

SHELTER

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SHELTER BAY WOODS - MORNING

We're deep in the WOODS as the beautiful face of KATHRYN GILCHRIST, 22, tentatively appears from behind LUSH FOLIAGE. Kathryn has clever eyes. And she's completely NAKED.

Kathryn considers her options, then spies SOMEONE APPROACHING. MITCHELL TAYLOR. MITCH. 23. Good hair. Devilish grin. He carries a DUFFEL BAG.

KATHRYN

Psst.

Mitch spies Kathryn peeking from the bushes.

KATHRYN (cont'd)

Hi.

MITCH

Did you just say "psst"?

KATHRYN

Yeah. Do you have any clothes?

MITCH

Possibly. Why? Do you not have clothes?

Mitch tries to look behind the bush. Kathryn burrows deeper.

KATHRYN

OK, really? No, I don't have any clothes, all right? It's a long story. Can you just help me out?

Mitch eyes her for a BEAT. Amused.

MITCH

You have an accent. Where you from? New York?

KATHRYN

Yes. New York. Pants. Please.

MITCH

Mets or Yankees?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHRYN

You're serious right now.

MITCH

If you want some clothes, I am.

KATHRYN

The Mets are a mess. They overspend every season and it never works.

MITCH

You don't think the Yankees overspend?

KATHRYN

27 world championships. 40 American League pennants. The Yankees invest in the game's best talent. The Mets overspend.

MITCH

I guess that makes you a Yankees fan.

KATHRYN

You're damn right it does.

Mitch eyes her impassively.

MITCH

I can't help you. Go Red Sox.

With that, he starts away. For a MOMENT, Kathryn is incredulous. Then, she SNEERS and calls after him.

KATHRYN

That's just great. You know what? You can just take your seven measly titles and go. I wouldn't take a stitch of clothes from you, anyway.

Off this, Mitch stops and turns back. He smiles.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - LOBBY - MORNING

Kathryn marches into the lobby of the Shelter Bay Inn wearing a men's RED SOX T-SHIRT and some MEN'S HIKING BOOTS. She looks...really hot, actually.

The Inn is GRAND. Old elegance. The years have turned its once lavish design from grandiose to charming.

Kathryn tries to slip through the lobby, but is immediately accosted by GENNA DORFMAN, 19, who wears fishing waders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENNA

Ohmygod. You, too? Come with me.

Before Kathryn can get a word in, Genna whisks her away.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - COURTYARD - MORNING

Genna tends to speak in bursts. Especially when she's nervous. And she is.

GENNA

There's a service elevator back here somewhere. Unless those jerks were lying about that, too. You believe we fell for this?

KATHRYN

Um--

GENNA

--exactly. Trick the new kids, right? They're gullible. I'm not gullible. I'm trusting. I like to believe in the decency in people. Whatever. I'm just glad Voldemort didn't catch us.

KATHRYN eyes her, CONFUSED.

GENNA

Helen. She's like Hanibal Lecter with a yeast infection--

They round a corner and come face to face with HELEN BILTMORE JOHNSON. Mid 60's. She's as refined as the inn. An assassin with a glare, she's using it. On Genna.

HELEN

While I do enjoy a nice aged chianti now and then, my gynecologist assures me that my vagina is in ship shape.

Genna looks as though she might throw up.

GENNA

They told me that--

HELEN

--skinny dipping in the bay was the staff initiation, then they took your clothing. This happens every season.

Genna is a bit relieved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELEN (cont'd)
To the dumb and unemployable.

Genna SAGS.

HELEN (cont'd)
If you give me your names, I will
arrange for bus tickets and a letter
of recommendation to a nice
cosmetology school. Last name first.

Genna SIGHS. As if this happens all the time to her.

GENNA
Dorfman, Genna.

KATHRYN
Gilchrist, Kathryn. But I'll be
Sizemore at the end of the week.

Helen looks up from her organizer.

HELEN
Sizemore.

KATHRYN
Yes. I'm not an employee. I'm part of
the wedding party. The bride part of
the wedding party, actually.

Genna glances at Kathryn, surprised.

HELEN
And you, Ms. Dorfman?

GENNA
Um. I could be like a bridesmaid or an
usher or something. Maybe do a
reading... I'm an employee. Unless you
fire me. Which would kinda blow.

KATHRYN
(to Helen)
For what it's worth, she was very
attentive and helpful.

Helen sizes up a chagrined Genna for another MOMENT. Then...

HELEN
Please assist Ms. Gilchrist, and
consider yourself one mistake away
from learning the art of the updo.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELEN (cont'd)
This is the Shelter Bay Inn, Ms.
Dorfman. There are standards to
uphold.

On cue, behind her we see a FLAT SCREEN TELEVISION crash into
the FOUNTAIN nearby. Helen SIGHS.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - COURTYARD - DAY

A STAFF of 50 or so stand at attention, many YOUNG, some
OLDER. Helen scrutinizes them. Nearby, the TELEVISION is
being removed from the fountain, in an otherwise pristine,
manicured courtyard.

HELEN
100 summers. The Shelter Bay Inn has
been the crown jewel of Shelter, Maine
for 100 summers.

As HELEN narrates, the INN is prepared for the season.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - LIBRARY - DAY

WHITE SHEETS are removed from antique furniture.

HELEN (V.O.)
Class. Distinction. Elegance.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - DINING ROOM - DAY

Tables are prepared with fine place settings.

HELEN (V.O.)
This is what our clientele expects...

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Wine, cheese, chocolate, and orchids have been arranged just
so in a meticulous and tasteful guest room.

HELEN (V.O.)
...and anything short of perfection is
unacceptable.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - COURTYARD - DAY

As Helen addresses the staff, Mitch scans the faces. He's
looking for SOMEONE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELEN

This is the Shelter Bay Inn. There are standards to uphold.

Behind her back, MORGAN MATTHEWS, 22, party girl, screws off, mouthing the words along with Helen and rolling her eyes. Without turning, Helen reprimands her.

HELEN (cont'd)

Morgan.

A chagrined Morgan cowers a bit.

HELEN (cont'd)

I realize there is a cornucopia of sexually transmitted diseases with your name on them, but business before infection, Ms. Matthews.

MORGAN

I'm sorry, Helen. I don't know what I was thinking.

HELEN

It's not entirely your fault. When unchecked, syphilis can cause dementia.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - STAFF OFFICE - DAY

Meanwhile, GRACE BRANCATO, an over-achieving former class valedictorian, now 22, practices a greeting.

GRACE

"The exceptional reputation of the Shelter Bay Inn under the stewardship of Helen Biltmore Johnson is both daunting and comforting..."

Grace holds a BEAT, then repeats the sentence. Practicing.

GRACE (cont'd)

"The exceptional reputation of the Shelter Bay Inn under the stewardship of Helen Biltmore Johnson is both daunting and inspiring..."

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - COURTYARD - DAY

Behind Helen, WORKERS exit with the TELEVISION that was removed from the fountain.

HELEN

There are no televisions at Shelter Bay. And for those who have brought them, as you can see, no television reception. There is no wifi or cell phone coverage.

We ANGLE ON GENNA. She looks INCREDULOUS.

HELEN (cont'd)

Our guests come here for the solitude. They come for a moment of peace. And they come for discretion.

We ANGLE ON the STAFF. Young. Beautiful faces. MITCH. MORGAN. TOMMY. (The ones we haven't yet met, we'll meet soon.)

HELEN (cont'd)

Those of you who are returning understand what's expected of you. Those of you who are new will learn quickly or be replaced.

We spy GENNA. PARKER. JULIE. Helen takes in the staff. The courtyard. All of it.

HELEN (cont'd)

And finally... After 45 years of service, this summer will be my last.

There is a bit of a MURMUR among the staff.

HELEN (cont'd)

The Inn has recently been acquired by the Auberge Corporation. I will oversee the transition, but I will no longer be your Hotel Manager. That distinction now belongs to Ms. Grace Brancato.

Grace appears and joins Helen. She searches for the words she has rehearsed, but no words come. She settles for...

GRACE

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It comes out a bit feeble. A BEAT of SILENCE follows, then a SUIT OF ARMOUR crashes into the nearby fountain. Grace recoils, but Helen doesn't even FLINCH.

HELEN

It should be an interesting summer.

We take in the regal beauty of SHELTER BAY and we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MAINE POINT INN - KITCHEN - DAY

We ANGLE ON a DESSERT in ECU. Creme brule. Then... A BEAD OF SWEAT strikes it. WIDER, PARKER, 20, wide eyed and thin, FREEZES while GARNISHING the plate. Behind him, CHEF HANS blinks, otherwise emotionless.

CHEF HANS

Mr. Barnes. Did you just perspire on the creme brule?

PARKER

No?

Another drop hits the dessert. Chef Hans EXPLODES.

CHEF HANS

Get out! Get out of my kitchen! Go!

Parker COWERS a bit and retreats, exiting as...

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - SUITE - DAY

...RYAN, 23, enters his suite. He's square-jawed hot.

RYAN

Babe, you back? Kat face?

A BEAT and Kathryn appears from the bathroom, still wearing the RED SOX shirt and BOOTS. She SNEERS at her fiance.

KATHRYN

You left me! Naked. In the woods. Ryan spies her in the RED SOX shirt and loses his grin.

RYAN

Whoa. Baby, you gotta take that off.

KATHRYN

Don't baby me, you jackass. You left me in the woods after we had sex, and you took my clothes. Why? Why!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

Kathryn, I'm a New York Yankee. You can't wear a Red Sox jersey. Did anyone see you in that?

KATHRYN

As opposed to what? Seeing my ass?

Ryan falls mute. She has a point.

KATHRYN (cont'd)

I hope they did. I hope they all saw me in this jersey and took pictures and posted them on the internet.

RYAN

There is no internet.

Kathryn steps to the balcony and throws open the curtains.

KATHRYN

Go Red Sox!

She flips out a little. Ryan tries not to SMILE.

RYAN

It was a prank.

Now Kathryn tries not to SMILE.

KATHRYN

Don't you smile, Sizemore. Do I have to remind you that it was also a prank that landed you on the disabled list for 10 days?

RYAN

And if I wasn't on the DL, I couldn't spend a week here with my beautiful baby getting married.

KATHRYN

Nice try. You left me in the woods!

RYAN

I went back. I was actually a little freaked out when I couldn't find you.

KATHRYN

Well try walking half-naked through the lobby and see if you're not a lot freaked out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN
OK, I will.

Ryan tugs off his shirt, turns and exits the room, going for his belt.

KATHRYN
Ryan!

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - GUEST ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Kathryn exits and spies Ryan walking away down the hall.

KATHRYN
Ryan Sizemore...

He drops his PANTS and they bunch up around his ANKLES but he keeps retreating.

RYAN
Which way's the lobby?

Kathryn CHUCKLES and chases after him. She leaps on him and TACKLES HIM near the elevators. They START to LAUGH.

RYAN (cont'd)
First the woods and now the hallway.
You're dirty...

KATHRYN
Shut up, I'm still mad at you.

He KISSES her between CHUCKLES as the ELEVATOR DOORS open and GUESTS step out and around them. They FREEZE.

KATHRYN (cont'd)
Sorry. We're getting married.

The GUESTS retreat from the half-naked crazy people.

RYAN
She doesn't like the Red Sox...

They LAUGH and KISS again.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - LOBBY - MORNING

From behind the CONCIERGE DESK, Mitch is fixated on the RECEPTION AREA. TONY, 40's, nice suit, fastidious, VENTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

Hi. *Hi*. Are you kidding me? After all the ass I've kissed over the years, you're telling me they hire this *child* to be the Hotel Manager? I'm the *conciierge* for chrissakes.

Tony gets fancy and French when he says "conciierge".

TONY (cont'd)

I'm not giving this little bitch the time of day. Let's make a game of it. Let's see how many rude cracks I can get in this summer. *Hotel Manager*. I know everything there is to know about this place.

MITCH

Tony, have you seen Rebecca?

TONY

Who the hell is Rebecca?

Grace enters the lobby and Tony calls to her.

TONY

Excuse me. Grace. *Hi*.

Tony smiles at Mitch, holding up his index finger.

TONY

That's one.

Mitch crosses to the RECEPTION DESK. JULIE, 21, looks up. She's beautiful, but not severe. She has a kind smile.

MITCH

Hi. I'm Mitch. I work at the *conciierge* desk.

JULIE

Hi. Julie. Reception. Obviously. First season.

MITCH

Fourth season. You got this.

Mitch points to TOMMY, large, African American, with an instantly likeable face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH (cont'd)
That's Tommy the bellhop. Good dude.
Tell him he looks like he's lost
weight. He likes that.

We ANGLE ON HUTZ, UKRAINIAN, thin.

MITCH (cont'd)
That's HUTZ the valet. Could be 25,
could be 40. Nobody knows.

Julie CHUCKLES.

MITCH (cont'd)
And then there's my boss Tony, and
Rebecca who works with you.

JULIE
Oh, Rebecca Clarkson? Yeah, she's not
coming back this year.

MITCH
Are you sure?

JULIE
If she was, I wouldn't have a job.

Mitch processes this, then...

EXT. SHELTER BAY - DOCKS - DAY

...a 65 foot SCHOONER is docked. Mitch approaches.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Taylor.

A BEER FLIES through the air and Mitch catches it. He
follows its trajectory to the shit-eating grin of...

MITCH
Bobby Repeta.

BOBBY, 23, spreads his arms and displays the schooner.

BOBBY
Well? What do you think?

MITCH
She's nice. How's a fisherman afford
something like this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY
A whole lotta payments.

Mitch smiles and they embrace.

MITCH
It's good to see you, Bobby.

BOBBY
Dude, it's better to see you. It's officially summer when Mitch Taylor comes home. How's Rebecca?

Mitch eyes Bobby and SOBERS.

MITCH
I don't know. She didn't come back.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - KITCHEN - DAY

Chef Hans works over a FILET that looks more like art than food. He is meticulous as he prepares to apply a sauce. Parker approaches tentatively.

PARKER
Chef Hans?

CHEF HANS
Turn away!

PARKER
I'm sorry?

CHEF HANS
Turn away before it withers from your talentless gaze.

PARKER
You want me to--

CHEF HANS
--TURN AWAY!

Parker SHRUGS and turns his back to Chef Hans who begins to apply the SAUCE.

CHEF HANS
This filet is symphony. Masterpiece.
And you, nein fit to see it. Nein see.
Nein smell. And certainly nein taste.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We ANGLE ON PARKER as he stands, somewhat humiliated.

PARKER
Look, Chef Hans. OK, so I was nervous
with the creme brule. I was just
trying to...

Behind Parker, we HEAR an ODD SOUND. Like a SACK OF POTATOES
falling from a shelf. Then... SILENCE.

PARKER (cont'd)
Chef Hans? Hello?

A SILENT BEAT passes and then we SMASH TO...

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - KITCHEN - DAY

The DEAD BODY of CHEF HANS lies under a sheet, wheeled away
on a gurney past Helen, Grace and Tony, as POLICE and other
MEDICAL PERSONNEL mill about. Tony eyes Grace.

TONY
The Hotel Manager is bound to lose a
man now and then. How many people died
in your 45 years, Helen?

HELEN
None.

TONY
Oh. Well, there's that.

Tony and Helen exit as Grace spies Parker sitting amidst the
FALLOUT, eating the filet and savoring every bite.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - COURTYARD - DAY

Grace chases after Tony and Helen and falls in.

GRACE
Excuse me. Our chef is dead.

TONY
Technically, your chef is dead.

GRACE
What's that supposed to mean?

Tony stops and smugly eyes Grace. Helen observes it, like an
impartial documentarian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

It means, you're the Hotel Manager.
I'm simply the concierge.

GRACE

You're also an employee of this Inn
and a veteran member of the staff.

TONY

So?

GRACE

So help me.

TONY

I would sweetie, but I don't cook.

Tony exits. Grace eyes Helen as a BED CRASHES into the
FOUNTAIN, startling her. Grace becomes agitated.

GRACE

What is that?

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - LOBBY - DAY

Tony enters the lobby and eyes Mitch smugly.

TONY

I'm up to three with our Hotel
Manager.

Helen also enters the lobby, trailed by Grace. She spies
TOMMY standing at attention.

HELEN

Mr. Allen. Why is there a bed in my
fountain?

Hutz sidles up, wheeling a LUGGAGE CART.

HUTZ

Mr. Green. In the Penthouse. He said
it was haunted. Or cursed.

GRACE

The Penthouse?

HUTZ

No, the bed.

HELEN

And the suit of armour?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

He said it was looking at him funny.

Just then, Julie steps up.

JULIE

Excuse me, Grace? There's an elderly couple here that requested a specific room when they checked in. Mr. And Mrs. Biggins. I told them it's booked, but they're refusing to leave the lobby until they get it. Room 38?

We ANGLE ON the ELDERLY COUPLE, MR. And MRS. BIGGINS, as they sit quietly. Mitch and Tony join the fray.

MITCH

I can help with Tyler Green if you'd like.

GENNA (O.S.)

Tyler Green, the rock star?

They all turn to spy Genna who is just hanging at reception.

GENNA

Well, used to be rock star. That guy was a big deal when I was like...nine.

GRACE

Who are you, and what are you supposed to be doing?

GENNA

I haven't been told that, yet. I mean, the what I'm supposed to be doing part. Not who I am. Although some days I wonder about that part, too.

They all BLINK at her. She SHRUGS.

GENNA (cont'd)

Dorfman, Genna.

TWO ELECTRICIANS enter the lobby.

MAINTENANCE MAN

Grace Brancato? Electrical inspection.

TONY (TO GRACE)

Shall I take care of all of this, or would you like to pretend you can actually do this job some more?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tony covertly flashes FOUR FINGERS to Mitch. Grace scans the expectant eyes of staff, guests, and others. She ends up at the withering gaze of Helen. Then she speaks in a BURST.

GRACE (TO GENNA)
You're assigned to the spa. Go.

She turns to Mr. And Mrs. Biggins.

GRACE
Mr. Biggins, we don't guarantee rooms in advance, but we'll be happy to upgrade you to a suite at no extra charge. Julie can help you.

She eyes Hutz and Tommy.

GRACE (cont'd)
The bed's not haunted. Or cursed. But if it were, it would more likely be cursed. The paranormal overwhelmingly inhabit people or areas more than objects.

She turns to the ELECTRICIANS.

GRACE (cont'd)
Please come back Wednesday for the inspection, that would be much better for us, thank you.

And finally she eyes TONY the CONCIERGE.

GRACE (cont'd)
You're fired.

With that, she looks around the lobby.

GRACE (cont'd)
Everyone good? Great. Here we go...

Grace spins and retreats. Everyone holds for a BEAT, then they all pretty much comply. Mitch passes Tony as he exits.

MITCH
Four. The final tally is four.

Mitch pats Tony and exits, the lobby empties, and we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - BOUTIQUE - DAY

MORGAN sits behind the counter of the Inn's small BOUTIQUE CLOTHING STORE. She scans her CELL PHONE when...

KATHRYN (O.S.)

Do you get cell coverage?

Morgan looks up and spies Kathryn clutching a pair of JEANS.

MORGAN

No. It's horrible. I'm just reading old texts. I love guys that give good text. Your ass was made for those jeans, by the way.

KATHRYN

You're good. I'm Kathryn.

MORGAN

Morgan. Most of this stuff is over priced, but whatever those jeans cost, they'll be worth it with the boys.

KATHRYN

Actually, I'm getting married this week.

MORGAN

To the baseball player. Score. Tell me his groomsmen are hot and single.

KATHRYN

They're... Yeah, pretty much.

MORGAN

Yum. How 'bout this? You buy those jeans at a substantial discount, and I take you and your friends out tonight?

KATHRYN

Win-win.

MORGAN

Perfect. Gimme those jeans, bitch.

Kathryn CHUCKLES and hands the jeans to Morgan.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Mitch and Bobby sit at a LOCAL BAR, drinking.

BOBBY

So Tyler Green the rock star is staying at Shelter Bay... That guy had the world in the palm of his hand.

MITCH

Yeah. But now he's the guy who used to have the world in the palm of his hand.

BOBBY

Whatever. He had his shot. That's more than most people get.

MITCH

True. But at the end of the day, when the quiet sets in, he knows what he lost. That's gotta be tough.

SAMMY the BARTENDER ambles up. 20's. He's a little off. Has a slight STUTTER.

SAMMY

Hey Mitch, you think you'll go back to Boston next season?

MITCH

I don't think so, Sam.

SAMMY

Are you sure, Mitch? Because I think you could do it. Did you see the ball? We got the ball, right here.

Sammy retrieves the ball as RYAN and KATHRYN enter the bar with MORGAN and some of the WEDDING PARTY.

MORGAN

Hi, Bobby. Mitch, meet Ryan and Kathryn. They're getting married. Mitch works at the Inn.

Mitch and Kathryn exchange KNOWING glances, then...

MITCH

Very nice to meet both of you. Congratulations.

Morgan whisks Kathryn away as Sammy marvels at Ryan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMMY

Hey, you're Ryan Sizemore.

RYAN

How you doing, buddy? You want me to sign that for you?

Sammy pulls the ball back protectively.

SAMMY

This? No way. This ball is collector's item.

RYAN

Oh, yeah? Why's that?

MITCH

It's not a big deal.

SAMMY

Not a big deal? This is the ball Mitch used to throw a perfect game in high school. In the playoffs and everything. A perfect game.

RYAN

Wow. How 'bout that? Well, I'll tell you what? How 'bout I buy a round of drinks on the house to celebrate Mitch here's perfect game in high school.

MITCH

You don't have to do that.

RYAN

Come on, man. You used to be a big deal around here. I'll drink to that.

Ryan slaps Mitch on the back and steps away. Mitch stares at the BASEBALL that seems to mock him from its revered perch.

EXT. HARBOR - BOBBY'S BOAT - NIGHT

Mitch and Bobby return to Bobby's boat. They stumble a bit boarding the vessel - well on their way to getting drunk.

BOBBY

Be careful, man. You used to be a big deal around here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH

You believe that guy? Who says that?
Dude can't even hit a curveball...

BOBBY

Didn't he bat over .300 last year?

MITCH

All fastballs.

Bobby retrieves a bottle and a couple of rocks glasses.

BOBBY

Fine, he can't hit a curveball, and he says mean things. But we're done with that, because I've been saving this bottle for your return, and we can't drink it and talk about douchebags.

MITCH

What is it?

BOBBY

It's whiskey. And it's older than us.

MITCH

You're a good man, Bobby.

Bobby hands Mitch a glass. He toasts.

BOBBY

To Mitch Taylor. Welcome home. You used to be a big deal around here.

MITCH

Damn it.

Bobby snorts a CHUCKLE and they drink and WINCE. As Bobby pours two more shots, Mitch reaches into his jacket.

MITCH (cont'd)

Check it out.

Mitch sets the BASEBALL down between them.

BOBBY

Dude. You took it? You can't take the Perfect Game ball.

MITCH

It's just a baseball, Bob.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

That's where you're wrong.

MITCH

Bobby--

BOBBY

--It's not just a baseball. It's hope. And promise. And a reminder to all of us that on any given day, we have the ability to be great. To be perfect.

Bobby picks up his shot and eyes his friend.

BOBBY (cont'd)

It's not just a baseball, Mitch. It's someday.

Bobby downs his shot as Mitch CONSIDERS this. Then...

BOBBY (cont'd)

And if I haven't said it yet, I'm sure there's a good reason why Rebecca didn't come back.

Mitch glances at his friend. Appreciates this.

MITCH

Yeah.

As Mitch downs his shot, THREE of Kathryn's BRIDESMAIDS approach festively. As in, drunkenly. Bobby GRINS.

BOBBY

Here we go...

MITCH

No. No way. Have you not been listening to me at all?

BOBBY

All right, fine. You're bummed out about Rebecca. I can respect that.

MITCH

Thank you.

BOBBY

Now shut up and be my wing man.

Bobby instantly finds a smile for the GIRLS. One of them, COURTNEY, calls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURTNEY

Permission to come aboard and check
out your hotness.

The girls crack up. Bobby grins.

BOBBY

Permission granted.

He eyes Mitch as the GIRLS approach.

BOBBY (cont'd)

I love this place in the summer.

The GIRLS climb aboard and Mitch generates a smile.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - ROOM - NIGHT

Later. Through the blue black shadows of night, we spy Mitch as he finishes getting dressed. He steps to the door of the room and exits, leaving behind one of the GIRLS from the BOAT - now naked and sleeping. So much for being the wing man.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - OFFICE - NIGHT

Grace works late, all alone. Mitch spies her.

MITCH

You should go home.

GRACE

Can I ask you a question? Do you think
I made a mistake letting Tony go?

MITCH

Do you?

GRACE

I had three senior staff members. One
won't help me, one died, and I fired
the last one.

MITCH

Tony was a cancer. Sometimes you have
to call their bluff. Go all in.

GRACE

Yeah. Thanks.

Mitch scrutinizes her for a BEAT. Then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH

It'll be OK. Just remind yourself that this isn't everything you are.

Grace eyes him sincerely.

GRACE

Actually, it is.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - LOBBY - NIGHT

Mitch steps into the quiet, shadowy lobby and finds Mr. Biggins, the elderly guest, sitting vigil.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - LOBBY - NIGHT

Outside, TOMMY snoozes on a stool. Mitch peers out.

MITCH

Tommy. I need your help.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - LOBBY - NIGHT

Mitch crosses to the reception desk and works the computer.

MITCH

Mr. Biggins. I have a gift for you.

Mitch walks over to Mr. Biggins and hands him a ROOM KEY.

MITCH (cont'd)

Room 38.

MR. BIGGINS

No questions asked?

MITCH

The suites here are pretty nice. Man wants a lesser room, he must have a good reason.

Mitch smiles at MR. BIGGINS.

MITCH (cont'd)

The other guests were happy to upgrade. Your wife should be waiting for you.

Mr. Biggins extends his hand and Mitch shakes it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BIGGINS

Thank you, young man. I hope it works out with Rebecca.

MITCH

How do you know about that?

MR. BIGGINS

I've spent a lot of time in this lobby.

Mr. Biggins starts away, then turns back.

MR. BIGGINS (cont'd)

Once upon a time I was hung up on a girl and my grandfather gave me a piece of advice. He said "Joe, never chase a bus that leaves you behind. Wait 15 minutes, another one'll come along."

Mitch CONSIDERS this.

MR. BIGGINS (cont'd)

I disagreed with him. I chased her. We've been married 53 years. Depends on the bus.

Mr. Biggins WINKS at Mitch and exits.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Mitch sits, phone in hand, when Kathryn appears.

KATHRYN

You mind if I check out the view?

Mitch motions her to join him.

KATHRYN (cont'd)

I thought I'd try to find a little quiet while everyone's asleep and my bridesmaids are drunk and hooking up.

MITCH

Right...

A guilty Mitch covers and changes the subject as Kathryn takes in the view.

MITCH (cont'd)

So I see you're wearing clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHRYN

Yeah. That was a little joke by my fiance. I hope he was nice tonight. Sometimes he can come across as a little arrogant or conceited, and he can definitely be those things, but it comes with the culture, ya know? Baseball players.

Mitch NODS, then retrieves his baseball and tosses it to her. Kathryn eyes it, then Mitch.

MITCH

Five seasons in the minors.

KATHRYN

Of course. You get hurt?

MITCH

Nah. I was a one pitch pitcher, and eventually the game got better than me. But it's OK. Sometimes we fall short, ya know?

Kathryn processes this. Below them in the COURTYARD, they spy MRS. BIGGINS being led slowly along by MR. BIGGINS. A peaceful stroll beneath the moonlight.

KATHRYN

Sometimes I wonder if we have that. If 50 years from now, we'll be like them.

MITCH

You mean, confused and disoriented?

Kathryn is forced to GRIN.

MITCH (cont'd)

I would say if you don't have that, you shouldn't be getting married.

It comes out a little edgy. Mitch knows it.

MITCH (cont'd)

Sorry. I'm a little down on romance this week. Every year we have this big end of season party. And last season there was this girl I liked. Rebecca.

KATHRYN

Did you tell her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH

Not for the entire summer.

KATHRYN

Why not?

MITCH

I don't know. We were friends and we worked together. Maybe I was just worried that she wouldn't be into me, and I'd have to let her go.

KATHRYN

That's dumb.

MITCH

Thank you for being so supportive.

Kathryn grins again.

MITCH (cont'd)

Anyway, we're at the party and a quiet song comes on, and she asks me to dance. So we dance, and out of the blue she kisses me and it's...one of those kisses. Like...a breathless, aching, "kiss me like you own me and the world is ending" kiss.

Mitch drifts away. Back to that very moment.

MITCH (cont'd)

I'm not sure I've ever been happier.

Mitch takes another BEAT.

MITCH (cont'd)

The next day we all went back to our lives. We'd text and talk sometimes, but I was really just counting the days until we came back. Clearly she wasn't. She didn't come back.

KATHRYN

Maybe she didn't know how you felt.

MITCH

She knew.

They sit with that for a MOMENT.

KATHRYN

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH

Yeah. Well, every passing minute is another chance to turn it all around.

KATHRYN

We're quoting Cameron Crowe movies now? And not even the good ones?

MITCH

Come on. "Vanilla Sky" is highly underrated.

KATHRYN

I disagree.

MITCH

Poor taste in baseball teams *and* movies. And fiances, for that matter.

KATHRYN

Hey.

MITCH

Like I said, I'm kind of down on romance this week.

KATHRYN

Well... Every passing moment is another chance to turn it all around.

She can't help but smile.

MITCH

It's "minute". Not "moment".

KATHRYN

See? It should be "moment". Not his best work.

They CHUCKLE, then take in the dark majesty of Shelter Bay.

KATHRYN (cont'd)

It's true though. You'll be OK. And I have some hot bridesmaids if you want to get right back on the horse.

MITCH

I'm not sure Jenny would appreciate being called a horse.

KATHRYN

How do you know Jenny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH

Um. We kind of...had sex?

Kathryn simply shakes her head.

KATHRYN

All right, I'm gonna go try to un-know that. Good luck, Mitch. I hope it all works out for you.

MITCH

You, too. I meant what I said, by the way. 50 years. You deserve that.

Kathryn steps to the door on the rooftop, then turns back.

KATHRYN

"She's gone. She gave me a pen. I gave her my heart, she gave me a pen."

MITCH

"Say Anything." Kind of overrated.

KATHRYN

It is not. My God, you're a mess.

And with a smile, she's gone, leaving Mitch behind. Alone. He checks his PHONE. One bar. No texts. No Rebecca.

END OF ACT THREE

FADE OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - GUEST ROOM - MORNING

Morgan sleeps on the chest of a SLEEPING GROOMSMAN. She yawns and rolls away from him and settles on the bare chest of ANOTHER SLEEPING GROOMSMEN.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - COURTYARD - MORNING

Grace meticulously straightens chairs in the courtyard. She spies a STREAM of WATER filling the dormant fountain. Grace looks up to spy TYLER GREEN zipping up and retreating inside.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - SUITE - MORNING

Kathryn sits with ROOM SERVICE and a VIEW. She glances at a NEWSPAPER, but mostly watches Ryan talk on the room phone.

RYAN (INTO PHONE)
They put Guillen on the cover. Jose Reyes...Josh Hamilton...

He snatches a piece of BACON off the ROOM SERVICE tray.

RYAN (INTO PHONE) (cont'd)
I'm saying I'd be happy to do the article as long as they come to me, it doesn't take more than an hour, and they guarantee we get the cover.

He eyes Kathryn, bacon in hand.

RYAN
This is cold. You should complain.

He goes back to the call as Kathryn watches him.

RYAN (INTO PHONE)
All right, what else? No, I got time. She's fine. What else?

EXT. HARBOR - DOCKS - MORNING

Bobby unloads LOBSTER TRAPS onto the dock with Mitch's help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

You told her she shouldn't get married?

MITCH

I told her she should think about it.

BOBBY

Was this before or after you slept with one of her bridesmaids?

MITCH

After. Which was also after you rolled out the 25 year old whiskey.

BOBBY

You're right. I forgot you're not a grown man who can say no.

Bobby unloads the final trap, then eyes his friend.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Look, considering what happened with Rebecca, you definitely needed to get drunk. And you probably needed to get laid. What you didn't need to do, was tell a perfectly happy girl that she should second guess her wedding.

Mitch SHRUGS. Bobby's not wrong.

BOBBY (cont'd)

You're a romantic, Mitch. You've always been that way. You're on a rooftop with a view, there's a beautiful girl, she's clever, you make her laugh, and then you convince yourself you're the only two people in the world.

Mitch CONSIDERS this.

BOBBY (cont'd)

You did it with Rebecca, too.

MITCH

I did not.

BOBBY

No? How many times did you call her in the last month? Or text her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH
I was slow-playing her.

BOBBY
That's dumb.

MITCH
So I've been told.

BOBBY
You didn't talk to her because you created some romantic notion of what would happen when you both got back. And that's OK, man. It's one of the things I love about you. You still believe in the movie moment. You still believe in happily ever after.

MITCH
And you don't think that's worth believing in, Bob?

BOBBY
I think it's absolutely worth believing in. But when things go wrong, and you fall short of happily ever after, you can't go suggesting that other people start questioning theirs.

Mitch eyes Bobby. He knows he's right.

BOBBY (cont'd)
Especially not the bride, three days before her wedding.

Bobby steps away, leaving Mitch to PROCESS his words.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - KITCHEN - MORNING

Grace enters the industrial kitchen and finds PARKER.

GRACE
You're the sous chef, is that correct?

PARKER
In training. I'm the sous chef in training. I go to culinary school in Boston. Parker Barnes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

We were all sorry about the loss of Chef Hans, and we'll be hiring a replacement, but until then we have to keep things running smoothly.

PARKER

The dining room shouldn't be a problem, and the Sizemore wedding is mostly catered, so it's really just--

GRACE

--their pre-wedding party. Can you handle it?

PARKER

As long as nobody else dies.

Grace simply BLINKS at him.

PARKER (cont'd)

Too soon. Sorry.

GRACE

Listen. Parker. I'm having kind of a tough week so far, and this party needs to be perfect. Do I need to bring someone in to cover it, or do you feel like we can handle it in-house?

PARKER

I can do it.

GRACE

OK.

Grace turns and exits. Parker stands alone. Then...

PARKER

I think.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - SPA - MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Genna tentatively enters the men's spa. It's a wet, gross jumble of towels, robes, slippers, etc. She WRINKLES her nose, then begins gathering things and starts to GAG.

She presses on, moving to the LOCKERS when she turns and finds a BALD HAIRY OLDER MAN, wrapped in a towel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENNA

Ohmygod.

A SILENT STANDOFF ensues. Genna eyes his MAN BOOBS and withers. Then...the POWER GOES OUT. A BEAT passes. Shrouded in COMPLETE DARKNESS, we HEAR...

GENNA (cont'd)

Oh, come on...

The POWER GOES OUT throughout the INN. The lobby. The dining room. The boutique. The entire Inn goes DARK.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - KITCHEN - DAY

GRACE

Oh, come on...

FLASHLIGHTS in hand, Mitch, Parker, Julie and Grace investigate a LARGE PALET of CRATED FOOD.

GRACE (cont'd)

How does frozen food spoil this fast?

PARKER

It was refrigerated not frozen. To keep it fresh for the party tonight.

GRACE

Are you sure it's bad?

PARKER

You said you were having a bad week. Will e-coli make it better?

GRACE

They're paying for a meal for a hundred guests. We have to have a meal.

JULIE

Can we have the party catered?

HELEN (O.S.)

We could have.

They all turn and spy Helen observing from a distance, lit CANDLE in hand. The LIGHT flickers and makes her look ominous. Well, more ominous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELEN

But it's too late now. One would have had to be a bit more proactive.

Grace takes in the floor, knowing Helen is right.

HELEN (cont'd)

Of course, if the electricians hadn't been so brazenly dismissed, this could have all been avoided.

This last pointed remark strikes Grace as Helen exits, passing TOMMY who stands down to let her pass. Mitch eyes Grace, watching her sink. Then...

TOMMY

Actually, it wasn't your fault.

They all eye Tommy as he approaches.

TOMMY (cont'd)

A bus hit a telephone pole and knocked the power out. They're working on it.

Grace seems to be comforted by this. Until...

TOMMY (cont'd)

Oh, yeah. The bus was carrying the band for the party so they're not coming now.

Grace sinks further.

GRACE

She's right. I should have done something.

MITCH

So you'll do it now. You're the Hotel Manager. Right?

Mitch eyes Grace. She HOLDS his look for a BEAT. Then...

GRACE

We can move everything to the courtyard. Work outside until the power comes back.

MITCH

Perfect. Someone's gotta deal with music. I will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE MITCH

All right. I can take care of the meal. Tommy, you're coming with me.

PARKER

What should I do?

GRACE

Don't die.

GENNA (O.S.)

Can I do something?

They all turn to eye Genna in the doorway.

GENNA

The spa is really creepy.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

Mitch approaches Bobby with Tommy in tow.

MITCH

Hey. We need your help.

EXT. HARBOR - BOBBY'S BOAT - DAY

Bobby guides Mitch and Tommy as they retrieve and empty LOBSTER TRAPS. Tommy is completely freaked out.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - PENTHOUSE - DAY

The POWER has been RESTORED now as Julie and Genna approach Tyler Green's suite. Julie steadies herself and eyes Genna.

JULIE

All right. Here we go. Diplomacy and reason. (KNOCKS) Mr. Green?

From behind the door, we HEAR...

TYLER GREEN (O.S.)

Do Not Disturb, bitch!

JULIE

OK, Plan B.

Julie NODS at Genna who swipes a ROOM KEY into the door. The door opens and the SECURITY CHAIN catches. Genna holds the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

door open while Julie CUTS the CHAIN with a pair of BOLT CUTTERS. They push the door open and enter.

JULIE (cont'd)
Mr. Green? We're very sorry to
distur--

They stop abruptly, spying MORGAN hastily getting dressed. She also freezes.

GENNA
Ew.

Morgan exits with half her clothes in hand. Julie finds Tyler Green lounging in bed, stabbing out a CIGARETTE.

TYLER GREEN
Do Not Disturb means Do Not Disturb.
And I said "bitch" so you had to know
I meant you.

JULIE
I apologize--

TYLER GREEN
--Who's that? Back there, what is
that?

Genna hides/cowers in the background. She peeks out.

GENNA
Um, it's a Genna. Dorfman, Genna.

TYLER GREEN
What do you want?

JULIE
First of all, as a long time fan of
yours, I just want to say--

As Julie begins her pitch, Tyler Green gets out of bed naked.

JULIE (cont'd)
--annnd, he's naked.

GENNA
That's twice for me today. In the spa.
Man boobs.

Tyler Green slips into a pair of leather pants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

There's a wedding...party. It's not the actual wedding, it's a party for a couple who are getting married here and there was a last minute accident and the entertainment fell through--

TYLER GREEN

--you want me to be the entertainment. For a wedding.

JULIE

It's not the wedding. Just hear me out. January 30, 1969. The Beatles' final live performance on top of the Apple Building in London.

Tyler Green searches his room for a BOTTLE of WHISKEY.

JULIE (cont'd)

April 2, 1987. U2 plays on a rooftop of a liquor store in Los Angeles causing a near riot.

He finds the bottle.

JULIE (cont'd)

We have a rooftop. It overlooks the courtyard where a hundred celebrities and guests will be gathered. You play a song or two. You change the life of the bride-to-be. You save the day. Tyler Green. On the rooftop of Shelter Bay.

Tyler eyes them. He's CONSIDERING it.

TYLER GREEN

What is your name?

JULIE

Julie Miriello.

TYLER GREEN

Good. I want to tell them exactly who to fire. Crazy bitch cuts the chain to my room... I'll call Ellen...

Tyler SWIGS from the bottle as Genna peeks into frame.

GENNA

Um...actually it's Helen. And could you maybe not include me in this? And,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENNA (cont'd)
oh, maybe ask them to transfer me to
Julie's job after you get her fired?

Julie SNEERS at her.

GENNA (cont'd)
What? I hate the spa!

Tyler eyes them, defensively.

TYLER GREEN
You know, I don't need this. You
understand? I've got my own problems.
I came here to be left alone. I did
not come here to have some crazy bitch
and her skittish lackey guilt trip me
about some dumb slut's wedding--

GENNA
--it's not the wedding.

TYLER GREEN
I'm Tyler Green, for godsakes!

JULIE
No. You used to be Tyler Green. Now
you're just a has-been with money.

Silence. Julie's VOICE darkens.

JULIE (cont'd)
And we all have problems. You don't
have to be a dick about it.

TYLER GREEN
Oh, I'm sure you have all kinds of
problems. What darkness could you
possibly know?

JULIE
You have no idea.

Tyler wavers a bit. Julie smirks.

JULIE (cont'd)
You know, I saw you live once. Years
ago. You were inspiring that night.

She looks at him through judgemental, disappointed eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE (cont'd)
What happened? Julie crosses to him
and grabs a nearby lamp.

JULIE (cont'd)
Lemme get that for ya.

She throws the lamp out the window and into the fountain
below. Then she ushers Genna out, leaving Tyler Green alone.

In the penthouse. A shadow of who he used to be.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FIVE

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - COURTYARD - DAY

The setting is gorgeous. The raw elements of sky, sea, and fire are majestic. Morgan sets up the bar - which basically means Morgan hangs out and DRINKS.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - KITCHEN - DAY

Mitch and Tommy enter the kitchen with CRATES of LIVE LOBSTERS. Parker is there preparing side DISHES as other STAFF flit about in the BG.

MITCH
Dinner is served.

Mitch sets down a crate of LOBSTERS.

MITCH (cont'd)
We have a whole van full. We good?

Tommy also sets down a crate. He looks ill.

TOMMY
We better be good.

Parker grins.

PARKER
We're good.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - COURTYARD - BAR - NIGHT

An ELEGANT LOBSTER DINNER is served. Kathryn and Ryan KISS as their GUESTS enjoy the lavish feast. Now dressed in a TUX, Mitch pats Parker on the back as he passes.

We track Mitch as he makes his way to the bar where MORGAN is bartending, and GRACE is wound TIGHT.

MITCH
You should be proud of this. It looks nice. For what it's worth, this is as elegant as I've seen it, and I've been here--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

--three seasons. This is your fourth. One as a valet. One reception. Two on the concierge desk.

MITCH

Have a drink, Grace.

GRACE

I don't drink.

Genna flits up, looking awkwardly hot in a dress.

GENNA

And I certainly don't drink because I'm underage.

Mitch looks her over.

MITCH

Huh.

GENNA

Don't say "huh". Girls don't want to hear "huh". I am a girl, ya know.

MITCH

I see that. You look nice.

Genna blushes a bit.

GENNA

Thanks, Mitch. Grace, you look nervous. Let's get you a Red Bull.

Genna eyes Morgan.

GENNA (cont'd)

Two Red Bulls.

Genna steals a look at Grace, then mouths to Morgan.

GENNA (cont'd)

With vodka.

MITCH

How'd Julie do with the band?

GENNA

Um... You should probably talk to Julie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH
She didn't get a band, did she?

GENNA
Sure she did. But... It's a surprise.

Genna grabs her drinks and flits back to Grace. She hands Grace a drink.

GENNA (cont'd)
Here ya go. Cheers.

They toast and drink. Grace WINCES.

GRACE
There's vodka in this.

GENNA
Nooo...

Grace hands the drink back to Genna as Helen passes. She scans the dinner, poker faced. Everyone seems happy.

HELEN
Ms. Brancato.

Helen walks away. Grace takes the drink back from Genna.

GRACE
There better be vodka in this.

GENNA
There is. Totally.

Grace SLAMS the drink. Genna grins devilishly.

GENNA (cont'd)
Morgan. Two more, please.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Mitch approaches Julie who looks amazing in an evening gown. She stands near the stage, pacing a bit nervously.

MITCH
Hey. How'd you'd do with the band?

JULIE
Um, we have one.

Just then HUTZ passes, 70's polyester suit, GUITAR, and GRIN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUTZ

For those about to rock, we salute
you.

Hutz is followed by a steady stream of GYPSY MUSICIANS.

MITCH

You asked Hutz to play?

JULIE

No, I asked Tyler Green to play but he
called me a bitch, so I was in a bind.
Hutz said he had a band. How bad can
they be?

MITCH

How bad do they look like they can be?

They look bad. As the GUESTS approach the stage, the
GROOMSMEN in SUITS, the BRIDESMAIDS wearing various PURPLE
DRESSES, Ryan and Kathryn spy Mitch.

RYAN

Hey, bellhop. Looks like some band.

MITCH

Yep. I think you're gonna...remember
this for a long time.

On stage, Hutz steps to the MIC, flanked by an assortment of
CIRCUS-LOOKING FOLK.

HUTZ

I see all the ladies tonight so lovely
in the purple. Especially the mother.

Hutz LEERS at Kathryn's MOTHER.

HUTZ (cont'd)

This one is for you, my purple flower.

As Mitch and Julie hold their breath, Hutz's band launches
into START WEARING PURPLE by GOGOL BORDELLO. It begins like
a simple Ukrainian folk song and then...the band EXPLODES
into what could only be called GYPSY PUNK. Mitch steals a
tentative glance at Kathryn who eyes her bridesmaids. Do
they hate it? A BEAT passes and then... They take to the
DANCE FLOOR with REVELRY.

Mitch eyes Julie as all the GUESTS FLOOD the DANCE FLOOR.
Hutz's band is good. Really good.

Kathryn and her guests dance and laugh. All is well.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - COURTYARD - BAR - NIGHT

As the music plays, Grace lingers near the bar. Helen approaches and checks in with Morgan.

HELEN

No problems, Ms. Matthews?

MORGAN

No problems, Helen.

Helen NODS as Grace chimes in nearby.

GRACE

No problems. At my hotel.

There's an EDGE in Grace's voice. Helen eyes her.

GRACE (cont'd)

When the chef dies it's my hotel. When Tyler Green whips out his junk it's my hotel. When the power goes out and the food goes bad and the band crashes their rock bus it's my hotel. Well guess what, Helen? When somehow, some way we save this bitch tonight, it's also MY hotel. Mine.

Helen scrutinizes Grace.

HELEN

Then act like it.

With that, Helen walks away. She's good. A BEAT and Grace notices Bobby who stands nearby, under-dressed and drinking.

BOBBY

Bob Repeta. Lobsters.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Tyler Green watches from the rooftop, guitar in hand. He LINGERS and then retreats as Hutz and the band finish to RAUCOUS APPLAUSE. Hutz basks in it and we DISSOLVE TO...

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - COURTYARD - NIGHT

...LATER. The NIGHT is winding down. Ryan and Kathryn say goodbye to a COUPLE as Grace and Julie approach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE
Everything OK?

KATHRYN
Everything was great.

GRACE
I'm glad. But I know there were some last minute changes so we'd like to comp your bar tab tonight. As our wedding gift to both of you.

KATHRYN
What? That's so wonderful.

RYAN
It is. But I think the hotel should comp all of it. Our whole week.

Grace and Julie CHUCKLE, but Ryan doesn't laugh.

RYAN (cont'd)
Yeah, I'm serious.

KATHRYN
He doesn't mean that.

RYAN
Actually, I do. This whole week's been a fiasco. We didn't get the penthouse--

JULIE
--which was reserved in advance.

RYAN
Room service was sub par. The power was out for half a day. The meal tonight wasn't what we ordered. This is our wedding, I mean, what the hell?

GRACE
Well, first of all...

Grace pauses and eyes Helen who stands across the courtyard, stoic and professional as ever. A BEAT and she acquiesces.

GRACE (cont'd)
How can we make this right?

RYAN
I don't think you can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHRYN

Ryan. It was a great night--

RYAN

--Don't.

Kathryn eyes him. She doesn't care to be dismissed.

KATHRYN

Until now.

Ryan rolls his eyes a bit and turns to Grace.

RYAN

I don't want to pay for any of it.
What's your counter-offer?

BOBBY (O.S.)

Someone could kick your ass.

They spy Bobby lingering nearby. Still under-dressed and drinking.

BOBBY

It's OK. I don't work here.

Ryan dismisses him and turns back to Grace when...

MITCH (O.S.)

If I strike you out, you pay for it.

They all eye Mitch as he intervenes. Ryan SMIRKS.

RYAN

Right. You understand I hit .304 last year.

MITCH

If I strike you out, you pay for everything. If you make contact, it's free.

RYAN

The party or the wedding?

Grace turns back and faces Ryan. She goes all in..

GRACE

All of it.

RYAN

Perfect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ryan SMILES and steps away. Kathryn pursues him.

KATHRYN

Ryan...

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - NIGHT

Julie and Grace pursue Mitch as he walks with a purpose.

GRACE

OK, this is me going all in, but...
Didn't you fail at the baseball?

Mitch glances at her.

GRACE (cont'd)

I Googled you in town. Several seasons
in the minor leagues, and now you're a
film student at Boston University. 3.6
GPA.

JULIE

I did, too. It said you weren't that
good.

Bobby swoops in and calms them.

BOBBY

Don't worry about it. Mitch has this
covered.

Bobby ushers Mitch away and leans in close.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Dude, you do not have this covered.

MITCH

I can do it.

BOBBY

Buddy, he's a major leaguer and a good
one. You, my friend--

MITCH

--used to be someone around here.
Bobby eyes his friend.

BOBBY

Mitch. You were a one pitch pitcher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH

Yeah, but it was a curveball. And Ryan Sizemore can't hit the curveball.

Mitch smiles. Like he knows something we don't.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Mitch opens the door to the rooftop and surveys it. He spies the baseball and steps to it as Kathryn appears in the doorway behind him.

KATHRYN

You don't have to do this. I can talk to him.

MITCH

I know, but you shouldn't have to.

Mitch picks up the baseball and displays it for Kathryn who steps to him.

MITCH (cont'd)

Someone once told me that this ball was hope. And promise. That it was someday. No one's ever hit it.

Mitch finds a small, confident GRIN.

MITCH (cont'd)

And no one's going to.

He starts away, then turns back.

MITCH (cont'd)

By the way, I was right the first time. Ryan Sizemore's a dick. And he doesn't deserve you.

With that, he exits. A man on a mission.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - NIGHT

Mitch wears his tux, minus the jacket and bow tie. Ryan wears the same. Like home and away teams, the young hotel staff has gathered in support of Mitch, and the wedding party has gathered in support of Ryan. Tommy is the catcher.

RYAN

You want to warm up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH

Nope.

RYAN

Fine by me.

Ryan CHUCKLES. Mitch stares at him, then winds up and throws a huge bending curveball. Ryan takes a massive rip at it and... MISSES. Strike one.

Both sides of the CROWD react. Mitch doesn't.

RYAN (cont'd)

Huh. I see that perfect game wasn't a fluke, bellhop.

From his catcher's position, Tommy speaks plainly.

TOMMY

Actually, I'm the bellhop.

Tommy throws the ball back to Mitch who winds up and throws another curveball. Ryan swings even harder and MISSES.

Strike two. Again CHEERS are raised.

RYAN

Whatever...

Tommy throws the ball back to Mitch who catches it and stands, facing Ryan. He looks... Happy.

JULIE

C'mon, Mitch. One more.

BOBBY

You got this, Mitchell.

Mitch glances at Kathryn and their eyes meet. Surprisingly, she finds a small, satisfied smile. We PUSH TO HIM.

MITCH (V.O.)

Sometimes you catch a break. Sometimes when you're feeling unwanted or not good enough, or just not enough, the stars shine a little brighter, and the world smiles, and you remember how good it can all be.

Mitch grips the baseball and lets it fly. A perfect pitch. A perfect strike. And then...

Ryan Sizemore hits a curve ball. High. Far. Really far.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH (V.O.) (cont'd)
Sometimes. Not always.

Ryan and his GROOMSMEN CELEBRATE as the staff SAGS. Kathryn deflates a bit. Grace throws up.

And on the mound Mitch Taylor stands. Defeated.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Mitch again sits on the roof. Cell phone in hand. Genna sits nearby. Silent support. Then...

GENNA

Boy, I've never really seen a baseball travel that far. It was pretty amazing. How far it went. Mitch simply BLINKS at her as Grace joins them.

MITCH

Did you come to fire me?

GRACE

Yes. You're fired. Now how'd you like to be the concierge?

GRACE (cont'd)

Mr. and Mrs. Biggins were married here, 53 years ago. They stayed in room 38 and now Mrs. Biggins has Alzheimer's. He was hoping it would help her. Today was their anniversary.

MITCH

I know.

GRACE

I didn't. But I should have. You'll be a good concierge. But you should probably take the job before they fire me and I can't offer it to you

Mitch smiles at Grace. Then...

GENNA

You think maybe I could have Mitch's old job then? Instead of the spa?

GRACE

No.

Genna SAGS. Grace leads her away, then pauses at the door and looks back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH

Why?

GRACE

I always thought it should have been two strikes, you're out. You fail and you get a second chance. Three seems excessive. Just saying.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - SUITE - NIGHT

Kathryn enters her room and finds an energized Ryan changing.

RYAN

I'm gonna meet the guys in the bar. Maybe we'll get our drinks comped, too.

Ryan CHUCKLES and continues changing. Kathryn is distant.

KATHRYN

We should pay them, Ryan.

RYAN

No way.

KATHRYN

Ry. We have money. We have so much money. And they did their best for us. They're good people and they went out of their way to try to make us happy.

RYAN

You see this is how you are. And I love you for it baby, but a bet is a bet. That dumb ass shouldn't have come at me like that.

Kathryn eyes him for ANOTHER BEAT.

KATHRYN

You changed.

RYAN

Yeah, I didn't want to be in that tux a second longer.

KATHRYN

That's not what I meant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ryan finishes getting dressed and starts for the door.

KATHRYN (cont'd)
Hey. Can you just talk to me?

Ryan stops impatiently at the door.

KATHRYN (cont'd)
There was a time when we would've laughed about this. You were one of the nicest guys I knew. Gracious and kind. What happened to that guy?

RYAN
He worked his ass off, signed an 80 million dollar deal and gave you everything you wanted.

KATHRYN
I know who you are, Ryan. I know how good you can be. But this version of you... This arrogant, self-entitled version...

RYAN
Is me. I like who I am. I like how I am. And if you really want to break it down, we don't have money. I have money, and you have me.

Kathryn scrutinizes him, her heart breaking.

KATHRYN
We need to talk.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

As Mitch eyes his phone, Kathryn appears. She carries Mitch's Red Sox jersey and his boots.

MITCH
I guess your fiance can hit a curveball.

KATHRYN
He's not my fiance. Not anymore.

Mitch eyes her but she can't meet his gaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHRYN (cont'd)

I spoke with Grace and we're going to pay for everything. Even though there won't be a wedding.

MITCH

Kathryn, I'm sorry.

KATHRYN

The last time we were up here--

MITCH

--I was an idiot. And I should have stayed out of it. This was your Happily Ever After.

KATHRYN

But it wasn't.

Kathryn glances down at the courtyard where the night STAFF is tearing down the remnants of her engagement.

KATHRYN (cont'd)

The last time we were up here, we saw that elderly couple. You could tell she was his life. The way he cared for her after so many years. Ryan's life is baseball. It's being a celebrity. It's competition and his boys and winning. And then it was me.

Kathryn CONSIDERS this. Knows it's true.

KATHRYN (cont'd)

I feel stupid for letting it get this far.

MITCH

You're not stupid.

Mitch eyes her.

MITCH (cont'd)

Last year I figured out that sometimes you can get a cell phone signal up here. It's one bar, but it's enough to get a text or an e-mail.

KATHRYN

Rebecca.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH

I've been coming up here every night just hoping for something. Anything. And I know that if she'd just say hi, I'd be on the first plane out of here.

Mitch sits with this for a BEAT.

MITCH (cont'd)

I think most of us are our own worst enemies. And then we meet people who allow us to be our own worst enemies. And it's hard to change that.

KATHRYN

Grace said she'd give me a job if I stayed. So I'm going to. I haven't been alone since high school. I'm looking forward to spending time with myself. Maybe getting to know me.

Mitch smiles gently at Kathryn. She eyes him vulnerably.

KATHRYN (cont'd)

"Every passing minute is another chance to turn it all around."

A BEAT passes between them and then Mitch's PHONE BUZZES. It's a TEXT from REBECCA. It simply reads: **Hi**.

He eyes it for a long MOMENT, then... He DELETES it. Our CODA begins. WEIGHTS AND MEASURES by DRY THE RIVER plays.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - DOCKS - NIGHT

Tommy cannonballs into the bay, joining Mitch, Julie, and Bobby. Parker walks up, finding Genna and Morgan on land.

PARKER

I don't have a suit.

In a FLASH, Morgan removes his pants, leaving him in boxers.

MORGAN

There. You're good.

She tugs her shirt off, and stands in her bra as Genna flits by and grabs it, then rounds up everyone's clothes.

GENNA

Ha! Who's the gullible one now--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Genna stumbles and bites it, falling half into the water with all the clothes. Morgan strips down and darts for the water, joining the fun. Parker follows, tackling Genna.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - DOCKS - NIGHT

Grace watches the staff from afar. She's their age - one of them - and yet, their boss. A BEAT and she retreats.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - OFFICE - NIGHT

Grace enters the lobby and finds Helen taking it in.

GRACE
I owe you an apology.

Helen acknowledges her, then looks away.

GRACE (cont'd)
I'm sorry for what I said earlier. I'm lucky to have your guidance and counsel and I know I have a lot to learn.

Helen turns to face Grace. Poker-faced, but listening.

GRACE (cont'd)
But I also want you to know that I won't let you down. Everything you've built at Shelter Bay will be protected and valued.

Helen remains staid as Grace eyes her sincerely.

GRACE (cont'd)
I promise.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

From his balcony, Tyler Green watches the young staff splash about. Bottle of whiskey in one hand, can of Coke in the other, he drinks from one, then the other. Then he steps inside and sits to a nearby desk.

He picks up a pen and puts it to paper. We ANGLE ON the WORDS: "My Last Will and Testament..."

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - NIGHT

Mitch watches as Ryan Sizemore climbs into a LIMO.

MITCH (V.O.)

"There's a difference between a failure and a fiasco. A failure is simply the non-presence of success. Any fool can accomplish failure."

Mitch looks to Kathryn's room, but doesn't see her. He lingers, understanding the moment and what it means for her.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

From the rooftop, Kathryn also watches Ryan depart.

KATHRYN (V.O.)

"But a fiasco, a fiasco is a disaster of mythic proportions. A fiasco is a folk tale told to others, that makes other people feel more alive, because it didn't happen to them."

The LIMO, and her intended life, disappears into the night.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - OFFICE - NIGHT

Helen exits her office, switching off the light.

INT. SHELTER BAY INN - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Grace enters the kitchen and lingers in the blue black shadows. Then she steps to a shelf and begins organizing and straightening the CANS. Arranging them just so. Meticulously. To the millimeter. It looks kind of crazy.

EXT. SHELTER BAY INN - WOODS - NIGHT

We're deep in the woods now as Mitch searches for something. Suddenly he senses SOMEONE and looks up to spy... Kathryn.

KATHRYN

What are you doing out here?

MITCH

Looking for the ball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHRYN

Why?

MITCH

Because I was perfect that day. For almost three hours of my life, I was perfect. Everyone should have a day like that.

She NODS. Understands.

KATHRYN

I came to look for it, too. Someone once told me that ball was hope. That it was someday.

Mitch nearly smiles. She was listening.

KATHRYN (cont'd)

Everyone should have a someday. They resume the search.

MITCH

You see anything?

KATHRYN

No. Maybe we should go further in. I mean, he hit it pretty far.

Mitch SAGS.

KATHRYN (cont'd)

Seriously. It was pretty amazing. How far it went.

Mitch shakes his head, then looks down and...

MITCH

Got it.

He comes up with the baseball and scrutinizes it.

MITCH (cont'd)

You know, when I threw that last pitch, this wasn't the ending I had in mind.

KATHRYN

So maybe it's not the ending.

He nearly smiles. Appreciates it. They start back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH (V.O.)

100 summers. Shelter Bay has seen them all. But not this one. This one is unwritten. And this one is mine.

Mitch hands the baseball to Kathryn. She eyes it. Hope. Promise. Someday.

KATHRYN (V.O.)

Tomorrow will be hard. And the day after that. Because for the first time in my life, I don't know what I'll become. Or who I'll be. But I know who I won't be. And I know what I won't become.

Together they walk toward an uncertain future. Kathryn tosses the ball and we FREEZE it, mid-air. The Shelter Bay Inn sleeps in the distance.

KATHRYN (V.O.) (cont'd)

And that's a good place to start.

Every passing minute is another chance to turn it all around.

FADE TO BLACK.

END PILOT