

The Mayhem Motel

A Farce

written by Landen Swain

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CHARACTERS

JOHNNY MCGOWAN, pitcher for the New York Yankees, played by the same actor who plays ELI, Johnny's hired doppelganger.

JEANETTE STEINBRENNER, Johnny's secret wife.

HECTOR FREEMAN, manager and owner of the Mayhem Motel.

EARL ASHWELL

AMBER

KATE

DOCTOR MOON, Hector's Doctor.

PLACE

Jericho, New York.

TIME

July, 1955.

THE MAYHEM MOTEL

ACT ONE

A day in July. The lobby of the Jericho Motel. Room one is on the DR position of the stage SR wall, room two is U.R. on the same wall. On the upstage wall, room three is URC, the main entrance UC, and stairs leading up are ULC. On the SL wall is a wooden manager's desk which takes up almost all of the wall, a door to the manager's room is DL, it has a sign on the door that says manager's room. Behind the manager's wall is a wall of keys with the numbers one through five above the keys. Each room door has the number of what room it is. An armchair, paintings, a chandelier. A coatrack is behind the desk, a cash register, a telephone and a bell are on the desk. At curtain, no one onstage.

MOON.

(MOON and HECTOR enter from the bathroom. Moon is carrying a black doctor's bag, stuffing a stethoscope into it, while HECTOR comes in behind her. She is about thirty five, wearing thick glasses, and a dress with a white doctor's coat over it. Her hair is shoulder length, black, and curled. HECTOR is about thirty five, wearing a stripped dress shirt with a striped tie, and a gray suit jacket. They walk to LC.) Well Mr. Freeman, it's a good thing you called me.

HECTOR.

Please, call me Hector, and give it to me straight Doctor Moon, what's wrong with me?

MOON.

I'm only a doctor Hector, *(puts hand on HECTOR'S shoulder.)* I can't cure people's personalities.

HECTOR.

I'm not talking about my personality doctor, I'm talking about my health. Why is my pee- a different color than my pee should be? Why am I going to the bathroom so much? And why does it hurt to pee? A man should be able to take a piss and it not hurt to the high heavens.

MOON.

From what I am seeing Hector, you are about to pass a kidney stone.

HECTOR.

Oh merciful heavens, the horror, the horror! Why me? Curse my kidneys! Wait, what exactly does passing a kidney stone mean?

MOON.

It simply means that something in your urine has changed and unfortunately your body has formed a stone in your kidney as a result. Now the stone will naturally try to get out of your body the same way that water does. Through your nether regions.

HECTOR.

By God. How could this happen?

MOON.

Well you see the stone will try to come out of your wee-wee whenever you urinate-

HECTOR.

No not how will this happen, how could.

MOON.

It can be a number of things. Do you consume alcohol on a regular basis?

HECTOR.

I have one about every other day and then one or two every time I go to a Yankees game.

MOON.

And how often do you go to Yankees games?

HECTOR.

Haven't missed a home game in twelve years.

MOON.

I believe you may have your reason. Of course, there have been many people that drink a lot more than that and haven't gotten it. Anyone in your family ever have kidney stones? It can be genetic.

HECTOR.

My Uncle did.

MOON.

Well that could be it.

HECTOR.

But then again, he wasn't a blood relative, he married my aunt.

MOON.

Maybe it's not genetics. It could always be the main cause of kidney stones.

HECTOR.

Which is?

MOON.

You haven't been drinking enough water. How often do you drink a glass of water?

HECTOR.

Maybe once every other... month.

MOON.

And yet you wonder why you have kidney stones.

HECTOR.

Is it even possible for men my age to get kidney stones?

MOON.

Kidney stones can occur at any age.

HECTOR.

So what am I supposed to do now?

MOON.

Well your body will do all the work for you in regards to actually passing the stone, but what you can do it is try to make it as easy on yourself as possible.

HECTOR.

Meaning?

MOON.

You need to make sure you put as little strain on yourself as possible for the next couple of days. Do not put yourself in any sort of stressful situation.

HECTOR.

I don't plan on it, but why does it matter?

MOON.

Stress and strain takes a very big toll on the body, especially in the... southern region of the human body. If you strain yourself, you can make things a lot narrower, making it harder for the kidney stone to get out. Basically what I'm saying is, if you strain yourself to much, you can make passing this kidney stone feel like trying to fit a camel through the eye of a needle.

HECTOR.

Oh dear, that doesn't sound very fun.

MOON.

I imagine it wouldn't feel very fun either.

HECTOR.

Can I- die from this kidney stone?

MOON.

It's rare, but possible that you could. The main reason people die when they have a kidney stone is due to kidney damage, internal bleeding or some sort of infection. What I want you to do is take a urine sample and put it in a cup, cover it up with plastic wrap, then mail it in a box to my office and I will run some tests. Just to check and make sure there is no infection.

HECTOR.

Urine sample, got it. When do you think it will pass it, Doc?

MOON.

It's hard to say, but I would guess within the next couple of days. *(takes out a business card and a pen from pocket.)* this has my instructions, my office number and address on it. Call me if some new symptoms show up. Things like fevers, chills, vomiting, death, you know, the stuff you should usually worry about. *(Hands card to HECTOR, he puts it in his breast pocket.)* Well I'm off. *(Heads for the door.)* I have an appointment with a man across town who broke his funny bone. They say laughter is the best medicine, when I reality, laughter is making his condition worse. Tootle Loo. *(She exits out the front door, HECTOR moves behind the desk, and bends down and messes with something in the cabinets of the desk.)*

Earl enters from the front door carrying a shotgun, a rack of fish and squirrels, and a golf bag filled with fishing equipment and a baseball bat, he's about forty, wearing a red flannel shirt, dirty light jeans, work boots, and a cap. He has a mutton chops facial hair style and hair that comes down to his shoulders, he walks to the desk and hits the bell, his shotgun is facing toward where HECTOR is, HECTOR stands up and instantly sees the shotgun pointed at him.)

HECTOR.

AHHHHHHH! (He puts his hands in the air.) Take what you want, I don't have much but whatever you find is yours, just please don't kill me! *(Begins sobbing.)*

EARL.

Relax buddy, I ain't here to rob you. I'm here to book a room.

HECTOR.

Oh thank heavens. But um, could you maybe move the shotgun away from my general direction?

EARL.

(He does.) Oops my bad buddy. I couldn't have shot you anyway, the gun ain't even loaded.

HECTOR.

Why do you have a gun in the first place?

EARL.

Took the week off and decided to go hunting and fishing, get back in tune with my manly roots. As you can see it was a pretty successful trip. *(Sets rack of fish and squirrels on the desk.)*

HECTOR.

Well what brings you to the Jericho Motel?

EARL.

I still got an extra day on my vacation, thought I may as well stop in the first little town I came to and spend the night, and Jericho was the first one I came to.

HECTOR.

Well, it's quite a lovely little town, glad you decided to stay here. What room would you like Mr. ... uh...?

EARL.

Ashwell. Earl Ashwell. And room three seems good. Say, you mind if I go to the bathroom really quick? Been a long ride and I've been holding it for a couple hours.

HECTOR.

Fine by me, here's your room key (*HECTOR gives EARL the key to three.*)

EARL.

Thank you. (*He goes into his room.*)

HECTOR.

(*Phone rings, Hector picks it up.*) Hello... oh hi Aunt Clara... No I don't know if I'm going to be able to come home for your birthday... No it's nothing personal, I'm just not sure if I'm going to be able to make it what with how busy the motel is. I mean the bell is ringing nonstop. (*He rings the bell several times.*) It's ringing as we speak, gosh I would love to stay and chat but... No you haven't told me about Leroy's knee replacement surgery... Fine, tell me... Uh huh... Uh huh... (*Pantomimes pulling out a pistol and shooting the telephone several times.*) Wow that was one heck of a story, Aunt Clara, I'm sorry business is just absolutely booming right now, we will have to continue this conversation some other time. Thank you for checking up on me... love you too... bye. (*Hangs up, aside.*) By God, that woman would talk your head off if you let her. (*EARL enters from his room.*) What a high maintenance ass.

EARL.

Hey you got an ass?

HECTOR.

(*Looks over his shoulder at his butt.*) Yeah.

EARL.

Gosh that's fascinating, I don't know a lot of people that got an ass.

HECTOR.

Don't you have an ass?

EARL.

Always wanted one but never gotten around to getting one, got to save up big to get it.

HECTOR.

Yes I hear asses are rather expensive nowadays.

EARL.

Where do you keep your ass?

HECTOR.

South.

EARL.

How long have you had your ass?

HECTOR.

Since birth.

EARL.

How old is your ass?

HECTOR.

Same age as I am.

EARL.

Really? Wow you've had it for a really long time, you must take good care of it.

HECTOR.

I try. (*Rubs his butt.*)

EARL.

What color is your ass?

HECTOR.

(*Beat.*) White.

EARL.

Oh really? That's odd, most asses I've seen are gray.

HECTOR.

Have you seen a lot of asses?

EARL.

See one five days a week when I go to work in the morning. It looks so beautiful just roaming out in the fields. It looks so majestic when the sunlight hits it. Some days I wish I could just get out of my car and pet it, but that's usually frowned upon by the owner of the ass. Where did you get your ass from?

HECTOR.

My parents.

EARL.

Really? That's one of the best gifts I think I've ever heard parents giving their child.

HECTOR.

What can I say, they were big givers.

EARL.

What's your ass's name?

HECTOR.

I just call mine Fanny.

EARL.

Really, what an odd name for an ass. Isn't it tradition that you name your ass after a beloved family member, like an uncle or someone?

HECTOR.

I don't know. But if that's true then mine would be named Jack.

EARL.

So... *(Snaps and points to HECTOR.)* Jack ass.

HECTOR.

Listen buddy, this is my motel and I don't like people insulting me in my own motel.

EARL.

Hey man, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to insult you. All I did was ask you about your ass and you started yelling at me, I mean it's just a donkey, why are you getting so protective over it?

HECTOR.

Wait, you were talking about a donkey? I thought you were talking about my butt.

EARL.

Oh heavens no, *(they both laugh.)* why would I be talking about a fat old thing like that? *(He continues to laugh while HECTOR stops.)*

HECTOR.

I think it'd be best if you stopped talking now.

EARL.

Right, right, right. How much do I owe you?

HECTOR.

(Pulls out registry book from a shelf in the desk.) Ten dollars please. *(EARL takes out wallet and gives HECTOR ten dollars.)* Now if I could just get your John Hancock please.

EARL.

You want my what?

HECTOR.

Your John Hancock... Your signature.

EARL.

Oh, heaven's sake I thought you meant something completely different. I was about to say you could at least take me out to dinner first. *(Both chuckle, EARL signs the book, HECTOR puts the book back on the shelf in the desk.)* Sign out front said y'all serve free breakfast.

HECTOR.

Yes, but the offer ends at ten thirty. What time is it now?

EARL.

Here let me check. *(Takes out a pocket watch and checks the time.)* Dang, it's quarter till eleven.

HECTOR.

That's a nice pocket watch you got there.

EARL.

Well thank you. Belonged to my grandpa, he handed it down to me when me and him shared our first beer together. I'll never forget that day, and it's easy to remember when exactly it was to, because it was on my tenth birthday.

HECTOR.

You need any help taking your things to your room? I can take that fishing pole case if you want.

EARL.

That seems just fine by me. *(Picks up the animal rack, sets down pocket watch without realizing it.)*

HECTOR.

(HECTOR comes from behind the desk and grabs the bag and it's instantly too heavy for him so he drops it with his hand still on it.) Lord, these have to be the heaviest fishing poles I've ever held.

EARL.

Well it's not only fishing poles in there. There's a baseball bat in there too.

HECTOR.

Why do you have a baseball bat?

EARL.

(Sets the gun and animal rack down and gets the bat out.) You see, sometimes when you shoot a squirrel, the squirrel ain't dead yet he's just playing possum. So when you get real close and try to pick him up, he'll bite the fire out of your finger. So, I use this baseball bat to knock'em silly, *(does swinging motion.)* so he won't bite.

HECTOR.

I see. Is there anything you request that will help you enjoy your stay even more?

EARL.

(He puts the bat back in the bag.) Just peace and quiet, that's all. *(He unlocks his room, picks up all of his stuff and goes in, shutting the door behind him.)*

HECTOR.

(HECTOR goes back to the desk and he notices the stopwatch on the counter) Its Earl's stopwatch, I better return it to him. *(He picks it up and begins walking to Earl's room but stops himself.)* He said he wanted peace and quiet. I'll just wait till he comes out again to give it to him. *(Walks back to the desk and puts it in a drawer.)*

JOHNNY.

(JOHNNY runs in the front door breathing heavy. He slams the door, then blocks it with his body. He is a handsome, fit, boy in his mid-twenties. He is in a full, buttoned up New York Yankees

uniform, minus the hat. He runs to the front desk.) Women. Coming. Hide. Me. Please. Help.

HECTOR.

Sure, *(opens door to managers room.)* in here. *(JOHNNY runs in and closes the door.)*

AMBER.

(AMBER and Kate bust through the front door and instantly begin scanning the motel for any signs of JOHNNY. Both are young, around their early twenties, and gorgeous. AMBER is wearing a white shirt, leather jacket, checkered pants, and has a 1950s hairdo. KATE is in a checkered prom style like dress, her hair is fair and long, and is in a 1950s style. They are both carrying their wallets. They both go up to the desk.) You, manager. Has a certain baseball player been by here?

HECTOR.

I don't know, we see a lot of baseball player types around here.

AMBER.

Yeah, yeah, but this one's different. He looks like an angel from heaven but he's in a Yankees uniform.

KATE.

Johnny McGowan.

AMBER.

Johnny McGowan, *(inhales and exhales.)* even saying his name gives me a rush. Mister, who is the cutest man you've ever seen?

HECTOR.

I'm sorry, what was the question?

KATE.

She said, "who is the cutest man you've ever seen?" "

HECTOR.

I'm sorry ladies, I don't spend my free time checking other men out seeing if they are *cute* or not.

AMBER.

Come on, play along. Just say someone. Anyone.

KATE.

If you were forced to look at another man for the rest of your life, who would you want it to be?

HECTOR.

If I absolutely had to pick one man I had to stare at the rest of my life, I guess I would choose... Gene Kelly.

AMBER.

Wrong.

KATE.

You would have to choose Johnny McGowan. He's obviously the cutest man there ever was.

AMBER.

Is.

KATE.

Or will be. *(Both breathe heavily looking off into the distance thinking of JOHNNY.)* He's just so cute.

AMBER.

What a hunk.

KATE.

Everything about him is a woman's dream. The way he walks.

AMBER.

The way he talks.

KATE.

His hair. His arms.

AMBER.

And he doesn't look too shabby in a pair of baseball pants either, if you know what I'm saying.

KATE.

So Mister, we just got to meet him, we just got to. So have you seen him?

HECTOR.

I'm sorry girls, I haven't seen him.

AMBER.

(AMBER reaches across the desk and grabs him by the coat and pulls him over the counter so they are face to face.) Listen here, Buster. We came up here today because we caught wind that he might be coming to this town after some meeting he had near the coast. We've been trying to meet this guy for the past two years but every time we go to a Yankees game, security always prevents us from grabbing a piece of that *hunk*. Now we saw him come down this street, but we lost him. Now if he came in here and you are holding out on us by not telling us where he is, I'll punch you so hard you'll be eating out of a straw for the next six months.

HECTOR.

You wouldn't punch a helpless little motel manager would you?

KATE.

Don't think she won't Doc. There's a reason she's called "Iron knuckled Amber".

AMBER.

So what's it going to be Buddy Boy, are you going to tell us where he is or not?

HECTOR.

(Beat.) He was here, but he left.

AMBER.

Is that it?

HECTOR. He said he was going to come back.

AMBER.

(She lets go of HECTOR.) Did you hear that Kate? He's coming back!

KATE.

Our prince will return! And we can be waiting for him, just like in the movies. Oh this is just so romantic.

AMBER.

We need two rooms please.

KATE.

Two? Why would we need two, aren't we going to stay together?

AMBER.

No. Think about it this way, if either of us get to any sort of base with Johnny, do you really want the other one in there watching?

KATE.

Good point. I will need my privacy with him.

AMBER.

Oh no, honey. I will be needing that privacy.

KATE.

Yeah, so you can cry in the corner alone while Johnny and I have some fun.

AMBER.

I'm afraid you're confused on the roles. You see I'm going to be the one- *(the two begin arguing about how they will be the one to sleep with Johnny.)*

HECTOR.

(After a couple of seconds, HECTOR stops them.) Quiet! Neither of you will be sleeping with anyone if you don't actually buy a room.

KATE.

Oh yes, of course. How much?

HECTOR.

Ten dollars.

AMBER.

Ten dollars? What are we buying, all the rooms in the motel?

HECTOR.

Think of it as you're paying to see Johnny McGowan.

AMBER.

I'd pay a million dollars to see that *hunk*. Here you go. *(Both give him ten dollars.)*

HECTOR.

(He takes out the book.) Now if I could get you two to sign the ledger for me and tell me which rooms you want.

AMBER.

I'm Amber, I'll take room number one. Since Johnny will be sleeping with me first it seems only appropriate that I would be in room number one. *(She signs the ledger and takes key.)*

KATE.

Oh yeah? Well my name is Kate, and I will take room number two. It seems appropriate that I'll be in room number two because when I'm done with Johnny, he'll be coming back for seconds. *(She signs her name and then grabs her key, both stomp to their rooms, unlock the doors, go in and slam the doors shut at the same time.)*

HECTOR. *(Aside.)*

Why on earth would Johnny run away from them? The women want it more than the man does, it's a bachelors dream! *(He puts the ledger back.)*

JOHNNY.

(JOHNNY opens the door just a crack so he can poke his head out and look around.) Are they gone?

HECTOR.

All clear. *(JOHNNY opens the door fully and walks to in front of the desk.)* Sorry I couldn't get them to just go away from this motel, in the heat of the moment I couldn't think of anything to say.

JOHNNY.

It's alright, I'd probably do the same thing if I was about to have my bell rung.

HECTOR.

I have to admit, I never would have guessed that *the* Johnny McGowan would be in my motel. *(They shake hands.)* I'm Hector Freeman. It's an honor to meet you sir, I haven't missed a Yankees home game in twelve years.

JOHNNY.

It's always nice to meet a fan. And thank you for letting me hide.

HECTOR.

Oh no trouble. But I am wondering why you were running from those girls. Playing hard to get?

JOHNNY.

No, it's just a constant thing I have to deal with, for some reason women seem to think I'm the cream of the crop. They chase me everywhere, it gets pretty overwhelming sometimes.

HECTOR.

Well if you ever want to trade lives with someone, I'm first on the list.

JOHNNY.

I'll remember that.

HECTOR.

You know it would probably be a whole lot easier for you not to get noticed if you weren't in a full Yankees uniform.

JOHNNY.

Yeah I thought of that. I left my change of clothes back in my apartment.

HECTOR.

Why are you in uniform?

JOHNNY.

I was doing a photo shoot on the beach for the Yankees 1956 calendar.

HECTOR.

Oh that's what that girl meant when she said you were doing some work by the coast. But how would she know that?

JOHNNY.

Beats me. I've got stalkers following me everywhere I go, finding out everything I'm doing. I can run out of a cereal in the morning and by noon, there's a new box at my door.

HECTOR.

That's creepy. Aren't you a little bit concerned for your well being?

JOHNNY.

Yeah, but hey, if it keeps getting me free cereal, I'm not going to object.

HECTOR.

So are you just passing through Jericho?

JOHNNY.

No, I planned to stop here when I passed by on the way to the photo shoot, it seems like such a nice little town. I always have loved small little towns, the hustle and bustle of the big city is great and all, but there's just something about the peace and quiet of a small town.

HECTOR.

Yep, Jericho is about a nice a town as you'll find anywhere in the country. The kids are nice, the weathers fair, the neighbors don't get on my nerves— most of the time. Practically anything you could ask for in a place.

JOHNNY.

I *was* just going to stop in Jericho for just a few hours, now that I think about it, I may stay here for a couple of days. There was a *big* flock of girls looking for me, I may just wait for them to clear out before I go back home. So it looks like I'll be needing a room.

HECTOR.

But aren't you worried about those two psychopath girls staying here?

JOHNNY.

It will be fine, I've practically become an expert on avoiding women.

HECTOR.

So have I, and I'm not even trying. It just comes naturally to me. *(Both laugh.)* Oh, how exciting. I never would have thought that when I woke up this morning, Johnny McGowan would be buying a room from me. Oh this is a grand day. What room would you like?

JOHNNY.

What room is furthest away from the psychos?

HECTOR.

That would be upstairs, room five.

JOHNNY.

How much do I owe you?

HECTOR.

Ten please.

JOHNNY.

(JOHNNY pats himself down.) Dang it, I left my wallet with my change of clothes.

HECTOR.

I'll do it free of charge.

JOHNNY.

You would do that for me?

HECTOR.

You just have to promise to hit a home run for me next game.

JOHNNY.

(Chuckles.) Will do.

HECTOR.

(Takes out the ledger.) Now if I could get you to sign the ledger, please. *(JOHNNY signs it, HECTOR squeals in a childish way in excitement.)* I can't believe I now have Johnny McGowan's autograph, oh my diary is going to hear one heck of a tale tonight. *(HECTOR rips out that page and puts it in a drawer of the desk then gives JOHNNY the key.)* Is there anything I can do to make your stay at the Jericho Motel even better, Mr. McGowan?

JOHNNY.

Please, call me Johnny, and all I really want is some rest and relaxation. *(He heads upstairs.)*

EARL.

(EARL enters from his room.) Silly me, I done gone and brought in all my hunting and fishing stuff, and then left my clothes in the car. *(HECTOR laughs, EARL exits out the front door.)*

AMBER.

(AMBER comes out and walks over to Hector.) You still serving breakfast?

HECTOR.

Sorry, that offer expired about a half an hour ago.

AMBER.

Blast. Hey listen, I'm sorry for having to get all tough gal on you earlier.

HECTOR.

It's fine.

AMBER.

It's just that this boy is so damn cute. Haven't seen a guy yet that even compares to him in the looks department. *(JOHNNY comes down the stairs silently and he notices AMBER but she doesn't see him, JOHNNY slowly tip toes his way into room three.)* They don't make guys like they used to Mister... uh...

HECTOR.

Freeman, Hector Freeman. And I know what you mean, they don't make women like they used to either.

AMBER.

That's where you are wrong. While men are becoming less and less attractive, women are looking better than ever. It's like comparing a rotten apple, (*motions to HECTOR.*) to a fresh orange. (*Motions to herself.*)

HECTOR.

As of right now that's true, but give it ten years then we will know who truly has the advantage.

AMBER.

I haven't got the time nor the energy to argue with you right now. I have to save up my strength for when Johnny does come back. Hey tell you what, (*reaches into leather jacket pocket and pulls out a twenty.*) when Johnny does come back, you just make sure that he comes to room number one. (*Puts the twenty in his breast pocket.*)

HECTOR.

Will do... (*AMBER walks back into her room*) When Hell freezes over. (*Puts the twenty in the register, he has a sudden pain*) Oh dear lord! That doesn't feel good. (*Potty dances his way to the manager's room*)

EARL.

(*Earl enters again carrying a suitcase, he opens the door and JOHNNY falls out, as he was leaning on the door*) What in tarnation were you doing in my room? Get your bubble gum chewing rear end out of my room! (*Kicks JOHNNY in the butt, JOHNNY runs over to the desk.*) Damn Yankee boy. (*EARL goes into his room.*)

JOHNNY.

Damn, that rednecks got a good leg. (*Rubs his butt.*) Dang it, if I'm staying here I better tell Jeanette. (*Picks up the phone on the desk, and dials a number.*) Hello Jeanette... Yeah it's me, listen I'm not going to be home tonight, I had to stop for a while. Where am I? I'm at the Jericho Motel in Jericho, it's not too far outside of the city. I'm just calling to let you know... Yes there are girls here... Yeah, I guess they're decent looking... No I didn't say they were better looking than you... Jeanette... Jeanette... (*She hangs up.*) Hello? Hello? Well crap. (*He puts down the phone.*)

HECTOR.

(*HECTOR comes out of the manager's room.*) Sorry Johnny, I couldn't give you a fair warning that one of those girls was here.

JOHNNY.

It's fine. Normally, I don't have a problem dealing with all the women.

HECTOR.

What do you mean?

JOHNNY.

I've got a doppelganger.

HECTOR

A what?

JOHNNY.

A doppelganger... A look alike.

HECTOR.

A look alike?

JOHNNY.

Yep, his name's Eli. Found him one day walking Central Park. Asked him if he'd be interested in the job, he said what's in it for him, I said women. Never heard a man say deal so fast.

HECTOR.

So where is he now?

JOHNNY.

Lord knows. He was supposed to meet me at the photo shoot, he was going to wear his Yankees uniform and he was going to distract all the girls on the beach while I took the photos, but he never showed up. I called and left a message for him at the front desk of the hotel he stays at, telling him I was going to the motel in Jericho, but I'm not sure if he got it.

HECTOR.

So he's an exact look alike?

JOHNNY.

We are practically twins.

HECTOR.

No differences at all?

JOHNNY.

None, except personality, we are almost complete opposites in that regard.

HECTOR.

By God, that's genius. And no one knows that you have this doppelganger?

JOHNNY.

The only people that know are me, him, and now you. So I highly recommend keeping it on the down low.

HECTOR.

(Does key motion to his mouth.) Door is locked and I'm throwing away the key.

JOHNNY.

Speaking of doors, when I was up in my room the bathroom door was locked.

HECTOR.

Oh that happens a lot actually, I need to get that door knob replaced. I'll get it open for you.
(Both go upstairs.)

EARL.

(EARL enters searching the floor.) Where is it? Where is my damn pocket watch? Where is it?
(He pauses then sprouts up.) The Yankee! He was in my room stealing my pocket watch, that little savage. I'll string him up by his toes! I'll shoot that boy so fast he won't even have time to sing Yankee Doodle. But wait... I can't shoot him and expect to find out where my pocket watch is, because he'll be dead. *(Snaps.)* I know! *(Goes back into room three.)*

HECTOR.

(HECTOR comes potty dancing down the stairs with a look of pain across his face, saying "Ow" With each step, he runs into the manager's room.)

EARL.

(EARL enters, baseball bat in hand, he moves DC.) Here we go, a nice swing to the gut won't kill him, but it'll hurt him enough to make him tell me where my pocket watch is. *(JOHNNY comes down the stairs and sees EARL talking so he sneaks around behind the desk.)* It's kind of ironic, a tool from the sport he pulls for is going to be the thing that hurts him. I love irony.
(EARL then goes upstairs.) Here Yankee Yankee Yankee, here Yankee!

JOHNNY.

(JOHNNY then comes from behind the desk.) Good gravy, now even men are after me! Where is Hector? *(Goes into manager's room.)*

AMBER.

(AMBER and KATE both come out of their rooms.) Any luck on your end?

KATE.

If I was having any luck do you really think I would be out here talking with you instead of in there with him?

AMBER.

You don't have to get sassy I just asked a question. *(Both go back into their rooms.)*

ELI.

(ELI walks in the front door, wearing the exact same thing as JOHNNY except his shirt is unbuttoned. He looks around for JOHNNY.) Hello? Hello? Anybody here? For the love of God, after it took eons and ages to find this motel, you'd think that Johnny would be out here waiting for me. I have to travel wherever he goes. I have to act like him. Hell, I even have to mimic his voice all the time! I have to wear whatever he wears. He wants to wear a plaid shirt, well maybe I don't feel like wearing plaid today! He shaves, I have to shave. Has it ever occurred to him that maybe I want to go for the mountain man look? No! It doesn't matter what I want, it only matters what he wants! All he does is play baseball, and do photo shoots, and go to parties with movie stars, while all I do is look like him and sleep with the women that chase him. Who's the one doing all the work here?

AMBER.

(AMBER comes out of her room and spots ELI, she jumps in shock.) Hello.

ELI.

(ELI turns around.) Hello.

AMBER.

You wouldn't happen to be Johnny McGowan would you?

ELI.

(Beat.) Indeed I am. And you are?

AMBER.

I'm Amber.

ELI.

Amber, *(grabs her hand.)* derived from the Latin word Amburger, which is a Latin phrase which means the wild one or as they say in the native Latin tongue, henawana nagataka Nagasaki chitty chitty bang bang.

AMBER.

Wow, you're so intelligent.

ELI.

Charmed to meet you my dear. *(He kisses her hand then let's go, and she shivers with Goosebumps as he turns around, then regains her cool.)*

AMBER.

So Mr. McGowan...

ELI.

Please, call me Johnny.

AMBER.

(Laughs childishly.) Ok. Well Johnny, I have an idea.

ELI.

I'm listening. *(She whispers into his ears, ELI's eyes get wider as she talks.)* Oh, that sounds... intriguing, to say the least.

AMBER.

Do you want to try any of those things... on me?

ELI.

It's a very tempting offer... I believe I might just bite. *(AMBER grabs his hand and leads him into her room, while walking ELI looks out to the audience and raises his eyebrows.) (Offstage.)* Whoa Nelly!

KATE.

(KATE comes out of her room.) What was that? I could've sworn I heard Johnny's voice. *(Aside.)* I've heard Johnny's melodious voice only two times. He was on the radio doing an interview with Chevy Daniels on April 7th, 1953 at ten forty two AM. I only remember that date because it's on the front page of my Johnny McGowan scrap book. The scrapbook has cutouts of Johnny is photos with me, Johnny's baseball cards, any newspaper article Johnny has ever been mentioned in, Johnny's mail, I even have his autograph. I met him one time after a Yankees game when I was younger, I wanted to tell him how me and him were meant to be together, how me and him were soul mates, but I got scared and I didn't say anything. I really didn't know what happened. I had gone over it a million times in my head, the exact things I would say to him, and I even came up with responses for any possible thing he could say. If he was to say "I knew the moment that I saw you that you and I were soul mates" I would jump into his arms and he would carry me off for us to be wed. If he said "I like spaghetti" I would say, I like spaghetti to, I could make it for you every day if you would be mine. There was not a single scenario I had run through in my head, at least I thought. I never did account for the fact that I might not be able to

speak to him at all. Have you ever just seen someone you love and when you go up to talk to them you feel like your tongue just ran off? That's exactly what I felt when I talked to Johnny. I just sat there awkwardly for what seemed like ten years, eventually he took the piece of paper I had and signed it and then moved on to some other kid. That was it. The man of my dreams just walked away because I was too awkward to talk to him. So on that day, I promised myself that I would find him again and I would try to talk to him, but if I couldn't utter words, then I'd let my body do the talking. I just hope he comes soon. *(She turns and goes back into her room.)*

EARL.

(JOHNNY comes out of the manager's room and begins going up the stairs, but stops when he hears EARL at the top.) Yankee boy, I got a surprise for you. *(JOHNNY runs down the stairs and looks around for somewhere to hide, he then runs into room number two. After a second, he screams and tries to bust out but he is dragged back in, the door slams, EARL comes down the stairs.)* Where did he go? *(EARL begins looking around the room, tapping his bat in his hand, singing a song to the tune of "the bear went over the mountain".)* I'm going to get me a Yankee, I'm going to get me a Yankee, I'm going to get me a Yankee, and hang him on my wall. Maybe he's in the parking lot. *(EARL opens the front door to reveal JEANETTE, a tall, beautiful but intimidating woman in her mid-twenties. Her hair is up in a tight bun, she is wearing a dress that shows power and everything about her shows control, she has a purse and she is carrying a fur coat.)* Oh, excuse me Ma'am, didn't know anyone was at the door. *(EARL tries to squeeze past her, but she blocks him.)*

JEANETTE.

(With an intense stare.) Always hold the door open for a lady.

EARL.

(With fear in his voice.) Yes ma'am, sorry ma'am, won't happen again ma'am. *(He holds the door while she enters, she begins walking to the desk, EARL sticks his tongue out at her as she has her back turned, when she turns around EARL slams the door quickly.)*

HECTOR.

(JEANETTE rings the bell, Offstage.) Be there in a moment. *(She rings again.)* one moment please. *(She rings again)* Oh for Pete sake. *(HECTOR comes out of the manager's room.)* What?

JEANETTE.

It's not nice to keep a lady waiting.

HECTOR.

Yeah, and it's also not nice to try to break my bell. What can I do for you?

JEANETTE.

