

Setting: The hotel Fleetwood.

Run by "Mac"

The setting of the reception area doubles up as a set for a bed room by laying the reception desk down it can become a bed, and turning a few other items around to reveal hotel room furniture, etc. A strategically placed chair can double up as a reception room chair as well as a bedroom chair.

For a dining room scene, all of the chairs and tables the audience are using, can be used as the dining room furniture, followed by throwing a cloth over the reception desk to resemble a serving trolley.

Cast

Mac - Owner of The Fleetwood Hotel

George - The old Bellhop

Keith Smith - A young man, recently married

Rosie Smith - Married to Keith, recently married

Francis Hubert - A Toff, on a gap year travelling the wilderness of Suffolk

Kathy - A ghost explorer

Mike - A ghost explorer

Malcolm - A modest and humble millionaire

Jemma - Mac's daughter - maid in the hotel

Rebecca - Mac's ex-wife and a writer with writers block.

Mrs Maple - The Private detective who solves the case

A few extras (back stage hands) for the dining room scenes

Act One

Scene One

There is Fleetwood Mac music playing in the background as the audience are welcomed in. On set there will be a reception desk with a bell on it. The manager, and two members of staff are behind the desk welcoming everyone into the hotel, signing them in on the guest book and showing them to their seats; directions to the bar, etc. This is to all be adlibbed between audience and staff and staff with each other. Once all the audience are in and seated the play can then begin.

The staff dissipate to take care of other jobs, leaving the reception desk empty.

SFX - Fleetwood Mac music playing "Albatross"

A young couple come walking in, giggling and cuddling with one another: they are clearly freshly in love. Their cuddling gets a little more heated and the female "Rosie" dings the bell rhythmically as her partner "Keith" kisses her neck.

Enter Mac. He walks slowly over to the reception desk whilst Rosie is still dinging the bell and giggling. He places his hand on the bell and stops it dinging. He removes it to the side.

Mac: Yes? Can I help you? ... Is it a room you want or a brothel?

Keith continues to tickle, kiss and giggle with Rosie

Rosie: Keith, stop it! Behave! (To Mac) Yes, we've booked a (To Keith) Stop! (To Mac) A room. We've booked a room. Under the name of Keith Smith.

Mac: Keith Smith...ah. Yes. Here it is. If you could just sign here please.

Rosie and Keith are still kissing and giggling and Mac gets impatient with waiting for them.

Mac: If you could just sign here please! ... If you wouldn't mind ... excuse me, ... sir ...

Mac physically has to prise them apart for a moment.

Mac: Now, Mr Smith. If you could just tear yourself away from the young lady for a few seconds, I would quite like your signature please.

Keith: (Averting his face from Mac) Didn't realise I had a fan club, ha ha ha.

Rosie: Oh, darling, you're so witty!

Keith: (Averting his face from Mac) And you are so beautiful, darling.

Keith and Rosie begin to kiss and cuddle again.

Mac: If you could JUST sign the ... I give up.

Mac screws up the paper they need to sign and dings the bell.

George, a rather elderly gentleman, enters dressed as a bellhop and comes to the front desk.

Mac: Ah, George, be a good fellow and cart these two individuals to room twelve please. I fear, if they aren't prised apart soon, then they shall wear each other's lips away and we aren't covered for that in our insurance. Thank you.

George: Very well, sir. Come along now, young man, come up for air. Now follow me to room twelve (They move towards the doorway and George points) Room twelve is this way. Follow this corridor, take a right and then up the first flight of steps. It's the second door on your left. Where is your luggage please?

Keith: (Averting his face from Mac and George) It's in the lobby, we were told to leave it there.

George: I shall have it brought up to your room straight away sir.

Keith: (Averting his face from Mac and George) No rush. We have plenty to do before we need that lot!

George: Won't take five minutes, sir.

Rosie: That's what you said, darling! (she gives a giggle)

Keith: (Whilst averting his face from Mac and George he playfully gives Rosie a gentle tap on the bottom) Get up those stairs, you!

Keith and Rosie exit, George wanders back to the Reception desk.

George: Oooo, lucky devil. Honeymooners, I take it. Lovely to see!

Mac: No, it isn't - perverse, that's what it is. I mean what is the matter with these people nowadays? There's no decorum!

George: The joys of youth! I remember it well. We were all young once.

Mac: You've been alive far too long to remember what it was like being young George. But granted that you haven't looked this way all your life - that would have been a scary thought - I shall give you the benefit of the doubt on this one. However, in my day, and no doubted yours too, we had the idea of restraint, and behaving one's self in public!

George: I was never in to all of that restraint stuff myself, sir, but what you and the wife get up to is entirely your affair. I shall collect these young lovers' bags and drop them off in the room.

George walks off towards the front of the stage, collects the bags and goes to room twelve.

Mac: (To himself) I swear he gets more and more senile as the day goes on!

SFX - Telephone rings

Mac: Hello, Hotel Fleetwood. Mac Speaking. How may I help you? ... Ah yes, good morning. ... Your room will be available from two o'clock. ... yes, that's what it says on your booking confirmation slip that you should have with you ... it's in your hand. ... jolly good. See you at two. (he places the receiver down) Honestly, why can't people read things properly?

Mac sits down and starts to read the newspaper at the front desk.

A scruffy young man (Francis) appears at the desk and he is dressed in travelling clothes and carries a huge rucksack, complete with Thermos flask, sleeping bag and all manner of

hiking equipment hanging from it. He has a beard and long scraggy hair.

Mac: (Takes one look over his paper at Francis) Deliveries are to use the kitchen entrance.

Francis: (He speaks in a posh voice) Pardon me, sir?

Mac: I said, deliveries are to use the kitchen entrance. Now if you please, I am very busy.

Francis looks around, whilst Mac resumes reading his newspaper. Francis dings the bell. Mac jumps up crossly.

Mac: What is it you want?

Francis: My name is like Francis Hubert, yeh. My father is like Sir Frederick Hubert the second, yeh. He like reserved a room for me.

Mac: You're Sir Frederick's son? I am very sorry, young sir. Please allow me. My most humble apologies for my earlier confusion, it's just that ... well ... you don't look ... would you like your room upgraded to a double?

Francis: Oh, yeh cool. Yeh no worries at all. A single is absolutely fine yeh. I am like, after all, 'roughing' it as I take a gap year travelling. Yeh.

Mac: Travelling, are you? Starting here and heading to Thailand and New Zealand, no doubt.

Francis: Yeh, yeh, no. Like far too dangerous to travel there and stuff. Father thought it was like best I discover the world and fund my expedition myself, yeh. So, I came down from Cambridgeshire to Suffolk to explore. My, it's like a whole different world here. Yeh. Cool yeh.

Mac: Really?

Francis: I am completely out of my comfort zone, like. The dialect is completely different yeh, and the strange customs you have.

Mac: Well, we are a strange breed. You're in room four. If you could just sign here and I shall get George to see you to your room. *He dings the bell.*

George enters

Francis: Cool, yeh, yeh, no. I shall find it by myself.
Gosh, this is rather fun, yeh. Like a little like
adventure. So, grown up yeh.

Mac: When you speak to your father next, tell him Mac says
hello!

Francis wanders off, map in hand to find his room.

Francis: So, I'm back, to the velvet underground. Back to the
floor that I love. To a room with some lace and
paper flowers. Back to the gypsy that I was. To the
gypsy that I was.

Mac: The aristocracy has really gone down the pan!

The lights fade down and the set is then changed to a bedroom.

Hitchcock Scripts Sample

Scene Two

A bedroom in the hotel. Kathy and Mike "The ghost hunters" are getting their equipment ready to do some ghost hunting. Kathy is laying on the bed reading up about the hotel and Mike is checking his equipment - he has his back to the audience and is looking down, struggling with something.

Kathy: It says here that the Fleetwood hotel has experienced many apparitions over the years. The original part of the timber-framed hotel was built around 1635 and was originally a court house for witch trials. The front porch housed a hangman's noose and many a convict was hung, drawn and quartered there.

Mike: Come on ... nearly there ... little more ... oh yes, oh yes! You Beauty!

Mike whips around and reveals a hose-type contraption attached to a box that hangs off his belt, he swings it about a bit.

Mike: (Jokingly) Does this make my bum look big?

Kathy: Mike - be careful with that. You might break it again and we can't afford to replace it.

Mike: (Still playing with the hose) I know, I'm just so excited ...

Kathy: I can tell!

Mike: (Drops the hose) To think, we may actually get a chance to see a real ghost and better yet capture it in this ectoplasma case.

Kathy: That would be fantastic. Perhaps this hotel will be the real deal for once. Not like the stories you hear of The Bull in Lavenham or the haunted room at The Bildeston Crown. Even the Plumbers Arms at Denston was a waste of time - that piano playing on its own was rigged and there was no old man appearing in any of the rooms other than the night porter - was odd how he would do that "Just checking the doors ma'am", he would say.

Mike: Yeah that was rather disappointing, wasn't it? So, what else does it say about this hotel then?

Kathy: (Thumbs the page) Ah, yes. Now this is interesting. Potential poltergeist activity in the form of

pictures being moved and thrown across the room. A set of bagpipes are often heard at midnight and a white woman appears between the old building and the rebuild which was done in the 1800s after a fire. Apparently, she appears to walk along the corridor but you can't see her legs, because the original floor was a foot lower than the new build.

Mike: Ghosts obviously don't climb steps then.

Kathy: She is meant to be a woman who was condemned to death for witchcraft, but during her escape she was killed by her supposed rescuers by mistake. They came to rescue her at night but were attacked by guards who were moving her to a more secure area of the court house due to the threat of a potential rescue. In the confusion she was killed.

Mike: How come there aren't any newer ghosts? You know, ones from the last hundred years?

Kathy: There is! A world war one soldier died in room thirteen - he had come back from the front line and was in resting here as it was used as a hospital during the war. He had been gassed and eventually shot himself due to depression. Customers have said to have heard moans and groans from the room. There was also the murder of twin girls and a mother in 1920. Apparently, the hotel had been going through a revamp and the caretaker at the time lost the plot. Killed his wife and twins and then himself. Ooo, nasty stuff.

Mike: I wonder if there are any ghostly goings on happening now? Let's try out the EMF reader.

*Mike gets the EMF reader out and starts scanning the room.
Kathy goes alongside him.*

Kathy: Don't forget, don't get too close to any electrical wires or the EMF signal may be compromised.

Mike: Roger. ...hang on, hang on. I'm picking something up. I've got a faint signal.

SFX - Phone vibrating as it rings.

Mike: It's getting warmer as I approach the bed. It appears to be down in the ...

Kathy: Wait. ... can you hear something?

Mike: Is it trying to communicate with us?

Kathy: What, by vibrating? Move the EMF down here again.
(Points to the side of the bed)

Mike does so and the reading goes through the roof.

Mike: The signal is so strong.

Reaches down and pulls out Mike's phone from under the fallen part of the duvet.

Kathy: It's your phone ringing! (hands Mike the phone) The EMF signal picked it up. Least we know it works.

Mike: (To the phone) Hello Mum. ... yes, all fine. We've arrived safely. (To Kathy - who smiles at him sarcastically) It's my mum. She wanted to know we arrived safely. (To the phone) Yes, we're going to set the cameras and infrared sensors up in a bit, then we will camp down for a couple of nights and review our findings. ... yes, I have packed clean socks. ... Yes, I will wash behind my ears. ... Mum, stop fussing, I will be fine. besides, I have Kathy to look after me. ... love you. Bye. (He hangs up and talks to Kathy) My mum says "Hello".

Kathy: Hello back.

Mike: She won't hear you - I've hung up.

Kathy: I know that. I was just ... never mind. Right, let's get our equipment out and set up.

The lights fade down and the set is kept as a bedroom, but the bed is moved to the opposite side of the room to make it appear like a different room in the hotel. There is a man sat on the bed doing his shoes up. He is well presented in his attire, yet casual.

Malcolm: Jemma, have you seen my other shoe?

Jemma the maid walks in, she is fastening her uniform and her hair is a mess, she is yet to sort it before resuming her duties.

Jemma: I think it is still lodged between the bathroom door and the room, Malcolm. If memory serves, that's where you threw it off your foot whilst rapidly removing your shirt. A most impressive, skill I must say, and I thought men were unable to multitask but you manage it very well indeed.

Malcolm: My dear, you are a sweetheart and your flattery with words knows no bounds. I must admit, all it took was a special look and I felt I knew you before. I didn't mean to love you. I didn't think it would work out but I knew we would be together and I couldn't wait for more. But what can they say? It's not against the law!

Jemma: You are soppy. You know, I don't hold you down, maybe that's why you're around. But if I'm the one you love, think about me. I believe that you really want me but it's not easy just to give in. So, let yourself go and let love begin!

Malcolm: Jemma, my love, you know I do and I would. But it's your father - Mac. He certainly wouldn't approve of us. I mean, we run a huge risk of being caught anyway but...

Jemma: But you can't resist me and my charms. I know, I know. But my father will have to get used to it. I am a woman and as such I can choose my mate.

Malcolm: Your mate? Sounds a little animalistic.

Jemma: Would you prefer my lover? Or my sugar daddy or perhaps my wild tiger!

Malcolm: Perhaps partner is best.

Jemma: You're very refined, aren't you Malcolm? Not like other men I have met. You know the quick to impress at the dinner table but not so impressive in the bedroom type or the ones who promise the earth but never deliver more than a pound of worthless clay. You're different. But I have a burning question or two.

Malcolm: By all means, fire away.

Jemma: How come you spend all your life living in our hotel? I mean, how come you haven't a home of your own to live in? And my other question is, why are you so afraid

of my father finding out? Surely, he would be pleased that we love one another.

Malcolm: Sweet, sweet Jemma. I live in this hotel because I choose not to have a home. I find the creature comforts available here more than satisfactory and they fulfil my needs. As for your father, I respect a man of his standing. He has built up this hotel back to its original glory and as such I have invested a little capital with him and gained his trust; so to cross him, especially when we both know he has a fiery temper and can be jolly unreasonable, would mean I would lose not only this glorious roof over my head, which I think of as home, but also a beautiful woman- to whom I have grown to love. It is a subject which needs to be broached very carefully indeed.

SFX - Footsteps up a staircase and along a corridor.

Jemma: Damn! that sounds like my father. What am I going to do? Quick, pass me that tray with the empty plates on it.

SFX - Knock on the door

Malcolm: (Calling out) Coming. (To Jemma) Jemma, your hair is....

But It's too late, Jemma has opened the door, her hair is a mess and her father stands there.

Jemma: I'm glad you enjoyed your breakfast in bed, Mr Powell. Father, I shall attend to turning down the other rooms for the arrival of the new guests now that I've finished clearing Mr Powell's things.

Mac: Well done, Jemma. Keep at it, girl. Oh and, one more thing, you really ought to make more of an effort with your appearance, my girl. Keep the standards of the hotel up!

Jemma: I do keep the standards of the hotel up, amongst other things. Father, I shall do as requested.

Jemma gives a knowing smile to Malcolm and exits.

Mac: The youth of today! You know I had two young lovers come in earlier. Practically making love in the lobby. Disgusting behaviour.

Malcolm: Surely love should be appreciated and allowed to blossom.

Mac: Not on front reception, it shouldn't! Now, I've come to talk to you about something a little ... delicate. Money. I need you to invest some more into the hotel and as soon as you can please. I haven't much time to waste.

Malcolm: More money? Whatever for? Surely, you've had enough out of me? I mean I've cleared my debt.

Mac: Yes, your debt to me is cleared; however, your secret is safe with me ... so long as you make this investment. You know, I remember reading an article about some robbery and diamonds being smuggled, now they never did find the culprits name, but I am sure that I know it ... what was it again?

Malcolm: I haven't a clue what you're talking about.

Mac: But the Keel brothers may feel slightly differently about that! After all, I have heard they're now out of prison. So, I need an investment of seventy-five thousand pounds by next weekend. You have my bank details. There's a good man.

The lights go down.