

# SQUEEZE

A Motel Play

By Theresa Giacopasi

SCRIPT SAMPLE 4/15/16

[theresa.giacopasi@gmail.com](mailto:theresa.giacopasi@gmail.com)

**CHARACTERS:**

JEANNA, female, 20s-40s

ANDREA, female, 20s-40s/younger than Jeanna

SANGMI, female, 19, South Korean

MONICA, female, 50s-60s/older than everyone

**SETTING:**

AmericInn's Best Western Value Motor Lodge. A very bad motel.

**NOTES:**

Jeanna and Andrea should have visibly different ethnicities.

A range of ages can be cast for Jeanna, Andrea, and Monica; what is important to maintain is Andrea as youngest, then Jeanna, then Monica as oldest. Everyone should be older than Sangmi.

The Motel is a fifth character in this play, to be created collaboratively with set, sound, and lights.

A dash – (followed by text in parentheses) indicates the next speaker cutting off the line; some of the parenthetical dialogue can be used to cover up any late interruptions.

A dash followed by nothing indicates the speaker cutting herself off mid –

ROOM 17, "Popcorn."

*ROOM 17, a motel room at AmericInn's Best Western Value Motor Lodge. Suitcases unzipped but still packed. Liquor bottles opened but newly so. A first-night room, with two full-size beds still covered by plasticized quilts. ANDREA, younger, sits on one. JEANNA, older, takes a walk around the room. Both hold the standard motel-bathroom water cups, filled with not-water.*

JEANNA  
I'm hungry.

ANDREA  
They have free popcorn at the front desk.

JEANNA  
I want real food.

ANDREA  
Popcorn is real food.

JEANNA  
I want *hot* food. Brought to me. Brought to my table.

ANDREA  
Nothing's open, Jeanna.

JEANNA  
I want something *battered*.

ANDREA  
It's 2am. Even if we weren't ten miles from the nearest *whatever*, even if we weren't stuck in – stuck like, like a burr on the seedy underbelly of the wrong – side of, of the middle of nowhere –

JEANNA  
You're hungry too. You talk fancy when you're hungry, it's annoying.  
Let's get *food*.

ANDREA  
Even if we were home, no one's serving food now.

JEANNA  
It's not even really hungry, you know? I just want food. I want hot, fried food, I want bricks of fried like thick bendy yellow dish sponges to pave my stomach with. I want — hand, to maw, to gullet, to gut.  
Hot fat salty *food*.

ANDREA  
You're gonna get chunky again.

JEANNA  
I'm already chunky. Still.

ANDREA  
That kind of thinking is how people get chunky. You think because you're still kind of chunky now, that you can't get any worse. But you can.

JEANNA  
Don't *you* want *food*? This room is so depressing without food.

ANDREA  
Go to the vending machine.

JEANNA  
You go.

ANDREA  
Fine.

*Andrea gets up and starts to leave. Jeanna pulls her into one of the two beds.*

JEANNA  
No. Don't leave me.

ANDREA  
I won't.

*Andrea pets her.*

ANDREA  
What's wrong?

JEANNA  
There's someone in the room.

ANDREA  
You know that's not true.

JEANNA  
There is.

*Andrea looks around.*

ANDREA

There's no one here but you and me.

JEANNA

Don't you feel like there's someone here? Check the bathtub.

ANDREA

You checked the bathtub. And the closet. As soon as we got here. Like you always do.

JEANNA

I don't know.

I don't think we're alone.

I get stuck in a mode when I'm hungry.

ANDREA

I don't really think you're hungry.

JEANNA

Me neither.

*They sit. Andrea pets.*

JEANNA

Do you want to watch something?

ANDREA

I will if that's what you want.

JEANNA

I don't want to or not want to. I just want it to be on already. Or not be on.

ANDREA

It's not on.

JEANNA

But it's not not not not on. It's a blank, it's not the default. There are no restaurants open so not eating at a restaurant isn't because I'm not hungry. No one asked me *and* I don't want to make a choice. I hate it.

ANDREA (*humming a few long notes like a lullaby*)

Hmmmmmmmm. Shhh.

JEANNA

Will you go pop me some popcorn?

ANDREA

I knew it.

JEANNA

At least it'll be hot.

ANDREA

You could've saved us some time.

JEANNA

Now all I can think about is that it's out there.

ANDREA

So go make it.

JEANNA

No you.

ANDREA

I don't want any popcorn.

JEANNA

So?

ANDREA

I thought you didn't want me to go.

JEANNA

I don't want to have to talk to the lobby person.

ANDREA

She'll still be there when you go to smoke.

JEANNA

So if I don't go now, then when I go later, then I won't have used up all of my small talk, so I won't really have to talk to her. Please?

ANDREA

You just want to be waited on.

JEANNA (*giddy, childlike*)

Uh huh.

ANDREA

You gotta do something nice for me later then.

JEANNA  
Uh huh.

ANDREA  
You're gonna turn into a grown-up as soon as I leave you alone and then you won't want the popcorn anymore because you're not six. It's a waste of food.

JEANNA  
I don't waste food.

*Andrea gets up from the bed.*

ANDREA  
I'll be back.

JEANNA  
Good goody thank you I love you.

*Andrea slides her key card into her pocket.*

ANDREA  
You're gonna snap out of this as soon as I leave. I can feel it.

JEANNA  
Thank you love you mean it byeeee.

ANDREA  
Yeah. Okay. I'll be back soon.

*Andrea leaves to make popcorn.*

*Jeanna gets bored. Snaps out of it.*

JEANNA (*long sigh*)  
Ar-emmmmmmpgh.

*Jeanna takes a walk around the room. Opens the closet. Takes inventory.*

JEANNA  
Closet.  
Clothes belong in a closet not in a suitcase.  
*Clothes* belong in a closet, not a miniature ironing board.  
A closet with a miniature ironing board should also contain an iron.  
Are irons too dangerous for closets?  
Andrea? Are we not allowed to have irons anymore?

*Jeanna closes the closet.*

JEANNA

I should ask about irons.

Fuck we didn't bring the iron!

Why do people even need an iron if they're staying *here*?

*Jeanna reopens the closet.*

JEANNA

What are you *for*? There isn't an iron here.

*Jeanna removes the miniature ironing board. Drags it to the aisle between the beds. Opens it and sets it upside down.*

JEANNA

Put your legs down.

Your vag is showing.

*Jeanna continues her walkabout. Into the bathroom.*

JEANNA (*bathroom*)

"Conditioning Shampoo."

*A bottle being opened. The grossly human vacuum sounds of a bottle being squeezed out empty. Splat of thick liquid in warm hands.*

JEANNA (*bathroom*)

Sticky.

*A vigorous friction noise. Jeanna emerges with her hair in a shower cap.*

JEANNA (*wet raspberry*)

Pwwwwwfruuuugh.

There's two of us, there should be two bottles.

You hear that?

*The ironing board has no response.*

JEANNA

I'm not even close to fully conditioned.

*She touches the dry hair at the nape of her neck.*

JEANNA

Better be a lot of popcorn.



*She flops down on the bed, caressing the legs of the ironing board. Her hand idles to the night stand's drawer. Opens it.*

*A Bible. She pulls it out, opens it, props it on her belly. Reads.*

*Slams it shut and tosses it back in the drawer. Slams that shut. Something rattles open.*

*She dips her torso below the ironing board legs. Opens a safe at the bottom of the nightstand.*

*She comes up with a large rolled-up wad of bills. She sniffs it. Flips the edges.*

*She laughs.*

*She fumbles in the safe to make sure it's now empty.*

JEANNA (*in a voice we haven't heard yet*)

"Well aren't you a sight for sore eyes."

*She plays with the money. Rifles through it, counting.*

*Jeanna takes the Bible back out, and lays it on the bed next to her, stroking the cover.*

JEANNA

"Well hello there. I don't believe I've ever met a Gideon before.

Who me?

Oh me I'm no one. Just visiting for the night.

You must excuse my – rumpled appearance. Of course I meant to use the iron, provided by this fine hotel. But, oh my, how to delicately phrase... Well, it seems the ironing board can't hold her liquor."

*Jeanna bursts into an ol' timey dame laugh.*

JEANNA (*to the ironing board*)

"Sorry my dear, sorry. So sorry. Here, why don't you pull up your hose and go get us another iron?"

*She tosses the wad of cash onto the ironing board.*

JEANNA

"Gideon and I here need some time to get to know each other better. *Alone.*"

*She caresses the Bible and laughs, laughs laughs. Still laughing. Longer than it should go on.*

*The MOTEL awakens. It isn't laughing.*

*The Motel rolls its shoulders. Raises its haunches. Warns.*

*Jeanna stops laughing. Listens.*

*Rattle rattle.*

ANDREA (*hallway*)  
Jeanna? Open the door.

JEANNA  
Who is it?

ANDREA (*hallway*)  
It's me.

JEANNA  
I don't believe you.

ANDREA (*hallway*)  
Man, come on. My hands are full.

JEANNA  
Andrea?

ANDREA (*hallway*)  
Yes. Jeanna. It's me.

*Jeanna is relieved. She scans the room one more time. Turns back to the Bible.*

JEANNA  
"Oh darling, we'll never be alone. Will you let us pause this moment? Will the perfection of this moment keep? Shh, don't say another word. You'll ruin it."

*Jeanna puts the Bible back in the night stand drawer and shuts it.*

JEANNA  
"I'll wait for you."

*Jeanna gets up and opens the door. Andrea enters with a bag of popcorn, vented and steaming, in each hand.*

ANDREA  
What took you so long?

JEANNA  
Wow that smells.

ANDREA  
If you don't eat this popcorn I swear to god, Jean.

JEANNA  
You never let me finish.  
Wow that smells amazing.

*Jeanna snatches up a bag.*

ANDREA  
What's in your hair?

JEANNA  
Egg whites.

ANDREA  
Uh huh. Did you save the yolks?

JEANNA  
Fine you caught me, it's jizz.

*Andrea grabs her cup from before, drains it, and refills.*

JEANNA  
*Fine* I'm trying to deep condition but I don't think it's working.

*Jeanna pulls the popcorn bag open. Licks her fingers, sticks them to the popcorn, licks the kernels off her fingers. Repeats.*

ANDREA  
Please tell me that's not all of the conditioner.

JEANNA  
It's not all of the conditioner.

ANDREA  
I already talked to the front desk girl way too much to stop her from judging my two bags of popcorn. I don't want to have to ask for more conditioner.

*Andrea checks the bathroom.*

JEANNA

Don't worry I didn't even touch the conditioner.

ANDREA (*bathroom*)

Jeanna.

JEANNA (*popcorn*)

Mmmm.

ANDREA (*bathroom*)

There's only fucking soap in here.

JEANNA

They only gave us soap? You should get more popcorn.

*Andrea emerges.*

ANDREA

So you used all of the conditioner.

JEANNA

You deserve so much popcorn. Here, catch.

*She throws popcorn. Licks what still sticks to her fingers.*

ANDREA

Stop it. You've already trashed the room.

JEANNA

It's still lovely, don't be cruel to the room, it can hear you, you know.

ANDREA

We're gonna be here for a while still, I don't want to live in a hamster cage.

Why is the ironing board out?

JEANNA

Oh, yeah! Did you pack the iron?

ANDREA

No.

JEANNA

Good, me neither.

ANDREA

I'm putting this away.

JEANNA

But she's so much more useful out here!

*Andrea goes to collapse the ironing board. She comes up with the wad of cash.*

ANDREA

Jeanna?

JEANNA

I thought we could use her as a secular nightstand. This one's too Christian. Which is cool, and he's not pushy, exactly, but, he's always bringing it up you know? It derails the conversation.

ANDREA

Jeanna, where did this come from?

JEANNA

Oh! Oh, oh, that's right. Andrea! I threw it onto that whore ironing board, and I forgot, because you were gone so long.

ANDREA

Did you steal this? Jeanna. Look at me. Tell me the truth.

JEANNA

It was in the Christian nightstand.

*Andrea checks under both beds. She checks the safe. There's nothing else.*

ANDREA

You found it in the safe.

Were you planning on telling me?

JEANNA

Of course. I don't hide things from you.

ANDREA

Okay.

JEANNA

Let's spread it over the bed and jump in it.

ANDREA

Someone must have left it here.

JEANNA *(to the ironing board)*

You'd like that, wouldn't you? Your kind is always laying out on beds strewn with money.

ANDREA (*relieved but annoyed*)

Alright. Stay here I guess. Put the fucking ironing board away.  
I'll go take it to the front.

JEANNA

Wait why?

ANDREA

Because obviously someone left it here and is going to want it back.

JEANNA

Wait wait wait.

ANDREA

Jeanna, no. Keeping it would be stealing. And you know that that's wrong.

JEANNA

Someone left it here.

ANDREA

And I'm sure they're going to want it back.

JEANNA

Not if they just left six hundred dollars without noticing.

ANDREA

This isn't six hundred dollars.

JEANNA

Bet you six hundred dollars it is.

*Andrea removes the rubber band and starts fanning the bills out, counting.  
Stops.*

ANDREA

If it's that much someone will definitely be missing it.

JEANNA

Tell me how much it is.

ANDREA

I think – it's only five.

JEANNA

Liar.

*Andrea counts it out, piling it onto the bedspread. It's six hundred.*

ANDREA

It doesn't matter how much it is. It's not ours.

JEANNA

It's all in small bills.

And someone left it here.

If someone has small bills they're not keeping track of, they don't deserve it.

ANDREA

I'm going to give it to the front desk.

JEANNA

No. I said not to.

ANDREA

What if you're right and no one claims it? Then we get it just the same.

JEANNA

Why would anyone tell us that no one claimed it? They'll just keep it.

ANDREA

Sangmi wouldn't do that.

JEANNA

Who?

ANDREA

The girl at the front desk.

JEANNA

She doesn't deserve the money any more than you do.

ANDREA

We can't just keep it, Jeanna.

JEANNA

Yes, we can. We can *keep* it. Not spend it, not lose it. Just keep it here with us. In this room. Until we leave.

ANDREA

Who knows how long that is.

JEANNA

Doesn't this help? I thought it would help. You can replace all the stuff that you lost.

*Andrea drinks. She drinks again.*

ANDREA  
Someone might come to claim it.

JEANNA  
But they might not.

ANDREA (*rationalizing*)  
If someone comes looking for it, we just say we never even knew it was there.  
I would never have opened the safe.

JEANNA (*referring to the ironing board*)  
I wouldn't have either if it weren't for this slut.

ANDREA  
Be serious. We don't need anymore trouble.  
We make it look like we never touched anything here. So they won't think we opened the safe.

*Andrea moves to put away the ironing board again.*

JEANNA  
We're staying here. I'm going to touch things. You're going to touch things.

ANDREA  
Just some things. Just the normal things! Just –  
Soap. And glasses.

JEANNA  
And the remote.

ANDREA (*realizing*)  
And the closet door handle. And the *door*.

JEANNA  
And – I'm not accusing you of zealotry, I know you're just exploring, *but* – you'll probably touch the Christian night stand.

ANDREA  
Fuck.  
We wear gloves. You can buy them in boxes like Kleenex.

JEANNA  
You are making this very complicated. Here, gimme the other bag.

*Andrea hands her the other bag of popcorn.*



*Jeanna puts both bags on her hands like gloves. Squeezes the butter into her hands.*

ANDREA  
What are you doing?

JEANNA  
We are gonna wait.

*Jeanna starts touching things. Everything. The walls. The drawer pulls.*

JEANNA  
Until we find a new place to live. A nice one. And then we leave with the money.

ANDREA  
Jean, it's not that easy to find a new place.

JEANNA  
It doesn't have to be that nice. Because we're just gonna drop our bags off. And then we're gonna go to Ikea and buy you six hundred dollars' worth of *stuff*.  
You can buy picture frames. Modular bookcases. Fancy modernist forks.

ANDREA  
Oh. Yes.  
Graphic-printed curtains. And paper light fixtures.

JEANNA  
And tea lights.  
And no one is going to be the wiser.

ANDREA  
*If* no one claims the money.

JEANNA  
Sure.

ANDREA  
What if someone comes looking for the money after we leave?

JEANNA  
We'll be gone. And we'll wipe all this down before we go.  
Look, I made it shiny. Easier.

*They look at the butter-prints all around the room.*

*A faint rumbling sounds from the MOTEL. Displeased. Calculating. Jeanna looks concerned. Andrea does not react.*

ANDREA  
Okay. We keep the money. For now.

JEANNA  
I should wash my hands. I want to go smoke.

ANDREA  
How can you go smoke at a time like this?

JEANNA  
How can you not go smoke?

ANDREA  
I just don't know if you should – (be smoking at all)

JEANNA  
Don't.

*They have a staredown. And then start laughing hysterically.*

ANDREA  
*Six hundred dollars!*

JEANNA  
Six hundred dollars.

*They laugh and laugh and laugh.*

ANDREA  
Go smoke.

JEANNA  
Yes ma'am.

*Jeanna goes into the bathroom, runs the sink. Washes her hands. Andrea rumples the money over the plasticky quilt. Flops down onto in. Swims her arms through it.*

*Jeanna emerges.*

JEANNA  
You two whores.

ANDREA (*voice change*)

“Oh leave us. Can’t you see we’re busy?”

JEANNA

Yes ma’am.

*Jeanna takes her cigarettes, and leaves. Andrea gathers all the money back up.*

*The door reopens. Jeanna pops her head in.*

JEANNA

Drea?

ANDREA

Yeah?

JEANNA

I still think there’s someone in here.

*Jeanna leaves. Andrea looks after her sadly. Looks around the room.*

*She looks at the safe. She opens it. She starts to put the money back inside, but she stops.*

*She looks like she might cry, out of exhaustion, frustration. She stares at the money.*

THE LOBBY, “Intern.”

*THE LOBBY of the Motel, a shabby threadbare room that’s been cleaned too many times to ever really look clean again. Chipped desk and your grandma’s glass candy bowl. A microwave to the side bearing beat-up boxes of microwave popcorn and Lipton tea.*

*SANGMI, a South Korean 19-year-old, stands behind the front desk. She wears a Polo shirt with a laminated “Intern” name badge. She’s not the first one to wear it. She looks distressed as she checks the computer, checks a manual, back to the computer, back to the manual.*

*MONICA, older than all the other women, paces in front of the desk, on and off stage. She’s on her cell phone.*

MONICA (*cell*)

It’s not acceptable! You’re not doing me a fucking favor here, do you know that? You say you know that but you’re acting like you’re doing me a favor and you’re not. You are *contractually obligated*.

SANGMI

Ma’am?

MONICA (*cell*)

The lease! My fucking lease! Tenants have rights in this country, did you know that? I don’t know what they do in your country but here we have laws.

(*to Sangmi*)

Do they have laws in your country?

SANGMI

Huh? Yes. We have laws.

MONICA (*cell*)

See? Laws. And the law says this is your responsibility.

SANGMI

Ma’am? I think I have solved your problem.

MONICA (*cell*)

No it’s *not* your responsibility to do the bare fucking minimum. How much rent do I pay you? It’s more than the weekly rate of this shithole. I know that.

Cause I’m not a fucking idiot!

Kid, how much do you charge for a week?

SANGMI

We actually do not rent weekly rooms –

MONICA (*cell*)

What is the point of leaving the infested hellhole to be put up at another infested hellhole?  
Explain to me the point.  
Explain it to me. You obviously think I'm an idiot so explain it to me.

SANGMI (*loudly*)

Ma'am I have an update for you on your problem!

MONICA (*cell*)

The fucking *kid* has a solution for my problem.  
I hope it's exterminating *you*.

*She hangs up.*

MONICA

You know what's awful about cell phones?

SANGMI

They keep making more of them?

MONICA

Can't slam the phone down into the receiver.

SANGMI

I am sorry?

MONICA

The phone! Into the cradle. Like –

*She slaps the desk hard. Sangmi jumps.*

MONICA

So they know you hung up intentionally and you're mad about it. Nowadays delusional asshats can just be like "oh we must've been disconnected."

SANGMI (*doesn't care*)

Yes, I see.

MONICA

You don't care. I don't blame you.

SANGMI

Can I tell you about your room, please?

MONICA

Yes, please tell me you were able to upgrade me.

SANGMI

No, I cannot upgrade you.

MONICA

Typical.

So, what? What's the solution?

SANGMI

I am not sure. But there are no "upgrade" rooms. We only have one kind of room.

MONICA

It took you all this time to figure that out?

SANGMI

I could move you to a room with a king size bed.

MONICA

Like why would you not know that and tell me that to begin with.

SANGMI

But it is still the same room. With a bigger bed.

MONICA

I want to speak with your manager.

SANGMI

She is not here.

MONICA

I can see that. I want her number.

SANGMI

May I ask you why?

MONICA

Look, kid. I'm trying to cut you some slack. You're not capable of helping me. I want to speak to someone who can.

SANGMI

How can my manager help you if we do not have better rooms?

MONICA

I don't know until I talk to her.

*ANDREA enters. She heads for the microwave, removes a bag of popcorn from the box. Removes the cellophane.*

SANGMI

Please. Let me try again to help.

MONICA

Gimme her number.

SANGMI

I – I do not want to get in trouble.

MONICA

Relax. I'm not going to complain about you. I told you, I'm cutting you some slack. You know, my grandfather was an immigrant. So I get it. I just need to talk to an *adult*. Okay?

SANGMI

I – okay.

*Sangmi finds her boss' business card. She hands it to Monica.*

MONICA

Was that so hard? I'll be back.

SANGMI

Good. Thank you.

MONICA

You're welcome.

*Monica exits, dialing.*

*Andrea has been watching this exchange slack jawed.*

SANGMI

Can I help you with the microwave?

ANDREA

Oh sorry.

SANGMI

Sometimes it does not work for me.

ANDREA

Oh no, I've got it. Sorry.

*She turns on the microwave. It's loud.*

SANGMI  
It is very loud.

ANDREA  
What?

SANGMI  
The microwave.

ANDREA  
No I didn't – what?

SANGMI  
The microwave is very loud.

ANDREA  
Yeah. It is.

*They watch the microwave.*

*It beeps like a smoke detector when it's done.*

ANDREA  
Bad night?

SANGMI  
No it is okay.

ANDREA  
That lady seems crazy.

SANGMI  
She is a bitch.

ANDREA (*surprised*)  
Yeah, she seems it.

SANGMI  
I would be a bitch too. She has bedbugs.

ANDREA  
Get out.

SANGMI  
Her landlord is putting her here.



ANDREA

That sucks.

I would still not be as nice as you are.

SANGMI

What can I do if she is a bitch because of bedbugs? She will not become nicer.

ANDREA

Oh my god she's sitting.

SANGMI

Where?

ANDREA

That flower chair.

SANGMI

Oh.

That is where I sit for breaks.

ANDREA

Not anymore.

SANGMI

Does vacuuming kill bedbugs?

ANDREA

I'm not sure. Do *not* google it though, it'll drive you crazy.

SANGMI

I have to clean all the rooms. I do not want to catch them.

ANDREA (*opening microwave*)

Oh shoot. I think this popcorn's burnt. Is it okay if I make another one?

SANGMI

Yup yup yup. It is free.

ANDREA

I didn't know if you had like a limit.

SANGMI

Do you need more?

ANDREA

No there's a few more in here.

SANGMI  
Good.

*Andrea starts the microwave up again. Loud. They speak over it.*

ANDREA  
How much longer are you on tonight?

SANGMI  
Sorry?

ANDREA  
Does someone else take over for you soon?

SANGMI  
No this is my shift at the desk.

ANDREA  
Not that I'm looking to get a third bag of popcorn.

SANGMI  
Is the box empty?

ANDREA  
No, not like I'm trying to sneak more popcorn in on someone else's shift.

SANGMI  
Just take the popcorn.

*The microwave beeps, loudly.*

ANDREA  
Oh – okay.

SANGMI  
Oh no she is coming back.

ANDREA  
She looks pissed.

SANGMI  
Yup.

ANDREA  
I'm gonna – not like I'm abandoning you but I don't want to – like I don't know if they jump or what.

SANGMI  
They *jump*?

ANDREA  
I have no idea.

SANGMI  
But you said –

ANDREA  
Is it okay if I bail?

SANGMI  
Yes. I do not mind if you bail or not.

ANDREA  
Thanks, thank you... – it just says “Intern.”

SANGMI  
Sangmi.

ANDREA  
Thanks.

SANGMI  
For what, nothing, go.

ANDREA  
Good luck see you later.

*Andrea exits hurriedly with the two bags of popcorn.*

SANGMI  
You do not have a name?

*Monica reenters, on her cell.*

MONICA (*cell*)  
Well what you are doing is illegal.  
I don't care what agency you go through it's *not*. *Legal*.  
Hey lady, I don't make the goddamn laws. They're there *for me*.  
Talk to my fucking landlord! I would love to not *patronize* your *business*. Your shady under the table IRS-dodging business.  
I will!

*She hangs up. Pokes her phone hard a whole bunch of times.*

MONICA

Like, it should sense it when you press it extra hard, and it should let them *know*.

SANGMI

Did you want your key card, ma'am?

MONICA

Yeah.

SANGMI

One or two?

MONICA

Please. Like you're not going to unlock my door if I get stuck? One.

SANGMI

Of course.

MONICA

Look, I don't mean to be so hard on you. I know your boss is an asshat.

SANGMI

Sorry. No, my boss is not –

MONICA

Her voice is like Q-tipping with an Exacto knife. And you're here all summer?

SANGMI

I – um. Yup.

MONICA

What a fucking scam. You should quit.

SANGMI

I like it here.

MONICA

You're sweet. You're so sweet. What's your name?

SANGMI

Sangmi.

MONICA

That's such a sweet name. What does it mean?

SANGMI

Well – (it is hard to explain)

MONICA

Thank you Sangmi.

SANGMI

You are welcome. “Monica.”

I am sorry your landlord – is an asshat.

MONICA

You and me both sister.

Ugh. Look at this dump. “Your home away from home.”

*Sangmi hands Monica her room key.*

SANGMI

You are in room 15. Help yourself to popcorn and tea.

MONICA

Just kill me. Kill me right now.

This fucking dump.

*Monica takes the key and exits. Sangmi sighs a deep sigh of relief.*

*Monica returns.*

MONICA

I’m sorry but your boss? Is fucking un-American.

*She grabs the candy bowl off the desk and hurls it. Crash.*

MONICA

You leave that for her to deal with.

*Monica exits.*

*Sangmi just stares at the goddamn bowl. Starts to go clean it up. Stops.*

*No, she should clean it. Stops.*

*She goes back behind the desk. Comes out with yellow dishwashing gloves up to her elbows and an off-brand bottle of Raid.*

*JEANNA enters.*

JEANNA  
Guess what?

SANGMI  
Oh, be careful! There is glass.

JEANNA  
No no no. Guess what.

SANGMI  
I do not know.

JEANNA  
Iiiiiit's smoke break time!

SANGMI  
Oh – for you?

JEANNA  
For us.

SANGMI  
I am sorry, I have to take care of something for now –

JEANNA  
I was thinking about it? And the reason why it's gonna be awkward when I come out to smoke is that you won't come with me.

SANGMI  
Sorry. What is awkward about you smoking?

JEANNA  
I come out, and we're like "hi" "hi" and then I'll leave, and then I come back in and it's like, am I supposed to update you or something? "Went real good out there, went great, I did a great job" "congrats, great job" "thank you thank you, good evening and good night."  
No, we have to be a team on this. Share the joy.

SANGMI  
The joy?

JEANNA  
The joy of sharing a space with someone else. That's the only reason anyone smokes you know.

SANGMI (*that is not true*)  
Oh. Well. That is a nice thought.

JEANNA

It's a great thought, it's one of my best thoughts.

Look my sister is alone in our room and I am sure – not positive, but sure – that there is someone else in there and I don't want to be in there? But I also think if I go out alone I'll be thinking about that and then start thinking that someone is out there too.

SANGMI

But then I will be out there?

JEANNA

Exactly. Exactly, you get it.

SANGMI

*Oh.*

Oh I see yup.

You're crazy.

JEANNA

I like you.

You're accurate. You'd be great at archery.

Come smoke with me. Please? Don't make me be alone.

*Sangmi looks at her, thoughtful.*

SANGMI

Crazy.

Give me a cigarette.

*Jeanna gives Sangmi a cigarette. Sangmi tries to exit the lobby, to smoke outside. She cannot. She tries again. Fails. Jeanna watches, curious.*

*Sangmi forgets that she tried to leave. She gestures for a light. Jeanna pulls out her lighter and squeezes the flame into life. Sangmi leans in and lights her cigarette. Jeanna lights one for herself. Sangmi exhales with relish.*

JEANNA

Did you just try to leave?

SANGMI

It is nice, smoking inside.

JEANNA

I think you did. You did try to leave. But you couldn't.

SANGMI

I just said that it is nice to smoke inside sometimes.

JEANNA

Why can't you leave?

*The MOTEL crackles. Jeanna is upset that Sangmi doesn't notice.*

JEANNA

Why don't you hear that?

SANGMI

Everything here smells like smoking and swimming pools anyway.  
No one will notice. Do not worry.

JEANNA

Someone should probably worry.  
Hey. There's glass on the floor.

SANGMI

Yup.

*They smoke in the lobby.*