them back to JENNY*). Maybe Lucy would like to help me for the day? I could use the help, and she could learn a little bit about how the hotel works.

LUCY (*dropping everything she's holding onto the floor*). Yes, please! (*Turning to MRS. HUMPHRIES, pleadingly*.) Can I?

MRS. HUMPHRIES (*unsure*). I don't know. It would be highly irregular for Lucy to be performing housekeeping tasks in a hotel as grand as the Regency Arms. What would the other guests think?

LUCY. What would they think if you sent me with Jenny? (*Dramatically*.) A poor girl, left all alone in the world, caught in the clutches of a child-snatching monster so heinous—

NATASHA (*rolling her eyes and smirking*). Really, Lucy?

LUCY (*ignoring NATASHA*). So despicable that it drowns out the cries of its victims with the sounds of Wiggles music and Whoopee cushions.

JENNY (*excitedly*). Ooh, that's a great idea! We could have a wiggeldy wobbledy wormy dance party! (*Does a funny wobbly worm dance*.)

LUCY (*falls to her knees and clasps her hands together, pleading*). Please, Mrs. Humphries! Don't subject me to that torment!

MRS. HUMPHRIES (*thinks for a moment, then sighs*). I suppose it's all right as long as you agree to help Natasha and not to disrupt her work.

LUCY. I'll be a great helper, I promise!

MRS. HUMPHRIES. Very well. (*Turns to JENNY*.) Sorry, Jenny. I guess your services aren't required here after all.

JENNY (*upbeat*). That's all right, Mrs. Humphries. I'll just head down to the pool and wrangle up some kids for an impromptu game of Frogs and 'Roos.

NATASHA. Frogs and 'Roos?

JENNY (*as she crosses to the exit with MRS. HUMPHRIES*). It's like Duck, Duck, Goose only instead of one child chasing another around, they choose an animal that hops or jumps. Whoever has the craziest hop wins! (*Starts to hop*.)

PRODUCTION NOTES

THEME: The play follows the theme of, “Life is a journey, travel it well.” To that end, the hotel guests depict various stages of life, from a birth in the scene “Fresh Squeezed,” to falling in love in “Guest Relations,” to navigating parenthood in “Wake-Up Call,” to the death of a spouse in “Trip of a Lifetime,” as well as other scenes. This theme is told with humor while still keeping the emotion that we experience through every stage of life.

DOUBLING: There are many potential options for doubling and tripling of roles. The starred roles on the character listing are the easiest to combine, but any combination is acceptable.

CASTING: Feel free to assign genders or races as needed to any character. If you need to change other identifying characteristics, such as names, to better identify with your community, you may do so. Additionally, though certain characters have designated genders, if you would like a certain couple to be the same gender, feel free to make this change.

SETTING: The play can be performed with one hotel room set by making minor adjustments from scene to scene to indicate different rooms, or an entire hotel can be constructed with a lobby and multiple rooms where the action takes place.

For a single-room set: You will need to construct three interior walls—one large center wall and two small angled walls on either side, one of which will need a door. The center wall should have a large picture window RC, flanked by luxurious looking curtains. If desired, an image of an iconic landmark or a beautiful scenic view can be visible from the window. L

of the window is the doorway to the bathroom, which should be operational and could depict part of the bathroom inside. Centered on the leftmost wall is a full or queen size bed, covered in luxurious looking bedding. A small table with one chair is under or next to the picture window. A phone is on the table. A small cabinet is also in the room. The entrance to the room is R and should also have an operational door, if possible. There is a tall potted plant near the door. Additional room accessories can be added/changed to indicate different rooms as can the placement of the bed and door.

For a multi-room set: You will need to construct a lobby and at least a couple rooms. Having these multiple rooms could be an opportunity to increase stage time for your actors by bringing characters from individual scenes—such as John, or Mother and Daughter, or Lucy—to interact with other staff members throughout the hotel. This could take place during scene changes to depict typical hotel life. Maybe someone is getting a massage while another is checking in, or maybe John is flirting with Martha at the concierge station in Act II. Just make sure that when the action in a scene begins, that the focus shifts to the scene.

COSTUMES: Generally modern-day attire. BERNARD should wear a bellhop uniform. NATASHA should wear a housekeeper's uniform. MR./MS. HUMPHRIES should wear a suit. JENNY should wear bright colors with wacky, child-friendly accessories (comically large bow tie, bright knee socks, etc.). MARTHA should wear a skirt and blazer, perhaps with the hotel logo on it. HELGA should wear white pants and a white polo shirt, perhaps with the hotel logo on it. MOM-TO-BE must appear visibly pregnant. BACKPACKERS should wear T-shirts and shorts. JOHN should wear a button-down shirt, unbuttoned at the top with a tie that has been loosened.

BRIDE and GROOM could be wearing remnants from their wedding—a veil for the BRIDE and a white shirt and pants with the bow tie undone—or might be wearing vacation attire. Later they will change into a sweat suit and a superhero costume. MABEL and CHUCK should be wearing loud “vacation fashion” such as tropical shirts, cargo shorts and wide-brimmed hats, fedoras or visors.

PROPERTIES: Cleaning cart (with spray bottles, dusting cloths, vacuum, trash can, towels and toiletries), luggage cart, suitcases of various styles and sizes (some should have clothes in them), garment bag, 4 white bathrobes, white towels and washcloths, clipboard, colorful box (filled with top hat, wand, bowl and spoon, art supplies, comedy glasses, and Whoopee cushion), mobile phone, laptop, sunglasses inside a shipping box, pamphlets, 4 backpacks, 4 mini toiletry kits, 2 chocolate bars, menu, files, papers, tablets, pens, bottle of wine, 2 glasses, champagne in chiller, 2 video-game controllers, 3 foam dart guns with darts, and an urn.

TECHNOLOGY: Feel free to update references to technology or any dated material as needed.

CUTTING: As is, the play runs approximately 90 minutes. This run time can be shortened and cast size manipulated as needed with the removal of whole scenes. However, if you would like to maintain the theme, be sure to keep the scenes in order, which will tell a cohesive story of birth to death.

In Act II, Scene 1, “Romantic Getaway,” humorous innuendo is used to depict a couple on their honeymoon. Ultimately the innuendos are referring to the couple playing video

games and don't describe a romantic encounter. However, if you're a middle school or live in a more conservative community, please feel free to remove this scene if it will not be well received by your audience. If you want to keep the BERNARD/NATASHA lines at the beginning of the scene, you can add it to Act II, Scene 2 as follows:

(At the start of the scene, BERNARD is standing in front of the minibar, checking and refilling its contents. NATASHA enters, unseen by BERNARD, carrying a gift basket.)

BERNARD. When Natasha and I get married and go on our honeymoon, I'm going to make sure we stay in a hotel just like this and have them fill the room with roses.

NATASHA *(smiling)*. What was that?

BERNARD *(jumps, startled)*. Natasha! I didn't see you there.

(NATASHA crosses to the table and puts down the gift basket. BERNARD is nervous.)

BERNARD *(cont'd)*. How much did you hear?

NATASHA *(smirking)*. Not much.

BERNARD *(relieved)*. Oh, good. *(Looks at the gift basket.)* Why are you bringing up the gift basket? That's typically my job.

NATASHA. I knew you were busy getting the room ready for our guests, so when I heard Martha mention the basket, I offered to bring it up.

For the rest of the lines, change all references to "champagne and glasses" to gift basket, and the scene should continue just fine. When BERNARD returns, instead of the BRIDE and GROOM following, you would have KIDS 1-3 enter, screaming, followed by BERNARD, MOM, DAD and KID 4 as indicated in the original opening of Act II, Scene 2. Your scene would just continue as written.