

SAD HOTEL by David Foley

excerpt

KIT: Time for that nightcap, boys.

TOM: Frankie's tired.

FRANK: I'll join you for a drink, Kit.

[FRANK gets some ice, while KIT returns to the sofa and starts slopping bourbon into glasses. She stops mid-pour.]

KIT: You know how I feel tonight, boys? Euphoric! Helium high! *[continues pouring]*
It's just being with you— has restored my— You're a haven! That's what you are! A haven! From the rough, unfriendly world! I could stay here forever!

TOM: Forever, baby?

KIT: And why not? I'll earn my keep. I'll mend your socks and cook your meals. Tuck you in at night. It'll be just like that play.

TOM: What play?

KIT: You know. Peter Pan.

TOM: Peter Pan?

KIT: Yeeeee! Remember? The Lost Boys want a mother, and Peter brings Wendy to them, and she's in her nightgown, *[She stands up and holds out her nightgown]* and they make her their mother.

TOM: You are helium high, baby.

KIT: *[raising her glass wildly]* A toast! A toast! A toast to—to what?

TOM: To Tinkerbelle.

KIT: That's you, baby.

TOM: Naw, I'm Captain Hook. Pursued by a crocodile with a clock in its belly.

KIT: *[dubiously]* Well, I'm not toasting that.

TOM: No crocs with clocks?

KIT: No. Nooooo! A real toast! To us! To friends! For what else do we have in this rough, unfriendly— We only have each other. Just three little children, lost and puzzled in an alien world...

TOM: Don't you mean four, Kit?

KIT: Four?

TOM: I hope you haven't forgotten your little friend.

KIT: *[puzzled]* My friend...?

TOM: El muchacho.

KIT: El mu...? Is he still here?

TOM: You forgot to pay him.

KIT: *[rousing herself irritably]* We gave him dinner. Didn't we buy him a sandwich or something?

TOM: He was insufficiently grateful.

KIT: *[petulantly]* My pockabook's upstairs.

TOM: It's all right. I paid him.

KIT: Then what's he doing here still?

TOM: Perhaps he wanted to say good-bye.

KIT: *[shouting over the back of the sofa]* Hey! *[to them]* What's his name?

FRANK: It's Pedro, Kit. For Christ's sake, Pedro.

KIT: I can't remember these foreign names. Hey, Pedro! *[PEDRO appears on the deck.]* We're done with you. You can go.

TOM: *[rising]* The fabled graciousness of a southern lady.

KIT: Fabled my ass.

TOM: Offer him a drink, Kit. We've kept him all day.

KIT: *[pause, then reluctantly]* Wanna drink?

PEDRO: *[offering her his empty bottle]* Another beer, please.

KIT: *[turning away from him irritably]* Frankie, get the boy a beer.

[FRANK takes the bottle from PEDRO, goes to kitchen for a beer.]

TOM: Sit down. Join the party. We're up all night here, aren't we, Kitters? We're having fun, fun, fun.

KIT: *[sulkily]* We were.

TOM: The more, the merrier, that's what I say. Don't you want your friend to join us?

KIT: Oh, stow it, baby. You think I don't know this story? I know this story. I wrote it.
[to PEDRO] You may as well sit down. I mean, you're in for it now.

FRANK: *[brusquely; shoving his glass at her]* Kit, pour me a drink.

KIT: *[pouring]* So now we have to find out a-a-all about our friend... Pedro here. See, I know his name. So whaddaya do?

PEDRO: I—

TOM: Pedro here is an entrepreneur, a small time businessman.

KIT: What's your specialty?

PEDRO: I—

TOM: Whatever comes up. He seizes his opportunities.

KIT: *[cackles]* Or they seize him.

TOM: Kit, you are showing insufficient respect for the pluck and vigor that made this country great. What is America but a great and vibrant marketplace where those who need can buy and those who got can sell?

KIT: What are you selling, baby?

TOM: I'm buying, sugar. I got nothing left to sell.

KIT: Then what are you buying.

TOM: Time.

KIT: Can't.

TOM: Then things to fill time with. Next best thing.

KIT: Like what?

TOM: *[to PEDRO]* Supposin' I was in the market for some sort of personal assistant.

KIT: How personal?

TOM: A houseboy, say. I have one, but he's grown tired of the job.

FRANK: Jesus.

KIT: Who has? Not Frankie.

TOM: He dreams of retirement.

KIT: You're not gonna retire, are ya, Frankie?

FRANK: Kit...

TOM: He dreams of a little island, far away from the bustle and bruise of the crowd, where the palm trees sway against a cerulean sky and he breakfasts on coconuts that drop into the sugar-white sand.

KIT: Sounds nice.

TOM: So I need a replacement. Interested?

KIT: Oh-ho-ho! Not so fast. Give him a job description. Shit, honey, let him know what he's in for.

FRANK: Can we stop this?

TOM: In for? What can you mean? A beautiful home. Travel opportunities. The most exalted company [*indicates KIT*]. And all the liquor and pills you can rightfully get down.

KIT: Oh no! Oh no! Tell him the rest. What would he have to do?

PEDRO: [*smiling*] Yes, I'd need to know my.... duties.

KIT: See? He's no fool. [*to PEDRO*] Don't let him hornswoggle you.

TOM: Do? Do? What would he do? The beauty of this job is that it requires, in fact demands, that you do nothing at all. Absolutely nothing.

KIT: Ohhhhh, now! You tell 'im, Frankie.

FRANK: [*to TOM*] Can we stop this? Now?

TOM: Stop what?