

Rock Star

By

Rick Dorn

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Cast for **Rock Star**

BEATRICE – Desk Clerk
MR. SMITH – Guest
RAOUL – Concierge/Pool Man
MRS. SMITH – Guest
GLADYS – Manager
ETHEL – Maid
JULIE – New Maid
REPORTER #1
REPORTER #2
BEN BROWN – Guest
JODIE – Guest
PATRICK VON SNOOT – Guest
MARGARET – Guest
MR. JONES – Guest
MRS. JONES – Guest
GIRL #1
GIRL #2
GIRL #3

Setting: A beat up hotel lobby that has seen better days.

Act One, Scene One – Friday morning

Act One, Scene Two – Later that day

Act Two, Scene One – The next day

Act Two, Scene Two – Later that day

Act Two, Scene Three – That night

Act One, Scene One:

Setting: Friday morning at the Windcott Hotel.

(MR. and MRS. SMITH are checking in with RAOUL and BEATRICE.)

BEATRICE: Okay, your room is down this hall and to the right.

MR. SMITH: Is it close to the emergency exits?

BEATRICE: I don't know!

MR. SMITH: I distinctly asked for a room close to the emergency exits.

BEATRICE: Well, tell you what, when you get up there, count steps to the staircase.

MR. SMITH: Then should I call and tell you?

BEATRICE: No, then you should throw yourself down them!

MR. SMITH: I can't believe this attitude!

BEATRICE: Welcome to the Windcott! Enjoy your stay!

MR. SMITH: Do you have an exercise room at least?

BEATRICE: Nope. But you can carry your own luggage.

MR. SMITH: We were promised a nice hotel! This place is unbelievable!

BEATRICE: Well, I don't know what to tell you.

RAOUL: I apologize for her. She's having a mental breakdown.

BEATRICE: Don't apologize for me you freak!

MRS. SMITH: Harvey, ask about room service.

MR. SMITH: Oh, yes, what time does room service stop serving?

BEATRICE: About ten years ago. Unless you feel up to walking down to the restaurant down the street.

MR. SMITH (sputtering): But, but...

RAOUL: I'll see what I can do.

MRS. SMITH: Oh dear, I do hope that the pillows are hypo-allergenic.

BEATRICE: Hypo-what?

RAOUL (strong accent, not Spanish): I will be happy to see to that, Madam. Our little hotel is so much better for your presence.

MRS. SMITH: Oh my! And you are?

RAOUL: Raoul, the concierge.

MR. SMITH: Let's go, Helen. I don't like this place.

MRS. SMITH: Shut up Harvey. (She grabs the key from RAOUL). I'll see you later, Raoul!

RAOUL: I live for it, Madam.

(The SMITHS exit.)

BEATRICE: What was that all about?

RAOUL: You must keep the customers satisfied.

BEATRICE: Whatever! And what's with that accent?

RAOUL: People expect the concierge to have an accent.

BEATRICE: But you're not a concierge. You're the pool man! And you're from Topeka, Kansas!

RAOUL (dropping the accent): Just until I convince Gladys.

BEATRICE: At this dump? Good luck with convincing her that this dump will...

(GLADYS walks out of the office.)

BEATRICE: Always be the classiest hotel in the entire city!

GLADYS: Thank you, Beatrice. Where's the new girl?

BEATRICE: I'll get her. Julie!!!

RAOUL (strong accent again): How nice to see you again, Mademoiselle.

GLADYS: You too, Roy. But that pool could use some vacuuming.

RAOUL (no accent): I'm on it.

(He runs out grabbing a pool net from behind the desk. He is wearing a bathing suit under his concierge shirt.)

GLADYS: Ethel! Ethel!!!

(Off-stage voice of ETHEL)

ETHEL: Hello? Is that you, Gladys?

GLADYS: Are you lost again?

ETHEL: Yes, ma'am.

GLADYS: Follow the sound of my voice, honey. Olly olly oxen-free!!!

(ETHEL stumbles in from other side of stage.)

ETHEL: Oh, thank goodness. I've been lost for over an hour.

GLADYS: Honey, we only have two hallways. Are you sure you weren't dropped on your head?

ETHEL: Just a few times. But why do people keep asking me that?

GLADYS: Never mind honey. Staff meeting everyone! Come in everybody.

(BEATRICE walks in with JULIE, the new maid, and extras)

BEATRICE: Time for our weekly staff meeting.

JULIE: Oh, okay.

GLADYS: Gather round everybody. Roy, you come in too!

(RAOUL enters in his concierge top, but a bathing suit for pants, still holding the net.)

RAOUL (strong accent): Mademoiselle, I've requested that you call me Raoul. It works much better as a name for a concierge!

GLADYS: Now, Roy, if I'd called you that when you were a rodeo clown, the other cowboys would have laughed you out of town.

RAOUL (signaling her to be quiet, then stopping when others turn to look at him.): Allo!

GLADYS: Okay, everyone, I want to introduce you to our newest member of our staff, Julie Horton.

STAFF: Hello. How are you. Adieu (from RAOUL).

BEATRICE: That means goodbye, dummy!

GLADYS: She's agreed to help us out, but I'm afraid we are all in for some bad news.

(Concerned murmuring.)

GLADYS: You may have noticed that business has not been very good recently.

BEATRICE: It's a graveyard around here.

GLADYS: Well, it's worse than you think. We are losing money hand over fist. And I'm afraid that the Windcott will be closing down at the end of the month. That means we will be out of a job.

STAFF: Oh no. This is terrible.

RAOUL: My poor mama and family back home! They will starve!

GLADYS: Doggonit, Roy! Your mom is my next door neighbor! And you are an only child!

RAOUL: SHHHH!

BEATRICE: I knew it!

JULIE: Can't we do something about it?

BEATRICE: What do you want us to do?

JULIE: I don't know, hand out flyers, put up a billboard, advertise somehow, or tell the papers? We could do something?

GLADYS: Those are all good ideas, and I would like to do all of those things, but it's very expensive to advertise, and unfortunately, the papers won't do a story about us without something big going on here.

RAOUL: I guess I shall never be concierge.

GLADYS: Honey, that was never going to happen.

JULIE: I know. What if a famous celebrity came here? That would make us a bigger draw and get us in the papers.

BEATRICE: Yeah, right. Like that's gonna happen.

JULIE: Anything could happen!

BEATRICE: Do you happen to know a big celebrity?

JULIE: Well, no.

BEATRICE: Well, then, Pollyanna, then don't expect Elvis to come walking through that door!!!

ETHEL: Elvis who?

(Door opens, and REPORTERS walk in with big cameras.)

GLADYS: Can I help you?

REPORTER#1: Is he here yet?

GLADYS: Who?

REPORTER#2: We got a tip that Ben Crumb was planning to hide out here!

STAFF: Ben Crumb? Here?? The famous rock star?

GLADYS: Now, wait a minute. Who are you talking about?

BEATRICE: Ben Crumb, the rock star. You know, the musician? Sold 17 million copies of his last cd?

RAOUL: Ooh, I love his song, uh, which one is it...

JULIE: Dirty Monkey?

RAOUL: No...

BEATRICE: I want to be your sock puppet.

RAOUL: Really?

BEATRICE: The song, moron!

RAOUL: Oh, then no.

GLADYS: I think I'm gonna be sick.

RAOUL: That's the one! Great song!

ETHEL: Did he ever have an 8-track? Cause that's all I listen to.

JULIE: He's like the biggest star in the world!

RAOUL: (without accent.) He is totally cool!!!

(They look at him.)

RAOUL (With accent.): I mean, he is all right, for an American.

GLADYS: Why in the world would you think he's coming here?

REPORTER#1: He's in town to rest up before his world tour. He wanted an out of the place hotel, and well, there isn't a hotel more out of the way than the Windcott hotel.

GLADYS: I'll have you know we hosted a convention here once!

ETHEL: I remember it well. That was a big year – 1959.

REPORTER#2: Anything more recent than that?

GLADYS: No. (Pause) Well, I don't think anyone like that has checked in.

JULIE: Are you really sure he's coming here?

REPORTER#2: Oh, yeah, I bribed his manager...uh, I mean, I got a tip from a reputable source.

JULIE: That's it! (She jumps up.)

GLADYS: Honey, don't jump like that. My heart can't take it! What is it?

JULIE: We make sure Ben has a wonderful time, and then, we'll convince him to do some press for us.

REPORTER#1: That sounds like a great idea, except that, he's a big rock star.

JULIE: Well, of course! Otherwise, my idea wouldn't work.

REPORTER#2: That means he'll be incognito!

ETHEL: Oh darn, I was hoping he'd be here!

REPORTER#2: No, that means he'll be in disguise.

REPORTER#1: He could be here right now, and you'd never know it.

(MR. SMITH walks in wearing plaid shorts and a tourist hat. He has a big camera around his neck.)

MR. SMITH: Say cheese! (He takes a picture of everyone looking at him.) Man, no wonder they don't have room service. Look at them just stand around doing nothing!

REPORTER#1: Or he could still be arriving.

JULIE: Okay, then, we just need to find him and make sure he has a great time here.

BEATRICE: Why should we listen to you, new girl?

GLADYS: Do you have a better idea?

BEATRICE: Okay, okay. But what if we can't recognize him right away?

JULIE: We'll just have to be extra friendly to all of the guests!

BEATRICE: What?!?! (GLADYS is staring at her.) I mean, of course we will, just like we do every guest.

GLADYS: It's a plan. Who knows? (Grumbling.) Rock stars in a classy place like the Windcott. Maybe I should just retire!

BEATRICE: Ya think?

GLADYS: What did you say?

BEATRICE: Nothing! Let's save the hotel. Woo hoo! Whew! That was a close one.

End of scene.

Act One. Scene Two

Setting: Later that night.

(BEATRICE, JULIE, and RAOUL are working in the lobby.)

JULIE: Okay, so how many customers do we have so far?

BEATRICE: Not that many, but none of them could be a rock star! Have you seen them? Gross!!!

RAOUL: Have you considered that he might be in disguise?

BEATRICE: I don't care if he's wearing a hockey mask, I will be able to pick him out immediately! Rock stars have a distinct way of acting, and I can spot a rock star from a mile away.

(BEN walks in with JODIE dressed down with hats.)

BEATRICE: And that is not him! Oooh!

JULIE: Can I help you sir?

BEN: Uh, yeah, can I get a room please?

JODIE (Hacking): Cough, cough.

BEATRICE: Could you have your little friend turn away please?

BEN: Sorry! She's been a little sick, so we thought a getaway would be the best way to help her feel better.

BEATRICE: Thank you so much for choosing my hotel! (Mumbling)
Great, first I'm losing my job, and now, I'm gonna catch Ebola!

RAOUL: Of course, right this way, sir.

(PATRICK walks in with MARGARET trailing him, taking notes.)

BEATRICE: This is more like it. May I help you?

PATRICK: Yes, I suppose you'll do.

MARGARET: Yes, who are you please?

BEATRICE: I'm Beatrice, the desk clerk.

MARGARET: Yes, well, in the future, please direct your questions to me.

BEATRICE: To you?

MARGARET: Yes, and these are a list of the dietary demands my employer will require, and the minimum necessities his room must have.

BEATRICE: Um, yes, of course. But first, I must insist that you check in. Would you fill out this form please?

MARGARET: Oh, what a pain. Name?

BEATRICE: Yes, please.

MARGARET: In a minute. (She whispers with PATRICK.) Here you go. And this bill should take care of any further questions, if you get my meaning!

BEATRICE: Wow! (Quickly pockets the money.) Thank you so much. I'll take care of everything. Raoul?

RAOUL: Right this way please.

(ETHEL bumps into PATRICK and MARGARET.)

PATRICK: I never!

ETHEL: Oh pardon me. I didn't see you there.

MARGARET: Get out of the way! Do you know who you were touching?

(PATRICK shakes his head and her to be quiet.)

MARGARET: I mean, just watch it!

(MARGARET, PATRICK, and RAOUL leave.)

ETHEL: Say, do you know who that was?

BEATRICE: Yes, I think I do. The question is, do you have any idea?

ETHEL: Well, I thought I did...

(BEATRICE leaves to work in the office.)

ETHEL: But, I didn't know that they were that well known. Wow! Well-known criminals right here in our hotel. Hmm. I guess nobody else cares. Now, where was I going again?

(ETHEL wanders out looking confused. Mr. and MRS. JONES enter.)

MR. JONES: I don't know about this Helen.

MRS. JONES: I don't care Horace. I'm tired. We're staying here.

(GLADYS goes behind the counter. Sees them and tries to look pleasant.)

MR. JONES: You don't know what kind of riffraff come in here...

GLADYS: The finest kind! (Realizes what she said.) Oh! I mean, don't let appearances deceive you. This is a wonderful hotel, and it's over 100 years old.

MR. JONES: And with all the original furniture...

MRS. JONES: Horace!

MR. JONES: We'll take your finest room.

GLADYS: Of course, sir. If you would fill out this form please.

(REPORTERS come back in.)

GLADYS: What are you doing here?

REPORTER#2: Any sign of him?

GLADYS: We've had several check in, but it's hard to recognize him.

REPORTER#1: Hmm. We forgot about the disguise. Even if we get a picture, nobody'll believe it's really him.

REPORTER #2: I've got an idea about that. Say, who is that checking in?

GLADYS: Well, if you must know, he says his name is Mr. Jones.

REPORTER #1: Sounds like an alias to me. Who's the lady?

GLADYS: His wife.

REPORTER #2: His assistant is a woman! That could be her in disguise!

REPORTER#1: We'll stick around and keep an eye out, just in case.

GLADYS: Just don't bother the guests! We're trying to save our hotel here!

REPORTER #2: Yeah, yeah. Come on.

(REPORTERS wander into the background. JULIE comes in.)

JULIE: Gladys, that young couple I checked in was so nice!

GLADYS: What room did you put them in?

JULIE: Oh, I gave them our nicest one! Room 101.

MR. JONES: I thought you were giving us your finest room!

MRS. JONES: Oh, Horace.

GLADYS: Oh, no, that's the new girl. She doesn't realize our finest room is actually room 102.

(BEATRICE enters.)

BEATRICE: Room 102's taken.

GLADYS: And by 102, I really mean 103!

MR. JONES: (grumbling.)

MRS. JONES: We'll take it! Honestly, Horace, I can't take you anywhere!

MR. JONES: So this is okay, but when I put my feet on the couch, I get yelled at!

MRS. JONES: This is not our living room. Do you want our couch to smell like feet?

MR. JONES: This whole place smells like feet!

GLADYS: Would you get Mr. Jones some Odor Eaters, please! Let me show you the way!

MR. JONES: That's not what I meant!

MRS. JONES: Oh, hush. You can hang the Odor Eaters around your neck!

(REPORTER #2 jumps MRS. JONES, while REPORTER #1 grabs her hat and yanks on her hair.)

REPORTER #1: Got it. Get the picture!

MRS. JONES: Yeoww! My hair!

REPORTER #1: Man, it's really stuck on here!

MR. JONES: What are you doing to my wife? Let go of her this instant!

GLADYS: You idiots! Stop it. Stop it right now.

(REPORTERS let go and the JONES back away.)

REPORTER#1: That could still be a disguise...

GLADYS: Try it. I dare you. I may be old, but I could still kick your scrawny butt!

REPORTER#2: I don't think it's them.

REPORTER#1: But...(looks at GLADYS) Yeah, okay. We'll stay out of the way.

(GLADYS rushes out the JONES.)

BEATRICE: So I think I found our guy!

JULIE: You think you found Ben Crumb?!?

BEATRICE: You should have seen the last guy to check in. He was rude and pushy, and he wanted the best of everything. That sure sounds like a rock star to me!

JULIE: Sounds like you to me.

BEATRICE: What did you say?

JULIE: I did not say anything!

(REPORTERS rush up.)

REPORTER#2: Did he have a young lady with him?

BEATRICE: Yeah, and she was spoiled too.

REPORTER#1: That's gotta be them! Let's go call the paper!

REPORTER#2: We're getting a raise!

(REPORTERS rush out.)

JULIE: I don't know, Beatrice. The guy I checked in...

BEATRICE: Are you kidding? He was a bum.

JULIE: He seemed awful nice.

BEATRICE: My point exactly. No rock star is going to be nice to a working stiff like you!

JULIE: Ohhh.

(ETHEL come back in.)

RAOUL: Okay, we've been snooping.

ETHEL: We have?

RAOUL: Okay, I've been snooping, and you've been locked in the laundry closet again.

ETHEL: Forgot my key.

RAOUL: We definitely have some contenders. Look at the check-in list. We have a Smith...

BEATRICE: Nope!

RAOUL: We have a Jones.

JULIE: I don't think so.

RAOUL: We have a Brown.

BEATRICE: Your bum.

JULIE: He's not a bum. I thought he was very nice...

RAOUL: And we have a Patrick Von Snoot!

BEATRICE: That even sounds like a made up name!

JULIE: Well, if you're sure.

BEATRICE: Of course, I'm sure. Now, we need to suck up to this Von Snoot guy. He's Ben Crumb, and we've got to convince him to help save the dump!

ETHEL: Von Snoot? But that's the name of...

BEATRICE: Yes, Ethel. It's your cousin's second wife's stepson twice removed! Whatever!

ETHEL: Oh, no, that's Patrick Von Groot!

JULIE: Really?

ETHEL: And I didn't think you were listening!

BEATRICE: What? I was kidding you stupid –

(GLADYS rushes in.)

GLADYS: Okay, ladies and gentlemen, we have several guests. More than we've had in many months. Let's not blow it!

BEATRICE: And remember which one to butter up!

JULIE: Or, we could just be nice to all of the guests!

BEATRICE: What a dreamer!

(GLADYS gives her a look.)

BEATRICE: I mean, of course we will. After all, that's why we're here, to serve our guests. (Under her breath) But I'll make sure to serve that one with a little extra tender loving care!

End of Act One, Scene Two.

Act Two, Scene One.

Setting: The next day

(BEN and JODIE are sitting in the lounge, while BEATRICE follows in PATRICK and MARGARET. JULIE is behind the counter, MRS. JONES is walking in, and ETHEL is vacuuming with the machine turned off.)

BEATRICE: Remember, if there is anything we can do for you sir, just let us know. Our staff is here to serve you.

MRS. JONES: Oh, good, my room needs more...

BEATRICE: Yeah, good luck with that! Anyway, can I fetch you an extra pillow sir?

MARGARET: I think Mr. Van Snoot would like some more of those little mints.

BEATRICE: Ah yes, I think we can manage that.

JULIE: We don't actually use those...

PATRICK: Yes, and the raisins in my ice cream tasted funny.

JULIE: We don't have raisins in our ice cream...

BEATRICE: Shush! I'll fix up your ice cream, and I'll run right out and get those mints for you.

PATRICK: See that you do!

(PATRICK, MARGARET, and BEATRICE leave.)

JULIE: Oh, brother!

BEN: Excuse me, could I get some help please?

JULIE: Of course, sir. What can I do for you today?

BEN: First, please call me Ben. Ben Brown.

JULIE: Okay. If you'll call me Julie.

BEN: That's a beautiful name.

JULIE: Thank you, Ben.

BEN (Pause): Well, my friend still isn't feeling well. I thought getting her out of the stuffy room would help, but...

JODIE: I told you, I'm fine (ends with a g)

BEN: You're not fine (ends with a g).

JULIE: You poor thing. It must be miserable to be sick on vacation!

JODIE: And at this place, you're adding to the misery!

BEN: Hey! I kinda like this old place.

JULIE: Yeah, me too. It's only my first week, but I've always thought this was one of the great hotels in the city.

BEN: I had no idea you were a brand new employee.

JULIE: Well, you know, I'm trying to learn the business.

BEN: I think you are already one of the best things about this place.

JULIE: Oh! Well, thank you very much!

(Pause as they stare at each other.)

JODIE: Oh brother! Hey! What about the sick girl.

JULIE: Sorry! Let me get you some chicken soup!

JODIE: Thank you.

BEN: That's very kind.

JULIE: You're very kind for saying so.

BEN: Thank you for saying I'm kind.

JULIE: Thank you for saying thank you.

(Deep sighs as they stare again. Pause again.)

JODIE: Okay, now I'm getting nauseated! (Whistles.) Hello! Chicken soup anyone!

BEN: Thanks, I'd love some.

JULIE: No, thank you. I'm good.

JODIE: Ahem!

JULIE (waking up): Oh, I just don't know what's come over me today.

JODIE: I do.

(JULIE leaves as GLADYS walks in. Spots ETHEL.)

JODIE: Really, Ben. Now, of all times?

BEN: What? I'm just...

JODIE: Yeah, I recognize the glazed eyes. I know what you are just...

GLADYS: Ethel, honey. You've got to turn it on!

ETHEL: Oh! I just thought it was really quiet.

(ETHEL turns it on, and turns with it, yanking the plug out.)

GLADYS: I give up! Roy!!!

(RAOUL enters with suitcase.)

RAOUL: Yes, Madam?

GLADYS: Honey, there's something dead in the filter.

RAOUL (without accent): But, but...

GLADYS: Roy, what's your job?

RAOUL: (Pause.) Pool man.

GLADYS: And what is not your job?

RAOUL: Concierge.

GLADYS: So?

(RAOUL throws the suitcase down and stomps out.)

GLADYS: Poor guy. (Pause.) Hey, who's suitcase is this anyway?

(GLADYS leaves. JULIE comes back in with bowl of soup.)

JULIE: Here you go. Compliments of the hotel.

JODIE: Dank you very much!

BEN: Come on, Jodie. Let's get you back to the room.

JODIE: But I don't want to go!

BEN: Now, Jodie. It's time to go.

JODIE: But I just got my soup.

BEN: We need to go now, (Whispering) it's a good flirting technique! Leave them wanting more!

JODIE: But...but...my soup! (Sigh) Fine.

BEN: Bye...

JULIE: Bye...

(JODIE and BEN leave. JULIE walks over to ETHEL.)

JULIE: How are you doing today, Ethel?

ETHEL: Oh, just fine honey. Hang on. Let me turn this vacuum back off.

JULIE (dazed and not listening): Okay. Did you ever just have one of those days where you're all mixed up inside?

ETHEL: Did I? I think that happens to me every day!

JULIE: Yeah. Isn't it wonderful?

ETHEL: Well, I guess I never thought of it that way before.

JULIE: Isn't that guy Ben just...just...wonderful???

(BEATRICE overhears this as she enters.)

BEATRICE: Oh, yeah. (Sarcastic) He's just great, and I like his girlfriend too.

JULIE: I think he's...wonderful. Wait, what?

BEATRICE: I like his girlfriend too.

JULIE: Girlfriend? He doesn't have a girlfriend!

BEATRICE: Oh no, I'm sure people always travel with female companionship.

JULIE: But, but, maybe she's his sister?

BEATRICE: Maybe she's his wife!

JULIE: NO! That can't be!

BEATRICE: I'm just saying... Give me a guy like that Patrick Von Snoot. Now, he's dreamy, and rich! He's definitely a rock star!

JULIE: How can you tell?

BEATRICE: He's extremely demanding! And you know, he asked for a bowl of M&M's with all of the brown ones removed?

ETHEL: Maybe he's allergic to brown dye?

BEATRICE: It's a rock star thing! You wouldn't understand. He's definitely loaded. And there's no question the witch with him is an employee!

ETHEL: I'll bet he's rich! After what he pulled in New Jersey...

BEATRICE: Mrs. Beatrice Von Snoot. Doesn't that just sound...

JULIE and BEATRICE (together, but JULIE's is sad): Wonderful!

(BEATRICE leaves.)

JULIE: Oh no. This just can't be! Tell me she's wrong!

ETHEL: She's wr-

JULIE: I just don't know what to think!

ETHEL: About what-

JULIE: What am I gonna do? (She starts crying.)

ETHEL: You know. This may be the first time I'm the only one in the room who makes sense!

(REPORTERS enter in a rush.)

REPORTER#1: Has anybody showed up yet?

ETHEL: Well, sure!

REPORTER#1: Really? Who?

ETHEL: Well, I've been here most of the day. The weepy one over there is Julie, the new girl. Beatrice is off plotting somewhere about diamond rings...

REPORTER#2: No, you idiot. We mean (Mumbling).

ETHEL: Who?

REPORTER#2: You know who. (Mumbling)

ETHEL: You're gonna have to speak up, sonny. The old ears aren't holding up too well!

REPORTER#1: You know lady. B..(mumbling)

ETHEL: Eh?

REPORTER#1: Be...(mumbling)

ETHEL: I just can't hear you!

REPORTER#2: BEN CRUMB!!!

ETHEL: Who?

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