

CONCIERGE SERVICE

Setting: The Concierge Desk of a swanky Hotel just before midnight on a Tuesday. The normal night-shift employee has asked Tia, who's front desk shift is over, to fill in for her while she "entertains" her boyfriend upstairs. Tia, boyfriend-less, is upset and lonely at having no one for her to "entertain," and, as fate would have it, drops her pen and bends to pick it up just as Bryan steps up to the desk and asks:

BRYAN:

Excuse me miss.

Tia, startled, bolts up and hits her head... ouch!

TIA:

OMG!

BRYAN:

I'm terribly sorry. Are you alright?

Tia now actually sees Bryan... who's seriously HOT!

TIA:

OMG! (About Bryan - oops)

BRYAN:

Seriously, that was quite a knock. Are you bleeding? Should I go retrieve someone?

Tia tries to recover quickly

TIA:

Yes – I mean no – I mean – yes, I'm alright - and no you don't need to "retrieve" anyone.

BRYAN:

Your sure then

TIA:

Yes, I'm sure

Her obvious attraction elicits a polite smile & laugh from Bryan

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BRYAN:
Yes, well...

She jumps in...

TIA:
May I help you with anything tonight?

The brazen hussy

BRYAN:
Well, I just got in and haven't eaten, but hate room service. Could you tell me if there's a good restaurant open nearby?

TIA:
Yes, Fred 62 on Vermont, but it's a ways from here; do you have a rental car?

BRYAN:
No, I'm afraid not

TIA:
(Not being 100% truthful)
It's the only one I'd recommend for this time of night. So, I'll tell you what. If you can wait the 15 minutes until I get off, I'd be happy to take you myself.

BRYAN:
(Getting the picture)
Are you certain it wouldn't be too much trouble?

TIA:
Not at all, its part of our new... supercalifragilisticexpialidocious service! Started it just last week!

BRYAN:
Really... last week... well, if that's the case, I'll go put my bags in the room and be back in 15.

Bryan starts to go...

Bryan continues:
By the way, my name's Bryan

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TIA:

Tia

BRYAN:

Tia... nice... be right back

TIA:

I'll be ready (oops)

Too late, he's heard it

Tia watches Bryan go and quickly dials her phone. We only hear her side of the conversation

TIA:

(Sotto voce)

Amber, its Tia... I don't care what's about to happen, you finish it, fake it, whatever, but your ass dressed, and down here in 15 or I am so gone, got it? What? -- Why? -- Let me put it this way... (grinning lustfully) you're not the only one gonna get hers tonight!

Tia hangs up and begins a brief Victory Dance

Fine`