

Extended Stay

by

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November 2020
Rev 10/11/24
Second Rev 11/21/24

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EXT. BISCAYNE BLVD - DAY

A black Mercury Grand Marquis speeds down the road.

INT. ELIJAH'S CAR - DAY

ELIJAH LINFIELD (late 20s), tall, thin, big eyes, wearing a messy black suit with red tie, grips the wheel.

His phone rings, he answers it.

ELIJAH
(into the phone)
Alissa?

ALISSA (O.S.)
Where are you?

ELIJAH
(into the phone)
I woke up late.

ALISSA (O.S.)
Well get here soon, Carolyn's really
pissed.

ELIJAH
(into the phone)
Tell her I stopped for coffee.

ALISSA (O.S.)
What was it this time?

ELIJAH
(into the phone)
You ever hear of a Cortado?

ALISSA (O.S.)
Really? Seriously Elijah?

ELIJAH
(into the phone)
Well it's either that or the "I
couldn't decide what tie to wear"
excuse again. Take your pick.

ALISSA (O.S.)
Ugh, you better be here or...

Elijah smirks, hangs up, and places his hands back on the wheel, adjusts his visor.

EXT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Elijah pulls into an attached parking garage of the majestic, CARLSON GRAND HOTEL, a behemoth of a skyscraper, Art Deco, that towers over the Miami skyline like a pinnacle.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Elijah rushes towards the front desk, passing by the bellboy, BRIAN (16) as he lifts a suitcase onto a luggage cart.

A WOMAN (40s) sits in a chair near the elevators to his right, feeding her baby with a bottle.

Elijah steps behind the desk and throws on his nametag as his girlfriend and co-worker ALISSA MALINOWSKI (late 20s), hands a key to an elderly woman, NORMA VAN PETERS (70s).

ALISSA

Your room number is 1208.

Norma takes the key.

NORMA

Remind me again, where's the pool?

Alissa points down to the hallway behind her.

ALISSA

Down the hall to the right, just past the fitness center.

Norma bends down and lifts up her suitcase.

ALISSA

Husband not with you this time Norma?

NORMA

Oh, Herbert's grown tired of our constant honeymoons.

Norma turns towards a coffee machine lying on a table in the dining area to her right.

NORMA

I expect the coffee is still free?

ALISSA

The machine's waiting for you in the usual spot.

NORMA

Thanks.

Brian passes a large golden sculpture of a swan sitting on a table in the center of the lobby behind her and stops in front of Norma.

Brian points to Norma's suitcase.

BRIAN

Did you need help that, miss?

NORMA

Oh no. It's quite light actually.

Brian jogs away as Norma shimmies over to the dining area.

ELIJAH

Van Peters checking in again?

ALISSA

It's her third time this year.

Elijah watches Norma as she grabs a cup off the table and places it under the machine.

ELIJAH

Must be getting real tired of all those cold winters.

ALISSA

I heard it gets pretty bad up there in Maine.

Elijah stares into the lobby.

Crickets.

ELIJAH

So, how else was your morning?

ALISSA

I had to take over twenty calls.

ELIJAH

More missing bedsheets?

Alissa snorts and begins typing into the computer.

ELIJAH

What? Was I right, or...?

ALISSA
You know, it's not that easy, working
the morning shift alone sometimes...

ELIJAH
Heh, my mistake.

Alissa stops typing and narrows her eyes.

ELIJAH
I thought you liked all the peace and
quiet.

The woman's baby near the dining room suddenly wails.

Alissa watches as the woman frantically bounces her child up
and down.

Alissa resumes typing.

ALISSA
How are midterms?

Elijah pulls forward a coffee cup full of pens and begins
fiddling with them.

PLINK-PLINK.

Alissa's eye's shift towards the cup.

ALISSA
That bad, huh?

ELIJAH
You might want to have a word with the
ten bottles of beer I left on my
nightstand.

ALISSA
I'm sorry, 10?

ELIJAH
Guess what flavor it was.

ALISSA
Irish stout.

ELIJAH
Close, but...

Alissa leans forward and sniffs Elijah's mouth.

ALISSA
Hefeweizen.

Alissa resumes typing.

ELIJAH
How...?

ALISSA
I could smell the banana.

Elijah takes a pen out of the cup and begins moving it around in his hands.

ELIJAH
There were just so many formulas...

ALISSA
You try taking another class?

Elijah huffs, bites his tongue.

ELIJAH
No.

ALISSA
Organic Chem, right?

Elijah clumsily drops the pen.

ALISSA
Hmph, can't be too bad.

Elijah swipes the pen off the ground and shoves it back into the cup.

ELIJAH
Try memorizing over 75 different types
of covalent compounds.

ALISSA
You mean like the periodic table,
right?

Elijah smirks, watches Brian struggle to lift up a suitcase onto a luggage cart, as the hotel's manager, CAROYLN SWARTZ (40s), blonde, prim, proper, professional, and of medium stature, suddenly pushes it aside and stomps towards the desk

Carolyn wears black high heels, her hair is tied neatly into a bun.

Alissa's hands freeze over the keyboard.

ELIJAH

Oh boy.

ALISSA

Here we go.

Elijah and Alissa hold their breath as Carolyn stops and narrows her eyes at Elijah.

CAROLYN

This is the second time in a week
Linfield.

ELIJAH

I was preoccupied.

CAROLYN

With what? Your closet? Again!?

Elijah bites his tongue, looks down at his suit as Alissa tip-toes away.

CAROLYN

And you, blondie, why haven't the
folios been filed?

Alissa stops, turns around towards a stack of disorganized folios behind her.

Alissa huffs, twiddles a piece of her hair.

ALISSA

I was just getting to it Carolyn.

Carolyn scoffs.

CAROLYN

Hardly.

ELIJAH

Lighten up a little, will you boss?

CAROLYN

I beg your pardon?

ELIJAH

It's not that important.

Carolyn huffs, puffs out her chest, straightens her suit.

CAROLYN

Well, clearly you and I see things a bit differently.

Carolyn stomps away.

Elijah breathes a sigh of relief as Alissa sniffles, wipes her eyes.

ELIJAH

Hey, you alright?

ALISSA

I'll be fine, thanks.

Elijah cracks a smile as two HOTEL GUESTS (20s) step forward and ring the bell.

Elijah clears his throat, flips around, and flashes his teeth.

ELIJAH

Welcome to the Carlson.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

A cart full of cleaning supplies bounces down the hallway, pushed by high school senior, and young housekeeper, TAYLOR BENNETT (18).

The cart rolls across the carpet before stopping at a door marked:

602.

Taylor steps up to the door and knocks at it, hard.

TAYLOR

Housekeeping.

Silence.

Taylor shifts toe-to-toe as she raises her hand towards the door and knocks again.

TAYLOR

Hello?

Nothing.

Taylor smirks and places her hand on the door handle.

CLICK.

Taylor pushes open the door and peers into the room.

Emptiness.

Taylor grabs her vacuum cleaner off the cart and forces it into the room.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 602 - DAY

Taylor plugs the vacuum cleaner into an outlet and turns it on with her foot. She begins vacuuming as a REPORTER (20s), reports on a scene from a television to her left.

REPORTER (O.S.)
The bizarre lights seen over the Miami skyline last night are leaving many residents with questions...

Taylor watches the TV as she vacuums around a coffee table.

REPORTER (O.S.)
While officials from both the Coast Guard and Air Force have yet to comment on their source, many residents believe that this may be a sign from up above. This is Heather Grant reporting to you from...

The vacuum cleaner shuts off.

Taylor looks down at the vacuum, and towards the outlet.

BZZT.

The lights in the room begin to flicker.

TAYLOR
Hello?

The sound of what appears to be a tornado, descends upon the room.

BAM!

The room begin to shake, knocking Taylor to the floor. She darts under the sofa bed, narrowly missing a falling lamp, as she looks up towards the ceiling.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

The lobby begins to shake.

ALISSA
What the hell?

Elijah whips his head towards the chandelier above the lobby sculpture.

It sways back and forth, round and round...

ELIJAH
Shit, get down!

Elijah pulls Alissa underneath the desk as Brian pulls the woman and the baby underneath her chair, himself included.

The pair stare mesmerized at the chandelier before slowly turning the lobby sculpture on the table.

The sculpture bounces rapidly on the table back and forth...

back and forth...

back and forth.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 602 - DAY

A series of bright green lights suddenly fill the room.

Taylor crawls out underneath the bed and staggers towards the window until, suddenly, a high pitched whistle pierces her ears.

Taylor covers her ears, shutting her eyes, as the lights grow brighter and brighter, until, suddenly, they vanish.

Taylor removes her hands from ears and turns around. She stares at the furniture on the ground before carefully stepping up to the window and throwing back at the curtains.

Taylor looks down only to find, normalcy; not a single car or building out of place.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Alissa and Elijah open their eyes.

ELIJAH
Alissa? You alright?

ALISSA
God dammit, my head.

Elijah stands up and helps Alissa to her feet. The pair turn to the lobby where thankfully, they find everything still in one piece.

ELIJAH
Brian?

BRIAN (O.S.)
Down here.

Elijah and Alissa look underneath the chair.

Brian waves at them as the woman crawls out with her wailing baby and rushes away.

BRIAN
Thanks.

Brian crawls out and jogs towards the lobby sculpture.

ELIJAH
Well, that was strange.

ALISSA
You're telling me?

ELIJAH
Don't earthquake's like this usually
happen in like, California?

ALISSA
Global Warming? Maybe?

Elijah watches Brian as he straightens the lobby sculpture with his hands.

CLICK.

ALISSA
I'm not ready.

ELIJAH
I got this.

Elijah holds his breath as Carolyn, fixing her teetering bun, steps up to the desk.

Alissa snickers, Elijah stiffens a laugh.

ELIJAH

Nice updo.

Carolyn pushes her last strand of hair into her bun and gently pats it down.

CAROLYN

How are the guests?

Alissa turns to the phone to her left.

ALISSA

No complaints, yet.

CAROLYN

Good.

Carolyn turns towards the dining area.

ELIJAH

Hey, uh, boss.

Carolyn shifts her eyes to Elijah.

ELIJAH

Is there something else bothering you?

Carolyn, arms crossed, teeth clenched, glares at Elijah.

Elijah clears his throat as a thick bead of sweat plummets off his forehead.

ELIJAH

You just seem a little, I don't know...

BRIAN (O.S.)

Tense?

Carolyn whips her head around, narrows her eyes at Brian.

Brian shudders, whips out a cloth, begins polishing the sculpture.

CAROLYN

I'm fine. Isn't it obvious?

Elijah smirks as a piece of Carolyn's hair falls down in front of her face.

Alissa clutches her sides, covers her mouth.

Carolyn hastily shoves it back.

CAROLYN

Well, if you two must know, there are some very important matters I must attend to regarding the future of this hotel.

ALISSA

Future?

The elevator doors slowly open to their left, and...

Chaos.

Elijah and Alissa turn towards the elevators as a mass of frantic hotel guests explode out and rush up too the desk.

Alissa tries to leave only for Elijah to pull her back.

Carolyn smirks.

CAROLYN

Well?

Elijah snorts as Carolyn saunters away.

ALISSA

Great.

Elijah takes a step back as the pile of disgruntled hotel guests shoves themselves across the desk and scream obscenities at the pair.

ALISSA

Hey, come on, no pushing!

Alissa whips out a fly swatter from underneath the desk and whacks it at one of the guests.

Elijah grumbles and sets his sights on the revolving doors.

Elijah relaxes as he watches the doors twirl around and around...

EXT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - DAY

A silver Lamborghini Aventador pulls up and stops.

A tall, almost perfect looking supermodel of a man, to the likes of Jordan Barrett and Jon Kortajarena, MR. BROWN (40s),

steps out and shuts the door.

Mr. Brown moves to the other side and opens the door.

A petite woman, equally as gorgeous, MRS. BROWN (40s) steps out, wearing a long black skirt with white blouse, complete with a pair of oversized sunglasses, and carrying a small black purse.

Mr. Brown closes the door and gently takes her by her hand.

The pair walk in unison towards the back of the Lamborghini as Mr. Brown takes out the car keys from his pocket and unlocks the trunk.

Mr. Brown opens the trunk and pulls out a large red suitcase, handing it to Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown takes it as Mr. Brown swiftly closes the trunk and locks the car.

The hotel's valet BRODERICK (18) jogs forward.

BRODERICK
Just dropping it off?

Mr. Brown hands Broderick the keys.

MR. BROWN
Have it parked in the most secure spot
available.

Broderick takes the keys.

BRODERICK
Of course.

Mr. Brown gently rubs his hand across the door before waving his finger in front of Broderick's face.

MR. BROWN
Not one scratch.

Mr. Brown takes Mrs. Brown by her hand and quickly leads her to the revolving doors.

MRS. BROWN
You care too much, darling.

MR. BROWN
We have to keep them fooled somehow.

The Browns enter as Broderick whistles, walks up to the car and places his hand on the side mirror.

BRODERICK
Yeah, that's right.

NT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

As the final two angry hotel guests step away from Elijah and a very sweaty Alissa, Mr. & Mrs. Brown step up to the desk and ring the bell.

Elijah tosses Alissa his handkerchief and flashes his teeth at the couple.

ELIJAH
How can we help?

MR. BROWN
We have a reservation.

ELIJAH
For?

MRS. BROWN
Brown.

Elijah turns to Alissa and watches as she frantically pats herself down with the cloth.

Elijah clears his throat.

Alissa whips her head around as Elijah shifts his eyes towards the computer.

Alissa tosses the sweaty cloth back at Elijah (which he drops) and begins typing.

ALISSA
Just a minute.

A loud COUGH rattles the two desk clerks. The pair turn their attention Mrs. Brown who looks away, clears her throat.

MR. BROWN
Excuse us.

Mr. Brown hastily pulls her aside, lowers his voice.

MR. BROWN
You're making a scene.

MRS. BROWN
I don't see what was so wrong with
Leavenworth.

Mr. Brown clasps his hands over hers, looks deep into her eyes.

MR. BROWN
We'll get to it, sweetheart, I promise
you...

MRS. BROWN
Remember our duty.

Mr. Brown sneers.

MR. BROWN
Our inconvenience.

Elijah can't help but stare at the couple and jabs Alissa in the arm.

ALISSA
What?

ELIJAH
Look at them!

Alissa turns and stares at Mrs. Brown's almost immaculate features; a perfectly shaped nose, eyes as clear as the Blue Lagoon, hair the right shade of cream.

Mrs. Brown's eyes suddenly shift towards Alissa.

Alissa punches Elijah in the chest before typing the word BROWN into the keyboard.

ELIJAH
Son of a...

ALISSA
Your stay is good for 2 days and 1
night, right?

Mr. Brown steps back up to the desk.

MR. BROWN
Yes, that is what we selected.

Alissa continues typing as Mr. Brown suddenly leans forward and clasps his hands.

MR. BROWN
Which floor is it on?

Alissa cocks her head towards Elijah.

ELIJAH
I don't know.

Alissa grabs Elijah's jacket and pulls him towards the computer. He chuckles nervously, shifts his eyes towards the screen, Mr. Brown.

ELIJAH
The uh, top one.

MR. BROWN
The very top?

ELIJAH
Yeah, right next to the old vending machines.

Elijah chuckles.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown grumble, shake their heads as Alissa shoves him away.

ALISSA
Takes credit cards.

MR. BROWN
Splendid.

Elijah, face red, re-straightens his tie as Mrs. Brown grumbles.

MR. BROWN
Darling?

Mrs. Brown shakes her head, twiddles her hair. Her husband fidgets, stares at Alissa, Elijah.

ALISSA
It's got a great view of the water.

Mrs. Brown turns to Alissa with an unearthly gaze. She smirks, swiftly kicks Elijah in the leg.

ELIJAH
Yeah, you can see the entire bay from up there.

MR. BROWN
Well? Sweetheart?

Mrs. Brown buries herself into her husband's shoulder and whispers something into his ear. He nods, hugs her tightly, takes out a check from his pocket, and hands it to Elijah.

MR. BROWN
I hope this will be enough.

Elijah raises his brow, takes the check.

ALISSA
We take all forms of payment except Express.

MR. BROWN
Magnificent.

Mr. Brown caresses Mrs. Brown's cheek as Elijah lifts up the check and stares at it.

1234 MAIN STREET.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Elijah raises his brow as Brian steps up to Mrs. Brown and bows.

BRIAN
Your bags?

Mrs. Brown picks up the red suitcase next to her.

MRS. BROWN
(In Norwegian)
Excuse me.

Mrs. Brown shoves past Brian and towards the elevators.

MR. BROWN
Please, you all must excuse my wife.

Alissa, Elijah and Brian watch as Mrs. Brown stops near the elevator and stares up at the doors, motionless.

MR. BROWN
She is not feeling well.

Brian trudges away as Alissa grabs the Browns' room key out from underneath the desk and hands it to him.

ALISSA
3409, last door on your left.

MR. BROWN
Thank you.

Mr. Brown takes the key and marches away.

ALISSA
Well, that could have gone better.
Elijah continues to stare down at the check.

ALISSA
Hey?
Elijah puts his hands behind his back.

ELIJAH
Sorry, what?

Alissa scrunches her fists, opens her mouth as the phone on the desk rings. She grumbles, answers it.

ALISSA
(into the phone)
Front desk.

Alissa talks with the guest as Elijah stuffs the check into his back pants pocket.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - 34TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator doors open as Mr. and Mrs. Brown step out, hands locked, and turn left.

The couple, in perfect unison, march towards the end of the hallway.

MRS. BROWN
You shouldn't walk so fast, dear.

Mr. Brown scowls.

MRS. BROWN
You might sprain something.

A MAID (40s) suddenly jogs by, stares at the Browns.

Mrs. Brown removes her sunglasses, revealing nothing but blackness.

The maid yelps, sprints away.

MRS. BROWN
They will come looking for us.

MR. BROWN
I'm always one step ahead.

MRS. BROWN
For now.

Mr. Brown halts in his tracks, turns Mrs. Brown around, sighs.

MR. BROWN
Let's not have a repeat of Tokyo,
shall we?

Mrs. Brown puts on her sunglasses, whips out a Japanese Kit-Kat, peels off the wrapper.

MRS. BROWN
(in Japanese)
Maybe you'd like it if I put on a
kimono?

Mr. Brown gently pats Mrs. Brown's hand.

MR. BROWN
(in Japanese)
Happy Obon.

Mrs. Brown scarfs down the chocolate as she and Mr. Brown continue forward and stop near a door marked, 3490.

Mr. Brown lets go of Mrs. Brown, whips out the key, and places it into the lock.

CLICK.

Mrs. Brown shoves past Mr. Brown and enters with the suitcase.

Mr. Brown huffs, furrows his brow, as he ears perk up at the sound of an opening door.

Mr. Brown whips his head around to find Norma, glaring at him from behind her door.

Mr. Brown fidgets, he waves.

Nothing.

Mr. Brown sneers, grabs a sign from behind the door, and sets it on the knob.

Mr. Brown enters and slams the door shut with a loud THUD.

The sign reads:

DO NOT DISTURB

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - EMPLOYEE AREA - DAY

Elijah and Alissa eat their lunches.

ELIJAH

So, any news on that earthquake yet?

Alissa looks up from her phone, shakes her hand.

Elijah grumbles, takes a bite of his sandwich.

ALISSA (O.S.)

Hey.

ELIJAH

What?

Alissa lowers her phone.

ALISSA

I think it's about time we had "the" talk.

ELIJAH

About?

Alissa raises her brows.

Elijah grumbles.

ELIJAH

Look, if you're asking about what I want to do with my life again...

ALISSA

You don't have to be a Chemist.

ELIJAH

What makes you think I want too?

ALISSA

I think you can make your own choices.

ELIJAH

Tch.

Elijah stares blankly at the exclamation point on a hand wash sign.

ELIJAH

Even if I could, I'm not sure what I...

ALISSA

What about astronomy? You still got that telescope I gave you, right?

ELIJAH

Alissa.

ALISSA

Hey, I know that it's been hard for you, with your parents always being on your case and all but...

Elijah grits his teeth, whips out his phone, pulls up an article, and slides it towards her.

Alissa picks it up, reads the title.

LINFIELD ESTATE DONATES \$1 MILLION TO LOCAL CHARITY

ELIJAH

I wouldn't want to hurt their reputation.

ALISSA

Sorry.

Elijah takes his phone back, chomps down on his sandwich, Taylor enters.

ALISSA

Hey Tay.

Taylor ignores Alissa, pulls out a brown bag from inside the fridge, closes it.

ELIJAH

Taylor?

Taylor's hands tremble as she sets the bag down on the counter and pries it open.

ELIJAH
You feeling alright?

TAYLOR
Yeah, of course I am.

ELIJAH
That's not what it looks like.

Taylor pulls her drink out, it slips out of her fingers.

Elijah, in a flash, catches it before it hits the ground, and hands it back to her.

TAYLOR
It's nothing, honestly.

Taylor takes the drink and sets it back down on the counter.

ALISSA
You sure?

Taylor takes a frozen dinner out, tears of the wrapper.

TAYLOR
You guys didn't happen to see anything strange during the earthquake, did you?

ELIJAH
Define strange.

Taylor places the dinner into the microwave.

TAYLOR
I saw these lights.

ALISSA
Lights?

TAYLOR
I don't know.

ELIJAH
You mean like from a helicopter?

Taylor snorts, shakes her head.

TAYLOR
No, that's not it.

ALISSA
What kind of lights, Tay?

Taylor steps away from the counter and up to a window, peers out.

TAYLOR
Bright green flashes, almost like a
strobe ball.

BEEP!

Alissa, and Elijah jump back as Taylor walks back to the microwave, pulls out her meal.

TAYLOR
Like I said, I don't know.

ELIJAH
OK?

Taylor takes a seat next to Elijah and stares down at the slimy piece of meat in front of her.

Elijah stares at Alissa, cocks his head towards Taylor.

Alissa bites her lip, jumps up, walks over, bends down.

TAYLOR
Alissa?

ALISSA
How about we check out that new
restaurant after work, you and me?

Taylor picks up her fork, stabs it into her corn.

TAYLOR
I don't know, I'm kind of busy.

ELIJAH
With what, maid's anonymous?

TAYLOR
I've got this big test I need to study
for.

ELIJAH
Oh, don't we all.

ALISSA
Come on. When's the last time you've
been out?

TAYLOR
Not since prom.

Alissa snatches the fork from her.

TAYLOR
Hey!

ALISSA
Parking Garage, 4A. I drive the rusty
Aveo.

ELIJAH
That's yours?

Alissa picks up a chunk of mashed potatoes off Taylor's meal
and chucks them at Elijah.

Elijah dodges, narrowly missing the taters, as they splatter
onto the counter behind him and drip down onto the floor.

ALISSA
9:30.

Taylor hugs Alissa as Elijah slides a bit of yams off his
shoe.

Brian suddenly bursts in.

ALISSA
Brian?

BRIAN
You guys are needed back up front.

Elijah grabs his trash, stands up as Alissa rushes back to
her chair.

ALISSA
Your buttons undone.

Brian looks down, fastens it, as Alissa reaches for her
purse.

BRIAN

You know my job's not as easy it looks.

Elijah steps up to Brian.

ELIJAH

I'm sure it's not, at \$15 an hour.

Elijah pats him on the shoulder, exits with Alissa.

BRIAN

So, find any weird relics lately?

Taylor stares back at Brian, mouth agape, as a piece of Salisbury steak falls out from it and PLOPS onto the tray below.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Elijah and Alissa stand idly by the counter.

ELIJAH

Well, this is fun.

Alissa hums, pulls a pen out of the cup, and begins doodling on a piece of paper.

Elijah smirks, leans forward, stares at it.

It's a cocktail dress, v-neck, elegant, flowing, prestigious.

ELIJAH

Bored?

ALISSA

Just something I'd like to wear.

ELIJAH

On Season 20's Project Runway?

ALISSA

If I ever graduate from the Fashion Institute.

BLAIR MOREHOUSE (40s), in a crisp black suit, carrying a tan briefcase, marches forward, and presses on the bell.

Alissa frantically hides the paper as Elijah gives his best smile.

ELIJAH
How we can help you?

BLAIR
I'm here to see your general manager.

Carolyn stumbles into the lobby, sees Blair, waves her arm in the air, cries out.

CAROLYN
Mr. Morehouse!

Elijah and Alissa grumble as Carolyn shimmy over in her high heels, throws back her hair, and shakes Blair's hand.

CAROLYN
You're early!

BLAIR
Please, call me Blair.

Elijah whispers to Alissa.

ELIJAH
Ten dollars he's from Maryland.

Blair sneers, flips around.

BLAIR
Centralia, Pennsylvania.

Blair swivels back around, huffs.

BLAIR
Well, where shall we begin?

CAROLYN
Right this way.

Carolyn leads Blair towards the hallway past the elevators to the left.

CAROLYN
We have the most state of the art
equipment you can imagine.

The two disappear as a loud CLATTER rocks the lobby.

SEBASTIAN (O.S)
(in Italian)
My god in Heaven!

ALISSA

He sound's pretty upset.

ELIJAH

Yeah. Do you think we should...?

Elijah and Alissa hear what sounds an awful lot like rain; Elijah sprints forward, towards the dining room, as Alissa pulls out a sign from underneath the desk and places it on top.

Alissa sprints towards the dining room as a HOTEL GUEST (30s) steps up to the desk and reads the sign.

BE BACK SOON.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - DINING AREA - DAY

Elijah and Alissa run in and look toward a buffet table near the back, where they spot SEBASTIAN CANCELLOTTI (50s), a pudgy, brown haired, a pure-blooded Italian next to a server, REBEKAH (17), tall, black hair, self-conscious, staring up at the ceiling.

REBEKAH

It's probably nothing chef.

SEBASTIAN

Heh, that's what I'd like to believe.

Elijah and Alissa step up to the pair and look up.

DRIP.

DRIP.

SEBASTIAN

Elijah, Alissa.

ALISSA

Sebastian.

ELIJAH

Looks pretty serious.

REBEKAH

You supposed to be the plumber? Or...?

Elijah smirks and extends his hand.

ELIJAH
Front desk, name's Elijah.

Rebekah takes it.

REBEKAH
Rebekah.

Elijah shakes it.

ELIJAH
You the new lifeguard? Or...

REBEKAH
Try server.

ELIJAH
First day?

Rebekah looks back up at the damaged ceiling.

REBEKAH
Yeah. Not my greatest first impression
of this place to be honest with you.

Alissa sneers.

ALISSA
Where'd you come from? Motel 6?

Rebecca huffs, stomps forward, narrows her eyes at Alissa.

REBEKAH
Hampton Inn, Coral Gables.

ALISSA
We do things different around here
honey.

Alissa leans forward, rips Rebekah's name tag off and places
it just below her neck.

Rebekah grumbles, scratches at it.

REBEKAH
That's a little tight.

ALISSA
Just use some moisturizer, I'm sure
you stole it anyway.

Elijah grumbles.

ELIJAH

Alissa.

The sound of Carolyn's high-heels SCREECH into the dining room.

Elijah winces, Alissa's eyes go wide.

ALISSA

Oh no.

ELIJAH

Brace yourselves.

All four employees hold their breath as Carolyn and Blair, carrying a tablet, slowly step up to to them and look up.

Blair shakes his head, makes a note on his tablet.

BLAIR

Looks like you've got a waterfall.

Carolyn stomps up to Rebekah, screams in her face.

CAROLYN

Well?

Rebekah shudders, jumps behind Sebastian as Blair makes another note on his tablet.

BLAIR

I'm sure that's effective.

Carolyn nervously giggles, walks back over to Blair, leans in.

CAROLYN

She's new.

BLAIR

So will you be.

Blair marches towards the lobby as Carolyn hurries after him.

ELIJAH

I promise you she's harmless.

REBEKAH

Really?

ALISSA
Only on Wednesday's.

Rebekah steps out from behind Sebastian.

ELIJAH
Hair salon.

Rebekah nods as Sebastian, body trembling, clenches his fists and mutters to himself.

ALISSA
Uh, Chef?

SEBASTIAN
This all wouldn't have happened if Miss Carolyn would simply check her priorities.

Sebastian stumbles back into the kitchen.

REBEKAH
Well, I better call maintenance, so...

Rebekah turns to leave as Elijah pulls her aside, whips out a business card from his pocket, and hands it to her.

ELIJAH
If there's anything you ever need...

Rebekah takes it, winks at Elijah, and enters the kitchen.

Alissa grumbles, sneers.

ALISSA
We don't have business cards.

Elijah chuckles as Alissa stomps away.

ELIJAH
Alissa?

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Elijah rushes up to Alissa, halfway towards the desk, and hastily pulls her back.

ELIJAH
Hey, you doing anything tonight?

ALISSA

Is that you're way of apologizing?

Elijah cocks his head to his left.

Alissa turns and looks into the dining room. The buffet table stares back at her.

Alissa turns red, she fidgets.

ALISSA

Oh no, I couldn't, I...

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - DINING AREA - EVENING

A SERVER (17) carries a tray of food towards a COUPLE (20s, 30s) dining at a table as Josh Groban's Un Amore Per Sempe plays out from speakers on the wall.

Another SERVER (16) rushes by, passing by another table where Elijah and Alissa sit across from each other, all dressed up.

ELIJAH

You're looking kind of stiff.

Alissa fiddles with the straps on her dress.

ALISSA

It's these straps, really...

ELIJAH

You're not fooling me.

Alissa lets them loose, sighs, and looks down at the table.

ELIJAH (O.S)

Well?

ALISSA

You really didn't have to go through with all this.

Elijah raises his glass.

ELIJAH

I can't treat you out every once in a while?

Alissa undoes her napkin and takes out her utensils.

ELIJAH (O.S.)

I just hope Taylor wasn't too pissed?

Alissa adjusts her silverware.

ALISSA

She was all in for it, actually.

ELIJAH (O.S.)

Really?

ALISSA

...said we could use a little bonding.

Elijah can't help but smile as Alissa goes blank.

Elijah raises his brow as NONA LINFIELD (40s) tall, thin, in a diamond dress, taps on his shoulder.

Elijah grumbles, swivels around, pulls off the best fake smile he can manage.

ELIJAH

Mom, Dad.

TROY LINFIELD (40s) stands next to her, athletic, tall, in a tuxedo, clutching her arm.

NONA

Enjoying the evening?

ELIJAH

Yup, just splendid.

Elijah nervously chuckles as Troy groans, narrows his eyes at Alissa, nods.

TROY

Ms. Malinowski.

Alissa waves, bites her lip as Nona leans forward and gives Elijah a kiss on the forehead, slides a condom into his hands, leans back, and winks.

Elijah grumbles, tosses it aside, as Troy and Nona walk over to a table near the window and take their seats.

ALISSA

What'd she give you this time? More money?

ELIJAH
In the right places.

Alissa raises her brow, leans forward.

ALISSA
What?

Rebekah, dressed in a dark shirt and pants, walks over to their table with a large tray of food and stool in her hands.

REBEKAH
Welcome back.

ELIJAH
You clean up nicely.

REBEKAH
Thanks.

Alissa grumbles, squints her eyes at Elijah as Rebekah sets the stool down.

REBEKAH
So, how's your evening been?

ALISSA
Amazing. Really, Thanks.

Rebekah sighs, looks over to Nona and Troy as EDMOND (18) pours them each a glass of champagne.

REBEKAH
Wow, they're a little...

Elijah grumbles, looks away.

ELIJAH
Overdressed?

Rebekah flips back around.

REBEKAH
Are those real...

Rebekah stops, darts her eyes to Elijah, Troy, Nona, Elijah, cracks a smile.

REBEKAH
No, way.

Elijah picks up his glass.

ELIJAH
Yes, I'm famous, woo.

REBEKAH
I didn't know you were related.

ELIJAH
Unfortunately.

Elijah gulps down his water as Rebekah flips back around, glares at them, raises her brow.

REBEKAH
I wonder what they're doing here?

ALISSA
Why don't you ask your computer,
Carmen?

REBEKAH
Who?

Elijah sets down his glass.

ELIJAH
The leader of V.I.L.E, a ruthless
organization.

REBEKAH
For kids?

ELIJAH
Maybe.

Rebekah sighs, picks up Elijah's plate.

REBEKAH
Well, chef was able to get the water
working again, fortunately.

ALISSA
But?

Rebekah hands Elijah his plate, grabs Alissa's, and sets it down in front of her.

REBEKAH
There's still a few leaks. Carolyn's
calling in a third party too check it

out.

ELIJAH

Shocking.

Rebekah folds up the stool and turns to the water damaged ceiling where a wet floor sign now sits below it.

ALISSA

Did you find out what it was, or...?

Rebekah stares intently at the ceiling.

ELIJAH

Rebekah?

Rebekah jumps back.

ELIJAH

Geez. What? You afraid of Sebastian now?

REBEKAH

Pfft, of course not.

ALISSA

Then?

REBEKAH

Well, this is going to sound crazy, but...

Rebekah leans forward, lowers her voice.

REBEKAH

Ricky the maintenance guy found this weird residue sticking to one of the pipes.

ELIJAH

You mean, like some kind of chemical?

Rebekah nods.

Elijah turns towards the ceiling and watches as a drop of water slowly drips down onto the floor.

ELIJAH

Huh.

REBEKAH

Anyway, I've got more tables to cover
so...

Alissa sneers.

ALISSA

Have fun.

Rebekah smirks and struts away.

ELIJAH

Jealous?

ALISSA

Very.

Elijah pick up his fork and prepares to dig in, but hesitates
as his eyes meet Nona's who points to her vagina and begins
making a thrusting motion.

Elijah drops his fork, coughs, turns red.

ALISSA

What?

Elijah takes a deep breath, picks his fork back up.

ELIJAH

Nothing.

Alissa begins eating as Elijah picks up the salt shaker and
pours all of it on top of his steak.

Alissa raises her brow.

ELIJAH

Now what?

ALISSA

You're going to get bloated.

ELIJAH

I've got water.

Alissa narrows her eyes at the water glass, huffs, as Elijah
cuts up a piece of his steak.

ALISSA

Poland Spring?

ELIJAH

Fiji.

ALISSA

Called it.

Elijah takes a bite as Alissa scowls, cuts into her chicken. Behind her, another SERVER (20s) rushes by them and up to another table where Mr. and Mrs. Brown sit, dressed in elegant formalwear.

Mrs. Brown fidgets, looks towards the exit, as Mr. Brown sneers, glares at her neck.

MR. BROWN

You're not wearing it.

MRS. BROWN

It makes me look pale.

MR. BROWN

I spent over \$50,000 on it, scoured every flea market...

Mrs. Brown groans, rubs her neck as Mr. Brown leans forward and puckers his lips.

Mrs. Brown gently shoves him away.

Mr. Brown sneers, kicks Mrs. Brown in the leg, grabs her arm.

MR. BROWN

You have a blemish on your cheek.

Mrs. Brown shudders, bites her lip as Mr. Brown slowly leans forward and kisses her on the cheek.

Mrs. Brown chokes back tears as Rebekah steps up and plunks down a wine bottle and two glasses.

REBEKAH

Well, what do you think?

Mr. Brown looks over at a pair of blue drapes hanging over an arched window behind him.

MR. BROWN

I must say I love the drapes,
HunterDouglas?

REBEKAH

DMI.

MR. BROWN

You're very knowledgeable, Miss?

REBEKAH

Rebekah.

Mr. Brown looks to Mrs. Brown, nudges her in the arm.

MR. BROWN

Princess, no need to be rude.

Mrs. Brown tries her best to smile.

Rebekah bites her tongue, pulls out a wine opener. As she moves it over the bottle, Mr. Brown suddenly lunges forward and grabs her arm.

MR. BROWN

Please. If you would allow me...

Rebekah jumps back, catching the attention of Troy and Nona.

REBEKAH

Of course.

Rebecca rushes away as Mr. Brown grabs the bottle and twists open the cap.

Mrs. Brown puts a hand to her forehead, stands up.

MRS. BROWN

I must lay down.

Mr. Brown grabs onto her shoulder.

MR. BROWN

Sit.

Mr. Brown's nails dig deep into Mrs. Brown's skin; she winces, sits back down.

Mrs. Brown looks over to Elijah and Alissa, stares at them, as Mr. Brown pours her a glass of wine.

MR. BROWN

Drink.

Mrs. Brown stares down into the red liquid as Nona nods to

Troy, stands up, walks over to the Browns table, and leans in.

NONA
Excuse me? Hi.

MR. BROWN
Is there a problem, miss?

Nona beams, extends her hand to Mr. Brown.

NONA
Nona.

Mr. Brown takes it, looks into her eyes, smirks.

MR. BROWN
What a lovely name.

MRS. BROWN
Are you from here?

NONA
My husband and I live on an estate in Indian Creek, just west of Surfside, with our son.

Mrs. Brown narrows her eyes at Elijah, smirks.

MRS. BROWN
The desk boy?

NONA
Our one and only.

Nona flips around, waves to Elijah as Mrs. Brown purses her lips.

MRS. BROWN
Listen, I'd like a favor...

Nona flips around as Mr. Brown crushes Mrs. Brown's foot underneath table.

NONA
Miss?

MR. BROWN
My wife isn't feeling well, and I would prefer it not to spread.

NONA

I'm sorry.

Nona hurries back to her table as Mr. Brown lifts up his foot.

MRS. BROWN

Your mad.

MR. BROWN

I'm a realist, buttercup.

Mrs. Brown sneers as Edmond walks forward, bumps into the table. The wine bottle on his tray tumbles down and onto the floor. It shatters, sending alcohol flying onto Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown jumps up, steps back, stares down at her arm.

Alissa and Elijah flip around to find a serious of red, hot, blisters swelling up on Mrs. Brown's skin.

Elijah jumps up, falls out of his chair as Mr. Brown launches upwards and lifts Edmond high into the air.

MR. BROWN

Do you realize what you've just done?

Mrs. Brown jumps forward, tries to pull her husband back, as Troy jumps out his of his chair and races forward.

MRS. BROWN

Stop!

Troy flips Mr. Brown around, grabs onto his collar, sneers at him.

TROY

How dare you.

CAROLYN (O.S.)

What is the meaning of this?

Carolyn rushes over.

MR. BROWN

Your quite chivalrous Mr.?

Nona rushes to Troy's side.

TROY

Linfield.

Nona tries to pull him back.

NONA

Troy.

Mr. Brown sneers, shoves a bunch of napkins over Mrs. Brown's arm, and wraps his hand over hers.

MR. BROWN

If you will excuse us.

Mr. Brown ushers his wife out of the area.

CAROLYN

Are you alright?

Edmond rips off his apron and storms away.

CAROLYN

Edmond!

Carolyn stomps after him.

ELIJAH

Alissa?

Alissa grimaces, shoves her plate away.

Elijah does the same as Troy and Nona rush up to their table.

TROY

Are you alright, Elijah?

Nona wraps her arms over Elijah and frantically begins kissing his cheek.

Elijah shoos her away.

ELIJAH

Mom!

Troy sighs, pulls Nona away.

TROY

Don't stay out too late, alright?

ELIJAH

Yes sir.

NONA

And remember...

Nona flaunts her vagina as Troy yanks her out of the dining room and Sebastian steps up to their table with two plates of cheesecake.

SEBASTIAN
The usual two slices?

Elijah and Alissa stand up, reach for their coats.

ELIJAH
Not tonight Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN
Alissa?

Alissa shakes her head, throws her coat on.

Sebastian frowns, stares down at his cheesecake as Elijah throws down a \$100 bill on the counter and gives his favorite chef a pat on the back.

ELIJAH
Happy cooking.

Elijah and Alissa exit.

Sebastian, on the brink of tears, sniffles as a YOUNG COUPLE (30s) waltz by them. Sebastian watches the couple sit down, and, without a moment's hesitation, chuckles and rushes over.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Elijah and Alissa walk up to Alissa's Chevrolet and stop near the door.

ELIJAH
You sure you don't want me to drive you home?

ALISSA
Yeah, I'll be alright, I think?

ELIJAH
You still in shock over what happened?

ALISSA
I'm not doing a good very job of hiding it, am I?

Alissa leans back against the door, stares out into the parking lot.

ELIJAH
Well, ignoring my parents...

ALISSA
Clearly an impossible task.

Elijah chuckles.

ELIJAH
It looked like a lab experiment gone wrong.

ALISSA
Well, what's your analysis for me, Louie?

ELIJAH
It was likely a defense reaction, as for the compound...

ALISSA
Tiberium?

ELIJAH
Aye, you play?

ALISSA
Only the original.

Elijah smirks, joins Alissa.

ELIJAH
I wonder what kind of wine it was.

ALISSA
Thomson & Scott Rogue, non-alcoholic.

ELIJAH
We're really serving that crap?

Alissa raises her brow.

ALISSA
I didn't know you cared, Mr. American Vineyard.

ELIJAH
I've had a glass every now and than.

Alissa watches a luxury sports car suddenly pass by them.

ALISSA

It just doesn't make any sense.

Elijah grumbles, looks down at his pocket. Alissa stares down at it, groans, flips around.

ALISSA

Alright, I've been patient.

Elijah raises his hands.

ELIJAH

It's not what it looks like.

Alissa makes a fake gun with her hands and points it at him.

ALISSA

Put em' up Clyde.

Elijah begrudgingly takes out the check, shows it to her.

ALISSA

Is that what I think it is?

ELIJAH

I was going to file it, honestly.

ALISSA

Jail time not frighten you enough?

Elijah tries to hand it to her, but Alissa isn't having any of it.

ALISSA

Oh no, don't get me involved.

Elijah shoves the check in her face.

ELIJAH

Just trust me on this one, alright?

Alissa grumbles, snatches the check, stares down at it.

ELIJAH

Well?

Alissa shakes her head, hands it back.

ELIJAH

Seriously? Nothing?

Alissa steps inside her car, starts it up, rolls down the window.

Elijah sticks his head in, shoves the check back in her face.

ELIJAH

I don't think you're looking hard enough.

ALISSA

You really want to test that theory?

ELIJAH

Please?

Alissa swipes the check, stares down at it.

ALISSA

What am I supposed to be looking at?

Elijah points to the address.

ALISSA

Main Street.

ELIJAH

Pretty sure Manhattan doesn't have one.

Alissa unfolds Elijah's hand, firmly places the check into it.

ELIJAH

Alissa.

Alissa rolls up the window, backs up.

ELIJAH

Come on.

Alissa speeds away.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 3408 - NIGHT

Norma reads a copy of Danielle Steel's *No Greater Love*, on the sofa as the TV sits on in front of her as a strange sloshy rubbery suddenly sound fills the room.

SQUISH.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)
My dear, you must relax!

MRS. BROWN (O.S.)
Take me home!

Norma lowers the book.

Silence.

Norma shakes her head and lifts the book back up.

SQUISH.

Mrs. Brown yelps.

Norma hastily closes the book, stands up.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)
You're not making this very easy for
me...

Norma steps up to the television, puts her ear to the wall.

MRS. BROWN (O.S.)
I need nourishment.

Norma raises her brow, looks towards the door.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - 34TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Norma knocks hard at the Browns door. Mr. Brown cracks it open, sticks his head out.

MR. BROWN
Yes?

NORMA
Your wife sounds frantic.

MR. BROWN
I don't see a nametag.

Norma leans left, looks inside, and quickly spots the bedroom door, closed.

NORMA
Is she upset?

MR. BROWN
Can I help you?

NORMA

Your making too much noise.

MR. BROWN

File a complaint with the proper
authorities. Now, if that is all...

Mr. Brown slams the door shut in her face.

Norma sneers, kicks the door, and stomps back too her suite. As she begins to step inside, Mrs. Brown suddenly bolts out of the room, in a pink nightshirt, and slams the door shut in Mr. Brown's face. Her skin is pale, saggy, while her hair hangs loose from her sides.

NORMA

Are you alright?

Mrs. Brown stares at Norma, walks over.

MRS. BROWN

If it's at all possible...

Mrs. Brown stares inside Norma's suite.

Norma scans Mrs. Brown, spots a nasty looking bruise on her arm.

Norma grins, gently takes Mrs. Brown's hand.

NORMA

I've got an extra blanket.

Norma leads Mrs. Brown inside the suite.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 3408 - NIGHT

Mrs. Brown bolts up in the sofa bed, pulls off the covers, and marches towards the bedroom door.

Mrs. Brown pulls it open, steps inside.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 3408 - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Brown steps up to Norma, sound asleep in bed and raises her finger to her face.

Mrs. Brown flicks it, transforms it into a sick looking claw, and gently pokes it into Norma's arm.

Mrs. Brown shuts her eyes, throws her head back, moans as the

claw begins sucking up Norma's blood.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Elijah stares at the empty space by the computer as Carolyn suddenly stomps up.

CAROLYN
Where is blondie?

ELIJAH
We had a bit of an argument last
night, so...

BLAIR (O.S.)
One man down?

Carolyn's eyes go wide; she flips around, as Blair steps forward, wearing the same suit as yesterday, tablet in hand.

CAROLYN
She's running late.

Blair grumbles, makes a note on his tablet.

ELIJAH
Don't you shower?

BLAIR
Do you?

Elijah raises his brow, sniffs his armpit.

CAROLYN
It's not normally like this.

BLAIR
Yes, I'd imagine so.

Blair stomps into the dining room as Carolyn cracks her knuckles and digs her heels into the floor.

ELIJAH
Uh, Boss?

CAROLYN
A hotel such as prestigious as this
one, cannot operate with only one mere
desk clerk.

Carolyn's eyes meets Elijah, cold as ice.

ELIJAH
Right! On it!

Carolyn storms into the dining room as Elijah whips out his phone and dials Alissa's number.

EXT. BISCAYNE BLVD - DAY

Alissa, in high heels, purse dangling over her shoulder, frantically waves her arm towards the street.

A taxi slowly pulls up to the curb.

Alissa sighs, steps forward, only for the taxi to WHIZ by her.

ALISSA
Dick!

Alissa gives the driver the finger as her cell phone rings.

Alissa answers it.

ELIJAH (O.S.)
Where are you?

ALISSA
(into the phone)
My car broke down on 2nd Street.

ELIJAH (O.S.)
Heh, it lasted longer than I thought.

ALISSA
(into the phone)
Yours is no better.

ELIJAH (O.S.)
At least I have air conditioning.

ALISSA
(into the phone)
Tch, jerk.

ELIJAH (O.S.)
I love you too sweetheart.

Alissa looks down at her watch on her arm.

7:55AM.

ALISSA
(into the phone)
No way I'm going to make it there on
foot.

ELIJAH (O.S.)
Did you try and hail a cab?

Alissa grumbles, steps up to the curb, waves her arm in the
air.

A taxi speeds forward.

Alissa lowers her arm, cracks a smile.

The taxi speeds by her, over a puddle, DOUSING Alissa in
thick Miami rainwater.

ELIJAH (O.S.)
Well?

Alissa shakes off the water.

ALISSA
(into the phone)
No one gives a damn in this fucking
city.

ELIJAH (O.S.)
Well, there's always the Metrorail.

ALISSA
(into the phone)
I've been running for 3 blocks!

ELIJAH (O.S.)
I'll let her know you're behind.

Alissa hangs up and trudges forward, when a police cruiser
suddenly cruises by her, sirens flashing.

Alissa stops in her tracks and watches as the cruiser pulls
into a car dealership nearby and stops.

A giant hole sits in the center of it, protected by caution
tape.

Alissa raises her brow, grips her purse and crosses the
street.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - DINING AREA - DAY

Elijah, Rebekah, and Sebastian grumble as Carolyn pleads with Blair near the buffet.

ELIJAH

What's this guy's problem?

SEBASTIAN

Mr. Carlson has ordered us a full inspection.

REBEKAH

Inspection?

SEBASTIAN

Rumor has it that he is displeased.

Sebastian huffs, narrows his eyes at Blair.

SEBASTIAN

As if he'll ever find anything.

Blair lifts up a dome to find a partially decomposed wad of lettuce covered with flies. He shakes his head, makes another note on his tablet.

CAROLYN

Sebastian!

Sebastian grumbles, takes a deep breath as Elijah pats him on the back.

ELIJAH

You got this.

Sebastian boldly steps forward.

SEBASTIAN

Si? Madam?

Carolyn grabs Sebastian by his ear and yanks him towards the buffet table.

CAROLYN

You incompetent oaf!

REBEKAH

So, much more fun than greeting people.

ELIJAH
You were a hostess?

REBEKAH
Five years.

ELIJAH
What happened?

Rebekah sighs as Carolyn shoves Sebastian face into the salad.

REBEKAH
I had to cancel a reservation.

Elijah raises his brow.

REBEKAH
Guess?

ELIJAH
The President? No, Christian Slater!

REBEKAH
Christopher Nassetta.

ELIJAH
The head honcho? Yikes.

REBEKAH
Right to his face.

CASEY (22) bursts out of the kitchen, carrying a tray of desserts and rushes up to the pair.

ELIJAH
Casey?

CASEY
Be my guinea pigs?

Elijah and Rebekah eye the strange reddish looking brownies on the platter, wince, and begrudgingly take a slice each.

ELIJAH
You looking for a promotion?

CASEY
I just don't think I'm cut out for the kitchen.

Rebekah takes a bite, gags.

CASEY

I guess I put in too much cream.

Rebekah grabs a trash can, spits into it.

ELIJAH

Cream? In a brownie?

CASEY

How else do they get so chunky?

Blair and Carolyn march forward.

ELIJAH

Clearly not like this.

BLAIR

Free samples?

Casey flips around, fidgets, chuckles.

CASEY

Just something I whipped out.

Blair takes one.

REBEKAH

Uh, sir...

ELIJAH

I don't think you should...

Blair pops it in his mouth, chews, nods.

BLAIR

Magnificent.

Blair makes a note on his tablet and marches away.

Carolyn squints her eyes at Casey, takes the brownie from Elijah's hands, and storms away.

CASEY

Well, thanks anyway.

Casey hurries back into the kitchen.

ELIJAH

Good luck on the hunt!

Rebekah checks her watch, smirks.

REBEKAH
Well, my breaks in a half hour.

ELIJAH
And?

REBEKAH
Want to hit the pool?

ELIJAH
I'm working?

Rebekah reaches forward and rips off Elijah's name tag.

REBEKAH
I'm sorry, what was your name again?

Elijah snatches it back, clips it back on.

ELIJAH
Fine, 9:30.

Elijah turns to leave.

REBEKAH
Were something skinny!

Elijah flips around, rolls up his pant sleeves, and flaunts his legs.

ELIJAH
You mean, like this?

REBEKAH
Glorious.

Elijah winks, walks back into the lobby as Rebekah enters the kitchen.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Elijah hears a commotion, stops, turns right.

By the pool, a magazine hits Carolyn in the face.

CAROLYN
The hours are clearly stated!

NORMA (O.S.)

Throw me out than, why don't you?

Elijah raises his brow, marches forward as Carolyn tears the magazine in half, throws it to the ground, and tosses it away with her feet.

ELIJAH

Problem, boss?

CAROLYN

Why aren't you up front?

ELIJAH

Just checking the floors.

Elijah bends down, licks the floor with his finger, and wipes it on shoe.

ELIJAH

Well, looks good to me.

Elijah shoves the shoe into her face.

ELIJAH

Want to see?

Carolyn winces, shoves it away, huffs as Elijah looks around the area.

ELIJAH

Where's your buddy?

CAROLYN

Gone, I hope.

Carolyn storms to her office.

ELIJAH

So, what's this about an inspection?

Carolyn sneers, enters her office and slams the door shut behind her.

Elijah sighs, looks down at the magazine, and peers into the pool area to find Norma sitting inside, staring out the window at some palm trees.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Elijah walks up to Norma. A magazine sits on the table next to her, open.

NORMA

Quite majestic, aren't they?

ELIJAH

They are pretty tall.

NORMA

Did you know that royal palms only grow in the most remote areas of Southern Florida?

ELIJAH

I'm not sure I follow?

Norma fiddles with her glasses.

NORMA

That couple staying next to me, the Browns...

Elijah pulls up a chair from behind him and takes a seat.

ELIJAH

Go on.

NORMA

Tell me Elijah, where do you think they come from?.

ELIJAH

Oh I don't know, some remote part of Europe I guess.

NORMA

Europe?

ELIJAH

France maybe, based on Mrs. Brown's accent. Do you know that they can speak Norwegian?

NORMA

And Swedish, from what I heard.

ELIJAH

Heh, Swedish.

Norma hands Elijah the magazine. He takes it and stares down at the cover. A picture of Mariano Di Vaio and Natalie Portman stare back at him along with the caption.

HOTTEST CELEBRITES 2024.

ELIJAH

Two real life supermodels.

NORMA

Almost, too perfect, right?

Elijah sets the magazine back down.

ELIJAH

What are you getting at?

NORMA

I heard them arguing, late last night.

ELIJAH

And?

Norma flips her arm around, shows it to Elijah.

Elijah's jaw drops, his eyes go wide as a sickly looking purple lump stares back at him.

NORMA

It was after I invited "her" over.

ELIJAH

You don't think?

Norma groans, shuts her eyes, furrows her brow.

NORMA

Something's not right.

ELIJAH

Norma?

NORMA

Well, I suppose breakfast ought to be ready by now.

Norma stands up, stumbles her way out of the room as Elijah looks towards the palm trees, pondering.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - 34TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Taylor pushes her cleaning cart up to the Browns suite, only to find Mrs. Brown leaning against the vending machine.

TAYLOR

Miss?

Mrs. Brown jerks up, rushes towards Taylor.

MRS. BROWN

Please, my husband...

Taylor cocks her head.

Mrs. Brown groans, grabs Taylor, shoves her into the door.

TAYLOR

Ow?

MRS. BROWN

Listen.

Taylor slowly puts her ear to the door. The symphony of Bach's Violin Concerto in E Major dances into her ears.

MRS. BROWN (O.S.)

He's on his fifth symphony.

Taylor flips around, stares at Mrs. Brown, her jaw drops. Thick black bruises lay underneath her eyes, next to her chapped lips and slightly tilted nose.

Taylor whips out her phone, dials 911.

Mrs. Brown's eyes go wide, she leaps forward.

MRS. BROWN

No!

Mrs. Brown WHACKS the phone out of Taylor's hands.

TAYLOR

But...

Mrs. Brown puts a finger to her lips as the door knob begins to rattle.

Taylor jumps back as Mr. Brown slowly pulls the door open.

MR. BROWN
What do you want?

TAYLOR
Uh...

Taylor frantically scans the inside of the Browns suite, spots a cloth near the sink.

Taylor claps, snickers.

TAYLOR
Ah, right!

Taylor rushes inside, grabs the cloth.

TAYLOR
I knew I forgot something.

MR. BROWN
Get out.

Taylor shudders, shimmies out of the suite and down the hall. As Mrs. Brown tries to follow, Mr. Brown slams his hand over her shoulder and pulls her back.

MR. BROWN
Come, Lloyd Webber, awaits.

Mrs. Brown fidgets, thrashes around, as she stares at Taylor and cocks her head towards the vending machine.

Taylor looks towards it as Mr. Brown pulls Mrs. Brown inside and slams the door shut with a THUD.

Taylor rushes over and stares intently at the machine.

Taylor clicks a button, nothing.

Taylor smirks, turns to leave, only to spot something grey, sticking out from behind the machine.

Taylor walks over, bends down, and pulls out a small camcorder.

Taylor instinctively turns towards the Browns suite, flips it on, plays back the tape.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 3409 - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Brown twirls Mrs. Brown around the room like a ballerina

to the tune of Mozart's Symphony No. 40.

Mrs. Brown huffs, sobs, as she crashes into a table and collapses to the ground.

Mr. Brown stops dancing, shakes his head.

MR. BROWN

No, no!

Mr. Brown stomps forward, grabs Mrs. Brown's hair, and yanks her up, taking out a chunk of it in the process.

MR. BROWN

You must feel it, become one with it.

Mrs. Brown spits in Mr. Brown's face.

Mr. Brown sneers, wipes it off, morphs his finger into a claw.

MR. BROWN

So, you'd rather suffer?

Mr. Brown digs the claw into her scalp.

Mrs. Brown howls in agony as Mr. Brown drains her almost completely dry.

MR. BROWN

Fine by me.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - 34TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Taylor switches off the camcorder, bolts up, and sprints away.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Elijah stands near the desk, swaying back and forth, as Alissa walks in, dripping like a wet dog.

ELIJAH

I suppose your not still mad about
last night?

Alissa grumbles, steps behind the counter and up to her computer.

ALISSA

I stopped by the Lamborghini

dealership on my way in.

ELIJAH

I think that's a bit out of your price range.

Alissa grabs onto the mouse and pulls up the guest list.

ELIJAH

Maybe you should consider a Toyota?

ALISSA

RAV4?

ELIJAH

Camry, Consumer Reports, Five Stars.

Alissa types into the keyboard.

ALISSA

Well, the owner there was complaining about a certain car missing.

ELIJAH

Which one, a Revuelto?

Elijah steps up to the computer as Alissa scrolls through the names of the list and clicks on the Browns reservation info..

ALISSA

Aventador, Bianco Phanes Matt; means bright white in Italian. It was, apparently, stolen right off the showroom floor two nights ago.

ELIJAH

You think they're somehow responsible?

Alissa turns the computer screen towards Elijah; he leans in.

ELIJAH

No first name?

ALISSA

I did a search on that address too.

Alissa pulls up Google Maps and types in the address.

Elijah watches as the map quickly points them to an empty plot of land in the outskirts of Manhattan.

ELIJAH

Christ.

ALISSA

But wait, there's more.

Alissa pulls the reservation back up and scrolls down the page.

ALISSA

No phone number, email, fax number...

ELIJAH

Fax?

ALISSA

Still popular.

Elijah grumbles, jumps onto the desk, leans back.

ELIJAH

I'm lost.

ALISSA

Yup.

ELIJAH

How the hell would they have made the reservation than?

ALISSA

A pay phone? Maybe?

ELIJAH

Come on, really?

ALISSA

There's still some working at Jungle Island.

ELIJAH

Are they even still open?

Alissa shrugs her shoulders as Taylor suddenly comes rushing in with the camcorder.

TAYLOR

Alissa!

Elijah and Alissa swivel around.

ELIJAH

Taylor?

Taylor flicks on the camcorder and shoves it into Alissa's face.

TAYLOR

Look.

Alissa grabs the camcorder, peers into the view, watches the scene play out.

ELIJAH

Well?

Alissa winces, snuffles as she slowly hands the camcorder to Elijah.

TAYLOR

We have to tell Carolyn.

Elijah peers in the viewfinder, watches the scene play out, as Alissa whips out her phone.

ALISSA

No need.

Taylor's eyes go wide, she jumps forward, tries to grab the phone.

TAYLOR

Wait.

Alissa scowls, yanks her arm back.

ALISSA

What?

TAYLOR

I think there's something else going on.

Alissa sighs, puts her phone away, turns to Elijah.

ALISSA

Elijah?

Elijah trembles, his hands shake as he lowers the camcorder.

ELIJAH

I knew it, no way he'd beat out

Beckham.

Taylor groans as Alissa suddenly WHACKS Elijah in the arm.

ELIJAH

Jesus!

ALISSA

Focus!

Elijah sneers, straightens his tie as Taylor's eyes suddenly go wide.

TAYLOR

Hey, where's Brian?

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Brian's towel hits the floor, he steps back.

At the edge of the pool, Brian leans back. The water moves gracefully in front of him.

Brian takes a deep breath, rushes forward, and plunges into the pool. As Brian begins swimming across, a thick green liquid begins oozing out from under the drain.

The water on top begins to bubble, sizzle, as the strange chemical quickly rises to the surface.

Brian reaches the other side, turns around.

Brian's jaw drops.

BRIAN

The hell?

The pool, now a sickly green, simmers like a kettle, as the "stuff" slowly creeps towards Brian.

Brian scrambles, tries to get out; his hand slips on the wet tile.

Brian PLUNGES back into the pool.

Brian thrashes around as his fat, wet, red, blisters slowly begin to cover his body. As Brian slowly reaches for the ladder, the arm on his skin falls off and lands into the pool with a sickening PLOP.

He screams.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

ELIJAH
Shit. Is that...?

ALISSA
Brian!

Elijah drops the camcorder and, (with both girls) darts towards the pool, passing by Rebekah, cleaning off a table in the dining area, in the process.

REBEKAH
Guys?

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Elijah flings the door open as he Alissa, and Taylor rush in.

ELIJAH
Brian?

Taylor slowly steps up to the pool, looks in.

TAYLOR
Guys.

Elijah and Alissa slowly step forward, peer inside. The thick green liquid stares back at them.

ALISSA
I, uh..., what?

ELIJAH
Kind of looks like cotton candy, don't you think?

Taylor takes a closer look and spots a reddish looking figure hovering near the bottom.

TAYLOR
Oh my god? Is that...?

Elijah bends down and peers in when suddenly, Brian's bloody, skinless, hand, bursts out of the water and lunges at him.

Elijah screams, hits the ground, crawls back as Alissa rushes to his side.

TAYLOR
No way.

Rebekah and Sebastian suddenly rush in.

REBEKAH

What happened? I heard screaming?

The two staff members stare at the three before slowly turning to the pool and looking in.

Rebekah gasps, puts a hand over her mouth, as Sebastian takes off his chef hat, and murmurs to himself as he makes the sign of the cross.

CAROLYN (O.S.)

What is with all the noise?

Carolyn, her hair filled with extensions, suddenly bursts in, phone in ear.

CAROLYN

Elijah?

Elijah cocks his head towards the pool.

Carolyn steps forward, looks in.

Carolyn's stammers, drops her phone, as she watches Brian's body slowly floats past her.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Two EMTS (20s, 30s) carry Brian (or what's left of him) out the revolving doors in a gurney as Elijah, Alissa, Rebekah, Taylor, and Carolyn look on.

REBECCA

Well, so much for the pool.

ALISSA

What?

ELIJAH

Nothing.

CAROLYN

Well, the water, or so their calling it, caused Brian's skin to boil...

ELIJAH

I'm sorry, boil?

Carolyn, face red, body trembling, shuts her eyes, and

furiously shakes her head.

TAYLOR

It kind of looked a lot like a geyser,
now that I think about it.

REBEKAH

Or a hot spring.

CAROLYN

This can not be happening.

ALISSA

And, all that green stuff?

Carolyn opens her eyes and shakes her head as Blair steps forward, eyes too POLICE OFFICERS (40s) rushing towards the pool, sighs, makes another note on his tablet.

BLAIR

Well, I think I've seen enough.

CAROLYN

Mr. Morehouse?

BLAIR

Your tag.

Elijah and company gasp.

ALISSA

No.

ELIJAH

You can't...

Blair throws his arm out.

BLAIR

Now.

Carolyn trembles, rips off her tag, and hands it to him.

BLAIR

Keys.

Carolyn pulls out her keys, tosses them to the floor.

Blair sighs, bends down, and picks them up.

ELIJAH

There's got to be some sort of
mistake.

Blair shows Elijah his tablet.

BLAIR

Would you like to read my report?

Elijah scowls as Blair exits.

Carolyn murmurs to herself, tugs at her hair as Alissa steps
forward, slowly raises her hand.

ALISSA

Carolyn...

CAROLYN

Hmph, I won't be taken down so easily.

REBEKAH

Boss?

CAROLYN

Man the desk, answer any questions the
guest might have.

Carolyn eyes a team of SCIENTISTS as they rush towards the
pool.

CAROLYN

And keep me informed.

Carolyn stomps away.

ELIJAH

Heh, figures.

ALISSA

Guess that means we still have a
manager, for now.

TAYLOR

Until Mr. Carlson finds out.

Elijah grumbles, turns to the desk, picks up the camcorder.

ALISSA

Elijah?

ELIJAH

I'm pretty sure I know whose to blame,
for...

Taylor and Alissa look towards the pool.

REBEKAH

Uh, you guys care to fill me in?

Elijah flips on the camcorder, hands it to Rebekah.

ELIJAH

I'll warn you though, it's a little...

Rebekah takes the camcorder, looks into the viewfinder,
faints.

ELIJAH

Graphic.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - DINING AREA - DAY

Water splashes onto Rebekah, jolting her awake.

TAYLOR

Rebekah?

Taylor bends down, gently looks into her eyes.

ALISSA

Hmm, I'm disappointed.

Rebekah sneers.

REBEKAH

Oh sure, like you've seen worse.

ALISSA

Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare.

ELIJAH

That's my favorite one!

Alissa glares at Elijah.

TAYLOR

Well?

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - CAROLYN'S OFFICE - DAY

Elijah slams the camcorder down on Carolyn's desk. She stops

writing, glares at it.

CAROLYN
I don't understand.

ELIJAH
You need to do something about the Browns.

CAROLYN
The who?

ALISSA
That weird couple on last month's Weekly.

CAROLYN
Huh?

Taylor frantically points to the camcorder.

TAYLOR
Play it!

Carolyn sneers, picks it up, plays the tape.

ALISSA
Well?

Carolyn purses her lips, takes the tape out, and slides it into her pocket.

CAROLYN
And they're, staying here?

TAYLOR
Top floor, near the bay.

Carolyn narrows her eyes towards a picture of the Carlson on the wall, sighs.

CAROLYN
I take it you all are unaware of my situation.

REBEKAH
Situation?

Carolyn flings open her drawer, pulls out a piece of paper and SLAMS it down on the desk in front of them.

CAROLYN

Well?

Elijah slides it forward, begins reading it.

ALISSA

Elijah?

Elijah's eyes go wide; he picks up the paper.

ELIJAH

No way.

CAROLYN

I'm afraid the decision's already been made.

Carolyn swivels around in her chair, stares at the picture of the Carlson.

Elijah sneers, tosses the paper aside.

ELIJAH

So, the Blair Witch?

CAROLYN

Sent by the big man himself.

ALISSA

Shit.

Alissa begins pacing.

TAYLOR

Alissa?

ALISSA

He can't do this too us!

ELIJAH

Can't you reason with him? Prove him otherwise?

Carolyn narrows her eyes towards the phone, sighs, reaches into her desk, and hands Elijah her master key.

CAROLYN

You'll need this.

Elijah takes it as Carolyn picks up the phone, dials Mr. Carlson's number, and shoos them away.

ELIJAH

Thank you.

Carolyn scowls as Elijah and company exit.

MR. CARLSON (O.S.)

Carolyn?

CAROLYN

(into the phone)

Jeffery! I want to talk about our
little inspection.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 3409 - DAY

Mrs. Brown, looking rather pale and scrawny, sits on the
sofa, watching Mr. Brown dine on a Miami Brownie.

MR. BROWN

You must try this.

Mrs. Brown says nothing, shifts her eyes towards the window.
Mr. Brown huffs, wipes his mouth with a napkin.

MR. BROWN

Unhappy with it? I can fetch you
something else.

MRS. BROWN

You didn't have to kill him.

Mr. Brown swipes away the plate, sending it flying off the
table into the wall.

Mrs. Brown winces as Mr. Brown jumps out of his chair and
stomps towards her, step by step.

MR. BROWN

You ask, I give it too you.

Mrs. Brown shudders, her lips quiver, as Mr. Brown grabs her
chin and jerks her head up.

MR. BROWN

Or, maybe I should've just left you in
Siberia.

A sudden KNOCK at the door catches his attention.

Mr. Brown sneers, shoves Mrs. Brown aside and marches
forward.

Mrs. Brown sobs, clutches onto her shirt, as Mr. Brown pulls open the door, revealing, Norma, in beachwear.

MR. BROWN

Run out of soap operas to watch?

NORMA

I was actually on my way to the beach
and Was wondering if you'd both like
to join me?

Mrs. Brown's eyes go wide, she sits up.

MR. BROWN

I'm afraid my wife is rather ill.

NORMA

Plenty of doctors in Miami.

Mr. Brown sneers, begins to close the door only for Norma to jab her foot into it.

NORMA

I also brought this.

Norma suddenly yanks forward a small puppy, on a leash.

Mr. Brown's jaw drops, stammers as Norma looks to Mrs. Brown.

NORMA

You looked like you could use a
friend.

Mrs. Brown beams, steps forward.

MR. BROWN

We were just about to sit down to
Norman Bates.

NORMA

Psycho?

MRS. BROWN

It's his favorite.

MR. BROWN

Would you both care to join us?

Mrs. Brown freezes, her eyes' meet Norma's.

Norma slowly steps in with the dog as Mr. Brown closes the

door behind her.

MR. BROWN

I'll whip up some popcorn.

Mrs. Brown takes Norma's hand and leads her and her dog over to the sofa as Mr. Brown rips open a bag of Pop-Secret and whips out his claw.

EXT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Alissa, Elijah, Rebekah and Taylor stand next to Broderick, smoking a cigarette.

ELIJAH

I hope we're not interrupting your break.

BRODERICK

I heard about Brian.

Broderick takes a puff.

BRODERICK

I can't say that I'm shocked.

REBEKAH

You don't seem that torn up about it.

Broderick takes out a rosary from his pocket and holds it up.

BRODERICK

Well, what do you all say than? Group prayer?

Broderick raises his arms and steps forward as Elijah puts his hands up.

ELIJAH

No thanks.

Broderick stuffs the rosary back in his pocket and takes another puff.

TAYLOR

What the hell are we supposed to do now?

Alissa marches towards the entrance only for Elijah to pull her back.

ELIJAH

Easy there, Debbie Harry, we need a plan.

ALISSA

Who?

ELIJAH

Ever look in a mirror?

Alissa grumbles, plays with her hair as Broderick stomps out his cigarette.

REBEKAH

We can sneak through the back, Sebastian ought to let us in.

TAYLOR

Yeah, and then what?

ELIJAH

We'll need a distraction, to lure him out.

ALISSA

What were you thinking?

ELIJAH

I'll need some beakers.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - STOREROOM - DAY

Elijah, and Taylor grab a set of beakers off a shelf.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - KITCHEN - DAY

The five, including Sebastian, stare down at the rudimentary setup in front of them, consisting of two beakers, a vial of test tubes, and a pot of boiling hot water on a stove.

ELIJAH

Well, this ought to work.

ALISSA

Now what, Faraday?

TAYLOR

This isn't exactly a lab.

BRODERICK

I got just the thing.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Broderick leads Elijah, Alissa, Rebekah and Taylor (carrying a beaker) past several valuable sports cars before slowly stepping up to a white Lamborghini Aventador.

Elijah can't help but whistle.

ELIJAH

Well, Bianco Phanes Matt, in the
flesh.

ALISSA

Don't drool on it.

Elijah snickers and nudges Alissa in the arm as Broderick flips open the trunk and steps aside.

BRODERICK

I thought I was crazy at first, but...

The four peer deep inside to find a puddle of green goo sitting in the center of the carpet.

Rebekah reaches for it, only for Alissa to grab her arm.

ALISSA

Congrats, you get a Darwin Award.

Rebekah sneers and quickly pulls her hand back.

TAYLOR

How are we supposed to get it out?

Elijah leans out, spots a glove hanging on Broderick's belt.

ELIJAH

Broderick.

Elijah clicks his teeth.

Broderick unclips his glove from his belt and tosses it to him.

Elijah grabs it, throws it on and takes the beaker from Taylor's hand.

TAYLOR

Be careful.

Elijah scoops up the goo and tosses it inside the beaker.

REBEKAH

Now, what?

Elijah smirks.

ELIJAH

We make magic.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - KITCHEN - DAY

Sebastian, Alissa, Taylor, Rebekah, Broderick, and the entire kitchen staff watch, eye's wide, as Elijah grabs a pair of tweezers, reaches inside the pot, and pulls out a test tube.

A thick green liquid rests in it.

ELIJAH

And they said it couldn't be done...

SEBASTIAN

(in Italian)

Magnificent, perfection!

REBEKAH

So, what's that thing supposed to do?

Elijah's eyes dart towards a cart with a silver tray on top of it.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - 34TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Elijah knocks at the Browns door and steps back. The cart with the silver tray rests besides him.

The door CLICKS, the knob twists.

Mr. Brown pulls it open, sticks his head out, sneers.

MR. BROWN

The young button pusher. Elias?

ELIJAH

Elijah.

MR. BROWN

Close enough.

ELIJAH

Chef's cooked up something real good for you.

Elijah grabs the silver tray off the cart and hands it to Mr. Brown.

ELIJAH

Make sure to leave us a review.

Elijah bows and sprints away.

Mr. Brown grumbles, stares down at the lid, lifts it up.

A green powder suddenly EXPLODES in his face.

Mr. Brown screams, he steps back. The tray falls from his hands as Mr. Brown clutches his face in agony and falls to the ground.

Near the corner of the hall, Elijah nods to Alissa.

ELIJAH

Go!

Rebekah and Taylor rush inside the suite, grab Mr. Brown and drag him out.

ELIJAH

Broderick?

Broderick stands up, whips out a rope.

CASEY (20s), another server, stares at it, shakes her head.

CASEY

I can't believe you guys talked me into this.

BRODERICK

You know torture?

CASEY

I listened to Paris Hilton's studio album.

Casey shudders, fidgets as ALICE (40s), another chef, opens the door to suite 3407 for both girls as they drag Mr. Brown in.

ELIJAH

Thanks Alice!

Alice smirks, gives him a thumbs up as Elijah slowly stands to his feet.

ELIJAH

Good luck.

Broderick and Casey enter the suite as Alissa and Sebastian step into view.

ALISSA

You sure you're alright, with keeping watch?

Sebastian whips out an energy drink, chuckles.

Elijah sighs, pats him on the back, turns to Alissa.

ELIJAH

Ready?

Alissa takes Elijah's hand, gently squeezes it.

Elijah grins, leads Alissa into the suite as Sebastian pulls out a chair and takes a seat next to Alice.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 3409 - DAY

Mrs. Brown strokes her new puppy in lap, eyes glued to the door as Elijah and Alissa rush in.

ELIJAH

Are you alright?

Mrs. Brown nods, looks away, stares at the television.

ALISSA

A dog?

Mrs. Brown, hands trembling, slowly points towards the bedroom.

Elijah rushes forward, pulls it open, and steps in.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 3409 - BEDROOM - DAY

Elijah grimaces, covers his nose, shuts his eyes. A husk of Norma's corpse sits on the bed, barely recognizable, body drained of all fluids.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 3409 - DAY

Elijah slams the door shut, bends over, vomits.

ALISSA

What?

Elijah gags, can barely get a word out, as Alissa rushes to the door.

ELIJAH

Wait...

Alissa pulls it open, looks inside.

Alissa stumbles back, into the coffee table, and onto the ground.

ALISSA

No, fucking way.

MRS. BROWN

I'm sorry.

Elijah and Alissa flip around and watch as Mrs. Brown gently strokes the dog's fur.

ELIJAH

What did he do to her?

MRS. BROWN

He only took what I needed.

ALISSA

Which was?

Mrs. Brown stares intently at the dog, whips out her claw, digs it into it's skin.

Elijah's jaw drops, he rushes forward.

ELIJAH

The hell?

Mrs. Brown thrusts her palm out.

MRS. BROWN

Wait.

Elijah stops and watches as Mrs. Brown lifts up her finger, covered in blood.

ELIJAH

Great, a vampire.

MRS. BROWN

A what?

ELIJAH

You know, Dark Shadows, Nosferatu,
Sesame Street.

MRS. BROWN

You eat, plants?

ALISSA

Mind telling us where you're from?

Mrs. Brown kisses the dog, sets it down, stands up, and walks inside the bedroom.

Elijah and Alissa watch as Mrs. Brown steps out with the red suitcase and closes the door behind her.

MRS. BROWN

My husband is a traveler.

Mrs. Brown sets the suitcase down on the coffee table and clicks it open.

Alissa and Elijah peer inside, revealing an antique's store's worth of items. A canopic jar from Egypt, a skull from the Paris Catacombs, a small figurine of the Statue of Liberty to name a few.

ELIJAH

So, what, he's a tourist?

MRS. BROWN

Ambassador, liaison to the Planet
Krytar.

Elijah picks up the skull, stares into it's eyes, makes a face.

ALISSA

And, you?

MRS. BROWN

I'm just his companion.

Mrs. Brown takes out a lei and gently strokes the feathers.

ELIJAH

You both on some kind of honeymoon?

MRS. BROWN

He was meant to make contact, with some of your planet's most influential figures.

ALISSA

Well, he couldn't have picked a more perfect time.

MRS. BROWN

What?

Elijah sets the skull back in the case, grabs the remote, changes the channel.

Mrs. Brown stares at the TV and watches several images whizz by, a cargo ship stuck in a bridge, Taylor Swift at a rock concert, Iran launching missiles at Israel, PRESIDENT BIDEN (80s) speaking.

ALISSA

It's been a pretty shitty year.

MRS. BROWN

So much conflict.

ELIJAH

So, what was he supposed to do, exactly?

MRS. BROWN

Establish peace relations, trade agreements, essentially, welcome them into our federation.

ALISSA

Federation?

MRS. BROWN

Our organization consists of thousands of planets, spread across hundreds of galaxies.

Elijah collapses onto the sofa, stares blankly at the TV.

ALISSA

And?

MRS. BROWN

We stopped for a bite to eat at a local shack in the outback.

Mrs. Brown pulls out a sticker of a kangaroo painted like an Australian flag.

MRS. BROWN
It only got worse from there.

Mrs. Brown suddenly coughs, drops the sticker, sways back and forth.

Alissa rushes forward, stops her from falling, props her up.

ELIJAH
You don't sound so good.

MRS. BROWN
I'm sick, infected with a slow-acting virus.

Mrs. Brown groans, clutches her stomachs.

MRS. BROWN
Damn tacos.

ALISSA
And the wine?

MRS. BROWN
Alcohol in it's purest form is volatile to us.

Mrs. Brown lifts up her sleeve, revealing large, red swollen blisters.

Elijah gags, Alissa looks away.

Mrs. Brown rolls her sleeve back down as Elijah shifts his eyes towards the bedroom door.

ELIJAH
So, Norma, Brian?

MRS. BROWN
My husband's method of a "cure".

Mrs. Brown stumbles over to a chair, takes a seat, and throws a blanket over her chest.

MRS. BROWN
Unfortunately, it's not enough.

ALISSA
How much, do you need than?

Mrs. Brown glares at Alissa, Elijah, the dog, says nothing.

ELIJAH
Well, we could always raid a hospital.

ALISSA
No.

MRS. BROWN
The only way is for me to get back home.

NONA (O.S.)
Need a lift?

Elijah, Alissa, and Mrs. Brown flip around as Nona and Troy, dressed more casually, step in.

ELIJAH
Mom?

NONA
I couldn't get what happened the other night out of my head.

Troy grumbles.

TROY
So, your mother insisted we'd drop by, check in.

Elijah whips out his phone, checks his messages, grumbles as Nona rushes over to Mrs. Brown and gently places her arms on her shoulders.

NONA
Are you alright?

Mrs. Brown hugs her as Troy walks over to the window, grumbles, and looks out across the bay.

TROY
So, how far?

MRS. BROWN
Our ship is parked in a bay near an old theme park.

ALISSA

Hah!

Elijah grumbles, turns to leave.

ELIJAH

Pack up.

The puppy jumps into Mrs. Brown's arms, as she bolts up from the chair.

MRS. BROWN

You don't understand.

Mrs. Brown pulls Elijah back, shifts her eyes towards Troy, Nona, Alissa, Elijah, takes a deep breath.

MRS. BROWN

He will do anything, to get what he wants.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 3407 - DAY

Mr. Brown slowly comes too and looks up, coming face to face, with Broderick and Casey.

MR. BROWN

Been taking care of my car I hope?

Broderick sneers, whips out a window sticker from behind his back.

Mr. Brown snorts, whistles at Casey.

MR. BROWN

My, you're a striking young thing.
What's your profession? Photographer?

Casey socks Mr. Brown in the chest.

CASEY

I make a mean apple pie.

Mr. Brown wheezes, coughs loudly, glares at Taylor and Rebekah, watching him from a nearby sofa.

MR. BROWN

I have yet to explore Downtown, what would you both recommend?

TAYLOR

There's always Magic City, if you like gambling.

MR. BROWN

Did you know I won over \$10,000 dollars playing poker?

REBEKAH

What do you spend it on? Junk?

Mr. Brown suddenly stands up, drops the rope, whips out a golden blade.

MR. BROWN

I assure you, it's pure gold.

TAYLOR AND REBEKAH

Shit.

Broderick and Casey try to grab Mr. Brown only for him to launch them both into the wall.

The pair hit the ground as Mr. Brown slowly steps towards both girls with his knife.

MR. BROWN

Now, it would be best not to scream.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - 34TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Carolyn whacks Sebastian awake.

SEBASTIAN

Madame?

CAROLYN

What do you think you're doing?

Sebastian fidgets, his eyes shift to his left.

SEBASTIAN

Ehh...

Sebastian scans for Alice, his other chef VINNIE (40s), nothing.

The sound of shattering GLASS fills the hallway.

Carolyn's eyes go wide, she whips out a keycard, swipes it into the handle.

Sebastian jumps up, frantically begins sputtering.

SEBASTIAN
(in Italian)
You won't like what you see.

Carolyn scowls, pushes the door open, steps inside.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 3409 - BEDROOM - DAY

Sebastian's cries echo into the room.

MRS. BROWN
Who's dying?

ELIJAH
Shit, Carolyn!

Elijah and Alissa dart out of the room.

NONA
Elijah!

Troy, Nona, and hurry after them.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - 34TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Sebastian balls his eyes out near the door as Elijah and company rush up.

ALISSA
Chef?

Sebastian murmurs incomprehensibly in Italian.

The four grumble and rush into the suite as Sebastian makes the sign of the cross, prays.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 3407 - DAY

The four's jaw's drop as they watch Mr. Brown hovering over the window, staring down at, someone.

Elijah darts his eyes to Broderick and Casey near the wall, Carolyn across from Mr. Brown, and Rebekah near the window.

ELIJAH
Taylor.

Elijah rushes forward only for Alissa and Nona to pull him back.

CAROLYN
I believe she's one of mine.

Mr. Brown whips his head around.

MR. BROWN
Ah, you must be...

CAROLYN
Carolyn Swartz, general manager.

MR. BROWN
I have a proposition.

ALISSA
Carolyn.

ELIJAH
Boss...

Carolyn narrows her eyes towards Elijah, Alissa.

CAROLYN
Mr. Carlson has decided to overlook
our little, transgressions.

ELIJAH
So, does that mean?

Carolyn throws her palm up, silencing both ex-employees, and
turns her attention back to Mr. Brown.

CAROLYN
Go on.

MR. BROWN
I will release the girl, as long as
you promise me and my wife extended
accommodations.

Carolyn paces back and forth.

CAROLYN
She's wear a white shirt, does she
not?

Mr. Brown sneers, Elijah's jaw drops.

ELIJAH
Wait, how did you...?

Carolyn whips out a cassette tape, shows it to Mr. Brown.

CAROLYN

The police are already on their way.

Mr. Brown scowls.

MR. BROWN

They won't make it.

Carolyn drops the tape, rushes forward, and lunges at Mr. Brown.

ALISSA

No!

NONA

Troy!

Troy tries to grab her, but misses as Mr. Brown dodges her, grabs her, and tosses her out the window.

The staff, and Elijah's parents gasp.

Rebekah sobs, shuts her eyes as Elijah stutters, sputters, shakes his head.

ELIJAH

Shit, shit!

MR. BROWN

Now, for the grand finale.

Mr. Brown takes out an iPod from his pocket and pushes play. Audiomachines Wars of Faith blares out.

Mr. Brown throws back his head, cackles, as Rebekah reaches for Taylor.

REBEKAH

Taylor!

ELIJAH

Rebekah!

NONA

No!

Mr. Brown sneers and swiftly shoves her to the ground as Nona pulls Elijah back.

NONA
I won't let you!

Elijah scowls, thrashes around in her arms.

ELIJAH
Let go Mom!

ALISSA
(to Mr. Brown)
You're insane!

MR. BROWN
I believe the proper term is fanatic.

Mr. Brown chuckles, looks down at Taylor, loosens his grip around her hand as Troy races forward, grabs Mr. Brown, and raises his fist towards his face.

Mr. Brown grabs it, sneers, and pulls it back all the way, snapping it like a twig.

ELIJAH
Dad!

NONA
Troy!

Mr. Brown shoves Troy away and turns his attention back to Taylor.

MR. BROWN
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall...

Taylor winces, looks over her shoulder. Tiny little dots of people and cars stare back at her.

Elijah, Nona, and Rebekah rush to Troy's aid as Alissa darts her eyes towards a TV on a dresser, unplugs it.

MR. BROWN
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall...

Mr. Brown pulls his fingers back.

ALISSA
Hey!

Mr. Brown flips around as Alissa smashes the TV into his face.

BRODERICK
Pay-per-view mother fucker!

Mr. Brown falls too the ground, lets go of Taylor.

ELIJAH
Alissa!

REBEKAH
No!

Taylor screams, shuts her eyes, as Alissa grabs her hand, grunts, and pulls her back into the room and too the floor.

ELIJAH
Thank god.

Alissa hugs Taylor tightly as Mr. Brown grumbles, arises, narrows his eyes at Elijah.

MR. BROWN
I underestimated you.

ELIJAH
Don't screw with my hotel.

Mr. Brown sneers, whips out his claw, grabs Alissa, and jams it underneath her chin.

MR. BROWN
Just another pretty face, right?

Rebekah sneers.

REBEKAH
Fuck you!

NONA
Elijah?

Elijah sneers, jumps up.

ELIJAH
Get your hands off before I...

MRS. BROWN (O.S.)
No more.

Mr. Brown sneers, flips around as Mrs. Brown slowly steps into the room, carrying the red suitcase.

MR. BROWN
Relax, sweetheart, I'll be home in a
minute.

Mrs. Brown steps forward, hands Nona her dog, sets down the
suitcase, and steps forward.

All five employee's jaw's drop at the sight of Mrs. Brown's
now blackened eyes.

MRS. BROWN
You've forgotten our mission.

Mr. Brown shoves Alissa aside, raises his arms!

MR. BROWN
Look at this place!

Elijah catches her as the two collapses backwards into
Rebekah and hit the floor as Taylor rushes to Broderick and
Casey's side.

Troy grumbles, whips out his phone, dials 9-1-1.

TROY
Enough of this madness.

NONA
Troy.

Mr. Brown grabs a small wrapped, chocolate mint on the
counter and shoves it into Mrs. Brown's face.

MR. BROWN
All the possibilities.

MRS. BROWN
If you have found honey, eat only
enough for you, lest you have your
fill of it and vomit it.

Mr. Brown sneers, clenches his fist over the chocolate,
mashing it to bits.

MR. BROWN
What?

ELIJAH
Proverbs 25:16.

Everyone in the room utters a loud groan as Mrs. Brown

extends her hand towards Mr. Brown.

MRS. BROWN

Come.

Mr. Brown shakes, trembles, backs away from Mrs. Brown.

MR. BROWN

No.

Mrs. Brown slowly steps forward.

MRS. BROWN

Save me, before...

Mr. Brown in a fit of panic, dashes towards the suitcase, opens it, and pulls out a bottle of wine.

Mrs. Brown's eyes go wide.

MRS. BROWN

Aria.

The bottle shakes violently in Mr. Brown's hands as Casey looks at the label.

CASEY

Wait, is that?

MR. BROWN

Leroy Musigny Grand Cru, Cote de Nuits, France.

TAYLOR

A value of 42,000 dollars.

ELIJAH

So basically, in other words...

MR. BROWN

The world's most expensive wine.

Mr. Brown twists off the cap, tosses it aside, raises it to his lips. As he prepares to take a sip, he stops, shuts his eyes, and sighs.

BRODERICK

Tch, now what?

MR. BROWN

Can't you feel it?

Elijah and company furrow their brows as Mr. Brown picks up the iPod.

MR. BROWN

The way the notations flow...

Mr. Brown changes the song to Engelbert Humperdinck's Release Me, takes a step back, and extends his hand towards Mrs. Brown.

MR. BROWN

Will you have this dance?

Mrs. Brown gulps, sighs, and gently takes it.

Elijah and co. watch, eyes wide, as Mr. and Mrs. Brown begin dancing around the room. The couple move gracefully back and forth, twirl round and round, move up....

left...

right...

left...

Broderick snuffles, wipes his eyes as Taylor gently rests her head on his shoulder.

BRODERICK

Well, I'll be damned.

Casey nudges Broderick in the side.

CASEY

Shh!

The six watch as Mr. Brown bends down and plants a kiss on Mrs. Brown's lips.

MR. BROWN

You were only ever the one.

MRS. BROWN

I love you.

Mrs. Brown smooches back.

ELIJAH

You know, you could learn a few moves from him.

Alissa grumbles, kick's Elijah in the foot.

The Browns waltz back and forth until the song reaches it's end.

MR. BROWN

Tell them I was killed.

Mr. Brown shifts his eyes towards Elijah, stares at him, grins.

MR. BROWN

Indulgence.

ELIJAH

One of life's greatest treasures.

Mr. Brown sighs, caresses Mrs. Brown on her cheek.

MR. BROWN

Forgive me, Kara.

Mr. Brown raises the bottle to his lips and chugs the entire bottle down.

Mrs. Brown steps back as Mr. Brown drops the bottle, falls to the ground.

Elijah and company watch, eyes wide, as his body contorts, pulsates back and forth like a beating drum.

ELIJAH

Uhh...

REBEKAH

Your foot is in my face.

ALISSA

More importantly...

Broderick and Casey jump up, rush out of the room as Mrs. Brown helps Elijah, Alissa, and Rebekah up.

ELIJAH

Dad.

Taylor, Alissa, Elijah, Nona and Mrs. Brown lift Troy off the ground and carry him out as Mrs. Brown dogs trots behind them. Rebekah and Taylor.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - 34TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Elijah slams the door shut as the rest of the staff, including Mrs. Brown step back.

SEBASTIAN

Elijah?

ELIJAH

Hold on!

Elijah and company shut their eyes as a sudden BOOM rocks the hotel. All seven relax, as the rest of the hotel's guests on that floor explode out of their rooms and dash towards the exits.

Elijah slowly turns around, places his hands on the knob, takes a deep breath.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - SUITE 3407 - DAY

The door bangs against the wall as Elijah and company peer in.

A thick green liquid covers the room, dripping off the ceiling, furniture, windows, along with pieces of Mr. Brown.

ELIJAH

So, that's where that stuff comes from.

MRS. BROWN

Need help cleaning it up?

ELIJAH

Nah, we've got the best housekeeper in the world for that.

Elijah and company step back, stare at Taylor.

TAYLOR

Fine, whatever.

Taylor storms away as Rebekah looks to Alissa, clears her throat.

REBEKAH

Thanks, for uh...

Alissa narrows her eyes at Elijah, grumbles.

ALISSA
Fine, one date.

Rebekah chuckles, Nona squeals.

ELIJAH
Mom.

REBEKAH
Nah, I don't think so.

Elijah raises his brow as Rebekah leans forward, kisses on him the cheek, shifts her eyes to Alissa, back to Elijah, winks, and pats him on the but.

REBEKAH
Good luck.

Rebekah struts away as Nona pulls Alissa and Elijah together.

NONA
Oh, I can just smell the babies.

BRODERICK
And, on that note.

Broderick and Casey wave goodbye to the five as Troy walks in, grab's Mrs. Brown's suitcase, closes it, and hands it to her.

TROY
You don't want to forget this.

Mrs. Brown takes it, cracks a smile and hurries down the hall.

TROY
Nona.

Nona grumbles and takes Troy's hand as the two hurry after Mrs. Brown.

Alissa and Elijah fidget, look away from each other.

ALISSA
So, uh, babies?

ELIJAH
Only if you want too.

Alissa smirks, takes Elijah's hand.

ALISSA
I'll think about it.

Elijah beams, looks into Alissa's eyes, as the two walk down the hallway, past Sebastian, asleep in the chair.

EXT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - DAY

Troy loads Mrs. Brown's suitcase into the trunk of his Rolls-Royce and slams it shut with a THUD as Broderick steps up to Mrs. Brown.

BRODERICK
Hey, I got to know.

Mrs. Brown chuckles, shifts her eyes parking garage.

MRS. BROWN
He's got more like these stored away
in a warehouse somewhere.

Broderick whistles.

BRODERICK
Man, don't I envy you.

Taylor and Rebekah join the pair as Mrs. Brown whispers to Troy.

MRS. BROWN
My husband left something in the
garage a little...

Troy chuckles, pats his pocket.

TROY
Not to worry.

Troy pats her on the back, opens the front door.

ELIJAH
Dad.

Troy stops as Nona leans forward from the back seat.

ELIJAH
Listen, about college, I uh...

Troy smirks, steps forward, and pats Elijah on his shoulder.

TROY
Do whatever you want.

ELIJAH
Really?

ALISSA
Really?

Troy narrows his eyes to Alissa.

TROY
I'll be watching you.

Alissa trembles, fidgets.

ALISSA
Yes, sir.

NONA
Troy.

Troy sighs, pats Elijah on the back, enters his car, and slams the door shut as polices sirens wail in the distance.

ALISSA
You don't have that much time.

MRS. BROWN
Thank you, both of you.

Elijah chuckles as Alissa hands Mrs. Brown the leash.

ELIJAH
How will you live? Knowing that you'll need?

MRS. BROWN
Aria and I once went shooting out in the woods of Montana.

ELIJAH
You? Hunting? Nah...

Mrs. Brown eyes the dog.

MRS. BROWN
Better than devouring this little thing.

Mrs. Brown picks up the dog, cuddles it.

MRS. BROWN
I'll think I'll call you Carolyn, what
do you think?

The dog barks.

ELIJAH
I sure hope that's a female.

ALISSA
Should we check?

Elijah's eyes dart towards the dogs "private area", to it's
eyes.

The dog whimpers as Mrs. Brown gives it a kiss on it's head.

MRS. BROWN
Good luck.

Elijah, Alissa, Rebekah, Taylor, and Broderick wave goodbye
as Mrs. Brown gets in her car, starts it up, and speeds off.

ELIJAH
Well, now that that's all settled, I
think we ought to...

ALISSA
Celebrate?

Elijah's eyes meet Alissa's.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - DINING ROOM - EVENING

A SERVER carries a tray of food towards a table as Taylor and
Rebekah sit near the buffet table, playing with the Mexican
food on their plates as Mozart's Symphony no. 39 plays in the
background.

TAYLOR
I despise this music.

Rebekah calls out to Broderick, controlling a DJ Booth in the
corner of the room.

REBEKAH
Hey Broderick!

Broderick gives her the thumbs up, changes the track to a pop
song as Taylor stares at the food on the buffet table.

TAYLOR

Well, the food looks great at least.

REBEKAH

He really gave it his all.

Rebekah turns to the door as Sebastian, Alice, and Vinnie exit the kitchen carrying a massive tower of tostada's.

Taylor chuckles, snuffles.

REBEKAH

Don't worry, there not hot.

TAYLOR

No, not that.

Taylor narrows her eyes towards a banner above the dining room that reads...

IN HONOR OF CAROLYN

Rebekah looks up at the banner, sighs.

TAYLOR

You know, as awful as she was...

Broderick jumps in-between both girls, startling them.

BRODERICK

Eating alone?

TAYLOR

Shouldn't you be DJing?

BRODERICK

How about I treat you ladies to a grand tour of Miami's finest.

Broderick whips out a stick full of car keys.

Rebekah and Taylor exchange glances, smirk.

REBEKAH

Well?

TAYLOR

I get the Porsche.

REBEKAH

Tesla.

Taylor and Rebekah pluck two keys off the rack and dash out of the room as Broderick sighs, takes off the key to an Alfa Romeo and chuckles.

BRODERICK

We're gonna have a good time, you and I.

Broderick exits.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - BALLROOM - EVENING

Elijah, dressed in a black tuxedo, places his phone into a speaker. An instrumental version of Kenny G's Songbird begins playing.

ELIJAH

Come on.

ALISSA (O.S.)

I look stupid.

Alissa, wearing a red cocktail dress, black heels, and diamond earrings, steps into the room.

Elijah whistles as Alissa slowly steps forward, stops in front of him, shows off.

ALISSA

Too much?

ELIJAH

Nah. It turned out great.

Alissa snickers, shifts her eyes towards the iPod, Elijah.

ELIJAH

How about you show off some of your moves?

Alissa slowly lifts her arms; Elijah takes them as the pair slow dance around the room.

ALISSA

So, any luck with your midterms?

ELIJAH

I withdrew.

Alissa's eyes go wide.

ALISSA
From the class that is.

ALISSA
So, what are you going to do now? Sign
up for something else, or?

ELIJAH
I thought about that, but...

Elijah stops.

ELIJAH
I think I found what I want, here.

ALISSA
I guess that your means you're going
to take up a degree in hospitality
than?

ELIJAH
Only if you're by my side.

Elijah and Alissa make out as Kenny G's smooth jazz slowly
carries them across the ballroom.

INT. CARLSON GRAND HOTEL - DINING AREA - DAY

JEFFERY CARLSON (60s), owner and proprietor of the Carlson
hotel, stares down at a resume, takes off his glasses.

JEFFREY
So, what makes you think you got what
it takes to be our new general
manager?

Casey, across the table, holds up a rope, beams.

CASEY
I know a few tricks.

END