

HOTEL HECK

"Pilot"

Written by

Taylor Winters

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taylor.mwinters@outlook.com

FADE IN:

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Cars pass by a modest two-story hotel in a suburban area.

INT. HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY

The **open concept** lobby looks better than the exterior, with mostly tile **flooring** that refuses to stay clean, and modern furniture too uncomfortable to lounge.

The restaurant bar **in the lobby** suffers an identity crisis, or was just skipped during the lobby's upgrade.

JESSE (28), a young woman **not inspiring to be a nightclub singer in 1977 - but could easily be mistaken as the actress**, and CARLA (31), a tiny woman with a resting bitch face, stand at opposite ends of an oval front desk.

Carla pulls out her phone, swiping up with her thumb in fast intervals.

CARLA

I think I'm being ghosted.

Jesse maintains eye contact composing an email.

JESSE

You got lucky.

CARLA

How am I lucky? I had my very own Don Juan!

JESSE

Who almost killed you.

CARLA

That was a different guy. And the strap was only a little too tight.

Jesse gives Carla her full attention.

JESSE

Is that why you sent me a text saying 'this dude is trying to kill me'?

CARLA

Sometimes you have to lower your expectations to get what you want.

JESSE
Any lower and you won't live to get
you want.

CARLA
So, what? I should just move on?

JESSE
And do better next time. Much
better.

A LADY WITH DOG (40s) in mom jeans and a tight up-do struts
up to the front desk.

CARLA
(to Jesse)
I'm gonna have a smoke.

Carla quickly retrieves a pack of cigarettes from her purse
and heads out back, passing a wall sign that reads: "NO PETS
ALLOWED".

Jesse sighs.

LADY WITH DOG
(foreign accent)
You guys don't have waste stations?

JESSE
Em... the bathrooms are--

Her Pomeranian on a short pink leash barks.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Ma'am, we don't allow--

More barking.

LADY WITH DOG
I had to leave it out there because
there was nothing to pick it up
with.

JESSE
But--

LADY WITH DOG
--I'll be writing about that in my
review.
(beat)
Come on Fiona.

The Lady With Dog's Pomeranian leads her down the hall,
swishing its tail.

JESSE

Ma'am--

The front desk phone rings.

JESSE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Maxwell Hotel, Jesse speaking.

(beat)

Let me see if she's available. One moment.

Jesse sprints around the corner to a closed door. She knocks.

INT. HOTEL/ALYSSA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ALYSSA

Come in.

ALYSSA (35), dressed completely for her role, turns to face the intruder with a stone expression.

JESSE

Marcy's on hold for you.

ALYSSA

What does she want?

JESSE

I don't know. I just thought you'd want to take it.

ALYSSA

(slightly hopeful)

Well, of course. Did she say anything about a position?

JESSE

No.

Alyssa sighs and nods.

Jesse dashes back to the front.

INT. HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY

A SERIOUS MAN (50s) in a tailored suit with a small and expensive piece of luggage, shifts his feet across from BARRY (34), a heavy set and slightly unkempt man, hand pecking at the keyboard and squinting at the screen.

BARRY
It's gotta be one of these keys.
(beat)
You havin' a good day sir?

SERIOUS MAN
I--

BARRY
--I sure am. Don't worry, I'll get
you checked in here as soon as I
figure it out.

The Serious Man gives Jesse a silent plea. Jesse holds up her finger and picks up the receiver.

JESSE
Marcy?
(beat)
I'll transfer you now.

BARRY
(to Serious Man)
You here on business?

SERIOUS MAN
I--

RESTAURANT GUEST #1 (30s), a woman in a workout outfit, approaches the counter at the restaurant across the lobby.

BARRY
I can tell by your clothes. You--

JESSE
--Barry!

Barry jumps and turns to Jesse. She struggles with a polite expression.

JESSE (CONT'D)
How about you help the lady over
there and I'll take over, here?

Barry and Restaurant Guest #1 make eye contact.

BARRY
Oh!
(to Restaurant Guest #1)
I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU MA'AM!

The Serious Man drops his luggage and covers his ears.

Barry shuffles back to his station with urgency. His pants threaten to release with every step.

BARRY (CONT'D)
(to Restaurant Guest #1)
I am so sorry ma'am. So very sorry.
You see, I was trying to help that
man over there but I've never
worked over there and...

Jesse switches to the computer closest to the Serious Man. The screen flashes abnormally, threatening to crash.

JESSE
I can get you over here sir.

The Serious Man follows Jesse back to her section and hands her his ID.

SERIOUS MAN
I just want to check in. I don't
understand why it's so difficult.

JESSE
I completely understand. My
apologies for Barry. He's...
learning.

Jesse's fingers fly over the keyboard. She hands the Serious Man a key card.

JESSE (CONT'D)
There you go, Mr. Allen. Enjoy your
stay.

The Serious Man snatches the card and trudges off.

Carla returns to her computer, which is still malfunctioning. She spritzes her mouth with breath freshener.

CARLA
I escape the dog lady, so you break
my computer?

JESSE
(sarcastically)
Yes, because that's the most
plausible explanation.

FADE OUT.