

Hardship often prepares an ordinary person for an extraordinary Journey.

-C.S. Lewis

FADE IN

1 **INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MORNING** 1

TIFFANY (25), average built, blonde, walks animatedly through the hallways of THE HOTEL MAJESTIC, carrying a stack of MANILA ENVELOPES. She passes GUESTS walking about, and CONSTRUCTION WORKERS carrying ladders and buckets. She pauses at a nearby mirror, pins her hair behind her ear, straightens her collar and tucks in her shirt. She smiles, then continues.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER  
Good morning.

TIFFANY  
Morning!

2 **INT. HOTEL LOBBY. MORNING - CONT'D** 2

TIFFANY crosses the hotel lobby towards the MEZZANINE.

RANDOM WORKER  
Morning, Tiffany.

TIFFANY  
Good morning.

3 **INT. HOTEL LOBBY - FRONT DESK. MORNING - CONT'D** 3

TIFFANY reaches her destination at the front desk to find that no one is manning it. She notices a DARK RED BELLHOP jacket thrown carelessly on the chair behind the desk.

She sighs and spots a PASSING WORKER and waves to get her attention.

TIFFANY  
Have you seen Tyler?

PASSING WORKER  
No, sorry.

The passing worker continues on. Tiffany, frustrated, turns to address the room as a whole.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY  
 (loudly and impatiently)  
 Does anyone know where I can find  
 the bellhop?

People pass by looking confused but no one answers. A  
 CONSTRUCTION WORKER comes up to Tiffany, handing her  
 DOCUMENTS.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 01  
 Here you go.

TIFFANY  
 What's this?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 01  
 Just some papers for the hotel.  
 STEPHANIE says, that either you or  
 Mr. Moors can sign off on them. If  
 you want, I can put them in Mr.  
 Moors' Office.

TIFFANY  
 No, I got it. Stephanie. What's the  
 ICE QUEEN up to these days?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 01  
 Couldn't tell you, I just work  
 here.

TIFFANY  
 Hey, would you happen to know where  
 Tyler is?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 01  
 (already walking away)  
 Nope.

Tiffany adds the documents to her manila envelopes and walks  
 away in a huff.

4

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER**

4

The housekeepers, FRIEDA, ROSE, and CARMEN, all Latina and  
 in their 30s, are busy cleaning and making up the beds.  
 TIFFANY enters.

TIFFANY  
 Have you guys seen Tyler?

FRIEDA  
 No. Sorry. Maybe he's in the front  
 desk.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

I just came from the front desk.  
He's not there.

Rose stops folding towels and furrows her massive uni-brow at Tiffany.

ROSE

Well, maybe he's in the toilet. How should we know.

TIFFANY

Well, what about Luca? Has anyone seen her?

CARMEN

I think she went to check in on Mrs. Yang.

TIFFANY

Mrs. Yang? Why? Is everything OK?

CARMEN

Everything is fine, senorita. She just went to give her some meds. She should be back any minute.

TIFFANY

OK. If you see her before I do, can you remind her that we're having a meeting this morning and she needs to be there.

Tiffany walks out, leaving the door open.

ROSE

(calling after her)

Hey, are we going to be talking about our new uniforms?

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Maybe!

5

**INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER**

5

A pair of CHEFS stand at the counter with serious expressions on their faces.

DEMETRI (mid 30s) raises a carton of cream to his nose and sniffs. He instantly recoils, looking disgusted. He gestures to IVAN (late 30s) to come and smell it too, holding it up to his nose.

(CONTINUED)

DEMETRI  
(In a thick Russian accent)  
Here, smell this.

IVAN  
(In an equally thick Russian  
accent)  
GHAH! Spoiled!

DEMETRI  
I was thinking the same thing!

IVAN  
So why'd you let me sniff it?

DEMETRI  
You can never be sure. A second  
opinion is always a valued opinion.

IVAN  
Well, how about a little warning  
before you make me your second  
opinion! I have that smell in my  
nose now!

DEMETRI  
If I told you, would you have  
smelled it?

IVAN  
Of course not.

DEMETRI  
There you go.

TIFFANY enters, interrupting the two men.

TIFFANY  
Have you guys seen Tyler?

IVAN  
I think Hassan was talking to him  
earlier. Hassan! Hassan!

HASSAN (late-40's) large, intimidating and also Russian,  
sporting a handlebar mustache, emerges from the fridge at  
the other end of the kitchen.

He lugs a MASSIVE PIECE OF MEAT over his densely muscled  
shoulder.

HASSAN

What!?

IVAN

Didn't you tell me that you were talking to Tyler earlier?

HASSAN

Maybe I did and maybe I didn't. Who wants to know the doings of Hassan!?!

Hassan slams the piece of meat onto the counter. He steps back and curls the ends of his handlebar mustache.

HASSAN CONT'D

The K.G.B.?

IVAN

No.

HASSAN

The F.B.I.?

IVAN

No.

HASSAN

The sister of that guy I had murdered in the old country?

DEMETRI

Tiffany wants to know whether or not we have seen Tyler. We told her you said that you had spoken to him earlier.

HASSAN

Tiffany, is this true?

The three chefs, pause and focus all of their attention on Tiffany.

TIFFANY

(starting to get exasperated)  
Yes Hassan, that is the sequence of events.

HASSAN

Why didn't you just ask Hassan yourself?

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY  
I didn't know where you were.

HASSAN  
Humph, fair enough.

Hassan thinks for a moment, twisting his handlebar mustache again.

HASSAN  
What is it you wanted again?

TIFFANY  
(shaking her head)  
Forget it.

Tiffany turns and leaves, frustrated. The chefs shrug and go back to their business.

6 **INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

6

TIFFANY arrives back in the lobby. A few GUESTS stand at the front desk, waiting to be served.

The BELLHOP, TYLER (early 30s), frail, dirty blonde hair, is now arriving at his post, hastily throwing on his RED BELLHOP JACKET, several sizes too big. Tiffany approaches him. He avoids eye contact with her.

TYLER  
I know, I know.

TIFFANY  
Late again. Where were you this time?

She joins Tyler behind the front desk and begins to help him to check in the guests: a SPACEMAN, a COWGIRL, a RODEO CLOWN. They walk away happily.

TIFFANY  
Please, enjoy your stay.

Tyler picks up the conversation where they left off.

TYLER  
I stopped by The security office to grab a snack.

TIFFANY  
Why didn't you get something out of the vending machine?

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

I didn't have any money, so, I was going to steal some of Sam's lunch. I'm Starving!

TIFFANY

Even so, that's no reason to leave your post unattended! And I'm sure SAM won't be happy if he finds out your stealing his lunch.

TYLER

It's ok, I've been mooching off of him so long, he always packs for two now.

TIFFANY

That's not the point. I -

She stops short as she notices:

MR. MOORS (40's), a short, stocky, balding man, entering the lobby. The CURRENT OWNER of the HOTEL keeps his head down and is moving sneakily behind the guests as if he's trying to avoid everyone.

TIFFANY

OK, we'll finish this later. And, no more stealing food.

Tiffany gathers up her MANILA ENVELOPES again and rushes away.

**Int. HOTEL HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER**

TIFFANY catches up to MR. MOORS, who begins to walk faster upon noticing her. But she gets in real close, matching his speed.

TIFFANY

Good morning Mr. M!

MR. MOORS

You know how much I hate it when you call me that.

Mr. Moors' head sinks lower into his plain brown trench coat. Tiffany, much taller, smiles down at him. Her radiant positivity seems to irritate him.

They reach his office. Mr. Moors enters and Tiffany is hot on his heels.

TIFFANY follows MR. MOORS into his office. She adjusts her outfit once again making sure she is presentable to her boss. She checks her makeup in the reflection of an old picture leaning against the wall.

Mr. Moors slowly makes his way behind his desk, taking off his coat and tossing his keys carelessly onto a stack of papers sitting on his desk.

He taps on the BASE PLATE of the silent AIR CONDITIONER set in a heavily stained window. It's obviously broken. Mr. Moors, loosens his tie and slumps down into his chair.

TIFFANY

I see someone woke up on the grumpy side of the bed today. Do you want me to get Tyler to do his happy dance?

MR. MOORS

No, I'm sorry, it's just, all of this construction is giving me a headache. And these repairs are killing us.

The AC begins to sputter, and Mr. Moors looks hopeful, but then the AC dies down again.

TIFFANY

Well, it was your idea to put in a pool.

Mr. Moors shoots her a disapproving look. Tiffany realizes her mistake.

TIFFANY CONT'D

Sorry, Mr. M., I mean, Mr. Moors.

Tiffany gently puts a stack of folders on Mr. Moors' desk. She smiles and slowly backs away.

MR. MOORS

For the record, the pool was Stephanie's idea. I'm just paying for it.

(gesturing to the folders)

What am I looking at?

TIFFANY

Mostly complaints, repairs, paperwork... and you know... a various assortment of hate mail.

(CONTINUED)



MR. MOORS

(sighing)

You can add them to that stack over there, just separate them by level of intent to maim.

He hands back the stack of papers.

TIFFANY

And how do you suggest I do that?

MR. MOORS

Easy. The ones in all caps with exclamation marks are usually the angriest.

TIFFANY

And what about the ones in thick red marker?

She hands him a letter. Mr. Moors skims the contents.

MR. MOORS

Ohhh yeah, that's uh, that's scary. This one's out for blood. From now on, lets have Tyler start my car in the evenings.

TIFFANY

Sure, I'll get on that.

MR. MOORS

Also, make sure everyone has one of those new high tech walkie talkies that Stephanie recommended!

TIFFANY

Got mine!

Tiffany holds up a flashy new WALKE TALKIE.

TIFFANY CONT'D

Although, I have been getting more static than actual voices.

MR. MOORS

Nevertheless, they are top of the line! They're going to thrust us into the 20th century!

TIFFANY

'Um, we're in the 21st century.

(CONTINUED)

MR. MOORS

Whatever! Besides, it makes you look more professional when you know where everyone is!

TIFFANY

I agree, sir.

She passes him more papers.

TIFFANY CONT'D

And speaking of the HOTEL, rooms 230 through 244 are still under repair. Also, the maids have been wondering about those new housekeeping uniforms you promised.

MR. MOORS

What? No. I didn't promise any new uniforms.

(pause)

Did I?

TIFFANY

Yeah, you did. You said their uniforms were tight enough to squeeze a booger out of George Washington's nose.

Mr. Moors looks confused.

TIFFANY

You know. On the dollar.

MR. MOORS

Oh yeah... well they are, but that doesn't mean I planned on buying new ones. It was just a statement. Not a commitment. Borderline compliment.

TIFFANY

I'm sure they took it that way sir. And, finally, the guests have been complaining about the hot water again.

MR. MOORS

The what? I thought Larson fixed that last week?

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

He did, but - it's out again.

MR. MOORS

Well, where is he?!

8

**INT. SECURITY ROOM. MORNING - MEANWHILE**

8

A WALL OF DATED MONITORS gives a view of the halls and public spaces throughout the entire hotel. The TWO MEN in the security room are paying close attention to one MONITOR in particular.

SAM, (37), a large, African American with a good-natured face, sits comfortably in a chair with his arms crossed. His security guard uniform is well pressed and his black shoes are polished.

LARSON, (35), in dusty overalls and plumbers belt, sporting a tattered San Fransisco giants hat over his thick, dark, curly hair, leans against the console.

LARSON

Oh, yeah. Now that's a woman! Look at those legs!

SAM

Man, forget the legs, I'm a forehead man! It's all up here.

SAM ticks his index finger against his forehead.

LARSON

Forehead man? Get out, that's not even a real thing!

SAM

You can tell a lot about a woman just by looking at her forehead.

LARSON

Like what?

SAM

Like, what kind of food she likes. What kind of mother she's going to be. Even, what type of music she listens to.

LARSON

Really?

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Oh, yeah! My last two baby mamma's had great foreheads!

LARSON

Wow, I've been going about it all wrong. Here I am, taking into consideration, character, feelings, and personality. Trying desperately to build something meaningful. But it turns out, it's all in the forehead!

Sam nods his head in approval.

TIFFANY and MR. MOORS enter the room.

Sam and Larson stop what they are doing. Sam swiftly turns his chair back towards the security monitors. He clicks and presses random buttons, pretends to look busy. Larson, stands at attention.

MR. MOORS

What's going on in here?!

LARSON

Er, nothing. Sam and I are just going over the hotel security. Making sure that everyone is nice and safe. Sam, hows everything looking on the front lines?

Sam turns around and gives the thumbs up.

MR. MOORS

Larson, I need you to head over to the west wing and check on the boiler!

LARSON

The boiler? I thought we were having a meeting?

MR. MOORS

We are, that's why I want you to do it now. Before the meeting. If you wait till after the meeting, you'll forget.

LARSON

What? Me forget? Never, I have a memory like an elephant!

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY  
Did you replace the faucet handles  
in room 232?

Larson pauses.

LARSON  
I forgot.

MR. MOORS  
Get down to that boiler.

LARSON  
Fine.

Larson turns to leave in a huff.

MR. MOORS  
Oh, and do you think you can get  
through this list of repairs -

Mr. Moors takes a sticky note off of Tiffany's note pad and  
sticks it on Larsons' chest pocket.

MR. MOORS CONT'D  
- BEFORE you clock out tonight?

LARSON  
Sure thing BOSS.

Larson leaves, mumbling under his breath.

9

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - A LITTLE LATER**

9

TYLER continues to check in GUESTS.

A FEMALE GUEST begins shoving her way to the front of the  
line, impatiently ringing the bell on the desk. Her LARGE  
HAT almost pokes another guest's eye out.

Tyler puts his hand on the bell to stop the incessant sound.

TYLER  
Ma'am! You really don't have to do  
that. I'm right here.

IMPATIENT GUEST  
Well, at the pace you are moving,  
you'd think otherwise!

TYLER  
I'm sorry ma'am, Welcome to The  
Hotel Majestic, Would you like a  
single or a double.

(CONTINUED)

IMPATIENT GUEST

Young man, do you know who I am?

TYLER

Actually, you look like that old lady from those POLANER ALL FRUIT commercials. You know, please pass the jelly! Hehehe.

IMPATIENT GUEST

So, you DO know who I am!

Tyler slowly passes her a hotel room key. She snatches it and bustles away.

Tyler begins to check in and out guests.

A SMALL WHITE ELDERLY LADY (80s) and her LARGE AFRICAN AMERICAN BOYFRIEND (40s).

A MIDDLE-AGED INDIAN COUPLE. Out.

A SHADY MAN in sunglasses and a trench coat. Tyler notices his AWESOME RED GLOVES as he grabs the hotel key quickly and glances around before rushing off.

LARSON arrives.

LARSON

Hey, what are you doing?

TYLER

What's it look like, I'm checking in guests.

LARSON

You can't do this now, we have to go fix the water heater!

TYLER

What? No way. I can't leave my post until these guests are taken care of.

The line of GUESTS is getting shorter.

LARSON

Fine, just hurry up.

The same SMALL WHITE ELDERLY LADY comes up, this time with a YOUNG ASIAN MAN. She looks at Tyler and nods. Tyler nods back.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER  
 (turning back to Larson)  
 Why do you need me to go with you  
 anyway?

LARSON  
 I can't fix the boiler by myself. I  
 need someone to hold the  
 flashlight.

Tyler smiles. He hands some room keys to a YOUNG COUPLE.

TYLER  
 You're afraid of the dark aren't  
 you?

He checks out A GUEST.

LARSON  
 No!  
 (beat)  
 Maybe.

TYLER  
 Fine, but we have to hurry back  
 before any more people come.

There are no more guests waiting. Tyler and Larson walk off  
 and leave the front desk unmanned.

10

**INT. BOILER ROOM. MORNING - A LITTLE LATER**

10

TYLER and LARSON reach the poorly lit boiler room. A LARGE  
 FURNACE sits in the middle of the room. The two men shiver  
 and rub their arms, as their breath clouds dramatically in  
 the cold air. The furnace has been deliberately turned off.

Larson pulls the STICKY NOTE off his shirt and stares at it.  
 It only has two things listed:

1. fix boiler.
2. check noise.

Larson notices a SMILEY FACE in the lower corner of the  
 yellow post-it. It reads: "Good luck and be safe. Tiffany  
 xoxo". He angrily crushes the tiny note in his hand and  
 scowls.

LARSON  
 I can't believe Mr. M gave me this  
 long list of repairs!

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

I know, Mr. Moors is such a tool.  
We never get to go home early. It's  
always work, work, work, when where  
at work.

LARSON

This time we better get it right.  
I'm not coming down here again. It  
smells.

TYLER

I don't even remember what happened  
the last time we came down here.

LARSON

Who cares. Nothing good ever  
happens at work.  
(sigh)  
Well, somewhere around here there's  
a valve. Let's find it.

Larson reaches forward, feeling around behind the boiler.

LARSON CONT'D

You check along that pipe and I'll  
check the inside of the furnace.

Tyler, stumbling along the wall, finds a VALVE. He turns it  
all the way until it stops. But nothing happens. Tyler,  
using the flashlight, follows the pipe further down. A few  
feet away he notices ANOTHER VALVE.

LARSON CONT'D

Would you please shine that  
flashlight over here? I can't see a  
thing. Tyler?!

Tyler is too focused on the valve and doesn't respond.

LARSON CONT'D

Oh, forget it.

Larson pulls out a lighter. Flicks it again and again trying  
to get it to work. It ignites.

Tyler makes his way over to YET ANOTHER VALVE. There's a  
sign on this one.

It reads: CUT OFF SWITCH.

Back at the furnace, Larson sticks his head deeper into the  
mouth of the furnace.

(CONTINUED)





TIFFANY

Hello, all. I just wanted to thank everyone for showing up for today's meeting. Mr. Moors has some things he'd like to go over concerning the hotel. And so, without further a due. Your boss and mine. Mr. Moors!

Tiffany begins to clap jokingly. Only Tyler joins in.

MR. MOORS

Thank you Tiffany, that will be enough. OK, listen up. I wanted to thank everyone for being patient with all of the construction happening in the HOTEL.

Mr. Moors scans the room for some reaction. None.

MR. MOORS CONT'D

And, uhm... paychecks are going to be a little behind this week but foot traffic has been picking up so hopefully things will be back to normal soon enough.

TYLER

Mr. Moors?

MR. MOORS

What is it Tyler?

TYLER

Can I go to the restroom?

MR. MOORS

No Tyler, you'll have to wait!

Tyler sulks back into the corner. Mr. Moors does a double take as he notices Tyler and Larson's appearance. But he decides against saying anything and continues.

MR. MOORS

We're here because I know there's been some rumors going around about the hotel closing.

The room erupts in sounds of woes and worry as the staff begin to panic in a cacophony of complaints.

Rose, hands Larson a towel. He wipes his face and passes the towel to Tyler. Both of their faces are completely clean with one swipe. Hassan pipes up, rising above the den.

(CONTINUED)

HASSAN

This can't be happening! Hassan has been cooking here since the 70's! This hotel is all I know! Jerry, how could you let this happen?

He swats away Ivan, who has been styling Hassan's awesome handlebar mustache with a tiny black comb.

Luca, (40's) Latina, The head maid, decides to speak up.

LUCA

And what about us? We took a chance when we came here. Do you know how hard it is to dig a tunnel from Mexico to San Fransisco? It's not like in the cartoons!

MR. MOORS

Can't say I do. Listen, the truth is, over the past year or so sales have been in a steady decline. And recently, we've run into some serious competition.

Mr. Moors opens and turns around a LAPTOP for the employees to see. A YELP related page pops up.

MR. MOORS CONT'D

Social networking, rating and review sites.

TIFFANY

These websites all base their recommendations on popularity algorithms. One bad review and you're at the bottom of a very long list. - Complaint Vlogging is the new trend.

LARSON

Well, why don't we do the same thing? We can be trendy. All we have to do is rent this place out to one of those big headed movie producers. A million re-tweets for the hotel and hot drunken actresses for me!

Larson gives SAM a high-five.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

Yeah! Let's make a film, like I used to do, in the back of my uncles bike shop! Me, Willis and Arnold. -- We'll call it The Hotel Majestic!

Tyler raises his hands in the air, motioning the shape of a magical rainbow.

MR. MOORS

No, that's not happening! I don't want all those giant cameras in my family's hotel! And besides, I would never sell out like that! Tourists and foot traffic are what make a business. Oh, and maybe the occasional john stepping out on his wife. It may seem old fashioned, but that's what my father would have wanted!

SAM

So, what's the plan Mr. M?

MR. MOORS

Tiffany has been looking into it and she thinks we can apply for a historic status license.

Tyler raises his hand.

MR. MOORS

What is it now Tyler?

TYLER

Er' Mr. Moors, I thought you had to be a uh... good hotel, to get historic status, not some broken down rat trap.

MR. MOORS

Thanks, Tyler.

TIFFANY

Look, historical status is hard to get but not impossible. All you have to do is rank in the top 5 hotels of that city or... you can host a celebrity, who can in turn, vouch for you.

(CONTINUED)

HASSAN

Go on.

TIFFANY

I happen to know the AGENT of a famous comedian, who is going to be performing in the city this weekend. We've already made the arrangements for him to stay here at the HOTEL. So, if all goes well, I'm sure he'll have no problem helping us apply for the license.

LUCA

How long do we have until this Comedian gets here?

TIFFANY

He'll be here around eleven.

LARSON

What!? That only gives us a couple of hours!

MR. MOORS

Well, you probably should get on those repairs straight away.

SAM

You really think this will work?

MR. MOORS

It's all we have for now, SAM. Hopefully it will be enough.

TIFFANY

Any other questions?

The room is silent.

MR. MOORS

OK that's settled then. Tiffany will be going over all of the changes to service and the updated menu. In the meantime, let's show this guy that THE HOTEL MAJESTIC's impeccable record, is nothing to laugh about!

TIFFANY

Good one Mr. M.

Everyone gets to their feet and begins to head towards the door.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE  
So, does this mean we are not  
getting those new uniforms?

14 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

14

LARSON catches up to TIFFANY. TYLER follows closely behind.

LARSON  
So, who is this big time celebrity?

TIFFANY  
(grinning)  
Nobody special. Just Lavell  
Crawford!

LARSON  
Wha? La..! Oh my GOD, Lavell  
Crawford! Did you say Lavell  
Crawford! I friggin love that guy!

Tiffany stops mid-stride and throws an amused look his way.

TIFFANY  
You have no idea who he is, do you?

LARSON  
Nope, never heard of him in my  
life. What is he, like a football  
player or something?

TIFFANY  
Ummm... No! He's a comedian. Big  
black guy. Really funny.

LARSON  
Ooohh... A black comedian? Well  
now, that narrows it down! Why  
didn't you say so in the first  
place!

TIFFANY  
Wait, you're being serious right  
now. You really don't know who  
Lavell Crawford is! He's like the  
funniest comedian ever.

Tyler notices a brief pause in the conversation and decides  
to butt in.

TYLER  
I think I know who you're talking  
about, Tiffany. Is he the one with  
a Netflix special?

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

No, that's Dave Chappelle.

LARSON

Oh! Oh! Is he the one who did all those movies with the Rock? Those were awesome!

TIFFANY

That's Kevin Hart!

TYLER

I got it! The fat guy from Atlanta! What's his name? What's his name?!

LARSON

Hold on, its coming to me! The black guy on Family Feud! He's hilarious! The way he makes white people feel uncomfortable! That's classic!

TYLER

I feel uncomfortable right now!

TIFFANY

Lavell Crawford's AGENT is an old friend of mine and he happens to owe me a favor. OK.

Tyler and Larson look at each other.

LARSON

Uhhh - a sexual favor?

TIFFANY

Ewww! No! I used to watch his kids for free. He and his wife were always out of town on business.

LARSON

So, no hanky panky?!? Why do you even bother telling me these stories?

MRS. YANG (80's) Asian American, frail and disoriented, hobbles down the hall. She picks up a MUFFIN from an abandoned maid's food cart.

Tiffany notices her.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

Mrs. Yang is out of her room again.  
I have to take her upstairs. Tyler,  
please clear those bags out of the  
lobby and you -

She looks at Larson.

TIFFANY

Please, get those repairs done and  
try to stay out of the way when Mr.  
Crawford gets here.

LARSON

I'll get those repairs done, when  
I'm good and ready. You're not the  
boss of me.

TIFFANY

Actually, I am.

She leaves Tyler and Larson standing in the middle of the  
hallway as she heads over to Mrs. Yang. With a quick turn of  
her head, Tiffany points two fingers at her eyes and then at  
Larson.

She gently takes Mrs. Yang by the hand and heads upstairs.

15

**INT. HOTEL ROOM. MORNING - MEANWHILE**

15

A random HOTEL ROOM. THE MAIDS are folding linen and  
dressing the room for guests. They are still discussing the  
meeting.

ROSE

What are we going to do?

FRIEDA

If I lose this job, its back to the  
manure fields of San Jose!

ROSE

I've heard those fields are the  
worst! 16-hours with no bathroom  
breaks! It's not human I tell you!

LUCA

Everybody, just calm down! We are  
not going to lose our jobs here at  
the hotel! Don't worry I have a  
plan.

(CONTINUED)



ROSE

Well, don't just stand there! Tell us, what it is already!

LUCA

You know Rose, ever since you got them new spray on eyebrows, you been thinking you all that!

FRIEDA

I know! Nobody can tell her nothing!

ROSE

You just jealous cuz your eyebrows are thin and sickly.

LUCA

OK, enough! Listen! Our job is on the line. Tonight we take no chances!

FRIEDA

No, you can't mean...

LUCA

Yes, "los comida grande"

A BANJO plays dramatically. Everyone in the room gasps.

ROSE

But that's the meal that put the Castro brothers in power!

FRIEDA

It's enough food for a whole Quince.

LUCA

That's right, I want to make a statement.

ROSE

Luca don't be foolish, the last chica who tried was never heard from again! And besides it takes four days to prepare!

LUCA

It's true, it has never been attempted by any other outside of the Gonzalez bloodline. But I have heard stories...

(CONTINUED)

The maids gather around her, paying close attention.

LUCA

Stories of a girl in the Castro district, who was rumored to be a descendant of these great masters.

ROSE

Luca, who was this girl!?

LUCA

Ernesta Hernandez.

Luca looks up dramatically, holding a white rosary in her hand. Her hair begins to blow in the wind.

LUCA

And she was my sister.

Gasps fill the room. A banjo strums loudly.

16

**INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - MEANWHILE**

16

The hotel kitchen is alive with commotion and movement. THE CHEFS are setting up their daily meal prep. HASSAN, cutting into a freshly seasoned cod, tries to focus on his work.

DEMETRI

The HOTEL must be having some serious financial troubles, for Mr. Moors to consider shutting it's doors.

HASSAN

Hassan as been with the HOTEL for a long time. I have seen the ups and I have seen the downs. Never have I seen it this bad.

IVAN

So, what do you think about this guy that's coming? You really think he can save the hotel?

HASSAN

Usually he would be just another guest to Hassan but if Jerry says to treat him like family, then like family he will be treated.

IVAN

I don't know... I'm not a big fan of clowns. I'm terrified actually.

(CONTINUED)

DEMETRI

What are you talking about clowns?  
There was no mention of clowns!

IVAN

Sure, this guy is a famous comedian  
right?

DEMETRI

Right.

IVAN

Well, where do you think clowns  
come from?

Hassan stops what he is doing, in order to hear where this  
is going.

IVAN

In my family, we believe that  
clowns are what happens when a  
comedian passes on to the next  
life... think about it, the white  
skin. That horrible smile. The  
silence.

DEMETRI

Oh, I get it. In life they spend  
their time telling jokes, so in  
death, they're cursed to remain  
silent.

IVAN

Exactly! It's terrifying.

DEMETRI

You're terrifying.

HASSAN

OK, boys. Back to work. We have a  
job to do. And Hassan always  
finishes the job.

Hassan slams a large BUTCHER'S KNIFE down, cutting the head  
clean off of a fish.

17

**INT. MRS. YANG'S ROOM. MORNING - A LITTLE LATER**

17

TIFFANY sits on a chair by the bed as CARMEN and ISABELLA  
straighten up the disheveled room.

TUBES run the length of Mrs. Yang's bed, connected to oxygen  
machines. Her hotel room has been turned into a sort of  
hospice.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

Now, Mrs. Yang, you have to try and stay in your bed this weekend. There's a lot of work happening in the hotel and we want you to be safe OK?

Mrs. Yang nods her head, points to the DRESSER.

TIFFANY CONT'D

Oh, Carmen, I think she just wants some orange juice.

Carmen hands the ORANGE JUICE to Mrs. Yang.

TIFFANY CONT'D

Now, I know you've probably heard about the problems we're having, but I don't want you to worry. No matter what happens, you will always have a place here at the hotel.

Tiffany gets up to head out. She notices the heat has been turned off and motions for Frieda to turn it back on.

TIFFANY

Get some rest and I'll be back to check up on you later.

Carmen begins to tuck Mrs. Yang into her bed. Tiffany, smiles and leaves, followed by the maids.

18

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY. DAY**

18

TIFFANY, ISABELLA, and CARMEN exit Mrs. Yang's room.

ISABELLA

You think she'll be OK?

TIFFANY

I'm sure she'll be fine. She's a tough little lady.

ISABELLA

What happened to her?

TIFFANY

She originally came here with her entire family. One day, her family told us they were going to a local casino, but they never came back. She's been here ever since.

(CONTINUED)

Carmen and Isabella are moved and put their hands on their hearts.

TIFFANY CONT'D

Carmen, I'm gonna need you to keep an eye on Mrs. Yang for awhile. I'll send someone up later, but if you could just keep her in her room until I get back. I'd really appreciate it.

CARMEN

OK, senorita Tiffany. I will do my best.

TIFFANY

Thank you so much. Oh, and before I forget, here.

She hands Carmen a WALKIE TALKIE.

TIFFANY CONT'D

There are some things I need to do before Lavell gets here. I'll be back once hes settled in.

Tiffany and Isabella head down the hall.

19

**INT. HOTEL. LATE MORNING**

19

MONTAGE:

Time is passing. The entire staff tries to focus on their specific jobs. In every room someone is doing something, keeping busy and preparing for their special guest. A modern pop song plays.

TIFFANY walks the halls checking in on all the workers. Tiffany hands Isabella a note pad and points out a few rooms that need attention. She double checks the WALKIE TALKIES but get only static.

MAIDS fold sheets, make beds and take out trash.

CHEFS taste test dishes and cook over very hot ovens. Conversations turn to arguments over recipes.

TYLER continues to check in guests.

LARSON opens a FUSE BOX and a swarm of flying bugs hit him in the face.

(CONTINUED)



MR. MOORS

There he is! Is this the man! Is this the Lavell Crawford I've heard so much about! I loved you in 48hrs! Roxanne, you don't have to put on the red light!

Tiffany quietly shakes her head.

MR. MOORS CONT'D

We're so delighted that you chose to stay with us while you're performing here in the city!

LAVELL

Thank you for having me. My AGENT filled me in on your situation and I'm happy to help out where I can.

MR. MOORS

Hey, remember, no working. Just rest and relaxation.

LAVELL

Oh, absolutely. Absolutely.

Tiffany steps in.

TIFFANY

Well, I'm sure Mr. Crawford is tired from his trip, so lets get you upstairs. We have a beautiful suite prepared for you.

Tiffany begins to lead Lavell upstairs until Mr. Moors grabs him by the arm.

MR. MOORS

Hold on a second there Tiffany. Not so fast. Give the man some time to take in the view.

Awkwardly, Tiffany and Lavell turn back. They stand in the center of the main lobby for a minute.

An OLD MAN picks his nose as a MAID gapes at him in disgust.

MR. MOORS

You know, I've been known to tell a joke or two myself. I can be quite the cut up.

(CONTINUED)

LAVELL

Really?

TIFFANY

No, no you're not.

MR. MOORS

Oh, yeah. A lot of people tell me how funny I am.

TIFFANY

No, no they don't.

MR. MOORS

Yes, it's true. But, I could never be a comedian. I don't have the right shoes.

LAVELL

Shoes?

MR. MOORS

You see, it's all in the shoes. People don't know that. You can't do good stand up, without a good pair of shoes.

Larson and Tyler lean in real close and take note as if Mr. Moors is saying something very deep.

LAVELL

You know, I've actually heard that...

MR. MOORS

Listen to this and tell me if you've heard this one before.

TIFFANY

(stepping in nervously)  
Mr. Moors, I'm sure Mr. Crawford wants to get some rest, he's had a very long trip!

MR. MOORS

This will only take a second, alright? And, if you want to use it in your act, you know, you can just slip me a few bills under the table. Just between friends, no contracts.

(CONTINUED)



LAVELL

I'll make sure to remember that.

Mr. Moors stands poised to deliver the greatest joke of his life. The STAFF and GUESTS all stop what they are doing and prepare to be blown away.

MR. MOORS

OK, are you ready -

22

**INT. KITCHEN. MORNING - SIMULTANEOUSLY**

22

The CHEFS stop what they're doing and look up as if they sense something in the air.

IVAN

What's going on out there?

DEMETRI

I think Mr. Moors is telling them that awful joke.

IVAN

The one he told at his dad's funeral.

DEMETRI

That's the one.

IVAN

Didn't he get beat up for telling that joke?

DEMETRI

Yep.

IVAN

I've never seen a family actually try and kill each other over a few misplaced words. It was like a scene from The Godfather.

They go back to prepping meals.

23

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY. MORNING - MOMENTS LATER**

23

The lobby is silent as MR. MOORS finishes his great joke.

LAVELL and the STAFF watch Mr. Moors with a blank stare.

MR. MOORS

You get it, you people? You people?

Still nothing.

(CONTINUED)

MR. MOORS CONT'D

Awe, what do you know about funny?

The silence is awkward and terrible.

TIFFANY

Anyway, before I forget, here are some oatmeal cookies and white mint short cakes. Compliments of the kitchen.

Rose steps forward holding up a TRAY of tasty treats right under Lavell's nose. He sniffs deeply. An awkward pause.

LAVELL

Well, I -

TIFFANY

- oh my gosh! I'm so sorry, I totally forgot you're on a diet!

She nudges Rose to take the tray away from Lavell.

TIFFANY CONT'D

You look great by the way.

Just as Rose is carrying the tray away, Lavell changes his mind. He reaches out and grabs A FEW TREATS off the tray.

LAVELL

Well, hold on now, I don't want to offend anyone. I mean you did go through all this trouble. I'll just take a few, for material.

Lavell proceeds to grab the REST OF THE TREATS off the tray.

MR. MOORS

OK, so, Tiffany will show you to your room and remember, if you have any questions, let our staff know and we'll take care of it right away!

LAVELL

Thank you all so much, I'm sure everything will be fine.

MR. MOORS

Absolutely, and I hope you enjoy your stay here at the Hotel Majestic. (pause) And if you want to use that joke in your act -

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Moors rubs his fingers together indicating a cash exchange.

Tiffany , rolling her eyes, walks off with Lavell and Tyler who is carrying his bags. Rose and Isabella follow closely behind. All the staff begin waving at Lavell as he walks up the stairs.

Mr. Moors pulls Larson, who has been trying to stay out of sight, aside, by his trousers.

MR. MOORS

Remember, find out whats going on in the basement! We can't have our guest being disturbed.

Frieda helps Mr. Moors put on his jacket.

LARSON

Where are you off to?

MR. MOORS

I have a meeting with my advisor. I'm hoping she has good news. Also, get someone to clean this up.

He points to the fallen treats caused by Lavell. Frieda looks at Larson and shrugs.

24

**INT. HOTEL - LAVELL'S ROOM. DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

24

TIFFANY and LAVELL enter the Grand Suite. LIT CANDLES on the fireplace. CHOCOLATES on the bed. A few BOTTLES OF WINE on ice. Lavell is impressed.

TYLER enters and sets down the bags, then heads into the bathroom.

TIFFANY

Make sure the hot water is working!

TYLER (O.S.)

On it boss!

TIFFANY

I hope this room is to your liking, Mr. Crawford.

LAVELL

Yeah. This is alright. I could get use to this. Fancy.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

So glad you like it!

Tyler steps back into the room. Gives a thumbs up.

TIFFANY

So, lunch should be on it's way up and dinner is around 8. If you have any special requests just let us know and we'll get it to the chef.

TYLER

And if you see any ghosts, just scream.

LAVELL

Ghosts?!

TYLER

Yeah, GHOSTS! You know the kind that sneak into your bed at night and rip out your soul!

Lavell stops in his tracks and looks at Tiffany nervously.

TIFFANY

He's just joking - TYLER?! Tell him you're joking!

TYLER

Er, yeah. I was just joking.  
(Fake Laugh)  
Gotcha!

LAVELL

Got me? That's the worse joke I ever heard.

TIFFANY

It was just a joke! That's all. I promise, there are no ghosts here at the Hotel Majestic.

LAVELL

(Looking at Tyler)

OK, but I'm telling you, if I see so much as an ashy dude, two chops to the throat! You got it?

Tyler, feeling his throat, nods politely.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

I think he gets it.

TYLER

Well, anything else?

TIFFANY

No, I think we're good. Thank you Tyler, you can go back to the front desk.

Tyler slowly puts his hand out for another shot at getting a tip.

Tiffany sighs and reaches into her pocket and pulls out some crumpled up bills. She puts a dollar into Tyler's front pocket and he, in turn, takes the dollar out of his pocket and smiles.

And then, as if on queue, an eerie, strange SOUND loudly fills the room! All of them look up at the ceiling, worried.

Lavell looks at Tiffany with a look of terror.

TIFFANY

JUST THE PIPES! We've been working on the pipes and they are just adjusting! Right?

She looks desperately at Tyler, who has stopped in the doorway as he was fleeing the room.

TYLER

ERRR... yeah! Pipes. We just cleaned them out and now your shower is nice and hot.

LAVELL

That didn't sound like no pipes... that sounded like the devil himself.

TIFFANY

The devil? That's hysterical! You should put that into your act.

Tiffany starts backing away towards the door.

TIFFANY CONT'D

Anyway, you can get freshened up and lunch will be up soon. Oh, and if it feels a little chilly in here, it's just a draft coming from the West Wing.

(CONTINUED)

LAVELL

What's in the West Wing?

TIFFANY

We are putting in a pool, but it's still under construction. Just try to get some rest and I'll see you at dinner!

Tiffany walks out, shoving everyone out of the door with her.

LAVELL

Oh, and you're sure there's no ghosts?

TIFFANY

Absolutely. You have my word.

She closes the door on these words and Lavell is left alone in the suite.

25

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY. DAY - CONT'D**

25

TIFFANY pulls ROSE aside.

TIFFANY

Rose, do you think you can keep an eye on Lavell for just a minute? I have a few things to go over, before dinner.

ROSE

Me? Why can't Isabella do it?

TIFFANY

Isabella is new here, I still have to show her what rooms to dress. Besides, if you can do this for me, I'll talk to Luca about that time off you wanted.

ROSE

OK, Fine. But only for a minute!

TIFFANY

Thank you so much. And if Mr. Crawford needs anything, just call me. You have your walkie talkie?

Rose pulls out her WALKIE TALKIE.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY CONT'D  
Great! I'll be right back!

Tiffany walks away pulling TYLER.

26

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

26

TIFFANY and TYLER arrive downstairs. There are a few GUESTS, waiting to check in, at the front desk. Tiffany pulls Tyler aside.

TIFFANY  
Tyler, I need you to pay attention. Stay at the front desk and if you get a call from Lavell or Rose, let me know. Got it?

TYLER  
Got it.

Tylers expression is blank. Tiffany snaps her fingers impatiently.

TIFFANY  
Tyler, stay with me! I really need you to focus. This review is very important and a lot of people are depending on this.

TYLER  
I said, I got it. I'll be fine, don't worry about me. Besides, you have a lot to worry about already. Now, get going.

Tiffany lets out an uneasy sigh and pulls out her notepad.

TIFFANY  
Alright. Isabella is coming with me as I make my rounds before dinner, making sure everything is order.  
(Looking back at Tyler)  
Please, try to hold it together until then.

Tiffany, pulls her hair back and straightens her shirt again, addresses Tyler one last time.

TIFFANY CONT'D  
Oh, and no more ghost stories! It's not funny.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

OK! OK!

Tyler gently pushes her on her way. He stands there, feeling proud of his mature handling of the situation, for a moment.

Tyler, walking to the front desk, stops in his tracks as his attention is pulled by:

The VENDING MACHINE. It lights up like a holy vision.

Tyler feels in his breast pocket and pulls out the DOLLAR Tiffany gave him just a few moments ago.

Tyler glances at the front desk. There are a few GUESTS standing in line.

He looks at the vending machine.

He looks again at the Front desk.

Tyler darts over to the vending machine.

27

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAYS. DAY - MEANWHILE**

27

TIFFANY manages to catch LUCA, who is exiting the kitchen. Luca is pushing a CART with Lavell's LUNCH on it.

TIFFANY

Luca, I'm so glad I ran into you!  
I've been running around so much, I  
didn't get a chance to thank you  
for making lunch.

LUCA

OK, keep your panties on! We all  
know how much pressure you are  
under. That's why we are all  
pitching in.

TIFFANY

I know it's not your job and I  
really appreciate it.

LUCA

Now, let me get this upstairs to  
our guest of honor. Oh, and if you  
run into Rose, tell her room 84  
needs new hand towels. Apparently  
the former guest ran out of toilet  
paper.

(CONTINUED)



TIFFANY

Oh, that's gross. But, er... I kinda asked Rose to keep an eye on Lavell.

LUCA

What?!

TIFFANY

Not to worry though, I just needed her to keep an eye on him for about an hour! Just until I made my rounds. You can talk to her when you go up there! OK?

LUCA

Fine.

TIFFANY

Great, so what did you make?

LUCA

Mamma Luca's traditional Mexican 5 dish meal. "Los Comida Grande"!

A BANJO plays dramatically.

Luca lifts up the silver tray lid. The smell fills Tiffany's nostrils causing a large smile to come across her face.

28

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY - MEANWHILE**

28

TYLER is still standing at the VENDING MACHINE, pushing the wrinkled DOLLAR into the unyielding opening. In and out it goes as Tyler doesn't give up, but keeps putting it in the slot.

Finally it's accepted and slides into the machine.

TYLER

Yes!

He punches in the number and the wire begins to turn. Slowly.

A BREAKFAST BAR starts sliding out, but then the wire stops mid-turn. Tyler gasps.

TYLER

No!

He pushes the machine. Rocks it back and forth. Nothing. His frustration grows as he begins to bang on it.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

C'mon!

A GUEST walks up.

TYLER

I think it's broken.

The GUEST begins to slide in a dollar. The breakfast bar falls out, and without a word, the guest bends down, picks it up, and casually walks away.

TYLER

HEY! That's mine!

LARSON arrives, walking up from behind.

LARSON

What's yours?

TYLER

That very berry breakfast bar! She took it right outta my hand!

LARSON

I'm sure you'll get another one! C'mon, we have to go down to the basement.

TYLER

But that was my last dollar and she took it! She's basically a thief!

LARSON

It's gone! Let it go! You gotta move on!

Heartbroken, a TEAR begins to form in Tyler's eye as Larson walks away.

LARSON (O.S.)

Let's go!

Tyler glances at the front desk: A few more guests then before. He follows Larson.

29

**INT. RESTAURANT. DAY - MEANWHILE**

29

MR. MOORS and his FINANCIAL ADVISOR, STEPHANIE (37), sharp, dressed in business attire, talk over their PLATES OF PASTA.

(CONTINUED)

MR. MOORS

You people! Don't you get it? You people? It's not that bad. Smart people get in.

STEPHANIE

We don't have time for jokes, Jerry. This is serious business. You need to sign these papers so we can begin the escrow process.

She passes Mr. Moors some PAPERS. He flips through them.

STEPHANIE CONT'D

I know the bids are on the low side but you've been losing equity since you decided not to finish that spa area that I suggested.

MR. MOORS

Yeah, and look where that got us!

STEPHANIE

OK, I admit, the spa was a crap idea. But you have to admit, I only suggested it when you told me how deep in debt you were.

MR. MOORS

I know, I know, I'm sorry. It's just.. look, I can't just throw everyone out onto the streets. Those people depend on me. Unlike you, I have a heart.

STEPHANIE

I have a heart. I just keep it in a vault. With all my other useless treasures.

Mr. Moors ignores the folder and produces A FOLDER of his own, handing it to Stephanie. She takes a look.

Mr. Moors begins digging into his plate of pasta.

MR. MOORS

I've been doing some research and I think we've found a solution.

STEPHANIE

We?

(CONTINUED)

MR. MOORS

Yes, Tiffany and I stumbled across this loophole.

STEPHANIE

Tiffany.

MR. MOORS

Yes, you see, we found out that if we can get a celebrity to stay at the hotel and endorse it, we can apply for a historic status.

STEPHANIE

The 'Historic Hotel Majestic'? You're joking right?

MR. MOORS

Now before you judge, just hear me out! A historic status would guarantee that the IRS couldn't touch the hotel and the staff gets to stay on payroll.

Stephanie closes the folder impatiently.

STEPHANIE

OK, how exactly do you plan on tricking a celebrity to staying in that hotel. Let alone, giving you a five star review!

MR. MOORS

It's all been taken care of, Tiffany knows someone.

He leans in excitedly.

MR. MOORS CONT'D

Lavell. Crawford.

Stephanie is expressionless.

MR. MOORS CONT'D

All we have to do is kiss up to him and boom, he's got some material for his act, the staff gets to grow old with the hotel and we get a free ride into history! Everyone wins!

Mr. Moors carries on eating. Stephanie is at her wit's end.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHANIE

Listen, we've been friends a long time. You know how I feel about the hotel and your family. But, as your financial advisor, I can't sign up for this.

Mr. Moors stops eating.

MR. MOORS

I know it sounds crazy, but I think we should at least try before I give my family's hotel away! Besides, what's the worst that can happen?

STEPHANIE

This guy could give you a bad review and you end up in a worse financial situation than you are now. If that's possible.

MR. MOORS

(shrugging)

Well, there is that.

STEPHANIE

Jerry, you have to tell this Lavell guy, thanks but no thanks. He can visit the hotel under new management.

Stephanie slides the folder back towards Mr. Moors and slams a pen on her folder.

STEPHANIE

Now. Sign.

Mr. Moors slides her folder back towards Stephanie.

MR. MOORS

You don't understand. I can't.

Stephanie slides the folder back towards Mr. Moors.

STEPHANIE

You will!

Mr. Moors slides the folder back towards Stephanie.

MR. MOORS

NO, I WON'T!

(CONTINUED)

STEPHANIE

And why not!?

The other restaurant patrons stare at the outburst. Mr. Moors leans over his plate.

MR. MOORS

That's what I've been trying to tell you, he's already at the hotel.

Stephanie is speechless.

30

**INT. HOTEL - LAVELL'S ROOM. AFTERNOON**

30

LUCA is unloading the FOOD CART, while ROSA helps set up the many TRAYS.

LAVEL rushes to clear the bed of EMPTY SNACK WRAPPERS and COOKIE CRUMBS. He kicks a few EMPTY WATER BOTTLES under the bed.

LAVELL

So, what chu' got there?

LUCA

Your lunch.

Luca begins to remove the tops from the trays, revealing a delicious five course Mexican DISH. Lavell's eyes widen with delight. His mouth begins to water.

LAVELL

Wow, that seems like a lot of food.

LUCA

Five courses in all, Papi.

LAVELL

Five courses! You know what, I probably shouldn't. I'm on a diet, you know.

LUCA

I know. And you look good.

LAVELL

Thank you for noticing. I'm going for more of an underwear model look. I don't want to get too thin, just lean.

(CONTINUED)

LUCA

Well, I respect a man who sticks to his morals. You clearly have your mind set. And nothing can detour you!

LAVELL

That's right. Gotta be strong!  
Strong!

He takes a firm seat in an ARMCHAIR, trying to focus on his work. He pulls out a pair of READING GLASSES and begins to flip through his NOTE CARDS, trying to ignore the maids and the food.

LUCA

Although -

Lavell lifts his gaze back up to Luca.

LUCA (CONT'D)

- it's just that the girls and I have been working on it all morning. This extra cheesy bit in particular was very difficult.

Lavell's eyes grow large.

LAVELL

Did you say cheesy?

LUCA

That's right. It takes a special woman to get the right balance of texture. So it's melted but not too soft. Three cheeses in all.

Lavell walks closer to the tray. He swallows hard.

LUCA

Cooked to perfection. But, you are on a diet. So..

And she places the lid abruptly on top of the dish, right in front of Lavell's nose.

LAVELL

Now hold on! Maybe I'll have just a taste. I wouldn't want to offend anyone!

(CONTINUED)

LUCA  
Just a taste?

Lavell makes a pinching hand gesture.

Luca smiles and feeds a spoonful of the dish to Lavell.

31

**INT. HOTEL BASEMENT. AFTERNOON - MEANWHILE**

31

LARSON and TYLER are walking through the basement. Tyler sulks. There are EMPTY BOXES and RANDOM OBJECTS scattered about.

TYLER  
I don't like it down here and I'm starving.

LARSON  
Jeez, why didn't you just get another snack?

TYLER  
I only had that one dollar.. and now I'll probably starve to death.

LARSON  
You're not going to starve. Listen, just help me find out what's making that noise and we can go get you something to eat.

TYLER  
Fine.

LARSON  
Why didn't you steal something from Sam's lunch like you usually do?

Tyler kicks a few empty boxes as he walks. He notices a few OLD ALBUMS and stops to flip through them.

TYLER  
I was about to but Tiffany butted in.

Tyler, notices and removes an OLD PHOTO that catches his eye.

LARSON  
Tiffany. Always acting all high and mighty. One day she'll get her come-up-ins.

(CONTINUED)



TYLER

Maybe. Hey, take a look at this old photo I found. It looks like a ghost family.

LARSON

Give me that!

Larson, grabs the photo and pockets it, and turns between a few storage racks. Tyler continues walking forward.

LARSON (O.S.)

Would you stop poking around and keep up.

Tyler jumps and hurries to catch up with Larson.

TYLER

I like poking around, its how I keep up with all the paranormal activities going on in the hotel.

LARSON

(incredulously scoffing)  
What paranormal activities?

TYLER

Like the water boiler going out again and again, the strange noises in the rooms at night and the sightings of ghosts in the hallways.

LARSON

What are you talking about, Tyler? There haven't been any ghost sightings!

TYLER

OK, so maybe I made that last one up! But, there are some strange things going on lately. Like, why is the construction taking so long!

LARSON

I don't know. Things take time, there's a lot of work that needs to be done. This hotel is very old.

Unsatisfied with what he finds, Larson continues on, leaving Tyler behind in his reverie.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

I know, I just - I just hope  
everything works out for the best.

LARSON (O.S.)

I'm sure it will be fine.

Tyler rushes on to join Larson.

TYLER

You know, it's kinda funny the  
hotel being saved by a comedian. I  
mean, because I was almost a  
comedian...

Larson stops and looks Tyler dead in the eye.

LARSON

No, you weren't.

TYLER

I was, I really was going to be a  
comedian... I just didn't have the  
right shoes.

LARSON

You're just repeating what Mr.  
Moors said earlier!

TYLER

No, I'm not! I'm being dead  
serious! I even had an act all  
ready and planned out.

LARSON

OK, I'll bite. Say something funny.

TYLER

Really?

LARSON

Go ahead. It's all you, buddy.

Larson hands him a broom and Tyler rolls up his sleeves.

TYLER

Here we go...

Larson crosses his arms and prepares to hear the best joke  
of his life.

32

**INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON**

32

HASSAN, DEMETRI, and IVAN are busy in the kitchen. TIFFANY, going over dinner, is testing the WALKIE-TALKIES.

TIFFANY

Why is no one answering their walkie-talkies? Hello?

Tiffany tries to contact her staff. Still no answer. She passes an extra walkie-talkie to Ivan.

TIFFANY

Here. Tell me if you hear anything. Hello? Hello? Anything?

Static.

IVAN

Not really, let me try. Hello? Can you hear me?!

Tiffany presses the walkie talkie up close to her ear, only to hear more static.

TIFFANY

Nothing, maybe we're too close.

She walks to the other side of the kitchen.

TIFFANY CONT'D

Hello? Hello!?

There is only static. Ivan shrugs.

Hassan motions to Tiffany to come and taste what he has prepared.

HASSAN

Maybe this will take your mind off of that. Taste.

TIFFANY

Mmmm. Pretty good. What is it?

HASSAN

Old Russian recipe. We used to make it back in the old country all the time. Hassan will try and sneak it in there along with the American stuff.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

In between the brisket and the lamb?

HASSAN

That's what I was thinking. Or maybe I'll just pour it on the Hassan chops!

They laugh.

HASSAN CONT'D

Like Hassan used to do.

TIFFANY

Yeah, everything is so different now. I remember my first day on the job. Mr. Moors had so much energy. Running around showing me the Awesome hotel he'd inherit one day.

IVAN

We all remember that! The hot new hotel manger!

Demetri elbows Ivan in the ribs.

HASSAN

Those were the good ol' days. Jerry was a different man. I mean, we've always struggled a bit but when Moors SR. passed, it all went down hill.

TIFFANY

Yeah, we had dreams back then. We were going to turn this place into a grand hotel.

Ivan and Demetri stop what they are doing.

TIFFANY CONT'D

And then Mrs. Yang's family disappeared. The roof started leaking. The wiring started to go bad. And, I think Mr. Moors started to resent the hotel. It's like he doesn't even want to be here most of the time.

HASSAN

Yes, things got pretty bad there for a while.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

A while? We almost went bankrupt!  
That's when Mr. M decided to add a  
spa!

HASSAN

Not Jerry, that advisor of his.  
She's trouble I tell ya.

TIFFANY

No, we can't blame everything on  
Stephanie. She was just doing what  
she thought was right. The hotel  
has been falling apart for some  
time now.

IVAN

Well, if Hassan doesn't trust her,  
neither does Ivan! And neither  
should Tiffany! Demetri?!

Demetri sticks his head up from behind the stove.

DEMETRI

Demetri trusts no one!

TIFFANY

Either way, we have to make sure  
everything goes well this weekend.  
I'm afraid Mr. Moors will not  
survive another failure. Nor will  
the hotel.

HASSAN

I'm sure everything will be fine.  
It's just one dinner. Hassan has  
served thousands of guests in this  
hotel. This one is no different.  
I'm sure your plan will work.

TIFFANY

You think?

HASSAN

Absolutely. In a few hours it will  
all be past us and everything will  
be back to normal.

Tiffany, unconvinced, thinks for a moment.

TIFFANY

You guys, keep me posted, something  
tells me that I should go check in  
on our bellhop.

Tiffany snatches up the walkie talkie and heads out.

33

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY. LATE AFTERNOON - MEANWHILE**

33

LUCA and ROSE leave Lavells' room with an EMPTY LUNCH CART, closing the door behind them.

LUCA

Mamma Luca does it again! Now, help me bring these dishes to the kitchen.

ROSE

But, Tiffany said to keep an eye on him until she gets back.

LUCA

Hey! I am in charge of the cleaning staff! Me, Luca! Did you forget who smuggled you in from the old country? Who helped you with the down payment for your fabulous eyebrows!

ROSE

I could not afford such beauty on my own.

Rose pulls out a MIRROR from her pocket and admires the large and thick unibrow. It appears to be blowing in the wind.

ROSE CONT'D

I am forever in your debt.

LUCA

Good, now grab the end of that cart. Lets go!

The two ladies make their way down the hall.

34

**INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - MEANWHILE**

34

LARSON, emotionless, stares at TYLER, who just finished telling his joke.

LARSON

I don't get it.

Tyler rolls his eyes, sighing. Larson walks off. He stops and peers at a pipe in interest. He reaches behind the pipe. A SHADOWY FIGURE stands behind him.

(CONTINUED)

LARSON CONT'D

That was terrible and as far as your ghostly noises go, here's your culprit.

Larson pulls his hand back from behind the pipe and he's holding a SMALL BROWN MOUSE by its tail. He's pointing his flashlight onto it.

LARSON CONT'D

This little guy has been causing a lot of trouble. Haven't you? You're just a widdle bitty thing. He probably came down here looking for scraps.

TYLER (O.S.)

Larson? Who are you talking to? I'm over here.

Larson shines his flashlight over at Tyler. Tyler waves.

LARSON

Wait, what? If you're over there then who --

He wheels around at the shadowy figure behind him, revealing a HOMELESS MAN reaching his hand out.

Larson screams, and Tyler joins him.

The homeless man is covered in RATS ducking in and out of his tattered clothes, their red eyes reflecting in the light.

Hundreds of rats race past Tyler and Larsons' feet.

Larson and Tyler continue screaming, the man runs off toward the exit.

LARSON

CATCH HIM!!

Tyler, still screaming, stands in front of the rat man and blocks his path.

The homeless man hurls a RAT at Tyler and races past him. The rat hits Tyler in the face.

TYLER

I'M INFECTED! THE PLAGUE! THE PLAGUE!

(CONTINUED)

Larson, out of breath, catches up with Tyler, who's still screaming.

LARSON  
OH, YOU'RE NOT INFECTED! WHY'D YOU  
LET HIM GET AWAY!?

TYLER  
WHY'D YOU LET HIM GET AWAY!?!

LARSON  
WHY ARE YOU STILL YELLING?!?

TYLER  
WHY ARE YOU STILL YELLING!?!

They stop yelling.

LARSON  
C'mon, he couldn't have gotten far.

They run out of the basement.

35

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAYS - SECONDS LATER**

35

TYLER and LARSON burst out of the basement, out of breath, and stop in their tracks, looking around. The rat man has stopped at a FOOD CART in the hotel hallway.

TYLER  
There he is! It looks like he  
stopped for an afternoon snack!

LARSON  
He must have gotten hungry from all  
that rat throwing! It's like he  
didn't even try to run!

The rat man stares the two men in the eye from a distance. He then takes another bite of BREAD without looking away.

TYLER  
He's flaunting his confections  
right in our faces! Let's get him!

The two men give chase and the rat man takes off down the hall.



36

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY. LATE AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER**

36

TIFFANY, walks into the lobby and stops in her tracks as she sees a GROUP OF GUESTS waiting in the lobby: an AFRICAN AMERICAN COUPLE. A WOMAN and her DOG. THREE HEAVY SET MEN and a few PERFORMERS.

She also sees TYLER and LARSON just as they run around the corner. Her face spells thunder.

GUEST (O.S.)

Excuse me, miss! Do you work here?

TIFFANY

I'm gonna kill him, I'm gonna kill him!

(turning to the sound of the guest's voice, smiling)

I'll be right with you.

Tiffany makes her way to the front desk.

37

**INT. LAVELL'S HOTEL ROOM. LATER AFTERNOON - MEANWHILE**

37

A very satisfied LAVELL lays in bed, full and happy.

LAVELL

I think I may have eaten too much. I can still feel those burritos. I think I just swallowed those last two. I didn't even bother to chew.

He continues to stare at the ceiling. Unable to move. He glances over at the phone.

LAVELL CONT'D

I should probably call down to cancel dinner. Tell them it's because of my diet. And they'll just need to respect that. I was doing really good. Except for this lunch. But that was just a warm up. It was like controlled eating. Like a controlled burn. Like what firemen do. I'm basically a hero when you think bout it. You have to learn to control your calories. Otherwise, they get the best of you.

He smiles. Starts to feel more confident.

(CONTINUED)

LAVELL CONT'D

You know what? I'll just let them know that I'll be eating light tonight. Maybe a few mozzarella sticks, a pizza, some wings. Maybe even some celery. Well, maybe not celery. I don't want to go overboard.

He manages to lift his head up. Sits up a little more.

LAVELL CONT'D

Now that I think about it. I really don't want to offend anyone. They've been so nice with this whole set up. I can't cancel dinner. These people are depending on me.

He sits up at the edge of his bed, motivated and proud.

LAVELL CONT'D

You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to walk it off. I bet that if I walk the halls for a few minutes, I could walk into the dinning room looking like Idris Elba. They probably won't even recognize me.

Lavell stands. He walks over to the mirror, strikes a few poses.

LAVELL CONT'D

They'll be like, "Oh my, It's Idris Elba!" They didn't tell me you were coming!

Lavell puts on his slippers and slowly makes his way out into the hallway. The door locks behind him.

38

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAYS. LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUED**

38

LAVELL slowly begins to wonder down the hall, looking around nervously. He reaches into his pajama pants pocket.

LAVELL

Dang! I left my room key on the table!

There's no one around and it's dark.

(CONTINUED)

LAVELL CONT'D

They must be trying to save on electricity.

Suddenly there's a NOISE and Lavell whips around. No one's there. He whimpers nervously. He shuffles further down the hallway.

There is a SHADOWY FIGURE looming in the dark. Lavell sees it and spooked, ducks into the stairwell.

The DOOR shuts hard behind him.

39

**INT. HOTEL SECURITY OFFICE - MEANWHILE**

39

LARSON and TYLER flank SAM as he scrolls through the SECURITY FOOTAGE.

LARSON

This is unbelievable! Are you sure you didn't see anyone come in or out?

SAM

Nope. Some of the cameras are out over there but I should have caught something.

LARSON

That's strange.

TYLER

Yeah, paranormal strange! Now do you believe me?!

LARSON

Relax, I'm sure there's a perfectly good reason for the cameras going in and out. It's an old hotel and some of those cameras have been there for a while.

TYLER

Oorr.. They could be out because the ghost of old man Johnson moves back and forth from the underworld undetected.

SAM

The who now?!?

(CONTINUED)

LARSON

Don't listen to him, we just ran into some homeless guy in the basement. He wasn't a ghost!

TYLER

If he wasn't a ghost then why couldn't we catch him?

LARSON

Because you're slow and I'm out of shape! That guy was as real as you and me!

TIFFANY enters, looking stressed.

TIFFANY

What man? Where have you been, Tyler?! Why can't you stay at your post!?

TYLER

I went with Larson to go find out what the noise was in the basement.

TIFFANY

Why?! You're supposed to be at the front desk! If Mr. Moors catches you away from your post -

TYLER

- I know, I'm sorry. I just get lonely.

Tiffany raises her hand, to back slap Tyler.

TYLER

Not in the face!

SAM

(interrupting)

They came here because they were too scared to chase a homeless guy in the dark.

TIFFANY

A what?

LARSON

It turns out we have a homeless problem.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

Yeah, a homeless guy was in the basement. He must have made his way in through the construction areas of the hotel.

TIFFANY

Please tell me you're joking. How could a homeless man get into the hotel?

Tiffany glares at Sam.

SAM

Hey, don't look at me. I haven't left my desk all day. These new cameras you guys had installed must not be working.

Tiffany sighs, fed up.

TIFFANY

This whole place is falling apart. Where is he now?

LARSON

We chased him back into the west wing but we lost him. That's why we came here to see if Sam might have seen anything on the monitors.

TIFFANY

You lost him? What do you mean you lost him?

Sam's attention is pulled back to the screens.

SAM

Wait a minute, I think I see him! Yep, there he is, he's headed to the spa area!

TYLER

Maybe he needs a massage!

TIFFANY

Well, do something! We can't have him camping out in the building!

LARSON

Hold on, what's he doing?

Everyone closes in on the monitors.

(CONTINUED)

On the MONITOR: the homeless man stops in the middle of the room and grabs a sheet off of one of the nearby tables.

They get closer to the monitor.

On the MONITOR: the homeless man begins to dance. Spinning and twirling like a ballerina. Around and around he goes until, as if to the sound of a roaring crowd, he stops and bows.

TYLER

That guy's got some serious moves!

Tiffany buries her face in her palm.

On the MONITOR: the homeless man circles a few tables looking round, letting his makeshift cape flow in the imaginary wind, until he comes to a slow and graceful stop behind one of the chairs. He looks around before climbing atop a second chair a positioning himself as to balance between them.

LARSON

This guy must've been some kind of professional actor!

They all pause and draw closer to the monitor for a better view. They squint.

LARSON CONT'D

What's he doing?

SAM

Errrrrr - I think he's taking a poop.

TIFFANY

Oh great!

Tiffany hurries out of the security office. She grabs Larson on the way out.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Tyler!

Tyler, jolts and runs after her, passing ISABELLA in the doorway.

Sam looks Isabella up and down.

SAM

Dang, those uniforms are tight.

Isabella, blushes and then pulls at the bottom of her maids uniform.

40

**INT. HOTEL POOL AREA. EVENING - A LITTLE LATER**

40

An unfinished pool area, cordoned off with plastic sheets, creating shadows and darkness as the light streams through them. LAVELL swallows nervously.

He moves to the edge of the unfinished pool. His footsteps make an echo in the empty room.

LAVELL  
 (to himself)  
 I guess I can't go swimming now.  
 That ain't even a puddle. And here  
 I was about to do my award winning  
 swan dive.

He laughs to himself. The laugh echoes around him. This startles Lavell. He looks around nervously.

LAVELL  
 What was that?

\*ECHO  
 What was that.. what was that..

Lavell looks relieved.

LAVELL  
 Oh, It's just an echo. I thought it  
 was the terrible ghost.

\*ECHO  
 ...the terrible ghost.. terrible  
 ghost...

Lavell pauses, then smiles.

LEVELL  
 .. daaaaa!

\*ECHO  
 ...daaaaa! ...daaaaa!

LAVELL  
 Boogie boogie boogie

\*ECHO  
 boogie boogie boogie boogie boogie  
 boogie boogie

(CONTINUED)

LAVELL  
 Hunggh? Boogie boogie boogie

\*ECHO  
 boogie boogie boogie boogie boogie  
 boogie boogie boogie boogie  
 boogie..

LAVELL  
 Wait a minute...

He starts to count on his fingers.

LAVELL CONT'D  
 One.. two.. BOOGADY BOOGADY BOOGADY  
 BOOGADY!

\*ECHOO  
 (eerie voice now coming from  
 behind Lavell)  
 The bell tolls at three...

Lavell's eyes open in terror as he turns around to see a  
 FIGURE FULLY CLOAKED IN A WHITE TABLE CLOTH (the homeless  
 man). Lavell faints.

The figure reaches out to touch Lavell.

Lavells eyes pop open. He jumps to attention, screams and  
 runs out of the pool area arms flailing.

41      **INT. HOTEL - HALLWAYS. EVENING - SIMULTANEOUSLY**      41

TIFFANY, TYLER, LARSON are running down the hallway towards  
 the pool area. LAVELL is running away from the pool area.  
 They're all running towards each other down a narrow  
 hallway.

They all turn a blind corner at the same time.

BAM! Everyone screams in terror as they collide.

Lavell jumps up, kicks Larson in the stomach and karate  
 chops Tyler in the throat.

TYLER  
 (grasping his throat, choking)  
 What'd you do that for!?

LAVELL  
 I thought you were the ghost!

(CONTINUED)



TYLER  
Well, I'm not!

LAVELL  
Well, I'm sorry!

Everyone is on their feet, trying to collect themselves.

LARSON  
(Holding his stomach)  
C'mon, maybe we can still catch  
him.

Tyler and Larson run off. Tyler holding his throat.

TIFFANY  
Mr. Crawford, what are you doing  
down here?

LAVELL  
I, ugh. I was just. I don't know.

TIFFANY  
OK, Lets get you back to your room!

Tiffany takes Lavell by the arm, only to turn around and see  
an enraged MR. MOORS standing in the hall. STEPHANIE,  
smiling, is standing beside him.

TIFFANY  
Hi, Mr. M.

Tiffany dusts Lavell off, straightens his shirt collar.

TIFFANY  
And, that concludes the tour of our  
grand hotel! Any questions?

MR. MOORS  
My office, now.

Mr. Moors stomps away.

42

**INT. HOTEL - POOL AREA. EVENING - A LITTLE LATER**

42

LARSON and TYLER enter the shadowy pool area and look  
around.

They see THE HOMELESS MAN standing perfectly still. He has  
his hands over his eyes. He doesn't believe they can see  
him.

(CONTINUED)

LARSON

What's he doing? Why is he just standing there?

TYLER

I don't know, maybe he's tired of running and wants to give up?

LARSON

Yeah, I'm sure.

The two men stand there, waiting for something to happen.

LARSON

Well, grab him.

TYLER

What? Why don't you grab him?

The homeless man mumbles unintelligibly.

TYLER

What'd he say?

LARSON

Who cares, hold him down!

Larson darts forward and grabs him by the arm. Tyler copies him and they try to shove him out of the open construction space. The old man wriggles and fights until one arm is free.

Then he takes his free hand and gives it a nice lick of his tongue causing a small mass of slime to cover it. He reaches out before Tyler can react he wipes his slime covered hand across Tylers face.

Tyler screams and lets go, leaving Larson to struggle on his own.

LARSON

What are you doing?!

TYLER

I've got bum juice on me!

LARSON

It's only mucus!

TYLER

(whimpering)

Only mucus! ONLY MUCUS!!

(CONTINUED)

LARSON  
(really struggling now)  
C'mon, I can't hold him by myself!  
He's getting free! He's getting -

The agile man wriggles free surprising everyone by doing a back flip, followed by a series of well choreographed dance moves.

TYLER  
He's like a homeless Jedi!

LARSON  
Don't let his mastery of the dance  
distract you! We need to grab a  
hold of him despite his awesome  
moves!

The boys make another go at it and lunge at him.

This time he was ready for them and somehow tosses them like rag dolls to the floor.

The boys look on in disgust as the old man stuffs his hand fully into his mouth and pulls out a ball of slime and begins to slowly reach it towards the boys. They curl up against the wall in fear and scream in disgust.

As the hand gets closer and closer another HAND grabs the dingy arm of the old man! (cue heroic music)

LARSON/TYLER  
(relieved)  
SAM!!!

SAM puts the old man in a choke hold with ease.

TYLER  
He must've heard our loud and  
feminine squealing and come  
running!

SAM  
It's true! Your girly-like pleas  
for help echoed throughout the  
hotel! It was easy to find you! And  
now, for you my dirty friend -

Twisting the old man's arm behind his back he kicks him out of the hole through the construction material into the back alley.

(CONTINUED)

SAM CONT'D  
- and that's that!

Sam is standing above Tyler and Larson, striking a heroic pose.

Larson and Tyler get to their feet, in awe at Sam.

LARSON  
Wow, Sam, you really saved our hides!

TYLER  
And, I thought you were just another lazy black guy. Who made his living working the race card!

Tyler puts his arm around Sam, who shoots him a look.

SAM  
Thanks Tyler.

TYLER  
I mean, who grows up wanting to be a security guard? Am I right? - What type of loser wakes up in the morning and says, "I want to be a blob who sits at a desk and watches people all day?"

LARSON  
(ignoring Tyler)  
Hey, wait. If you're here... who's watching the security desk?

CUT TO:

43 INT. HOTEL - SECURITY ROOM - MEANWHILE 43

Isabella sits at the security desk watching all the action unfold.

ISABELLA  
Dang...

44 INT. MR. MOORS OFFICE. EVENING 44

MR. MOORS is getting worked up, pacing back and forth.

STEPHANIE is leaning smugly against the back wall, enjoying the moment. TIFFANY sits in a chair looking defeated.

(CONTINUED)

MR. MOORS

What were you thinking?!

TIFFANY

Mr. Moors, It's not what it looks like.

MR. MOORS

Really? Because it looks like you were about to lose our only hope at saving this hotel!

STEPHANIE

(interrupting)

Uh, Jerry. I'm going to wait outside.

Stephanie, walking past Tiffany, smiles down on her as she makes her way into the hallway.

TIFFANY

Mr. Crawford decided to take a walk through the hotel before dinner. He got lost and ended up in the west end.

MR. MOORS

In his pajamas?

TIFFANY

I never said it was a good idea.

MR. MOORS

I'm really not in the mood for jokes, Tiffany.

TIFFANY

Sorry, Mr. M.

Tiffany sits up in the seat and straightens out her outfit. Fixes her hair.

TIFFANY CONT'D

I admit, things got a little out of hand, but I have everything under control. You don't have to worry.

MR. MOORS

(calmed down)

Really?

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

Really.

MR. MOORS

OK, if you say so. I trust you. But one more mishap and this whole experiment is done!

TIFFANY

I completely understand, sir. So, why are you back and when did Stephanie start calling you by your first name?

MR. MOORS

Stephanie has a lot to lose as well. She wanted to come back and see how things were going.

TIFFANY

Why? She's the reason we are even in this mess. Everyone of her bright ideas were failures!

MR. MOORS

Stephanie has done nothing but look out for the interest of -

Mr. Moors catches himself mid-sentence. Tiffany is staring at him hard.

MR. MOORS CONT'D

OK, so she's not the best financial advisor. But she does make a mean cappuccino.

TIFFANY

Oh, Mr. Moors. Why?

MR. MOORS

That's not important. What is important, is that you have everything under control. Hassan tells me that you have prepared quite a banquet for our guest.

TIFFANY

Yes, we have pulled all the stops. They say the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

(CONTINUED)

MR. MOORS

Yes, my ex wife used to say that.

(he holds his stomach)

Anyway, with all that's going on, I think Stephanie should help you keep an eye on things -

TIFFANY

- But, Mr. Moors that's not necessary -

MR. MOORS

- And with my two best girls on the job, what could go wrong?

45

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAYS. EVENING - MEANWHILE**

45

STEPHANIE makes her way over to LAVELL, who is sitting in the hall outside. ROSE, gives him WATER and FRIEDA is putting a WET TOWEL on his head.

STEPHANIE

So, you're the comedian. I hope you're not bothered by all the construction.

LAVELL

No, its OK. I don't mind the construction. As long as there aren't any ghosts.

STEPHANIE

Ghosts?

LAVELL

Yeah, I'm kinda terrified of them. The bellhop made a joke earlier and got me a little shaken. That's all.

STEPHANIE

Well, I'll make sure the staff keeps an eye out for any ghosts.

LAVELL

Thanks.

STEPHANIE

No worries. Anything else we can do to make your stay here more pleasant?

(CONTINUED)

LAVELL

Not really. Tiffany seems to have everything under control. Which reminds me, I forgot to give her this. She needs it before dinner.

STEPHANIE

Sure, no problem. What is it?

LAVELL

It's a list of all my allergies. The maid told me I should make one after I almost had an incident earlier.

STEPHANIE

The maid, you mean Luca?

LAVELL

Yeah, turns out, I'm extremely allergic to anything with kale in it.

STEPHANIE

You don't say.

LAVELL

If I even look at kale, I swell up like a blow fish.

STEPHANIE

Well, I'll make sure Tiffany gets this right away.

Stephanie walks back towards Mr. Moors office and stops at the door.

STEPHANIE

You know what, They look awfully busy in there. I'll just bring this to the kitchen myself!

LAVELL

Really? You're such a good person.

STEPHANIE

Thank you. And I really hope you enjoy the rest of your stay here at the Hotel Majestic.

Stephanie takes off down the hall. She turns the corner, crumples up and tosses the paper away.



TIFFANY and ROSE tuck LAVELL into bed, nice and tight, to the point of suffocation. Lavell looks uncomfortable.

TIFFANY

Now, isn't this a lot better.

LAVELL

No. Not really.

TIFFANY

Why were you out by the pool in the first place? I told you that area of the hotel is still under construction.

She gestures to Isabella to tuck his feet even tighter.

TIFFANY CONT'D

You might have gotten hurt.

LAVELL

I know, I just wanted to walk off that lunch you guys sent up. I didn't want to miss dinner.

TIFFANY

Well, that's very thoughtful of you. But remember that I'm just a call away. If you ever feel like walking around the hotel just let me know and I'll show you around.

LAVELL

I didn't want to bother you.

TIFFANY

It's no bother at all. We just want to make sure you're safe and comfortable.

LAVELL

I'm sorry, It wont happen again.

(beat)

Uhhh, Tiffany?

TIFFANY

Yes, Mr. Crawford?

LAVELL

I can't feel my toes.

Tiffany smiles and she and Rose leave the room.

47

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE LAVELL'S ROOM. EVENING - CONTINUED 47

TIFFANY continues to hold the smile as she slowly closes the door behind her. Then she whips around and stares at ROSE.

TIFFANY  
(hissing)  
What happened?!

ROSE  
(sighing)  
It wasn't my fault, senorita! Luca  
needed me to help her carry the  
lunch trays downstairs!

Rose's giant eyebrow ruffles under the pressure.

TIFFANY  
Alright, I'm sorry. I shouldn't  
have left you up here alone.

ROSE  
It's ok, senorita. I have my Teen  
Latina magazine to keep my busy.

TIFFANY  
OK. Listen, do you think you can  
stay here until dinner?

ROSE  
Yes, senorita. This time I will not  
move from my post!

TIFFANY  
Thank you. And please, if anything  
does happen, just let me know. You  
still have your walkie talkie?

Rose pulls out her WALKIE TALKIE and shows it to Tiffany.  
Tiffany nods and begins to walk away.

TIFFANY  
Remember, just call me!

Tiffany pulls out her WALKIE TALKIE.

TIFFANY  
(into the walkie talkie)  
Larson?? Hello?

There is only fuzz and a faint crackling noise, followed by  
more fuzz.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY  
Tyler? Anyone? Hello?!

She sighs and rushes away down the hallway.

48 **INT. HOTEL HALLWAY OUTSIDE MRS. YANGS ROOM. EVENING -  
MEANWHILE** 48

CARMEN sits in front of Mrs. Yangs room, watching a TELEMUNDO SERIAL on her PHONE. She's laughing loudly. A DARK FIGURE approaches without Carmen noticing.

It's STEPHANIE.

Carmen jumps to her feet, tossing her phone aside. Then a look of recognition spreads across her face.

CARMEN  
Oh, senorita Stephanie! I was just  
-

STEPHANIE  
(Rudely Interrupting)  
- save it. Hows the old bag doing?

Stephanie pushes past Carmen into Mrs. Yangs' room.

49 **INT. MRS. YANG'S ROOM. EVENING - CONTINUED** 49

STEPHANIE enters into Mrs. Yang's room, followed by CARMEN. Stephanie begins to circle her bed, looking down on MRS. YANG.

STEPHANIE  
How has she been?

CARMEN  
Very good, senorita Stephanie. She had a bit of a scare this morning but Tiffany handled it.

STEPHANIE  
I bet she did.

Stephanie "accidentally" spins and knocks the TUBE from Mrs Yang's oxygen tank. Multiple ALARMS go off. Mrs. Yang begins to shake violently.

Stephanie watches as Carmen scrambles to find the problem. Carmen finally re-attaches the tube and Mrs. Yang slumps back into her bed, exhausted.

Carmen begins to fluff Mrs. Yangs pillow and put her back to rest.

(CONTINUED)

Stephanie runs her fingers along the edge of the bed, watching, until her PHONE begins to RING. She checks the caller I.D.

STEPHANIE

Leave us.

Carmen, hesitates for a minute, then walks back into the hall.

Stephanie stands by the window as the sun begins to set. She makes sure Carmen has left the room before answering.

STEPHANIE CONT'D

Speak.

The mysterious person on the other end of the call isn't audible as Stephanie listens. She makes her way over to the heater and casually turns it off.

STEPHANIE CONT'D

Good. Apparently, our special guest put us ahead of schedule. It would have taken another year before that idiot signed over the papers.

Stephanie rubs her two fingers together, there is dust on everything.

STEPHANIE CONT'D

Meet me downstairs, I have a feeling that tonight our luck is about to change.

Stephanie laughs a most dubious laugh in the dwindling sunlight. She hangs up. Looks at Mrs. Yang, who is fast asleep and smiles.

50     **INT. HOTEL HALLWAY OUTSIDE MRS. YANGS ROOM. EVENING - MEANWHILE**     50

CARMEN stands outside of the door, eavesdropping. She gasps, her eyes going wide with understanding.

51     **INT. HOTEL HALLWAYS. EVENING -LATER**     51

Tiffany and Isabella make their way down the halls, marking off random rooms that need fixing up. Stephanie approaches.

TIFFANY

(Talking to Isabella)

So, just remember the YELLOW slip is for the rooms that need to be

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY (cont'd)  
re-dressed and the WHITE slip is  
for the rooms that don't need  
service.

ISABELLA  
OK. Senorita, I got it.

Stephanie, leaning against the opposite wall, stares  
impatiently crossing her arms.

TIFFANY  
(Talking to Isabella)  
I'll finish going over the A.V.R.  
SHEETS later. For now just shadow  
Frieda, she has them down to a  
science.

ISABELLA  
OK. Senorita.

Isabella sinks into the background as Tiffany and Stephanie  
approach each other like two female gladiators poised for  
battle.

TIFFANY  
So, Mr. Moors tells me that you  
will be helping out this weekend.  
If you want, there are a few  
toilets that need UN-clogging on  
the second floor.

STEPHANIE  
Let's cut the crap. You don't like  
me and I don't like you. For some  
reason you're clinging to this  
HOTEL like that DATED tacky outfit  
you have on.

TIFFANY  
I happen to care about this HOTEL.  
And the people who work here! And  
by the way, I bought this at  
FEMSMART. They have a lot of  
fashionable brand names!

Tiffany leans in close.

TIFFANY CONT'D  
Oh, and if I have to go to war with  
you in order to save the hotel,  
then to war we shall go.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHANIE

You don't want to do that. You don't want me as an enemy. Because I'll crush you. Crush you like a beautiful bug crushing a leas important, uglier bug.

Stephanie walks off and CHEST PUMPS Isabella, making her flinch.

TIFFANY

(To STEPHANIE)

I was just kidding.

ISABELLA

What's her problem?

TIFFANY

Who knows. Lets just try and get these rooms finished before dinner.

Tiffany and Isabella go their separate ways, covering as many rooms as they can.

52

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - FRONT DESK. NIGHT - LATER**

52

TIFFANY arrives at the FRONT DESK. TYLER is with her and sits down at his post. Tiffany crosses her arms and keeps an eye on him.

The night brings the mezzanine to life and GUESTS start arriving in the lobby.

LARSON walks by as is on a mission, carrying TOOLS.

TIFFANY

What's going on? What's all of this?

LARSON

I'm headed downstairs to finish laying these traps.

TIFFANY

Huh. Well, try and finish quickly. Afterwards, you can punch out and go home.

LARSON

Really?

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

Hey, Larson, show Tiffany that OLD PICTURE we found in the basement earlier.

TIFFANY

What's picture?

LARSON

Just some old picture. Probably nothing.

He hands the PHOTO to Tiffany. Tyler cranes his neck to see.

TYLER

That little guy must be Mr. Moors, back before he was evil.

Tiffany takes a closer look at the OLD PHOTO: it shows a FAMILY standing in front of the hotel, years ago. TWO MEN smiling, one with his arm around the others neck. TWO WIVES and THEE CHILDREN, two boys and a girl.

LARSON (O.S.)

I don't know who that other guy is. But, is that you, Tiffany?

TIFFANY

No. It's not. But I don't know who it IS. I'll have to ask Mr. Moors about this.

TYLER

Amazing! This is like a murder mystery!

LARSON

What are you talking about Tyler? No one's been murdered!

TYLER

You don't know that!

TIFFANY

I'm going to hold on to this.

LARSON

Great, and if it turns out that someone WAS murdered, I'll be in the basement.

Larson heads off to the basement, passing LAVELL as he arrives in the lobby with Rose.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

Lavell! I just want to apologize again for earlier. I hope you were able to get some rest.

LAVELL

Oh, it's alright! There's nothing like a full-on sprint to work up an appetite!

They both laugh.

TIFFANY

Yeah, I never knew someone of your - ehm - stature could move so quickly!

LAVELL

Oh yeah, well, I used to run track. In pre-school.

GUESTS start to mill around and take photos with their PHONES.

TIFFANY

I could tell. Anyway, you're going to love tonight's menu because the chef has prepared a feast that will surely blow your socks off!

She grabs a MENU off the front desk and starts walking, gesturing for Lavell to follow.

53

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY. NIGHT - MEANWHILE**

53

ISABELLA walks into the lobby and stops at the VENDING MACHINE. She starts to put in a DOLLAR and notices a CRUMPLED UP PIECE OF PAPER in the receptacle.

She reaches in and pulls out : LAVELL'S ALLERGY LIST. She looks confused, then understanding spreads across her face.

Isabella begins to hurry over to the FRONT DESK but is interrupted by -

LUCA

Isabella! There you are, we need you to bring some towels over to room 115 and suite 12 needs to be re-dressed.

(CONTINUED)



ISABELLA

Ok, I will, I just have to run this over to senorita Tiffany!

LUCA

No! You will do it now!

ISABELLA

But Luca!

Luca shoots her a stern look.

ISABELLA CONT'D

OK!

Isabella hurriedly puts the paper in her APRON POCKET and rushes off to do Luca's bidding.

54 **INT. HOTEL HALLWAYS. NIGHT - CONTINUED**

54

TIFFANY and LAVELL walk down the hall towards the DINING ROOM area.

LAVELL

Yeah, that's what I came down to tell you. I might not be able to join you all for dinner with my knees starting to swell up 'n all.

TIFFANY

Aawww, are you sure? Our chef Hassan is known for the best honey glazed brisket on the West Coast.

LAVELL

Oh, I'm sure he can throw down in the kitchen, it's just that -  
(beat)  
- I - ehm - Did you say honey glazed brisket?

Lavell follows Tiffany through doors marked DINING ROOM.

55 **INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM. NIGHT - CONTINUED**

55

LAVELL is lost for words as he and TIFFANY stand before a group of TABLES set up with delicious DISHES and CANDLES as if from a fairy tale.

MAIDS crowd around the tables, waiting to serve. The CHEFS stand proudly to one side.

(CONTINUED)

A WAITER standing to the right of a CHAIR in the center of it all, holds a bottle of WINE in each hand, grinning. Lavell's eyes are round with appetite.

LAVELL

Wow... Is... is that a quadruple layered three cheese lasagna?!

TIFFANY

It sure is.

LAVELL

Oh my gosh! Do I see string bean and chili stuffed sweet buttermilk cornbread?!

TIFFANY

Yes, indeed.

LAVELL

Ehm - maybe I'll have just a tiny taste...

Lavell takes his seat. A MAID puts a napkin around his neck.

Other GUESTS begin to watch and point in awe to the large lay-out of tables and food. HASSAN steps forward.

HASSAN

Good evening, Mr. Lavell.

LAVELL

Good evening.

TIFFANY

Lavell, this is Hassan, he'll be taking care of you this evening.

HASSAN

I, Hassan, will be your head chef tonight and this is Demetri, our sous chef and Ivan, our chef de partie.

LAVELL

Hey, chef de party! Nice to meet you guys!

HASSAN

Hassan does not find that funny.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

Hassan and his staff have won the Texas Butter and Biscuits award 3 times in a row! They are well known through the state.

HASSAN

Hassan cooks not to feed the body. No, Hassan cooks to feed the soul.

TIFFANY

Yeah.

LAVELL

Thank you so much Tiffany! I really appreciate all the trouble you guys went through! Everything looks great.

TIFFANY

Oh, it's no problem. We just wanted to make sure that everything was perfect!

HASSAN

OK, OK. I think I have it from here. Let me explain the menu to our guest.

Hassan gently pushes Tiffany aside. Lavell pays close attention as Hassan launches into a passionate and intense explanation of each dish.

Tiffany smiles and leaves Hassan to his job.

56

**INT. HOTEL MEZZANINE. NIGHT - A LITTLE LATE**

56

STEPHANIE and Mr. MOORS survey the goings on of the hotel lobby below them. TIFFANY arrives and joins them. She sees how close Stephanie is standing to Mr. Moors and is visibly bothered.

TIFFANY

So, Mr. Moors, it looks like I managed to save the evening after all.

MR. MOORS

Apparently so. I have to admit, our guest looks very happy at the moment. Maybe he won't consider suing us for being attacked earlier.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY  
(laughing awkwardly)  
Sue us, you're such a kidder!

ISABELLA arrives in the lobby and waives Tiffany over.

TIFFANY  
Uhm, you guys can chat it up with  
Mr. Lavell, I think there might be  
a problem with one of the rooms.

Mr. Moors and Stephanie make their way over to Lavel's table.

Isabella is waving at Tiffany much more impatiently now. Tiffany breaks into a full stride, rushing over to where Isabella is standing.

TIFFANY  
(out of breath)  
What is it? What's the emergency?

ISABELLA  
Come here, look at what I found!

Isabella holds up the CRUMPLED LIST of Lavell's allergies. Tiffany looks at it.

TIFFANY  
OK, OK. It looks like a list.  
What's the problem?

ISABELLA  
I think it is the list Mr. Crawford  
gave to senorita Stephanie.

TIFFANY  
Why would he give her this?

ISABELLA  
When you were in the office,  
talking to Mr. Moors, Lavell gave  
senorita Stephanie this list so  
that she could give it to you.

Tiffany smells the paper. She then tastes it.

TIFFANY  
Smells like her but it tastes  
really strange.

ISABELLA

I just found it in the trash.

Tiffany spits harshly.

TIFFANY

None of this makes sense, why would she throw out a list of his allergies?

ISABELLA

I thought it was strange as well! What if the chefs don't know about the allergies?!

TIFFANY

Wait a minute, Hassan mentioned an old Russian recipe with a secret ingredient.

ISABELLA

Well, what do Russians add to all their dishes that could be so secret?

Tiffany stares at the list and gasps.

TIFFANY

Kale! It grows wild in the fields of the old countries!

ISABELLA

It must be the main ingredient of all his dishes! If Mr. Crawford eats any of those dishes -

TIFFANY

- He'll blow up like a chocolate zeppelin! We have to stop him from eating!

Tiffany turns and is about to rush off but Isabella stops her.

ISABELLA

But wait senorita! Hassan is going over the dishes, surely he has told Mr. Crawford about the kale?

TIFFANY

Not if it's his secret ingredient! Hassan would rather die than give up any secret!

Tiffany runs back to the dining room.

57

**INT. HOTEL - DINNING ROOM. NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

57

HASSAN is finally coming to an end of his extremely long description of the many elaborate dishes. LAVELL looks tortured as he sits poised politely, but eager to dig in. He's holding his FORK and KNIFE like battle weapons at the ready.

HASSAN

And now, .

Lavell is ready to dig-in when TIFFANY arrives out of breath. Lavell scoops up a HEAPED FORK full of mashed potatoes, sprinkles with chives and bacon.

Tiffany shoots forward and grabs his hand to stop him. Lavell, mouth open, stares up at Tiffany.

TIFFANY

Mr. Crawford! I know you're not about to eat without saying your prayers!

DEMETRI and IVAN look at each other suspiciously. Lavell, mouth still open, slowly lowers his fork.

MR. MOORS and STEPHANIE enter, and seeing the scene, exchange annoyed glances.

LAVELL

Oh.

(beat)

Of course not! Where are my manors. Here I am, blessed. Ready to eat the greatest dinner of my entire life. And I can't even take a few moments to give God the glory! Look at me living like a common heathen.

Lavell bows his head to give holy tribute. The entire staff slowly begins to bow their heads. Mr. Moors, looks around and also decides to slowly bow his head.

The other GUESTS, seated at other tables but watching, also begin to join in and bow their heads.

Stephanie, looking around in disgust, keeps her head held high.

Tiffany gives head signals to Demetri and Ivan, who have also bowed their heads.

(CONTINUED)

Ivan and Demetri start to notice Tiffany's urgent head movements, but are confused.

LAVELL

Oh lawd, may thy harvest bringeth  
many a bountiful goodness and  
fullness!

Tiffany, now fully shaking her head and body, continues to give Ivan and Demetri signals. They have no idea what to make of it.

LAVELL CONT'D

May thou looketh upon abroad or two  
for the plentieth of fishes and  
cows that thou hath provideth for  
the hungry!

Tiffany begins to point at the food and give the 'cut off' signal with her hands. Demetri and Ivan begin to do signals of their own. Hassan begins to get upset annoyed with the commotion.

LAVELL CONT'D

The seeds that thou hath planteth,  
has reaped a tasty and eye pleasing  
banquet of delights and...

Tiffany is waving her arms fully now. TYLER, who as been watching, begins to dance. Lavell pauses, one eye opens, fixed on Tiffany. She stops, puts her hands down, grinning awkwardly.

TIFFANY

Sorry, please continue.

Everyone begins to bow their heads again.

LAVELL

(impatiently now)

Thank you Lord for this food, AMEN.

With both eyes on Tiffany, Lavell flaps the napkin on his lap and begins to eat. He slowly brings the fork to his mouth.

TIFFANY

WAIT!

The entire staff turns to Tiffany. Lavell, fork so close to his mouth he can almost taste the food, pauses. He puts it down again, frustrated. Mr. Moors looks furious.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY CONT'D

Mr. Crawford, me and the staff here at the hotel majestic haven't had the time to properly congratulate you, on your amazing weight loss!

MR. MOORS

Enough! Tiffany, let the man enjoy his dinner. We are most sorry Mr. Crawford. Tiffany has been under a lot of stress lately.

LAVELL

It's OK. I tend to have that effect on pretty girls.

They share a laugh as Lavell begins to lift the fork up to his mouth once again.

TIFFANY

One last thing!

Lavell puts the fork back on the plate with a great sigh.

MR. MOORS

No! I said, let the man eat!

TIFFANY

And I will, I just wanted to inform Mr. Crawford that there is something on his face.

Lavell eyes both Mr. Moors and Tiffany curiously.

MR. MOORS

No, there isn't.

TIFFANY

Sure there is.

Tiffany reaches over and grabs a large hand full of potato salad. She carefully holds the heaping pile of potato salad over Lavell's bald head. Lavell's eyes bulge in anticipation.

MR. MOORS

Tiffany, you better not. You-

Before Mr. Moors can say another word, Tiffany slams the potato salad down on top of Lavell's head. Everyone gasps.

TIFFANY

I'm sorry Mr. Crawford.

(CONTINUED)



She takes a bar-b-q sauce covered rib in each hand and 'patti-cakes' his cheeks, then sets the ribs on top of his head as well. Tiffany sighs.

Lavell, clearly upset, grabs a hand full of MAC AND CHEESE, and hurls it at Tiffany. Tiffany quickly dodges the flying food.

But it hits Hassan in the face. Ivan and Demetri begin to laugh. Hassan, in turn, grabs a nearby LEG OF LAMB and hurls it in Lavell's direction. Hitting Mr. Moors.

A full blown FOOD FIGHT breaks out.

Tyler tries desperately to get hit with some food, his mouth open.

A flying SHORT BREAD zooms by Tiffany.

Hassan takes a custard to the face, wiping the custard clear, he is visually angry and appalled.

HASSAN

Hassan has had enough!

A well seasoned SUFFLE cruises past Hassan, causing him to turn his head.

The dining room freezes.

MR. MOORS

TIFFANY!

Mr. Moors stands covered in food, Stephanie stands by grimacing.

MR. MOORS CONT'D

IN MY OFFICE NOW!

Tiffany begins to slowly get down from the table. A SIDE OF SALAD slowly slides down a nearby wall.

Mr. Moors heads out in a huff but turns sharply for one last request.

MR. MOORS

Isabella, you and Stephanie, please accompany Mr. Crawford upstairs. I'll be up later to apologize.

58

INT. MR. MOORS OFFICE. NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

58

MR. MOORS enters in a huff, followed by a sheepish-looking TIFFANY. Both are still covered in remnants of FOOD. Tiffany carefully closes the door.

MR. MOORS

Have you lost your mind! What was that! What - was - that-

TIFFANY

Mr. Moors, calm down. Remember your blood pressure.

MR. MOORS

Oh! Talking to loud am I?! Well, maybe it's because, there's a PIE IN MY UNDERWEAR!

TIFFANY

Actually, it's probably just a muffin.

MR. MOORS

Not now Tiffany! And where is Tyler! TYLER!

TIFFANY

The food had kale in it, I couldn't let him eat it. He's super allergic!

MR. MOORS

(still yelling)  
Super allergic!? Did-  
(calming down)  
- did you stop for a second, to think, maybe, you should just tell him not to eat the food - or - or did you just launch into the idea of using his face as A SPAGHETTI CANVAS!!

TIFFANY

I admit, I chose wrong! I panicked, OK? I just knew that I couldn't let him eat that food!  
(beat)  
Listen, just let me go upstairs. I can explain it to him!

(CONTINUED)

MR. MOORS

Oh, no! You are not going anywhere near Mr. Crawford for the rest of his stay, that is, if he hasn't already taken off! TYLER!

TIFFANY

Mr. Moors, You can't, I-

There is a KNOCK on the door and TYLER slowly enters the office.

TYLER

You called Mr. Moors?

MR. MOORS

Tyler, I need you to do the stress dance.

Tyler looks at Tiffany and begins to dance.

MR. MOORS

Faster!

Tyler really begins to jam.

MR. MOORS CONT'D

Now, I'm going upstairs, where Stephanie has hopefully been able to salvage this debacle. And if I so much as catch you on the same FLOOR as Mr. Crawford, you'll be sorry! Do we understand each other?

TIFFANY

UM-

MR. MOORS

I said, do we understand each other?!

TIFFANY

Yes, Mr. Moors. I understand.

Mr. Moors leaves in a huff and slams the door behind him. Tyler is jamming like crazy.

TIFFANY

You can stop now, Tyler.

He stops abruptly, out of breath.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

Phew! I was beginning to chafe! So boss. What are we going to do?

TIFFANY

I don't know, Tyler. I just cost this hotel everything. I just cost YOU everything. Everyone who works here might lose their job because of me.

TYLER

Well, who needs this stuffy old place. I'm sure whoever gets it next will keep us on anyway. You know what, you should probably go break the news to Mrs Yang. I'm sure she would rather hear it from you.

TIFFANY

Yeah, your right. You better get back to your post.

59

**INT. HOTEL - LAVELL'S ROOM. NIGHT - LATER**

59

MR. MOORS enters the room as LAVELL prepares to leave, packing rather quickly. STEPHANIE stands by looking on, her arms folded.

MR. MOORS

What's going on? Are you leaving us so soon?

STEPHANIE

Mr. Crawford has decided, regrettably, that it would be best if he spent his remaining time in the city at another hotel.

MR. MOORS

No, say it ain't so. We can have room service bring something up. You don't have to leave your room ever again! I can personally guarantee only peace and quiet from now on. The crazy lady, oh, I can promise you that you will never see her again! We've locked her in a room and threw away the key!

Lavell stops packing and clicks the tabs on his suit case. He still has a mac and cheese crown. He slowly turns to face Mr. Moors.

(CONTINUED)

Lavell's face is swollen like a chocolate blow fish.

Mr. Moors gasps.

LAVELL

Mr. Moors. You have a fine establishment. The best food, and great staff.

MR. MOORS

Why, thank you.

LAVELL

Let me finish.

(beat)

I'm going to take this mash potato toupee along with whatever is sliding down my leg and I'm going to sprint across town and find a safe place. But first, I'm going to down this bottle of BENADRYL and hope I don't die.

(beat)

And then, when my condition stabilizes, I'm going to find a nice book and some hot cocoa and forget you guys ever existed.

MR. MOORS

So, does this mean we're not getting those five stars or is that still up in the air?

LAVELL

Good day Mr. Moors.

He storms out of the room.

60

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY OUTSIDE LAVELL'S ROOM. NIGHT - CONTINUED**  
60

LAVELL hurriedly makes his way to the ELEVATOR. Which is conveniently located just outside of the hotel room.

LAVELL

I wish I would have seen this earlier.

MR. MOORS rushes out of the room, helplessly watching Lavell leave. STEPHANIE joins him.

(CONTINUED)

MR. MOORS

What did you say to him?!

STEPHANIE

Me? I'll have you know that I did everything possible to try and stop him from suing the pants off of you!

MR. MOORS

Really?

STEPHANIE

Really! And for your information, I'm not the one who attacked him.

(beat)

Twice!

MR. MOORS

Tiffany HAS been under a lot of pressure. She usually knows how to keep it together. I don't know what happened.

STEPHANIE

Jerry, we all love Tiffany and appreciate the work she's done for the hotel. I'm sure with her skill set, she'll be fine. But right now, you need to think about yourself.

Stephanie stiffly pats Mr. Moors on the shoulder, as if to comfort him.

STEPHANIE CONT'D

If we get those papers signed now, I can fax them over right away. We should be able to keep any equity we still have, before Lavell TWEETS any negative reviews.

MR. MOORS

Let the other guy take the hit?

STEPHANIE CONT'D

Exactly. See, now that's the Jerry I know. So, whats it going to be?

Stephanie faces him and reaches out her hand.

61

**INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE MRS. YANG'S ROOM. NIGHT -  
MEANWHILE**

61

TIFFANY walks up to CARMEN, who is still outside the room, reading her MAGAZINE.

CARMEN

Senorita! Where have you been?

TIFFANY

I'm so sorry Carmen. I was so caught up on making tonight special, I totally forgot about the things that really matter. Listen, I'll take over for the rest of the nite.

CARMEN

What are you talking about? Senorita Stephanie has been doing the sabotage!

TIFFANY

Sabotage? No, It was all my fault, Stephanie had nothing to do with it. Carmen, I need you to get all the maids together downstairs.

CARMEN

SENORITA TIFFANY!

TIFFANY

What?

CARMEN

That is what I am trying to tell you! I hear Stephanie on the phone talking about taking down the hotel! That one is crazy!

TIFFANY

Stephanie? Are you sure? Why didn't you tell me this earlier?

CARMEN

I wanted to, but you said not to leave Mrs. Yang alone! We need to get downstairs and stop her.

TIFFANY

No, stay here. Don't leave Mrs. Yang alone. I'll get to the bottom of this one way or another!

Tiffany runs off down the hallway.

62

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAYS. NIGHT - CONTINUED**

62

TIFFANY, rushes towards Mr. Moors office, passes LARSON coming from the basement.

TIFFANY

Come with me, Larson, I need your help!

LARSON

To do what?

TIFFANY

To stop the future!

63

**INT. MR. MOORS OFFICE. NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

63

TIFFANY storms in, LARSON closely following behind. They find MR. MOORS sitting at his desk about to sign PAPERS, with STEPHANIE towering over him.

TIFFANY

Mr. Moors, whats going on?!

MR. MOORS

I'm sorry Tiffany, it's over. You gave it all you had, but it just wasn't enough.

TIFFANY

Listen, Mr. Moors, you can't give up now. We just need more time. I know we can save the hotel!

STEPHANIE

You've had more then enough time. Don't you want to FINALLY do what's right for the hotel? Think about the staff.

(beat)

Think about Mr. Moors.

MR. MOORS

Tiffany, if we don't do this now, we might not get another chance. If we keep losing money, I'll have to start letting people go. This way, most of the staff will stay on through the transition.

(CONTINUED)



STEPHANIE

And isn't that what you want?  
Everyone to keep their jobs?

Tiffany and Stephanie lock stares. Stephanie smiles.

STEPHANIE CONT'D

Look, we've wasted enough time,  
Jerry. Let's get these forms  
finalized while the offer is still  
on the table.

TIFFANY

What's your problem, Stephanie?  
You've had it out for me since you  
got here.

Stephanie makes her way around the desk, so that she can  
look Tiffany in the eye.

STEPHANIE

My problem, Tiffany, is that unlike  
you, I found out at an early age  
that the only person you can depend  
on is yourself!

TIFFANY

Early age? That was you in the  
picture Larson found in the  
basement, wasn't it!?

MR. MOORS

What photo? Stephanie, what is she  
talking about?

Tiffany, takes the CRUMPLED UP PHOTO out of her jacket  
pocket, hands it over to Mr. Moors. His eyes widen.

STEPHANIE

(forcefully)

Don't listen to her Jerry, I need  
you to sign those papers! NOW.

TIFFANY

Jerry? Why do you keep calling him  
that?

(beat)

Wait a minute.

Tiffany looks at Mr. Moors.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY CONT'D

Are you two dating?

STEPHANIE

What? How dare you!

MR. MOORS

Oh, stop it! The jig is up.  
Although, I wouldn't call it  
dating.

(beat)

We weren't going to say anything  
until the deal went through. Isn't  
that right Stephy-Poo?

LARSON AND TIFFANY

Stephy-Poo?

Larson looks at Stephanie.

LARSON

Wait a minute! You told me that you  
and me were going to run off  
together!

MR. MOORS AND TIFFANY

What!?

Mr. Moors looks at Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

(Nervously)

Larson, now is not the time.

LARSON

It's true, she told me that if I  
helped her start a small  
infestation in the hotel, Mr. Moors  
would have no choice but to sell!

Tiffany glares at Larson.

TIFFANY

You're the one breeding rats in the  
basement?! Why would you do that?!

LARSON

The heart wants what the heart  
wants. I'll do anything for my  
Steppy Weppy.

(CONTINUED)

MR. MOORS  
Steppy-Weppy!?! OH, thats so  
stupid!

TIFFANY  
How long has this been going on?  
Who-  
(beat)  
Who ELSE, have you been dating at  
the hotel?

The WALKIE TALKIE on Mr. Moors desk begins to FIZZLE. SAM'S  
VOICE comes on.

SAM (V.O.)  
She was going to take me to Red  
Lobster.  
(fizz)  
I'm sorry Mr. M. She has a bomb  
forehead.

Everyone is sad as they look at the walkie on the table.

MR. MOORS  
It's ok Sam.

SAM (V.O.)  
I'm coming over.

The walkie Fizzles out.

TIFFANY  
All of this, just to get your hands  
on the hotel? WHY?!

STEPHANIE  
It doesn't matter.

MR. MOORS  
Alex Hucleburger.

Everyone turns to look at Mr. Moors.

MR. MOORS CONT'D  
He was my father's business  
partner. Until, that is, he  
betrayed him. We caught him cooking  
the books. When my father found  
out, he was devastated. When he  
finally confronted Alex, he denied  
everything. He had to be thrown out  
like common trash.

SAM walks into the office.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHANIE

Betrayed? You speak of betrayal! My father helped build this hotel. How many years did he dedicate to your family? Promotions, events, after hours parties? Leaving his wife and daughter at home night after night!

Stephanie snatches the PAPERS from out of Mr. Moors hands and heads for the door.

STEPHANIE

My father sacrificed his time with us making only one promise, that one day this hotel would be mine. And now, after all these years.

(beat)

It is.

Stephanie holds up the paper, looking at Tiffany with an icy stare.

STEPHANIE CONT'D

So, if you'll do me the pleasure, Sam, get this riff-raff out of my hotel.

Sam, with a sigh, begins to slowly make his way over to Tiffany. Stephanie begins to laugh a most diabolical laugh.

TIFFANY

Um, excuse me. But, those papers haven't been signed yet.

Stephanie stops laughing. ISABELLA, who has been creeping into the office, snatches the paper work out of Stephanie's hand, smiling and nodding as she inspects the paper.

ISABELLA

Dang...

The room turns to look at Stephanie, who is beginning to smile nervously.

TIFFANY

Sam.

SAM

My pleasure!

64 **EXT. HOTEL ALLEY. NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

64

SAM tosses STEPHANIE out into the back alley. She lands alongside THE RAT MAN, who has been sleeping in the alley since earlier.

THE RAT MAN wakes up and offers Stephanie a nice RAT. Annoyed and defeated, she swats it away in disgust. Then she looks closer at the rat man. Her eyes go wide.

TIFFANY

Dad?

65 **INT. HOTEL LOBBY. EARLY MORNING**

65

MR. MOORS and THE GANG sit around the front desk, defeated.

TYLER is still checking in and out GUESTS.

MR. MOORS

Well, they always told me I'd be the one that would lose everything.

TIFFANY

It's not your fault Mr. M. There's no way you could have known that you had hired the psychotic runaway daughter of your family's long time arch nemesis.

MR. MOORS

Yeah, I guess I had it coming.

TIFFANY

You kinda did.

TYLER

Well, Mr. M. What do we do now? Should I do the stress dance? That always seems to cheer you up.

MR. MOORS

No, Tyler. Not even the hilariously terrible dance of a misguided youth can cheer me up. It will take a miracle to save the hotel now.

Mr. Moors gets up and begins to walk back to his office. He passes an ASIAN FAMILY walking through the hotel doors. They walk towards the front desk.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

Welcome to the Hotel Majestic.  
Would you like a single or a  
double?

They have a LITTLE DOG with them.

TIFFANY

Er, I'm sorry folks, but you can't  
have that dog in here. Wait a  
second, don't I know you?

The family has lots of shopping bags and are taking  
pictures. The youngest of them, MR. YANG JR. (24) chubby,  
with a smile that makes others smile, steps forward, meeting  
Tiffany.

MR. YANG JR.

Opo, I mean, Yes, we are here to  
pick up our grandma!

The family, very excited, all agree.

TIFFANY

You're Mrs. Yangs family aren't  
you? The last time I saw you, you  
were headed to the casino!

MR. YANG JR.

We were, I mean we did. And we won,  
big time!

The whole family cheers and raises their bags.

TIFFANY

What? That was 2 years ago! Where  
have you been all this time?

MR. YANG JR.

Like I said, we've been at the  
casino! Well, at first. Then, we  
kinda traveled the world and bought  
a few things.

TIFFANY

For two years? Your mom -

MR. YANG JR.

Grandma -

TIFFANY

Grandma, has been upstairs clinging  
to dear life.

MR. YANG JR.

Why do you think we came back?

TIFFANY

Well, thank you for thinking of us. And, if you care to know, the hotel will be closing very soon. So, if you're planning on going back to the casino, you might want to take your grandma with you this time.

MR. YANG JR.

Well, that's just it. We were scaling this mountain in the beautiful tropical hills of -

TIFFANY

- shorter.

MR. YANG JR.

We came across this news stand and saw that the hotel was up for sale. And it hit us, we forgot grandma! Talk about a major brain fart!

Tyler, caught up in the excitement, decides to butt in.

TYLER

It's just like the plot for Home Alone! If Kevin was a wrinkly old Asian lady.

MR. YANG JR.

Anyway, we high-tailed it back here post haste! And we want to buy the hotel!

Tiffany and Tyler look shocked and surprised.

TIFFANY

Why would you want to do that?

TYLER

Yeah, who would want this old dump?

Tiffany elbows Tyler in the ribs.

MR. YANG JR.

Well, we feel really bad about leaving our grandma here for so long. And, we know how much she loves it here. Besides, that's what rich people do. Buy stuff.

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

This is it, can't you see Tiffany?  
This is our Christmas miracle! I'm  
going to tell Mr. Moors!

Tyler runs off screaming incoherently about saving the hotel.

Tiffany stands there. A smile slowly forms across her face. Tears start to form in her eyes.

66

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY - SOME TIME LATER**

66

It's a new day. The lobby is bright and there are CONSTRUCTION WORKERS bustling around. The words, MORGAN CONSTRUCTION, are written across the back of their blue uniforms.

TYLER is at his post wearing a HAWAIIAN SHIRT and STRAW HAT.

There are GUESTS standing at the FRONT DESK getting checked in.

TIFFANY walks into the lobby, wearing a RED AND BLACK DRESS. Her hair is down and she is holding a stack of folders.

TYLER

Morning boss.

TIFFANY

Morning Tyler! How is everything going?

TYLER

Everything is going great! The new management couldn't be better.

TIFFANY

I agree. And the new digs are...  
(beat)  
...something else.

TYLER

Yeah, it's a shame Mr. Moors isn't around to see the new look.

TIFFANY

I know, right! It feels so strange not having him here. Once he got a hold of that money he ran out of here like a bat out of -

(CONTINUED)



NEW FAMOUS GUEST

Hello! Can I get some service over here? Or should I check myself in?

Tiffany and Tyler exchange glances.

TYLER

Hey, aren't you that famous guy from that show?!

NEW FAMOUS GUEST

That's me! I was in town and heard you guys put on quite a show! and the foods not too shabby either.

Tiffany, politely moves Tyler aside and takes over the cash register.

TIFFANY

OK. Well, welcome to THE HOTEL MAJESTIC. (beat) Will that be a single or a double?

THE END.