SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

The Bathroom Door

A Farce in One Act

by Gertrude E. Jennings

SAMUEL FRENCH

SAMUELFRENCH.COM SAMUELFRENCH.CO.UK

Copyright © 1916 by Samuel French, Inc.
Copyright © 1943 (in renewal) by Gertrude Jennings
All Rights Reserved

THE BATHROOM DOOR is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-62037-9

www.SamuelFrench.com
www.SamuelFrench.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

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

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

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *THE BATHROOM DOOR* may not be licensed by Samuel French in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Samuel French office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *THE BATHROOM DOOR* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play(s) does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to Samuel French before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Samuel French.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title(s), or part of this title(s), to any social media websites.

For all enquiries regarding motion picture, television, and other media rights, please contact Samuel French.

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Samuel French, against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees. Please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

THE BATHROOM DOOR

Produced on Monday, January 10, 1916, at the Victoria Palace, London, with the following cast of characters:—

THE YOUNG MAN	*Mr. Langhorne Burton*
THE YOUNG LADY	*Miss Dorothy Bell*
THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN . .	*Mr. Frank Halden*
THE ELDERLY LADY	*Miss Margaret Murray*
THE PRIMA DONNA	*Miss Margaret Halstan*
THE BOOTS	*Mr. Frank Ridley*

SCENE.—*A passage on the fourth floor of the Hotel Majestic. The time is 8 a.m.*

N.B.—"The Boots" may be turned into "A Charwoman" if desirable.

"The Bathroom Door" was performed on board "Repulse" during her voyage from South America to England in October, 1925, with the following Cast of Characters:—

THE YOUNG MAN . .	*Mr. Ward Price.*
THE YOUNG LADY . .	*H.R.H. The Prince of Wales*
THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN	*Lieut. Butler.*
THE ELDERLY LADY . .	*Pay-Lieut.-Comdr. Youle.*
THE PRIMA DONNA . .	*Lieut.-Comdr. Philip.*
THE BOOTS . . .	*The Hon. R. Ward.*

THE BATHROOM DOOR

The Scene is a passage-way running across the stage and set forward. It is 12 *feet in width. Facing the audience are three doors. The first is labelled* 66, *the centre is* BATHROOM, *and the third is* 67. *The doors must open on to the stage, the handles being on the* L. *hand side of doors. The play can be performed with one door only—the bathroom. There is a small red velvet settee between door of bathroom and* 66. *The stage is empty when curtain rises—then a gay whistling is heard, and there enters from* R. *a handsome* YOUNG MAN, *clad in pyjamas, dressing-gown and bedroom slippers—he carries a loofah, and a towel. He walks up to bathroom, tries door, the whistle stops, he turns and exits smartly, the whistle resumed.*

After a moment's pause there enters from L. *the* YOUNG LADY. *She is very pretty and has fair hair. She wears a simple pretty dressing-gown over her night-dress and carries a sponge and towel. She crosses stage, tries door and exits. A short pause, and the door of* 66 *opens, and the* ELDERLY GENTLEMAN *appears; he is red-faced and white-haired and clad in pyjamas and dressing-gown. He, too, tries the door and then returns to his room. The door of* 67 *opens and there emerges very cautiously the* ELDERLY LADY *in a red flannel dressing-gown. Her hair is twisted tight on top of her head and she is not pretty. She advances in a frightened way to the door, then bolts back into her room.*

A pause—enter, preceded by little trills and bursts of song, the PRIMA DONNA, *a very beautiful woman whose peignoir is more wonderful than most people's best tea-gowns. She has on a lace night-cap. She carries sponge bag and towel. She crosses nonchalantly to the door, tries it, gives an exclamation of disgust and exits, singing. In a moment the* OLD GENTLEMAN *enters, the* MIDDLE-AGED LADY *opens her door, comes out, sees the old gentleman, and shuts her door hastily. The* OLD GENTLEMAN *quickly returns to his room. The* YOUNG LADY *enters briskly, tries door, says, "Oh, bother the thing!" and exits. Re-enter the* PRIMA DONNA; *just as she reaches the door the* YOUNG MAN *enters quickly. The* PRIMA DONNA *drops her sponge-bag; he picks it up, and hands it to her.*

PRIMA DONNA. Oh, thank you so much.

YOUNG MAN. Not at all. I'm afraid the bath room is occupied.

PRIMA DONNA. Yes—so tiresome. It's the only one on this floor.

YOUNG MAN. Absurd—in such a big hotel.

PRIMA DONNA. Isn't it? I usually have a suite, but they are all engaged.

YOUNG MAN. Very full, isn't it?

PRIMA DONNA. Very. (*Drops her sponge-bag. He picks it up.*) So much obliged——

YOUNG MAN. A pleasure.

PRIMA DONNA. Oh, thanks. I don't have to carry these things as a rule, but my maid has a toothache.

YOUNG MAN. How trying!

PRIMA DONNA. Isn't it! What a long time this person is! One must be patient, I suppose.

YOUNG MAN. It seems like that. Of course, your turn comes first.

PRIMA DONNA. Oh, really I——! Well, I *should* be glad. My accompanist will be here at nine-thirty. Music is a hard task-master.

YOUNG MAN. Music! Ah, now I know where I have seen you.

PRIMA DONNA. Oh yes?

YOUNG MAN. Everywhere! But your photographs are not—but then photographs never could be——

PRIMA DONNA. Could be what?

YOUNG MAN. Good enough.

PRIMA DONNA. Really! (*Moves* L.)

YOUNG MAN. Was that rude?

PRIMA DONNA. No—it was charming, but not quite the place or time.

YOUNG MAN. Well, if you could name a better?

PRIMA DONNA. Certainly not—I didn't mean that at all. I must go back and wait till this person is done. (*Crosses* L.)

(PRIMA DONNA *stops.*)

YOUNG MAN. I'm afraid I've offended you. It's my terrible frankness. I *have* to say everything I think, and I couldn't help thinking you very beautiful, could I?

PRIMA DONNA. It must be very awkward.

YOUNG MAN. To be beautiful?

PRIMA DONNA. No, having to say everything you think.

YOUNG MAN. Yes, isn't it? I've been like that since I was a baby.

PRIMA DONNA. Still you're grown up now, aren't you?

YOUNG MAN. Oh yes—quite grown up. (*Looking at her with great admiration.*)

(*The* OLD GENTLEMAN'S *door opens.*)

PRIMA DONNA. I must fly. (*Going.*)

YOUNG MAN. I'll keep guard and tell you when this person comes out.

PRIMA DONNA (*off stage*). Oh, please don't trouble.

YOUNG MAN. It's no trouble. (*Darts back to door.*)

(*The* OLD GENTLEMAN *comes up to the door in front of which the* YOUNG MAN *is standing.*)

OLD GENTLEMAN. Excuse me, sir, but if you have quite done with the bathroom, I would like to get in.

YOUNG MAN. I haven't even begun with the bathroom yet, sir.

OLD GENTLEMAN. Oh! You haven't been in?

YOUNG MAN. No such luck.

OLD GENTLEMAN. My apologies.

YOUNG MAN. Not at all.

OLD GENTLEMAN. But you won't mind my pointing out that I came here first?

YOUNG MAN. Pardon me. This is my third effort.

OLD GENTLEMAN. I came at seven-thirty.

YOUNG MAN. I came at seven twenty-five.

OLD GENTLEMAN. There's no record.

YOUNG MAN. No. I didn't leave my card.

OLD GENTLEMAN. I have a very pressing appointment.

YOUNG MAN. But I am keeping the place for a lady.

OLD GENTLEMAN. A lady! That's very unusual.

YOUNG MAN. Not at all. They have baths too, you know, sometimes.

OLD GENTLEMAN. Still, to *engage* a bath——

YOUNG MAN. Why not go to the next floor?

OLD GENTLEMAN. I don't care to.

YOUNG MAN. Just as you like.

(*The* OLD GENTLEMAN *glares at the* YOUNG MAN. *Door of* 67 *opens and the* OLD LADY *comes out into the passage, sees the two men.*)

OLD LADY. Oh!

(*The two men turn and see her. She darts back, leaving a worsted shoe. She bangs the door, the men giggle.*)

YOUNG MAN. Cinderella has left her slipper.

OLD GENTLEMAN. Oughtn't we to return it?

YOUNG MAN. Yes, do. (*Passes him over towards slipper.*)

OLD GENTLEMAN. It's your privilege, as the younger man.

YOUNG MAN. But it was your idea. I couldn't think of interfering.

OLD GENTLEMAN. I can't do it. I never do that sort of thing.

YOUNG MAN. What sort of thing?

OLD GENTLEMAN. You know perfectly well what I meant. Besides, I haven't shaved.

YOUNG MAN. You don't need to shave before you return a slipper.

OLD GENTLEMAN. The lady will think you very impolite.

YOUNG MAN. But she *looked* at *you.*

(*The* OLD GENTLEMAN, *alarmed, makes for his door, turns.*)

OLD GENTLEMAN. If I go I may lose my turn at the bathroom.

YOUNG MAN. But if *I* go, I shall lose the turn of a more beautiful person than either you or I—a being brighter than the stars, more fascinating than a fairy princess.

OLD GENTLEMAN. Oh, I thought you were waiting for *that* lady. (*Pointing at door.*)

YOUNG MAN. Cinderella! Oh dear me, no!

OLD GENTLEMAN. Still, I don't see why the poor soul should go without her shoe.

YOUNG MAN. It's a shame.

OLD GENTLEMAN. When I was a young man I never neglected an opportunity——

YOUNG MAN (*meaningly*). I'm sure you didn't——

(*Enter the* YOUNG LADY *rapidly. She stops abruptly at seeing the men.*)

YOUNG LADY. Oh dear! Is there *still* some one in the bathroom?

YOUNG MAN. I'm afraid there is——

YOUNG LADY. Thanks. I'll go back.

YOUNG MAN. Wouldn't you like to wait here?

YOUNG LADY. Oh no—I'll wait in my room. (*Exits.*)

YOUNG MAN. This *is* a nice hotel!

OLD GENTLEMAN. Is that the star and the fairy princess?

YOUNG MAN. No. But she's very bewitching, isn't she? I expect the star will soon return.

OLD GENTLEMAN. She will? Well, if there's going to be a procession of beautiful ladies I'd better go and shave——

YOUNG MAN. Good luck.

OLD GENTLEMAN. May I trust to your honour that I have the bath next but one?

YOUNG MAN. You may trust anything.

(OLD GENTLEMAN *exits.* YOUNG MAN *goes to slipper.* OLD GENTLEMAN *reopens door.* YOUNG MAN *flies back to bathroom.*)

OLD GENTLEMAN (*at his door*). I still think you ought to return that slipper. (*Laughing.*)

YOUNG MAN. Shut your door and I will.

(*The* OLD GENTLEMAN *shuts his door and the* YOUNG MAN *picks up the slipper, advances to 67, and taps. Pause. He raps louder. The door opens and the* ELDERLY LADY'S *head appears. She screams and shuts the door. Enter the* PRIMA DONNA.)

PRIMA DONNA. Oh!

YOUNG MAN. It's only lost property.

PRIMA DONNA. What a peculiar affair! What is it meant to be? A tea cosy?

YOUNG MAN. It's a slipper.

PRIMA DONNA. Really (*The* YOUNG MAN *hangs*

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS