

HOTBED HOTEL

Enter SAM LEWIS from the front entrance. He could be any age from 40 to 60. Smartly dressed in a business suit and tie, he is carrying a suitcase. He is followed by ASHLEY. A "looker," she is voluptuous and a little flashy without appearing too cheap. She is dressed in a very smart light-weight summer suit, high heels, lots of jewelry, etc. She too carries a small suitcase.)

ASHLEY. *(Looking around.)* Oh, Sam, it's just lovely.

SAM. Not bad. Not bad at all. *(He sees the MAJOR who has rushed D.R. to prevent them from seeing BRIAN.)* Good afternoon. My name is Lewis. *(He hands the MAJOR his card.)* I believe you're expecting me. Do you have my room ready?

MAJOR. Mr. Lewis? Room? Oh yes. Our receptionist Miss Maureen, will get you registered.

MAUREEN. *(Aside to the MAJOR.)* I'm not the receptionist. *(She indicates her dress.)* I'm room service.

MAJOR. Remember? Spread yourself around. You are the receptionist.

MAUREEN. But I've got my room service dress on.

MAJOR. Then you'll have to take it off.

MAUREEN. Major! *(He points to the other clothes.)* What?

MAJOR. Why don't you go into the office and get our receptionist?

MAUREEN. Oh, right.

(She grabs the clothes on the hanger and rushes into the office.)

MAJOR. She'll be out in a second.

SAM. *(Who has been listening in amazement to the last part of this conversation.)* You must be Mr. Cody.

MAJOR. Oh goodness me no old chap. I'm Ponsenby. Major Ponsenby of the 14th.

SAM. *(Pause.)* 14th what?

MAJOR. Her Majesty's 14th regiment of foot.

SAM. *(Pause.)* Foot?

MAJOR. Yes old chap, The P. B. I. You know.

SAM. *(Pause.)* P. B. I.?

MAJOR. Poor bloody infantry. The fighting 14th.

SAM. Right. Well, I'm Sam Lewis and this is Ashley, er — Mrs. Lewis.

MAJOR. A vision of loveliness. *(He takes her hand and kisses it.)* Enchanté Madame.

ASHLEY. *(Giggling.)* Oh, Sam. I do think we're going to like this place.

MAJOR. *(Looking at the card.)* I see you're from New York.

ASHLEY. That's right.

MAJOR. I loved a girl in New York once. *(Thoughtful.)* Well maybe twice. You remind me of her a little bit.

ASHLEY. Do I really?

MAJOR. We were engaged to be married. Very sad. Very sad.

ASHLEY. *(Pause.)* What was very sad?

MAJOR. She died the day after the wedding.

ASHLEY. Oh you poor man, you must have been devastated.

MAJOR. What?

ASHLEY. Well, to lose your wife after being married one day.

MAJOR. Not my wife old girl. We'd broken up a year before that. She married old Fotheringay. Very sad. Very sad.

ASHLEY. Oh, I see. I'm sorry.

MAJOR. You do remind me of her, though perhaps you are a little more beautiful.

SAM. Ahem! Is Mr. Cody here?

MAJOR. *(Looking over his shoulder he sees BRIAN beginning to stir.)* He's out at the moment. He's had a nasty shock recently, but I think he'll be coming around soon.

SAM. Good. Good.

(Enter MAUREEN from the office. She is now in her "receptionist" outfit. A tailored blazer-type jacket with matching skirt and plain white blouse. She has one of the 3 x 5 cards in her hand.)

MAJOR. Ah Maureen. This is Mr. Lewis. Here is his card.

(Hands her the card.)

MAUREEN. *(Takes the card.)* There's nothing written on it.

HOTBED HOTEL

MAJOR. No — No. Here. *(He turns the card over.)*

MAUREEN. Why would they put the printing on the back of it?

MAJOR. Ahem. Why don't you check Mr. Lewis in, while I go and see if I can find Mr. Cody.

(The MAJOR goes up the hall and tries to arouse BRIAN. There is little response, so he opens the door to room 8, drags BRIAN off the ladder, pushes him inside room 8, closes the door and exits U. L. carrying the ladder.)

MAUREEN. *(Who has been standing smiling at SAM and ASHLEY, suddenly remembers her cards. Reading:)* Good morning sir or madam. Welcome to the Turtle Beach Hotel. I am your receptionist. I am here to be of service. Would you kindly complete this form? *(She looks up and smiles.)*

SAM. *(Eventually.)* Yes, O.K. *(MAUREEN, frozen in place, continues to smile.)* The form?

ASHLEY. *(Moves behind the counter.)* I think she might be a bit new Sam. Let's see if I can help. Here we are.

(She produces a form from the beneath the counter which SAM starts to complete.)

MAUREEN. Thank you. You see, I've never done this before.

ASHLEY. There's nothing to it. Now, do you know which room we're in?

MAUREEN. You're in the reception area.

ASHLEY. No — no. Which room are we going to sleep in?

MAUREEN. I know. I know. Mrs. Cody told me.

ASHLEY. Yes?

MAUREEN. *(Very proud.)* You're in number 7. First on the right.

ASHLEY. Good. *(She takes a key from the board.)* All set Sam?

SAM. *(Puts down the pen.)* Right.

(MAUREEN exits to the office. SAM and ASHLEY pick up their suitcases and enter room 7. SAM puts his down U. S. of the dressing room door and closes the door to room 7. ASHLEY puts hers