SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

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SF PERUSALS

Perfect Wedding

A Comedy in Two Acts

Robin Hawdon

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

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www.SamuelFrench.com
www.SamuelFrench-London.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Info@SamuelFrench.com
1-866-598-8449

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE
Theatre@SamuelFrench-London.co.uk
020-7255-4302

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Our 63rd Season *August 19 thru August 31*

PENINSULA PLAYERS
theatre in a garden

James B. McKenzie, Executive Producer

presents



by Robin Hawdon

featuring
(in alphabetical order)
McKinley Carter, Steve Hinger*, Alan Kopischke*, Leisa Mather*, Bradley Mott*, Susan Osborne-Mott*, and Julie Pearl

Directed by Amy McKenzie

* Indicates performers and stage managers who are members of Actors' Equity Association, the union of Professional Actors and Stage Managers.

Production Stage Manager - Kevin Casey*
Assistant Stage Manager - Jennifer Barclay
Scenic Designer - Betsy Leonard
Costume Designer - Kärin Simonson Kopischke
Properties/Sound Designer - Galen Ramsey
Lighting Designer - Steve White

This play is supported in part by the Wisconsin Arts Board with funds from the State of Wisconsin.

CHARACTERS

RACHEL, the bride (20s, always in command)
BILL, the groom (20s, rarely in command)
TOM, the best man (20s, solid, dependable)
JUDY, a girl (20s, very attractive)
JULIE, a chambermaid (20s, kooky, volatile)
DAPHNE, the bride's mother (40s, emotional)

NOTE: This published text has the play's original English setting. However producers in the U.S.A. may wish to relocate the play in America, as has been done with a number of professional productions. This simply entails changing the odd place name (i.e. New York/Los Angeles for London), and altering any specifically English phraseology. The author has no objection to this.

SETTING

The honeymoon suite of a gracious period country-house hotel somewhere in the country outside London. Traditional chintz, William Morris, antiques and framed rural prints. We can see the two main rooms. Stage right the reception room. A sofa is the main piece of furniture. A large bay window in the right hand wall gives a glimpse of a village green and church. Upstage a door to the passage. Center stage a token 'wall' with a connection door in the upstage portion which leads to the bedroom. An ornate double bed upstage left, facing downstage, possibly at an angle. A dressing table to the left of it. Another passage door upstage to the right of the bed, mirroring the one in the reception room. A door downstage left to an off-stage en-suite bathroom. Sunshine, birdsong, and traditional English village sounds.

PERFECT WEDDING

ACT I

(Morning. BILL lies asleep in the double bed. He stirs, awakes gradually, groans, and sits up. He looks awful. As his senses return he frowns blearily round, trying to remember where he is. Becomes aware of a hump under the duvet. Prods it speculatively. It murmurs and moves. He recoils in astonishment. Cautiously lifts the edge of the duvet and peers under. Hastily replaces it and thinks frantically.)

BILL. Oh, God! *(Pause.)* Oh my God! *(Pause.)* Oh my *God!*

(Steals another look. The figure stirs again, and a tousled female head appears form under the duvet. It peers sleepily round, then sees BILL.)

GIRL. Hello.
BILL. Who are you?
GIRL. Oh, charming. Thanks.
BILL. Do I know you?
GIRL. That's really nice. That's very flattering.
BILL. I'm very sorry, but I... *(Holds his head.)* it's my head.
GIRL. What's wrong with it?

BILL. It doesn't seem to be working very well.

GIRL. Yes, well—you did give it quite a bash.

BILL. When?

GIRL. When you fell off your bar stool.

BILL. Was I that drunk?

GIRL. Yes.

BILL. Have you been there all night?

GIRL. I think so.

BILL. *(Closing his eyes.)* What have I done?

GIRL. You really know how to make a girl feel wanted.

BILL. No, you don't understand, I... The point is, today's my... *(Lost for words.)* Oh, my God! Tell me, did we er... ?

GIRL. What?

BILL. Last night... did we... ?

GIRL. You don't remember?

BILL. Well... I'm not sure.

GIRL. *(Quite upset now.)* This gets better and better.

BILL. *(Looks at her.)* But perhaps I do... *(Thinks.)* Yes, I think I do...

GIRL. Make up your mind.

BILL. *(Definite.)* I do. *(In despair.)* Oh my God.

GIRL. You're a real charmer, d'you know that?

BILL. I'm sorry. I'm not very good with alcohol...

GIRL. What are you good with?

BILL. Not a lot really.

(BILL looks under the bedclothes to see if they are wearing anything.)

GIRL. Hey!

BILL. *(Fishing down the bed for his underpants.)* I really am sorry—I don't mean to be insulting...

GIRL. Well you are!

BILL. *(Pulling on his pants under the duvet.)* It's not that... *(Sincere.)* It was wonderful.

GIRL. Thank you.

BILL. But the point is...

GIRL. What?

BILL. I'm getting married.

GIRL. I know.

BILL. Today!

GIRL. I know.

BILL. You know?

GIRL. Yes.

BILL. Well don't you see? This is appalling!

GIRL. I suppose it is, but...

BILL. But what?

GIRL. It happened. I mean, I know it shouldn't have... it's my fault as much as yours... but it happened.

BILL. What am I going to do?

GIRL. Well, I won't tell if you don't.

BILL. Yes, but... *(Has a sudden thought.)* Where are we?

GIRL. The hotel.

BILL. I know, but which room?

GIRL. Um... *(Looks around.)* Looks like the honeymoon suite.

BILL. Oh my God! *(In a panic tries to get out of bed, taking the duvet with him. She squeals and grabs it back. He takes the counterpane instead and wraps it round himself.)* What am I doing here? I shouldn't *be* here! This is booked for tonight. My wedding night. How did I get here?

GIRL. Well, you were *very* drunk.

BILL. I was supposed to have another room, not this one. Not until... *(Shouts.)* Oh, my God!!

GIRL. I do wish you'd stop saying that.

BILL. What's the time?

GIRL *(Peering at her watch.)* Nearly half past nine.

BILL. Rachel! Rachel's coming here!

GIRL. Rachel?

BILL. My fiancee! We booked the suite for today!

GIRL. I thought you booked it for tonight?

BILL. We booked it for today too, so she could change here for the service.

GIRL. Oh my God!

BILL. She'll be here any moment!

GIRL. Why couldn't she dress at home like everyone else?

BILL. It's too far away. There are too many people there. This is disaster! *(Rushes about in the counterpane.)* You must go! You must get out before she gets here! *(She gets out of bed with the duvet wrapped round her. Hurries to collect her scattered clothes.)* Look at the state of this room! *(Picks up the telephone.)* Room service? Can you send someone to do this room, please? As soon as possible! *(Slams the phone down. The door to the reception room next door opens, and TOM appears. He is dressed in a wedding suit, and carries some envelopes and a glass of something fizzy. BILL is helping the GIRL collect her clothes.)* Quickly! Get dressed! She'll be arriving any moment—probably with her bloody mother!

GIRL. All right. Don't panic, don't panic!

TOM. *(Calling.)* Hello!

GIRL. *(Squealing.)* Ahhh!

BILL. Don't panic, don't panic! *(TOM puts the envelopes on a table, and tries the bedroom door handle. It is locked. They freeze. He knocks. BILL is galvanized into action again.)* Quick! *(Tries the door to the passage.)* It's locked! Into the bathroom! Get dressed in there! *(Pushes her towards the bathroom. Stops at the doorway.)* Listen—if you meet anyone, you're the chamber-maid. Do you understand? The chamber-maid! *(She nods. He thrusts her into the bathroom and hurls her remaining clothes after her. Closes the door. Has a thought and opens it again.)* By the way... who *are* you? *(He has to duck as a toilet brush flies out of the bathroom. Closes the door hurriedly. Another knock from TOM. BILL goes to the other side of the connecting door.)* Who is it?

TOM. Tom.

BILL. Oh, thank God! *(Unlocks the door and opens it.)* Tom—I'm so glad it's you!

TOM. What are you doing here? You're supposed to be in the room across the passage.

BILL. I know. I must have been so drunk last night I got the wrong one. We've booked this one too, you see.

TOM. You don't have to tell me, old son. I did the booking. You look dreadful!

BILL. Yes, well... *(Feeling his head.)* I nearly knocked my head off at some at some stage.

TOM. It was quite an evening. Here's some Alka Seltzer.

BILL. Oh, thank you.

(BILL downs the Alka Seltzer gratefully.)

TOM. I should move if I were you though. Rachel's on her way.

BILL. I know.

TOM. She won't be too pleased to find you sullying her bridal suite prematurely.

BILL. It's worse than you think, Tom.

TOM. What is?

BILL. Tell me—what happened last night?

TOM. What do you mean?

BILL. After our stag night. Where did I go?

TOM. To bed like the rest of us, I presume. You weren't in any condition to do much else.

BILL. Did I ... did I meet anyone?

TOM. Meet anyone?

BILL. I mean... were there any girls around?

TOM. It was a stag night. You don't have girls around on the night before you get married.

BILL. I know, but... Tom, something terrible's happened.

TOM . What? What's the matter?

BILL. I woke up this morning... with a girl beside me.

TOM. Beside you where?

BILL. In bed!

TOM. This bed?

BILL. Yes.

TOM. *(Grinning.)* You jammy bugger!

BILL. No, no—you don't understand.

TOM. I think I do.

BILL. You don't! I don't know who she was!

TOM. You don't know?

BILL. No. I just woke up—with a bump on my head and one hell of a hangover... and there she was.

TOM. In the bed?

BILL. In the bed.

TOM. Wearing what?

BILL. Nothing.

TOM. Well, I've heard of imaginative wedding presents, but that beats them all.

BILL. Where did she come from, Tom?

TOM. Don't ask me, my friend.

BILL. You were here!

TOM. I was as drunk as you were. I staggered off home, and the last I saw you were singing 'You Give Me Fever' to the night porter as he helped you up the stairs.

BILL. I don't understand. How did I find her?

TOM. Room service? *(BILL just looks at him.)* Where is she now?

BILL. Getting dressed in the bathroom.

TOM. Is she pretty?

BILL. Very, but that's not the point!

TOM. It is if you, er... *Did* you, er...

BILL. That's the worst of it. I think we did.

TOM. You think? Don't you remember?

BILL. It's all a bit of a dream.

TOM. God, Bill, you're a case! You have a girl handed to you on a plate and you can't even remember what you did with her!

BILL. Tom, that's not the point. She shouldn't have been here! I'm getting married! To Rachel! *(Points to the window.)* In that church over there, in two hours time!

TOM. I realize that, old son. I am your best man.

BILL. Those fancy-free days are over. I'm going to be a respectable married man.

TOM. Look on it as your last fling.

BILL. It will be if Rachel finds out. *(Paces about.)* God she's right, I'm hopeless. I can't even get my wedding day right. *(Stops.)* How soon will she be here?

TOM. Any moment. *(Takes a mobile phone from his pocket.)* She rang me this morning on my mobile phone...

BILL. Do you two take those damn things everywhere?

TOM. ... to ask if I was awake, which I wasn't, and had I got everything ready, which I hadn't, and did I know how you were, which I didn't...

BILL. Perhaps she'll phone in the wedding ceremony—that would solve all our problems.

TOM. No such luck—I'm under pain of death to see everything's ready for her. Just as well I got here first, eh?

BILL. This is dreadful!

TOM. I knew it was a mistake to have the stag-night and the reception *and* the honeymoon night all in the same place.

BILL. It's the only decent hotel for miles—what else could we do? Look, we must get her out of here. *(Hurries to the bathroom door, and knocks. TOM sees the toilet brush and picks it up.)* Are you nearly ready? *(No response.)* Hello? Are you there?

TOM. What's her name?

BILL. I don't know.

TOM. You didn't even introduce yourselves?

BILL. I can't remember.

TOM. *(Holds up the toilet brush.)* Can you remember what you used this for?

(BILL grabs it from him and turns back to the door.)

BILL. Excuse me, you must leave. My fiancee's going to be here any moment! *(Silence from the bathroom.)* What's she doing?

TOM. Perhaps she's passed out. Was she as drunk as you?

BILL. No. At least she remembered more than I did. *(Knocks*

on the door again.) Hello. *(Silence.)* Oh God—this is unbelievable! *(Points at the doors to the landing and to the other room.)* Lock those doors!

TOM. Why?

BILL. In case Rachel turns up!

TOM. *(Locking the connecting door.)* You'd better stop wandering around like Buddha and get dressed.

BILL. *(Hastily pulling on his clothes.)* Where did she come from, Tom, that's what I want to know? Who is she?

TOM. I don't know, but now's not the time to worry about it. *(Trying the door to the landing.)* This door's already locked.

BILL. *(Frantically struggling with his trousers.)* Oh God yes! That means there's only one way out. We must get her out of here! *(Hops to the bathroom door, and hammers on it.)* Please, please! You must come out. She'll be here any second!

(Still no sign from the bathroom.)

TOM. What did you *do* to her?

BILL. She was fine when she got up.

(The door to the reception room opens, and RACHEL appears, carrying a small suitcase and a vanity case.)

RACHEL. Cooee! Tom?

TOM. Rachel!

BILL. Oh God! She's here! What am I going to do?

TOM. Don't panic, don't panic!

(RACHEL puts down the cases and crosses to the connecting door.)

BILL. This is the end! I'll be divorced before I've got married!

(RACHEL tries the door handle. It is locked.)

RACHEL. Tom? Are you in there?

TOM. *(Calling.)* Er ... just a minute.

BILL. *(In a hoarse whisper as he hurriedly completes dressing.)* Tom, there's only one way out of this.

TOM. What?

BILL. You must say she's yours.

TOM. My what?

BILL. Your girlfriend.

TOM. Who is?

BILL. She is! In there!

TOM. She... no!

BILL; Tom!

TOM. No, no, no!

BILL. It's the only way out!

TOM. I've already got a girl-friend. A brand new girlfriend!

BILL. I know, but nobody's met her.

TOM. You're all going to meet her! She's come all the way from London to meet you.

BILL. We haven't met her yet. That could be her!

TOM. It's not her! What do I do with the *real* her?

BILL. Where is the real her?

TOM. At my parents' house—probably half-way through her corn-flakes at this moment.

BILL. That's all right then—she's out of the way.

TOM. She's coming to the wedding! She's looking forward to meeting my best friend, and my best friend's new wife, and all my other friends. What am I supposed to do with her—hide her under my tails?

BILL. This one will have gone by then.,

TOM. It'll be too late by then! Rachel will have met her!

BILL. She won't notice the difference—she'll be too preoccupied getting married.

TOM. Of course she'll notice! Rachel notices everything! Besides...

BILL. What?

TOM. She knows we were at home. She just telephoned me there.

BILL. On your mobile phone. You could have been anywhere.

RACHEL. *(Knocking.)* Tom?

BILL. *(Frantic.)* Please, Tom!

TOM. I can't! What d'you think she'd say?

BILL. Who?

TOM. Judy.

BILL. Who's Judy?

TOM. *(Apoplectic.)* My girlfriend!

BILL. Why should she say anything?

TOM. Well wouldn't you if you heard I'd spent the night here with another woman?

BILL. She knows you didn't. You spent the night with her, didn't you?

TOM. Of course not—I spent most of it getting drunk with you! If she hears I then spent the rest of it with someone else, it'll be the end—before it's even begun!

RACHEL. *(Through the door.)* Who's that, Tom? Who's in there?

BILL. *(Thrusting the toilet brush into TOM's hands.)* This is an emergency, Tom!

TOM. *(Thrusting the brush back.)* It's your emergency, not mine!

RACHEL. Bill, is that you?

BILL. Oh my God!

RACHEL. *(Hammering on the door.)* Let me in!

BILL. This is it. Good-bye wedding. *(Calls through the door.)* Good morning, darling.

RACHEL. What are you doing in there, Bill? You're supposed to be in the other room.

BILL. It's, er... it's a long story.
RACHEL. Well let me in.
BILL. I don't think that's a good idea.
RACHEL. Why not?
BILL. It's bad luck to meet before the wedding.
RACHEL. Don't be so old-fashioned. Let me in!
BILL. *(Giving him the brush.)* Please, Tom.
TOM. *(Giving it back.)* No!

(BILL takes a deep breath, unlocks the door and goes through, holding the brush, followed by TOM.)

BILL. *(Going to kiss RACHEL.)* Hello, darling.
RACHEL. *(Avoiding the kiss.)* What are you two up to?
BILL. We just, er... we... we...
TOM. Were just going over arrangements.
RACHEL. There are no hitches, are there?
BILL. No, no.
TOM. Not really.
RACHEL. What do you mean, not really?
BILL. Really not. Absolutely not.
RACHEL. I'm looking to you, Tom, to see things go smoothly. I can't trust Bill.
TOM. *(Pointedly.)* No.
BILL. *(Indignant.)* What d'you mean?
RACHEL. Well look at you now—you look awful! What did you get up to last night?
TOM. Good question.
BILL. *(Kicking him.)* We overdid it a bit. *(False enthusiasm.)* But that's all over. Today's the day!
RACHEL. Yes, it is. *(Relents and kisses him.)* And you'd better start getting ready for it, my darling. We've only got a couple of hours, and you can't marry me looking like a brush salesman.
BILL. *(Giving the brush to TOM.)* Are you sure you shouldn't be dressing at home?

RACHEL. It's bedlam at home! All my relatives from around the globe are dressing at home. I want peace and privacy.

BILL. Right.

RACHEL. Now, Mother's coming over with my gown. Father will be here soon too, ordering everyone around as usual. So you go off to your own room, darling, and leave us free to spread around the suite. *(Strokes his cheek provocatively.)* I might let you back in after we're married.

BILL. Er... there is just one thing,, Rachel.

RACHEL. What?

BILL. Can you not use the bedroom just yet.

RACHEL. Why not?

BILL. It, er... well...

TOM. It was used last night.

BILL. They haven't cleaned it up yet.

RACHEL. Who hasn't?

BILL. The chambermaids.

RACHEL. *(Looking at the brush.)* Are you doing it for them?

TOM. Er...

(TOM hands brush back to BILL.)

RACHEL. The suite was supposed to be kept free. They knew we wanted it today.

BILL. I know, but... well, er...

TOM. It got used.

RACHEL. Used?

BILL. Tom used it.

TOM. No, I didn't.

BILL. Yes, he did. I said he could.

RACHEL. Tom?

BILL. He's got his new girlfriend her, you see.

RACHEL. I know. She's coming to the wedding.

BILL. And they couldn't be together at his parents' house.

RACHEL. Be together?

BILL. Sleep together.

RACHEL. Oh. So?

BILL. So I said they could use the suite.

TOM. No, you didn't.

BILL. Yes, I did.

RACHEL. Make up your minds.

BILL. Well, not the suite—just the bedroom.

TOM. But not the bathroom.

BILL. *And* the bathroom.

RACHEL. What are you talking about?

BILL. I said they could sleep here, provided they were out before you got here.

RACHEL. I see.

BILL. But they aren't.

TOM. Yes, they are.

BILL. He is. But she isn't.

RACHEL. What?

BILL. She's in the bathroom.

TOM. No, she isn't.

BILL. Yes, she is.

RACHEL. Do either of you know where she is?

BILL. He's embarrassed. But I said you wouldn't mind. She's getting dressed in the bathroom..

RACHEL. I see.

BILL. So if you could just leave those two rooms free for a while...

RACHEL. How long?

BILL. Not long.

TOM. We hope.

BILL. We hope... you don't mind. I told them you wouldn't mind. You don't mind... do you?

RACHEL. Why should I mind?

BILL. *(To TOM.)* There you are, you see—she doesn't mind.

TOM. Thanks a lot!

RACHEL. What?

TOM. *(To her, with a forced smile.)* Thanks a lot—it's very good of you.

RACHEL. Anything for an old friend.

BILL. So, darling, why don't you and I pop out for a moment.

RACHEL. Why?

BILL. To let them finish.

RACHEL. Finish?

BILL. Getting dressed.

TOM. Good idea.

RACHEL They can finish in there. I'll start in here. Besides I want to meet her.

BILL. You'll meet her at the wedding.

RACHEL. I want to meet her now. Tom's new girlfriend. It's a big moment.

TOM. It probably will be.

RACHEL. What?

BILL. For her too.

TOM. Yes, for her too.

RACHEL. Good.

BILL. Good. Well, um...

RACHEL. You go and get dressed yourself.

BILL. I'll go and get dressed myself.

RACHEL. And take an Alka Seltzer or something.

BILL. I already have.

RACHEL. Then take another one. I don't want you looking like the morning after when it's only the morning before.

BILL. Right.

(Heads for the door to the landing. RACHEL sees the envelopes.)

RACHEL. Oh, are these some good luck messages?

TOM. And your honeymoon plane tickets.

RACHEL. Oh goodie! Give the tickets to Bill to look after.

(RACHEL picks up the messages, and wanders into the bedroom opening them. TOM goes after BILL with the tickets.)

TOM. Bill! *(BILL turns at the door. TOM whispers to him.)* What am I going to do with her?

BILL. *(Whispering back.)* I dunno—keep her as a spare!

TOM. *(Thrusting the tickets at him.)* These are your tickets to Jamaica! Why don't you take her as hand luggage?

BILL. We're overweight already. By the way, I told her to pretend to be the chambermaid.

TOM. The what?

BILL. In case of emergency.

TOM. *Now* you tell me! That would have solved everything.

BILL. No, it wouldn't.

TOM. Why?

BILL. Wait till you see her. No-one would believe it.

TOM. Then why say it?

BILL. It was the best I could think of on the spur of the moment!

(RACHEL returns from the bedroom and closes the door.)

RACHEL. What are you whispering about?

(BILL and TOM turn to her, frozen-faced.)

BILL. Chambermaids.

(BILL hands the brush back to TOM and goes, closing the door in TOM's face. TOM smiles feebly at RACHEL.)

TOM. Yes, chambermaids. I must get one in. And I'll go and hurry whatsername up.

RACHEL. What is her name?

TOM. Who?

RACHEL. Your girlfriend.

TOM. Er... why do you want to know?

RACHEL. It's usual to know people's names when you meet.

TOM. You haven't met yet.

RACHEL. We're just about to. Aren't we?

TOM. Yes...

RACHEL. So what's her name?

TOM. Er... Judy.

RACHEL. Judy.

TOM. Yes.

RACHEL. Right. Introduce me when you're ready.

TOM. Right.

RACHEL. *(Warmly.)* I do hope this one's suitable, Tom. For your sake. *(Turning back to the messages.)* You're our oldest friend.

TOM. *(Muttering.)* I hope it stays that way.

(TOM starts to cross the room towards the bedroom. As he does so, the passage door to the bedroom is unlocked and JULIE enters wearing a chambermaid's overall.)

JULIE. *(Retrieving her key.)* Who locked that, I wonder? *(TOM is hesitating at the connecting door, wondering what to do. Hears the sounds from the bedroom, and listens at the door. JULIE frowns at the unmade bed.)* I thought this room was meant to be empty.

(JULIE crosses towards the bathroom door. TOM turns to see RACHEL staring at him curiously. He smiles feebly and goes through the connecting door, closing it behind him. JULIE turns by the bathroom door, her hand on the knob.)

JULIE. Hello.

TOM. Oh, thank God! You've appeared.

JULIE. What?
TOM. We thought you'd vanished down the plug-hole.
JULIE. Did you want me?
TOM. We've been shouting for you for ages!
JULIE. Oh. I didn't know.
TOM. Are you deaf?
JULIE. Certainly not! Now look here... !
TOM. What were you *doing* in there?
JULIE. In where?
TOM. The bathroom.
JULIE. I was going to clean it up.
TOM. There's no need to do that!
JULIE. *(Looking at the toilet brush.)* Why—are you going to do it for me?
TOM. *(Flinging down the brush.)* And you don't need to dress like that now either.
JULIE. Like what?
TOM. Where did you find that outfit anyway?
JULIE. This outfit?
TOM. Yes.
JULIE. It's the hotel's.
TOM. God—we *could* have got away with it.
JULIE. Got away with what?
TOM. You being the chambermaid. You look the part.
JULIE. Thanks very much!
TOM. Well it's too late now.
JULIE. Look, what are you talking about? Who are you?
TOM. Oh, sorry. I'm Tom.
JULIE. Tom?
TOM. Bill's best friend. *(She looks blank.)* The best man.
JULIE. Best man?
TOM. Yes.
JULIE. Oh, for the wedding!
TOM. Of course for the wedding! The divorce comes later.
JULIE. Yes, I know about the wedding.
TOM. Well I wish you'd thought about it earlier.

JULIE. I beg your pardon?

TOM. You aren't exactly helping much, are you?

JULIE. *(Indignant.)* I'm doing my best!

TOM. It's a bit late now. You'd have done better to have thought about it last night.

JULIE. I wasn't on duty last night.

TOM. It sounds as if you were very much on duty last night.

JULIE. Are you being rude?

TOM. I've every right to be! I'm in a hell of a spot now.

JULIE. Are you?

TOM. And so is Bill!

JULIE. Why?

TOM. His fiancee's in the next room. And that's the only way out!

JULIE. And where's he?

TOM. Done a bunk. Leaving me to hold the baby.

JULIE. They've got a baby?

TOM. Are you trying to be funny?

JULIE. I'm sorry. I've lost the thread of this conversation.

TOM. Look, what's happened has happened. There's no point in me going over it all with you now...

JULIE. I'm glad of that. But what... ?

TOM. And there's no time to ask questions. You've got to help me save Bill's skin.

JULIE. Me?

TOM. Yes.

JULIE. Why?

TOM. You don't want his big day ruined, do you?

JULIE. Of course not.

TOM. O.K. he went overboard last night—it could happen to anyone...

JULIE. *(A glimmer dawning.)* Ohhh, I see...

TOM. But now we've got to get him back on the rails.

JULIE. How can I help?

TOM. A little play acting—that's all that's needed.

JULIE. Play acting?
TOM. Yes.
JULIE. *(Dubiously.)* Well I think I can handle that.
TOM. Good.
JULIE. I played Ophelia for the local amateurs.
TOM. How did the mad scene go?
JULIE. What?
TOM. Never mind. This role won't be so difficult.
JULIE. What is it?
TOM. My girlfriend.

(Pause.)

JULIE. Your what?
TOM. You see, Rachel's found out this room was used last night.
JULIE. *(Looking at the ravaged bed.)* It certainly was!
TOM. Yes, well we needn't go into that, thank you. The point is we had to think very fast. We told her it was I and my girlfriend who were in here.
JULIE. You and your girlfriend?
TOM. That's you and me.
JULIE. Me and you?
TOM. Yes.
JULIE. In here?
TOM. Yes.
JULIE. Doing what?
TOM. *(Furious.)* What do you think?
JULIE. *(Bewildered.)* But why me?
TOM. You're the one who's in here! Who else could it have been?
JULIE. *(Looking around helplessly.)* Well, I er...
TOM. *(Patiently.)* Look, listen carefully, please. It obviously doesn't concern you over-much, but it's important you understand the situation here.
JULIE. I'd love to understand it.

TOM. Very well. Rachel and Bill are getting married today, right?

JULIE. Right.

TOM. For whatever reason, Bill spent the night in here with another woman, right?

JULIE. *(Wide-eyed.)* Ah—I see!

TOM. And if Rachel found out all hell would break loose, and the marriage would go down the tubes, right?

JULIE. Right!

TOM. Thank God for that! So Bill's only hope is to convince her it wasn't him in here, but someone else. And the only someone else who happens to be around is this poor sucker here—me. So if we can persuade Rachel that you are my girlfriend, and you and I spent the night in here together, then with any luck we can get out with Bill's reputation still intact, and then you can go your own merry way and forget the whole thing ever happened—right?

JULIE. Right... I think.

TOM. *(With a sigh.)* At last!

JULIE. Though I don't see why we should help him.

TOM. You don't?

JULIE. If he's unfaithful the night before his wedding day, he deserves all he gets.

TOM. That's rich!

JULIE. What?

TOM. Who are you to criticize him?

JULIE. I've every right to criticize him! Just because I don't know him doesn't mean I can't have an opinion about such matters.

TOM. Don't you think it might have been a good idea to *get* to know him a bit!

JULIE. I've got a job to do! I can't get to know every customer, can I?

(A beat.)

TOM. Customer? *(Revelation.)* Oh, I see! He's a customer.

JULIE. Well of course he's a customer!

TOM. So *that's* where you came from!

JULIE. Eh?

TOM. You're sort of ... regularly on call here.

JULIE. Naturally.

TOM. *(Looking round with new eyes.)* Good Lord! I didn't realize it was that sort of place.

JULIE. *(Flummoxed.)* You what?

TOM. Well, it just looks like a nice country house hotel, doesn't it? But I suppose these days you have to provide all amenities.

JULIE. Of course you do.

TOM. *(Chuckling.)* I bet it was that night porter who suggested it.

JULIE. George?

TOM. Is it him who calls you?

JULIE. When I'm wanted, yes.

TOM. *(Nodding.)* And Bill was so pissed he fell for it.

JULIE. Fell for what?

TOM. Getting in a call-girl.

JULIE. Getting in a ... ?

TOM. Yes.

JULIE. *(Light dawning.)* Oh, is that what happened?

TOM. You tell me.

JULIE. George fixed it up for a lark, and your friend was so drunk after his stag party that he didn't know what he was doing.

TOM. Exactly.

JULIE. Ah.

TOM. Did he?

JULIE. What?

TOM. Know what he was doing.

JULIE. When?

TOM. When he, er ... got into bed.

JULIE. *(Looking at the bed.)* Not much doubt about that! Look at the state of the bed.

TOM. Well, you should know.

JULIE. *(Indignant.)* Not all customers behave like him, you know.

TOM. Wow! Dear old Bill. He's certainly going out in style!

JULIE. Here! Where's the duvet gone?

TOM. Never mind about that now. You and I have to perform our act. Now get those things off.

JULIE. I *beg* your pardon!

TOM. The maid's things.

JULIE. Oh. *(Taking off her chambermaid's overall.)* Right.

TOM. And by the way, your name's Judy.

JULIE. It's not—it's Julie.

TOM. *(Long suffering.)* Your name as my girlfriend.

JULIE. Oh, right.

TOM. God, you're making this heavy-going!

(A nervous BILL re-enters next door.)

BILL. Hello.

RACHEL. Haven't you changed yet?

BILL. There's no hurry, sweetheart. Has, er ... Tom's girlfriend appeared yet?

RACHEL. Not yet. What do you want?

BILL. I just wanted to be here when you met her.

RACHEL. Why?

BILL. Oh, just to, er ... make sure all goes smoothly...

RACHEL. She's just a girlfriend, darling—not the Tax Inspector.

BILL. No, but—well..

(TOM sticks his head through the connecting door.)

TOM. Ah. You're still there.

RACHEL. Of course I'm still here.

TOM. Just checking. Thought you might have wanted to pop down and see if your mother's arrived, or something.

RACHEL. She can find her own way.

TOM. Yes.

(A beat.)

RACHEL. Well, where is she?

TOM. Your mother?

RACHEL. No, you fool—your girlfriend!

TOM. Ah, yes, er ... right here.

RACHEL. Then let me meet her.

(TOM reluctantly ushers JULIE through.)

TOM. Here we are then. Judy—this is Rachel, Bill's fiancee.

JULIE. Hello.

TOM. And Rachel, this is Judy, my girlfriend.

RACHEL. Hello.

BILL. *(Aghast.)* No, it isn't.

RACHEL. *(About to shake hands with JULIE.)* What?

JULIE. What?

BILL. That's not her!

TOM. Eh?

JULIE. Eh?

RACHEL. What do you mean?

BILL. *(Floundering.)* That's not... I mean that's not the girlfriend I though it was.

TOM. Yes, it is.

BILL. No, it isn't.

RACHEL. What are you talking about?

BILL. I mean that ... I thought Tom's girlfriend ... was a different girl ... who wasn't the same girl ... as this one...

TOM. Different?

BILL. Yes.

RACHEL. Are you being a bit tactless, darling?

BILL. Tactless?

RACHEL. I don't know how many girlfriends Tom has, but now is not really the time to bring it up.

BILL. Er... no, of course not. *(Shakes hand with JULIE.)* How d'you do?

RACHEL. Haven't you met?

BILL. No ... Yes ... Er, only sort of.

RACHEL. Sort of?

TOM. *(Coming to the rescue.)* She wasn't properly dressed at the time.

RACHEL. Oh, I see. *(Brightly.)* Well, it's nice to meet you, Judy. You must excuse my extremely undiplomatic fiance. I'm sure the other girlfriends are nothing to worry about.

JULIE. That's all right. I don't mind how many he has.

RACHEL. How very broad-minded.

JULIE. Oh I am.

(BILL is gesticulating at TOM behind RACHEL's back.)

RACHEL. Well, Bill?

(RACHEL turns and sees BILL. He hurriedly turns his movements into physical jerks.)

BILL. Working off my hang-over.

RACHEL. You're behaving very oddly this morning. Is it the wedding? Are you in shock or something.

BILL. A bit.

TOM. Me too.

RACHEL. Well you'd both better pull yourselves together. The service is less than two hours time, and I don't want you behaving like freaks throughout.

BILL. No. Well I just want a word in private with these two, darling...

(BILL waves TOM and JULIE through to the bedroom.)

RACHEL. What for?

BILL. Just to makes sure all the arrangements are ready. *(Almost hurls TOM through the door.)* I don't want you to have to worry about anything.

(BILL pulls JULIE through with him, and closes the connecting door. RACHEL stares at the door for a moment, then goes to her vanity case, and starts to put her hair up.)

BILL. *(To TOM.)* Right—who the hell is this?

TOM. Who?

BILL. *(Pointing at JULIE.)* This!

TOM. Isn't it who you said it was?

JULIE. Who *did* he say it was?

BILL. None of your business!

JULIE. I beg your pardon! It certainly is my business!

BILL. *(To TOM, pointing at the bathroom.)* I said you were to say that one was your girlfriend, not go out and find another one!

JULIE. Another what?

TOM. She is that one.

BILL. No, she isn't.

JULIE. That one what?

TOM. Well, that's where she came from.

BILL. She can't have done.

TOM. I saw her!

JULIE Saw me what?

TOM. *(To her.)* Didn't I see you coming out of the bathroom?

JULIE. No, you saw me going into the bathroom.

BILL. You can't have been—someone else was in the bathroom.

TOM. Who else was in the bathroom?

BILL. That's what you were supposed to find out.

TOM. Well, there's no-one in the bathroom now.

BILL. How do you know if you didn't see anybody coming out?

TOM. *(Going to the bathroom door.)* I told you, I saw *her* coming out.

JULIE. No, you didn't.

TOM. Yes, I did. And what is more... *(Tries the door. It is still locked.)* There's someone in the bathroom.

JULIE. There you are.

BILL. You see?

TOM. *(To JULIE.)* Who is it?

JULIE. Don't ask me.

TOM. Well, if you didn't come out of there...

JULIE. Yes?

TOM. Who are you?

JULIE. The chambermaid.

TOM. No. Forget that story. Who *are* you?

JULIE. The chambermaid.

BILL. The chambermaid?

TOM. She can't be.

BILL. Why not?

TOM. She's a call girl.

(JULIE slaps TOM's face.)

JULIE. I certainly am not a call girl!

TOM. You said you were a call girl!

(JULIE slaps TOM again.)

JULIE. I did *not* say I was a call girl! *(Points at the bathroom.)* You said she was a call girl.

TOM. *(Dazed.)* I'm going out of my mind.

BILL. Look, let's start again from the beginning. Where did you come from?

JULIE. Downstairs.

BILL. How did you get in here?

JULIE. Through that door.

TOM. She can't have done.

JULIE. Why not?

BILL. It's locked.

JULIE. I unlocked it.

TOM. *(Going to the door.)* She can't have done!

JULIE. I did.

TOM. *(Opening the door.)* She did.

BILL. How did you unlock it?

JULIE. I'm the chambermaid.

TOM. *(Returning.)* She *can't* be the chamber maid!

BILL. *(To JULIE.)* Did you *say* you were the chamber maid?

JULIE. Of course I said I was the chambermaid!

BILL. *(To TOM.)* Did you hear her say she was the chambermaid?

TOM. You *told* me she'd say she was the chambermaid!

BILL. *(To JULIE.)* How do we know you're the chambermaid?

JULIE. *(Picking up her chambermaid's overall.)* Why d'you think I was wearing this if I wasn't the chambermaid?

BILL. You were wearing that?

JULIE. Yes.

BILL. *(To TOM.)* She was wearing that?

TOM. *(Dumbly.)* Yes.

(Pause.)

TOM & BILL. *(Together.)* She's the chambermaid!

JULIE. Well, I'm glad we've got that sorted out. *(Puts down the overall. To BILL.)* You should know—it was presumably you who sent for me.

TOM. You sent for her?

BILL. So I did. I'd forgotten.

TOM. Christ almighty! You mean we went through all that for nothing?

BILL. I'm very sorry. *(Pointing at the bathroom.)* But if she's the chambermaid, who the hell is that?

TOM. *I* don't know!
JULIE. It's a call girl.
BILL. A call girl?
JULIE. Yes.
BILL. How do you know?
JULIE. He said so.
TOM. No, I didn't.
JULIE. Yes, you did.
BILL. How did *you* know?
TOM. I didn't. I've never met her.
JULIE. You told me you had met her.
TOM. No, I didn't!
JULIE. Yes, you did!
BILL. Silence!! *(They silence. He takes a deep breath and speaks slowly and carefully.)* Let's forget for the moment who's met who, and who is what, and who said what to who.
TOM. Right.
JULIE. Right.
BILL. The point is, where did she come from?
TOM. George got her.
BILL. George?
TOM. Yes.
BILL. Who's George?
JULIE. The night porter.
BILL. The night porter.
JULIE. Yes.
BILL. Why did he get her?
TOM. Presumably because you ordered her.
BILL. *(Stunned.)* I ordered her!
JULIE. Well it's unlikely anyone else ordered her.
BILL. Bloody hell! I must have been drunk out of my mind!
TOM. *(Singing.)* You give me fever...
BILL. Shut up! *(TOM shuts up.)* This gets worse and worse! *(Decisively.)* Right, this is what we do. Tom—you go next door and keep Rachel out of the way for a few more moments. *(To JULIE.)* You—what's your name?

JULIE. Julie.

BILL. Julie—you go and get whatever it is you need to make the bed and put this room straight.

JULIE. Right.

BILL. And I'll get whoever it is in there, out of there, and then out of here, and then—with any luck—we can all start again at the beginning.

TOM. How are you going to get her out of there? You couldn't get her out before.

BILL. I'm a desperate man now. I'll break down the door if I have to. Right—move. *(They all move in different directions.)* Tom! *(They stop.)* Just don't pick up anyone else on your way.

TOM. It's not very likely.

BILL. Julie. *(They stop again.)* Tell George—no more call girls, whoever orders them.

JULIE. No more call girls.

(She goes out of the passage door. TOM goes through the connecting door. BILL goes to listen at the bathroom door.)

TOM. *(To RACHEL.)* Well, that's sorted that out.

RACHEL. What?

TOM. Julie.

RACHEL. Julie?

TOM. Judy.

RACHEL. Make up your mind. *(He grins foolishly.)* How many girl friends *have* you got, Tom?

TOM. Oh, just one or two.

RACHEL. Never could make up your mind. We all thought it was going to be *the* one this time.

TOM. Oh it is the one... It's just that last time, the other one ... seemed to be the one ... but turned out to be ... just another one ... so I sometimes mix her up with this one ... who really is the one.

RACHEL. Ah. Where's Bill?

TOM. With the other one.

RACHEL. What?

TOM. Er ... in the other room. Giving the chambermaid instructions.

RACHEL. *(Happily.)* For tonight?

TOM. Yes, that's right. He wants to make sure that you get everything you expect ... I mean, that you...

RACHEL. I know what you mean, Tom.

(He collapses on the sofa, worn out. RACHEL gets on with her toilette. Next door, BILL knocks on the bathroom door.)

BILL. Excuse me. *(Tries the door. It is still locked.)* Excuse me, you must come out now. This can't go on any longer. If you don't come out I'm going to have to force the door. *(Pause. The sound of a lock turning. The door opens. The girl comes out. They gaze at each other.)* Hello.

GIRL. Hello.

BILL. At last.

GIRL. Sorry.

BILL. What were you *doing* in there?

GIRL. Hiding.

BILL. From my fiancee?

GIRL. No.

BILL. From the chambermaid?

GIRL. No.

BILL. Then who?

GIRL. Tom.

BILL. *(Puzzled.)* From Tom?

GIRL. Yes.

BILL. Why?

GIRL. I'm his girlfriend.

(Pause.)

BILL. His girlfriend's at home.

GIRL. No.

BILL. With his parents.

GIRL., No.
BILL. Having corn flakes.
GIRL. No.
BILL. *(Stunned.)* You're Judy?
GIRL. Yes.
BILL. Oh my God! *(Pause.)* How did it happen?
JUDY. Don't you remember?
BILL. Not a lot.
JUDY. Oh.
BILL. At least...
JUDY. Yes?
BILL. I thought it was a dream.
JULY. It was. Sort of.
BILL. A lovely dream.
JUDY. I'm glad you said that.
BILL. What?
JUDY. Lovely.
BILL. But we can't.
JULY. No.
BILL. We shouldn't have.
JULY. No.
BILL. We mustn't.
JUDY. Definitely not.

(There is a vibrant moment. They turn away from each other.)

BILL. Oh God! *(Pause.)* What do we do now?
JUDY. Where's Tom?
BILL. Next door.
JUDY. With Rachel?
BILL. Yes.
JUDY. Oh.
BILL. How did you know he was here?
JUDY. I could hear his voice through the door.
BILL. Did you hear him with the chambermaid?
JUDY. Yes. Fool!

BILL. Just as well, in the circumstances.

JUDY. Yes.

BILL. So did George get you here?

JUDY. I beg your pardon?

BILL. The night porter.

JUDY. What d'you mean?

BILL. Well, did he call you?

JUDY. Call me?

BILL. *(Patiently.)* When I called for a call girl, was it you he called?

JUDY. *Call* girl?

BILL. Isn't that what you are? *(JUDY slaps his face. He recovers.)* Sorry.

JUDY. I should think so!

BILL. Tom told me you were.

JUDY. He *what*?

BILL. *(Befuddled.)* No, that can't be right.

JUDY. Would Tom take a call girl for a girlfriend?

BILL. No.

JUDY. Well, then.

BILL. I'm glad of that!

JUDY. You have a genius for making a girl feel good, d'you know that?

BILL. I'm very sorry—I really am. It's just ... I'm still in a bit of a daze about what happened.

JUDY. Well I'll leave you to think about it. I'd better get out of here before someone comes in.

BILL. You can't go now.

JUDY. I can't stay here.

BILL. But you can't just... I mean, we can't just...

JUDY. Yes, we can. We have to. *(Goes to the door.)* I'll see you at the wedding.

BILL. I wish I could remember.

JUDY. Perhaps it's best that you don't.

(JUDY turns to the door. At that moment it opens and JULIE

enters carrying clean linen for the bed.)

JULIE. Oh, you've come out.

JUDY. Yes.

JULIE. That's good. You shouldn't have been here in the first place, you know.

JUDY. I know.

JULIE. We're not that sort of a hotel.

JUDY. I beg your pardon?

BILL. Er, Julie...

JULIE. Come to that, you don't look that sort of girl.

JUDY. Now look here!

BILL. Julie...

JULIE. *(To BILL.)* And as for you, you should be ashamed of yourself!

BILL. Julie, it's not...

JULIE. *(Putting the linen on the bed.)* The night before your wedding! Really!

BILL. I know, but you see...

JULIE. Don't try and excuse yourself to me. I don't know how I got into this. If the manager found out I was involved in a call girl racket I'd be in the soup!

JUDY. This has gone too far!

BILL. Julie, will you listen to me... !

(They are interrupted by a telephone ringing. Everyone turns to look at the room phones.)

JULIE. *(To BILL.)* Well, it's your suite. Answer it.

BILL. Er...

(BILL apprehensively picks up the phone. Next door RACHEL answers the phone there.)

RACHEL. Hello?

BILL. Hello?

RACHEL. *(Frowning.)* Bill?
BILL. Rachel?
RACHEL. What's going on?

(The phone ring sounds again.)

TOM. *(Taking out his mobile phone.)* Oh, it's my phone.
RACHEL. *(Impatient.)* Oh for heaven's sake!

(RACHEL and BILL replace their phones.)

TOM. *(Answering his phone.)* Hello?

(RACHEL goes towards the connecting door.)

RACHEL. *(Crossly.)* What are they doing in there? I need the bedroom.
TOM. *(On the phone.)* Yes. Oh, Really?

(RACHEL opens the connecting door and goes through. She stops on seeing the other three.)

BILL. Ah.
RACHEL. What's happening here?
BILL. We were just going, darling.
RACHEL. *(Looking at JUDY.)* Who's this?
JUDY. Er...
BILL. The chambermaid.
JULIE. Now, look...
JUDY. *(Quickly.)* Yes, the chambermaid. *(Picks up JULIE's overall.)* I've come to change the bed.

(JUDY puts on the overall, picks up the linen and starts to make the bed.)

JULIE. Thank you very much!

RACHEL. What?

JULIE. *(With a sweet smile.)* I'm just saying thank you very much.

RACHEL. Well, do you think I could take possession of the suite now? I do have to get ready for a wedding, you know.

BILL. Yes, darling, of course. We, er ... we were just helping the, er ... chambermaid to clear up, and then it's all yours.

JULIE. *(To RACHEL.)* You're quite sure about this wedding, are you?

RACHEL. I beg your pardon?

JULIE. I mean, you're quite positive he's the right man for you?

RACHEL. Of course I am!

JULIE. Just wondered.

RACHEL. Why shouldn't I be?

JULIE. Well, it's a big decision for a girl. You should be certain you know the man you're going to marry.

RACHEL. I've known him all my life!

JULIE. *(With a pointed look at BILL.)* Ah, but does that mean you can trust him?

RACHEL. Of course I can trust him! *(To BILL.)* Can't I?

BILL. Of course she can trust me.

JULIE. Well, just as long as you're sure. It is for the *rest* of your life, after all.

RACHEL. What are you talking about? You've only just met us. I really don't think it's your place to start lecturing us on our wedding morning.

JULIE. If you say so.

RACHEL. *(Indicating JUDY.)* And in front of the hotel staff too.

JUDY. *(Quickly.)* Er, the duvet. Where's the duvet?

BILL. Isn't it in the bathroom?

JUDY. Oh, yes. Silly me.

(JUDY goes to get it. Next door TOM switches off his mobile phone.)

RACHEL. What's the duvet doing in the bathroom?
JULIE. Good question.
BILL. Haven't the faintest idea.

(TOM comes through, frowning.)

TOM. That was my mother.
RACHEL. What did she want?
TOM. Judy's not at home.

(The door to the bathroom slams shut. They all turn and stare at it.)

RACHEL. *(Turning back.)* Not at home?
TOM. No.
RACHEL. Of course not. *(Indicating JULIE.)* She's here.
TOM. *(Caught.)* Ah— ha, ha, of course she is.
RACHEL. You knew she was.
TOM. Yes, but ... my mother didn't.
RACHEL. Didn't she?
TOM. She thought she was at home ... but when she realized she wasn't ... she wondered where she was.
RACHEL. So what did you tell her?
TOM. She was here.
RACHEL. Then that's all right then.
TOM. Yes.
RACHEL. But since everybody seems to be here, can I ask you to all go elsewhere, because I'm the only one who's *meant* to be here.
BILL. Right.
TOM. Right.

(RACHEL looks at JULIE.)

JULIE. Right.

(They all move towards the connecting door.)

RACHEL. And the chambermaid too.

JULIE. I'm just going.

BILL. *(Hissing.)* Not you!

JULIE. *(Quickly.)* Not me. The chambermaid.

RACHEL. That's what I said. Can you ask her for me, darling?

BILL. Right ... yes ... I'll ask her. *(To JULIE and TOM.)* You carry on.

RACHEL. Oh, bring my cases through for me, would you please, Tom.

(BILL freezes on his way to the bathroom.)

TOM. Right.

RACHEL. *(Seeing BILL.)* Go on, Bill.

BILL. Right. *(TOM and JULIE go through the connecting door. BILL goes to the bathroom and opens the door.)* Would you mind finishing in here now, please.

(BILL frantically gestures into the bathroom for JUDY to stay there. TOM returns with the suitcase and vanity case.)

RACHEL. Thank you , Tom. You can put the vanity case in the bathroom.

BILL. Er, why the bathroom, darling?

RACHEL. I want to have a bath. Why not the bathroom?

BILL. Oh ... just thought you might want to do it somewhere else.

RACHEL. What *is* the matter with you this morning?

(TOM has put down the suitcase and is heading towards the bathroom with the vanity case. BILL is transfixed in the bathroom doorway. At that moment JUDY pushes past him with the duvet held up in front of her.)

JUDY. *(With a cockney accent.)* Found the duvet, sir.

(JUDY passes TOM, hidden behind the duvet. He gives her a curious glance and continues into the bathroom.)

BILL. Just leave it on the bed. We'll see to it.
JUDY. Right, sir.
RACHEL. Oh, she can make up the bed now she's here. I'll be in the bathroom.
BILL. Right.
JUDY. Right.

(JUDY starts to put the clean duvet cover on. BILL hovers.)

RACHEL. Run along, darling.
BILL. Right.

(BILL goes through the connecting door. TOM comes out of the bathroom and crosses towards the other room. JUDY dives into the bed, buried in the duvet cover.)

TOM. *(To RACHEL.)* I'll leave you to it then.
RACHEL. Thank you, Tom. By the way, have you put up the table plans yet?
TOM. No, I was just going to, er...
RACHEL. And have you got the place cards?
TOM. Yes, I was just going to, er...
RACHEL. Time's getting on, Tom.
TOM. Yes.

(TOM glances at JUDY's behind, bend over the bed, and goes through the connecting door. Closes it.)

TOM. *(To BILL.)* What happened?
BILL. Who to?
TOM. The girl!

BILL. She, er ... she's gone.
TOM. Then who's that?
BILL. Who?
TOM. In there?
BILL. Rachel.
TOM. No, you fool! The other one.
BILL. The chambermaid.
JULIE. Eh?
TOM. *(Indicating JULIE.)* She's the chambermaid.
JULIE. Quite.
BILL. That's another one.
JULIE. Eh?
BILL. *(Waving at her.)* Shh.
TOM. Where did she come from?
BILL. I sent for her.
TOM. What for?
BILL. To do the bed.
JULIE. Eh?
BILL. Shh!
TOM. It's odd.
BILL. What?
TOM. I seemed to ... recognize her.
BILL. Seemed to?
TOM. Well I only saw her rear end.
BILL. Are you an authority on chambermaids' rear ends?
JULIE. Not on mine, he isn't.
TOM. Never mind. *(Takes BILL to one side.)* Bill, I'm worried.
BILL. What about?
TOM. Judy isn't at home.
BILL. Isn't she?
TOM. She hasn't been at home all night.
BILL. How do you know?
TOM. Mother says her bed hasn't been slept in.
BILL. Perhaps she slept on the floor.

TOM. Don't be stupid. *(JULIE has sidled up to listen. He notices her.)* Do you mind?

JULIE. Not at all.

TOM. *(Taking BILL aside again.)* You see ... I didn't tell you, but I had a row with her last night.

BILL. With your mother?

TOM. With Judy!

BILL. Oh. What about?

TOM. About her being left on her own. It was the first time we'd been away together, you see, and when she found out she wasn't invited to the stag party she got rather upset.

(JULIE is sidling up to hear again.)

BILL. Surely she knew that girls don't go to stag parties?

TOM. Yes, but ... Well, you see, we'd rather planned this weekend as our first...

BILL. First what?

TOM. Well, I'd made up my mind this was *the* one at last... and I'd finally got her to agree to...

BILL. To what?

TOM. Well, it was going to be the big moment.

BILL. What big moment?

JULIE. Use your imagination!

TOM. Excuse me, but this doesn't really concern you!

JULIE. On the contrary, it concerns me quite a lot.

TOM. How do you work that out?

JULIE. If I'm supposed to be replacing someone to whom a big moment is going to be happening, then I'd rather like to know what the big moment's going to be!

TOM. Well you needn't worry—it isn't likely to happen to you.

JULIE. Thank you, I'm glad of that!

TOM. *(Taking BILL aside again.)* So you see, she was rather put out when she found I was going to be out ... leaving her in

... until I came back in ... and then expected her to put out... so to speak.

JULIE. *(Who has followed.)* I should think she was!

TOM. I'm talking to Bill!

BILL. What did she say when you came back in?

TOM. That's just it—I didn't see her when I came back in. Her door was closed, and I was drunk, and we'd had a hell of a row ... and quite frankly I didn't dare try to disturb her.

BILL. Ah.

TOM. Then this morning her door was still closed, so I thought it best to let sleeping dogs lie, and came on over here without seeing her. And now my mother says she wasn't there anyway. *(Confidentially.)* Do you know what I think?

BILL. What?

JULIE. What?

TOM. I think she's gone back to London in a huff.

JULIE. What's wrong with the trains?

(JULIE giggles at her own wit.)

TOM. Look, this isn't funny!

JULIE. Sorry.

TOM. *(To BILL.)* What do you think?

BILL. No, it isn't funny.

TOM. Not that! About her going to London?

BILL. She wouldn't do that.

TOM. No, she's not that kind of a girl.

JULIE. Perhaps she's gone off with somebody else.

BILL. No, she's not that kind of a girl.

TOM. How do you know?

BILL. Well ... you're not the kind of man who'd go out with that kind of girl.

TOM. No.

BILL. The kind of girl you'd go with wouldn't go with somebody else just when you were going to have your big moment.

JULIE. You did.

BILL. Do you mind keeping out of this!

JULIE. Well I think you're both as bad as each other. You don't deserve any big moments, either of you.

TOM. Listen, Oprah, haven't you got some beds to make or something?

JULIE. Oh, I see. You've finished with my services, have you?

TOM. Yes, thank you.

JULIE. Having helped you out of the scrape you'd got yourselves into, you now feel you don't need me any longer.

BILL. Helped us out? You made it worse!

JULIE. I did everything I was asked to do. It's you two who don't know your call girls from your chambermaids. *(To BILL, pointing next door.)* Talking of which, what was all that about her being a chambermaid?

BILL. *(Glancing at TOM.)* Look, just be quiet and don't ask any questions for once in your life!

JULIE. Huh! Well, I've got work to do if I want to keep my job.

TOM. So've I! I've still got to put out the table plans and the place cards. *(Looks at his watch. To BILL.)* And so've you, if you're going to be at the altar on time.

BILL. Oh God—I never wanted this sort of over-the-top wedding in the first place!

(They all try to get out of the passage door together. They all step back.)

TOM. One at a time.

(Next door, JUDY has finished making up the bed.)

JUDY. *(To RACHEL.)* I'll leave you now, madam.

RACHEL. Right, thank you.

(JUDY goes out of the bedroom door just as TOM goes out of the other door.)

JULIE. *(To BILL.)* After you—sir.
BILL. No, after you.

(Before they can move, TOM and JUDY return and slam their respective doors.)

RACHEL. What is it?
BILL. *(Next door.)* What is it?
JUDY. Er ... I forgot the dirty linen.

(JUDY goes to collect it.)

TOM. I saw her!
BILL. Who?
TOM. Judy.
BILL. Where?
TOM. Out there. *(Indicates the bedroom.)* Coming out of there.
BILL. No, no—can't have been.
TOM. It was, I tell you!
BILL. It can't have been!
TOM. *(Going to the connecting door.)* It was! *(On the other side, Judy is hesitating between the two doors. She, too, chooses the connecting door. She opens it, and they come face to face.)* Judy!
JUDY. Tom!
BILL. Oh Lord!
TOM. What are you doing here?
JUDY. Er ...
TOM. Well?
JUDY. Looking for you.
TOM. Where've you been?
JUDY. Er...

RACHEL. *(Curiously.)* What's going on? Who is this?

JUDY. Er...

TOM. This, Rachel, is ... *(Stops.)* Ah.

RACHEL. Who?

TOM. Er...

RACHEL. You called her Judy.

TOM. Did I?

RACHEL. I thought the other one was Judy.

TOM. Julie. This one's Julie.

RACHEL. The chambermaid.

JUDY. Yes.

TOM. Yes.

RACHEL. Why was she looking for you?

TOM. Was she?

RACHEL. She just said so.

JUDY. Because I heard he was looking for me.

RACHEL. Why was he looking for you?

TOM. To, er... come and do the bed.

JUDY. Yes.

RACHEL. You saw her doing the bed.

TOM. I mean, I was looking for her before I saw her. But now I've seen her, I don't need to look for her.

RACHEL. How do you know her?

TOM. I don't.

RACHEL. You called her Judy.

TOM. Julie.

RACHEL. Whatever. And she called you Tom.

TOM. They told me she was Julie when I was looking for her.

JUDY. And they told me it was Tom who was looking for me.

RACHEL. *(Puzzled.)* Oh, I see.

TOM. Anyway, Julie, have you finished in there now?

JUDY. Yes.

TOM. Well, come in here, and leave Rachel to get ready for her wedding.

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