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Bedtime Stories

By Matt Lopez

[Man] I'm going
to tell you a story now.
But as any good storyteller knows,
one must first be sure
the audience is prepared.
Is everybody comfortably seated?
Does anyone need to use the bathroom?
Oh. You, sir, in the back?
Well, hold it in.

[Laughs]

You ready? Here we go.
My name is Marty Bronson.
I owned and operated
the Sunny Vista Motel,
which I established on the corner
of Sunset and La Cienega Boulevards
in Los Angeles, California,
in the year 1974.
The motel was my labor of love,
and I ran it with the help

of my children:

[Marty] Wendy, the key, please,
for Mr. And Mrs. Dixon.

Thank you.

And Skeeter.

May I help you with your bags,
Mr. And Mrs. Dixon?

- Yes, please.

- Why, thank you, young man.

[Grunting]

You, uh, need a hand?

No, no. I got it.

[Mr. Dixon] OK.

To my boy Skeeter,
the motel was a wonderland.

Way too hyper.

The galaxy's not big enough
for the both of us.

A magical place.

[Chatter, laughter]

Full of new adventures
for a six-year-old boy.

[Laughs] Oh, Skeeter. Come here.

Skeeter loved the old place
as much as I did.

And he always tried to come up
with ways to make it even better.

I've got a lot of ideas how
to improve things around here.

I was thinking we could put
an extra pair of socks in each room
because people always forget to pack
enough socks when they go on a trip.

That's a good idea.

Time for bed,

I'm meeting with Mr. Nottingham.

Wait, Dad. I'm not even tired.

Well, how about a bedtime story?

Yay!

Now, once upon a time,
there was a little boy,
and that little boy's name
was Skeeter.

Well, I could tell a pretty fair tale
when the muse was with me.

And making my little boy smile,
now, that was truly magical.

Yeah, I was a pretty good dad
and a pretty good host.

But unfortunately,
a pretty bad businessman.

Can't you read the writing
on the wall, Bronson?

This motel is sinking in red ink...
and I'm offering you the last lifeboat.

[Sighs]

I don't know.

[Nottingham]

I've seen the books, Martin.

If you don't sell to me,
you're going to go bankrupt.

Yes, well, I...

I'd always hoped this place
would be a home for my children.

[Nottingham] How about this?

If your boy works hard and shows
some smarts when he grows up,

I'll let him run this place.
[Sighs] You promise?
Yes. Now sign the bloody papers.
That's my boy, Bronson.
Trust me, I'm going to turn this place
into the finest hotel in Los Angeles.
It's going to be uptight
and out of sight.
[Marty] And just like that,
our modest little Sunny Vista Motel...
... metamorphosized into the
mighty Sunny Vista Nottingham.
And for the past 25 years,
it has been lovingly maintained
by my now grown-up son,
Skeeter Bronson, the handyman.
Yes, though Mr. Nottingham's promise
for Skeeter to run the place
- seems to have been forgotten...
- Hiya, Pop.
... my boy always works diligently
with a hopeful heart,
still waiting for his shot.
Mrs. Dixon?
Is there a problem with her room?
Nothing you should bother
your tiny mind about.
Mrs. Dixon has been taking the nip
bottles of liquor out of her mini-bar,
and doesn't want to pay for it.
I never even touched
that evil little refrigerator.
I don't drink alcohol.
Of course.
There's probably a mix-up.
- I saw who took it.
- OK.
He had red hair and a beard.
He was wearing a green suit
with brass buttons.
And he stands about ten inches tall.
So we're talking about a leprechaun?
There you go.
Oh, I didn't know your brother

was in town.

So, um, here's what

I think we should do.

Put all the missing bottles
on my tab.

Next time you see any leprechauns,
we'll tell Aspen.

She's half-troll.

I think, trolls eat
leprechauns, am I right?

[Scoffs]

She would.

[Marty] Today magic is
in the air at the grand hotel,
and the winds of change
are about to blow our story
in a strange new direction.

But what would you expect in a hotel
founded by someone who loved
a good story as much as I?

Time is of the essence here, Skeeter.

Oh, yeah, I know. I just don't want
the big boss man to get electrocuted.

Of course.

- You fixed it?

- Let me see here.

- [Feedback]

- Yo, yo. Yo, yo.

Check, check. One, two. Come on.

Yeah, yeah. Hear me in the back?

- Whoa, whoa.

- Skeeter.

I say "Barry,"

you say "Nottingham."

- Barry.

- [All] Nottingham.

- Barry.

- [All] Nottingham.

Barry had a Nottingham

Nottingham, Nottingham

Barry had a Nottingham

Whose beard was

white as snow

[laughs] Come on,

give it up for the big man.

[Applause]

Got them warmed up for you, sir.

- It's good to see you again.

- Germs.

- Germs?

- Uh, Skeeter,

Mr. Nottingham has

developed a fear, uh...

Not a fear, an awareness...

...of germs and

how dangerous they can be

when not properly... feared, so...

You're doing the right thing.

I didn't shower today.

So, yeah, let me get out of here.

[Skeeter] Barry Nottingham, everybody.

- He's brilliant, him. I love this guy.

- [Barry] Welcome.

As you know, I own 23 hotels

from Berlin to Beijing.

But it's no secret that this one,

the Sunny Vista Nottingham,

is my favorite.

However, this is a 20th-century hotel.

We need something for the 21 st century.

And so, we have decided

to close this hotel

and to build a brand-new

Sunny Vista Mega Nottingham.

[Applause]

This will be the largest hotel

on the West Coast.

I simply don't understand what the fuss

is about. It's just a big building.

Oh, no, no. This is like the

future of the hotel business.

...and a top-secret theme

that will blow your mind.

Yes!

So I'm proud to announce

the new hotel's general manager.

He's been waiting on this

for a long time.

We all know how hard he works,
how intelligent he is,
how much this hotel means to him.
Take a bow, Mr. Kendall Duncan!
Take a bow, Kendall.
- God bless.
- Boo!
[Hissing]
[Man] A beautiful speech, sir.
A beautiful speech.
I'm so glad you could come.
It's great to see you.
Don't touch me.
Well done, Daddy.
Oh, oh, hello there.
Do you know my daughter, Violet?
Only by reputation, sir.
Excuse me?
No, no, not that she has a reputation.
I always heard she's very hot.
Not hot as in hot.
Hot, I meant warm...
Warm-hearted.
And she likes to go out
and have fun, festive times,
in bars, with a lot
of different guys, and...
That's the old Violet Nottingham.
Before she met me.
Now it's up to me to keep
my pooky-bear out of the spotlight
and nightclubs and tabloids.
Isn't that right, sir? [chuckles]
Violet's off to her private tennis
lesson with Roger Federer.
- Oh. All right, good for you.
- Bye, boys.
Got to say, uh...
...it's gonna be hard for me to see
the hotel move locations like this.
Well, I, I do hope you'll feel able
to come and work with us there.
Big as Kendall wants to make it,
well, there's going to be a lot

of light bulbs to change.

[Snickering]

Someone touched me.

Is there any sanitizer?

There is, sir. Come this way.

I'll get you some.

Can't be too careful, Kendall.

[Ray Anthony and His Orchestra:

The Hokey Pokey]

All right, everyone finished

at the pottery table,

bring their art to the kiln.

The man with the rescue donkey's

leaving in five minutes,

if you haven't gotten a ride, hurry up.

Thank you, Principal Duva.

Oh, I'm not a principal

at this party. I'm a mom.

Hey!

I notice no one's eating

the gluten-free wheatgrass cake.

Come on. Trust me,

you just got to get past the smell.

What? The clown died?

- What's in that bag?

- Oh, chocolate chip cookie.

- Food!

- [All kids] Food!

- Slow it down, slow it down.

- Hey, sissy.

Why do you bring sugary, chemical-filled

crud to my house every time you visit?

What? Every time? You haven't

invited me here in four years.

What are you talking about?

It hasn't been four years.

You were here for

The Fourth of July barbecue

when you punched my husband?

Yes. That was four years ago.

I wanted to give him a wedgie,

but his underwear had holes in it.

I knew he'd be your ex-husband.

You should be happy.

All right. Let's not start.
How are the kids handling
the old divorce anyways?
They're both kind of off right now.
Bobbi's been really quiet.
Why don't you go say hi.
I'm gonna pay the donkey guy.
- Is that what stinks in here?
- No, it's the cake.
What did she make, donkey cake?
- [Kids laugh]
- I smell manure.
Hey, you guys. Remember me?
Uncle Skeeter.
Man, you got big.
Haven't seen you in a while.
Happy birthday there, Bobbi.
I'm Patrick. She's Bobbi.
Oh, my bad.
Got you a little something.
Happy birthday, Bobbi.
Here you go.
Picked it up at the hotel.
How's school going?
- Skeeter?
- Yeah.
Getting called to the principal's
office. Look at that.
Have fun with the gifts. And...
Yes, yes.
Shampoo?
And a soap?
Hanger and a towel.
Do not talk about school with them.
What's going on with the school?
- They're closing it down.
- No.
- I'm getting laid off.
- You?
You're like
the classic school principal.
I mean, you're, you're scary
and bad with people.
Children are nervous around you.

That doesn't sound right, but,
I'm just saying, what else could you do?
Maybe, Cuban dictator? Or the bogeyman.
You could be the bogeyman.

- Anyway...

- What, what?

I've got some interviews
set up in Arizona,
which is kind of what I wanted
to talk to you about.

Uh-oh.

I need you to watch the kids...
for a week.

No! No, they don't even like me!
It's not going to be difficult, Skeeter.
My friend Jill

is a teacher at my school.

She'll bring the kids in with her
and watch them till dinnertime.

All you gotta do is the night shift.

Why can't your stupid friend do that?

She's got night school. Skeeter!

My husband left me.

I'm getting laid off.

I, I have to move.

I need your help.

So you need me.

This is good.

I'll do it.

But you got to say,

"Skeeter is the coolest.

I am a nerd."

"Skeeter's the coolest.

I'm a nerd?"

Yeah, you are! Whoo!

OK. Hey, you guys.

I'm going to hang out with you
this week. All right?

Maybe we can go... fishing.

I'd rather you didn't.

Patrick's not a strong swimmer.

OK, we'll stay inside.

How about, uh,

we play some poker?

- I can teach you that.
- Gambling? I don't think so.
OK, how about we
just take walks in the park
- and catalog plant species?
- Now you're talking.
I don't know anything about plants
except you try to make cakes
out of them!
He liked that one.
I'm gonna end with a laugh.
Give me some. Huh?
I wasn't gonna hit you.
I was trying to do the fist thing.
You don't know the fist thing?
OK, I was just...
That's what, uh, the children do.
Hey, yeh, yeh.
Oh, this your truck, chief?
Yes, it is, ma'am.
You realize you're taking up
two parking spaces?
It's a big truck, ma'am.
It's not that big, sir.
You could fit into one spot.
I had to park
all the way down the block.
Well, next time park in that box.
Plenty of room in there.
Anyway, here's the situation.
This is not really my truck,
this is the hotel I work for's truck.
So if I get a scratch on it,
they take it out of my salary.
So two parking spaces
provides me with what I call
"a cushion of protection."
Wait, a hotel? Oh, wait.
You're Wendy's brother.
- Yeah.
- I'm Jill.
- Who's that?
- I'm her friend,
the one helping take care of the kids.

I'm the day shift.

OK, June. You plan on being
this hostile the whole time?

Jill. My name is Jill.

Do you plan on keeping that
haircut the rest of the time?

Oh, haven't you heard?

Goofy's the new handsome.

[Engine splutters]

- That sounds good for the environment.

- Oh, we can't all have Priuses.

How do you know I drive a Prius?

Your whole aura reads Prius.

[Bubbling sounds]

Anyways, you're in my
cushion of protection right now.

I want to back up, so if you
could just zing-zang up there,

- that would be helpful.

- Yeah.

You might want some Cinnabons.

You'll need it.

- Food!

- [Kids shouting]

Give it back!

Somebody owes me six bucks!

So why didn't you demand that he make
you the big boss of the new hotel?

He promised your dad.

I wanted to.

It just wasn't the right time.

Let me tell you how it works.

The big man's giving the job
to Kendall

because he's dating his daughter.

That's the way it works,

keep it in the family.

He gets the girl, he gets the job,
he gets everything.

And I get nothing.

[Cell phone ringing]

[Ringtone screeches]

- Hello?

- [Jill] Where are you? Still there?

I'm still where?
Who's this?
Look, I've got to get to class.
The kids are waiting for you, OK?
Oh! Oh, yeah, yeah,
I'm sorry.
[Stammers] I forgot.
I'll be there in like 20 minutes.
[Phone beeps off]
I'm gonna baby-sit
my nephew and niece tonight.
Oh, God.
Got any advice for me?
Yes, I do. Sometimes I baby-sit
my cousins, right?
And what I do is
I let them style me hair.
Like put beads into it and braid it,
make me look all real sexy.
Like Milli Vanilli, stuff like that.
You should try that.
Braid my hair? That's a good idea.
Can I have some French fries?
Of course you can.
You're my best friend.
[Gasps]
Ah! Actually, I really like
ketchup on my face
because it's
rejuvenating for the skin.
So who's the real victim?
You are.
Mmm! Delicious.
Do you think these signs will help?
Well, miracles happen,
you know?
You mean like Dad coming back?
Um...
- [door closes]
- [Skeeter singing]
[Laughing] Hey!
Sorry I'm late.
So, um, their pajamas
are on their beds,

and I will be back, um,

at 8:

- All right.

- Here is my cell phone number.

And call me if there's
any emergencies.

All right. Have fun at night school.

- [Jill] Bye, guys.

- Bye.

All packed up here.

I got my, uh, toothbrush
and, uh, and the toothpaste.

Some clean underwear.

Well, maybe not that clean.

You guys want to watch TV?

We don't have a TV.

[Cell phone rings]

- Hello?

- [Skeeter] Emergency!

They don't have a TV.

Wendy doesn't let them watch TV.

You didn't know?

I don't know a lot of things
about these kids.

I wasn't allowed over here.

Their old man didn't like me.

OK, listen, you don't need a TV.

You can, um, play a game, do a puzzle.

I'm sure you can figure
something out. OK?

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Should I let them
braid my hair or something?

Would they like that?

I don't think anyone
should touch that hair.

Hey, what do you say we go...

next door and toilet paper
your neighbor's trees?

No? OK, bedtime!

[Thunder, rain falling]

OK, so you guys cool?

You have to read us a bedtime story.

Yeah, all right. You have any?

Whoo! What do you got here, anyways?
"Rainbow Alligator Saves the Wetlands"?

Mmm, no.

"The Organic Squirrel
Gets a Bike Helmet"?

I'm not reading these
communist books to you guys.
Don't you got any real stories?

- Like what?

- Like what?

Like, like cowboys? Or dragons?
Or aliens? Or... What the heck
is on my head right now?

That's Bugsy, our guinea pig.

- Why do you call him Bugsy?

- Because of his eyes.

Let me see them.

[Squeaking]

Wow! Those eyes would be big on a cow.

[Squeaking]

Are those eyeballs
or bowling balls?

Can't keep my eyes off of them.

Just get in there so I don't have to
look at them anymore. Goodbye.

Anyways, uh,

you guys want me to, uh,
make up a story for you?

Like, like my old man used to do for me?

Maybe I could be good at this.

All right, um...

Here goes.

Once upon a time,
in a magical, faraway kingdom...

Once upon a time,
in a magical, faraway kingdom...

... there was a brave
and noble knight.

Strikingly handsome.

Who lived in a grand castle
that weary travelers from near and far
would come and visit.

Now, this knight had been
working his butt off for years.

You'd think he'd be a shoo-in
to rule the castle, right?

- [Patrick] Right.

- [Skeeter] Wrong.

Actually, he wasn't
even a knight at all.

[Neighs]

Oh, no.

[Skeeter] He was, in fact,
just a lowly peasant.

And even though he was the son
of the late, great Lord Marty...

- [indistinct]

- Thank you.

... and knew everything there is
to know about running a castle,
everyone just took him for granted.

His name was Mr. Underappreciated.

What's "underdemeciatiated"?

- Under de-what?

- Underdemeciatiated.

That's right,

I forgot you were six.

His name was Sir... Fix-A-Lot.

But alas, the kingdom
where Sir Fix-A-Lot lived
did not place much value on dedication
or hard work, I guess.

Because the superstar in all
the land was Sir Butt-Kiss.

And he spent all his days
kissing everybody's butt.

[Kissing sounds]

- Boo!

- [Giggles]

And my lord, yes,
of course I can get you
front row house seats
to The Lion King. [laughs]

And Sir Fix-A-Lot had
a best friend, Friar Fred,
who was not right in the head.
She never! No! Not our queen,
I won't have that.

- Were there any kids in the kingdom?

- [Skeeter] Yes, yes. Of course.

There were two young pages.

Mistress Stinky

and Master Smelly.

Hey-oh! And don't forget...

Jillian! The queen of the fairies!

[Skeeter] Queen of the fairies?

I mean, if she has to be there,
let's just make her an angry raven.

[Caws]

Parking spot!

[Patrick] She should be
a mermaid teacher.

[Bobbi] Yeah. The best
mermaid teacher in the world.

Children, open your books to page 16.

Yes, Miss Mermaid.

Let's begin.

All right, she's a mermaid.

Whatever you want.

Anyways, back to the story.

One day the king invited
all his subjects to the castle.

I bring glad tidings.

For on this day

I have chosen a champion
who will run this castle
and be my closest advisor
and bestest buddy.

My new champion is...

...Sir Butt-Kiss!

[Cheers, applause]

Thank you.

Poor Sir Fix-A-Lot had been passed over.

So, Sir Fix-A-Lot
moved into a giant shoe,
got a bad case of athlete's face,
dove into a moat...

Ah, what the heck.

[Shouts]

... and got eaten by crocodiles.

[Shouting]

The end.

The end? That can't be the end.

- Why? Why not?

- It's not happy.

There aren't happy endings in real life.

Sooner you know that, the better.

- It's not fair!

- What? What's not fair?

I mean, shouldn't Sir Fix-A-Lot
at least get a shot to be champion?

- A shot? Hmm...

- If Sir Fix-A-Lot is better
than Sir Butt-Kiss, he should
get a chance to prove it.

OK. Yeah, yeah,

Bobbi, good.

[Bobbi] What the king
really said was...

On second thought,

there is another worthy man
in my kingdom,

and it wouldn't be fair

unless he got a shot, too.

Sir Fix-A-Lot!

[Skeeter] And then the crowd went nuts.

[Journey:]

But, Sire, Fix-A-Lot
is as common as muck.

Boo!

[Skeeter] And Friar Fred
drop-kicked a booing goblin.

- Boo!

- [Man shouts]

And the mermaid teacher did one of those
weird tail dolphin moves.

And Stinky and Smelly
did the fastest Irish jig ever.

Whoo-hoo-hoo!

[Laughs] Yeah. Right on.

Prince Bugsy busted out
some fancy moves.

[Squeaking]

And then... and then...

It started raining gumballs.

Raining gumballs?

Why not? It's a bedtime story.

Anything can happen.

Yeah, yeah.

I guess in a story.

I just wish it was like that
in real life. I really do.

[Bell chimes]

- What was that?

- Buggy.

- [Chitters]

- [Skeeter] Oh.

He rings that bell when he's hungry?

No, when he needs to go to sleep.

[Gurgling sounds]

[Yawning]

OK. As you wish,

Your Highness.

All right, you guys, have a good sleep.

You, too, uh, weird eyes.

- [Buggy chitters]

- [Skeeter makes chirping noise]

[Skeeter] Well, I don't

have much to work with,

but I will make us

a delicious breakfast

that I know you will enjoy.

Yes, some banana

on the rice cake,

and then what do we call this?

Wheat germ.

I was told germs are bad for you,

but here goes.

I like it.

A rice cake-banana-wheat germ sandwich.

And what do we got?

This is terrible.

Doesn't your, your mother

have taste buds?

What are we doing here?

We got nothing to use in this house.

Hang on.

A little flavor.

It's good because, now we don't

have to brush our teeth.

There you go. At least we got
a little mint going on. Guys want one?

- [cell phone rings]

- Hang on.

- [ringtone screeches]

- Hello!

Bronson? The television set
in Mr. Nottingham's room
is broken and it needs
to be fixed right away.

I have a situation here.

I'm watching my nephew and my niece.

I'm sorry. Are you having
difficulty hearing me?

Mr. Nottingham wants
to watch television now!

I hear you.

I speak trollinese, don't worry.

- There's a leprechaun behind you.

- [Squeals]

- Gotcha.

- [Phone beeps off]

Thanks a lot, gentlemen. OK.

- Wow.

- It's pretty, huh?

Whoa!

I got to go fix my boss' television set,
but I need somebody to watch you two.

[Paparazzo] Violet!

Right here. Give a smile.

Hang on.

Violet! Skeeter Bronson,
the handyman from the other day.

Oh, right. Yes.

Listen, uh, I got some kids
with me right now.

My nephew and niece. But,

I gotta fix your father's TV.

Could you watch them a few minutes?

Huh?

[Bell dings]

- Yeah, yeah. All right, I'm going.

- [Gasps]

- [Knocking]
- [Barry] Come in.
- [Skeeter] Mr. Nottingham, sir?
- [Barry] Uh, the telly won't turn on.
[Skeeter] It won't? Well, let me just
take a... tallyho at it, OK?
I'll just flip this light on.
No, no, no, no!
Absolutely not!
I'm fighting a cold here.
I must stay in the dark
whenever possible.
Do you realize
germs can reproduce
Oh, OK. Here we go,
nice and dark again.
- The germs are confused.
- Come towards me.
OK. It's got to be
around here somewhere.
- [Skeeter shouts]
- [Crashing]
[Barry] For heaven's sake.
I'm so sorry, sir.
I just can't see a thing.
- To your left, there.
- Oh!
[Skeeter] There's the TV. So how's the,
uh, new hotel coming, sir?
Oh, very well. Still dealing with the
city on building permits and whatnot.
Uh-huh.
I can't tell you the secret theme.
It's so good, we don't want
anyone to steal it.
- I hear you, sir.
- OK, I'll tell you.
Come along, sit down. Please.
Great.
[Barry] Ready?
Rock and roll.
Vintage vinyl.
Music memorabilia in the lobby.
Oh, OK. Like, uh, like the Hard Rock?

- The What What?
- The Hard Rock Hotel.
They've been using
that theme for, like, years.
Get Kendall Duncan
up here straightaway, please.
[Violet] What a perfect
little powder puff.
[Squeaks, purrs]
Thank you.
So, Patrick, truth or dare?
Truth?
How old were you the first time
you kissed a girl?
Patrick never kissed a girl.
Girls are bis-crusting.
Except for Trisha Sparks.
Ooh, is that a girl in your class,
you little Romeo?
[Jill] Hey, guys.
Hi, Aunt Jill, did you
get the note we left you?
Yes, I did.
And, uh, now we have to get you guys
ready for school. So, come on.
- Hi.
- Hi.
Oh, hey. You're, uh...
- Uh-huh. Here's your fat mouse.
- It's a guinea pig, but...
And you, young man...
I want to hear all about this little
Trisha Sparks next time I see you.
Trisha Sparks is
two years older than you.
She's hot.
I'm very disappointed in you, Kendall.
We almost made an apocalyptic mistake.
This rock and roll idea
of yours is old hat.
Well, sir, I had every intention
of putting our own spin on it.
Do you know what, Skeeter?
I'm starting to get a fuzzy recollection

of something I said to your father.
In fact, I am going to give you a shot.
If you can come up with a better theme
than Kendall does,
I'll let you run the new place instead.

[Kendall laughs] Oh, sir.

Don't you think this is perhaps
a little too much of a cruel joke
to be playing on somebody as...
well, the, the maintenance guy?

- No, I don't.

- [Kendall] No.

Mr. Bronson has been working
for this company for 25 years.
I'm beginning to think I may have
seriously underdemeciated him.

[Kendall] I'm sorry.

"Underdemeciated"?

Precisely. You can both present your
ideas at my birthday party this weekend.

Thank you, Kendall.

That is all.

Mr. Bronson, the television,
if you would.

Oh, and do watch out
for the germ vaporizer.

- [Crash]

- [Shouts]

[Falco:

[Falco:

[Skeeter] The best day of my life!

[Skeeter sings with radio]

Amadeus Amadeus

Amadeus Ow! Amadeus

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Amadeus Amadeus Amadeus

Ooh, rock me Amadeus

- Amadeus Amadeus

- [engine revs]

[Turns radio off]

Whoa. I like your car, pal.

Hey, thanks, champ.

You know what they say.
You want to be the best,
you got to drive the best.
Hey, uh, not to get personal,
but what's a sweet ride
like that cost, anyways?
You know what? Actually it's
surprisingly affordable.
Yeah?
If you saved every paycheck you
earn for the rest of your life
and then multiply it by ten, you
could probably buy my muffler.
Ah-ooga!
Oh, you wanna drag race, do you?
[Splutters, backfires]
You win! Good job.
What?
This is spooky.
You've got to be kidding me!
Look at this. I'm losing all my candy.
How can you not see
a 50-foot trailer? Come on.
So you have to compete for your job with
Skeeter Bronson. You'll annihilate him.
Oh, I know. It's just
a little degrading, that's all.
[Phones ringing]
Thanks for being there.
I'll be there as long as
there's a there to be at.
[Growls]
[Barks]
[Clears throat]
Oh, hello, children.
We're looking for Skeeter Bronson.
- [Kendall groans]
- Oh, Mr. Bronson.
Yes, you'll find him in room 109.
- OK.
- Please, this way.
[Bugsy twitters]
- Oh, my God! Did you see that thing?
- Those eyes.

They were, they were staring
into my, my very soul.
- Hey, Uncle Skeeter!
- Hey!
- Just who I wanted to see.
- Hey, chief, here's Bugsy.
- Got him.
- Why do they have to stay here?
Because I'm on call tonight,
Jennifer.
It's Jill, actually, Scooter.
It is? OK, yeah...
You did not just do that.
I did. Watch.
I'm gonna do it again.
So, guys, anything weird
happen to you today?
I had a substitute teacher
with an eye patch.
Uh... that's a little weird.
I'm talking like big-time weird.
Maybe coincidence weird, uh...
...as in gumball weird?
We're not allowed to chew gum.
Of course you're not.
You guys want to go to sleep?

It's only 5:

And we haven't had dinner.
Hmm. OK.
Room service!
[Man] So you've never
been skateboarding?
You've never played video games?
Mom says they rot your brain.
That's not true. I've been playing video
games my whole life, and look at me.
Yeah, maybe she's got a point.
You. You've never eaten bacon?
What's bacon?
Bacon is the juicy,
fatty part of the pig
right adjacent to the rear.
But delicious and tasty,

not how I just made it sound.

And this is the first hamburger
you've ever eaten?

- What's the verdict? What do you think?

- Life-changing.

- Mom's gonna kill us.

- No, she isn't.

First of all, she's never
gonna find out about this.

And second of all, she used to eat
plenty of hamburgers
when we were growing up
in this very room.

[Both] She did?

Looks like Bugsy's eaten a lot
of burgers in the last ten minutes.

Wow!

He keeps going like that,
we could make bacon out of Bugsy.

[Chirps]

He's kidding, Bugsy.

Take it easy.

- [Both laugh]

- OK. Let's get you carnivores to bed.

I got a, a new story

I want to lay on you.

What do you think

of cowboys and Indians?

Oh, yes, tonight's the night!

I just like cowboys and Indians

'cause of the conflict.

OK, once upon a time in the Old West,

OK, once upon a time in the Old West,

before room service was

even invented...

... there was a farm hand

named Jeremiah Skeets.

He was looking to get

ahead in the world,

but was having a problem

with his current mode

of transportation.

[Whinnies like a spluttering

engine, backfires]

[Jeremiah] Uh, that was my horse.
That wasn't me, everybody.
Someone once told Jeremiah
that if he wanted to be the best,
he'd have to ride the best.
You mind showing me your finest horse?
My ancestors believe horse spirit
come down from mountain
during time of fire, wind.
Many brave warrior
walk trail of moon bear...
OK. Look, I just want to see your finest
horse, not a whole thing there.
- Sorry. I can do it.
- All right.
Screaming Rooster, bring out Ferrari.
Ferrari.
Oh, my.
Oh, my, oh, my!
Look at that.
- [Whinnies like a racing engine]
- Whoa!
I would get automatic respect
riding such a beautiful animal,
but I'm afraid that's just
a bit out of my price range.
- Tell you what, white bread.
- [Teeth click]
I'll give you Ferrari...
...for free!
Boo-yah!
The end. I love it.
Brilliant story.
So he got the Ferrari for free.
I love that. I love that.
A guy getting a free horse?
That's not a good story.
Where's the arc? There's no arc.
I've not learned anything.
Also, you've got
a moral obligation to them.
What are they gonna
walk away from that with?
I didn't know we were doing

an After School Special.

Why can't he do something
a real gentleman would do,
like save a damsel in distress?

Not a bad idea, munchkin.

OK. So, uh...

let's continue.

[Bobbi] Jeremiah was
out for a ride when...

- [gunshot]

- [Horse whinnies]

[Woman] Oh, please, don't!

- [Man] Give us that jewelry.

- You want my pearls? Help! Please!

- Yah! Yah! Yah! Whoo!

- [Horse whinnies]

Oh, my necklace? Here, take it.

- [Indistinct chatter]

- Come on, boy!

Here.

What else you got, sweetie?

Help! Help!

[Jeremiah] Leave the lady alone!

Care for a lift, ma'am?

- Yeah.

- Oh!

- Nice horse.

- Oh, what, this old thing?

Now, any of you gentlemen want to give
the nice lady her stuff back?

- [Men grumbling]

- Not a chance, huh?

- Because I beg to differ!

- [Men shouting]

- My hero.

- I like that.

[Skeeter] So Jeremiah spirited
Miss Davenport away to safety,
when she says...

Shall we go drink champagne
in a nearby hot tub?

[Squealing, giggles]

- Hot tub?

- Mmm.

Uh, yeah. No.

I was saying that because I wanted to see if you two were paying attention.

What happened was Jeremiah dropped Miss Davenport off in the nearest town, safe and sound.

How ever can I thank you, sir?

Ah, no thanks necessary, ma'am.

But I do insist on expressing my gratitude in some manner.

Fair enough. I'll take...

...\$100 million.

- [Cash register dings]

The end. Let's hope it works.

Very well written,

brilliantly constructed.

Jeremiah wouldn't take money for doing a good deed.

Uh... I know Jeremiah a lot better than you guys.

And believe me, he'd be all over that.

He loves money.

Mmm!

I don't want that.

Go back, rewrite. Rewrite.

Gentlemen don't get paid.

Will you just...

Who's telling the story here?

It should really end more like this.

Well, I must give you some token of my appreciation.

Oh, no.

Perhaps... a kiss?

Touchdown.

[Patrick] Then an angry dwarf kicks him.

Ow!

What the heck did you do that for?

Because I'm angry.

- [Laughing]

- Go! Let's go!

[Woman] All right! Yeah!

I didn't do nothing to you!

- The end.

- [Skeeter] You know what?

Laugh as much as you want.
I'll take a Ferrari
and a kiss any day of the week.
I'd just like to kiss a Ferrari.
- All right. Good night.
- Good night, Uncle Skeeter.
Good night, home slice.
Thanks for the stories.
You came up with
all the good parts, Bobbi.
Good night, y'all.
You too there, Bugsy.
[Twittering]
And them braids look fantastic.
They've taken years off you.
You mind sleeping over?
I'm gonna duck out a few hours.
Oh, yeah, yeah.
Mmm. By the way, um,
I am, uh, legally obliged to tell you
that I suffer from...
sleep panic disorder.
OK, what's, uh, sleep panic disorder?
Believe me, you don't want to know.
What am I thinking? Why would
anyone give me a free Ferrari?
I must be losing my mind.
Much power of the horse
underneath that hood.
Hello.
Are you the guy I'm supposed to see?
I'm here, aren't I?
So... am I about to get
a cherry red Ferrari?
I don't see why not.
For... free?
Sounds good to... me!
What do I do now?
Eat a gumball or something?
Yes.
- Fell out of the sky, right?
- Yeah.
Shh!
Oh! Shh.

I won't tell nobody.

Now, close your eyes

and count to three.

- OK.

- Then it's all gonna happen.

- No.

- Yeah.

- One, two...

- Yeah.

...three.

Ferrari!

Hey! My wallet!

Not anymore!

[Loud music]

[Paparazzi shouting]

Excuse me.

Hi, boys.

OK, thank you.

Thanks, guys. Sorry.

I'm just trying to find my car.

[Eric Carmen:

Good thing my wallet

only had three dollars in it.

And my Derek Jeter baseball card!

- [All shouting]

- Guys, guys, stop, please.

[Indistinct chatter]

[Violet] You've had enough, now.

Thank you.

Stop!

[Tires screech]

- [All shouting]

- Come on, man!

- Care for a lift, ma'am?

- Skeeter?

- Skeeter Bronson?

- Yes, ma'am.

What do you say you boys

give the pretty lady back

the pictures you took?

[All grumbling]

Sure about that, now?

Because I beg to differ.

Guy's got a gun!
I'm just happy they
didn't make me use this thing.
[Drill whirrs]
- My hero.
- Really?
[Violet] That was brilliant, Skeeter.
[Stammers] I don't know what happened.
Something came over me.
It felt good.
It felt really good.
How am I ever going to thank you?
Hmm.
No thanks is necessary, ma'am?
Oh, am I in the presence
of a gentleman?
At your service, ma'am.
Well, I must show
my appreciation in some form.
- [Grunts]
- Ow!
Consider yourself
big people-bashed, sucker.
I knew you were gonna show up.
Get in the Gremlin, Jimmy,
before Sasquatch calls the cops.
Yeah, 'cause that's
how we do what we do. Right?
That's what you get, buddy.
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Let's go! Yeah!
Pull me in. Let's get
out of here. Pull me in!
- [All chattering]
- Big people stink!
OK, well, you don't see that every day.
Indeed. And on that strange note,
I bid you good night.
- Yes, yes.
- [Car alarm chirps]
Oh! Oh!
All right, so that's how I'm getting it.
- Getting what?
- This is just... I shouldn't.

I, I couldn't. You know what?
I can. I'm gonna take it.
What are you talking about?
I'm talking about a very generous girl
who wants to give her rescuer
a cherry red Ferrari...
...for free!
This is sick!
Well, uh, good luck with that.
I'm just going to go.
What do you mean?
Do you have another one at your house?
Am I, am I supposed
to follow you or something?
So seriously, no, no Ferrari?
Where's the \$100 million, at least?!
Boo!
[TV] Hey, hey, hey!
Get your own campaign vehicle.
- [Knocking]
- Yeah.
- Hi.
- [Both] Hey, Aunt Jill.
Hey, guys.
How did last night go?
An angry dwarf kicked me in the leg,
and I didn't get a free Ferrari.
So there you go.
Oh. How sad.
- He's talking about our bedtime story.
- Oh.
Uncle Skeeter said Jeremiah would get
a new horse and a kiss,
but I said the dwarf would kick him.
You said it.
Maybe that's how it works.
The kids control the stories.
[Chimes ring]
And there are the wind chimes.
You know what that means.
What what means?
Huh?
Nothing.
Don't worry about it.

I won't.

OK, guys. Um, what is Buggy doing?

[Panting]

Working off the hamburgers
he ate last night.

Yes, I gave Buggy some hamburgers,
but I gave the children
that wheat germ stuff
because that's what they love.

I guess it's, uh, Buggy
watching the TV then too?

Yeah, I flipped that on
and, look, he's glued to it.

[Makes giggling sounds]

[Screaming]

I'm innocent!

What was that?

Uh... that was the sleep
panic disorder, I believe.

Why don't we, uh, get out of
here before the next attack.

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Give your uncle a kiss.

I'm a relative, I deserve it.

Right there.

Oh, that felt nice.

How about one more for the road?

- No.

- Come on, baby!

Don't worry, we'll be back tonight.

Yeah, no, I'm not worried.

You're coming back,

we got a big story tonight!

About some hotel theme ideas!

Yeah!

- Maybe we won't come back.

- What?

- Skeeter?

- Sir Butt-Kiss. Sir... Kendall.

I understand that you feel a need
to prepare for our little... showdown.

- Yeah.

- That does not excuse you
from maintenance responsibilities.

- Oh, no. Check.
- Lights are out in the spa.
- The south service elevator is slow.
- Check.

Let me try that cheesecake.

Oh, another thing.

I heard about your big hero act
with my girlfriend last night.

- This paparazzi was...
- I know what it is you're trying to do,
and it's not gonna work.

You have to find another way
to cozy up to the old man
because I'm here to tell you
Violet Nottingham is not gonna
date a gum-scraping handyman.

Hey, Kendall.

Two things. First off,
you got something right there.

Yeah, now, use your hands.

That's disturbing to see.

Good. Secondly, when I get
the job at the new hotel,
I was actually considering keeping
you on, so watch your tone with me.

Your brief little trip
to the land of make-believe
is just about over, my friend. OK?

We all know your failed father
ran this hotel into the ground,
and thankfully, you will not
get the chance to make
the same mistake all over again.

May want to pick that up.

[Phone rings]

- It's Duncan.

- [Aspen] Lover, hello.

I'm looking for the hotel site.

I gave you the address,
macho bunny.

The address you gave me is no good.

There's a school here.

- Oh, what school?
- Webster Elementary School.

- Oh, then you're in the right place.
- Is that so?
- This school is being shut down.
- Uh-huh.

The old man pulled a few strings
at the board of education.

- Really?
- We start demolition immediately.

That is very exciting news.

Oh, Pinky.

[Growls, barks]

- [Phone rings]
- [Skeeter] Hello!

Skeeter? Hey, it's Wendy.

- Hey, sissy.
- Hey. How's it going?
- Are the kids OK?
- Oh, yeah. We're having a blast.

That was impressive, Bobbi,
but Uncle Skeeter can jump
over the couch the long way.

- Skeeter, can I talk to them?
- No, I'm taking them camping.
- No.
- Have fun in Arizona. Bye!

Camping? No, Skeeter,
they could get poison ivy!

- [Skeeter] Let's go. Quietly.
- [Patrick] Where are we going?
- Someplace special, fools.
- [Bugsy] Whoo-hoo!

Now march, march,
march, march...

I don't know
but it's been said

Bugsy's eyes
pop out of his head

- March, march, march...
- [kids giggling]
- [Bugsy] Whoo-hoo!
- [Skeeter] March, let's go.

[Kids] Whoa! Cool!

We're going to have ourselves
a camp-out.

[Jill] You guys, look what he's done!
Isn't this cool?
- See? See how nice I am?
- Yeah.
Whoa, OK, just be careful
around the fire.
Hey, Jill. Shh.
Don't want everyone to hear we're here.
[All chattering]
I heard about marshmallows.
Saw them in magazines.
I never imagined they
would be this good.
Let's just hope your mother
doesn't find out I gave you any.
- I won't tell her.
- I'm not talking about you.
She's the weak link.
I think I can let this one slide.
Ahh! The mermaid's being cool.
Look at that.
- The what?
- The nothing.
You know, when we were younger
and your mom and I were out on the roof,
my dad would always tell us
to look at the stars
and see if you could make something
out of them. All right, like, uh...
Right over there.
Right over there. Look, look.
To me, that looks like a camel.
You see the humps? Huh?
The tongue hanging out?
Oh, yeah. I see that.
Hey, look over there!
It's a pyramid.
[Skeeter] Yeah!
Hey, good one, Patrick.
Look, right next to the moon.
Right, right beside it.
It looks exactly like Bugsy.
- [Skeeter] Oh, my God!
- [All laughing]

Don't worry, Bugsy.
Your eyes are still bigger.
- [Chitters]
- [Jill laughs]
Uncle Skeeter?
Yes, good-looking.
Do you think my father will come back?
Um...
Well, that's a tough one.
He must be going through some...
mental malfunction
to not want to be with you two guys
every second of the day.
But, uh, I do know this.
You're always going to have your mother.
You're always gonna have
this girl to hang out with.
And me, I ain't ever going anywhere.
OK?
I'm like the stink on your feet.
I'll always be around.
OK. You guys made me late.
I hope you're happy.
Well, thank you.
Have fun at night school.
See you tomorrow.
All right, we got rid of her,
so let's get to business.
Put the s'mores down.
Story time.
All right, guys. Tonight's story's
gonna be extra special.
All right, guys. Tonight's story's
gonna be extra special.
It's called...
... The Great Hotel Idea Story.
Yeah!
- What?
- Boring.
Come on, guys,
I really need you to do this.
It's gonna help
my life a lot. Please?
All right, you know what?

We still got one more night.
Let's have a fun story.
How about some Evel Knievel stuff?
Racing, jumping, flying...
Or maybe something like romantic?
[Kissing sounds, chitters]
I have a good idea.
Let's combine the action
and the romance
and make a romaction story.
- [Both] Yeah.
- [Skeeter] Let us begin.
The greatest of all the heroes
in ancient Greece
was, of course, Skeetacus.
He was truly amazing
yet totally underrated
and had been ignored for years.
Finally Skeetacus had his chance
to show his skills in the grand arena.
If he could impress the
daughter of the emperor,
he knew he would one day rule the land.
- [Horse whinnies]
- [Crowd cheering]
- Skeetacus, Skeetacus!
- Go on, Skeetacus!
That's pretty fancy chariot work.
For a peasant.
I see London, I see France
I see my golden underpants
Whoo!
Oh, wh... what is he doing?
Whoa!
[Whinnying]
[Skeeter] Bring on the elephants!
- Whoa.
- Ooh.
All right.
[Skeeter] You know how Hercules
supposedly founded the Olympics?
[Trumpeting]
[Titters]
Well, Skeetacus invented the X Games.

He's never gonna make it!

- [Shouting]

- [Crowd gasping]

Now that's first class.

Hey!

- Bravo!

- Wow.

Can you dig it?

[Crowd chants] Skeetacus!

How we doing so far, huh?

- This is the best story yet.

- Can we get to the romance now?

[Skeeter] Well, shorty, you tell me?

Does Skeetacus get

the girl he was after?

[Bobbi] In these stories,

the hero always gets the fairest
maiden in the land.

Yes! You said it!

OK, so it's gonna happen!

Uh, right. So, what? They're thirsty?

They go off for drinks?

A little wine and cheese action? Yes?

[Bobbi] Yeah, they can go to an old
tavern. And guess who's there?

Led Zeppelin.

Say Led Zeppelin, please.

No. All the girls that were mean
to Skeetacus growing up.

What? Nobody was mean
to Skeetacus growing up.

He was like
the coolest guy in school.

That's not what Mom said.

All right, everybody was
mean to Skeetacus.

He had problems.

All right, tell your story.

Oh, my God...

[Bobbi] They see he's now with
the fairest maiden in all the land,
and they are really jealous.

[Patrick] So jealous they
don't know what to do.

They just start nervously
doing the hokey-pokey.

[All] Put your right hand in
You put your right hand out
You put your right hand in
And you shake it all about
OK.

[Bobbi] So then,
Skeetacus takes his date
out to the beach.

[Patrick] All of a sudden,
a big hairy guy
washes up onshore, passed out.

[Skeeter] Why a hairy guy?
I don't get it.

[Patrick] Just 'cause.
He had something stuck in his throat,
and he wasn't breathing.

- Thanks.
- He's OK.

And then it starts pouring,
so they run into a magical cave.

- Caves are nice.
- And Abe Lincoln's there.

Abe Lincoln?
What, is this a joke to you?
What the heck's the matter with you?
Oh, I'm sorry.

I, I didn't mean to yell.
The Abe Lincoln thing, that's,
that's a good idea.

It's just that, uh...
Does Skeetacus get a kiss?
Don't you think he should?
It's... been a long time for him.

His lips are very dry
from not using them.

- Buggy, you with me?
- [Groans]

We'll see.
- [Violet] Hello?
- Mmm.

Hey, is this the fairest maiden
in the land?

Mr. Skeeter Bronson, is that you?
Yes, it is. Sorry about that Ferrari
confusion the other night.
I'm here at the beach right now
and I had a hunch you might be here too.
What do you say
we get a little lunchsky?
That sounds so delightful.
But I can't. I'm afraid I'm
on my way to Vegas for the day.
Vegas?
Uh, no one talked about Vegas.
Don't tell Kendall.
He thinks I'm in the library.
Yeah, no. But, but, uh, princess,
I, I really thought we
were gonna hang out today.
Oh, well. I will see you
at Daddy's birthday party.
Bye, Skeeter.
Hmm.
So our date's gonna be tomorrow?
I can live with that.
- Hey! Look out! Look out!
- [Both shouting]
- [Skeeter groans]
- Sorry. Are you OK? Hey! I'm so sorry!
What is it about the cushion
of protection you don't like?
Aren't you supposed to be in school?
I'm supposed to be
looking for a job now,
but for some reason I felt like
coming to the beach today.
Huh.
Um, are you hungry?
Yes, I'm always hungry
when I'm in pain.
Good. Because I'm buying.
I'll let you buy me lunch.
Somebody stole my wallet,
- so how was I gonna pay?
- Of course you got your wallet stolen.
- I don't know what that means.

- You. It's always something with you.
- Huh?
- You're wearing my hat.
- Gonna wear that all day?
- I'm not wearing nobody's hat.
- I'm wearing your hat! Oh!
- I'll take it back. Thanks.

[Chattering]

This is perfect for your free lunch.

Oh, my gosh. You guys,
you guys, you guys. Over there.

Is that...

is that Skeeter Bronson?

- Stop it.
- Oh, my God.
- Oh, my God.
- Skeeter.

Hey! Do you remember me?

It's Donna Hynde from high school.

Yeah, I do.

Thought I was going to run into you
shortly. And here you are.

Yeah. Wow, this is so...

weird. Uh...

We were just planning
our high school reunion.

We were totally just talking about you.

It's so weird.

I was just talking about you guys too.

Sure, he was.

Mind pretending to be
my girlfriend for a second?

Yeah, I don't feel
comfortable doing that.

I'll, uh, convert my truck to biodiesel.

- OK, I'll do it.
- Ding-dong.

Uh, this is my girlfriend,
guys. This is Jill.

Hello.

She's your girlfriend?

Yeah. Yeah.

Yes, I am.

- Right?

- Yup.
She thinks I'm...
You want me to...
Oh. Uh... romantic.
She likes how romantic I can be.
And, uh, "great kisser,"
she likes to say.
Oh, yeah. That's...
a little too much.
- Oh. Sorry.
- Wow, you are really pretty.
- I mean, she's all right.
- Thanks.
I've seen hotter,
but she's pretty cool.
So super skinny.
Skinnier than you.
But... Yeah.
Whatever.
I feel really awful
saying this out loud.
We were really terrible to Skeeter
in high school. Awful. So mean.
My Skeeter?
- They were.
- You had a hard time in high school?
Look at you now.
You turned out pretty... cute.
- [Girls] Yeah!
- You know...
the pimples went away,
and, uh, these came to play.
- You want to touch them?
- Oh, that's OK.
- Later, later.
- They're here for you. Ding-dong.
You put your right hand in
[all] You put your right hand out
You put your right hand in
- And you shake it all about
- OK.
- I think we should leave.
- Yes.
And you turn yourself around

- All right. Bye-bye.
- That's what it's all about
What's happening?
Hey, so I spoke to Wendy.
She's excited to see the kids tomorrow.
This is the longest
she's been away from them.
That's right.
This is my last night with the kids.
You know,
they're gonna be devastated.
They worship you
and those amazing bedtime stories
you've been telling them.
Oh, well, they say all the good parts.
I promise.
Oh, my gosh.
Is he unconscious?
Yeah, yeah.
[Yelling]
Boom! Oh.
Thanks!
Whoa!
- Yeah?
- Check out Mr. Smooth.
- Well, you know, I do what I do.
- [Both laughing]
- Think we should get out of this rain?
- What rain?
[Thunder rumbling]
Oh, shoot!
Where did that come from?
I don't know!
Isn't it amazing?
- Let's get out of this!
- Let's go! Let's get out! Move it!
[Jill screaming, laughing]
I can read the future.
Good God. So...
So... The big presentation's
tomorrow, right?
I know you're not nervous
or anything, but, um...
good luck on it anyway.

- Thank you.
- Yep.
Actually, you can come
if you want. It's like a party.
You know, Wendy's gonna be
watching the kids,
and we could have fun.
You can meet me there.
Yeah. That would, uh...
I could do that.
I could meet you, um...
...after night school or something.
It's you?
It's me what?
You're the fairest maiden in the land?
"Fair" as in
"doesn't cheat at checkers"?
No, fairest as in...
..."beautifulest."
Wait, wait.
Something weird's gonna happen.
Oh.
No, yeah, we don't...
This is a mistake.
No, no, no, not between us.
I mean like, some...
No! No, no!
Oh, here comes Abe!
No!
Ah! Look.
- Wow, a penny.
- No, no, no.
This is the weird thing
I was talking about. Abe Lincoln.
- Yeah. Yeah.
- No, no, no, no.
Abe's not gonna interrupt
this time. That was it.
It's supposed to end better than this.
Stick around. I'm tellin' ya,
you're gonna be missing out.
Nice imagination, Patrick.
- Skeeter?
- Yo.

We've got a little bit
of a shaving situation in there.
Oh, no, no, no.
I took the razor blades out.
Don't worry. Their father ain't around,
I figured someone has to
teach them how to shave.
[Kids giggling]
I'm Princess Leia.
Uh-huh.
So, are you ready
for the big showdown tomorrow night?
Oh, yeah.
What I'm going to do is
tell them a bedtime story tonight.
I'll have me win in the story.
Then I'll win for reals.
Do you dig?
Oh, right. Yeah, yeah, I understand.
So it's like, um,
positive visualization.
I read a book on that once.
Read the back cover, at least.
I can't read.
[Laughing]
Shut up, Bugsy!
I've got opposable thumbs.
How do you feel about that?
[Stops laughing]
[Skeeter] You children ready?
Because here comes our last story.
The fate of the entire universe
hung in the balance,
as the Supreme Galactic Council
met to determine who would control
the new planet in the vast
Nottinghamian star system.
[All cheering]
Most in attendance expected
Supreme Leader Barracto
to rule in favor of General Kendallo,
the evil governor of Hotelium.
But there was a wild card in the mix...
... Skeeto Bronsonnian

and his sidekick,
Mickey Doo Quicky Doo.
They all watched with excitement.
Lieutenant Jilli
and her two young cadets,
Aspenoff, and even
the great Captain Bugzoid.
[Patrick] Hey, since it's outer space,
Skeeto should talk like a goofy alien.
- [Skeeter] What?
- [Gibberish]
That's disgusting.
I'm not going to translate that.
Silence!
The leader of the new planet
shall be determined
the old-fashioned way:
A zero-gravity fight.
- [All gasp]
- [Continues gibberish]
[Skeeter] OK, now we get to the part
the crowd came to see.
Skeeto defeating Kendallo, right?
[Patrick] I think we need
to see them battle first.
[Laughs evilly]
[Gibberish]
[Yelling]
[Shouting]
[Grunts]
[Patrick] Kendallo makes the first move.
[Laughing]
- [Both] Skeeto!
- [Skeeter] But the kids
really want to see Skeeto
kick his butt, right?
- [Shouts]
- [Groans]
Wet willy.
[Laughs]
Boring!
Uh, bring out the booger monster!
[Skeeter] Oh, I think I'm gonna be sick.
[Crowd groaning]

[Shouting]
[Yelling]
[Skeeter] All right, have the booger
monster smack Kendallo around.
[Bobbi] No, I think he should kiss him.
- [Monster grunting]
- [Groaning]
[Skeeter] Would you get
to Skeeto winning already?
[Patrick] OK.
[Screams]
Whoa!
- [Monster cries]
- [Groaning]
Arise, Skeeto,
sharif of Nottinghamia.
[Screeching]
[Gibberish]
- Whoopee!
- Whoo!
[Whistling]
And that is the perfect ending
to our last story.
Thank you, children.
Oh, that's not the ending.
Yeah. That would be too obvious.
What do you mean?
Somebody threw a fireball at Skeeto
and Skeeto got incineratated.
- The end.
- "Incineratated"?
- [Crowd groans]
- [Skeeter] You mean "incinerated"?
No! No, no!
He can't catch on fire.
Yeah. I'm Captain Skeeto.
I'm on fire!
[Skeeter] No, no, no.
The story can't end like that.
What happened to a nice, happy ending?
You said happy endings
don't really happen.
We want our story to be real.
Oh, I was just saying that.

I was stupid.
- [Yawns]
- No, no, no, no, no.
So, what? We're really going
to have me on fire? Hey!
Don't fall asleep, or the story
will lock. Stop it! Wake up!
Wake up. Wake up. Wake up.
I can't believe
Skeeter didn't tell you.
And I'm sure it's just a
coincidence that the new hotel
is going up right here
where the, where the school is.
- Well, I'm pretty sure...
- [phone rings]
Excuse me. Yeah.
[Aspen] Everything's ready
for the presentation.
- Good.
- Ten-four, rubber duck.
Got it. Great.

[Ohio Players:

Oh, uh
Fire
[radio clicks]
[Bruce Springsteen: I'm On Fire]
Oh, oh, oh
I'm on fire

[The Bangles:

Is this burning
An et...

[The Tramps:

Burn, baby, burn
OK. The good news is,
you're going to win the competition.
The bad news is,
you're probably gonna catch on fire,
but not if you take a few precautions.
Oven mitts, smoke alarm.
Yeah.

"Flame-resistant
Christmas tree spray." Yeah.
Yeah. Yeah, yeah,
this will work.
Excuse me. Sir?
Those are actually for Christmas trees.
I know. 'Tis the season.
- Ow! God!
- I'm so sorry.
[Sobbing] It burns!
Here, let me make it up to you.
- [Screams] Ow!
- It's for trees!
It's for trees!
You're right! That hurts!
I'm sorry about that!
[Aspen] Antibacterial wipes, anybody?
Aloha. Aloha.
Thank you so much.
Whoa!
Steady. Steady.
[Shouts]
- Kona coffee ice cream.
- Yeah? What's the catch?
You're gonna light it on fire?
'Cause I'm on to you, honey.
No fire. It would melt.
Just take the ice cream
and a chill pill.
- Ah!
- [Crowd] Boo!
- [Mickey] Skeeter.
- Yes.
- That wasn't very nice.
- What wasn't?
- You pushed that man in the pool.
- No, he jumped in.
Hey, you see Jill around?
No, I ain't, I ain't
seen Jill tonight, mate.
Ooh! I am cold.
- I'll get you a towel.
- [Cups falling]
- I've got your towel.

- Oh, blimey.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

I love you.

[Bee buzzing]

You brought me a grilled cheese sandwich once.

Yeah. I did, yes.

It was Monterey Jack.

It's a good cheese.

[Buzzing]

Ow!

Skeeter, are you all right?

A bee stung my tongue!

[Gongs]

The meeting for the exciting new hotel will take place in the living room.

So I don't think you're going to want to miss this.

No, it's swelling up!

- Can I sit there, please, mate?

- Yes, of course.

- Don't touch me.

- Sorry.

Before we begin,

I would just like to say, personally, happy birthday.

[All] Happy birthday.

Happy birthday, Daddy.

Thank you, Kendall.

Yes, now, as you can see,

I've invited some of the staff to sit in to see how your ideas would play with the "regular folk."

- No offense.

- None taken, Barry. None taken.

[Barry] So, gentlemen,

which of you would like to go first?

Fair enough.

Mr. Nottingham,

you were absolutely right

when you said the rock and roll

theme was old hat.

Gone. Your insight, sir,

has inspired me to,

to dig deeper,
to find the commonality
at the heart
of the American experience.
I speak, of course...
...of the musical theater.
And, more specifically...
...Broadway!
Hit it.
Oh, when you first pull up
To the grand front door
There isn't just a bellhop
There's an overture
At the Nottingham
Broadway Mega Resort
Oh there's a pool
for the Sharks
A pool for the Jets
And you can bring Cats
'cause we take pets
- At the Nottingham Broadway
- [yawns]
Mega Resort
[whines]
Original, impressive, well done.
Thank you, Kendall.
- Thank you, sir.
- [Applause]
[Screams]
Uh, sorry about that.
I was, uh,
just resting my eyes.
Skeeter. You're up.
[Clearing throat]
[Gibberish]
Are you all right, Skeeter?
A bee bit my tongue.
I'm sorry?
A bee... stung my tongue.
"A bee stung my tongue."
Oh, you understand him? Oh.
How did a bee sting your tongue?
Uh...
I was eating ice cream,

and suddenly a bee...

Uh, it was on an ice cream,
and he licked it.

Hmm. Can you translate
Skeeter's presentation for us?

- Mmm!

- Uh... Yes!

Yes, I can do that.

[Clapping]

Thank you. Ready?

- [Mickey] I'm ready. OK.

- [Skeeter] Ready?

[Gibberish]

"I spent the last week in the hotel,
the hotel where I live..."

With my niece and nephew.

"With my niece and my nephew."

"To a kid, everything about a
hotel is strange and wonderful."

"Sleeping in a different bed."

"Hanging out in the lobby."

"Jumping up and down on the alligator."

[Grunts]

"Riding up and down in the elevator."

[All] Ah!

Sorry. Yeah, I see now

that an alligator

wouldn't be in that context.

"Some hotels try to make it seem
as much like home as possible."

"But they're missing
the point."

"If you wanted to stay in a place
like home, then why not stay at home?"

"Our guests should experience
an escape from the everyday."

"And that's what I'd like to capture
in our new hotel."

"What every kid knows
and what every adult has forgotten."

"Like my father said to me,
your fun is only limited
by your imagination."

- That was beautiful.

- Yeah? All right. Settle down.
Just the way it built.
And that's it? I'm sorry.
I don't understand it.
That... was... brilliant!
Congratulations, my boy.
You've just won the keys to the kingdom.
[Grunts]
[Whimpers]
Boogie, don't do that. Germs.
Congratulations. Great job.
Keep icing that tongue.
- All right.
- Congratulations, Skeeter.
- Congratulations. That was great.
- Yeah?
[Imitates gibberish]
That's just terrific.
Congratulations, Skeeter.
All right, Kendall.
Yeah. No hard feelings, pal.
Of course not. You deserve it.
You're a better man than me.
- You have an iron will.
- Yeah. That's what they say.
I would not have the guts to tear down
the school my niece and nephew attend.
What?
You do know that's the site
for the new hotel?
What are you talking about?
- Good show, old son.
- Oh, sir.
That bee sting language was really
working for you on a sympathetic level.
Good, I'm glad. I wanted to talk to you
about the location
that we're building the hotel.
[All] Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday
[drums beating]
[All exclaiming]
Bronson, you're fired!

Fired?

Oh...

That's how it connects.

[Bell rings]

Yes?

Do you know where

Jill Hastings' class is?

It's right over there.

Why won't you answer my calls?

Because I know it's you calling.

You got to believe me, Jill.

I had no idea...

Don't destroy the sliver of respect

I have for you by making lame excuses.

Just go away and stay away.

Uncle Skeeter? Do you want

to incinerate our school

'cause we incinerated you in the story?

No, I wouldn't do that.

We thought you were

supposed to be the good guy.

So did I.

"Skeeto defeats Kendallo."

- Not really.

- [Knocking]

- Yeah?

- Hey.

Oh, hey.

Welcome back.

So, you mad at me, too?

Not as mad as Jill,

but, uh, mad, yes.

I didn't know the new hotel

was going up there.

I figured that.

Then what are you mad at?

I gave the kids junk food?

No, I figured you'd do that too.

I'm mad because you told my kids

that in real life

there are no happy endings.

Well, look around you, Wendy.

Do you see any happy endings here?

I don't know. You and Dad always had

so much fun in this room.
For whatever reason, I didn't.
I was always the cynic,
the, the sourpuss.
[Skeeter] The black cloud.
The energy drainer.
The... dead fish.
Yes, all of those things.
But when I left Bobbi
and Patrick with you,
I guess I just was hoping
you'd rub off on them.
Get them to be lighter.
Have fun. Enjoy themselves.
I thought Dad would like that.
Anyway, um, I got a job in Arizona.
Teaching, not principaling.
That's cool.
Yeah, well, maybe you can come
visit when we get settled.
I know by then the kids
will really want to see you.
All right. Love you.
Love you.
[Marty] And so Skeeter sat on his bed,
filled with regret,
wondering how to put the pieces
of his life together
after one magical week.
- Great ending, huh?
- [Marty] That was your ending, son?
I thought this was just a sad part,
and you were about to make it better.
What? How could I make it any better?
Well, In the stories I told you,
just when things looked bleakest,
the hero would do something
unexpected and courageous
to beat the bad guy,
save the day, and get the girl!
Yeah. How can I do that?
It's your story, not mine.
But you better get moving.
Go get 'em, son.

Mr. Nottingham! Mr. Nottingham?
I was wondering if I could
talk to you for a moment.
My name is Jill Hastings.
I'm a teacher at Webster Elementary.
[All chanting] Save our school!
Save our school!
Save our school!
Save our school!
Save our school!
Save our school!
My men are in position.
We are ready for the demolition.
Excellent.
Mr. Nottingham said he'd call
if he had a problem
getting the variance,
so if we don't hear from him
in the next 20 minutes,
I say we just... blow it all up.
[Chanting continues]
Madam, the war is over.
You lost. I'm sorry.
This isn't a war, Mr. Nottingham.
We're talking about children.
There must be other possible
sites for your hotel complex
that would not result
in the displacement...
Hey, hey! Barry, Jill.
How you doing?
We're just wrapping up here.
Donna, you remember Jill, right?
Of course! Oh, my God.
That jacket is so cute!
Uh, thank you.
Bronson, what are you doing here?
What am I doing here?
Yeah, what am I doing here?
Oh, uh, well, Mr. Bronson,
as a concerned citizen,
wanted to bring points to my attention
before I made any hasty
decisions about the property.

And they are points that are going to take me years to analyze.

- Years?

- Years.

Bronson, are you playing hardball with me?

I am, sir.

Because your application for variance has been...

Denied.

Denied?

Yes. But the good news is Donna and I found you another piece of property right on the beach in Santa Monica that is uptight and out of sight.

Beachfront was my first choice, but it's not for sale.

It is now.

It is! Isn't that fabulous?

Really?

Friends?

Oh, oh. [stammers]

Yeah, well, germs.

Let's get past that.

Come here. Come here.

No, no, no, no, no.

I'm touching you, and it's OK. Look at that.

Aw...

Ooh. You're enjoying it.

Good. Bring me closer.

That is so sweet. And creepy.

[Chanting]

Attention, please, ladies and gentlemen.

We are working with highly-sensitive, dangerous radio-controlled explosives.

[All] Boo!

And so to avoid any tragic misfires, I would ask that you all turn off your cell phones.

All of you, please.

Turn your cell phones off.

Did you really just fix everything?

Not everything.

[Clears throat]

- Yes?

- We appear to have a situation.

I can't reach Kendall on his cell phone
to halt the demolition

which will begin in... 13 minutes.

[Patrick] This sign we made
is awesome!

[Bobbi] We need a window where
those construction guys can see it.

Then they'll change their minds.

Bobbi, I found one.

[Jill] That's my Prius!

- OK. Where's your truck?

- My truck?

I had to give it back to the hotel.

What do you mean

you gave it back to the hotel?

Come here!

Come here!

- [Motorcycle revs]

- [Skeeter] Sorry!

It's for a good cause!

Have you ever driven a motorcycle?

No!

[Gasps]

- Oh, my God!

- [Horn honks]

[Jill groaning]

No, no, no, no!

[Screams]

Ooh! Yah! Booya!

[Jill screaming]

Have you seen Bobbi? Patrick?

Bobbi! Patrick!

What are you going to do?

I'll take that back.

No fair!

Hey, people, that's 60 seconds!

Whoo-hoo!

Wait! Wait a minute!

I can't find my children!

- They might be in there!
- Nice try.
We cleared the building hours ago. OK?
Everything is fine.
No! Let me through!
Hey, we got to check the rooms
before we start making booms.
We've checked it already!
Do it myself.
- [Jill screams]
- Uncle Skeeter!
[Skeeter] Hey! Get out of there!
- Five...
- No!
- Grab the bar!
- Four...
Three...
Two...
One!
The king has issued a proclamation.
The hotel moves away.
The school will stay.
Long live Webster Elementary!
- Mom!
- Mom!
Bobbi! Patrick!
Oh!
Hey, hey, hey.
You guys underdemeciated me.
Come here! I just got to know you guys.
You think I'm gonna let
you slip away from me now?
[Bobbi] I knew you were the good guy.
Yeah.
Uh, Patrick, hi.
I'm Trisha Sparks.
I just wanted you to know that...
thanks for saving the school.
Western. Go Western.
- No thanks necessary, ma'am.
- That's my boy. That's my boy.
There must be some way for me
to show my appreciation.
Oh-ho-ho! Get it.

[Squealing]

Ooh! Hoo-hoo-hoo!

Hey, isn't she a little old for you?

- She's hot.

- So is she. What do you think?

If Master Stinky's getting a kiss,
shouldn't, shouldn't I get
a little mermaid action?

- Come on, already.

- [Skeeter] Ooh!

[Cheering]

[Marty] Now look what my boy has done.

Turned his back on the world
of luxury hotel management
to start a small family business.

And bless his heart,
he even named it after me.

Hey, speaking of s'mores,
it looks like Bugsy ate them all.

[Squeaking]

We're completely out of marshmallows.

Oh, all right. Let me handle that.

Room service!

- Yes, sir?

- [Skeeter] Hi, Kendall.

Uh, Bugsy's out of marshmallows.

If you could just go get him some,
that would be great.

Right on it, sir.

Anything else?

Uh, not from you, Kendall, but, uh...

- [bell dings]

...Housekeeping?

Hey, Aspen.

Could you just make sure
that Bugsy's cage is clean
before he checks out in the morning?
His marshmallows don't agree with him,
there's gonna be a mess.

- [Farts, chitters]

- [Kids giggle]

[Skeeter] All right.

OK, bye, guys.

[Marty] I think Bugsy

is trying to tell us
that our tale has reached its end.
But before I go, let me tell you
what our heroes and villains
are doing now.
My old friend, Barry Nottingham,
overcame his fear of germs
to such a degree
that he decided to leave
the hotel business
and enter the field of medicine.
He is currently the school nurse
at Webster Elementary.
Violet now runs the hotel empire,
along with her husband, Mickey,
the former room service waiter
who is now the ninth-richest
person in the world.
And Skeeter and Jill?
After the double wedding of the century,
they lived... well, happily ever after,
running Marty's Motel
and spending a lot of time
with my grandkids,
whose adventures have just begun.
Though, not everyone
is quite so excited.
But that is a whole other story.
The end.

[Journey:]

Don't stop believing
Hold on to that feeling
Streetlight people
Oh-oh-whoa
Don't stop believing
Hold on
Streetlight people
Oh-oh-whoa
Just a small town girl
Livin' in a lonely world
She took the midnight train
Goin' anywhere
Just a city boy

Born and raised in south Detroit
He took the midnight train
Goin' anywhere
A singer in a smoky room
A smell of wine and cheap perfume
For a smile
they can share the night
It goes on and on
and on and on
Strangers waiting
Up and down the boulevard
Their shadows
Searching in the night
Streetlight people
Living just to find emotion
Hiding
Somewhere in the night
Working hard to get my fill
Everybody wants a thrill
Paying anything
to roll the dice
Just one more time
Some will win
Some will lose
Some were born to sing the blues
Oh the movie never ends
It goes on and on
and on and on
Strangers waiting
Up and down the boulevard
Their shadows
Searching in the night
Streetlight people
Living just to find emotion
Hiding
Somewhere in the night
Don't stop believing
Hold on to that feeling
Streetlight people
Oh-oh-whoa
Don't stop believing
Hold on
Streetlight people
Oh-oh-whoa