

ACT I:  
PARANOIA

*(Scene Set: A hotel room which includes: a king-size bed, a nightstand, a couch, a T. V. and a dresser (which should be across from the bed). There should be three lamps, on the nightstand and one on each table. A phone on the nightstand. A Bible is in one of the nightstand's drawers. There is a doorway to a bathroom at Stage Right and a doorway that is Far Up Stage Left.)*

*(As the audience enters the sound of nice easy listening elevator music is heard until about five minutes before the play begins when the music stops and the sound of struggles and yells are heard. Finally, as the lights slowly dim a follow spot pans over the audience while a person recites: "Only themselves understand themselves and the like of themselves, As souls only understand souls." -Walt Whitman. As the stage lights come on CONNIE is holding the phone in her hand and SAM is sitting on the edge of the foot of the bed.)*

SAM: Told you it still wouldn't work.

CONNIE: Doesn't hurt to try.

SAM: *(Sarcastically joking)* Yeah, well, just don't start thinking positive thoughts.

CONNIE: *(Sarcastically joking)* Oh, yes sir. Whatever you say sir. *(X to the nightstand and pulls a deck of cards out of the drawer.)* Want to play?

SAM: Now?

CONNIE: *(Shuffles the deck.)* Yeah.

SAM: *(Stands and X to the door.)* Are you joking? I want to get out of here. I want to know what the hell is going on. *(Slams at the door.)*

CONNIE: Yeah, I know, so do I. Don't do that.

SAM: What?

CONNIE: Don't hit the door. It didn't sound good out there, remember.

SAM: Yeah. *(Turns around and rubs his faces in frustration.)* What would we play?

CONNIE: War.

SAM: *(Quickly turns to CONNIE.)* You don't think it's that bad out there? I mean, it couldn't be

that big of a thing.

CONNIE: We heard that shooting and screaming that went on for about twenty minutes. It seems as if they moved on to other areas now. I'm still scared. I, I, I don't know-I think we should stay here still. Aren't you scared?

SAM: (*X to CONNIE and holds her.*) Yeah, honey, yeah I'm scared and confused and angry and-I just want everything to be o.k.

CONNIE: So do I. That's why I was just trying to use the phone, but punching at the door isn't going to do any good. If there is someone there you're just pissing them off and we don't know what they would do.

SAM: Hell, we don't even know what the hell is going on. This whole trip seems like a mistake.

CONNIE: (*Stares cruelly at SAM.*) Yeah, yeah it does. Let's try the T.V.

SAM: Yeah, sounds good. (*X to the T.V. and turns it on. Nothing is seen or heard.*) It's out.

CONNIE: They must have disconnected the power.

SAM: Lucky it's still daylight.

CONNIE: I know.

SAM: So, what are we going to do?

CONNIE: Play cards. (*SAM looks at her and shakes his head.*) Hey, at least it keeps all this off our minds. What else are we going to do? Find a way out of this room and get shot like the others?

SAM: No. No, I want to keep us safe.

CONNIE: Then, let's just stay here for a while and play cards.

SAM: (*Pulls a chair over to the bed where CONNIE is sitting.*) All right, but not war. Gin. A nice long game where you need to concentrate a bit.

CONNIE: (*Passes out seven cards.*) O.K.

(*They start to play as the door opens. SAM quickly stands as STEVE, a young man in his early twenties, is thrown in. STEVE looks as if he just finished scuba diving. SAM runs to the door, but we don't see the assailants only him being punched and butted into the room. The door closes again. CONNIE rushes to SAM.*)

CONNIE: I married a macho idiot. I knew you were insane, but now you're also an idiot.

SAM: (*Stands*) I know. I'm sorry. I had to try.

CONNIE: No, you didn't. (*Helps STEVE up*)

STEVE: (*Shaken, but still all right.*) Thanks. It's hell out there.

CONNIE: What's going on?

STEVE: I just came back from diving and there they were.

SAM: Who?

STEVE: The guys with the guns. I don't know, terrorists, fanatics, I don't know. But, I'm glad someone is safe. It's good that you guys decided to stay in here. It's hell out there.

CONNIE: (*To SAM*) Told you.

SAM: I know, I know.

(*Awkward silence. STEVE instinctively sits in one of the couches. Stands again then sits and nervously shakes his leg.*)

SAM: So, are you sure you're okay?

STEVE: Yeah, just give me a minute.

CONNIE: Want to play cards?

STEVE: (*Looks at CONNIE strangely*) What?

CONNIE: Fine. (*Begins to set up a game of solitaire.*)

SAM: (*To STEVE*) Don't mind her. She's actually a pretty nervous person too.

CONNIE: That's true.

SAM: Which is why she needs to play cards.

CONNIE: Good guess.

STEVE: Yeah, well I can understand. It's weird. I was just out there, you know. I mean, I was having fun, connecting with nature, feeling the life around me and God's perfect hands holding me- (*Stops for a pause.*)

SAM: Then, boom, it's gone. Like a bomb exploding-

CONNIE: Or a car crash.

STEVE: Yeah, like that. Now, here I am.

SAM: You're lucky in some ways.

STEVE: What?

SAM: We've been in here the whole time. We didn't even know if they, whoever they are, knew if we were in here. I guess they do.

CONNIE: Sure do.

SAM: You see, we don't even know what it's like out there. For us, it's been like waking up from a dream and walking into a nightmare.

CONNIE: To say the least.

SAM: Connie.

CONNIE: What?

STEVE: I, I just-

SAM: You want to change? I have something you could wear.

STEVE: Yeah, in a little bit. Right now I just want to, to, get things straight.

SAM: What exactly is it like out there?

STEVE: Well, I, um, I-

CONNIE: Can't you see he doesn't feel comfortable right now?

SAM: Connie!

CONNIE: What?

STEVE: It looked like all hell broke loose. A bunch of them just charged in and took over.

SAM: Who were they? What did they look like?

CONNIE: Don't you realize he doesn't want to talk about it.

SAM: Connie! Stop it!

CONNIE: What do you mean stop it!?

SAM: We need to know!

CONNIE: Why? So, we can get out of here and get shot! You are such an idiot!

SAM: Well, hon, stay here and play your little card game!

CONNIE: Is that right! You're going to leave me here!?! Ten years and goodbye wifey!?

SAM: Why the hell not!

*(Pause)*

CONNIE: You little pr-

STEVE: Wait. I understand what you mean. You want to know what it's like and who's doing this. I know. But, you're going to have to give me a minute to think.

SAM: All right. My name's Sam and that's my dev-

STEVE: I know, I heard you. Connie. Steve. I, uh, I'm a marine research technician for Kleon Industries.

SAM: And I'm the President of the United States, and the First Lady, the- *(Stops himself from saying the insult.)*

STEVE: Yeah, okay. *(Uncomfortable.)* I think I will take those clothes now.

*(Slamming is heard as they freeze and look around. Two men are yelling at each other. LEON and SILVIA are heard yelling. There is a slam at the front door. The door opens and STEVE and SAM stand and go to the door, then back away with their hands up. LEON is wearing a suit and is holding SILVIA whose clothes are torn. They slowly walk in and the door closes behind them. SILVIA tosses her purse on the floor near the door.)*

SILVIA: *(Looks at everyone in the room while huddling next to LEON)* Wh-What's going on? Who are you?

LEON: She's in shock. They just took us without reason or warning.

*(CONNIE takes SILVIA by the hand and guides her to the bathroom. CONNIE looks at SAM with a very concerned look.)*

STEVE: I know what you mean. Are you sure you're all right?

LEON: No, I'm not all right. I've just been taken hostage by some freaks. No! No, I'm not all right.

(SAM places his hand on LEON's back.)

LEON: (Notices SAM's touch.) What, no. Don't touch me. Don't!

SAM: It's all right.

STEVE: Yeah, it's all right guy. Let's just take a seat on the bed.

(SAM guides LEON to the bed.)

LEON: All right. All right. Yeah, I think I should sit down for a minute.

SAM: Yeah. Take it easy a bit.

LEON: It's just hard. I mean I came out here to surprise Silvia, (Points to the bathroom.) then all this happened. I guess I'm glad to be here for her, but I don't want to be here. You know what I mean?

SAM: (Looks towards the bathroom.) Yeah. I know exactly what you mean.

STEVE: It's all right. Hey, they got me on the beach as I was coming in from scuba diving.

LEON: And you-

SAM: Sam. My wife, Connie. (Points to the bathroom) We were in here-

STEVE: And, I'm Steve.

LEON: (Still focused on SAM.) You and she-?

SAM: We were fortunate and cursed to be in here when it all started.

LEON: At least you didn't have to see what's going on out there.

SAM: Who are they? What do they look like? I mean all we've seen were these two who tossed you in here.

LEON: All I saw was the same, men in dark camouflage and black masks.

SAM: Steve?

STEVE: Same. Just as he said, except they had guns. Nice big angry guns which they wanted to

shoot my head off with.

LEON: They weren't that big.

STEVE: Big enough.

LEON: If they wanted you dead you'd be dead right now and not in this room!

STEVE: Gun activist?

LEON: What? Yeah, I believe in having guns in our homes. I'll tell you this much. If I had my gun here with me right now I wouldn't be in here arguing with a young twit like you!

STEVE: You're right! You'd be dead! Should have brought it old man!

*(STEVE and LEON start at each other, but SAM goes between them.)*

SAM: Stop! Stop it!

*(The struggle continues for a moment then they break-up and walk to separate sides of the room.)*

SAM: This isn't doing us any good. We need to help each other out, not beat the hell out of one another. Now come on. Let's try to calm down here. Take something from the wet bar. I'm sure we won't be charged for it. Just calm down now.

*(CONNIE pokes her head out of the bathroom. SAM walks to her.)*

CONNIE: What the hell is going on out here? I was going to bring her out of the bathroom so that she could lie down and rest, but then I heard all the yelling and pushing.

SAM: It's all right. They're just angry. I forgot, they've seen what's out there. They have a lot of anger about the situation right now.

CONNIE: Yeah. So, can she come out now?

SAM: It's alright for now.

*(CONNIE takes SILVIA out and LEON begins to slowly walk to them, takes SILVIA and helps her lie down. CONNIE walks to SAM.)*

CONNIE: The tension is already starting.

SAM: And it is just the beginning.

CONNIE: Yeah, I know.

SAM: Let's just try to keep everyone calm. Maybe if we stay focused. *(Pauses a moment as he looks around at the two men.)* Maybe if we stay focused we all could think of how the hell to get out of here-

CONNIE: Alive.

SAM: Yeah.

LEON: If I only know what they looked like.

STEVE: Why? So you can concentrate your hate on a group?

LEON: What?

STEVE: Then, you can think about hating a certain group of people. Isn't that right gung-ho, G. I. Joe gun boy?

LEON: *(Stands and cracks his knuckles. He stares at STEVE the whole time.)* I'll tell you what, I'll just concentrate it on you, you idiot kid.

STEVE: *(Stands and walks towards LEON staring back.)* Come on old man. Let's see-

SAM: *(Quickly comes between them.)* Hey now guys! I thought I said to-

LEON: Get out of the way or I'll just take both of you out.

SAM: *(Surprised.)* Now wait a minute.

*(CONNIE stands and begins to walk to the "fight zone.")*

CONNIE: Boys!

*(STEVE jumps towards LEON and SAM is stuck in the middle. The three struggle.)*

CONNIE: Sam!

*(SILVIA sits up.)*

SILVIA: Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

*(They all stop moving and stare at SILVIA who, in contrast to earlier, looks strong and determined.)*

LEON: Silvia?

SILVIA: What the hell do you think you're doing? I mean there is a war out there, angry men with guns who hate for some reason and they're taking it out on this place. We don't know who they are or why they're doing it and it really doesn't matter. The important part is to get out of this alive and move on. And, in order to do that we need to concentrate on staying calm. Now, if you two want to have it out then do it and get it done with, but it won't do much good. We need to stick together and stay calm.

*(They all look at each other in shock. CONNIE goes back to SILVIA who seems exhausted from her speech. LEON walks away and to US wall. STEVE turns to SAM.)*

STEVE: You said I could borrow some of your-

SAM: Yeah. *(He reaches for his suitcase against the wall behind the door. He opens it and pulls out a pair of pants and a tee shirt.)* This all right?

STEVE: Fine. Anything. The suit is starting to dry and it's starting to feel pretty funky against my skin.

SAM: Here.

*(SAM hands STEVE the clothes and STEVE goes to the restroom. LEON turns around and faces the audience with his back to the wall. LEON then slides down the wall and to the ground as he puts his hands over his face. SAM looks at SILVIA as he begins to walk to LEON.)*

SILVIA: Leave him alone for now. He needs a minute.

SAM: Okay. *(SAM walks away and DS.)*

SILVIA: *(To CONNIE)* Men. Always trying to save the day, be tough and win the battle.

CONNIE: Yeah, I know. Sam wanted to go out there earlier, before everyone came.

SILVIA: I just don't think it's smart. Those people out there are mean. They just came out of nowhere. I, I just don't understand.

CONNIE: Are you feeling better?

SILVIA: Yeah, honey I just, it just took me by surprise. You'd think I'd be used to it huh? You see, I used to be a stewardess on airplanes. We were always worried about this kind of thing. It even happened once.

CONNIE: A hijacking?

SILVIA: Yeah. It worked out well, but I was scared then too. I guess it's something I can't get used to. But, Leon can. He used to be a police officer.

CONNIE: Which explains the gun thing.

SILVIA: Yep.

(LEON *stands up as STEVE walks out of the bathroom. LEON walks up to STEVE.*)

LEON: Sorry. I'm not used to being a hostage. I was always the one to save the day. And now I'm helpless.

STEVE: It's all right man. We're all tense.

SAM: But we need to stay calm.

SILVIA: That's right.

LEON: (*To SAM and STEVE, but he speaks loudly.*) You know I came here to surprise her.

SILVIA: And you did honey.

CONNIE: (*To SILVIA*) Do you work here?

SILVIA: Yeah, I work in the Public Relations office. I do all the large group reservations.

STEVE: And were these guys on a group package?

SAM: Steve.

STEVE: Sorry. Just a joke.

LEON: I just want to know what they want. (*He starts to walk towards the door.*)

CONNIE: Don't! Don't you even dare hit that door you stupid ape!

(*Everyone stares at CONNIE.*)

SILVIA: Don't you dare call-!

SAM: She'll do whatever she-!

STEVE: Hey!

LEON: What! What do you have to say?

STEVE: Breathe in through the nose and out through the mouth.

LEON: What is this, yoga?

STEVE: Wouldn't hurt.

(LEON *turns and walks away from the door.*)

SAM: Leon.

LEON: I know, I know I'm sorry. I'm just losing control.

CONNIE: I'm sorry too. It's just Sam tried to do that earlier like an idiot.

LEON: (*Turns to SAM.*) Oh!

SAM: Yeah, I know.

STEVE: You're scared I know.

LEON: Huh? No, no I'm not. (*Walks DSR*) Okay, so I am. (*Turns to the others.*) And, so are the rest of you.

STEVE: Of course we are.

SAM: Damn right.

CONNIE: That is why we need to just wait it out. Isn't that what you're supposed to do Silvia?

SILVIA: All I remember is if you're out of harm at the moment then use that time. And stay calm.

STEVE: There is no escape. They have guns.

LEON: Whose room was this again?

SAM: (*Points to CONNIE and himself.*) Ours.

LEON: Did you have to choose the room with no windows? I mean who ever thought of a hotel room with no windows.

SAM: It was cheaper.

CONNIE: Sam.

SAM: Well, it was. And, right now we're on a budget.

(CONNIE *stares at SAM in frustration.*)

SILVIA: Yeah. This is one of the few rooms.

STEVE: Look at it this way. If you guys weren't here you might have been out there and who knows what would have happened to you.

SAM: Were they killing people?

LEON: I couldn't tell. There was just a lot of pushing.

STEVE: I saw the same.

SILVIA: This is actually the only room on the first floor. Maybe they'll forget about us.

SAM: And stay locked in here?

SILVIA: I didn't think about that.

*(They here RUMBLING and PUSHING outside.)*

LEON: Let's just be ready for anything.

CONNIE: *(To SILVIA)* How many people were checked-in?

SILVIA: Only about forty-five or fifty. We have high capacity right now. I don't know for sure. But it is our off season.

SAM: Yeah, ours too.

CONNIE: Sam. Stop.

SAM: Yeah.

STEVE: I know we don't want to, but let's just relax, or at least try to relax for a while. And, if someone comes then we'll be ready for it.

LEON: Yeah, not much else we can do.

*(CONNIE sneers at SAM who sarcastically looks back. STEVE notices. LEON X DS and sits on the floor and leans his back to the bed. SILVIA begins to massage his back. CONNIE tries to play solitaire again. SAM X DSR. STEVE follows.)*

STEVE: Sam?

SAM: Yeah?

STEVE: What's going on with you and Connie? Aren't you two married?

SAM: Yeah.

STEVE: Marital problems?

SAM: Something like that. I don't really feel like talking about it right now.

STEVE: Okay. Whenever you're ready. *(Pause)* Man, I need to get out of here. I'm just an intern. I need this job.

SAM: So, you're still in college?

STEVE: Just finishing up my last semester. That is, if I make it out of here. Oh, sorry I said I was a research technician.

SAM: That's okay. You're just trying to impress.

STEVE: I will be. I have it all set. I just need to graduate.

SAM: Should have majored in psychology instead of physical science.

STEVE: Huh?

SAM: With all your yoga and inquisitive questions.

STEVE: I just try to know a lot about a lot of things.

SAM: Be careful. You'll end up knowing a little about some things.

STEVE: And? I'll be the Jack of All Trades.

SAM: And, Master of None. Take it from me. Stay focused. Otherwise, it will bite you back.

STEVE: Is that what you did?

SAM: Yep.

STEVE: Maybe you just did it wrong. You see I have my future planned.

SAM: You think.

STEVE: No, I know. My job is set. I'm on my way.

SAM: Nothing's for sure.

STEVE: What are you trying to say, that I'm wasting my time? That I won't get the job? Come on.

SAM: Well-

STEVE: Again, that is if I make it out of here.

SAM: We'll be fine.

STEVE: How come you're so calm now. When they first threw me in here you couldn't wait to get out there.*(Sarcastically.)* And, we both were smart, charging at the door.

SAM: I know. Weren't we good? Yeah, I guess I just feel calm.

STEVE: Lying to yourself?

SAM: No, just accepting. You see I was where you are now. I'm not trying to do a 'I remember when I was your age' crap. I'm just telling you my side.

STEVE: Okay.

SAM: I tried to be all those things you said you are trying to be. And, you see, I ended up right back where I was in the beginning. I was the artist type, you know, but I went into business, education, you name it. Just doing what I needed to make the money. Well, here I am.

STEVE: And what is it you said you do?

SAM: I didn't.

STEVE: *(Waits for a moment thinking SAM will tell him but he doesn't.)* Well I guess you're not happy there.

SAM: Good guess. All right. You want to know why Connie and I are here in this far corner of nowhere? I mean, this far end of the world? You see you and Silvia and Leon have an excuse why you're here. Connie and I don't. We just have a stupid situation. A real cruddy situation which will not even matter now.

STEVE: What is it?

SAM: First.

*(SAM sits on the floor and STEVE follows.)*

SAM: Do you have a fiancée?

STEVE: No. But, I did have a girlfriend.

SAM: And I'll bet since she's not here with you that-

STEVE: Yeah, it ended right before I left.

SAM: Problems?

STEVE: Yeah. She just didn't want anything I wanted.

SAM: Which was?

STEVE: I don't know. A future. She just wanted to live in the same place her whole life. She didn't want to get out. I just couldn't understand it. We went to the same university and it seemed good. But, then she decided she had enough of me. I got tired of arguing with her anyway. I'm sorry, I got off track. You were going to tell me why you're here.

*(There is a GRUMBLING sound outside. They all react. The door knob jiggles. LEON stands.)*

LEON: Everyone. Be ready for anything.

*(CONNIE guides SILVIA into the bathroom.)*

CONNIE: *(To SAM)* Don't you do anything stupid. *(Turns to STEVE.)* You too.

*(LEON stands behind the door. STEVE stands ready to charge the door. SAM stands to the side. The door opens and MELODY runs in. STEVE notices her and backs away. LEON instinctively charges forward and tackles MELODY to the bed. SAM quickly intervenes and grabs LEON. MELODY is screaming and punching. STEVE tries to calm her down, but is too scared to come near her. Instead, STEVE helps SAM grab LEON.)*

SAM: Hold it Leon. It's just a girl.

CONTACT ADAM C. SHARP FOR THE FULL SCRIPT AND PERFORMANCE RIGHTS  
ADAM C. SHARP (COPYRIGHT 2011).