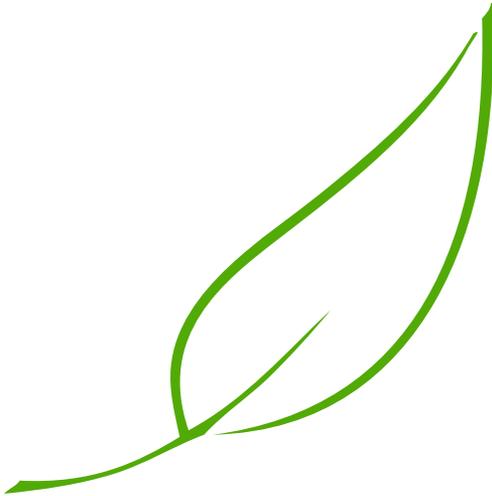


# THE HOTEL STUPID

by Ken Bradbury



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## CAST OF CHARACTERS:

*Winfred, the manager*

*Fred and Myrna, a traveling couple*

*Igor, the porter*

*Grizzabella, the maid*

**SCENE:** *The lobby of the Hotel Stupid*

**Winfred:** *(standing behind a desk, picks up a phone)* Hotel Stupid. May I help you? Sorry. We're completely filled up. Every room is empty. *(puts down the phone)* Now where was ... *(picks up phone again)* Hotel Stupid. May I help you? A double with bath? Yes, but there's no water. Is that alright? Have a nice day. *(hangs up)*

**Fred:** *(a harried and tired man, entering with his wife Myrna)* Is this the hotel?

**Winfred:** I'll check. *(looks around quickly, then)* Yes, it seems to be. Why do you ask?

**Fred:** We'd like a room.

**Winfred:** For what?

**Fred:** Is this a hotel?

**Winfred:** *(looks around a moment, then)* Yes. Yes, I believe it is. Could I help you?

**Fred:** We want a room!

**Winfred:** Why didn't you say so?

**Fred:** I just ...

**Myrna:** Fred, let's go.

**Fred:** It's late, Myrna. We need a place to stay.

**Winfred:** Have you tried looking for a hotel?

**Fred:** You just said this was a hotel!

**Winfred:** That was me? Well, what can I do for you?

**Fred:** We ... would like ... a room!

**Winfred:** Do you have luggage?

**Fred:** (*holding up an imaginary suitcase*) What do you call this?!

**Winfred:** I don't know. We've just met. Does it have a name?

**Fred:** A suitcase! It's a suitcase!

**Myrna:** Fred, let's go. This place is ...

**Fred:** Let's just get a room and get away from this nut.

**Winfred:** Welcome to the Hotel Stupid!

**Fred:** What'd you call me?

**Winfred:** Call you? I don't even know your number. I didn't call you at all.

**Fred:** I don't believe this.

**Winfred:** Welcome to the Hotel Stupid!

**Fred:** That does it! (*grabs Winfred threateningly*) Look, you wise guy ...

**Myrna:** Fred! Stop!

**Winfred:** (*calmly*) Do you plan to hurt me?

**Fred:** You just called me stupid!

**Winfred:** I most certainly did not. I would never do such a thing.

**Fred:** (*letting go*) I could have sworn that ...

**Winfred:** Now. Welcome to the Hotel Stupid!

**Fred:** (*lunging at Winfred again*) I'm gonna rip ...!

**Myrna:** Fred! Fred, stop! Look at the sign on the door! It's called the Hotel Stupid!

**Fred:** (*turning to Myrna*) You, too!

**Myrna:** No. It's the name of the Hotel.

**Fred:** (*squinting to see the sign*) "The ... Hotel ... Stupid." That's ridiculous! Why would you call this the Hotel Stupid?

**Winfred:** Look, if you're going to call me names ...

**Fred:** No! No! Why did you give that ...you know ... name to the hotel?

**Winfred:** What name?

**Fred:** Stupid.

**Winfred:** Yes, I'm afraid it was.

**Fred:** I give up. Look, just give us a room. You do have rooms in this ... stupid place?

**Winfred:** Of course. That's what makes it a hotel. Rooms.

**Fred:** That's better.

**Winfred:** If it were a mouth, then it would have teeth, but it's not a mouth. It's a hotel. Did I mention that?

**Myrna:** Fred ...

**Fred:** Just give me a room.

**Winfred:** Certainly. When would you like it delivered?

**Fred:** Delivered?

**Winfred:** Oh, you want one right here on the premises?

**Fred:** You have rooms to go?

**Winfred:** Oh, not far. Just little weekend trips. (*writing*) One room on the premises. Now, just when exactly would you like the room?

**Fred:** Whatta you mean When would we want it? We want it right now!

**Winfred:** Oh. The impatient type.

**Myrna:** Fred, I'll go sleep in the car (*begins to leave*).

**Fred:** (*stopping her*) Myrna, I'll get this straightened out.

**Winfred:** Would you like help with those bags?

**Fred:** No.

**Winfred:** Very well. I'll ring for a porter.

**Fred:** But I just said ...

**Winfred:** (*banging an imaginary bell*) Porter! Oh, porter!

**Igor:** (*enters. A very strange person, somewhat contorted*) Yes, master?

**Winfred:** Igor, Mr. and Mrs. Blackheart would like to go to their room.

**Fred:** That's not our name! I didn't even tell you our name!

**Winfred:** Well, since you didn't tell me, I just made something up. I believe in personal service. Igor! To your job!

**Igor:** Yes, master! (*taking a noble pose, then*) "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable!"

**Myrna:** What's he doing?

**Winfred:** Quoting Shakespeare.

**Fred:** Why isn't he carrying our bags?

**Winfred:** Bad back. Instead he quotes Shakespeare.

**Igor:** "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears! I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

**Winfred:** (*clapping*) Isn't that marvelous!



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