

No Tell Motel

A comedy in Two Acts

By

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“No Tell Motel” was first produced under the title “Love Shack” by the Port Stanley Festival Theatre, June 2010. Simon Joynes AD

CAST

BRANDON Rod Keith
SARAH Martha Zimmerman
MANAGER John Turner
FRANK Chris Bancroft

Director Simon Joynes

Time the present

Setting Cheap motel room
with a folded up roll away cot, beside table with phone and 5 Bibles.

Characters

BRANDON (m) 30's – 40's
SARAH (f) 30's – 40's
Manager (m) 40's – 60's
FRANK (m) 30's – 40's

ACT ONE

BRANDON enters, stands just inside the door and looks around the motel room

BRANDON

Perfect... just perfect! A little tacky, but functional. The type of room that can keep a secret. Well.....what do you think Sarah?Sarah? *(looks back out the door)* Sarah? Oh for Pete's sake, will you get out of the car and come in? Sarah, I can see the top of your head, and if I can, so can everyone else, you're not fooling anyone.

(sfx car door slams, running footsteps. SARAH bursts into the room, slamming the door behind her. Her coat is over her head)

BRANDON

There, I'm sure that didn't attract too much attention.

SARAH

(a little out of breath)

Let's go.

BRANDON

Well, you don't waste any time do you!

SARAH

No, I mean let's leave!

BRANDON

What?

SARAH

I want to leave.

BRANDON

Don't you want to catch your breath first, it's a bit of a sprint back to the car.

SARAH

I want to go Brandon!

BRANDON

You've got to be kidding!

SARAH

Is this something to kid about?.

BRANDON

Then why did you even come in from the car?

SARAH

To tell you I want to leave.

BRANDON

Oh..

SARAH

This isn't what I expected.

BRANDON;

Well what did you expect? The Waldorf, The Four Seasons?

SARAH

No, I don't mean this (*indicating the room*) I mean this. (*indicating the two of them*)

BRANDON

There's nothing wrong with this (*indicating the two of them*) "This" is great! "This" (*indicating the room*) well...if you squint it's not too bad.

SARAH

It's not just the room. All the way here in the car I was getting more and more nervous, then as soon as I saw you walk in here I thought "I can't do this!"

BRANDON

You can't do this or you don't want to do this?

SARAH

I don't know....

BRANDON

I thought you were excited about this? We've talked about this for weeks, I took the afternoon off work and now you're telling me you don't want to do it?

SARAH

Oh baby, I do want to do it, you know I do... .it's just all so... icky!

BRANDON

Icky?

SARAH

It's icky. Look at that (*indicating the rollaway cot*) It's not even a real bed!

BRANDON

(*unfolding the roll-a-way cot*)

It's so much more than a real bed! It's a... portable, space efficient romance enhancing sleep system!

SARAH

A portable space efficient sleep system? It's a mousetrap with a mattress! Brandon, I want to go home.

BRANDON

Come on, you can't back out now!

SARAH

Why not?

BRANDON

You just can't, it's not allowed.

SARAH

Why?

BRANDON

Because... because... I don't know! You just can't. I'm coiled, I'm primed, I'm a firecracker of desire ready to be lit!

SARAH

From the look of this place, I'm sure there's no hot water in the shower. Why not give it a try, that should dampen your fuse.

BRANDON

Sarah, what's wrong?

SARAH

I'm sorry but this just doesn't feel right.

BRANDON

What did you expect it to feel like?

SARAH

I don't know... exciting...

BRANDON

Well I'm excited, doesn't that count? ...real excited...

SARAH

That doesn't take much.

BRANDON

Tell me about it! I'm seething with passion baby...I'm a volcano of lust ready to explode!

SARAH

Fine, I'll wait outside and plug my ears.

BRANDON

What happened? Twenty minutes ago you were all for it, and now this.

SARAH

I need time to think.

BRANDON

Ok, we'll stay here and think for a minute. *(pause)* What are you thinking?

SARAH

I think somebody saw me come in.

BRANDON

Nobody saw you!

SARAH

Yes they did. I felt their eyes on me.

BRANDON

If anything's on you, it should be me!

SARAH

Somebody saw me!

BRANDON

They didn't see *you*, they saw a blur, and nobody cares about a blur, what a blur does or who it does it with.

SARAH

Someone's going to see us leaving together.

BRANDON

Well, they're going to see us leave, whether we've done anything or not, so we might as well do something. But, if it'll make you feel better, just to throw off suspicion, I'll leave first and you can leave next Tuesday.

SARAH

Oh Brandon...

BRANDON

Look, nobody cares what we're doing, everyone's too wrapped up in their own little lives to give a damn about us. We're just a pile of beans.

SARAH

A what?

BRANDON

A hill of beans? I don't know, it sounded good when Bogart said it in Casablanca.

SARAH

Here's lookin' at you, weirdo.

BRANDON

My point is, even if somebody did see you running across the parking lot, they'd think nothing of it.

SARAH

Oh sure! That would look perfectly normal.

BRANDON

They'd probably put it down to some dodgy Mexican food, or a botched bank robbery, or a bladder infection, or....

SARAH

Brandon!!!

BRANDON

Nobody cares about us, except us. There's a great big world out there and we're not even a blip on the radar. Here, I'll prove it. *(throws open the motel room door and yells)* Hey everybody, you're never gonna believe who's in here with me and what we're about to....

SARAH

(panicked)

Are you insane!!!! Stop it!! *(grabs BRANDON and pulls him away from the door and they both fall onto the bed, laughing)*

BRANDON

(loudly)

Help, I'm being attacked! She's going to do something icky to me!

SARAH

(She is playfully trying to muffle him with a pillow)

Shut up you idiot!

BRANDON

Help, help!!!

(they wind up laughing, in each others arms on the bed)

Now this is more like it!

SARAH

Well, I guess it's not so bad

BRANDON

(motioning towards the open door)

Especially with that lovely view of the parking lot.

SARAH

Oh my God! *(leaps up and closes the door and is about to come back to the bed when she stops)* Wait a minute, first things first.

BRANDON

All right! It's gettin' naked time!

SARAH

No! First, I need to know what does a cockroach look like.

BRANDON

(slyly)

A "what" roach?

SARAH

A co.... Oh grow up!! I want to know what a ... roach looks like.

BRANDON

Why, have you found one?

SARAH

(looking under bed)

No, but I want to recognize one if I do.

BRANDON

Tell you what, if one shows up, I'll introduce you. Come on, hon it's getting lonely here on the portable space efficient romance enhancing sleep system.

SARAH

I don't like the look of that mattress.

BRANDON

You won't have to look, it'll be covered up with me.

SARAH

Who knows when it was last disinfected.

BRANDON

(to himself)

How dirty can it get, it's only used an hour at a time,

SARAH

What was that?

BRANDON

Nothing. Oh come on Sarah, it's a perfectly nice place. It's clean, smells OK and *(looks around)*
Not a cockroach in sight!

SARAH

That's either a good thing or a bad thing.

BRANDON

Why?

SARAH

Because if there were dead ones lying around, at least we'd know they're dead.

BRANDON

So you'd feel better if I scattered a few dead cockroaches around? 'Cause I can probably get a few... that place down the road looks even worse than...

SARAH

Will you be serious? Maybe this place is full of live cockroaches and they're all hiding, and I want to be able to recognize one if it shows its face.

BRANDON

What if it's in disguise? Apparently they're quite resourceful.

SARAH

Fine, make fun if you want, but I'm not going to wait here to be pounced on by a cockroach.

BRANDON

Cockroaches don't pounce.

SARAH

Well, whatever it is they do.

BRANDON

Hiss.

SARAH

What?

BRANDON

Hiss. Some huge cockroaches in Madagascar hiss.

SARAH

Oh God

BRANDON

But, they only hiss when they're about to pounce!

SARAH

Oh shut up!!!

BRANDON

Then they rummage through your purse, eat your lipstick and leave wearing your shoes!

SARAH

I'm serious! Cockroaches are only part of it. You never know what's been going on in places like this.....drug deals, weird sex, murder!

BRANDON

One out of three ain't bad!

SARAH

People get chopped into little pieces in places like this!

BRANDON

What are you mean "places like this"? The Bird of Paradise Motel is a reasonably classy place. It has it's own brochure... a glossy, professional brochure! It's recommended by the Auto Club and, they even make the bed with hospital corners!

SARAH

So does the hospital, but I don't want to stay there either.

BRANDON

Come on Sarah, this is a decent place! See, (*opens bedside table drawer*) they even have the Gideon Bible here. In fact....they have five of them....

SARAH

Five? That's weird...

BRANDON

No... that's good!

SARAH

Why?

BRANDON

Why? Because....because....five is better than one!

SARAH

I don't know....

BRANDON

Come on!!

SARAH

But it's the middle of the afternoon! People are going to think we're kinky being in a motel at this time of day.

BRANDON

Kinky... .who said anything about kinky? Have I ever suggested we do anything "kinky"

SARAH

Yes. At the Birbaums' daughters' wedding reception.

BRANDON

Oh yeah that... well it was... you know...

SARAH

Out of character?

BRANDON

Actually I was going to say "a pretty good idea."

SARAH

You were drunk.

BRANDON

You think it would work?

SARAH

Maybe if I were drunk.

BRANDON

I don't know, I'm not that flexible anymore.

SARAH

That was quite a party.

BRANDON

What I remember of it.

SARAH

I remember Frank put you to bed!

BRANDON

Yeah, that didn't work out too well did it?

SARAH

Are you kidding! That night, you didn't know *what* you wanted!

BRANDON

(with a devilish smile)

But I do now....

SARAH

Just take me home Brandon, OK?

BRANDON

Whatever happened to wanting something a little different, something a little
....out there?

SARAH

Now that I'm "out here" I want to go "back there"

BRANDON

I thought you wanted to explore your "wild side"?

SARAH

It's been tamed by the prospect of acute embarrassment.

BRANDON

Well we can't leave now, the room's paid for.

SARAH

Is that all that matters to you?

BRANDON

Of course not. I just thought it might matter to you... you being cheap and all

SARAH

Frugal!

BRANDON

Right... frugal.

SARAH

Oh Brandon, I know we talked about this, but now I'm just feeling... weird! I thought I'd like it, really I did but now we're here all I want to do is go home.
Did you see the way the guy looked at you when you checked in?

BRANDON

How do you know? You couldn't see anything, you were slouched down in the seat, trying to crawl into the glove compartment.

SARAH

And that's another thing. Why did I have to stay in the car? It looked like you were trying to hide me, as if we're sneaking around like a couple of perverts.

BRANDON

I thought you didn't want to be seen?

SARAH

I didn't. But I didn't like knowing I didn't want to be seen! I'd rather not be seen when I want to be seen and am trying to be seen than not be seen when I don't want to be seen and aren't trying to be seen.

BRANDON

What worries me is, I actually understood that. Come on, just sit on the bed with me.

SARAH

(inspecting the bed)

I'll bet there's a coin slot here somewhere. Don't these places all have those coin operated vibrating beds?

BRANDON

No, a feature like that would have been in the brochure. But, if you really want the bed to vibrate.....

SARAH

Brandon...

BRANDON

And you won't even have to give me any money....

SARAH

I told you, I want to go....

BRANDON

Or maybe I can give *you* money, you bad girl!

SARAH

Keep it up and I'll leave now, take the car and you can walk! I just don't like this place it's, it's...
"shady".

BRANDON

"Shady" is exactly what it isn't! Last week I drove by this place to check it out and I saw a priest leaving this very room! A priest! Would a priest stay in a "shady" motel?

SARAH

I don't know.

BRANDON

Sarah , we're two adults who care very much for each other and are just trying something a little different to spice things up. Sometimes life gets a little boring... the same things at the same time on the same day. Every once in awhile you just have to go off the rails, get a little nuts, what's wrong with that? I mean people do it all the time. Remember the Millers? They used to go on singles cruises together, but they'd pretend they didn't know each other, then he'd pretend he was picking her up!

SARAH

They're divorced now.

BRANDON

Yes, but very amicably.

SARAH

She took the house

BRANDON

He never liked it.

SARAH

She took the kids.

BRANDON

They never liked *him*.

SARAH

Be serious! We're sitting here in a strange motel in the middle of the afternoon! I feel cheap... I feel like a trollop!

BRANDON

(laughing)

Trollop!?

SARAH

Well, it didn't sound as bad as "lady of the evening".

BRANDON

Aha! But you can't be a "lady of the evening" because it's the middle of the afternoon and there's nothing at all wrong with being a "lady of the middle of the afternoon".

SARAH

Fine, I'm a trollop in the middle of the afternoon, how is that better?

BRANDON

Well...

SARAH

And, I'm here in a no tell motel for carnal reasons!

BRANDON

"A trollop in a no tell motel for carnal reasons"! I don't see the problem.

SARAH

Of course you don't, you're a man. But it just doesn't feel right... this isn't me.

BRANDON

Do you think this will change how I feel about you?

SARAH

No. Well... I don't know. Maybe

BRANDON

Come on, you know how I feel about you and that's not going to change. You're a lovely, beautiful person. I know what you're like... I *love* what you're like. I know the type of person you are...a good loving person and you being here isn't going to change that. *(pause)* Besides, I'm here too.

SARAH

I know... but I mean *a motel* for god sake! It's just so...

BRANDON

Cheap, tawdry, tacky, tasteless and vulgar?

SARAH

Something like that, yes.

BRANDON

Isn't it great?

SARAH

(pauses... a little smile flickers across her lips)
Well... I guess, kind of....

BRANDON

See, now you're getting in the spirit!

SARAH;

Ohhhh, I don't know....I just don't know!!

BRANDON

Come on, take one for the team!!

SARAH

What?!!!

BRANDON

Oww..sorry! That was wrong! That was bad!! Very bad! Brandon bad, Brandon have big mouth... Brandon talk *then* think...

SARAH

(laughing)

That's the most sense you've made all day!

BRANDON

(pause) (gently)

What do you say?

SARAH

(pause)

Are you OK with this... with me?

BRANDON

Of course I am Sarah *(softly kisses her)* This is something we've needed for a long time.

SARAH

You know me... I've just never got all weird and freaky before.

BRANDON

Weird and freaky? Acting out sexual fantasies is not "weird and freaky". It's a perfectly acceptable form of physical expression between two people. And, it certainly does work.

SARAH

How would you know?

BRANDON

I don't really... not first hand anyway.

SARAH

Good!

BRANDON

Remember what I told you about the Cunninghams?

SARAH

(incredulous)

I can't believe they told you about their fantasies.

BRANDON

Well, *they* didn't....*he* did

SARAH

Figures.

BRANDON

But the point is, the Cunninghams are two perfectly normal people just like us, so if it worked for them and spiced things up a bit, why won't it work for us?

SARAH

She's pregnant.

BRANDON

Well, hopefully it won't work that well.

SARAH

It's not her husband's.

BRANDON

What?!

SARAH

The baby is not her husband's!

BRANDON

How do you know?

SARAH

What, you think women don't talk too?

BRANDON

About the men in their lives?

SARAH

You bet. *(pause)* You're worried now, aren't you?

BRANDON

A little.

SARAH

Good, it'll keep you on your toes.

BRANDON

So, what do you say about... never mind I don't want to know.

SARAH

Who says I'd tell you?

BRANDON

I shouldn't wander anywhere near that minefield should I...

SARAH

Nope!

BRANDON

OK, back to the Cunningham baby.

SARAH

Well, remember that fantasy they were going to act out about him being the Maytag repairman?

BRANDON

Yes

SARAH

One day her washer really did break down so she called a real repairman and the next thing you know, she's all sudsed up and on the spin cycle!

BRANDON

Where was her husband?

SARAH

Out renting a repairman's uniform.

BRANDON

Wow... If I were him, I'd be furious.

SARAH

Of course.

BRANDON

Maytags aren't supposed to break down!

SARAH

It just goes to show that sometimes these things can get out of hand and things can, well, ...get weird!

BRANDON

Things won't get weird with us.

SARAH

Well, what if things do get weird and I want to stop?

BRANDON

Just say "I don't want to do this anymore"

SARAH

But what if you think it's just part of the fantasy, what if you think I'm acting?

BRANDON

In that case say "I don't want to do this anymore and I'm not acting, I really mean I don't want to do this anymore and I'm not kidding, this is definitely not part of the fantasy"

SARAH

By the time I've finished saying that, we'll have finished doing whatever I didn't want to do in the first place.

BRANDON

(gives an evil laugh)

See, I just look stupid! *(Sarah swats him)* I'll tell you what. If one of us really wants to stop, we'll use a code word. Something like... ."banana"

SARAH

Banana?

BRANDON

Banana.

SARAH

Why banana?

BRANDON

I don't know, it's just a code word, a word that has nothing to do with what we're doing so I'll know you're serious.

SARAH

But what if "banana" does have something to do with what we're doing?

BRANDON

Now who's being weird?

SARAH
OK, OKbanana.

BRANDON
Or we can use another fruit... maybe something from an entirely different food group? Like “sirloin tip roast”.

SARAH
“Banana” is fine!

BRANDON
OK, banana it is.

SARAH
Yupbanana

BRANDON
Banana

SARAH
Banana

BRANDON
Well?

SARAH
Well?

BRANDON
(awkward pause)
So... are you OK with this?

SARAH
Your super seduction powers have convinced me to take one for the team!

BRANDON
Well... good! Then maybe we should get started.

SARAH
Yes! ...Started.

BRANDON
Let’s start then.

SARAH
I’m all set to start!

BRANDON

So, who's going to start.

SARAH

I don't know how to start, you start!

BRANDON

Where do you want to start?

SARAH

At the beginning.

BRANDON

At the beginning of what? I mean, you know, which one of us is doing what to the other one and....

SARAH

You mean, which fantasy should we start with?

BRANDON

Right! That's what I was about to say. Which one?

SARAH

I don't know, you pick one.

BRANDON

Well, which is your favourite?

SARAH

It doesn't matter.

BRANDON

Yes it does matter, I don't want to start with one you're not keen on. I don't want you yelling "banana" right off the bat.

SARAH

I like all of them. Each one has it's own unique titillation factor.

BRANDON

"Unique titillation factor"? I didn't realize you were a sexual scientistian.

SARAH

Scientician?

BRANDON

A little more than a technician and a little less than a scientist.

SARAH

Makes sense...

BRANDON

Never mind that, which one do you want to do.... “The Sex-Starved Chambermaid”, “The Captain and the Scullery Wench” “The Lonely Cowboy”, “Oops I Have the Wrong Room” or “Wake Me When It’s Over”

SARAH

Wake Me When It’s Over?!

BRANDON

Ok, I just made the last one up...

SARAH

I certainly hope so... .but come to think of it, I could use a nice nap.

BRANDON

Sorry, but “Wake Me When It’s Over“ is suddenly unavailable.

SARAH

Just pick one!!!

BRANDON

All right, all right!! Let’s see, “Oops I Have the Wrong Room” might be fun.

SARAH

Fine, “Oops I Have the Wrong Room” Now, where do you want me to be when you come in?

BRANDON

Naked in bed would be nice.

SARAH

Not a chance! I’ll catch a rash.

BRANDON

You have to be naked in the bed, what’s the point of being in the bed if you’re not naked?

SARAH

Who says I have to be naked? You didn’t say anything about being naked before we start, especially in this (*with distain*) thing. After we get going I probably won’t care, but right now....no way.

BRANDON

Come on, you have to be naked at the start, that's what makes it titillating!! If you're not naked, we might as well play "Oops, I've Got the Wrong *Bus Stop*" or "Oops I've Got the Wrong *Confessional*"

SARAH

(clasping her hands over her ears)
Oh my God, don't mention confessional!!!!

BRANDON

Sorry, sorry!!!

SARAH

Like I don't have *enough* guilt about this! Great, now we're going to get hit by lightning!

BRANDON

That went out of style a long time ago. Besides, remember a priest stayed in this room so there's probably some priestly vibe left over.

SARAH

Ok, but I still don't want to get naked in that bed. Why can't I just pretend I'm cold?

BRANDON

And went to bed fully clothed.

SARAH

Sure.

BRANDON

Now that's just dumb.

SARAH

Lots of people do it with their clothes on.

BRANDON

Name one.

SARAH

Me, with you... today. I am not getting in this strange bed naked. I think I hear something hissing.

BRANDON

Actually it's more like "sizzling"... and that would be me.

SARAH

If you can't be serious, we'll just forget it!!

BRANDON

OK OK, you don't have to get naked... we'll just loosen your clothes a bit... somehow. Do you mind if I get naked?

SARAH

Do you have to?

BRANDON;

What's that supposed to mean?

SARAH

I mean, isn't that a bit strange...if you're naked but I'm not. What am I supposed to be doing while you're getting undressed?

BRANDON

I don't know!! Maybe you can just be staring at me, panting with desire.

SARAH

You mean like a dog?

BRANDON

No!! I mean like a woman who is expecting to have her every sexual desire fulfilled.

SARAH

Then why isn't she naked too?

BRANDON

What?

SARAH

Why isn't she naked too? If she were expecting that kind of gratification, that would be a very strong motivation to be totally naked.

BRANDON

You're asking me what your motivation is?

SARAH

Yes

BRANDON

You want to do "The Amorous Actress" instead?

SARAH

No.

BRANDON

Good, because I didn't bring my beret and there's no couch in here.

SARAH

Look, I've already told you I'm not getting naked, therefore I can't be panting like a dog or anything else. Why don't I just look at you with amusement.

BRANDON

Amusement! Is that your sexual fantasy, to laugh at me when I'm naked?

SARAH

You have to admit, they do look kinda funny...

BRANDON

I don't need to hear that.

SARAH

All weird and...

BRANDON

(interrupting) Fine!! Neither of us will be naked. We'll both keep our clothes on. We'll both fumble around like a couple of high school kids on their first date. You're not wearing pantyhose are you?

SARAH

No

BRANDON

Thank God for small mercies. Now, you lie on the bed and I'll...that is OK isn't it? You don't mind lying on the bed?

SARAH

No

BRANDON

Good. You lie on the bed, then I'll burst through the door, thinking it's my room.

SARAH

Why do you have to burst through the door?

BRANDON

Why not? It'll make me appear dangerous, virile, capable of anything!

SARAH

Then why don't you come in through the window?

BRANDON

Why would I come in through the window of my own room?

SARAH

Because you're virile?

BRANDON

If this is going to work, you have to be serious! Making a mockery of this does nothing to help my... my... "preparedness".

SARAH

Fine, burst through the door if you want. But be careful, you don't want to damage your "preparedness".

BRANDON

Alright, let me know when you're ready. *(leaves and closes door)*

SARAH

(experiments with several seductive poses on the bed before finding one she's happy with)

Ready!

VOICE (OF MANAGER)

(outside of room) What the hell's going on here?

BRANDON

(outside of room) Nothing!

SARAH

Oh my God!

VOICE (OF MANAGER)

This is a family motel! I didn't rent you this room so you could get all freaky....

SARAH

(panicky) Oh my God!!!

BRANDON

Freaky? There's nothing freaky going on!

VOICE (OF MANAGER)

Then why was someone sitting in your car with a coat over their head!

SARAH

(even more panicky) Oh my God!!!!!!

BRANDON

I can explain that...

VOICE (OF MANAGER)

Can you also explain skulking around out here trying to peek through the window?

BRANDON;

It's not what it looks like, I was just trying to see if she was in bed yet... .I mean if she was readyI mean

VOICE (OF MANAGER)

That's it, I'm calling the police!

SARAH

(she screams in panic)

VOICE (OF MANAGER)

What was that?!

(the Manager enters flowed by Brandon)

MANAGER

And who's this floozy?

SARAH

Floozy!?

BRANDON

My wife.

SARAH

What??

BRANDON

(flustered)

I mean, she's not a floozy, she's my wife.

MANAGER

(disbelieving)

Your wife.

BRANDON

Yes. My wife... who's not a floozy.

MANAGER

So why did she scream?

BRANDON

Maybe she saw a cockroach.

SARAH

Cockroach!?!??

MANAGER

No cockroaches, I manage a clean place!

SARAH

No, no, it's Ok, no cockroaches.... I just...ummm... dropped the Gideon Bible on my toe!

BRANDON

(picking up on it) Oh, the Bible!...yes!... The Bible! I hope you didn't lose our place...we haven't finished studying that passage yet!

SARAH

It's Ok, now we can.... have our prayer meeting.

BRANDON

Right! Then we can move on and study "original sin" *(SARAH winces)*

MANAGER

You sure you're okay?

SARAH

Yes...ummm... praise the Lord!

BRANDON

Praise the Lord!!

MANAGER

You'd better not be selling anything.

BRANDON

What would I be selling?

MANAGER

That's what I'm wondering.

BRANDON

Not selling anything, not skulking

MANAGER

Better not be, 'cause if you are, you can just pack up and...Oh never mind, sorry to bother you folks, I'm a little touchy these days. And it's just that you never know what kind of creeps are around. Just last week I rented this very room to a priest. At least he told me he was a priest. He was dressed like a priest, but then when I saw him leaving, he had the ass cut out of his pants! Can you believe it? You two have a good day, if you need anything, I'll be in the office.

BRANDON

(as Manager is exiting)

May the force be with you my son!

(closes the door) The Bible??!!

SARAH

A floozy??!!

BRANDON

Prayer meeting??!!

SARAH

Original sin??!!

BRANDON

I thought I handled that very well.

SARAH

You??!!

BRANDON

Alright, we both handled it very well... now where were we?

SARAH

We were just getting ready to leave.

BRANDON

Oh come on Sarah, don't let that spoil everything.

SARAH

That "Priest" you saw was a weirdo!

BRANDON

I only saw him from the front!

SARAH

And that manager almost caught us in fragrant deliciousness!

BRANDON

(pause) You mean in flagrante delicto?

SARAH

Yes!

BRANDON

I like your version better.

SARAH

He's probably watching this room right now.

BRANDON

No he's not and why would he after you did such a masterful job of handling the situation?

SARAH

Oh, so now I handled it? I don't feel good..

BRANDON

Aw Sarah, don't give up now... you know how long we've been talking about this, planning this... .and "Ooops I've Got the Wrong Room", .well, you know that's your favourite.

SARAH

(softening) You're sure he's gone?

BRANDON

Absolutely *(looks out door)* You can't even see this room from his office.

SARAH

OK... .but if you see him, yell "Banana" three times.

BRANDON

Sure, I'll do that right before the nice men in the white van come and take me away. *(leaves)*

SARAH

Don't come in until I say ready! *(again tries various seductive poses before finding one she likes)* Ready!

(we hear a Tarzan yell from outside)

SARAH

What was that?!

BRANDON

(sticking his head in the door)
My mating call!

SARAH

What am I, an orangutan?

BRANDON

Sorry, sorry! Let's start again. *(goes back outside)*

SARAH

(arranges herself on the bed again)
Ready!

(BRANDON bursts into the room... not wearing pants)

SARAH

(bursts into laughter and tries several times to say "banana" but is unable to as she is laughing so hard).

BRANDON

What? What?

SARAH

What happened to your pants?

BRANDON

I'm improvising!

SARAH

(still laughing) Improvising! Nobody improvises with their pants off. Once you get your pants off, you're supposed to know what you're doing.

BRANDON

It shows I'm unpredictable, it shows I'm capable of anything!

SARAH

It shows you're capable of getting arrested for hanging around outside a motel room in your boxers. Besides, why would you come bursting into your own motel room without your pants?

BRANDON

Because....because.....oh never mind. Let's start again. Let me know when you're ready. *(leaves)*

SARAH

(strikes her seductive pose) Are you wearing your pants?

BRANDON

Yes!

SARAH

On your head?

BRANDON

No!

SARAH

Just checking. *(adjusts pose)* Ready!

(Brandon bursts in. During the fantasy the acting gets very bad)

BRANDON

Oh no... who are you?

SARAH

(coily) Who are *you*.....stranger?

BRANDON

I just came bursting into my room, expecting to find it empty, just as I left it. . But yikes!, here *you* are, beautiful stranger.

SARAH

Well I do declare, I must be in the wrong room, is this room 277?

BRANDON

No, this is room 118. *(pause, SARAH doesn't move)* But wait, don't go!

SARAH

Whatever do you mean?

BRANDON

I mean.....wait, don't go!

SARAH

Who are you?

BRANDON

(takes out his wallet and removes a card, hands it to Sarah then places his wallet on the bedside table. He leaves it there.) Allow me to introduce myself fair lady.

SARAH

(reading card) Oooh "Lance McLusty!! Have Lance, will travel"! *(seductively puts the card down her top)* How foolish of me to wander helplessly into your boudoir and to lie here, totally naked under my clothes! Whatever could you have in mind for poor little defenseless me?

BRANDON

I have delights by the pantsfull for you!

SARAH

Oooooo! Whatever do you mean?

BRANDON

You can be my love slut!

SARAH

(yells) Banana!

BRANDON

What!!

SARAH

Banana, banana, banana!

BRANDON

Why, what's wrong?

SARAH

Love slut?...love *slut*!

BRANDON

But...

SARAH

Where did that come from?

BRANDON

But, but...

SARAH

Is that what you think of me... a love slut? Just because I come to a motel with you in the middle of the day I deserve to be called a love slut? I knew it, I'm a trollop!

BRANDON

No you're not, I wasn't calling *you* a love slut, I was calling your *character* a love slut!

SARAH

Don't give me any of that artsy fartsy baloney! That was *me* lying on the bed and it was *me* you called a slut!

BRANDON

LOVE slut... .there's a difference

SARAH

Which is... ..

BRANDON

Well, it's a kind of good slut, bad slut kind of thing. And you, I mean your *character* is a good slut...you know (*fumbling as only a man in trouble can*) In The Wizard of Oz... the wicked witch of the west and the good witch of the north are both witches, but one is good and one is bad and...

SARAH

Staying with the "Wizard of Oz" metaphor... which one of us is lacking a brain?

BRANDON

Alright, alright, I'm sorry. It won't happen again. And "Lance McLusty"? Where did that come from?

SARAH

I just made it up.

BRANDON

"Lance McLusty" OK... I kinda like it. We'll keep it.

SARAH

I figured you would. Look, this isn't working, why don't we switch roles. I'll be the one who comes into the room.

BRANDON

Fine...as long as I can still be Lance!

SARAH

You can be whomever you want... but no more insults.

BRANDON.

Actually, it was more of a compliment.

SARAH

Typical man. Okay, this time, I'll be the one who discovers you in my room, but I'm not "bursting" in.

BRANDON

It's your call, you can slide down a brass pole if you want....

SARAH

Ohhh, do you want to do a fireman fantasy?

BRANDON

That's not the type of brass pole I meant.

SARAH

Brandon!

BRANDON

Sorry.

SARAH

What did I tell you?

BRANDON

Sorry, just trying to get in the spirit, that's all.

SARAH

I think you're enough "in the spirit" already. Okay, I'll go outside, you let me know when you're ready. *(leaves)*

Brandon gets under the covers and it's obvious he's taking off his pants and shorts.

SARAH

(from behind the closed door)

Hurry up before somebody sees me!!!

BRANDON

Just a second, I'm getting ready!

SARAH

You're a man! How ready do you need to be?

BRANDON

Ok... ready!!

SARAH

(entering) Oh my, what's this handsome stranger doing in my room? The room I thought was empty save for my personal unmentionables?? Wait! Can it be?? Are you Lance McLusty!!

BRANDON

None other, you lucky woman! Or, you can call me... Sir Lance-a-lot!

(BRANDON lifts up the covers so she can see he's naked from the waist down)

SARAH

Oh my God!!

BRANDON

Is that a bad “Oh my God” or a good “Oh my God”?

SARAH

What do you think you’re doing!

BRANDON

(pause) Is this your way of saying “banana”?

SARAH

Are you out of your mind? You can’t just throw that out there like that! You have to work up to it.

BRANDON

But I was just cutting to the chase.

SARAH

But we don’t want to “cut to the chase”! The whole idea is *not* to “cut to the chase”! I’m not continuing until you put your pants on!

BRANDON

You mean, we can’t have sex...

SARAH

Make love.

BRANDON

We can’t make love until I put my pants on? Seems a little counter-intuitive...

SARAH

Pants!

BRANDON

Alright, alright. *(puts his pants back on)*.

SARAH

What were you thinking?

BRANDON;

What do you mean “what was I thinking”? We come here to have... make love, and you won’t do it because I don’t have any pants on... what kind of sense does that make? If we went out for dinner, would you leave because the meal arrived?

SARAH

The “meal”?

BRANDON

Forget I said that. And I'm sorry if I frightened you.

SARAH

You didn't frighten me.

BRANDON

Not even a little bit?

SARAH

It was just unexpected, that's all.

BRANDON

You mean you expected to make love, and you didn't expect me to take my pants off?

SARAH

Yes... I mean noI mean yes! ...*(sits on bed dejectedly)* Oh Brandon...

BRANDON

This isn't how it was supposed to go. Why aren't we rolling around getting all hot 'n happy? Why is it suddenly so complicated? Why do I still have my socks on?

SARAH

What's wrong with us?

BRANDON

I don't know. This isn't at all like I imagined it would be. I know, maybe jumping right into the fantasy isn't the right approach, maybe we should just start slowly and work up to the fantasy... start out normal and then get all freak... I mean... interesting.

SARAH

You mean a pre fantasy warm up.

BRANDON

Right!

SARAH

Why don't we throw in a seventh inning stretch while we're at it?

BRANDON

Look, we're behaving like a couple of goofy kids here. Why don't we just do it!

SARAH;

You're right.

BRANDON

Just get down to business.

SARAH

Dive right in!

BRANDON

Alright, no more fooling around. Just raw animal passion, exactly what we came here for!

SARAH

Yes!!

(BRANDON stands up right in front of SARAH who is sitting on the bed, her eyes at his crotch level, and he starts to undo his pants)

BRANDON

Alright, get ready baby! Here it comes, this is the real deal!
Keep your eyes on the prize! It's time to unleash the giant... *(SARAH dissolves into laughter.)*
What!? What now?

SARAH

(she is laughing so hard she can barely get the words out)

Sorry, sorry, sorry!

BRANDON

What... what??

SARAH

All I can think of is "banana"! You're going to unleash the giant banana!

BRANDON

OK! Great! Hold that thought! That's not altogether bad!

SARAH

(laughing)

You're right... it's got "a-peel"!!!

BRANDON

(sitting down) This isn't working, this isn't working at all.

SARAH

(trying to control herself)

I'm sorry! Really I am... come on, let's start again

BRANDON

No. It was a dumb idea to come here, it was a dumb idea to do the whole fantasy thing, it was just dumb all the way around.

SARAH

No Brandon, it's not dumb! I love that you wanted to do this with me! I'm sorry I started laughing, I'm sorry I thought of "Banana" when you undid your pants. *(pause)* Could be worse. The code word could be "acorn"! *(Brandon reacts)* Sorry! I just feel a little nervous being here, that's all. I'll be serious... I promise! Why don't we try something else... .how about "The Captain and the Scullery Wench"?

BRANDON

You'd just laugh again

SARAH

(stifling a laugh) Probably

BRANDON

And laughter isn't all that good for the male sexual ego.

SARAH

No, I'd imagine it isn't

BRANDON

Then why are you laughing now?

SARAH

I'm not, I'm snickering

BRANDON

You mean like the chocolate bar?

SARAH

What?

BRANDON

You know... .snickers.....

SARAH

(pause)

That's really bad Brandon.

BRANDON

I know. Oh Sarah, I thought this would liven things up a bit for us, but we just can't seem to get it together like two adults. You'd think we'd never had sex before.

SARAH

Not with each other.

BRANDON

True.

SARAH

I thought it would be a lot easier than this..

BRANDON

Me too.

SARAH

I thought it would be fireworks and ecstasy.

BRANDON

But instead, it's bananas and bad jokes.

SARAH

I really want to Brandon, you know that don't you?

BRANDON

I know Sarah, I know.

SARAH

I've wanted to for a long time... I've always thought you were incredibly sexy.

BRANDON

Really?

SARAH

Yes, in a kind of earthy, everyman way.

BRANDON

Everyman?

SARAH

Not in a Marlboro man way, an "everyman" way.

BRANDON

Good, the Marlboro man is dead.

SARAH

I know. Cigarettes killed him.

BRANDON

Ironic huh? That's like the Tidy Bowl man drowning.

SARAH

Sort of.

BRANDON

What's so sexy about me?

SARAH

(smiling)

Fishing?

BRANDON

Maybe!

SARAH

I don't know, you're kinda quirky, kinda vulnerable You're just... unusual. I find that attractive. I even remember the first time I saw you.

BRANDON

Oh?

SARAH

It was shortly after Frank and I moved next door. You and Sheila were in the back yard and you were barbecuing. Suddenly the barbecue flared up and set your "Kiss the Cook" apron on fire.

BRANDON

You found that sexy?

SARAH

Not until you started running back and forth through the sprinkler to put it out. Most people would have just taken it off and stepped on it, but there you were running back and forth through the sprinkler, a package of wieners in one hand and a barbecue fork in the other yelling "911!!! 911!!!" I might have actually called if I hadn't been laughing so hard.

BRANDON

I'm glad my near death experience amused you.

SARAH

I'll admit...it did.

BRANDON

I heard you laughing. I remember thinking, after I had put myself out, that it was the prettiest

laugh I had ever heard in my life. I also wondered why you were laughing while I was dying.

SARAH

My laugh is pretty?

BRANDON

Yeah

SARAH

Really? Frank says it's nasal.

BRANDON

No it's a very sexy laugh. Frank doesn't know laughs.

SARAH

Thank you

BRANDON

After the barbecue incident, Sheila told me I was a klutz.

SARAH

She was right.

BRANDON

Oh

SARAH

But, a sexy klutz.

BRANDON

I used to sneak peeks at you while you were sunbathing.

SARAH

That's creepy

BRANDON

Take it as a compliment.

SARAH

Ok

BRANDON

Remember just after you moved in Frank was fixing the deck, and I came over to help him?

SARAH

Yes

BRANDON

I didn't give a damn about the deck or helping Frank, I just wanted to meet you.

SARAH

It's getting creepy again.

BRANDON

I'm a klutz, remember? It's the only way I could think to meet you. Asking for a cup of sugar would have looked suspicious, and I didn't know how to just lean over the fence and say hello. It was just an excuse to see you.

SARAH

So, when you almost nailed your foot to the deck with the air gun it was because...

BRANDON

(finishes her sentence) I was looking at you.

SARAH

You are a klutz.

BRANDON

Thank you... I think.

SARAH

(pause)

What colour was the grass on my side of the fence?

BRANDON

A little greener than on mine.

SARAH

Funny, I noticed the same thing from my side. Must have been a trick of the light.

BRANDON

Must have been.

SARAH.

(pause)

You know, I do love Frank. It sounds a little incongruous to say that while I'm sitting with you on a motel bed... but I do.

BRANDON

You don't have to explain it to me.

SARAH

What made you start telling me about your fantasies?

BRANDON

What made you listen?

SARAH

I thought it was harmless.

BRANDON

I thought it was harmless to tell you. At least I did after two gin and tonics and a Black Russian.

SARAH

(smiling)

It took three white wines to tell you mine. Have you ever told Sheila about the “The Lonely Cowboy” or “Ooops I Have the Wrong Room”?

BRANDON

Nope. I’ll bet Frank doesn’t know about the “Captain and the Scullery wench” does he?

SARAH

No, I just never thought to tell him.

BRANDON

Never thought to or never had the courage to?

SARAH

He wouldn’t understand. He’d think I’d gone weird or something.

BRANDON

Sheila wouldn’t understand either.

SARAH

You know for sure?

BRANDON

(pause)

No. Not for sure. I just assumed...

SARAH

(pause)

Hmmm

BRANDON

And Frank...do you know or assume?

SARAH

Assume.

BRANDON

You know that whole thing about “assume”, how it makes an “ass”....

SARAH

(with a bit of a laugh)

Yes, yes I know, that’s just stupid.

BRANDON

Like I’m feeling right now.

SARAH

Why do you feel stupid?

BRANDON

Why? Because I made an idiot out of myself. I came to this motel, I took my pants off, I almost did something we’d both regret. I think that qualifies for stupid.

SARAH

Count me in too.

BRANDON

What did that guy in the movie say?....”stupid is as stupid does”?

SARAH

What the hell does that mean?

BRANDON

I’m not really sure.

SARAH

I think there was also something in there about not eating other peoples’ boxes of chocolates, or something like that. Good thing I didn’t get naked in the bed huh?

BRANDON

Yeah. Oh... and, uhh... sorry about subjecting you to the no pants thing.

SARAH

It was nothing *(Brandon shoots her a look)* I mean, *that* wasn’t nothing, that was... well... oh never mind!

BRANDON

Maybe we should go?

SARAH

That’s probably the best idea.

BRANDON

I'm not giving up on this whole fantasy idea. I bet I can sell it to Sheila.

SARAH

Fantasies do have a way of working out, the Cunningham's' washing machine has never run better!

BRANDON;

And Frank?

SARAH

How does the "The Lonely Cowboy" go again?

BRANDON

(drawling)

Well, ya gotta talk like this, and *(walking bowlegged)* ya gotta walk like this and it helps if you smell like yer horse.

SARAH

And you've tried this?

BRANDON

No actually, it's still all theory, there may be a few bugs to be worked out.

SARAH

Like the horse smell?

BRANDON

That's why he's lonely.

SARAH

Maybe I'd better shelve that fantasy.

BRANDON

How about the "Captain and the Scullery Wench"

SARAH

That one involves a lot of hot soapy water!

BRANDON

And a bottle of rum?

SARAH

A distinct possibility!

BRANDON

A loofah sponge?

SARAH

Of course!

BRANDON

Sexy pirate limericks?

SARAH

You bet!

BRANDON

(pause) (smiles at SARAH)

Lucky Frank.

SARAH

(pause) (smiles at Brandon)

Yeah.

(pause) (BRANDON picks up phone from bedside table and hands it to SARAH. She looks at the phone, then looks at BRANDON, smiles at him and dials a number.)

SARAH

Hi hon, it's me.....Oh nothing, I just wondered if you want to meet me for a date after work. ...I found a little place called "The Bird of Paradise". It's a... a motel. Why?...oh I thought it might be nice to, you know, try something a little different... maybe a little ummm... kinky?
.....Really? Oh Frank, aren't you just the little love slut?

BRANDON

(stage whisper)

Hey that's mine!!

SARAH

Love slut? Oh, just a little something I came up with. Thought it might spice things up a little... *(Brandon rolls his eyes)* Oh by the way hon... just out of curiosity... could you see me as a half dressed scullery wench? Ohhh... really?? Oh Frank!! Can you meet me at The Bird of Paradise as soon as you're finished? Now!? You're leaving right now? Aren't *you* anxious! ... Room 118....of course I've already rented it! I'm your saucy little vixen! Never mind... you'll see when you get here!

(BRANDON smiles, kisses SARAH on the forehead and exits)

See you soon lover... room 118!

VOICE (OF MANAGER)

(offstage)

Well well well, if it isn't the motel room Billy Graham.

BRANDON

(offstage)

Hallelujah!

VOICE (OF MANAGER)

So... how was your “prayer meeting”?

BRANDON

We’re all finished

VOICE (OF MANAGER)

Good.

BRANDON

Yes, praise the Lord it was a divine experience! In fact, I just finished the “laying on of hands”!

(Sarah winces)

VOICE (OF MANAGER)

What!!

Lights down

END OF ACT 1