

**HOTEL ZERO DEGREES**  
A One Act Play

**Characters:**

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT, a handsome, slightly effeminate man in his 30's  
MR. STEWART, a thin, balding man in his mid to late 40's  
BOBBY, small, very thin young man in his late teens early twenties.

**ACT 1**

*[Lights up. It's the middle of the summer. MR. STEWART walks into a hotel called 'Zero Degrees' with a briefcase and shoulder bag. The FRONT DESK ATTENDANT finishes up a phone call and beams a smile at the road travel weary MR. STEWART.]*

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** Hello, welcome to hotel ZERO DEGREES, a hotel where everything is as cool as can be. Are we checking in today?

**MR. STEWART:** *[Puts down bags]* Yes, thank you, the name is under Stewart

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** *[Begins typing away and looking at his computer screen.]* Ahh, yes Mr. Stewart, I have your reservation here at ZERO DEGREES in front of me - it looks like we've got you set up in the Arctic Tundra suite this evening. If you like our bellhop Bobby here can take your bags and direct you to your room.

**MR. STEWART:** Thank you so much. Gosh you're AC. is really cranked in here isn't?

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** Yes, we like to keep things really chill here at ZERO DEGREES so you can beat that ridiculous summer heat!

**MR. STEWART:** Well, it is refreshing I suppose

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** *[Whispers to himself deviously]* zero degrees.

**MR. STEWART:** I'm sorry, what was that, did you just say something?

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** Me? I don't believe so. Here is your room key Mr. Stewart, and watch your step, some of the hallways here are a little icy.

**MR. STEWART:** Oh, ha ha ha....oh wait your serious...

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** Indeed sir, enjoy your stay.

**MR. STEWART:** Thank you.

[MR. STEWART follows BOBBY to the elevators and out of view]

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** [Waits for MR. STEWART and BOBBY to disappear and begins singing to himself. Classic show-tune music gently begins playing in the background]

Why would I work at such a place?  
So cold that you can't feel your face?  
It's so god damn freezing,  
You can't help but start dreaming  
That you'll soon receive death's warm embrace!

It's Zero Degrees!  
What a monstrosity!  
A hotel where it snows in your room!  
There's an ice skating rink,  
In your own bathroom sink,  
Everyone who stays here gets the flu!

[Front desk phone rings, FRONT DESK ATTENDANT answers. Music reduces but gently still plays in the background.]

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** ya-hello?

**MR. STEWART:** Hi, this is Mr. Stewart, I just checked in.

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** Ahhh, yes, Mr. Stewart, how are you enjoying the arctic tundra suite?

**MR. STEWART:** [Aggravated] Actually I'm not, I didn't realize that when you said it was called the Arctic Tundra suite it would actually *look* like the Arctic Tundra, I mean, I can barely see the floor it's covered in so much snow!

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** Oooo, I'm so sorry Mr. Stewart, that is a mistake indeed

**MR. STEWART:** I should hope so

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** You shouldn't be able to see *any* of the floor, we'll have Bobby bring up a fresh batch of snow to cover up the remaining spots – [Shouts off-stage] BOBBY!

**MR. STEWART:** No, you misunderstand me – I want to move to a different room

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** Mmmm, that is unfortunate, but of course I will switch you right away. Bobby will be right up to move you to another room sir.

**MR. STEWART:** Thank you

[FRONT DESK ATTENDANT begins singing to himself once again. Music appears more prominent once more]

We pride all ourselves on our service,  
We'll bring ice cream and snow cones to you,  
But if you feel tempted,  
To have something melted,  
Then all I will say is adieu!

This is Zero Degrees,  
A place where you can breathe  
In air that's below negative 2  
We don't let the suns rays  
Reach our salted hallways  
Your red lips will turn quickly to blue!

[Front desk phone rings again, FRONT DESK ATTENDANT answers. Music reduces but gently still plays in the background(again).]

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** [Joyfully] Heeellllloooooo?

**MR. STEWART:** [Quite angry] This is Mr. Stewart again!

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** [Oblivious to anger] Oh hello Mr. Stewart, how are you?

**MR. STEWART:** This room you moved me to is covered in ice! I thought you were moving me to a suite that *wasn't* the Arctic Tundra!

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** They're all Arctic Tundra suites, they're all just...how should I put this...varying *degrees* of Arctic Tundra. After all Mr. Stewart, this *is* hotel ZERO DEGREES.

**MR. STEWART:** Well there's a goddamn snowman in my shower!

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** I'm sorry sir, did you want housekeeping to clear it away so you can make your own?

**MR. STEWART:** No I don't want to make my own!

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** Hmmm... Well would you like me to send Bobby up again to move you once more?

**MR. STEWART:** Bobby's still here! He's slipped on this ridiculous ice flooring you've installed and nearly cracked his head open!

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** Was he wearing his helmet?

**MR. STEWART:** [Surprised] ...yes

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** Then he should be fine. The temperature up there alone should stop his bleeding... [whispers] zero degrees.

**MR. STEWART:** You know, I should've figured there was a reason you were the only hotel with an available room in the area. Obviously I'm going to have to figure something out on my own, because you are absolutely no help at all! Goodbye!

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** Goodbye sir.

[FRONT DESK ATTENDANT begins singing to himself a final time. Music appears more prominent as well]

Where else can you stay with a penguin,  
A seal or a large polar bear?  
A zoo perhaps maybe,  
but they'll charge you like crazy  
if you want to stay cheap there's nowhere!

Here's the place you want to be!  
It's as cold as you ever will need,  
Our sheets give you frostbite,  
You won't live thru the night,  
And our sign always says vacancy  
At...

[Front desk phone rings again, FRONT DESK ATTENDANT answers. Music reduces but gently still plays in the background(again).]

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** [Into the phone].....Zero Degreeeeeessss!

**MR. STEWART:** [Screaming] What is *WRONG* with this place?!!

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** Excuse me?

**MR. STEWART:** I just tried to run some hot water and melt all this ice up here, but the faucet handles are both labeled cold!

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** [Confused] What exact part of ZERO DEGREES are you not getting Mr...

**MR. STEWART:** ...Stewart! And even when I turn the handle nothing comes out!

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** That's because the pipes are frozen....

**MR. STEWART:** What?!

[*There's a knock on MR. STEWART'S room door*]

**MR. STEWART:** Someone's knocking at my door, hang on

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** Ahhh yes, that will be housekeeping sir, I sent them up after the first time you complained about the accommodations

**MR. STEWART:** There's a cleaning woman on a Zamboni outside my door.

**FRONT DESK ATTENDANT:** [Whispers] Zero Degrees.

**End.**