

DOROTHY, MAUREEN, SAM & BRIAN

DOROTHY. Here. You!

MAUREEN. *(Stops and puts the bottle and glasses down on the counter.)* Me?

DOROTHY. Of course you. You don't see anyone else do you?

MAUREEN. Well, no —

DOROTHY. I understand my husband checked in here today. I'd like you to show me to our room.

(She runs her finger along the counter, checking for dust, then looks at her finger with an expression of total disgust.)

MAUREEN. Your husband?

DOROTHY. Yes. My husband. Samuel B. Lewis.

MAUREEN. I thought it was only Sheiks who could have more than one wife.

DOROTHY. What's that? Speak up girl.

MAUREEN. He can't be your husband. He's married.

DOROTHY. Of course he's married. Has been for twenty-three years. Now which room is he in?

MAUREEN. I think he's in the dining room.

DOROTHY. You stupid girl. I meant — oh never mind. I'll freshen up and join him. What's our room number?

MAUREEN. You mean Mr. Lewis's.

DOROTHY. Of course, Mr. Lewis's.

MAUREEN. It's number seven.

DOROTHY. Well don't just stand there, pick up my case and show me where it is.

(MAUREEN does so and leads DOROTHY U.L. She opens the door of number 7. DOROTHY strides past her into the room, pokes the bed with her umbrella, checks for dust on the table then opens the bathroom door. She turns to MAUREEN.)

DOROTHY. This room is not satisfactory. The toilet is running. What sort of hotel is this? Find me another room immediately.

(She marches out past MAUREEN and comes R.)

MAUREEN. *(Running after her with the suitcase.)* That would be number six.

(DOROTHY stops, sees the number, then marches straight in. MAUREEN waits outside, mimics her walk and raises her eyes to the heavens.)

DOROTHY. *(Reappearing.)* It's a miserable pokey little room, but I suppose it will have to do.

SAM & BRIAN ENTER

DOROTHY. Samuel!

SAM. *(Jumps to his feet and goes to her.)* Dorothy! What are you doing here?

DOROTHY. Well, my Bible conference was cancelled, and your secretary told me where you were. You know I wanted to see this place, especially as you were thinking of buying it. So I caught the next plane down. However, I must say, that so far, it has met with my severe disapproval. There appear to be bunches of men running around with their hormones hanging out. *(She appears to notice BRIAN for the first time.)* Who's this?

SAM. This is Mr. Cody. He's the owner of the Turtle Beach Hotel.

BRIAN. (*Offers his hand.*) How do you do? You must be —
er — er — er —

DOROTHY. (*Disdaining his hand.*) Mrs. Lewis.

BRIAN. I see, Mrs. Lewis. As in the wife of Mr. Lewis.

DOROTHY. Of course. And I want you to know, young man, that my husband will not be buying this hotel unless I approve of it, and so far I do not!

SAM. In that case my dear, I don't think you should stay here. Why don't I take you to another hotel?

DOROTHY. Nonsense. Why would you want to go to another hotel?

SAM. Well — er — er — it's not good enough for you my sweet.

DOROTHY. Don't be ridiculous. How can we find out if we want to buy it if we don't stay here.

BRIAN. You're Mrs. Lewis?

DOROTHY. (*To SAM.*) Is he a little slow or something?

SAM. Well, er —

DOROTHY. The maid told me you've had dinner so we'll just go and have dessert and coffee in the dining room, and then straight to our room for an early night.

SAM. Our room?

DOROTHY. Yes. This one. (*Indicates room 6.*) It's small and pokey, and not nearly as nice as the one you were in, number seven, but the toilet was running in there.

BRIAN. I can get that fixed.

SAM. (*Glares at BRIAN.*) No, no. Don't bother. We don't want number seven. We'll be just fine in here in number six.

DOROTHY. No we won't. Young man, that's the first good thing I've heard about this place. While we're in the dining room, fix the toilet and get the maid to move my things into number seven. Come along Samuel.