

Characters

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|---------------------------|---|---|
| Receptionist (M) | - | Spooky voice, similar to a Peter Lorre or Hammer House of horror character. |
| Tom Drake (M) | - | Busy businessman. A salesman who just wants a hotel room for the night. |
| Gloria (F) | - | Not very intelligent. She has very few boundaries, very direct. |
| Room Service (M/F) | - | Very efficient. Nothing too much trouble but to the extreme. |
| Jim (M) | - | Very similar to Tom Drake when he first arrived at the hotel. |

Scene 1 – Hotel Reception

(Tom arrives at the Hotel - Last Resort. He is a little out of breath. He is carrying a briefcase and a suitcase. He approaches the reception desk, but there isn't anyone there. He presses the bell on the reception desk and it plays SFX. the sound of a wolf howling. Tom looks very confused. Then, from behind the small sofa opposite the reception desk, a man jumps up and Tom cries out in shock. The receptionist speaks in a kind of Peter Lorre, or Vincent Price way. A scary type of voice)

Tom: **(Screams)** Ahh!

Receptionist: Good evening. **(He slowly steps past Tom and moves behind the reception desk)**
You're a little early. Sorry I was taking a nap.

(SFX. Thunder Clap)

Tom: Is that thunder?

Receptionist: I would say so sir.

Tom: I didn't think there was a storm brewing outside.

Receptionist: I never said it was outside.

Tom: What?

Receptionist: Now, I take it you are looking for a room, Mr Drake.

Tom: Yes. I am so glad to have found you. I've been looking for a ... How did you know my name?

Receptionist: Just a lucky guess, sir.

Tom: A lucky guess?

Receptionist: Yes, sir. It's a gift I have. I can tell people's names just by looking into their graves.
Welcome to the Hotel – Last Resort.

Tom: Their graves?

Receptionist: Did I say graves, sir? Oh, how silly of me. I of course meant their eyes.

(SFX. thunder clap)

Tom: Well, I'm surprised I found you. I checked the internet but couldn't find this hotel.

Receptionist: The Internet, sir?

Tom: Yes.

Receptionist: Is that some kind of fishing phrase?

Tom: What is?

Receptionist: The internet. Is it a net you put fish into? If it is, shouldn't it be called *Int -net*?

Tom: Err, right ... well, err, anyway. I'm glad to have found your hotel. I've been driving around for ... well, I'm not sure how long, but long enough.

Receptionist: Oh, how wonderful, sir. You were looking for a hotel, and you found a hotel. Isn't that wonderful sir. Very wonderful. You must be most pleased, sir. Most pleased indeed, sir.

Tom: Err – yes.

(SFX. thunder clap)

Receptionist: Well, now that you are here, what would you like, sir?

Tom: Like? I'd like a room

Receptionist: I see. A room. Yes of course, a room. Would you like this room inside the hotel?

Tom: What? Well, yes, of course.

Receptionist: Splendid, sir. That's wonderful. Very wonderful. You must be most pleased, sir. Most pleased indeed, sir. Do you have any horses, sir?

Tom: Horses?

Receptionist: Yes, sir. Four-legged creatures with a big head and a long tail.

Tom: I know what a horse is.

Receptionist: Well, sir. You'd be surprised how many people don't.

Tom: I don't have a horse.

Receptionist: That's good sir. So, you won't want our double horse room with an ensuite stable.

Tom: Err, no. Just a normal room, please.

Receptionist: Normal room, yes sir, of course sir. Would you like a bed in your room?

Tom: A bed? Of course I'd like a bed. I'm not going to hang upside down in the wardrobe.

Receptionist: You'd be surprised to know how many of our guests do. How long will you be staying at, Hotel – Last Resort?

Tom: I'm here on business. Just a couple of days.

Receptionist: What about the nights, sir?

Tom: The nights?

Receptionist: Will you be staying during the nights as well?

Tom: Of course – yes.

Receptionist: Splendid, sir. Will you be requiring breakfast?

Tom: Yes.

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Receptionist: **(Bends down behind the desk and picks up a plate of egg and bacon and puts it on the reception desk)** There you are, sir.

Tom: What?

Receptionist: Breakfast

Tom: It's 6.30 in the evening.

Receptionist: Is it? How very strange. **(He puts the plate back under the reception desk)**

Tom: Do you always carry a plate of egg and bacon under your desk??

Receptionist: Only during the hunting season.

(SFX. thunder clap)

Tom: The hunting season?

Receptionist: Ahh, I see you know it well. You never know what you might catch.

Tom: This is all very strange.

Receptionist: I know. It can come as a bit of a shock.

Tom: What can?

Receptionist: I remember when it happened to me. I survived the plague and was then run over by a runaway flower stall. I've hated rhododendrons ever since.

Tom: I ehm ... don't know what to say.

Receptionist: Beware of rhododendrons, sir.

Tom: **(Very confused)** Err, right. Yes. Ehm. Is err, your hotel full?

Receptionist: Full, sir?

Tom: Full up with guests?

Receptionist: Only at midnight, sir

Tom: Ahh – Oh – right. Ehm, how much do I owe you?

Receptionist: Oh, don't worry about that now, sir. You can pay in the morning, assuming you're still around.

Tom: Still around?

Receptionist: Just a hotel joke, sir. I have a million of them.

(SFX. thunder clap)

Scene 2 – The Bedroom

(There is a single bed, a bedside table, a lamp, a dressing table and a 2 door wardrobe. Tom enters the room. He puts his suitcase and briefcase on the bed. He looks around the room. Tries to switch the lamp on, but it doesn't work. He turns to the wardrobe. He opens the door and a woman steps out)

Tom: Oh my God!

Gloria: Evening.

(SFX. thunder clap)

Tom: Who the hell are you?

Gloria: I'm Gloria Harriett Olgar Stacey Tipple.

Tom: What are you doing in my wardrobe?

Gloria: I didn't realise it was your wardrobe. Your name is not inside unless your name is 'made from plywood.'

Tom: Of course, my name's not inside the wardrobe! You gave me the fright of my life.

Gloria: Of your life? Not sure about that, Tom.

Tom: Look, this is my bloody room. I don't expect to find someone inside my ward ... wait, how do you know my name?

Gloria: I'm Gloria Harriett Olgar Stacey Tipple.

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Tom: I know you said that, but ...

Gloria: I'm your maid. I do the housekeeping. My name's Gloria Harriett Olgar Stacey Tipple.

Tom: Yes, yes. I know what your name is.

Gloria: So, do I.

Tom: And you're the hotel housekeeper?

Gloria: I am, how did you know?

Tom: You just told me.

Gloria: Did I?

Tom: Yes.

Gloria: Then I must be. My name's Gloria Harriett Olgar Stacey Tipple.

Tom: Yes, yes. I know!

Gloria: Do you mind if I come out of the closet?

Tom: What?

Gloria: I'd like to leave the wardrobe.

Tom: Oh. Well, yes.

Gloria: **(Steps out of the wardrobe and closes the door)** I am pleased to report that your wardrobe is in perfect condition for a wardrobe. It is spotlessly clean and there isn't a bat in sight.

Tom: A bat?

Gloria: Would you like me to turn down your bed?

Tom: What? Oh err, well if you like.

Gloria: **(Walks over to the bed and points a finger at it)** I will not go out with you on a date! There I've turned down the bed.

Tom: I don't believe this

Gloria: Is there anything else I can do for you?

Tom: I err, I don't think so.

Gloria: I can recite my six times table if you wish?

Tom: That won't be necessary

Gloria: I'm very good at it. People come from miles to hear me recite my six times table.

Tom: Really, no thank you.

Gloria: I can even do it blindfolded, without the aid of a safety net.

Tom: Really, no thank you!

Gloria: Oh, we are a little grumpy, aren't we?

Tom: I am not grumpy

Gloria: It's understandable being grumpy. Considering.

Tom: I am not grumpy! – Considering what?

Gloria: Have you been dead long?

Tom: No ... What? What did you say?

Gloria: I said it's understandable being grumpy

Tom: No, not that. After that.

Gloria: Considering.

Tom: No! The bit after considering!

Gloria: Oh, that. I can recite my six times tables if you wish?

Tom: No! after that!

Gloria: Oh. You mean - I'm Gloria Harriett Olgar Stacey Tipple.

Tom: No! About have I been dead long!

Gloria: Have you?

Tom: Have I what?

Gloria: Have you been dead long?

Tom: I am not dead!

Gloria: I know, sometimes it can be a little unnerving.

Tom: I am not bloody dead!

Gloria: You're not?

Tom: Of course I'm not. What a ridiculous thing to ask me. I'm as alive as you are.

Gloria: Ahh. About that.

Tom: Now if you would be good enough to excuse me, I would like to unpack and then get on with some work.

Gloria: Oh, you want me to leave?

Tom: Yes.

Gloria: Are you sure?

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Tom: Yes.

Gloria: But you still haven't heard me recite my six times tables. I can do it on one leg if you want?

Tom: Really, I would prefer to be left alone now.

Gloria: Oh. When do you want me to leave?

Tom: Now.

Gloria: Oh. **(Gloria just stands there)**

Tom: Could you go then?

Gloria: I suppose I could

Tom: Well then please do so.

Gloria: If you're sure. I'll just be outside if you need me.

Tom: Thank you, but I think I can manage.

(Gloria curtseys and then exits)

Tom: **(Opens his case and starts to unpack. He opens the wardrobe door and this time a man steps out)** Oh my God!

R. Service: Good afternoon sir.

Tom: What the hell are you doing in my wardrobe?

R. Service: Room service, sir

Tom: What?

R. Service: Room service, sir. It is quite a common practice in hotels

Tom: Not from the bloody wardrobe it's not! Who else is in there, the gardener, the chef, the bloody swimming pool attendant?

R. Service: I'm afraid the swimming pool attendant had to leave due to personal matters, sir.

Tom: What?

R. Service: We don't have a swimming pool.

Tom: How the hell were you in my wardrobe?

R. Service: When was that?

Tom: Wait a damn minute here. Gloria the housekeeper, she was also there.

R. Service: Where?

Tom: In my bloody wardrobe!

R. Service: Was she?

Tom: Yes! Yes she was! You must have seen her!

R. Service: Afraid not sir. Perhaps she was hiding.

Tom: Oh, well ... What? Hiding? Hiding where? It's a bloody wardrobe!

R. Service: No blood there sir I can assure you and if there were, Gloria would have cleaned it up. She's very good at cleaning, sir. Particularly where blood is concerned. You might say it's a speciality of hers.

Tom: I ... I ... What kind of hotel is this?

R. Service: Oh , a very good hotel, sir. People are dying to stay here. Literally. Now, what can I get you. Would you like a drink?

Tom: I damn well would. I'll have a whisky. A bloody large one!

R. Service: Of course, sir. Right away, sir. **(He turns away and picks up a whiskey from inside the wardrobe)** There you are sir. **(He hands Tom the glass of whisky)**

Tom: What the ... **(Tom takes the drink)** I er ...

R. Service: Oh, sorry did you want ice?

Tom: **(Virtually in shock)** Ahm. You keep ice in the wardrobe?

R. Service: Oh, no, sir. We keep ice in the freezer. We are not barbarians. Well, not all of us. Although Maurice, the night porter, does have his moments. Will there be anything else, sir?

Tom: Anything else?

R. Service: Yes, sir.

Tom: I err, don't think so.

R. Service: Well, I'm just in the wardrobe if you need me.

Tom: I don't believe this

R. Service: By the way, sir. I do hope the funeral went well.

Tom: Yes, yes it went ... What funeral?

R. Service: Why, yours, sir.

Tom: Mine?

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R. Service: Yes, sir. When they laid you to rest. I remember mine. It was such a lovely affair. There were such lovely flowers. Well, my brother's wife was a florist, and she gave my wife a very good discount. Family is so important, don't you think sir.

Tom: What's wrong with you people? I am not dead! And for that matter neither are you!

R. Service: Oh, I see. Denial can be so consuming. Not to worry, you'll be up to speed in no time.

Tom: For the last time. I am not bloody dead! Look at me, dammit. Look at me! Do I look dead to you?

R. Service: Well, I must say, as corpses go, you do look very well. Do you go the gym?

Tom: Is this all some kind of macabre joke? Am I on a secret television programme? Is someone filming me? Or is this part of a social media plot? What is going on here?

R. Service: Did you say television, sir?

Tom: Yes.

R. Service: I thought you did.

Tom: Ahh! So, I have tumbled you.

R. Service: What is a television if you don't mind me asking?

Tom: **(Sighs)** I can't take much more of this. Would you kindly please leave.

R. Service: Certainly sir. Dinner is served one minute past midnight. Let me know if you would like me to book you a slab.

Tom: Please, just leave!

(R. Service steps into the wardrobe)

Tom: Not in the wardrobe!

(R. Service steps out of the wardrobe. Bows his head and exits the stage)

Scene 3 – The Night

(Tom is asleep in the bed, but the audience can see that there is someone else in the bed, under the covers next to Tom. He wakes up and sits up. At the same time so does Gloria. Tom leaps out of the bed. Tom screams. Gloria screams.)

Tom: What the bloody hell?

Gloria: Oh, you gave me a shock then. Is it morning already?

Tom: You are in my bed!

Gloria: And I was having a lovely dream.

Tom: You are in my bed!

Gloria: You said that. Do you want to hear about my dream?

Tom: What? No!

Gloria: Okay, I'll tell you. I dreamt that I was in a field with giant mushrooms who were intent on eating me. You know what giant mushrooms are like. And then, out of the blue, riding a white horse came my prince, Alarming.

Tom: You mean Charming

Gloria: No, Alarming. He was ringing a bell and telling me to wake up. But I said no Prince Alarming. Not until you give me a kiss and give me threepence. And do you know what Prince Alarming said?

Tom: Damn it, Gloria! You were in my bloody bed!

Gloria: No. Prince Alarming said, there's not much room in a bed with mushrooms. I thought that was very profound. I shall remember that until the day I live.

Tom: What part of, you were in my bed, don't you understand?

Gloria: Is it your bed? I didn't see your name on it. If it is your bed you should name it. I suggest you call it ...

Tom: Look, Gloria ...

Gloria: No, no, wait, I think I've got it.

Tom: Gloria!

Gloria: That's it. You should call it - your bed.

Tom: Gloria, you cannot sleep in the same bed as the guests!

Gloria: Is that in the rule book? I need to check with my union.

Tom: This is madness! You cannot sleep in the same bed as me!

Gloria: What are you trying to say to me?

Tom: I'm trying to say ... Oh for heaven's sake. Do you often sleep in guests' beds with them?

Gloria: All the time. Saves me from having to disturb them in the morning when I have to change the sheets.

Tom: I am speechless.

Gloria: I was like that after the plague.

Tom: This hotel is, is, is ... I don't know what it is.

Gloria: I'm now going to recite some poetry.

Tom: What?

Gloria: I always recite poetry first thing in the morning.

Tom: It's the middle of the night.

Gloria: I'll be early then. I knew a man called Fred. But Fred was dead. And do you know what he said. He said get out of bed. (**Gloria gets out of the bed**)

Tom: This hotel is the weirdest hotel I have ever stayed in. And believe me, I have stayed in some weird hotels.

Gloria: I know, it's something we pride ourselves on. I'll pass your compliment onto Mr. Pompadou the hotel manager. He will be most pleased.

Tom: It wasn't a compliment.

Gloria: Mr. Pompadou has been manager of this hotel since 1832.

Tom: Yes, well I think I would like to have a word with this Mr. Pompadou to complain about ... 1832?

Gloria: A very good year. I was born then.

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Tom: You were born in 1832?

Gloria: Yes, I was. How did you know?

Tom: What? You just told me.

Gloria: Did I? I get very forgetful. Sometimes I can't remember my own name.

Tom: Gloria ...

Gloria: That's it! Thank you for that, it would have driven me mad all day.

Tom: Gloria! You cannot have been born in 1832.

Gloria: Yes . You're right.

Tom: Of course, I'm right.

Gloria: I made a mistake

Tom: Well, yes you did.

Gloria: I died in 1832. I told you I was very forgetful. Oh, I had a lovely funeral. Lots of people came. I didn't know half of them. My great auntie Joan, sung a lovely song about a maiden who came from London, although she did forget the words in the beginning, and then halfway through and also at the end. My brother Charlie, who wasn't really my brother, but liked to pretend to be my brother, even though his real name was Abigail and he was actually my sister, gave a lovely speech. Charlie said some lovely things about me.

Tom: That's it! I've had enough of this craziness. I'm going to check out!

Gloria: Again?

Tom: I haven't checked out before!

Gloria: Oh, you mean from the hotel, not the mortal coil.

Tom: Gloria! Will you please leave!

Gloria: You want me to go?

Tom: Yes! Yes! Yes! I want you to go!

Gloria: Are you sure?

Tom: Yes! I'm bloody sure.

Gloria: Do you want to think about it?

Tom: No! I want you to go!

Gloria: When?

Tom: Now!

Gloria: It's a bit soon. Couldn't you give me more notice?

Tom: Gloria, leave my room now!

Gloria: **(Looks sad. Shakes her head and walks towards the wardrobe)** I know when I'm not wanted. I pick up on things like that.

Tom: Gloria!

Gloria: **(Turns around)** Have you changed your mind?

Tom: Not the wardrobe!

Gloria: Oh. Before I go, would you like me to recite the six time tables?

Tom: Oh, for heaven's sake. No!

Gloria: You don't know what you're missing. People come from far and wide to not listen to me recite the six times table.

Tom: Look, I'm sorry if I got angry, but ...

Gloria: That's alright. I forgive you. Do you want me to get back in the bed?

Tom: No. **(Shakes his head in despair)** Look, you do know that you're not dead, don't you Gloria?

Gloria: I'm just at sixes and sevens

Tom: Right, well ...

Gloria: Forty-two.

Tom: What?

Gloria: Forty-two. Six times seven is forty-two.

Tom: Dear God.

Gloria: Do you want to hear another one?

(Tom just shakes his head)

Gloria: Go on, ask me another one. Go on. Any one you like, you choose.

Tom: I am truly flabbergasted.

Gloria: I had that once. Very painful it was. The doctor said my flabber was very swollen.

Tom: Gloria! How many time do I have to tell you to leave my room?

Gloria: Twelve

Tom: What?

Gloria: Six times two is twelve. Go on ask me another one. Go on. Go on.

Tom: **(Lies down on the bed)** This hotel is going to be the death of me!

Gloria: Now you're talking.

Scene 4 – Checkout

(Tom is at the reception desk. There is no one else there. Tom presses the bell on the reception desk and it again plays SFX. the sound of a wolf howling. Receptionist jumps up from behind the small sofa opposite the reception desk then walks over to the reception desk)

Tom: Ahh! I do wish you wouldn't keep doing that.

(SFX. Thunder Clap)

Receptionist: Good morning, sir. What a lovely day it is.

(SFX. Thunder Clap)

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Tom: Sounds like a storm to me. The same storm as when I checked in last night.

Receptionist: Well, as I always say, sir. You can't beat a good storm. I always say that, sir. I may say it again in a moment or two. Did you sleep well, sir?

Tom: Well, actually no. The maid and the room service seem to work out of my wardrobe, and if that isn't crazy enough for you, Gloria the housekeeper slept in my bed last night.

Receptionist: Are you sure, sir?

Tom: Am I sure? Am I sure? I was in the bloody bed at the same time!

Receptionist: Strange, she hasn't slept since Vincent van Gogh cuts off part of his left ear. She must like you, sir.

Tom: What kind of a hotel are you running here. This place is crazy. I've never experienced anything like this in my life before.

Receptionist: Well, as it wasn't in your life, I shall take that as a compliment...

Tom: What? What in the hell are you talking about?

Receptionist: We don't use that word around here, sir.

Tom: What word?

Receptionist: Can we just wait for the thunderclap, sir.

Tom: What?

(SFX. Thunder Clap)

Receptionist: Ahh, there it is. Yes, as I was saying, sir. We don't use the 'H' word here.

Tom: The 'H' word?

(SFX. Thunder Clap)

Receptionist: I'm glad you understand, sir.

Tom: You mean, hell?

(SFX. Thunder Clap)

Receptionist: I wish you wouldn't, sir. It causes me a lot of paperwork. You know with him upstairs?

Tom: For saying the word h...

Receptionist: I really wouldn't sir. Four thunderclaps and we will have to reset your password.

Tom: You do know that you're as bonkers as Gloria, don't you?

Receptionist: Ahh, Gloria. She has been with us for a very long time. In another hundred years she might even become head of housekeeping.

Tom: How many people are in housekeeping?

Receptionist: Just Gloria, sir.

Tom: Wait. Did you say in a hundred years?

Receptionist: Give or take, sir. Depends on how many times she can recite her six times table. Have you heard her, sir? She's very good, although if I'm being over critical, sir, she does need a little help with her presentation.

Tom: Is this some kind of reality television programme. Are there hidden cameras here.

Receptionist: I think I'd rather die again than watch something like that, sir.

Tom: Just give me my bill! I need to get out of here. You're all barking mad. You need help!

(SFX. Thunder Clap)

Receptionist: Sorry, sir. The storm thought you said, hell not help.

(SFX. Thunder Clap)

Receptionist: Now you've got me doing it.

Tom: The storm thought I said h...

Receptionist: Don't say it, sir. We don't want to have a visit from the hotel inspector. She can be very scary.

Tom: **(Shakes his head in despair)** How much do I owe you? I need to get out of this place. I'll pay on card.

Receptionist: Jack of Spades or King of Hearts, sir?

Tom: Oh, for god's sake. Just tell me how much I owe you!

Receptionist: Well, let me see. I'll add it up sir. There's the wardrobe service, the sleeping with the housekeeper, the use of the 'H' word, and of course crashing your automobile.

Tom: What the ... (**Stops himself from saying hell**) What are you talking about?
(**SFX. Thunder Clap**)

Tom: (**Looks up**) I didn't say it!

Receptionist: Just calculating your bill, sir.

Tom: Wait, wait, wait!

Receptionist: alright sir, alright sir, alright sir.

Tom: I did not crash my ...

Receptionist: Oh, was someone else driving, sir?

Tom: No! No! No!

Receptionist: You remember the bend in the road, sir. The one with the sign to say slow down.

Tom: The bend?

Receptionist: Yes, sir.

Tom: Er, yes, I think I do.

Receptionist: Going a little too fast weren't you, sir.

Tom: I was in a hurry

Receptionist: Yes, sir. Of course, sir.

Tom: I'm a very busy man!

Receptionist: Yes, I believe you were, sir.

Tom: Were?

Receptionist: Before you died in the car crash, sir.

Tom: Look, this is madness. I would know if I was dead, wouldn't I? I mean ... I mean ... dead people don't book into a hotel, do they? Do they? Look this is quite ridiculous.

Receptionist: Think about the bend, sir.

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Tom: Okay, I was driving a little fast and ...

Receptionist: Well, what do you remember after the bend?

Tom: After the bend?

Receptionist: Yes, sir. After the bend?

Tom: Well, I ... er ... well ...

Receptionist: Take your time, sir

Tom: I ehm ...

Receptionist: Try to think, sir

Tom: **(Long pause)** I remember turning up here.

Receptionist: Yes, sir. Do you remember anything else?

Tom: Ehm, no. No, I don't.

Receptionist: Now do you understand, sir?

Tom: The bend in the road.

Receptionist: Yes, sir...

Tom: The bend in the road. The bloody bend in the road!

Receptionist: Yes, it was quite bloody as I recall.

Tom: I'm ... I'm ... I'm dead.

Receptionist: Yes, sir.

Tom: Bloody hell, I'm dead!

Receptionist: That 'H' word again sir. It really won't do at all.

Tom: I'm sorry. Forgot for a moment.

Receptionist: Well, no harm done, sir. Well, hopefully none. If you should meet any one with two horns on their head, I'd walk the other way.

Tom: I just can't believe it. I'm dead. I'm actually dead.

Receptionist: Happens to the best of us, sir.

Tom: But I can't be dead. I've got a very important meeting tomorrow.

Receptionist: You do have a very important meeting tomorrow.

Tom: I know, I just told you that. So I can't be dead.

Receptionist: It's a different meeting, sir

Tom: A different meeting?

Receptionist: This one is with guest services.

Tom: What?

Receptionist: It's to see where they are going to send you.

Tom: Send me?

Receptionist: I would say you have a very good chance of going upstairs. But then it isn't a good idea to not count your cows.

Tom: Chickens

Receptionist: Of course, sir. Never a good idea to count your chicken cows. Anyway, you do have quite a good chance. And upstairs is a much better place than you-know-where. It gets awfully hot there and there are quite a lot of, shall we say, unsavoury people.

Tom: You mean ...

Receptionist: Don't say the word sir. If you do it won't fair well at the meeting.

Tom: But you mean, heaven or ... the other place...

Receptionist: We prefer to call it, the top floor or the basement.

Tom: I don't believe this. It can't be happening. It just can't. I didn't have dying down in my diary for today.

Receptionist: Awfully inconvenient, I know.

Tom: So, that's it. I'm dead.

Receptionist: I'm afraid so, sir.

Tom: And you?

Receptionist: Oh, yes. I'm very dead, sir. I am in fact deader than a dead person who is very dead.

Tom: And Gloria?

Receptionist: Yes sir. Gloria has been with us for a very long time and she will remain here until someone listens to her reciting the six times tables.

Tom: I take room service is dead as well.

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Receptionist: Oh, yes sir. He's been dead a long time. He's the man that ordered ice in his drink on the Titanic.

Tom: So, that's that then?

Receptionist: I'm afraid so, sir

Tom: Isn't it odd. I don't feel dead.

Receptionist: That's quite common, sir.

Tom: So, this is the hotel you can check out of but never leave.

Receptionist: I feel a song coming on.

Tom: So, what do I do now?

Receptionist: Well, sir. You have actually arrived at a very good time.

Tom: I have?

Receptionist: Well, you see, I'm retiring. I'm being moved to the top floor.

Tom: Retiring?

Receptionist: Yes. I'm quite looking forward to it, I must say. Have a chance to meet up with some family. Well, not all the family. Uncle Milton is in the basement, and so is Auntie Maud. Then there's Jack. His ripping days are far behind him.

Tom: Jack the Ripper?

Receptionist: He doesn't use his stage name anymore, sir. Just Montague. Nice chap actually. But there you are, you can't always tell. They say it's the quiet ones, don't they sir? Anyway, when I go upstairs, there will be a vacancy here.

Tom: A vacancy?

Receptionist: Yes, sir.

Tom: You mean, doing what you do?

Receptionist: Well, at first, you won't be doing it as well as I do, but in a hundred years or so, I'm sure you will have it down pat.

Tom: I don't know what to say.

Receptionist: There's no need to thank me, sir.

Tom: You mean, I'd be staying here with Gloria and room service, instead of going to the top floor?

Receptionist: Or the basement, sir. Remember you were breaking the speed limit when you died. They can be very touchy about things like that.

Tom: Oh, dear.

Receptionist: Gloria would be so happy if you stayed sir. She has taken quite a shine to you.

Tom: I er ...

Receptionist: I suppose you would like some time to think about it.

Tom: Well, yes I would.

Receptionist: Of, course, sir ... Times up. Yes or no. If it's no, I hope you like sulphur.

Tom: I'll do it!

Receptionist: Very wise, sir. Very wise indeed.

Scene 5 – New Arrival

(Jim arrives at the Hotel - Last Resort. He is a little out of breath. He is carrying a briefcase and a suitcase. He approaches the reception desk, but there isn't anyone there. He presses the bell on the reception desk and it plays SFX. the sound of a wolf howling. Jim looks very confused. Then from behind the small sofa opposite the reception desk Tom jumps up and Jim cries out in shock)

Jim: Good God. You scared me half to death

Tom: You don't know how true that is.

Jim: **(Breathes a sigh of relief)** Well, thank goodness I've found your hotel. I must have driven past this road a thousand times and yet I didn't know you were here.

Tom: How's that bend in the road these days?

Jim: Hazardous. I almost lost control of the car.

Tom: Almost?

Jim: Yes. I'm lucky to be alive.

Tom: Well, that's up for discussion. Are you looking for a room?

Jim: Yes. Yes of course. Do you have any that are free?

Tom: Well, we all have to pay a price.

Jim: No, I meant ...

Tom: I know what you meant, sir.

Jim: I'm very tired. If I could just have a room, please.

Tom: Of course, sir. Would you like a balcony?

Jim: Well, that would be very nice.

Tom: Yes it would. Unfortunately, we don't have balconies.

Jim: Oh. Well, why did you ...

Tom: Do you have any horses, sir?

Jim: Horses?

Tom: Yes, sir. Four-legged creatures with a big head and a long tail.

Jim: I know what a horse is. I don't have a horse!

Tom: That's good sir. So, you won't want our double horse room with an ensuite stable.

Jim: What did you say?

Tom: How's your six times tables?

Jim: My what?

Tom: **(Shouts)** Gloria! You're on!

(Enter Gloria)

Gloria: Hello. I'm Gloria Harriett Olgar Stacey Tipple. But you can call me Ghost for short.

(SFX. Thunder Clap)