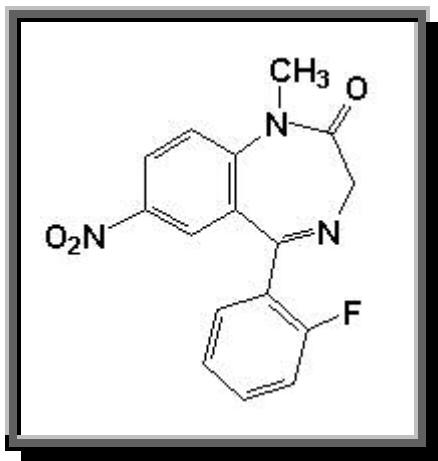


(Comedy Sketch)

= Messy =



Steve Glickman

Happy ending.

Copyright © 2003 : Steve Glickman
KickAssScripts.com
604-646-0560
SteveG@Pali.Ca

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

ROSA lays sprawled out naked on a bed barely covered by one of the sheets, her eyes closed, her mouth gaping open and BREATHING DEEPLY. The door opens and two cleaning girls, ISABEL and ANNA enter pulling their cart.

ANNA

(with Spanish accent)

Aaye, *Santa Maria madre de dios*,
it's Rosa!

(to Isabel)

What's she doing here?

ISABEL

(with Spanish accent)

Rosa, wake up! You know you can't
sleep in the room.

ANNA

Rosa!

They try to wake her, but are unable.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Rosa?

Isabel touches Rosa's face, pulls back her hand and is aghast at all the drool on it.

ISABEL

She's sick!

They shake her. Isabel finds a pair of pants on the floor, reaches into the pocket, and pulls out an empty prescription bottle.

ANNA

Rosa, Jesus, wake up!

ISABEL

She's going to die here.

ANNA

Rapido, call 9-1-1!

The bathroom door bursts open. TED, the middle-aged hotel manager comes crashing out, without his pants on.

TED

No, wait, wait. Wait.

Anna and Isabel stare at him, waiting for him to say something intelligent.

TED (cont'd)

Wait...

ANNA

What are you doing here?

TED

I... we were just sleeping. It's none of your business.

ISABEL

None of our business, mister manager?

ANNA

What have you done to our Rosa?

TED

She's sleeping. She's just-

Anna holds up the empty bottle to his face.

ISABEL

What's this about then?

TED

I don't know. *She* must've taken them.

Anna reads the label.

ANNA

Rohypnol?

Isabel grabs the bottle.

ISABEL

What? Those are ruffies. Rosa would never take them. You slipped them to her, and then you raped her!

TED

Hey, wait. Be reasonable. We're reasonable people here, right? Think of what you're saying.

(beat)

Do you want the police to come? If they see this they'll be asking a lot of questions, and you'll find yourself back home before the sun sets.

Anna starts crying. Isabel consoles her.

TED (CONT'D)

Come on, it's okay Anna. We can handle this, no?

ISABEL

Talk fast, rapist.

TED

Okay, you two want to stop cleaning rooms? How about working the desk? You want a raise? A promotion? What?

ANNA

(suddenly)

I want to use computers. You put me in the back office.

ISABEL

Anna? What are you saying?

ANNA

I'm not going back home, I'm never going back to that lousy stinkhole. Isabel, please, you must help too.

Isabel gets up, takes the duster out of her cart, dusts Ted's shoulders with it,

ISABEL

Okay, mister rapist. You give me assistant manager job,

...then smacks him in the ass with the handle.

ISABEL (cont'd)

... and keys to the honeymoon suite!

Beaten, Ted puts his pants on-

TED

Okay, you two clean up this mess,

(beat)

then.

(beat)

Please.

- and leaves. Anna lifts up a pillow and fluffs it while Isabel shakes open a green garbage bag.

ISABEL

Poor Rosa, I always thought she
was a dirty *puta*.

Anna clamps the pillow over Rosa's sleeping face. Rosa's
body spasms.