

BEDLAM AT THE BERMUDA B&B

A Play By:
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SAMPLE SCRIPT

the
Licensing
HOUSE

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Bedlam at the Bermuda B&B. A Play by Stephen Garvey

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ABOUT the SHOW

A similarly named cruise ship, hotel, and bed & breakfast play host to a series of mix-ups and catastrophic events in Bermuda, involving a high school science field trip (in search of a rare medicinal plant), a marching band (performing in a competition that may not exist), a religious retreat (that's actually a doomsday cult), and a category 5 hurricane (which formed in the Bermuda Triangle)! At the center of it all is Shea, the young owner of a struggling inn, who must keep all the unfolding mayhem out of view from her VIP guest: a visiting B&B influencer, whose "Platinum Pillow" rating is crucial for Shea to stay in business.

The Set

Upstage is divided in thirds: Center is the front entrance to The Mary O'Tonnaigh's Bed and Breakfast, a charming but rustic inn. (The signage above the front door reads: "The Mary O'T" because the "onnaigh's" fell off in a storm years ago.) Stage right is the posh lobby of The Marriott Hotel. Stage left is the pier where The Merry Yacht is docked.

Downstage will serve to host several locations, from travel agencies to a hotel room to an elevator to the B&B parking lot and more.

NOTE: For ACT II, upstage left will include an extension of the B&B, featuring the outside entrance to Casey Smith and Luna's room.

Production Notes

As this is a farce, pace and timing are key. Fast-speak a la old comedies like "His Girl Friday" are strongly encouraged!

CHARACTERS

23 Characters which can be expanded.
Heck, you can even add a marching band!

LODGINGS MANAGERS AND EMPLOYEES

SHEA O'TONNAIGH (20s, F) – Career-questioning owner of the struggling Mary O'Tonnaigh Bed & Breakfast.

KELLY (20s, F) – Overworked chef, driver, concierge, and maid at The Mary O'Tonnaigh B&B.

CAPT. WILLIAM (50s, M) – Badly-in-debt owner of The Merry Yacht private boat charter.

SIMONE (30s, F) – Bitter, British manager of the 20-story Marriott Hotel. Waiting for a transfer to the London Marriott that never comes.

TRAVIS (20s, M) – Worrisome owner of a mom-and-pop travel agency that's being squeezed out by a new, large competitor. Madly in love with Shea.

BRIDGET (20s, F) – Machiavellian owner of the previously mentioned large travel agency. Looking to take over every other Bermuda agency, especially Travis's.

THE GUESTS

CASEY SMITH (30s, M or F) – Impossible-to-please B&B influencer/critic.

LUNA (30s, F) – Egotistical model... well, not quite a model...a "specialty model." We'll just leave it at that. Casey's wife.

DALLAS (40s, M or F) – Nervous but determined Marching Band director. Here for secretive reasons and in way over his head.

HOUSTON (18, M or F) – Mopey marching band drum major. Neglected son of Dallas. Has a crush on Peyton.

PEYTON (18, F) – Nosy marching band member and hopeful journalist. Suspicious of why the marching band is here, and for good reason. Oblivious to Houston's feelings for her.

THE RED WOLF (40s-70s, F or M) – Mysterious leader of the Sacred Wolf Pack-t cult.

AUSTIN (20s, F) – Regretful cult member. Daughter of Dallas. Sister of Houston. Joined cult to get away from controlling parents, but realizing she traded one yoke for another.

SKOLL (20s, F or M) – Seductive cult member and the Sacred Wolf Pack-t's main recruiter.

GEORGES (40s, M or F) – Nutty science professor with a thick French(ish) accent. Here with his students on a field trip to create an elixir out of local and foreign flora.

ELOISE (18, F) – Serious science student and Georges' main interpreter.

JEAN (18, F or M) – Enigmatic science student. Talks in riddles that are either brilliant observations or complete gibberish. (Smart money's on the latter.)

MYSTERY PERSON (30s, M or F)
– You'll meet him/her in the last couple of pages. We don't want to spoil it for you here.

THE ISLANDERS

MARIO (20s, M or F) – Brain-jumbled delivery driver; lightning strikes will do that to you.

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS (40s, M or F)
– Suspicious insurance investigator looking into Capt. William's dubious activities regarding his boat policy.

CAPT. WILLIAMS (40s, M or F) – Not to be confused with "Capt. William." This is a visiting detective from the States, and twin of Inspector William [played by same actor].

MRS. HINDEN (70s, F) – Somewhat clueless local who is trying to book a vacation.

MR. HINDEN (70s, M) – Jealous/overprotective husband of Mrs. Hinden.

ACT I

SCENE 1

THE MARY O'TONNAIGH B&B

(Lights up outside The Mary O'Tonnaigh Bed & Breakfast, a rustic inn, which is a kind way of saying it needs some major love. The signage above the front door reads: "The Mary O'T" because the "onnaigh" broke off a few years ago.

Standing outside the hotel is a nervous SHEA O'TONNAIGH, the B&B owner, dressed in a misbuttoned button-down shirt. She goes through a checklist with KELLY, the B&B's chef/receptionist/maid.)

SHEA

You changed the sheets?

KELLY

Didn't forget.

SHEA

And the mints?

KELLY

Didn't forget.

SHEA

The chocolate ones -- not the chalky ones?

KELLY

Didn't forget.

SHEA

And you ordered the radicchio castelfranco?

KELLY

Arriving any minute. It'll be here in time for lunch.

SHEA

Everything has to be perfect, Kelly, including your famous salad. Food is Marlon Montague's biggest bugaboo. He killed the last B&B because he found a hair in his meal.

KELLY

To be fair, it was a family of hares. They hopped right onto the plates appar--

SHEA

The Mary O'Tonnaigh Bed & Breakfast needs a rave. More than a rave. We need the "Platinum Pillow.

KELLY

(overlapping)

The "Platinum Pillow." I know. Shea, I got this. You focus on keeping Marlon happy. I'll focus on...

(looking around)

...everything else.

SHEA

What would I do without you, Kelly?

KELLY

Probably have the nervous breakdown I'm currently experiencing.

SHEA

Sorry I'm being so nuts. It's just a Platinum Pillow designation can quadruple a B&B's business.

(BRIDGET saunters on stage, impeccably put together and dressed in a business suit)

BRIDGET

Wow! So, you'll get four whole guests next year?

SHEA

Very funny Bridget. Business isn't that slow...no thanks to you.

BRIDGET

I can't help it if my clients want a less...

(looks around)

...rustic getaway. Boy, look at this place. Your mom must be turning over in her grave.

KELLY

(defending SHEA)

Correction: Her mom is turning over in her urn!

SHEA

Thank you, Kelly. I can take care of myself.

KELLY

We don't need your help, Bridget. Marlon Montague is coming today.

BRIDGET

Marlon Montague? How would you even know that? He travels incognito. No one even knows what he looks like. You only find out he's been to your place after he posts his review.

KELLY

(pulls out registry)

We know an innkeeper in the Outer Banks who said he's heading to Bermuda and has been using the name Casey Smith. What does this name look like?

BRIDGET

(reading the registry)

Look at that. One whole guest. You sure you two can handle the load?

(looks at broken signage)

Couldn't even fix the signage first? Good luck, ladies.

(turns to exit...points to SHEA'S shirt)

Buttons.

(SHEA looks down and frantically rebuttons her shirt as BRIDGET exits.)

KELLY

She has a point, Shea. The "onnaigh" in "O'Tonnaigh" broke off like five years ago.

SHEA

Part of the charm. Back to the checklist. You remembered to call the car service?

KELLY

Didn't forget.

SHEA

And they'll greet them with complimentary drinks?

KELLY

Didn't forget.

SHEA

(looks off stage – deep breath)
And here they come.

KELLY

(face drops)
Oh no. I forgot.

SHEA

Forgot what?

KELLY

We have other guests. They called last week while I was away from the desk.

SHEA

What do you mean?

KELLY

I was going to add them to the registry right after I whacked the weeds, wired the washer, waxed the woodwork, and Windexed the windows...

(attempts a joke)
...but I didn't remember.

SHEA

This has to be a peaceful weekend, Kelly.

KELLY

It's just a party of three. Some high school kids.

SHEA

Not reassuring.

KELLY

Science kids. Future botanists or something. It's a field trip. The teacher will be here. How loud can they be? And you're not exactly in a position to turn away guests, now, are you?

(GEORGES, the science teacher enters, followed by his students, ELOISE and JEAN. All carry in their bags.)

KELLY

Hello! Welcome to The Mary O'Tonnaigh Bed and Breakfast.

GEORGES

(French accent...or something resembling French)
Zis is not ze Mario?

SHEA

The Mario?

GEORGES

(points to sign)
My French. Forgive me. Zis is not ze Mario-Tee?

KELLY

(to SHEA – motioning to sign)
I told him our nickname is “The Mary-OT.” May have caused some confusion.

ELOISE

(also French accent, but easier to understand)
We thought we were at The Marriott nearby. The manager. Simone. She sent us here.

SHEA

You met Simone? My condolences.

ELOISE

I am Eloise. This is Georges, our professor. And this is Jean.

JEAN

The cow reads you diary. You drink its milk.

(SHEA waits for more. Then looks to KELLY. Then ELOISE.)

SHEA

Okay... Let's get you all out of the way—I mean to your room. Kelly, set them in the Bermudian Ferns and Moss wing. Perfect for a bunch of botanists.

GEORGES

Has my package arrived?

SHEA

Excuse me?

ELOISE

For our research. We are here to collect wild Bermuda peppers and study their reaction with zombie squash from Ethiopia. The squash should be arriving today.

SHEA

I'll check with Mario.

GEORGES

Ze Mario?

ELOISE

(correcting)
The Marriott.

SHEA

No, Mario. He's the delivery driver for Amazin'. *[pronounced Amazin throughout.]*

ELOISE

Amazon?

SHEA & KELLY

(quick to correct)
Oh no, no, no.

SHEA

Not Amazon. I can't stress that enough. Our delivery service is called Amazin'. Spelled "Amazin'" like "Wow," but pronounced "Amazin."

KELLY

We should probably also mention at this point that The Marriott you came from is a truly exceptional hotel resort.

GEORGES

Okay. We settle in, zen go search for Bermuda peppers.

(turns serious)
Zere are no snakes, yes?

SHEA

Yes.

GEORGES

(confused)
Yes/no or yes/yes?

SHEA

Yes/no. No snakes. Bermuda is naturally free of them.

GEORGES

Good. Snakes give me ze, how you say, “willies”?

SHEA

“Willies.”

(KELLY clumsily grabs all the bags and guides the botanists off)

SHEA

Enjoy your stay, everyone!

JEAN

Flowers are the smiles of the sun’s gassy fury.

SHEA

(a look of concern)

Everything okay at home, Jean?

(All but SHEA exit. Her phone rings. She answers. Lights up on TRAVIS.)

SHEA

Bad timing, Travis. Marlon Montague is arriving any second.

TRAVIS

You better start calling him “Casey Smith” now, so he doesn’t know that you’re in the know, you know?

SHEA

I know.

TRAVIS

I’m calling to see if you need anything.

SHEA

Yes! Call Mario at Amazin’ and tell him to high tail it over here.

TRAVIS

Sure. I think he’s working again.

SHEA

What do you mean?

TRAVIS

He was struck by lightning two days ago.

SHEA

What?! Is he okay?

TRAVIS

I saw him yesterday. He kept calling me "Iceman" for some reason and he smells a little like grilled chicken, but all things considered, not bad.

SHEA

(sees something)

Gotta go. Just make sure he's coming. I need a couple packages. Fast.

TRAVIS

Shea, you know I'd do anything for y--

(SHEA disconnects the call and waves off-stage.)

SHEA

Mr. Mon -- Mr. Smith! Welcome!

(CASEY SMITH enters, recording the surroundings on his phone, while carrying his drink. LUNA marches in behind him, holding her glass out to SHEA. She's a bit frumpy, with a raging case of Resting B Face.)

LUNA

I can't drink this. I'm on a very restrictive diet. I had a package delivered. Where is it?

SHEA

We're expecting our delivery man any moment, Mrs. Smith.

LUNA

I'm not Mrs. Smith. I am Luna and Luna only.

CASEY SMITH

She's a model, darling, with the obligatory single name.

SHEA

(regards Luna's disheveled appearance)

She's a model?

LUNA

I have a photoshoot tomorrow and need that package for -- What do you mean, "She's a model?"

SHEA

I just didn't know we had a model coming. How exciting!

(calls out)

Kelly!

CASEY SMITH

(recording the signage with his phone)

What happened to the "onnaigh"?

SHEA

Oh, that? Funniest thing. It just broke off this morning. Because of the storm.

CASEY SMITH

What storm? There's not a cloud in the sky.

SHEA

That's Bermuda weather for you.

(calls out louder)

Kelly!!

(back to CASEY)

It's funny. The locals have grown to like the broken sign. They call us "the other Marriott."

CASEY SMITH

They've "grown to like it" since this morning?

SHEA

Kelly!!!

(KELLY enters just as SHEA screams her name and falls to the ground, curling up in a ball)

CASEY SMITH

What on earth?

SHEA

You'll have to excuse her. She has a crippling fear of loud noises. P.T.S.D.

CASEY SMITH

Is she a war survivor?

SHEA

Nickelback survivor. From a very loud concert some years ago.

(tries to spin it)

But it's great. It forces us to keep things quiet here. In fact, we've won the award for the British Island's Quietest B&B three years and counting.

CASEY SMITH

I hope that's true. I'm a very light sleeper and can get quite cranky when I don't get my required hours.

(looks around disapprovingly)

I'll have you know, Ms. O'Tonnaigh, we'd be staying at The Marriott if we could. I happen to have a terrible fear of heights, and they had nothing on the lower floors.

SHEA

Well, the only heights you'll experience here are our high standards, which rise every day.

(KELLY stands up)

Look at that, they're rising as I speak.

(pointing to signage)

Kelly, why haven't you fixed the signage yet?

KELLY

Huh?

SHEA

You said you'd get on it after it fell this morning.

KELLY

Ohhhh, yes. I'll take care of it right away.

SHEA

After you bring in Mr. Smith and Luna's luggage, of course.

(to CASEY and LUNA)

You two have the Butterfly Bush Room. It's our largest space.

LUNA

I hope so. I have terrible claustrophobia. Along with a stomachache. I need that package. It's my lactarium wild lettuce. I'm on a very restrictive diet!

(CASEY SMITH and LUNA exit through the doors entering the B&B, leaving SHEA and KELLY. KELLY grabs their bags.)

SHEA

When your done with their bags, call Mario for an E.T.A. on the packages of radicchio castelfranco, zombie squash, and lactarium lettuce. Then fix that signage. Oh, and then make lunch.

KELLY

Is that all, boss?

SHEA

(remembering)

No. You also have to make a plaque naming us the British Island's Quietest B&B...three of them.

(KELLY exits, shaking her head. SHEA already looks exhausted. She stares at the drink in her hand and downs it. Lights out.)

SCENE 2

THE MARRIOTT, THE MERRY YACHT & THE TRAVEL AGENCIES

(Lights up downstage, where TRAVIS sits at his desk next to an A-frame board featuring the logo for "Vista Venture Voyages Travel Agency." He's on the phone with a potential client.)

TRAVIS

Mrs. Hinden, thank you for trusting Vista Venture Voyages with your travel plans.

(lights up on MRS. HINDEN, an elderly woman)

MRS. HINDEN

I'll be honest. I kept trying First Class Adventures, but their line is always busy. But you! The first ring wasn't even done when you answered.

TRAVIS

Yes. Well, they're a very large, impersonal company. But my father built this agency on treating everyone's travel plans as if they were his own. I'll work tirelessly, Mrs. Hinden, all night if I must, to make sure that you're satisfied.

(realizes that came out wrong)

MRS. HINDEN

Oh!

(SFX: OFFICE PHONE RINGS)

TRAVIS

Sorry, Mrs. Hinden. Could you hold for just one minute?

(TRAVIS punches a button on the phone unit. Lights dim on MRS. HINDEN.)

TRAVIS

Vista Venture Voyages Travel Agency.

(Lights up on BRIDGET at her desk, next to an A-frame board with a much fancier logo for "First Class Adventures Travel Agency.")

BRIDGET

(low-pitched British accent)

'Allo. I need to book a three-week Bermuda 'oliday for the Wealthy Widowers Club. There will be ninety of us, and we all need to travel first class. Money is no object.

TRAVIS

(not fooled for a second)

Knock it off, Bridget. Your British accent is worse than your timing. I'm busy right now.

BRIDGET

Can't be with a client. I have them all. Let me guess, you're running around playing hero for Shea again?

TRAVIS

I'm trying to track down Mario.

BRIDGET

Oh, right. Lightning strike to the head. I'm sure he's still of some use. Probably has enough charge left in him to jumpstart a car or two.

TRAVIS

Everything's a joke to you, isn't it.

BRIDGET

Just letting off steam. This is a high-pressure business, Travis. You know, if it's too much for you to handle, I'm happy to buy out your company for its current value.

(checks her cell phone)

Does Venmo allow you send just one dollar?

TRAVIS

I gotta go.

BRIDGET

Yes. Mustn't keep Shea waiting.

(an idea)

She'll need a shoulder to cry on when she finds out Marlon Montague canceled on her.

TRAVIS

He what?

BRIDGET

Yep. When you have a big agency like mine, you catch wind of things like this. Looks like another lonely weekend at The Mary-OT B&B. I'd help of course but I'm busy with The Marriott.

(SFX: OFFICE PHONE RINGS. Bridget looks at her phone's caller ID.)

BRIDGET

Oh, yes. And The Merry Yacht.

(Lights up on a large boat, the name stenciled across the bow reads: "The Merry Yacht." BRIDGET disconnects with TRAVIS and picks up the call.)

BRIDGET

Ahoy there, Captain William. How are things over at The Merry Yacht?

(look of alarm)
You what?!?!

(lights dim on BRIDGET)

(SFX: OFFICE PHONE RINGS. TRAVIS looks at the caller ID.)

TRAVIS

Mario! Finally!

(punches a button)
Hey, how's your head?

(Lights back up on MRS. HINDEN)

MRS. HINDEN

Excuse me?

TRAVIS

Sorry, Mrs. Hinden!! Please hold!

(TRAVIS punches another button. Lights dim on MRS. HINDEN.)

TRAVIS

Mario, where are you?

(Lights up on MARIO. He looks pretty rough, with a huge bandage on his head and white sunblock unevenly applied to his face.)

MARIO

On my way to The Marriott.

TRAVIS

The Mary-OT, The Merry Yacht, or The Marriotee-tee??

MARIO

The Marriott.

TRAVIS

That doesn't help me.

(SFX: OFFICE PHONE RINGS.)

TRAVIS

Please hold.

(TRAVIS punches a button. Lights dim on MARIO.)

TRAVIS

Vista Venture Voyages.

(Lights up on of a posh hotel lobby of The Marriott. SIMONE stands stiffly behind the front desk, spraying it down with a bottle of bleach.)

SIMONE

(true British accent)

Yes, I need to accommodate a party of thirty. Somewhere. Anywhere but here.

TRAVIS

(smiles knowingly)

And I'm sure money's no object, right?

(shakes his head)

You don't give up do you? It's not enough you steal my dad's clients and drive him to an early grave. You have to torment me with prank calls now?

SIMONE

Pardon?

TRAVIS

And give it a rest with that creaky accent would you, Bridget?

(SFX: OFFICE PHONE RINGS. TRAVIS punches a button. Lights dim on SIMONE just as she's about to respond. Lights up on BRIDGET.)

BRIDGET

Hey, it's Bridget.

(TRAVIS freezes. Stares at the phone.)

BRIDGET

We have a problem.

TRAVIS

PLEASE HOLD!

(Lights dim on BRIDGET. TRAVIS looks at his phone, confused.)

TRAVIS

Which light is Mario?

(punches a button)

Look, I gotta go. But please take care of my package!

(lights up on MRS. HINDEN)

MRS. HINDEN

What about your package?

TRAVIS

(panicked)

AHHHH! Sorry, Mrs. Hinden!

(TRAVIS punches another button. Lights dim on MRS. HINDEN.)

TRAVIS

Mario?

(lights up on BRIDGET)

BRIDGET

Still me.

(TRAVIS punches another button. Lights dim on BRIDGET.)

TRAVIS

Mario?

(lights back up on BRIDGET)

BRIDGET

You're really bad at this.

(TRAVIS punches another button. Lights dim on BRIDGET and up on MARIO.)

TRAVIS

Mario?

MARIO

Yes.

TRAVIS

Please get the packages to the B&B!

MARIO

I have lots of packages, Iceman.

TRAVIS

Just hurry.

(TRAVIS punches another button. Lights up on SIMONE.)

TRAVIS

This is Simone at the Bermuda Marriott, isn't it?

SIMONE

Until the London Marriott rescues me from this island of misfits, yes.

TRAVIS

What's this about a party of thirty?

SIMONE

A marching band from America. They're in town for a competition. Normally I love being deafened by trumpets and piccolos for sixteen hours a day, but we have a conference of B2B thought leaders here who don't share my opinion. The band needs to go.

(as if catching herself)

I should mention that it is not the practice of The Marriott to interrupt our guests' visits.

TRAVIS

Of course not. The Marriott is famous for offering a seamless blend of luxury, comfort, and impeccable service.

(an idea)

But I can help. The Mary O'Tonnaigh just had a cancelation. It'll be tight, but I'll make it work. I'll send a bus now to whisk them off to the B&B!

(Sounds of a marching band can be heard off stage, playing circus-y music.)

SIMONE

Off to the B&B. Off a cliff. Either way. Good day.

(hangs up—turns offstage)

Vera! Get me London headquarters immediately!

(Lights out on SIMONE. TRAVIS pumps his fist in the air.)

TRAVIS

(to himself)

Yes! Cheer up, Shea. Travis is here to save the day. Take that, Bridget!

(remembering)

Bridget!

(TRAVIS punches another button.)

Okay. I'm ready for you. But it has to be a quickie.

(lights on MR. HINDEN)

MR. HINDEN

Look, I don't know who this is, but stay away from my wife!!

(TRAVIS hurriedly disconnects the call. Lights out on MR. HINDEN. TRAVIS punches the last button. Lights up on BRIDGET.)

TRAVIS

What do you want, Bridget?

BRIDGET

Never mind. I have it under control. Captain William booked a group on The Merry Yacht without my knowledge and there was a conflict, but I straightened it out. I sent a van to move his party to another resort.

TRAVIS

(bracing himself)

What other resort?

BRIDGET

(sinister smile)

I thought I'd throw Shea a bone. I know she needs the business.

TRAVIS

Oh, no.

BRIDGET

She'll be fine, it's just a religious retreat. About a dozen or so.

TRAVIS

A dozen?!

BRIDGET

And if anyone can handle a doomsday cult, it's Shea.

TRAVIS

Doomsday cult?!?!?

BRIDGET

Nothing too crazy. Just some chanting, reptile sacrifices, blah blah blah. Gotta go. Ta-ta!

(Lights out on a gob-smacked TRAVIS. BRIDGET takes out her mobile phone. Her face turns serious as she types out a text.)

BRIDGET

I fixed everything. No more freelancing! Stick to our plan.

(Lights out on BRIDGET. Lights up on CAPT. WILLIAM on the dock leading to the Merry Yacht. He reads his phone while pushing a dolly stacked with large, wooden crates, all labeled:

TOILETRIES

NUTRIENTS

TECH EQUIP

CAPT. WILLIAM approaches The Merry Yacht.)

CAPT. WILLIAM

(to himself)

I am sticking to the plan. What's wrong with one last group of cruisers?

(CAPT. WILLIAM begins loading the boat with the crates. INSPECTOR WILLIAMS, wearing a long trench coat and black fedora, enters, observing CAPT. WILLIAM'S actions. He pulls out a little black book from inside his coat and takes notes before approaching CAPT. WILLIAM.)

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

What, pray tell, is going on here?

CAPT. WILLIAM

I'm a little busy.

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

I'll be brief. My name's Williams.

CAPT. WILLIAM

I know who you are. You're that insurance inspector.

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

Aye Aye, Captain.

CAPT. WILLIAM

What are you saying "Aye Aye" for? I didn't give you any orders.

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

I said "I. I." You know: "insurance inspector." Look, we've picked up on some suspicious activity with your account recently: inconsistent claims, new policy purchases.

CAPT. WILLIAM

Sorry. I'm so busy with my business, I don't have time to fill all those forms out properly.

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

That's just it. Your business hasn't been busy. That could make a yacht captain nervous.

CAPT. WILLIAM

Things are picking up. I'm fine. I'm like a cat. I'm right back on the horse.

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

How cat-like. Do you mind my asking what you're loading onto your yacht?

CAPT. WILLIAM

Just some supplies for the next voyage back to the States.

(INSPECTOR WILLIAMS jots more notes into his little black book.)

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

I'll be direct. You're not thinking of blowing up your yacht, Captain, are you?

CAPT. WILLIAM

Why on earth would you suspect such a thing?

(CAPT. WILLIAM leans against the crates, blocking all the letters except for the first on each line. All we—and INSPECTOR WILLIAMS—see are the letters:

*T
N
T*

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS takes furious notes.)

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

Captain William, would you mind opening a crate for me?

CAPT. WILLIAM

Mind? I'd be thrilled.

(CAPT. WILLIAM grabs a crowbar off the boat. And goes to open the top crate. In a flash, he turns and hits INSPECTOR WILLIAMS on the head. The inspector collapses to the ground. INSPECTOR WILLIAMS drops the crowbar in shock. MARIO enters, carrying five medium-sized boxed Amazon' packages, all identical in size.)

MARIO

Morning, Captain William!

CAPT. WILLIAM

(shocked by MARIO'S sudden appearance)
AHHHHHHH!

(quickly recovers)
I mean, shhhhhhhh.

(points to INSPECTOR WILLIAMS)
He's napping.

(CAPT. WILLIAM stands between MARIO and the dead inspector)

MARIO

I have boxes for The Marriott, Merry Yacht, and Mary-OT. Can you help? My vision since the lightning strike is poor.

CAPT. WILLIAM

And you're driving?

MARIO

I know all the bumps on the way over here. I just follow them. It's sort of like road braille.

CAPT. WILLIAM

No disputing that logic... Look, you have to go. It's nap time for me, too.

MARIO

Which boxes are yours?

(CAPT. WILLIAM quickly grabs the top three)

CAPT. WILLIAM

These. Off you go.

(pushing MARIO to the exit)

Enjoy your bumpy ride back.

(MARIO exits. CAPT. WILLIAM stares at the inspector, the boat, and the crates. BRIDGET enters. She instantly spots the inspector on the ground.)

BRIDGET

What is this?

CAPT. WILLIAM

(shocked by BRIDGET'S sudden appearance)

AHHHHHHH!

BRIDGET

(looks closely at corpse)

Is this the insurance inspector?

CAPT. WILLIAM

Maybe?

BRIDGET

William. I said, "No freelancing"!

CAPT. WILLIAM

I panicked. Just help me load him on the boat, will ya?

(lights out as the two approach the INSPECTOR.)

SCENE 3

THE MARY O'TONNAIGH B&B

(Lights up outside the B&B. SHEA is with MARIO, looking at the two identical packages that he's handed her.)

SHEA

What is this? I'm expecting three packages, not two. And these aren't even addressed to The Mary-OT. This is for The Marriott-two-tees and this is for The Merry Yacht.

MARIO

I was just at The Merry Yacht. Captain William must have taken yours.

SHEA

Didn't you read the labels?

MARIO

(points to head)
Lightning. It affected my vision.

SHEA

And your sunblock application skills.

(SHEA hands the packages back to MARIO)

SHEA

Drop these off and get my packages back from The Merry Yacht. And hurry!

(MARIO exits as sounds of a marching band circus music grow increasingly louder in the distance. SHEA frantically looks for the source of the noise. She finds it and runs toward it. She's greeted by TRAVIS.)

SHEA

Travis! What's going on? You gotta shut those people up!

TRAVIS

I'm trying but they're very enthusiastic about the competition. They sound great though, huh?

SHEA

What are they doing here?

TRAVIS

That's the good news. They're staying here. I know thirty's a big number, but I promise to --

SHEA

They can't stay here. Not this weekend.

TRAVIS

Oh, no. Did the doomsday cult beat us here?

SHEA

Doomsday cult? What are you --

(Casey charges outside with a case of bedhead.)

CASEY SMITH

What is happening here? I'm trying to nap!

SHEA

I'm sorry, Mr. Smith!

TRAVIS

(stunned – quietly to SHEA)

Marlon Montague actually came? But Bridget told me --

(realizing he's been had)

Bridget!!

(SHEA approaches CASEY)

SHEA

Go back to bed, Mr. Smith. I'll take care of this.

(SHEA glares at TRAVIS, who runs off stage. The music stops.)

SHEA

See?

(CASEY pulls out his phone and records himself)

CASEY SMITH

Owner struggles to manage her B&B. Offers no explanations for audio disturbances.

(SHEA rushes to stand next to CASEY, joining the recording)

SHEA

This is all part of our welcoming service to first-time guests. To make them feel special.

CASEY SMITH

You hired a marching band to welcome Luna and me?

SHEA

Yes?

CASEY SMITH

Very well. What about my wife's Amazon package?

SHEA

Amazin'. Please.

CASEY SMITH

Where is it? Luna is on a very restrictive diet.

SHEA

(overlapping)
--restrictive diet, yes.

CASEY SMITH

She needs her roughage. She has a photoshoot tomorrow and she's backed up right now.

SHEA

Sir?

CASEY SMITH

It's been nearly a week since she's...you know...

SHEA

That's very...intimate.

CASEY SMITH

It's more than that. It could ruin her career. It's already ruined my day. She's very irritable.

SHEA

Understandable. Honestly after just a couple of days, I get a little --

CASEY SMITH

We need that package!

(CASEY marches back into the B&B. TRAVIS re-enters with DALLAS, the marching band director. They're followed in by two marching band students, PEYTON and HOUSTON, both dressed in uniform.)

TRAVIS

Shea, this is Dallas, the marching band director.

SHEA

Nice to meet you, Dallas. I wasn't aware there was a band competition happening here.

PEYTON

(jumping in)

Neither was I! In fact, none of the students or our parents knew anything about it.

DALLAS

(nervous)

Yes. It's all brand new. Just learned of it a month ago myself.

(changing the subject)

This is Peyton, our tuba player.

PEYTON

And the editor of our school newspaper.

DALLAS

And this my son and the drum major, Houston.

SHEA

Dallas and Houston. Cute.

DALLAS

We're Texas through and through. I also have a daughter, Austin.

HOUSTON

And three other kids named Arlington, Laredo, and little Fort Worth.

DALLAS

We kind of ran out of city names by the end there.

TRAVIS

(spotting something)

Oh, no. I'll be right back.

(TRAVIS exits)

DALLAS

(to SHEA)

Speaking of the name "Austin," anyone with that name check in today by any chance?

SHEA

Not here.

PEYTON

Shouldn't you be asking about the package?

DALLAS

Oh, yes. We're expecting a package. Costumes for our performance. Clown outfits. It was supposed to be redirected here from The Marriott.

SHEA

(slaps her forehead)

I'm sorry. I just had it redirected to The Merry Yacht...

(an idea)

...which is very close by.

(calls out)

Kelly!

(back to DALLAS)

Why don't you all hop back on the bus and Kelly will take you over there!

DALLAS

Maybe we should all unpack first.

(Murmurings of band music start up again. SHEA rushes DALLAS off.)

SHEA

I think you should all go to The Merry Yacht. Now. Pick up your package. Explore the pier for a couple of hours. It's quite beautiful.

(SHEA ushers DALLAS off, then spots something cross stage and runs to it. PEYTON watches the action suspiciously.)

PEYTON

What is up with your dad? He's acting really weird.

HOUSTON

He's always weird. Why do you think my sister took off the day she turned 18?

PEYTON

This is weirder.

HOUSTON

Peyton, you're always so suspicious. Can you stop being a beat reporter for one weekend. It's our last quarter of high school. Focus on the fun stuff. Senior cut-day! Prom!

(summoning up courage)

Speaking of prom --

PEYTON

(not hearing him – in total reporter mode)

Something's up. I haven't seen another marching band since we got here. I'm getting to the bottom of it. This could be the article that lifts me from Columbia's wait list!

(PEYTON and HOUSTON exit just as SHEA and TRAVIS enter with cult leader THE RED WOLF, wearing a robe and sunglasses. KELLY enters from the B&B entrance to join them.)

THE RED WOLF

I don't think you understand who you're talking to. We are preordained to be here.

SHEA

And normally we'd love to host to your religious retreat --

THE RED WOLF

Evacuation --

SHEA

Sure. But we were accidentally overbooked.

TRAVIS

(correcting SHEA)

Accident? No problem caused by Bridget is ever an accident.

(to THE RED WOLF)

Miss Red Wolf...wait, what's the right title for you?

THE RED WOLF

Venerated Master of the Exoplanets Red Wolf.

TRAVIS

Miss Red Wolf, there's been a recent opening at The Marriott.

THE RED WOLF

We just came from The Merry Yacht

TRAVIS

Right. From the boat Merry Yacht. I mean the hotel Marriott.

THE RED WOLF

Is my package there?

KELLY

You have a package too?

SHEA

Of course she does.

THE RED WOLF

It's my intergalactic communications helmet. I need it before the storm hits.

(SHEA, TRAVIS, and KELLY look up to the sky, shading their eyes from the sun. While looking up, two other cult members enter in robes, SKOLL, an exotic young woman, and AUSTIN [yes, that AUSTIN, but we don't know it yet]. SHEA looks back down to address The Red Wolf and is surprised to see the other two members.)

SHEA

Oh, where did you two come from?

THE RED WOLF

(smiling)

My precious pups, Skoll and Amarok. *[Austin's cult name.]*

SKOLL & AUSTIN

Hello, Earth Prisoners.

KELLY

Ew, I don't love that.

TRAVIS

If I may ask, what is your religious organization called?

THE RED WOLF

We are the Sacred Wolf Pack-t.

AUSTIN

It's sort of a play on words. You know, like a "sacred pact" --

SKOLL

-- but also "wolf pack."

AUSTIN

So "pact" is actually spelled "pack" but with a hyphen "T" after it.

SHEA

I think I get it.

KELLY

Did you focus group that at all? It's kind of a hat on a hat.

THE RED WOLF

It's a thinker. I'll give you that. But can we get back to the package?

SHEA

It went back to The Merry Yacht—the boat.

TRAVIS

No. It's going to The Marriottee-tee. I caught Mario and redirected him there.

SHEA

Great. Take them to the hotel, and Kelly, get the other bus to the yacht.

KELLY

Before or after I prepare lunch, fix the sign, and cater to every one of Marlon's needs?

SHEA

Go now! We gotta get that band out of here.

(The band, as if on cue, starts playing off stage. SHEA shoves KELLY off stage.)

KELLY (OFF)

Don't forget my package! I need to make lunch!

SHEA

Mario has it!

(GEORGES enters with ELOISE, who carries a medical bag, and JEAN, who holds some native Bermuda flora)

GEORGES

My package is at ze Mario?

SHEA

Not The Marriott-two-tees. Mario the driver.

(ELOISE pulls a hypodermic needle out of her bag)

ELOISE

Shall I extract the nectar yet, Professor?

GEORGES

Not until we receive ze zombie squash. We need both.

(DALLAS reenters with HOUSTON and PEYTON)

DALLAS

Can we please get moving?

(ELOISE turns to DALLAS, pointing the needle right at him)

DALLAS

AHHHHHHH!

(composes himself)

Sorry. I'm deathly afraid of needles.

SKOLL

(eyeing Houston up and down)

Hey, cutie. I just love a man in a uniform. Want to get an up-close look at the stars?

(DALLAS spots AUSTIN, next to SKOLL and screams again. He turns around to hide his face from AUSTIN.)

SHEA

Would you please stop screaming!?!?

(SHEA realizes she screamed and covers her mouth. Too late. CASEY rushes back on stage in a rage. This time LUNA accompanies him.)

CASEY SMITH

What is all the screaming about? I need silence!

(Everyone ad libs about their needs at once, talking over each other. BRIDGET waltzes in, smiling.)

BRIDGET

Chaos. Panic. Disorder. My work here is done.

SHEA

Everyone stop! Seriously, no one talk unless they have something helpful to say.

JEAN

The “is” is the “was” of the “what shall be.”

SHEA

Not helpful.

(DALLAS turns back, furtively spying on Austin while PEYTON studies DALLAS)

Okay, flower folks. Please go to your room. Wolf Pact people, follow Travis to The Marriott-two-tees van. Marching band, get on the bus for the yacht!

(BRIDGET’S eyes go wide)

BRIDGET

The yacht? Um, I don’t think Captain William is taking new passengers right now.

SHEA

You’re a travel agent! Convince him.

(KELLY reenters)

Kelly, get the band to the yacht. Mr. Smith, Luna, I will personally escort you while I track down Mario. We’ll get you your roughage well before your modeling shoot tomorrow.

KELLY

She’s a model?

CASEY SMITH

Specialty model.

(pulls out phone)

The rudeness of the staff is off the charts.

(The science club exits through the B&B entrance. TRAVIS and SHEA lead CASEY, LUNA, and the cult off in one direction while KELLY leads the marching band in the other. DALLAS watches AUSTIN exit.)

DALLAS

Hey, why don't we follow the religious group to The Marriott?

PEYTON

Why would we do that?

DALLAS

(really not good at lying)

We were just there. We can help them settle in. Show them...where the ice machine is?

HOUSTON

Dad, you're really weirding me out. Let's just get to the boat.

BRIDGET

(to DALLAS, HOUSTON, and PEYTON)

Guys. I just had a great idea. The ride to the pier's a little bumpy. It's just a mile away. Why don't you all march there? Get one more practice in before the big competition.

DALLAS

Good idea. Okay, kids, let's gather the others and go.

(DALLAS exits. PEYTON looks to HOUSTON with a "see?" expression.)

PEYTON

Houston, we have a problem.

HOUSTON

I know. Something's up. There's only one thing—or person—that makes him this crazy.

(all exit but KELLY)

KELLY

Finally, some quiet.

(Her phone dings. She looks at her phone.)

KELLY

Come on, Shea. Can I have one minute?

(reading text)

"If Mario comes, bring the radicchio castelfranco to the kitchen, the lactarium wild lettuce to the Butterfly Bush Room and the zombie squash to the Seagrass Room."

KELLY (CONT'D)

(looks up)

I wonder if any of this is smokable?

(lights out)

SCENE 4

TRAVIS'S VAN & THE MERRY YACHT

(Lights up on TRAVIS'S van. He drives. AUSTIN rides shotgun. SKOLL and THE RED WOLF sit behind them. [There are another ten cult members alluded to but unseen in the way back.]

TRAVIS

Sorry it's so tight back there, everyone. This van's only supposed to fit ten, max.

THE RED WOLF

That's okay. The wormhole we're going through is just two feet in diameter!

TRAVIS

So, you're all going through it together?

THE RED WOLF

Today. The prophecy said we'd reach it with the help of a ship called The Merry Yacht.

TRAVIS

Aren't wormholes usually in space?

SKOLL

This one lives in the eye of a category-five hurricane coming right at us from the Bermuda Triangle.

THE RED WOLF

It will whisk us to an inhabitable exoplanet named Wolf Ten-Sixty-X, thirty light years from Earth. There we will begin a new civilization.

TRAVIS

Cool. Well, the rooftop of The Marriott is a great spot to be whisked from. It's twenty-one stories up, with a cocktail lounge, a hookah, and karaoke on Tuesdays.

AUSTIN

Sounds awesome.

THE RED WOLF

The intergalactic communications helmet will guide us. I need that Amazon package.

TRAVIS

Amazin'. If it's not at the hotel, I'll track it down for you. Have no fear.

THE RED WOLF

We fear nothing. We only rejoice.

TRAVIS

I'd rejoice with you if you can take Bridget thirty light years away with you.

AUSTIN

Oh! Tea! Start spilling.

TRAVIS

She comes to Bermuda two years gobbling up all the agencies out here, making exclusive deals with every resort...except one she can't get her grubby hands on.

(smiles)

Shea's.

AUSTIN

Oh... You're into her. I can tell.

TRAVIS

Is that part of your guys' religion, Amarok? You can read our minds?

(AUSTIN looks in the back to make sure no one's listening in. THE RED WOLF and SKOLL are talking to the "other members" in the way back.)

AUSTIN

Amarok's my wolf name. My real name is Austin. And honestly, I don't know what we do. I just wanted to get away from my dad. He's so controlling. If he had his way, I'd live in Texas forever, marry one of his friend's sons and name our first child El Paso. But I met Skoll, and she just sucked me in. Made it seem so cool. Like I could do anything I want.

TRAVIS

Like throw yourself into the eye of a cat-five hurricane?

AUSTIN

I don't think that's really happening. I mean, look at it outside. But they all seem so confident it's real. And the snake sacrifices seemed to confirm their thinking.

TRAVIS

Snake sacrifices? Snakes are illegal here. Pretty sure animal sacrifices are, too.

AUSTIN

There aren't that many left.

TRAVIS

Glad the botany teacher didn't see them. He has a snake phobia.

AUSTIN

We didn't leave any at the B&B. They're all here in the van.

(TRAVIS gets the shivers. Lights out on TRAVIS'S van. Lights up on the pier where The Merry Yacht is docked. BRIDGET enters, looking around.)

BRIDGET

Captain! Where are you?

(CAPT. WILLIAM pokes his head up from the stern of the yacht)

CAPT. WILLIAM

Where do you think I am? I'm trying to clean your mess up.

(BRIDGET climbs aboard the boat)

BRIDGET

My mess? The plan was to sink your boat and split the insurance. Not kill someone.

(inspects the deck of the yacht)

What's with all the blood?

CAPT. WILLIAM

I had to dismember the inspector to make him harder to identify. The torso's in the cabin. Gimme a hand, would you?

(BRIDGET lifts a severed hand just as he says that. She drops it and walks to CAPT. WILLIAM.)

BRIDGET

You have bigger issues. That's why I'm here.

(marching band music can be heard in the distance)

BRIDGET

You have new guests.

CAPT. WILLIAM

(panics)
I can't take on new guests!

(holds up detonator)
The yacht is loaded with dynamite.

BRIDGET

Among other things. I'll keep them off the boat, but you need to get rid of all this.

(CAPT. WILLIAM gathers the parts – two hands, two feet, and the inspector's head and props them on the back of the boat. The band music gets louder. CAPT. WILLIAM looks around. He spots the three Amazin' packages by the side of the stern. He rips a box open and looks inside.)

CAPT. WILLIAM

Fancy salad mix for the B&B.

(opens another box)

Squash.

(CAPT. WILLIAM dumps the squash into the box of salad. He grabs the inspectors head and places it in the empty box and quickly tapes it up.)

BRIDGET

What about the hands and feet?

(The band music gets even louder. CAPT. WILLIAM hastily adds the hands and feet with the salad and tosses the ingredients. He spots something.)

CAPT. WILLIAM

Oops!

(he pulls the detonator out of the salad box)

CAPT. WILLIAM

Almost boxed the denotator!

(He lifts the detonator, which slips from his hands into the air, but he gingerly cradles it before potentially setting off the TNT. He and BRIDGET sigh in relief. BRIDGET tapes up the box of salad and appendages just as DALLAS, HOUSTON, and PEYTON enter.)

DALLAS

Is this The Merry Yacht?

(CAPT. WILLIAM waves to the three, forgetting he's covered in blood)

CAPT. WILLIAM

Ahoy there, Mateys!

HOUSTON

Ahhh!!!

PEYTON

Why are you drenched in blood?

CAPT. WILLIAM

Uh...I...

*(CAPT. WILLIAM looks around before lifting his crowbar menacingly.
BRIDGET takes over.)*

BRIDGET

The captain just reeled in a Blue Marlin. Ninety-five kilos. Beautiful creature but quite a mess to clean. Give us a minute. Come on, Captain. Let's get you cleaned up.

(CAPT. WILLIAM and BRIDGET exit into the cabin of the boat just as MARIO enters, out of breath and carrying two boxes, identical in size to the others.)

MARIO

I messed up bad. These boxes are for here.

DALLAS

You must be the Amazin' driver.

MARIO

(correcting him)
Amazin'.

(realizing Dallas pronounced it correctly)
Oh, good job.

(MARIO walks to The Merry Yacht and places his boxes on the dock. He reaches up for the other three boxes, which fall onto the dock next to the other boxes. DALLAS goes over to help.)

DALLAS

Let me help.

(reading a package label)

This is for The Red Wolf. He's at The Marriott with the rest of the...

(an idea)

You know what. I'll deliver this. Houston, Peyton. Keep the band busy 'til I get back.

(DALLAS runs off)

HOUSTON

Dad! Where are going? What is the deal with you?!

(PEYTON shakes her head. MARIO grabs three other boxes, leaving just one behind.)

MARIO

Gotta get these to the B&B and hotel.

(MARIO exits just as TRAVIS enters from the opposite side)

TRAVIS

You guys see any packages?

(PEYTON and HOUSTON point to the one remaining package. TRAVIS runs to it. SHEA, CASEY, and LUNA also enter. LUNA, holding her belly in discomfort, spots Travis with the package.)

LUNA

My lactarium!

(rushes to TRAVIS)

I've been waiting all day for this. Hurry and open it. It's an emergency.

TRAVIS

I'm not sure this is yours. The label is all smudged with Mario's sunblock.

(BRIDGET and CAPT. WILLIAM enter from the cabin. They immediately look to where the boxes were, then look at each other. They then spot TRAVIS opening the box.)

BRIDGET & CAPT. WILLIAM

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

(TRAVIS opens the package. His eyes go wide.)

TRAVIS

AHHHHHHHHH!

CAPT. WILLIAM

It's not what you think! I can explain!

(TRAVIS lifts the contents of the box. It's a clown outfit.)

TRAVIS

I'm sorry. I have a clown thing.

HOUSTON

That's ours. For the marching band competition.

LUNA

Where is my package!?

CAPT. WILLIAM

(aside to BRIDGET)

Where are our packages?

PEYTON

The Amazin' driver took a bunch back to the B&B.

HOUSTON

And my dad took the other to the hotel.

(CAPT. WILLIAM and BRIDGET look at each other with alarm.)

BRIDGET

(to CAPT. WILLIAM)

I'll find the missing boxes. You clean up the boat.

(to others)

If you'll excuse me, gotta run to First Class Adventures and check my messages before the voicemail fills up. You know how it, is right, Travis? Oh wait, you probably don't.

(BRIDGET hops off the boat and exits. LUNA collapses onto the deck in sobs. CASEY takes out his phone and records himself.)

CASEY SMITH

And just how bad has our vacation been? Let's ask my wife. Maybe she'll tell us through her heaving sobs.

(SHEA again jumps into frame.)

SHEA

(joining the recording)

We're actually heading right back to the B&B where Luna's package will be waiting for her on the lush, king-sized bed of our luxurious Butterfly Bush Room.

(HOUSTON grabs the box of clown costumes. TRAVIS attempts to defuse the LUNA situation.)

TRAVIS

I promise, Luna, we'll get that package and everything will be great.

LUNA

None of you get it. Lactarium wild lettuce is a natural...evacuant. I need to take care of my issue before for my photoshoot tomorrow.

TRAVIS

And out of curiosity, what kind of model are you?

LUNA

A specialty model.

HOUSTON

Oh, like a hand model?

LUNA

Exactly, but not hands.

CASEY SMITH

Or feet.

LUNA

Or body parts in general.

SHEA

But it involves your body?

LUNA

And its functions.

CASEY SMITH

Bodily functions.

SHEA

Yeah, I think I get it.

PEYTON

(taking notes)

I don't know how I'm fitting this into the article, but I'm fitting this into the article.

LUNA

I have a gift. There there are textbooks in the medical field that require before and after shots of, you know... I'm "after" or course.

CASEY SMITH

She's in high demand.

LUNA

Or was. Without my lactarium lettuce, I'm doomed.

(SHEA looks defeated. TRAVIS notices. He stands and claps his hands.)

TRAVIS

Miss Luna, Mr. Smith. You're lucky to have Shea O'Tonnaigh on your side. When you stay at her inn, you become part of her family. And she'll do anything for family. She had a guest once who lost her insulin and Shea waited at the pharmacy all night to get her a refill. And another guest, he forgot his wife's anniversary and Shea took him to the town jeweler and got him a great deal on a necklace. Oh, and one guest went parasailing and forgot to buckle in properly and plummeted 15 stories into the ocean, never to be seen again. But Shea, she helped that family make all the funeral arrangements, and she even rented a boat to search for his remains.

(off their horrified looks)

I probably shouldn't have ended with that one. The point is, we have a saying in the Bermuda hospitality business. "If you need it done today. Call on O'Tonnaigh." She's never let a guest down in the past, and it's not happening today. Are you all ready?

(Everyone is inspired by TRAVIS'S speech. SHEA seems genuinely touched. LUNA and CASEY SMITH exit. SHEA punches TRAVIS in the arm affectionately.)

SHEA

When has anyone in the hospitality business ever said that about me?

TRAVIS

Me. All the time.

(lights out)

SCENE 5

THE MARRIOTT, THE MERRY YACHT & THE MARY-O'TONNAIGH B&B

(Lights up on The Marriot lobby. SIMONE, wearing gloves, cleans with one hand while on the phone.)

SIMONE

That would be impossible, Mr. Blaney. Not only are there no snakes in our hotel, there are no snakes on the entire archipelago. You and the rest of the B2B thought leaders can proceed to the main conference room without worry of stepping on any reptiles. Lunch will be served in a half hour.

(SIMONE hangs up. Sighs to herself.)

"Thought leaders." What does that say about their followers?

(BRIDGET bursts in out of breath and runs to SIMONE.)

BRIDGET

Has Mario made his delivery here yet?

SIMONE

What a joyous surprise! The man who defiled my hotel with a cacophonous cluster of high school musicians.

BRIDGET

We can talk about that later. I lost a package.

SIMONE

And you're about to lose your exclusive deal with us. Travis may not have all the dots on his dice, but he at least came through with some replacement guests. A weird lot but at least they're quiet.

BRIDGET

Sure, aside from the reptile sacrifices.

SIMONE

Come again?

BRIDGET

The package deliveries?

SIMONE

Wait, might any of those reptiles be snakes?

BRIDGET

Probably. The Packages?

SIMONE

(looks at ledger)

We just had one...can't make out the handwriting. Something about a head...

BRIDGET

I'm doomed.

SIMONE

(squinting at ledger)

Heads...

BRIDGET

Heads?

SIMONE

Yes. "Lac-something...wild lettuce." It's already been taken to the kitchen for the B2B luncheon.

BRIDGET

(to herself)

So, if that package is for the B2B, mine must be at the B&B.

(to SIMONE)

BRB!

(BRIDGET exits. SIMONE sprays the front desk where Bridget was and wipes it down. MARIO appears from another entrance, carrying one of the boxes. He drops it on the area SIMONE just wiped down, much to SIMONE'S annoyance.)

SIMONE

Mario! How many times... You know how many germs are on these boxes?

(She grabs the box and places it by her side behind the desk. She sprays and wipes down the area again.)

MARIO

Don't worry. This is the last of the deliveries.

(DALLAS enters, carrying a box. He drops it on the spot SIMONE just wiped down.)

SIMONE

Oh, look. The marching band is back.

DALLAS

Just me. Got a package for The Red Wolf.

(an annoyed SIMONE moves the box next to the other box before spraying and wiping the area yet again)

SIMONE

I'll see she gets it.

DALLAS

Look, my daughter is with the new group. Are they staying in our old rooms.

SIMONE

I can't give that information out, but yes.

DALLAS

(out loud, but to himself)

I can't go up there as myself. Austin wants nothing to do with me.

SIMONE

Austin and I share much in common.

(MARIO exits in one direction. DALLAS is about to exit when he sees THE RED WOLF enter and approach the desk. DALLAS hides to eavesdrop.)

THE RED WOLF

I'm waiting on a package. An intergalactic communications helmet.

SIMONE

Oh, we didn't have any in the gift shop?

(SIMONE hands her one of the two boxes. THE RED WOLF opens it and looks inside, before handing it back, showing no emotion.)

THE RED WOLF

That's a head.

SIMONE

Another head of lettuce?

(looks in box)

No, it's a head.

(SIMONE drops the box in shock and disgust. THE RED WOLF opens the other box and pulls out a large helmet. She places it over her head and meditates.)

SIMONE

(nervously looking at the box with the head)

I have to do something.

THE RED WOLF

(reacting to messages from the helmet)

No.

SIMONE

What do you mean, "no"? There is a head in this box.

THE RED WOLF

This isn't good.

SIMONE

Quite an understatement.

THE RED WOLF

The timing is off.

SIMONE

(still thinking THE RED WOLF is talking to her)

I suppose you're right. I'll never get the London job if this conference ends in scandal. I'll call the police after they all leave.

(SKOLL enters and stands by THE RED WOLF)

SKOLL

What is the helmet telling you, Venerated Master of the Exoplanets?

THE RED WOLF

The storm doesn't know we're here. It's heading out to sea. I must guide it back to land. I must go back to The Merry Yacht.

SIMONE

If you could, that'd be great.

SKOLL

I'll come with you.

THE RED WOLF

No, stay here and prepare the youngest pup. The Texas girl.

(DALLAS pokes his head in to hear better)

THE RED WOLF

She must be ready before we sacrifice her to the wormhole.

(DALLAS stares in stunned silence. THE RED WOLF rushes off.)

SIMONE

Would you like to take the head with you?! Or at least some snakes?!

(SKOLL exits. DALLAS watches her go...contemplates his next move. Lights dim on The Marriott. Lights up on The Mary-OT kitchen downstage. KELLY stands behind a table, holding one of the boxes and a mixing bowl. She opens the box and smiles.)

KELLY

Finally! My lovely radicchios!

(before she can dig into the box, BRIDGET bounds in)

BRIDGET

I'm looking for a head—a box!

(BRIDGET spots the box and runs to it. She looks inside, inspecting.)

BRIDGET

Oh, right. This too.

(BRIDGET hurriedly exits with the box)

KELLY

Hey! That's our lunch!

(SHEA and TRAVIS enter, panicked.)

SHEA

We just saw Bridget run out of here. Please tell me that wasn't Luna's lettuce.

KELLY

It was my salad! I have a dozen guests to feed, and I have nothing.

(HOUSTON enters, carrying a package of his own)

HOUSTON

Hey, we're back.

KELLY

I have fifty guests to feed, and I have nothing.

HOUSTON

Forty-eight. My dad's at the hotel, and Peyton's still at The Merry Yacht, cracking a story.

SHEA

(pointing to HOUSTON'S box)

Is that Luna's lettuce?

TRAVIS

It's gotta be!

(TRAVIS grabs the box from HOUSTON and opens it. He looks inside.)

TRAVIS

AHHHH!

(he pulls up a clown outfit)

TRAVIS

Come on!!!

(MARIO enters)

MARIO

My day is finally done. Did I hear something about lunch?

(GEORGES enters with ELOISE and JEAN. LUNA and CASEY enter right behind them. Both spot MARIO at the same time.)

GEORGES & LUNA

Where's my package?!

(SHEA pulls LUNA and CASEY aside to talk to them privately. GEORGES meanwhile pleads his case to Travis and Kelly.)

GEORGES

No one understands how important zis is. Ze zombie squash—it is a very volatile vegetable by itself. It is, how you say..."deadly"?

ELOISE

That's definitely not how you say it!

(to KELLY and TRAVIS)

They are not deadly, I promise. Our hypothesis is, when combined with the rare wild Bermuda pepper, zombie squash may trigger heightened memory clarity. But by itself, the squash can cause irrational behavior.

JEAN

The letter "G" has a poor sense of humor.

KELLY

How many is she on?

ELOISE

We must obtain the package before anyone else does.

TRAVIS

(with a smirk)

I think I know exactly where it is. Bridget's played one trick too many. It ends today.

(to SHEA)

Shea! Grab your car keys. We're heading to the yacht.

(to MARIO)

And you're heading to the hotel with the clown outfits. They go to Dallas.

(An exasperated MARIO grabs the box. Lights dim on The Mary-OT. Lights up on The Merry Yacht dock. BRIDGET runs in carrying the box and tosses it onto the yacht. CAPT. WILLIAM hops onto the dock.)

BRIDGET

I got the appendages. No luck with the head. Where's the torso?

CAPT. WILLIAM

In the cabin. With the crates.

(holds up detonator)

Just gotta fire the engine, point her out to sea, and press the button.

(PEYTON enters)

PEYTON

Did I hear something about a boat ride? Can I come along?

BRIDGET

(stunned)

Kid. What are you doing here?

PEYTON

Just writing a report for my school paper on ships. With maybe a sidebar on crimes at sea.

BRIDGET

Fascinating. I'm happy to show you around.

CAPT. WILLIAM

(whispering)

Do you want my crowbar?

BRIDGET

I'm not killing a child. I'm stalling. Get the torso off the boat!

(CAPT. WILLIAM jumps back on the boat and runs for the cabin. BRIDGET puts her arm around PEYTON and leads her off stage.)

BRIDGET

See that all the way down there? That's a Boston Whaler, which revolutionized the boating industry with its proprietary, foam-filled hull.

PEYTON

Those must be really hard to sink for insurance purposes.

BRIDGET

Who are you?

(BRIDGET and PEYTON exit. CAPT. WILLIAM emerges from the cabin carrying the torso of Inspector Williams. He rolls the body onto the dock, then jumps down. He lifts torso as he looks around. Where to dump this thing?)

(SFX: CAR APPROACHING. CAPT. WILLIAM panics. He hides behind a nearby garbage can as the back half of a car reverses in downstage. [Come on, set builders! You can do it!])

(SFX: CAR ENGINE TURNS OFF and SHEA and TRAVIS enter)

TRAVIS

You look for Kelly's radicchio. I'll look for Bridget.

SHEA

Travis, I know Bridget's awful, but maybe she's what we both need to...get out of this.

TRAVIS

What are you talking about?

SHEA

Running a travel agency. A B&B. These were our parents' passions. Not ours. We're killing ourselves to keep their dreams alive.

TRAVIS

I love what I do. You don't?

SHEA

My mom and I fought all the time growing up. But every month, she would give me a do-over: One time I was allowed to take back something I said or did. When she died, it felt right to keep the B&B going, but now... If I had that do-over, I'm not sure I'd be doing this, Travis.

TRAVIS

If it means anything, Shea, I'm glad you are.

(SHEA smiles but quickly breaks the mood)

SHEA

Come on. Let's check the boat.

(They climb aboard. CAPT. WILLIAM—with torso—moves from behind the garbage can. He hugs the side of the boat, inching toward SHEA'S car. SHEA finds the box Bridget tossed on board. She peeks inside.)

SHEA

It's Kelly's radicchio! With some extra stuff thrown in!

TRAVIS

Great! I'll throw it in the car!

(TRAVIS moves for the car. CAPT. WILLIAM hears this and shimmies back toward the garbage can.)

SHEA

No wait. Maybe Luna's lettuce is on here too. Let's check the cabin.

(SHEA and TRAVIS move for the cabin. This is CAPT. WILLIAM'S only shot. He lugs the body to the back of SHEA'S car and pops the trunk open. He struggles to roll the torso in but finally succeeds. He closes the trunk.)

SHEA (OFF)

I guess I can officially kiss the Platinum Pillow goodbye.

(CAPT. WILLIAM darts back to the side of the boat, hugging it just as SHEA and TRAVIS exit the cabin, still with just one box. CAPT. WILLIAM makes it back to the garbage can just as SHEA and TRAVIS hop down off the boat and onto the dock. They return to the car.)

TRAVIS

Dumb award anyway. A platinum pillow would be brutal to sleep on.

(BRIDGET and PEYTON re-enter)

BRIDGET

Well, look who's here. Peyton, here's your next scoop: How to bankrupt your parents' companies in five years or less.

PEYTON

(correcting him)

Fewer.

(Unseen, THE RED WOLF sneaks in, still wearing the helmet. She stealthily climbs aboard The Merry Yacht.)

SHEA

Come on, Peyton. We're all having lunch at the B&B.

(SHEA and TRAVIS guide her to the car)

PEYTON

Good, I have some questions about Luna's modeling career.

TRAVIS

We all do, Peyton.

(SHEA, TRAVIS, and PEYTON exit. SFX: CAR ENGINE STARTING before the car rolls off stage. CAPT. WILLIAM approaches Bridget just as: SFX: VERY LOUD ENGINE RUNNING.)

CAPT. WILLIAM

Shea oughta have her muffler replaced.

BRIDGET

(realizing)

That's not her car. That's your boat!

(THE RED WOLF waves from The Merry Yacht)

THE RED WOLF

I'll bring her back when I'm done redirecting the storm!

(lights fade out on the yacht, leaving just BRIDGET and CAPT. WILLIAM)

CAPT. WILLIAM

And I was this close to sinking it.

BRIDGET

Just be careful with that detonator for now.

(CAPT. WILLIAM fishes through his pockets, looking for the detonator. He begins patting himself down.)

BRIDGET

For example, don't pat yourself down looking for it!

CAPT. WILLIAM

Bridget, it's gone. I think I lost it when I moved the body.

BRIDGET

Okay, so where's the body?

CAPT. WILLIAM

The trunk of Shea's car.

BRIDGET

What is Inspector Williams' body doing in Shea's trunk?

CAPT. WILLIAM

Lying next to my detonator.

BRIDGET

What did I say about your freelancing, William?

CAPT. WILLIAM

It'll be okay. It's not like it's going to go off by itself. Not unless they hit one of those big --

(SFX: EXPLOSION. Lights flash before their eyes.)

CAPT. WILLIAM

-- bumps.

(Flying in from offstage is an object. BRIDGET catches it. It's THE RED WOLF'S communications helmet. Lights out on CAPT. WILLIAM and BRIDGET. Lights back up on the B&B kitchen area downstage. SHEA enters carrying the box of KELLY'S radicchio. She looks around.)

SHEA

Kelly, where are you?

(KELLY stands up from behind the table rattled)

KELLY

Did you hear that loud thunderclap?

SHEA

We heard something on the drive back. It was probably everyone's stomachs growling.

(drops box on table)

Come on, we need your famous salad yesterday.

(TRAVIS rushes in)

TRAVIS

And I'm here to help!

(The lights flicker badly. They look to each other with concern.)

SHEA

Oh, great, now I have a power outage to worry about?

TRAVIS

Do you have a generator?

(grabs a nearby flashlight)

SHEA

No, just a bunch of these. There's more in my car. I'll get 'em just in case.

(SHEA exits. TRAVIS pulls the tape off the box and begins pulling out the radicchio and squash for KELLY to chop. Lights dim on TRAVIS and KELLY. Lights up—and flickering—on The Marriott. SIMONE is on the phone as DALLAS pokes his head in, listening in.)

SIMONE

Yes, Vera. I need Hector on standby ... Well, have you tried his personal cell? ... Oh? And what did his text say? ... He's joined a cult? ... I need him outside to ensure the generator kicks in if needed. ... What's that? ... You've joined the cult as well. Very good. Perhaps Skoll would be interested in a position with our recruitment department.

(hangs up)

Guess I'll check on the generator myself.

(grabs her latex gloves)

I've grown to hate everyone.

(SIMONE heads to the exit just as MARIO enters, holding one of the boxes.)

SIMONE

(regarding box)

Oh, perfect. It's filthy.

(SIMONE grabs the box from MARIO and angrily rubs it all over the front desk)

Saved you the trouble.

(SIMONE exits. DALLAS emerges and approaches the front desk.)

DALLAS

My package!

(DALLAS opens the box and pulls out a clown outfit. He then studies MARIO'S sun-block-covered face.)

DALLAS (CONT'D)

Hey, can I borrow your sun block?

MARIO

It's yours. My day is finally done!

(MARIO tosses the tube to DALLAS, who exits. MARIO turns to leave, then spots one more box behind the desk. He peers hard at the label.)

MARIO

"Bed and Breakfast."

(MARIO begins to weep. He exits with the box. Lights dim on The Marriott. Lights up on the B&B driveway. BRIDGET and CAPT. WILLIAM tiptoe in. They spot the back of SHEA'S car.)

BRIDGET

Pop the trunk, grab the body and let's get it back to the pier. We'll dump it out at sea.

CAPT. WILLIAM

I can't believe I've killed two people today and it's not even teatime.

SHEA (OFF)

I'll be right back!

BRIDGET

Hide!

(points)

Those bushes.

(BRIDGET and CAPT. WILLIAM hide off stage as SHEA enters from the B&B entrance and heads for her car. She opens the trunk and gasps. Lights up on TRAVIS, still helping KELLY in the kitchen. He reaches into the radicchio box and pulls out a foot. He gasps, dropping it back in the box.)

KELLY

What is it?

TRAVIS

Nothing at all. Just need to talk to Shea a minute.

(points to the bowl full of greens)

Maybe give that salad a really good rinsing.

(TRAVIS grabs the box and exits. Lights dim on the B&B. Lights up on The Marriott and SIMONE at the front desk. The phone rings. He looks at his phone unit.)

SIMONE

Oh, the kitchen staff. Perhaps they've joined the Hells Angels.

(answering)

Simone here. ... What's that? ... Well, get a plunger ... All the toilets? I don't understand. The entire B2B convention? ... What did they eat? ... I don't know what kind of salad it was. It arrived with the other boxes and --

(freezes—then looks around)

The other boxes.

(hangs up)

Where the bloody head?

(Lights dim on The Marriott. Lights up the B&B driveway and SHEA looking at the body in her trunk.)

TRAVIS (OFF)

Shea! We have an issue!

(SHEA turns to TRAVIS, who enters carrying the box of appendages)

TRAVIS

There are body parts in this box!

SHEA

There's a body in the trunk!

TRAVIS

How?

SHEA

I don't know.

TRAVIS

Who?

SHEA

I don't know.

CASEY SMITH (OFF)

Shea O'Tonnaigh!

(In a panic, TRAVIS throws the hands and feet into the open trunk. SHEA slams it shut before TRAVIS can finish and a foot bounces off the car. He picks it up and tosses it offstage, where BRIDGET and CAPT. WILLIAM went to hide.)

CAPT. WILLIAM (OFF)

Ow!!

(CASEY storms in from the B&B entrance.)

CASEY SMITH

My wife and I are staring at a salad without a hint of lactarium wild lettuce! This has been one the worst B&B experiences I've ever had.

(CASEY storms back into the B&B. BRIDGET and CAPT. WILLIAM cautiously tiptoe out from their hiding spot just as KELLY enters.)

KELLY

Shea. You gotta come in. Some of the guests are acting really strange.

SHEA

This is a disaster.

TRAVIS

It can always be worse.

(INSURANCE INSPECTOR WILLIAMS enters in his trench coat and black fedora)

INSURANCE INSPECTOR WILLIAMS

What, pray tell, is going on here?

CAPT. WILLIAM AND BRIDGET

(reacting at the sight of the inspector)
AHHHHHHHHH!

(SFX: LOUD THUNDERCLAP. KELLY collapses to the floor in a ball. The lights flicker around them. SFX: ELECTRICAL CRACKLING AND SIZZLING before the lights—and B&B power—go out. Shea turns her flashlight on her face.)

SHEA

Definitely worse.

(flashlight off)

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE 1

THE MARY O'TONNAIGH B&B

(SFX: CRASHING THUNDER as lights come half-up on SHEA, TRAVIS, BRIDGET, and CAPT. WILLIAM, facing the man they think to be INSURANCE INSPECTOR WILLIAMS. Oh, yeah, and KELLY is still curled up on the floor.)

CAPT. WILLIAM

Insurance Inspector Williams! I'm...stunned to see you.

CAPT. WILLIAMS THE COP

That's because I'm not Insurance Inspector Williams. I'm his twin brother, Captain Williams.

TRAVIS

(pointing to CAPT. WILLIAM)
He's Captain William.

CAPT. WILLIAMS THE COP

Captain Williams. With an "S." Charleston Police Department.

CAPT. WILLIAM

But you're dressed just like your brother.

CAPT. WILLIAMS THE COP

We shop together. There was a two-for-one sale at Marshall's.

(eyes CAPT. WILLIAM)
Wait. Have you seen him today? Because he's missing.

BRIDGET

(covering for CAPT. WILLIAM)
I think Captain William's....William-apostrophe-S's comment was that the insurance inspector wears his trench coat and fedora all the time.

CAPT. WILLIAM

Aye Aye about the I. I.

BRIDGET

Huh?

CAPT. WILLIAM

Insurance inspector.

CAPT. WILLIAMS THE COP

In any case, I have questions.

(PEYTON steps outside. HOUSTON follows her.)

PEYTON

And so do we!

HOUSTON

Well, she does, actually. I'm honestly struggling to keep up with her.

(HOUSTON trips over a curled-up KELLY as PEYTON walks ahead)

HOUSTON

Ow! Sorry.

SHEA

Look, it's dark and rainy. Let's go inside where it's --

(sees the power is out)

-- dark, but not rainy.

(KELLY gets up. All move to the B&B lobby entrance. As they open the door, fast-paced chatter and maniacal laughter can be heard from inside.)

CAPT. WILLIAMS THE COP

What's going on in there?

SHEA

(playing it off)

Things get a little wild after one of Chef Kelly's signature meals!

(KELLY pulls SHEA aside)

KELLY

The zombie squash got it my salad. It's a rager in there.

SHEA

Wrangle them and keep 'em away from this cop. And from Casey and Luna.

(SFX: PHONE RINGING)

SHEA

... after you get the phone.

(all head inside the B&B except for BRIDGET and CAPT. WILLIAM)

BRIDGET

Go in with them. I'll get the body out of here.

CAPT. WILLIAM

Why can't I move the body instead?

BRIDGET

Because apparently you suck at it. Just keep them all occupied. I got this.

(CAPT. WILLIAM heads into the B&B. BRIDGET runs offstage to the bushes and returns with the foot TRAVIS threw along with THE RED WOLF'S helmet. She pops the trunk, throws all appendages into the helmet, then manages to hoist the torso out. She starts dragging everything off stage when she hears:)

CASEY SMITH (OFF)

We should push the photoshoot to later. You're worth waiting for.

(BRIDGET panics. Looks around. There's only one door near her: the one to CASEY and LUNA'S Butterfly Bush Room. She opens the door and drags the body in with her just before CASEY, carrying a man purse, and LUNA enter.)

LUNA

I already cancelled once this week. If I do it again, they're going to hire Regina. Which would be a joke. Have you seen her work?

CASEY SMITH

Pure amateur. Her use of colors are textures are so inconsistent.

LUNA

Her overall compositions are so clumsy.

(LUNA goes for the door. It starts to open before it's pulled back shut.)

LUNA

That's strange...It's like the door closed itself.

(CASEY tries the room key. No luck. He pulls out his phone shaking his head and again records himself.)

CASEY SMITH

No power and now our room key is broken. All part of a banner day at --

(KELLY runs out)

KELLY

Mr. Smith, Luna. Great news. Everyone at the B2B convention has explosive diarrhea!

CASEY SMITH

Great...?

KELLY

What I'm saying is, we located the lactarium wild lettuce! It's at The Marriott hotel. Come on. We'll take Shea's car.

(Lights up on the back of SHEA'S car. KELLY and LUNA exit for the front doors as CASEY moves for the trunk. Suddenly, SHEA darts out of the B&B.)

SHEA

WAIT!!

(Too late. CASEY has opened the trunk. SHEA runs to the car to find...)

SHEA

It's empty. Good then. Just wanted to wish you a nice trip to The Marriott. Sorry for the screaming.

(look offstage, at the floor)

You can get up, Kelly.

(CASEY places his man-purse in the trunk as lights dim on the B&B. Lights up on Austin and SKOLL'S Marriott room. There's a knock on the door.)

AUSTIN

(sighing)

Probably another new recruit.

SKOLL

You could be more excited you know. We already converted seven staff members.

AUSTIN

Which is surprising given The Marriott's state-of-the-art applicant tracking system, ensuring all its potential hires excel, both intellectually and mentally.

SKOLL

Just shows you how good I am!

(SKOLL opens the door. DALLAS enters, dressed in a clown outfit and MARIO'S sunblock to white out his face.

DALLAS

(awkward and in a low voice)

Hello. I'm the new Marriott mascot, Hospitality Hank...the clown. I'm here to um... welcome you, and...

AUSTIN

Dad?

DALLAS

(gives up the act)

Thank you! I didn't script any of this past the mascot name.

(to SKOLL)

Can I have a minute with my daughter?

SKOLL

(looking at her phone)

Yeah. I'm needed on the fourth floor anyway. Got a situation to handle.

(heads to door)

But be quick, Amarok. The rest of the Sacred Wolf Pack-t will be gathering at The Merry Yacht. You need to be there.

(SKOLL exits)

DALLAS

You know why you need to be there? The Red Wolf plans to sacrifice you.

AUSTIN

Sure, Dad. You always know everything, don't you?

DALLAS

I heard it directly from The Red Wolf herself. Come on. I'm taking you back to Texas.

AUSTIN

No! This is my life now. Besides, aren't you supposed to be in some marching band competition?

DALLAS

There's no competition, Austin. I made all that up to get to here. I researched the cult and knew all about this date, this location, the wormhole, everything.

AUSTIN

Wait. You brought an entire marching band here so you could "rescue" me?

DALLAS

Yes, and it wasn't easy. I had to convince the school to approve the trip. Hold an assembly for all the parents to get their buy-in. Handle all the travel and sleeping arrangements. Start a town fundraiser called "Bowling for Bermuda," which only brought in half what we needed so I had to set up another one called "Baseballing for Bermuda," which got rained out, leading to "Balding for Bermuda," where I shaved the principal's head. Oh, and then I had to create a website about the competition to make it all look legit, except the site got hacked, and suddenly there were all these ads for foot massagers that...I'm not a hundred percent they were even foot massagers.

AUSTIN

Why didn't you just come here by yourself?

(DALLAS stews on this)

DALLAS

I guess I didn't have time to think it all through. I was so busy with the fundraisers

AUSTIN

I don't need you to save me, Dad. I'm a grown woman, capable of making my own decisions. And I've decided to join a sacred community...

(growing less and less of sure of her decision)

...that began with a two-week vow of silence and a diet of only Tang orange drink...and holds prayer meetings where we all stand on our heads to charge the spirit batteries in our brains...and had me empty my bank account to fund the first water park on Exoplanet Wolf Ten-Sixty-X and oh man, I'm in a cult aren't I? The Red Wolf wants to kill me?

DALLAS

Well, sacrifice you to a wormhole but...yeah.

AUSTIN

Get me out of here!

DALLAS

We'll sneak out.

(DALLAS reaches into his clown outfit and pulls out the other clown outfit, along with MARIO'S sunblock. Lights out on AUSTIN and DALLAS. Lights up outside the B&B. The door to the Butterfly Bush room opens and BRIDGET peeks her head out. Coast is clear. She exits, dragging the torso.)

TRAVIS (OFF)

What do you mean it's gone?

BRIDGET

Son of a --

(BRIDGET dives back into the room with the body and closes the door. SHEA and TRAVIS enter.)

SHEA

Casey popped open the trunk and there was nothing there. No body. No hands. No feet.

TRAVIS

No way. Where's the head?

SHEA

No clue.

(MARIO enters, carrying a box [with the head]. He approaches the two.)

MARIO

Can you please sign for this? I just want to go home.

SHEA

Of course --

(looks at label)

-- not. This says it's Luna's lettuce. It has to go back to the Mariott-two-tees.

MARIO

I just left there!

TRAVIS

Great. Then you know the way. Hurry up now. Go.

MARIO

(shaking his head)

Guess that's why they call you "Iceman." Because you're so cold.

(MARIO leaves with the box. TRAVIS calls after him.)

TRAVIS

No one calls me "Iceman"!

(CAPT. WILLIAMS THE COP sticks his head out of the B&B entrance. More sounds of rapid chatter and laughter emanate from inside.)

CAPT. WILLIAMS THE COP

I'm concerned about your guests, Ms. O'Tonnaigh.

TRAVIS

I was about to load them all on the bus, sir. They just need some fresh air.

CAPT. WILLIAMS THE COP

In 70-mile-an-hour winds?

TRAVIS

That's...what keeps it so fresh?

CAPT. WILLIAMS THE COP shakes his head and re-enters the B&B)

SHEA

All I wanted was a Platinum Pillow. Now I'm going to jail for possible murder and spiking forty-eight people's radicchio castelfranco.

(GEORGES enters, holding a specimen bag and syringe)

GEORGES

I must get to ze Marrio.

TRAVIS

He just left for The Marriott.

GEORGES

Yes, ze Marrio.

SHEA

Why do you need to go to the hotel?

GEORGES

Wild Bermuda pepper no mix with ze zombie squash. I need ze nectar of ze Bermuda Buttercup. The Marrio displays them. On every floor by ze elevators.

SHEA

(to TRAVIS)

Take him to The Mario-two-tees. I'll check to see if Captain William-apostrophe-S's free to take the hopped-up guests for a ride.

TRAVIS

(to SHEA)

I'm glad you're following all this.

(TRAVIS and GEORGES exit. SHEA runs inside the B&B entrance. It's quiet. The door to the Butterfly Bush Room opens. Bridget steps out, looks in both directions.)

BRIDGET

Finally.

(just as she starts out the door with the body, the marching band kicks in, playing loudly and quickly)

BRIDGET

You gotta be kidding me!

(BRIDGET dives back into the bedroom with the torso)

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