

BUREAUCRACY INN

Written by

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A hotel lobby that looks like its a knock-off, run-down version of a Marriott. It is uninspiredly decorated with a drab colors and cookie-cutter furniture.

A RECEPTIONIST named Meg sits at a desk that reads "BUREAUCRACY INN" and stares into space boredly when an ANGRY HOTEL GUEST walks up to her.

ANGRY HOTEL GUEST  
Excuse me? *Excuse me?* *EXCUSE ME?*

Meg puts the paper down and looks up.

MEG THE RECEPTIONIST  
Bureaucracy Inn, what do you want?

ANGRY HOTEL GUEST  
I wanna know what the heck is going on here! I called for a darned soap refill five hours ago and nobody's come up to my room yet! Can someone please help me?!

As the hotel guest is talking, RICKY BORJA, dressed in cheery clothing, walks into the lobby and overhears what's going on.

MEG THE RECEPTIONIST  
I'm sorry, sir. You're gonna have to talk to Hospitality Services.

ANGRY HOTEL GUEST  
But *they* just sent me to talk to *you!* This is flippin' ridiculous!

RICKY  
Hi. Excuse me, I'm the new manager here. I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. Don't worry we'll have someone bring some soap right up to your room for you.

ANGRY HOTEL GUEST  
I would certainly hope so.

The Hotel Guest storms off. Ricky steps to the Meg.

RICKY  
Hey Meg. Meg, why wouldn't you just help out that guest? All he wanted was his soap changed out.

MEG THE RECEPTIONIST  
That's against the rules.

Meg isn't listening so Ricky pulls her newspaper down.

RICKY  
Meg. Next time, just help out our  
guests. Okay?

Meg fills with fear.

MEG THE RECEPTIONIST  
But I can't. That's Hospitality  
Service's job. I'm not allowed to  
do *their* job. Please don't make me  
do it. Please don't make me. I'll  
get fired. I've got kids to feed-

RICKY  
Hey hey hey. Calm down, okay? I'll  
talk to your team lead for you and  
get to the bottom of this, alright?  
Everything's gonna be fine.

2

INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - LATER - DAY

2

A disorganized mess of an office. The SUPERVISOR sits behind  
a desk overflowing with papers. He opens up a huge legal book  
aptly named "THE BOOK OF BUREAUCRACY". He reads:

SUPERVISOR  
Article 4, subsection A, clause 3B:  
only members of the hospitality  
staff may change guests amenities.

The Supervisor closes the book and types on an OLD '96 PC.

RICKY  
...Seriously? Our guest just needs  
some soap changed out. Why does it  
matter who does it?

SUPERVISOR  
(without looking up)  
Rules are rules.

Ricky can't believe what he's hearing and turns to leave.

RICKY  
You know what, forget this- I'll  
just take care of it myself.

SUPERVISOR  
 (calling after him)  
 But that's against the rules!

3 INT. STOCK ROOM - DAY

3

Ricky walks into a large stock room bathed in pukey fluorescent light and searches rows of shelves for soap.

RICKY  
 (muttering to himself)  
 Soap.. soap.. soap..

A STOCK ROOM CLERK sits at the end of one of the rows of shelves.

STOCK ROOM CLERK (O.S.)  
 Can I help you?

Ricky spins to look at him, startled.

RICKY  
 OH MY-! You scared me.

STOCK ROOM CLERK  
 .....Can I help you?

RICKY  
 Yeah.. yeah I'm just looking for some soap.

STOCK ROOM CLERK  
 ...Where is your approval form?

RICKY  
 ...I don't have one.

STOCK ROOM CLERK  
 I'm sorry then I can't help you.

RICKY  
 Seriously?

STOCK ROOM CLERK  
 Seriously. See Toiletries Department for an approval form.

Ricky shakes his head and leaves.

4 INT. TOILETRIES DEPARTMENT - LATER - DAY 4

WHIP PAN and PUSH IN on an exhausted CLERK who sits behind a disorganized desk with "TOILETRIES DEPARTMENT" written in big block letters.

RICKY  
(sarcastically)  
Hi, I'd like to place a request to  
change out one of our guest's soap.

The clerk points to a little BASKET overflowing with a gigantic pile of papers with "REQUESTS" written on it.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Really...?

TOILETRIES CLERK  
Take it up with Complaints.

5 MONTAGE 5

Series of WHIP PANS/ PUSH INS on department reception desks:

A) INT. COMPLAINTS DEPARTMENT

COMPLAINTS CLERK  
Yeah... you're gonna have to talk  
to Inventory.

B) INT. INVENTORY

INVENTORY CLERK  
Not my department. See Facilities.

C) INT. FACILITIES

FACILITIES CLERK  
You're in the wrong place, buddy.

D) INT. GUEST RELATIONS

GUEST RELATIONS CLERK  
Back of the line, pal.

Ricky grabs a TICKET with a number written on it: 455,234.

GUEST RELATIONS CLERK (CONT'D)  
Now calling number 28.. Number 28..  
(to Ricky)  
Hey buddy: take a seat. You'll be  
here a while.

WHIP PAN to a Secretary of State-esque waiting room where there is only one LADY holding a CRYING BABY.

GUEST RELATIONS CLERK (CONT'D)  
Number 28... now calling number  
28...

RICKY  
Please, can you just help me now.  
There's practically no one here.

GUEST RELATIONS CLERK  
....Are you giving me lip?

RICKY  
"Lip"? No. No lip.

GUEST RELATIONS CLERK  
Cuz it sure sounds like you're  
giving me lip.

The clerk opens up an INK PAD and grabs a BIG STAMP.

RICKY  
No lip. No lip. What's lip? I don't  
even know.

The clerk rears back, pressing the big stamp to the ink pad.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Nononono stopstopstop!

Guest Relations Clerk SLAMS the stamp on Ricky's request form. It reads "DENIED" in big block letters.

He looks down at the stamp like it is a nail in his coffin.

GUEST RELATIONS CLERK  
Sir. Would you please step aside?  
(into intercom)  
Now calling number 28... 28...  
28...

Ricky looks like he's about to explode... HOLD...

CUT TO:

7

EXT. BUREAUCRACY INN - FRONT DOORS - DAY

7

We hear Ricky's SCREAMS echo from inside. THEN... Ricky stumbles out the front doors, slamming the door behind him.

He takes a moment to catch his breath... then he looks up... he sees GREEKTOWN HOTEL, basked in angelic light.

He looks at it in awe and slowly walks up to it. As he does, he sees the Angry Hotel Guest arguing with a VALET.

ANGRY HOTEL GUEST

First the soap and now this. Why can't all of you just do your job?

VALET

Drivin' cars around ain't in my job description.

ANGRY HOTEL GUEST

But you're a valet!

Ricky grabs the Angry Hotel Guest by the arm and walks off.

RICKY

Let's get outta here.

8 INT. GREEKTOWN LOBBY - DAY

8

A doorman opens the door for Ricky and the Angry Hotel Guest. Everyone smiles warmly at them like they're finally at home.

Two receptionists put FIRE BLANKETS over their shoulders.

GREEKTOWN RECEPTIONIST #1

It's okay. You're in a safe place now.

Another receptionist holds out a tray of soap bars.

GREEKTOWN RECEPTIONIST #2

Soap?

The Angry Hotel Guest takes the soap and tears up.

ANGRY HOTEL GUEST

Thank you...

MUSIC SWELLS. Ricky and the guest walks into the warm embrace of Greektown.