

Sold Once, Delivered by Seven Teams

What I do: first minute, the alert — to the person in charge of the event (or whoever signs on their behalf at the hotel), with the problem measured, not with alarm: “The signed layout doesn’t fit: we have two tables of ten too many; I have two solutions and three hours.” Whoever raises the alert with solutions is a professional; whoever raises it in a panic is one more problem.

The two solutions, ready to choose from: (a) redistribute — move from tables of ten to tables of twelve where protocol allows, keeping the head table intact, and the hall can breathe; (b) expand the space — open the adjoining hall or the terrace for the cocktail reception or the bar, freeing up square meters in the main one. Each with its cost in time and staff worked out. The one who decides is whoever can talk to the client — but they decide between options that can actually be set up, not in front of a wall.

And what you never do, in order: you don’t keep quiet hoping it will “fit if we squeeze” — two hundred people will pay for the cramped room for five hours; you don’t improvise an unauthorized solution — your silent fix throws off the other six teams; and you don’t mention the problem to the host when the moment comes — for the host, the hall was always meant to be this way. The difficult births of a setup never make it into the wedding photo.