

[No] VACANCY

By Katelyn Beyke

Copyright © 2013 by Katelyn Beyke, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 978-1-60003-700-9

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

[NO] VACANCY

A Full Length Comedy

By Katelyn Beyke

SYNOPSIS: The Apple Tree Inn has only been open three weeks, and Diane is worried no one will ever check in! But out of the blue, pop star Jordan Wieber shows up and brings chaos with him. How will Diane keep her hotel running smoothly with hotel inspectors, undercover police officers, hoards of Wieber fans, and a dead body all threatening to shut it down?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 Males, 7 Females, 7 either: 18 total)

DIANE (f).....	Owner and manager of the Apple Tree Inn (285 lines)
SARAH (f).....	Diane's niece, the maid (215 lines)
KATRINA (f).....	The TV-obsessed desk clerk (157 lines)
JOHN (m).....	The handsome, but insecure gardener (53 lines)
JORDAN (m).....	A bored pop star (35 lines)
FOWLER (m).....	Jordan's high-strung head of security (173 lines)
JUDGE (m/f).....	Fowler's over-eager partner (116 lines)
JULIE (f).....	A hotel inspector impersonator (43 lines)
CARL (m).....	A hotel inspector impersonator (42 lines)
MORGAN (m/f).....	Jordan's demanding personal assistant (65 lines)
TERRI (f).....	A Jordan-obsessed classmate of Sarah (68 lines)
RENEE (f).....	A Jordan-obsessed classmate of Sarah (42 lines)

- CHERYL (f)..... A Jordan-obsessed classmate of Sarah (62 lines)
- DONALD/DANIELLE (m/f)..... A police officer on the trail of Carl and Julie (36 lines)
- MARY/MARK (m/f) Terri’s mom/dad (26 lines)
- LAURA/LIAM (m/f) Renee’s mom/dad (18 lines)
- ANDREA/ANDY (m/f) Cheryl’s mom/dad (20 lines)
- MR. TAYLOR/MRS. TAYLOR (m/f) An elderly guest (1 line)

SETTING: The stage is set as the lobby of a small hotel in Maine. The check-in desk and two chairs sit on stage left. A short staircase leading to a platform with two doors (Suite A and Suite B) rises from stage right. A pair of large glass doors leads outside upstage center. Offstage left are the kitchen and office. Offstage right are the rest of the guest rooms.

COSTUMES: Fowler and Judge should wear dark suits. Morgan and Diane should dress professionally. Sarah, Katrina, and John should wear matching polo shirts or t-shirts. All other characters can wear comfortable, modern clothing.

PROPERTY LIST

- DIANE-Spoon
- SARAH-Bucket of cleaning supplies
- KATRINA-Magazine
- FOWLER-Pen, notepad, suitcases, grocery bag
- JUDGE-Stack of paper
- JULIE/CARL-Suitcases, clipboards, pens
- MORGAN-Coffee cup
- TERRI-ID, credit card, pink suitcases
- RENEE/CHERYL-Pink suitcases
- WIEBER- Jacket
- DONALD- ID
- ON/IN THE DESK-Computer, ledger, phone, keys, first aid kit, bell, ruler, pen, paper

ACT I

AT RISE: *DIANE enters from stage right. She looks around for a moment, then runs up the stairs, peaks into Suite A and calls out.*

DIANE: Sarah? Sarah, are you in here? Sarah! Katrina!

KATRINA enters from stage right with a magazine.

KATRINA: What's up Mrs. M?

DIANE: Why aren't you at the desk?

KATRINA: I had something really important to do.

DIANE: What?

KATRINA: I was reading my magazine.

DIANE: How could that possibly be more important than greeting our guests with a smile?

KATRINA: What guests? You've been open for three weeks and the only person to check in is that gross old man, Mr. Taylor.

DIANE: Please, please, just sit here and wait. I don't care if no one ever comes. You sit, or I won't pay you.

KATRINA: What about my magazine?

DIANE: I don't care. Read it here. Just make sure you put it down if any guests show up. Where's Sarah?

KATRINA: She wasn't on page five with Bradley Cooper.

SARAH enters from stage left with JOHN.

DIANE: Where have you been?

JOHN: I'm sorry, Diane. I was just showing her the rosebushes Ed delivered for the back patio. I didn't mean to keep her from you.

SARAH: What's the rush anyway? Did someone check in?

KATRINA: Ha!

DIANE: No. No such luck. There are hotel inspectors in the area.

JOHN: Did you get some kind of notice? Are they coming here?

DIANE: Not exactly. My friend Willa told me.

JOHN: How did she hear?

DIANE: She might have overheard it from one of her customers.

SARAH: So it's gossip?

KATRINA: Gossip is a legitimate news resource. I wouldn't know anything if it wasn't for gossip.

SARAH: I believe that.

JOHN: Did she say when the inspectors would be coming?

DIANE: No. We'll just have to assume that every guest could be one of them.

KATRINA: Does this mean I'll have to actually smile at the people who come in?

DIANE: You haven't been smiling?

KATRINA: My facial muscles are weak. I can get you a doctor's note.

DIANE: Remind me why I hired you.

KATRINA: I was the only person to show up for an interview.

JOHN: I can get the rest of the patio garden planted by the end of the day if I work through lunch.

DIANE: Thank you so much, John.

SARAH: I can freshen up the rooms and vacuum the hallway.

SARAH, JOHN, and DIANE look at Katrina.

KATRINA: I could finish this magazine if you guys would stop talking.

DIANE: That would be a big help.

KATRINA: I do what I can.

DIANE: Just stay at the desk this time. And smile. Please smile.

DIANE and JOHN exit stage left. SARAH picks up the bucket and rag and exits stage right. KATRINA opens her magazine and leafs through it. She doesn't look up when the front door opens and two security guards, JUDGE and FOWLER, enter.

FOWLER: You take the guest wing. I'll take the staff. Let me know if you see anyone of questionable character.

JUDGE: That'll take about five seconds.

FOWLER: Just check the hall. Take your time. Be thorough. Wieber's life may depend on it.

JUDGE exits to the right. FOWLER walks around the room, looks around corners and up at the ceiling and then approaches KATRINA who has been oblivious to this all.

FOWLER: Young lady? Excuse me, Miss.

KATRINA: What? I mean, welcome to the Apple Tree Inn. Can I get you a room or pancakes or something?

FOWLER: Not yet. I just have a few questions for you.

KATRINA: Okay, but make it quick because I was just about to find out where Kim K is planning to have her third wedding.

FOWLER: I'll make this as brief as possible. *(He pulls a pen and notepad out of his pocket.)* What is your full name?

KATRINA: Katrina Willis. Like Bruce Willis, but we're not related. I wish, though.

FOWLER: How many people are employed here?

KATRINA: Well, there's me, and Sarah, but she's just a maid. Oh, and John, the handyman. Or gardener, I don't know.

FOWLER: *(Cutting her off.)* That's all the employees?

KATRINA: Diane. She's the owner, but she has to work here because she can't afford any more help.

FOWLER: How many rooms are there?

KATRINA: Like fourteen if you count the suites.

FOWLER: How many are currently occupied?

KATRINA: Only one.

FOWLER: By whom?

KATRINA: Am I allowed to tell you that?

FOWLER: Do you need to see my badge?

KATRINA: *(Suddenly flirtatious.)* You have a badge? Does that mean you're a cop or something?

FOWLER: I work in security. Can I have that name?

KATRINA: Mr. Taylor. He's totally old.

FOWLER: And is he currently in the building?

KATRINA: Probably not. He's always going for hikes and stuff like that.

FOWLER: What are the ages of the employees?

KATRINA: I'm eighteen, but people tell me I'm really mature for my age.

FOWLER: And the other girl... *(He checks his notes.)* Sarah. How old is she?

KATRINA: Why do you care about her?

FOWLER: I need to know.

KATRINA: She isn't nearly as pretty as I am.

FOWLER: Regardless, I need to know how old she is. I can find out from you, or I can ask her myself. Either way, I will get the information.

KATRINA: Fine. She's seventeen. You don't have to get so cranky.

FOWLER: And the others?

KATRINA: John is nineteen and Diane is old. Like forty. She's Sarah's aunt, so you do the math.

FOWLER: Where are these people now? Are they on the premises?

KATRINA: Yeah. But you don't need to talk to them. I'm actually the one who's in charge of all the important stuff. I can get you a room or a suite or a...

JUDGE enters, cutting her off.

JUDGE: No one here but a maid. Should I check the grounds?

KATRINA: Hey! Who gave you permission to go back there?

FOWLER: She's with me.

KATRINA: She still can't go back there without checking in. It's the rule.

JUDGE: I didn't touch anything.

FOWLER: She was just checking for security risks. And your assessment?

JUDGE: It's clear. The hall runs straight and the locks seem sound.

FOWLER: The maid?

JUDGE: Young woman...Sarah. Five foot four. Sagittarius. She's fine. As normal as cartoons in the Sunday paper. What about the rest?

FOWLER: Three others including this girl. I haven't spoken to the owner or the gardener yet.

KATRINA: Wait a minute. Are you those inspector guys that Diane was worried about?

JUDGE: We're security guards.

FOWLER: We're just checking the safety of the building. Can we see inside one of the suites?

KATRINA: I don't know if I can do that.

JUDGE: Did you show her your badge?

FOWLER: Why don't you call get your boss to come talk to us. We need to talk to her anyway.

KATRINA picks up the phone and calls DIANE.

KATRINA: *(On the phone.)* Hey, Mrs. M... There are a couple guys here that need to talk to you... *(Smiling at Fowler and Judge.)* Yes I smiled...I'll tell them...Okay...Okay...Okay...Bye. *(To Fowler.)* She'll be here in a minute.

FOWLER: And the gardener?

KATRINA: You didn't ask me to get him.

FOWLER: Where is he?

KATRINA: I don't know. The garden maybe?

JUDGE: I'll see if I can find him.

FOWLER: Go through the kitchens and mark the positions of all secondary entrances.

JUDGE: You bet.

JUDGE exits stage left.

KATRINA: Where are you guys from?

FOWLER: We're employed at a firm out of Los Angeles.

KATRINA: Do you know anyone famous? Like really famous? Do you know Johnny Depp?

FOWLER: Mr. Depp doesn't reside in California.

KATRINA: But you've met him, right?

FOWLER: I've worked with him on several occasions.

KATRINA: Can you get me his autograph... or one of his socks?

DIANE enters from stage left.

DIANE: Hello. Hello. Welcome to the Apple Tree Inn. I hope Katrina has made you feel comfortable.

FOWLER: She's been very accommodating. I understand that you are the owner of this establishment.

DIANE: Yes. Diane McGurty.

They shake hands. Then he brushes dirt off his.

DIANE: I'm sorry for the dirt. I was helping in the garden. Of course, I usually wash my hands before interacting with guests. I was just in such a hurry to meet you. We always keep the highest standards of hygiene.

KATRINA: Relax. They aren't the inspectors.

DIANE: How do you know?

KATRINA: I asked.

DIANE: You can't ask people if they're here to inspect the hotel.

KATRINA: Why not?

DIANE: You just can't.

FOWLER: Excuse me, Ma'am. Can I talk to you over here?

DIANE: Of course, of course.

FOWLER and DIANE walk to stage right in front of the stairs.

FOWLER: Ma'am, I am the chief of security for a very important person. A highly public figure who is constantly under threat.

DIANE: The president?

FOWLER: No. Someone far more important for our country.

DIANE: Who could possibly be more important than the president?

FOWLER: I'm sure you're familiar with the musical artist Jordan Wieber.

DIANE: That cute little kid with the hair? You work for the kid with the hair?

FOWLER: Mr. Wieber has been on tour for the last four months. He's supposed to be performing in Canada in a week, but unfortunately his bus has broken down right outside of town. Your local mechanic assures me that it will be at least three days before he can get it running again.

DIANE: Why don't you just rent a car and drive him up?

FOWLER: Jordan insists that crossing the border by car during a tour will jinx his performance.

DIANE: What does this have to do with me?

FOWLER: This hotel is the emptiest within a few miles.

DIANE: Well, that's good to know.

FOWLER: We think that this will be the safest place for Mr. Wieber to stay. Everyone else will go ahead to Canada, and we'll follow when the bus has been repaired.

DIANE: Will you be paying?

FOWLER: Twice your usual rate for your best room, for your inconvenience.

DIANE: Well, then. Let me show you Suite A. I think you'll find it charming. Katrina, please put Mr...

FOWLER: Fowler. James Fowler.

DIANE: Please reserve Suite A for Mr. Fowler for the next few nights.

KATRINA enters the information on the computer. DIANE leads FOWLER up the stairs and into Suite A. SARAH enters from stage right.

SARAH: What's up with the secret agents?

KATRINA: They're security guards. I think I heard them say they're protecting weavers. What do weavers need protection from? Mad yarn-thieves? Sweater haters?

SARAH: Tapestry terrorists.

KATRINA: Diane seemed really excited. She gave them the best room.

SARAH: They must be pretty important weavers.

KATRINA: He was kind of cute, though. For an old guy.

SARAH: You are seriously weird, you know that?

DIANE and FOWLER enter from Suite A.

DIANE: And we could deliver meals from town for him. I have a friend with a sandwich shop—best sandwiches in Maine.

FOWLER: The room seems alright. I'm going to go call Mr. Wieber and let him make the final decision.

DIANE: I can't wait to hear.

FOWLER exits through the front door.

DIANE: This is so exciting! They booked the suite! And I was thinking of closing.

SARAH: This is great.

KATRINA: (*Sarcastically.*) Woo-hoo.

DIANE: We'll have to make sure we have plenty of pancake mix and milk and...do we have any syrup? I can't remember if I bought syrup.

SARAH: Why don't I go check for you?

DIANE: Would you? I'm just so excited. Between him and Mr. Taylor, we've rented out two rooms. Two whole rooms!

SARAH: Maybe even three. There's someone headed up the front path.

DIANE: Three rooms!

SARAH exits to the left. JULIE and CARL enter through the front door.

DIANE: Welcome to the Apple Tree Inn. What can I do for you?

JULIE: My name is Julie Mayer, and this is my husband Carl.

DIANE: It's nice to meet you.

JULIE: We've been going around to several hotels in this area, and we were hoping to spend a few nights here. Just to check it out.

DIANE: Of course. Of course. We've actually been waiting for you. Katrina, will you check if Suite B is free?

KATRINA: Well, duh.

DIANE: It's really the nicest room we have. Great view of the pond out front. King-size bed.

CARL: It sounds lovely.

DIANE: I'll put you in for three nights, on us.

JULIE: You don't need to do that.

DIANE: We just want you to feel right at home. If you talk to Katrina here, she'll take care of everything.

JULIE and CARL make arrangements with KATRINA at the desk. FOWLER re-enters from the front door.

FOWLER: Mr. Wieber is very excited about his stay here.

DIANE: Wonderful. When will he arrive?

FOWLER: His taxi will arrive in approximately ten minutes.

DIANE: I can't wait to meet him.

FOWLER: Meet him? No one on your staff will be meeting Mr. Wieber. In fact, we will require you all to sign confidentiality waivers to ensure that you tell no one of his stay.

DIANE: I can't tell anyone?

FOWLER: No one. In fact, your staff can't even know who is staying in Suite A.

DIANE: What will I tell them?

FOWLER: You will inform your staff and all guests and visitors that a foreign dignitary from a remote and unpronounceable country is staying for a few days and cannot be disturbed.

DIANE: Um...

FOWLER: I'll have my partner bring you the contracts.

DIANE: Okay.

FOWLER exits stage left.

KATRINA: And there you go. I know you'll enjoy your room. The view is just like the one from Kanye West's bedroom.

JULIE: Of course, we will want to see some of the other rooms—to make sure everything is up to standards.

DIANE: Just let me know when you're ready, and I'll take you to see them. Did Katrina give you your keys?

KATRINA: I was getting to that.

KATRINA hands them each a key, then goes back to reading her magazine.

DIANE: Suite B is right this way. Do you need help with your bags?

CARL: I'll get them later. Right now, we'd just like to take a look at the room.

DIANE: Of course.

DIANE leads them up to Suite B and then comes back down to the desk.

DIANE: Where is Sarah?

KATRINA: I'm not her paparazzi. How should I know?

DIANE: I wish you girls would just stay where I put you.

JUDGE enters carrying a stack of papers. She hands one to KATRINA and one to DIANE.

JUDGE: I'm assuming my partner explained these. I've already had the maid and the gardener sign theirs.

KATRINA: What is this?

JUDGE: That paper states that you agree to say nothing to anyone about any of your current guests for the duration of our stay here. No calling, Tweeting, Facebooking, or other communication of information. None. Or we can sue you for a very large sum of money.

KATRINA: Is that all?

JUDGE: If you agree, please sign here on this dotted line.

DIANE: Go ahead, Kat.

KATRINA: I better not be signing away my soul...or my convertible.

JUDGE: I assure you, it's just your ability to gossip.

KATRINA: That's totally worse.

DIANE and KATRINA sign the papers.

JUDGE: If you're done with those, I think we're ready to bring our friend in.

DIANE: What should we do?

JUDGE: Please stay behind the desk. Do not speak to our friend. Do not take photos. Do not try to make physical contact. Is that clear?

DIANE: Sure.

KATRINA: Who is it?

DIANE: Just a foreign...somebody.

KATRINA: Boring.

KATRINA reads her magazine, uninterested. DIANE stares nervously at the door. FOWLER, carrying a stack of suitcases, and MORGAN, carrying a Styrofoam coffee cup, usher in WIEBER, who has a jacket thrown over his head.

FOWLER: Stand back, people. Back away.

JUDGE: No one's near him, Fowler. Relax.

FOWLER: You can't be too careful. Right this way, sir. Your room is just up these stairs.

As they walk up to Suite A, SARAH enters from stage left.

SARAH: Is that him?

DIANE: Yeah.

SARAH: What country is he from?

DIANE: I don't know, but I don't think he speaks English.

SARAH: Why can't we see him?

JUDGE: It's just a precaution. We want to keep him as safe as possible.

KATRINA: Safe from who? There's no one here.

WIEBER and the luggage are left in the Suite, while MORGAN and FOWLER come back to the landing.

MORGAN: This better not take any longer than three days. We were on a tight enough schedule as it was. Now we might have to cut out Toronto all together.

FOWLER: We're doing the best we can.

MORGAN: Do better. If he can't finish the tour, it'll be on your head.

I'll make sure you never work again. (MORGAN exits into Suite A, slamming the door behind her. Then she opens the door and sticks her head out.) And get me a low-calorie, non-fat yogurt. I'm starving. (She slams the door again. FOWLER comes back down to the lobby.)

JUDGE: Why don't I go sit with them until you get back?

JUDGE exits into Suite B.

FOWLER: Do you know where I can find a...

DIANE: Yogurt? There's a grocery store across town.

FOWLER: Thanks.

DIANE: Who is that awful woman?

FOWLER: Miss Morgan is the tour manager and personal assistant to...

DIANE: Your friend?

FOWLER: Yes.

DIANE: How can he stand her?

FOWLER: She's very good at what she does.

DIANE: I don't know what I would do if I had to stay cramped up in a tiny bus with her.

FOWLER: Honestly, she's not the worst I've worked with.

DIANE: You're joking.

FOWLER: There was this one guy who...

MORGAN sticks her head back out, cutting him off.

MORGAN: When I say non-fat I mean NO fat. Zero fat. If you bring me a yogurt with even the slightest bit of fat, you're fired. (*She slams the door again.*)

FOWLER: Maybe she is the worst, after all.

DIANE: You better hurry before she explodes. I don't think my insurance would cover that.

FOWLER exits through the front door. CARL and JULIE enter from Suite B.

CARL: No tub rings, but did you see the streaks on the windows?

JULIE: I couldn't see anything else. I can't believe they wouldn't use a streak-free cleaner when they're billing it as a room with a view.

CARL: We'll have to mark that off.

DIANE: Mark what off?

JULIE: Nothing.

CARL: We're just going to go get our luggage.

DIANE: So you found the room acceptable?

JULIE: Eh...

CARL and JULIE exit through the front door.

DIANE: Sarah, why haven't been using the streak-free cleaner? I told you to use the streak-free stuff.

SARAH: I thought I was.

DIANE: I'm going to lose the hotel. They're going to shut us down, and I'm going to have to move back to Illinois.

KATRINA: Chillax. Please.

SARAH: It'll be okay. Do you want me to sneak in and re-wash their window?

DIANE: It's too late. They've already seen it.

SARAH: I'm so sorry, Aunt Diane.

DIANE: It's fine. This was just a stupid dream anyway.

KATRINA: Why don't you just slip them a twenty?

DIANE: I can't do that.

KATRINA: You don't have a twenty?

DIANE: I have morals.

KATRINA: Okay. Don't worry. I'll do it for you.

DIANE: I don't think that's a good idea.

KATRINA: I'll be totally cool about it.

DIANE: No. I'm telling you as your boss not to do this.

KATRINA: I get it. Yeah. If anyone asks, you told me not to. Wink wink.

SARAH: Why don't I take over at the desk for a while?

DIANE: That's a great idea.

KATRINA: I am not going to clean anything.

DIANE: You don't have to. You can just sit in the back and finish your magazine.

KATRINA: That I can do.

KATRINA exits to the left.

DIANE: I don't have to worry about you bribing anyone, do I?

SARAH: I've got nothing to bribe them with.

DIANE: That's good.

SARAH: Why don't you take a nap? Room G is open, and if the inspectors need anything, I'll come get you.

DIANE: Okay. I don't imagine anyone else will check in.

SARAH: Probably not, but I know what to do just in case.

DIANE: Thank you, Sarah.

SARAH: Not a problem. Sweet dreams.

DIANE exits to the left. JULIE and CARL enter from the front door carrying several suitcases.

SARAH: Can I help you with those?

CARL: Do you have a bellhop?

SARAH: No, but I'm much stronger than I look.

JULIE: We've got it.

SARAH: Oh. I wanted to apologize for the windows. You know, we bought the streak-free cleaner, but I'm pretty sure it was in the wrong bottle. I'm planning on calling the company.

JULIE: Okay.

SARAH: So, you shouldn't count off any points or anything. Because it's the glass cleaner company's fault, not Diane's.

JULIE: We'll take that into consideration.

JULIE and CARL exit into Suite B. TERRI, CHERYL, and RENEE enter from the front door with matching pink luggage.

TERRI: I saw him get in the cab, Renee. He's in here somewhere.

RENEE: That was just to confuse you. He's back at the bus, and we're going to miss him.

CHERYL: Maybe he wasn't even on the tour bus. Maybe he's still in LA, and he just wanted us to think he was on tour.

RENEE: Who did we see perform last night?

CHERYL: Oh.

SARAH: Welcome to the Apple Tree Inn. How can I...Renee? Terri? Cheryl? What are you guys doing here?

TERRI: Oh my. Look who it is. Sarah Sarah Smarty-pants.

RENEE: What are you doing here Smarty-pants?

SARAH: I work here.

TERRI: You work here. Isn't that quaint?

SARAH: Do you guys want a room or something?

CHERYL: Can you do that?

TERRI: We need to know if Jordan Wieber is here.

SARAH: Why?

RENEE: Because we want to see him.

CHERYL: We've been to eight of his concerts, and his guards won't let us backstage.

TERRI: They won't let anyone backstage.

CHERYL: That's not true. They let the girl with the big...

RENEE: (*Cutting her off.*) Shut up, Cheryl.

TERRI: So, Smarty-pants. Is he here?

SARAH: I can't tell you.

TERRI: Come on. We're friends, aren't we?

SARAH: You filled my locker with leftover tuna casserole eight times last year.

CHERYL: We thought you liked tuna casserole.

RENEE: Come on. You've got to tell us.

SARAH: No I don't.

TERRI: Don't you want your senior year to be a good one?

RENEE: We'll actually talk to you.

CHERYL: And we'll only fill your locker with chicken salad.

SARAH: Even if I wanted to, I can't tell you.

RENEE: Why not?

TERRI: Because he is here. They won't let her say anything.

SARAH: Why do you think Jordan is here, anyway?

CHERYL: We followed him here.

SARAH: That's a productive way to spend your summer.

RENEE: It's a lot better than sitting behind a desk for two months.

TERRI: Just give us a room.

SARAH: We're booked.

TERRI: Why are all the lights off?

SARAH: Everyone's taking a nap.

RENEE: You can't refuse to give us a room.

SARAH: Why not?

RENEE: It's illegal.

SARAH: Not really.

TERRI: Give us a room, or we'll tell the whole school that we ran into you at the circus, and you were one of the freaks.

SARAH: Like anyone would believe that.

TERRI: They would if I told them you were born with a tail.

DIANE enters sleepily from stage right.

DIANE: I couldn't sleep. I think I'm too...oh. I didn't realize we had guests.

SARAH: We don't.

DIANE: Then who are these lovely young ladies?

SARAH: They were just leaving.

TERRI: Actually, ma'am, Sarah was refusing to let us stay.

CHERYL: She said you're full.

DIANE: We have plenty of room, Sarah. Why don't you put them in E?

SARAH: Because...I don't want to.

DIANE: Why don't I take care of you ladies? Will you be wanting three rooms or a single and a double?

TERRI and DIANE stay at the desk. CHERYL, RENEE, and SARAH step away, out of DIANE'S hearing.

TERRI: One double will be fine.

CHERYL: But I'm sick of sleeping on the floor!

RENEE: Shut up, Cheryl.

DIANE: And how will you be paying for these? You can pay, can't you?

TERRI: Of course. We have a credit card.

TERRI hands a credit card to DIANE.

SARAH: Who would give you a credit card?

CHERYL: My mom. Though, she didn't really give it to us, as much as we...

RENEE: Sh—

CHERYL: (*Cutting her off.*) I know. Shut up, Cheryl.

DIANE: Alright, I'm going to need to see an ID. You are over 18, right?

TERRI: Of course.

TERRI hands her a driver's license.

DIANE: Thanks, Miss Johnson.

SARAH: Fake ID?

CHERYL: Yeah.

RENEE: No.

DIANE: You're all set. Can I show you to your room?

TERRI: Thank you.

DIANE: Sarah, why don't you grab their luggage?

TERRI: Yeah, Sarah. Grab our luggage.

SARAH: But, Diane...

DIANE: We have to make our guests feel welcome, Sarah.

RENEE: Make us feel welcome, Sarah.

SARAH: Fine.

DIANE: Right this way, ladies.

DIANE, TERRI, and RENEE exit stage right. SARAH picks up several of the suitcases, but struggles with the last one. CHERYL helps her.

CHERYL: I'll get that.

SARAH: Thanks.

CHERYL: I think it's pretty cool that you work here. I applied a bunch of places, but no one ever called me.

SARAH: Well, I only got this because Diane is my aunt.

CHERYL: Really? But she's so young and pretty. All my aunts are super old.

SARAH: She's the youngest child of seven. My mom was the oldest.

CHERYL: Wow. Seven kids. That's like six more than my mom had.

SARAH: Don't you have a brother?

CHERYL: Yeah. Why?

SARAH: No reason. Let's get these to your room before Terri has a fit.

CHERYL: One of the maids at the last hotel moved her curling iron from one side of the sink to the other. She yelled at the manager until we got the room for free.

SARAH: Somehow, I'm not surprised.

CHERYL and SARAH carry the bags off stage right. MORGAN exits Suite A, obviously irate. She goes down to the desk and rings the bell impatiently.

MORGAN: Excuse me. (*She rings the bell again.*) Excuse me. I need assistance.

She rings the bell again as DIANE comes running in from stage right.

DIANE: I'm so sorry. I was just helping another guest.

MORGAN: Don't you have someone who can do that for you?

DIANE: We're a little under-staffed at the moment. Can I help you with something?

MORGAN: Yeah. You can tell me why your so-called suite doesn't have a Jacuzzi.

DIANE: We never said that it did.

MORGAN: All suites are supposed to have Jacuzzis. Why didn't you tell us when we checked in that there wouldn't be a Jacuzzi in the room?

DIANE: I'm sorry for the misunderstanding. Can I—

MORGAN: (*Cutting her off.*) I mean, what did I really expect coming to a flea-sized rat-trap like this?

DIANE: There are no rats here, I assure you.

MORGAN: And no Jacuzzis either. I can't be expected to stay in a place that doesn't have a Jacuzzi, especially if I'm being forced to sleep in a north-facing room.

DIANE: Is that a bad thing?

MORGAN: My Pilates instructor says that sleeping in a north-facing room can give you bags under your eyes. I can't work when I'm worrying about getting bags under my eyes.

DIANE: Would you like another room?

MORGAN: Would it be bigger than that postage stamp you've got us in now?

DIANE: It will be smaller.

MORGAN: Is that even possible?

DIANE: Somehow, yes.

MORGAN: Fine. Fine.

DIANE: And will your friend be moving to another room as well?

MORGAN: No. He doesn't believe in Feng-shui.

DIANE checks the computer.

DIANE: Should I just put this on the bill with the other room?

MORGAN: I'm not going to pay for this myself.

DIANE: Of course not. Do you need help moving your luggage?

MORGAN: I'll get the guard to do it. I can trust her.

DIANE: Good for her.

MORGAN: Well...go tell her.

DIANE: Of course. Anything to make you feel at home.

MORGAN: Unless you have a pool-boy, a masseuse, and a personal five-star chef, I'll never feel at home here.

DIANE goes up the stairs and knocks on the door to Suite A. Judge steps out, shutting the door behind her.

JUDGE: Hi.

DIANE: Hi. I'm so sorry to bother you, but this kind, kind lady needs help moving her luggage, and apparently I can't be trusted with the task.

JUDGE: Miss Morgan, I really don't think that's a good idea.

MORGAN: You think I should carry them myself?

JUDGE: No. I just don't think we should leave our friend alone.

MORGAN: I think he'll be fine for five minutes.

JUDGE: I don't think Mr. Fowler would approve.

MORGAN: I tell Fowler what to approve of. I tell him what to think, and I tell you what to do.

JUDGE: I wasn't aware that carrying luggage was part of my job.

MORGAN: It is if you want to keep your job.

JUDGE: Let me get your bags.

JUDGE disappears into Suite A.

MORGAN: I expect that kind of service from you hillbillies. I didn't expect it from my own people.

DIANE: It's so hard to find good help.

MORGAN: You'd think I'd get a little obedience for how much I'm paying her.

JUDGE reappears with the large stack of suitcases.

JUDGE: Where am I taking these?

DIANE: Right this way.

MORGAN: About time. And where's Fowler with my yogurt? Doesn't he know how important it is for me to get my probiotics?

JUDGE, DIANE, and MORGAN exit stage right. After they leave, JORDAN sticks his head out, looks around, and enters the lobby from Suite A. SARAH enters from stage right.

SARAH: Sarah, we need towels. Sarah, I don't think these sheets are clean. Sarah, brush our teeth.

JORDAN: Who's Sarah?

SARAH: Oh! You startled me.

JORDAN: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.

SARAH: Wait a minute. Terri was right. You're Jordan Wieber.

JORDAN: Who's Terri?

SARAH: Don't worry. I won't tell anyone. I'm pretty sure I could be arrested if I did.

JORDAN: Fowler made you sign something, didn't he?

SARAH: Yeah—four pages of legal babble. To tell you the truth, I didn't really read it.

JORDAN: You aren't screaming or fainting or asking me to sign your underpants.

SARAH: Oh. Is that what I'm supposed to do? I can pretend to faint if it would make you more comfortable.

JORDAN: No. Please don't. This is nice. It's just not what I'm used to.

SARAH: Well, congratulations on meeting your first non-fan.

JORDAN: Do I get to know my non-fan's name?

SARAH: I'm Sarah.

JORDAN: I'm Jordan. It's nice to meet you.

SARAH: Shouldn't you be hiding in your room?

JORDAN: Yeah, but the guards left, so I thought I'd make a break for it.

SARAH: Are you running away?

JORDAN: Not exactly. I just want some time to myself—to be alone for a while.

SARAH: That's reasonable.

JORDAN: So, you'll hide me.

SARAH: Hide you? I can't hide you.

JORDAN: I can't stay in that room for three days. I'll go crazy.

SARAH: Okay. Leave.

JORDAN: I can't leave. I'd be attacked. Do you know how many seriously crazy fans I have? I mean asylum crazy.

SARAH: I'm not going to hide you. I wouldn't even know where to hide you.

JORDAN: Fine. I'll hide myself.

SARAH: You can't do that. I don't even want to know what they'll do to us if they find out you're not in your room.

JORDAN: It can't be as bad as being locked up every day for two years. Never getting to do what you want. Never getting a moment's peace.

SARAH: That sounds horrible. It does. But can't you just talk to your guards? I'm sure they'd leave you alone for a while if you ask nicely.

JORDAN: Don't you think I've tried?

SARAH: I'm sure there's a better solution than hiding from them.

JORDAN: Well, if you think of one, let me know. Until then, I'm going to hide.

SARAH: You're acting like a child.

JORDAN: Maybe it's because they treat me like a child. They're always cutting up my food so I won't choke and picking out my clothes and telling me what to say. Do you think I'd write such stupid songs? No. I want to write about the robot civil war on Mars or lava lizard invasion plans.

SARAH: Really?

JORDAN: I'm a big fan of sci-fi.

SARAH: Oh. I wouldn't have guessed.

JORDAN: No. No one would because they won't let me talk about it. Instead I have to talk about my musical inspirations or how cool my girlfriend is.

SARAH: You mean the model?

JORDAN: Yeah. We're not even really dating. It's just for publicity. She's really married to an accountant from Michigan named Arnie, but no one wants to see her and Arnie walk the red carpet.

SARAH: I guess not. Duck!

SARAH shoves Jordan behind the desk as DIANE enters from stage left carrying a spoon.

DIANE: Is something wrong?

SARAH: Nope. Nothing's wrong. Everything's right. Ha ha.

DIANE: You seem kind of tense.

SARAH: No. I'm relaxed. Soooo relaxed.

DIANE: Maybe I should call your dad.

SARAH: No need. I'll call him. I'll tell him that I'm acting very strange.
I'm sure he'll get to the bottom of it.

DIANE: Okay. That's...okay.

DIANE exits right, puzzled. JORDAN pops up from behind the desk.

JORDAN: Thanks.

SARAH: No problem. Now get back in your room.

JORDAN: I don't think so.

JORDAN runs off stage left. SARAH calls after him.

SARAH: You can't do this! Not today.

SARAH follows him off left. DIANE and JUDGE reenter from the right.

JUDGE: If you were to spit in her breakfast, I wouldn't tell anyone.

DIANE: I appreciate it.

JUDGE: I better get back to his royal majesty before Fowler gets back. Heaven forbid I leave that kid alone for five minutes. He might have an original thought, and then we'd be in big trouble.

DIANE: If you get bored, call the desk and I'll bring you up some cross-word puzzle books.

JUDGE: You're my savior.

JUDGE exits into Suite A. DIANE has time to sit behind the desk before JUDGE comes running back out.

JUDGE: Tell me you've seen him.

DIANE: I haven't seen him.

JUDGE: Fowler's going to kill me. He's going to kill me, bury me, perform a voodoo ceremony to resurrect me as a zombie, and then kill me again.

DIANE: The kid probably just went for a walk or something.

JUDGE: Normal kids go for walks. Pop stars get abducted.

DIANE: He's a kid. You can't expect him to stay where you put him.

JUDGE: Tell that to Fowler when he's chasing me around with a machete.

DIANE: Calm down. Fowler will probably be gone for another ten or fifteen minutes. We can search the building.

JUDGE: What about the grounds?

DIANE: He couldn't have gotten very far, right?

JUDGE: Depends on if they have a car.

DIANE: You check outside. I'll start with the rooms.

JUDGE: Good plan.

DIANE and JUDGE exit through the front door. RENEE, TERRI, and CHERYL sneak in from the right.

TERRI: I'm going to be lookout this time.

CHERYL: But you were lookout last time.

TERRI: And were we caught?

CHERYL: No.

TERRI: So, I'm going to be lookout and Renee is going to grab the food.

CHERYL: What am I going to do?

TERRI: Why don't you try to keep from dropping a whole jar of pickles like last time?

RENEE: You don't even like pickles.

CHERYL: Hey, Terri?

TERRI: What?

CHERYL: I think someone's coming.

TERRI: Hide!

TERRI and RENEE hide behind the desk. CHERYL hides on the stairs. JOHN and KATRINA enter from stage left.

JOHN: And she said we're supposed to be looking for a weaver?

KATRINA: That's what she said.

JOHN: Any weaver, or a specific one.

KATRINA: How am I supposed to know?

JOHN: You were the one who talked to them.

KATRINA: Well, next time you answer the phone.

JOHN: It was your phone.

KATRINA and JOHN exit through the front door.

RENEE: Did you hear that?

CHERYL: They're looking for weavers. Maybe they should call a craft store.

TERRI: They aren't looking for weavers. They're looking for Wieber. Jordan Wieber is here, and we have to be the first to find him.

RENEE: How are we going to do that?

TERRI: (*Holding up a key ring.*) With these.

CHERYL: I can't wait to meet him.

RENEE: Do you think he'll let me touch his hair?

TERRI: Maybe after I get to.

CHERYL: I want to touch him!

They run past SARAH as she enters from the left. She calls after them.

SARAH: You can't go back there! (*To herself*) Not like they'll be able to get to him without a key. What kind of crazy pop star locks himself in a hotel office? Key. Key. If I were an office key, where would Diane have put me?

DONALD enters from the front door.

DONALD: Miss? (*More loudly.*) Miss?

SARAH: What? I mean hi.

DONALD: Hello. I need to ask you a few questions.

SARAH: I don't have time.

DONALD: This is very important, Miss.

SARAH: So is this.

DONALD: Is there a manager or someone in charge that I could talk to?

SARAH: Sure.

DONALD: Will you get them for me?

SARAH: I told you—I don't have time.

DONALD: I just have a few questions. It won't take very long.

SARAH: You're going to have to wait.

DONALD: I need some information, Miss. Whatever you're looking for can wait.

CARL and JULIE enter from Suite B holding clipboards and pens.

SARAH: (*Angrily.*) No, you can wait. (*SARAH looks up and sees Carl and Julie.*) I mean, welcome to the Apple Tree Inn. How can I help you?

DONALD: I have a few questions. Where is your manager?

SARAH: I'll go get her right away.

JULIE: Is the front desk always so untidy?

SARAH: No. I was just looking for...something.

CARL: Do you often misplace important objects?

SARAH: No. I just can't remember where I put it.

JULIE: I see. And is it customary for you to yell at your guests?

SARAH: I wasn't...I didn't mean to... Please don't put this in the report.

CARL: So you would rather have this report reflect an unrealistic view of this establishment?

SARAH: That's not what I meant.

JULIE: Where is Diane? I think it's about time we look around the premises.

SARAH: I was just about to get her. If you'll just wait here.

CARL: I think we'll find her for ourselves.

CARL and JULIE exit stage right.

SARAH: You had some questions.

DONALD: No. I just need a room.

SARAH: But I thought you said...

DONALD: (*Cutting her off.*) Just give me your cheapest room.

SARAH: Do you have an ID?

DONALD hands her an ID. They talk as she checks him in on the computer.

DONALD: How long have those two been staying here?

SARAH: The Mayers? They just checked in today.

DONALD: For how long?

SARAH: I don't think I should be talking about our other guests. Are you going to need help bringing in your luggage?

DONALD: I don't have any.

SARAH: Oh. Here's your key. You'll be in room G.

DONALD: And where is that?

SARAH: Down the hall. On the left.

DONALD: Thank you.

SARAH: Not a problem. Or, not much of one, anyway.

DONALD exits to the right. SARAH continues her search for the key as FOWLER enters through the front doors with a grocery bag. He starts to go into Suite A when SARAH sees him.

SARAH: No! You can't go in there!

FOWLER: Excuse me?

SARAH: I can't let you go in there.

FOWLER: Why not?

SARAH: Um... the room's infected.

FOWLER: Infected? With what?

SARAH: With smallpox. If you go in there, you'll die.

FOWLER: I have to get my people out of there.

SARAH: You can't!

FOWLER: Why not?

SARAH: We've already moved them?

FOWLER: Have they seen a doctor? Are they alright?

SARAH: They're fine. But they aren't in that room.

FOWLER: Where are they?

SARAH: In town. They're in town.

FOWLER: Why wasn't I notified?

SARAH: There wasn't time.

FOWLER: This sounds pretty serious. Have you called the CDC?

SARAH: Yep. They're on their way. You better get back to town to check on your people. And don't bother calling them. They're phones were confiscated.

FOWLER: Why?

SARAH: Rubella. Phone-rubella. It's nasty.

FOWLER: I've never heard of it.

SARAH: It's new. Now, get going. The infection could be spreading even now.

FOWLER: What about you?

SARAH: It's too late for me. Save yourself. (*SARAH pushes FOWLER out the front door.*) I've got to get him out of there!

SARAH runs off stage left. Seconds later, TERRI, CHERYL, and RENEE drag JORDAN's body in from stage left.

TERRI: That was close.

RENEE: She almost saw us! What are we going to do?

CHERYL: Is he dead?

TERRI: No, dummy. He's breathing.

RENEE: How will we explain the bump on his head?

CHERYL: Why don't we just tell them the truth?

RENEE: We can't tell them the truth. They'll arrest us for assault.

TERRI: Why'd you hit him with a stapler anyway, Cheryl?

CHERYL: I got excited.

TERRI: It doesn't matter now. We need to hide him.

RENEE: Where?

TERRI: Our room.

CHERYL: Then what will we do?

TERRI: I don't know.

RENEE: If they find him, they'll arrest us for kidnapping.

TERRI: We didn't kidnap him. We rescued him.

RENEE: From a hotel office? I don't think the police will buy it.

TERRI: We'll just keep him there until he wakes up. We can explain everything to him. He's so nice on his TV show. I'm sure he'll understand.

CHERYL: That's a great idea.

TERRI: Of course it is. I'm the one who thought of it.

They drag JORDAN off stage right. JUDGE, JOHN, and KATRINA enter from the front door.

JUDGE: And you're sure you didn't see anything suspicious? No dark cars or unmarked vans?

JOHN: Nope.

JUDGE: What about people wearing masks?

KATRINA: Like clown masks?

JUDGE: You saw someone in a clown mask?

KATRINA: No.

JOHN: No one wearing any kind of masks.

JUDGE: I'm going to check the kitchen. You two stay here, and keep your eyes peeled. (*JUDGE exits to the left.*)

KATRINA: Why would anyone want to peel their eyes? Do they make little vegetable peelers for eyes?

JOHN: It's just a figure of speech.

KATRINA: I don't get it.

JOHN: Neither do I, actually.

KATRINA: I wouldn't expect you to. You're just a gardener.

SARAH runs on from the left.

SARAH: Has he come this way?

JOHN: The weaver?

SARAH: What weaver?

JOHN: The one the security guards are looking for.

SARAH: Oh, no. Diane's going to murder me. I'm dead. I'm just dead.

DIANE runs in frantically from stage right.

DIANE: Mr. Taylor is dead!

Lights down.

END OF ACT I

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from [NO] VACANCY by Katelyn Beyke. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com

Do Not Copy