

**In One Door! Out the Other!**

**Jack Dyville**



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***We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!***

**ArtAge Publications**

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IN ONE DOOR! OUT THE OTHER!

by  
JACK DYVILLE

CAST

*(Four performers (2M/2F) play multiple roles + an Extra Male as Santa.  
Or you can use 14 performers.)*

<u>ACTRESS #1</u>	Sophie ( <i>An older Brooklyn Woman, 60s</i> ) Mrs. Gottrocks ( <i>A Texas Oil Man's Missus, 60s</i> ) Lucia Victoria ( <i>An older Lady of the Evening, nearing 70</i> )
<u>ACTRESS #2</u>	Lola ( <i>A Southern lady, charges by the hour, plays 40s, but older</i> ) The Cleaning Lady ( <i>A Cockney lady, 60s</i> ) Lila ( <i>Lola's very proper yet hysterical Mother, late 60s</i> )
<u>ACTOR #1</u>	Ralph ( <i>The Front Desk Man, 50s</i> ) Fios Guy ( <i>Mid-50s</i> ) Mr. Gottrocks ( <i>A Texas Oil Man, 60s</i> )
<u>ACTOR #2</u>	Mr. Smith ( <i>Lola's 'john' late 50s</i> ) A UPS Man ( <i>Any age</i> ) A Taxi Driver from Foreign Country ( <i>Any age</i> ) A NYC Detective ( <i>Late 60s</i> )
<u>EXTRA MAN</u>	Santa Claus ( <i>The Real One!</i> )

Setting

*A hotel lobby: All that is needed is a Front Desk and a chair. Three Entrances/Exits. DSR is the Front Door. A double door would be perfect, one to enter, one to exit. But any door will work. USR is the Guest Elevator. SL leads to the employee area.*

Time: Now

Production Notes

*The play has been written so that each actor has time for a quick change of costumes and/or simple accessories. It should be kept easy with one thing going-on over another – just keep adding to make it fun. Use wigs to get different age & look requirements. Have fun with the costumes and let the actors have fun with the different roles and varied accents and nationalities. The robe is used on the Taxi Driver to cover his suit underneath and is used for theatrical effect as he is not a real Taxi Driver.*

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*Setting: A hotel lobby. The front desk and a chair are at Center. The main entrance is Down Right. An exit Up Right leads to an elevator. Another Down Left leads to an employee area.*

*At Rise: Lights come up on the front desk where RALPH is working. SOPHIE enters from Main entrance, DSR.*

SOPHIE: Mornin' Ralphie.

RALPH: Goodness, Sophie, you're up early this morning. Wait, are you coming or going?

SOPHIE: What does it look like?

RALPH: Looks like you came through the front door.

SOPHIE: Glad to know you keep a sharp eye on this run-down hotel which I might add has recently been marked for destruction.

RALPH: Yeah, that's the pits, ain't it? Yet, that big red 'X' is the only bright spot on the block.

SOPHIE: You kiddin,' Ralphie, it's a real blemish on the neighborhood.

RALPH: Makes me real sad to think this dump is being destroyed.

SOPHIE: Not gonna worry, just hope that re-location committee don't relocate us all to another flea-bag hotel *together*.

RALPH: I was hoping they would keep us all together; you people are like family.

SOPHIE: Have you noticed what's goin' on up on the fifth floor? You want that kind in the family?

RALPH: Not sure I know what you're talking about.

SOPHIE: We respectable tenants who've lived here close to thirty odd years have to put up with a helluva lot from the 'ladies' who recently moved-in.

RALPH: I guess the clientele has become a little more colorful.

SOPHIE: Colorful? They might as well string *red* twinklin' lights around that "X" on the building. I mean, lowly sons 'o bitches parade in and outta my neighbor's room every fifteen and a half minutes night after night. They make the Bowery look respectable.

RALPH: Nope, guess I hadn't noticed none of that.

SOPHIE: You better get thee to an eye doctor! Why do ya think I'm just gettin' home? Ain't cause I like gettin' up with the chickens, Ralphie.

RALPH: Well...?

SOPHIE: Wake up and smell the coffee.

RALPH: I'm afraid to answer that one.

SOPHIE: And, it ain't 'cause I been to some big red carpet gala neither.

RALPH. Ah, come on Miss Sophie; I thought for sure you'd been walking the red carpet tonight. In fact I was just about to ask ya, "Who Are You Wearin'?"

SOPHIE: Who do ya think? (*proudly*) 'Goodwill.'

RALPH: Well, you're looking good. You may have gotten it from Goodwill but it looks like it came right off the rack of K-Mart. So, why are ya comin' in at sunrise?

SOPHIE: I can't sleep with all that racket on the fifth floor. It's like a Shriners' Convention. Her door slams, the bed creaks, then twelve and a half minutes of whoops and hollers. Maybe a minute of silence, and it starts all over.

RALPH: I hadn't noticed.

SOPHIE: Like I said, ya must be blind?

RALPH: No. Maybe a little hard of hearing, but...

SOPHIE: I'm forced to sleep with my head propped up over a cup o' coffee down at the Port Authority 'til sun-up.

RALPH: I'm sorry, wonder why I haven't seen you coming back at this hour of the morning before?

SOPHIE: 'Cause you're never behind that desk, Ralphie. All I ever see is that damn sign of yours, "Gone For Season. Reason? Freezin'!" What the hell does that mean anyway? Don't answer that. No wonder this place is crawlin' with despicable characters. They just walk in unannounced.

RALPH: I gotta take my break sometime. Sunrise seems perfect. I mean, the cat burglars have all gone home by then. Just a little late this morning.

*(Takes out the sign "Gone For Season. Reason? Freezin'!"; puts it on the counter)*

*(LOLA enters from Elevator USR. She wears a sexy negligee.)*

LOLA: Ralph, sweetheart? What the hell's wrong with the telephones?

RALPH: I beg your pardon, Miss Lola?

SOPHIE: *(whispers to him)* Don't call that tramp a "miss." She's old enough to be your grandmother.

LOLA: I heard that, darlin'. I'm not deaf you know.

SOPHIE: Well, you seem to be the only one in the *family* that ain't deaf and blind!

LOLA: Ralph, darlin', the phone in my room is not working.

SOPHIE: Only thing not *workin'* in that room! *(aside to Ralph)* With the cash she rakes in, I'd think she could afford one of them new-fangled cell phones.

LOLA: *(smiles; points to her ear)* Again, every single word! Ralph, how will I know when Mr. Smith arrives; if the phone is out of order?

RALPH: Mr. Smith?

LOLA: A very important new cli...Cousin. He's my cousin. I found him through a long lost uncle.

RALPH: I didn't know anything was wrong with the phones. *(picks up receiver)* There seems to be a dial tone on this one.

LOLA: I'll just wait here in the lobby 'til he arrives.

SOPHIE: *(escorting Ralph to the Main Door)* I'll take care of this, Ralphie. Go on your break. I'll watch the front desk. I'm a real 'people person.' *(She turns to Lola)* Now, you look here. Ya ain't waitin' in the lobby dressed in your work clothes.

*(Ralph exits DSR and changes to Fios Guy.)*

LOLA: My work clothes?

SOPHIE: Oh that's right, ya wear that skimpy little thing only for your 'meet & greet.'

LOLA: Lady, you have some nerve.

SOPHIE: *(escorts Lola to the elevator exit USR)* Look, girl to girl, I understand; a lady's got to do what a lady's got to do. I'll send Mr. Smith up the minute he arrives.

*(Lola exits USR and changes to Cleaning Lady)*

*(The phone on the desk rings.)*

**END OF FREEVIEW**

**You'll want to read and perform this show!**