

FAMILY REUNION II

The Original Stageplay



CHRISTIAN PLAYWRIGHT

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SAMPLE SCRIPT



SCENE ONE

LIGHTS UP

The lobby is well decorated for the Christmas holidays.

Two BELL BOYS enter, overloaded with bags and exits just barely nodding to the Receptionist at the front desk.

Enter Sam, driver to Lila Mae & Henry. He falls down under the weight of the Bags.

Lila Mae and Henry are not far behind.

LILA MAE: Henry, will you please help Sam with the luggage.

HENRY: I ain't helping him. He gets paid to carry our stuff. I'm just a guest here.

LILA MAE: You're lazy Henry.

HENRY: He the one who is lazy. If he can't carry a few bags then maybe we need to fire him and hire a different driver.

Sam struggles to his feet and barely makes it to the Receptionist.

HENRY: *(smiles broadly)* Works every time.

LILA MAE: Sometimes I think you don't have a heart.

HENRY: Sometimes you think too much. It's your thinking why we're here in the first place.

LILA MAE: Henry, this is our dream.

HENRY: No, Lila Mae, this is your dream. I hate places like this. Hotels are for pimps and prostitutes.

LILA MAE: You wouldn't know. This is your first time at a hotel.

HENRY: And my last.

LILA MAE: You're gonna make this weekend a living hell for me, aren't you?

HENRY: Just so you don't drag us back here, yes.

LILA MAE: And it don't matter that its Christmas, and it's my birthday?

HENRY: Nope.

LILA MAE: You ain't never gonna change, Henry.

HENRY: Yeah yeah, whatever. Anyway, now that we here, what do we do now.

LILA MAE: Check in at the Receptionist.

HENRY: And you know this because?

LILA MAE: It's not my first-time sweetheart.

Lila Mae casually strolls to the Receptionist leaving Henry standing with his Mouth wide open.

HENRY: Lila Mae, don't be playing with me, Girl.

LILA MAE (to the receptionist) Hi, you have a reservation for Lila Mae and Henry Mullington?

Receptionist checks her books.

RECEPTIONIST: Yes we do. Room 156, seventh floor.

HENRY: Oh, don't you have a room on the first floor?

RECEPTIONIST: No sir. The first floor is for the lobby and the restroom.

HENRY: I'll take one of the restrooms, thank you.

LILA MAE: Henry!

HENRY: Why you go book us for the seventh floor and you know I'm afraid of heights.

LILA MAE: The Lord has not given us a spirit of fear but of power, of love and a sound mind.

HENRY: And common sense. I ain't going to no seventh floor. I'm staying right here.

LILA MAE: Fine. *(takes a few bags from Sam)* C'mon Sam, I have an empty space in my bed, if you're interested.

Henry takes the bags from Lila Mae, and he is the first through the door.

LILA MAE: *(smiles broadly)* Works every time.

Sam exits with the other bags.

Lila Mae takes out some cash to pay the receptionist.

ENTER Harry and Natalie, the wealthy couple.

NATALIE: Excuse me, Excuse me.

Natalie steps in front of Lila Mae, almost bouncing here aside.

LILA MAE: Excuse me, but I was here first.

NATALIE: Somebody talking to me.

LILA MAE: As a matter of fact, yes.

NATALIE: Sorry darling, but we're in a kind of a rush you see.

LILA MAE: Oh sorry, and I guess I was going nowhere.

Natalie hands the receptionist her credit card.

NATALIE: Where's that other girl who is usually here?

RECEPTIONIST: We work on shifts, so I'm not really sure who you are talking about.

NATALIE: Doesn't matter. Our usual room, please.

RECEPTIONIST: Which is?

NATALIE *(rolls her eyes)* You don't know who we are.

RECEPTIONIST: No ma'am.

NATALIE: Can you excuse yourself and allow a more competent individual to stand at this desk, please.

RECEPTIONIST: Excuse me.

HARRY: Just give us a room, please.

NATALIE: Don't be so aggressive dear. You'll scare the little darling away.

Receptionist tries the card, but something is wrong.

RECEPTIONIST: Uhmmm ---

NATALIE: Yes dear.

RECEPTIONIST: The card is not working.

NATALIE: Then try again, darling. What is it, don't you know how to charge a card?

Receptionist tries again, but the card does not go through. She hands it back to Natalie.

NATALIE: Incompetent, that's what it is.

HARRY: Are we gonna stand here all day or are you gonna find someone who can actually do their job.

RECEPTIONIST: Do you have cash, sir?

HARRY: Do I have cash? This is an insult.

RECEPTIONIST: No sir, what I meant was ---

NATALIE: Here *(Takes some money from her purse)*. I hope you know how to use these.

Receptionist takes the cash and hands them a receipt and keys.

RECEPTIONIST: Room 210. Twelfth floor.

NATALIE: It better be the best room you have.

Natalie claps offstage, and two Bell Boys enter carrying their bags. They exit.

Lila Mae is still in shock.

Receptionist turns her attention back to her.

RECEPTIONIST: Sorry about that.

LILA MAE: Don't be intimidated by their attitude, dear. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven.

RECEPTIONIST: Tell me about it.

Lila Mae pays her cash and collects a receipt.

LILA MAE: I'll see you around dear.

RECEPTIONIST: Yes, ma'am. Enjoy your stay.

Lila Mae exits.

ENTER Angella. She checks in at the receptionist.

ANGELLA: Can I have a room, please?

RECEPTIONIST: Single or double occupancy.

ANGELLA: Do I look like a double occupancy to you?

Receptionist looks embarrassed.

Angella is sorry she snapped.

ANGELLA: I'm sorry. Just been having a bad day.

RECEPTIONIST: It's okay.

ANGELLA: Single please, as near to the top floor as you can.

RECEPTIONIST: Okay. Cash or charge?

ANGELLA: Charge (*hands her a credit card*).

ENTER DARREN, twelve years old. He's running all over the stage very excited.

Angella watches him for a beat.

Tyrone comes in behind him carrying all the bags.

TYRONE: Darren (*tries to catch him but he cannot hold him while holding bags*) Darren stop it this minute. You hear me boy.

Darren stops and looks at his father, but only for a minute before circling the stage again.

TYRONE: Boy, I'm gonna kill you. You just wait till I get a hold of you.

Angella finds something to smile about.

Tyrone sees her smiling.

TYRONE: Wow, I never thought my inability to control my son while carrying bags would put a smile on someone's face.

ANGELLA: It didn't, trust me, it was all your son, definitely not you.

TYRONE: Okay, about that, I see someone is in need of a little --

ANGELLA: What you say, sir?

TYRONE: Oh nothing, I was just talking to myself. DARREN! Oh, wait till I get my hands on you, boy.

ANGELLA: Let me guess, Baby daddy. It's your turn to take care of the boy this weekend and being the distant father that you are, you cannot relate to your son because he does not know you, typical.

TYRONE: Wow, you're good. Now let me guess, lonely, miserable, in need of a man, among other things. Had some bad run-ins in the past and now you're taking it out on every man you see, TYPICAL.

ANGELLA: Why, the nerve.

TYRONE: Listen, Lady, you don't know me long enough to put me in a category.

ANGELLA: Sweetheart. Once you are born a man, you are born into a category. I don't need to know you.

It's obvious there will be no further conversation between these two.

Tyrone tries to reach his wallet with his bags, but it is hopeless. He finds somewhere to rest his bags and turns to face the receptionist.

TYRONE: Good day. My name is Tyrone Miller and I'm checking in; my son and myself.

RECEPTIONIST: Your son?

TYRONE: Yes, he's right th --- *(turns around to see only Angella standing there pointing offstage)* Be right back.

Tyrone exits.

Angella is smiling again. She takes her stuff, collects her receipt and leaves.

Tyrone comes back pulling Darren by his collar. He puts him to stand in front as He finishes up with the receptionist.

Receptionist gives him a receipt and keys.

RECEPTIONIST: Room twelve, second floor.

TYRONE: Thank you *(to Darren)* Darren, I'm gonna let you go now, but please behave yourself.

Darren nods innocently.

By the time Tyrone picks up his luggage, Darren is nowhere in sight.

RECEPTIONIST: Usually when people come here for R&R, they leave the children behind.

TYRONE: Yeah, unfortunately for me, I have no one to leave him with.

RECEPTIONIST: Oh, well, hope you enjoy your stay here, somehow.

TYRONE: Yeah, thanks. *(exits)*

The Proprietor, Mr. Foster, enters.

MR. FOSTER: Good morning, Ms. Bennett.

RECEPTIONIST: Good morning, Mr. Foster.

MR. FOSTER: How many people have checked in so far?

RECEPTIONIST: About fourteen.

Mr. Foster looks troubled.

RECEPTIONIST: Is there a problem sir?

MR. FOSTER: Just fourteen. (*sighs*) This weekend is gonna be a bad one, I can feel it.

Troubled faces as ---

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE TWO

LIGHTS UP

Lila Mae and Henry are on stage.

HENRY: Man, I have not slept in a bed like that since ---

LILA MAE: Since what, Henry?

HENRY: Since I married you. *(He laughs)*. That bed sure knows how to crack the old bones.

LILA MAE: It's more like them old bones were about to crack the bed *(She laughs)*.

Henry flags her off. Lila Mae continues to laugh.

LILA MAE: So, Henry, what do you think of the place now?

HENRY: I've seen better.

LILA MAE: Where? On TBN?

HENRY: Oh, you got jokes. About time. I was starting to think that boredom was gonna kill me, living with you and all. *(He laughs)*.

LILA MAE: You old foot.

HENRY: And yet still you love me.

Door # 2 opens, Natalie and Harry enter. Natalie and Harry are all dressed up in expensive designer clothing and sunglasses.

LILA MAE: Oh great, just what I need to make my day. Here comes Mutt and Jeff.

HENRY: Judge not, honey, lest you be judged.

LILA MAE: Remember the two people I was telling you about?

HENRY: Yeah.

LILA MAE: That's them.

Natalie and Harry walk pass Henry and Lila Mae. Natalie lowers her sunglasses and looks at Henry with disdain.

NATALIE: They seem to be letting everything in these days. Who knows, we might soon be shacking it up lions and giraffes --- one big happy family.

HENRY: Lila Mae, who does she think she is talking to?

LILA MAE: See what I mean.

HENRY: Excuse me ma'am.

NATALIE: *(Turning to Harry)* You hear something?

HENRY: Why the nerve of this ---

LILA MAE: Angry, but sin not, Henry.

HENRY: *(calmly)* Pardon me ma'am.

HARRY: Yes, may I help you?

NATALIE: What is your problem Mr. We don't have anything to give you. You people are like parasites for hard working people like myself.

LILA MAE: Ma'am, you ever heard of the story of Lazarus and the rich man?

NATALIE: Not interested, and why are you talking to me anyway? C'mon Harry, don't waste time with the hired help.

Natalie and Harry exit the stage through DOOR #1.

LILA MAE: OH Jesus I sure do love you right about now.

HENRY: They better thank God I know Jesus. You know, if you weren't here I would have ---

LILA MAE: You would have what, Henry? Don't make me laugh at you --- you couldn't hit a fly, even if you tried. *(mockingly)* If I weren't here *(She begins to laugh)*.

LIGHTS FADE

LIGHTS UP

Kim and Michelle are onstage.

MICHELLE: It's so cool that your dad owns this place. You must come here a lot.

KIM: Yeah, yeah, if you say so. The only reason why I'm here is because my mom's not home.

MICHELLE: Girl, I don't care what you say, you lucky. At least you know your dad.

KIM: Sometimes I wish I didn't.

MICHELLE: So what are we gonna do this weekend?

KIM: Girl, I got so much to show you; the pool, the bar and of course the club with the fellas, so long as ma dad don't catch us, we'll be having a whole lot of fun this weekend.

MICHELLE: That's what I'm talking about, hey!

Kim turns to the receptionist.

KIM: Have you seen my dad?

RECEPTIONIST: No, not since yesterday.

KIM: I can never find that man when I need him. C'mon girl, let's go hit the pool.

Kim and Michelle exit the stage through DOOR #1.

LIGHTS OUT

SCENE THREE

LIGHTS UP

Lila Mae and Henry enter the stage through door #1.

LILA MAE: Ah, there is nothing like a long walk outdoors.

HENRY: *(Breathing tiresomely)* Speak for yourself. You seem to be forgetting that we're not so young anymore.

LILA MAE: Speak for yourself, Henry. I am as young as I feel.

HENRY: But not as you look. *(he laughs).*

Kim and Michelle enter the stage through door # 1.

MICHELLE: Oh great, old people.

KIM: Michelle, they are my dad's guests. They might hear you.

MICHELLE: Why do you care all of a sudden?

KIM: You know what, you're right. Let's forget about them, let's go.

Kim and Michelle push pass Lila Mae and Henry on their way outside.

HENRY: Excuse me, young lady.

MICHELLE: Get out of our way, old man.

They open door #1, and as they are about to exit the stage, Darren runs through the door almost knocking Michelle over.

MICHELLE: Hey, Watch it! What's wrong with you? Are you blind?

DARREN: Are you blind?

MICHELLE: You better not mess with me, boy.

DARREN: Or what?

MICHELLE: Why you little ---

Darren runs across the stage and then exits through door #2.

HENRY: The Lord works in mysterious ways, doesn't he?

LILA MAE: Henry, don't say that.

HENRY: What! They only got what they dished out. Serve them right. Too bad though.

LILA MAE: Too bad what?

HENRY: Too bad it wasn't me.

LILA MAE: Henry.

HENRY: C'mon, I know you wanted me to.

LILA MAE: No, Henry.

HENRY: Oh yeah, I forgot you too saved for troublemakers like me. Well, too late, you already married to me *(He laughs)*.

LIGHTS FADE

LIGHTS UP

Natalie and Harry enter the stage through Door #1. They are soaking wet and very distressed.

NATALIE: Rain, just what I needed.

HARRY: It was just a light shower hon.

NATALIE: *(Shouting)* A light shower? Look at my hair. Does this look like a light shower to you? I am soaking wet, my hair is a mess, and you are getting on top of my last nerve.

HARRY: The sun will soon come out, don't overreact.

NATALIE: Oh, the sun will soon come. I never knew that I married a weather man. It better, or else.

Harry shakes his head and sighs.

LIGHTS OUT

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