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Dunston Checks In

By John Hopkins

Good morning, sir. Welcome to the Majestic.

May I help you?

Lionel Spalding...

and Neil.

Welcome to the Majestic, Mr. Spalding, Neil.

Thank you.

(woman singing opera)

(sings in German)

This is the air shaft to basement.

Do you read me?

I read you. What's your 20?

I'm in position. Found our target.

He's picking on poor Artie.

Artie, I don't care how long

you've been at this hotel.

You must smile when you greet the guests.

You should see this lady who checked in.

She weighs about a thousand pounds.

That's a physical impossibility.

And stay focused. We're on a mission.

Sorry. Ten-four.

One more time like this, and cut.

OK... go.

- Is he on the mark?

- Not yet.

- Kyle, what's he doing?

- Not yet!

(woman sings on / dog growls and yaps)

Now! Now! Now!

No...

Arh! Arh! Arh!

Argh!

Uh-oh. Air shaft to basement.

We have a problem.

- "What?"

- We hosed some guests.

Abort mission. Repeat, abort mission.

Neil! I'm comin', baby!

Neil!

- Better get out of here till things cool down.

- Gotcha.

Whoa!

Mr. Grant, you might wanna

step out here a moment.

- Hey, Murray.
- Hey, boys.
- "(Kyle) Slow down!"
- What the...
Wait a minute.
Brian! Kyle!
Better split up, Kyle.
What? Argh!
- Whoa!
- Aaaargh!
Get your hands off me!
Well... isn't this a pleasant way
to start the day?
His name is Neil.
After Neil Armstrong.
"(baby talk)" The first man on the moon.
Yes, he was.
And he's very, very sensitive.
Yes, well, I can see that
just from looking into his eyes.
I just hope he hasn't suffered
any severe trauma.
A hem.
- Mr. Grant.
- Yes. Thank you, Nancy.
Dr. Sultanov.
He's one of the finest
pet psychologists in the city.
Please mention my name,
and I'm sure he'll see Neil right away.
Well, thank you, Mr. Grant.
- Say thank you to Mr. Grant.
- "(yaps)"
Hmm.
We were aiming for Norm, Dad.
He stole our Frisbee.
No. He did not steal your Frisbee.
He dug it out of the smoked salmon,
where you threw it.
We didn't mean to soak any guests.
Mm-hm.
Kyle, would you hold this?
Attaboy. Would you mind
putting it in right about here?

- Dad.
- No, no. I insist.
Brian, you too.
Bernard, can I have another knife?
Push it in and start carving.
You might as well.
Because if this week doesn't go perfectly -
and I mean perfectly -
and if you two do "anything"
to foul up the Crystal Ball,
I am going to be skewered, roasted,
and served as dead duck flambe.
So unless you two prefer moving
from a five-star hotel to a trailer park,
we will have no further disturbances.
Do you understand?
We're sorry, Dad.
Now...
next week...
after this is all over,
we get to go on vacation.
Yes!
Barbados for ten days, just the three of us.
Yes!
And we get to be the guests.
And we will nag, and we will complain,
and we will make
other people's lives miserable.
Yes!
But until that time...
you're both grounded.
- What?
- What?
Come on, guys. Let's go. Dinner.
Hey, I was up to 400 bucks.
- Where's your brother?
- Barbados.
Kyle, what are you doing?
Practicing.
I figure we need spear guns for sharks.
Wouldn't that be cool
if we got to shoot a shark?
- For everyone but the shark.
- Will the hotel have spear guns?

We can ask the concierge when we get there.

Don't you like your steak?

It's OK.

OK? That's the finest fillet in the city.

Well, maybe we should

cook for ourselves one night.

Why? We have a five-star restaurant

at our beck and call.

What if our plane crashes

and we're stranded in the jungle,

and we need spear guns to shoot our food,

but we don't know how to cook it?

You think the same way your mother did.

Did I ever tell you that before?

Is that good?

Well...

it was never boring.

(speaking French)

If you gotta be grounded,

a five-star hotel is the place to be.

So if you'd like extra towels or ice...

(speaks French)

Enjoy your stay.

(small whimper)

(knock knock)

(knock knock knock)

(knock)

Terribly sorry. It slipped out of my hand.

I heard something in there.

Probably one of my sports coats.

I've been told they're a little bit loud.

Don't you think that's funny?

Oh. Yeah, now I get it. "(chuckles)"

That's better.

Would you like to see a little trick, hm?

OK.

You know, I can do all sorts of tricks.

Do you know what my speciality is, hm?

No.

I can make nosy little boys disappear.

One more thing...

My dollar.

Good morning. Rutledge.

Welcome to the Majestic, Mr. Rutledge.

"Lord" Rutledge.

- I beg your pardon.

- Quite all right.

The Rutledges don't stand on the ceremony.

"(woman)" Lord Rutledge.

- What are you doing here, darling?

- Mrs. Dellacroce. Are you here for the ball?

Of course.

Where is poor "Mr". Dellacroce?

Not here.

Oh? How...

sad.

Let's get to work.

300 rooms, Dunston, equals 600 earrings,
if my math serves me right.

Here we are. The Majestic Hotel.

And it's ours for the taking.

And where better to begin

than with the lovely Mrs. Dellacroce?

Room 812.

Remember her?

I hope she hasn't pawned all the best
jewelry to finance those facelifts.

I thought you'd given up.

It'll stunt your growth. Now give it back.

Dunston, I'm a little too busy
for your ever-so-amusing little games.

Now will you please give it back?!

(cackles)

Monkey spit.

How delicious.

Very good.

Very good.

Dunston, have you seen the ice bucket?

I have two words to say to you:

medical... experiments.

Thank you.

Now... go to your room.

(blows raspberry)

I'm not debating this. You move!

I'm a liberal parent.

Have it your own way.

God forbid I should spoil your fun.

Go to your room!

(whimpers)
Spare the rod and spoil the monkey.
(whimpering)
Dubrow alert.
- Dubrow alert?
- Dubrow alert!
- Dubrow alert.
- Dubrow alert.
Dubrow alert!
Dubrow alert!
Dubrow al...
Lobby three degrees too cold.
Doorman slow to open car door.
Two crushed butts in ashtray number one.
Make that four degrees too cold.
Victor.
Come along, darling.
You look beautiful, don't you?
Mrs. Dubrow! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...
- Shh. Quite all right.
- "(dog yaps)"
I'm taking him to his analyst.
Don't let me keep you...
"Consuelo."
I'm sorry.
Consuelo.
So I knocked on the trunk,
and it knocked back...
(phone rings)
- Hello.
- "Dubrow alert".
- Dubrow alert!
- Wait, I'm not done.
Yes, you are. She doesn't like kids.
She once kicked Big Bird in the nuts.
Damn! Ooh...
Dad!
Dad! Dad, put me down! Dad, put me down!
- Dad!
- Under the desk!
Robert.
Mrs. Dubrow.
Ooh! Little roll in the carpet.
What a pleasant surprise.

- Mr. Dubrow, nice to see you, sir.
- Fluffy towels.
I beg your pardon?
Read the cards, Robert.
Got to keep up on the cards
so you know what our guests want.
Know what they want? Huh?
Know what they want?
- Fluffy towels?
- That's right.
Nice fluffy towels.
Talk to the laundry immediately.
Victor, darling, sit down
and work on your cards.
Robert, we have some very exciting news.
- Uh...
- "(laughs)" Doesn't it look great?
- What do you think?
- Well, it's wonderful, Mrs. Dubrow.
But the "Le Monde" people might not
appreciate us just adding a sixth star.
No, no. The "Le Monde" people
have decided to award a sixth star
to the most elite hotels in the world.
Now, I have it on good authority
they have a person here "now".
The "Le Monde" people have
a representative here now? This week?
Of course. This week.
The Crystal Ball
is the social event of the season.
I want that sixth star.
Are we very clear on that?
I will be very upset if I don't get it.
I understand.
Good. And next week, when every travel
section in the country interviews us,
I want you in the picture with me.
Next week...
Could you excuse me for just a second?
Uh, ah...
Oh, yes, yes.
I... I am scheduled for a vacation next week.
No, no, no, no!

Ow!

Uh... banged my knee. Trick knee.

Robert, I need you here.

Dad, you promised!

If you want to kill me, just kill me. Pick something up and beat me over the head.

Why is he talking to his crotch?

Is there a problem, Robert?

No. No.

Dad!

Uh, well, yes, um... actually, Mrs. Dubrow.

This is the second time I've had to cancel...

No, the third!

Word. What's the "word" I'm looking for?

I hate when that happens,

when words just fly out of your head.

It makes me insane when...

- Paper?

- Huh?

Robert, I know it's an inconvenience.

Uh, yes...

Let me just put it this way.

When we get the sixth star,

you are in for a big bonus,

and you can take them

someplace fabulous... eventually.

But if we don't get the sixth star,

well... time off just won't

be a problem, will it?

Any other problems?

- No.

- Good. Oh, one more thing.

Since this is such an important time

for the hotel, you should fire somebody.

Yes... Mrs. Dubrow...

I haven't asked you to fire anybody since...

Christmas.

Yes.

Well, there's a clumsy clerk

with a foreign-sounding name.

- "Consuelo".

- She'll do.

Come along, Victor, darling!

Really, Mrs. Dubrow, I'm not sure...

Robert, now just do it!
By the way,
there's a small boy under your desk.
That's not fair, Dad! You promised us.
Let me work on it, Kyle.
I need to see Consuelo.
Oh, all right. Send her in.
You can't fire Consuelo.
I have a system, Kyle.
Fortunately, Mrs. Dubrow never remembers
who it is she wants me to fire.
Yes, Mr. Grant?
Consuelo, Consuelo...
I'm giving you
a week's paid vacation, starting right now.
On one condition. You have to run
out of this office right now, crying.
OK.
"Bueno".
(sobs)
Zoom in on eight.
He's a big, scary guy
with a huge trunk and lots of stickers.
Right. Scary guy. Huge trunk. Got it.
Keep an eye out, OK?
You bet, kid.
This one really liked me.
What do you think?
Mm... They're OK.
- I have a bad feeling about this guy.
- Kyle, we're preoccupied here.
- I have a sense about these things, Murray.
- I know you do.
I just know he's up to no good.
So keep an eye out. He could be anywhere!
I've gotta go schmooze the guests.
Do what your brother says. Within reason.
The human body can only stand
so many centuries of inbreeding.
I beg your pardon. Are you the manager?
Yes, I am. Robert Grant.
Lord Rutledge. Tell me...
where do you keep the champagne?
Near the furnace?

Is there a problem, Lord Rutledge?
No. It's just that your room service brought me a bottle of champagne that I could have quite comfortably bathed in - had there been any soap.

- Well, I'm terribly sorry.
- Yes. You should be.
- Good evening, Mrs. Dellacroce.
- Good evening.
- Thank you.
- Have a nice evening, ma'am.

(cavalry bugle)
(singing)
"I still say you're making a mistake".
"Doctor, I'd like to kiss you goodbye".
"All right".
"But"... "you're so damned ugly!"
(beeping)

So, Brian, what are we gonna do tonight?
Whoa, what is this "we" stuff?
Remember, Mr. Spaldingin 612 needs his dog walked.
Don't forget to thank him if he gives you a tip.
His name is Neil. After Neil Armstrong, the first man on the moon.
I love the astronauts, don't you?
Yeah, sure.
I want you to be very, very careful with him.
'Cause he's my pride and joy, joy, joy!
Back in ten.
(phone rings)
"Dunston, it's Daddy".
Is everything going according to plan?

- "(blows raspberry)"
- "Don't forget, jewels, not junk!"
- "(more raspberries)"
- "Just listen to me for two minutes"...

(kissing sounds)
"(Kyle)" Come on, Neil. Let's go.
Come on. Come on!
Let's go, Neil. Come and get me.
Come on, faster! Come on. Once around.

Come on, Neil! Run.
One, two, three four, one, two, three, four.
Come on! Left, right, left, right.
Left paw, right paw. Left paw, right paw.
One more lap.
(barks)
What's the matter?
(growls)
What do you smell, boy?
Whoa!
Neil!
(long whine)
(small thud)
Neil!
Neil?
Neil!
(weak bark)
Arh!
My God!
- What happened?!
- Well, uh...
Neil!
And what are you waiting for?
Uh...
A tip?
Kyle, I know you're upset about
the vacation,
but that is really no excuse
to throw a guest's dog into the garbage!
I didn't throw him in the garbage.
Then what happened? No, don't tell me.
Let me guess. You gave him
a coffee-ground bath to improve his coat.
He jumped off the dog walk!
The dog is suicidal?
Is that what you're trying to say?
He smelled the monster on the ledge
and jumped.
Oh, he smelled the monster on the ledge.
It makes perfect sense now.
He smelled the monster on the ledge!
It was the smelly ledge monster!
Way to blow the tip, psycho.
Aargh!

Now listen, because I'm about to pass sentence. You are both grounded!

- We're already grounded.

- You're double grounded!

And, Brian, no poker,
no videos, and no using the security room
for your own voyeuristic pleasures.

And, Kyle, no...

- "(phone rings)"

- No...

I'll get back to you on the
punishment thing.

"Mr. Grant, sorry to disturb you".

"There's been a robbery".

All right. I'll be right down.

What about his punishment?

Think of something you really like.

- You got it?

- Yeah.

No that!

Good evening, Lord Rutledge.

How was the play?

Delightful.

Haven't slept that well in months.

Now, show Daddy what you've got, hm?

(titters)

I am not amused.

I'm in no mood for this, Dunston.

Don't do this, Dunston.

You remember what happened
to your brother...

don't you?

Samson liked to play games, didn't he?

Hm?

And we all remember

what happened to Samson,

hm?

That? Do you want to tell me what is that,
for heaven's sake!

Oh, you blithering idiot!

Arh!

Dunston, you're behaving like a wild animal!

Dunston!

Dunston, come back here!

This job is not over.
The party is only just beginning!
Dunston, Daddy's sorry.
(titters)
Dunston, I've got some lovely bananas here.
(titters)
Don't wave your hairy bottom at me!
Dunston, remember, we're partners!
Fifty-fifty, straight down the line.
Come on, come back here!
Dunston!
Dunston!
Leave it on, please.
Good night, buddy.
Good night, Mom.
You still say good night to Mom?
Yeah.
That's not stupid or anything, is it?
No, Kyle.
It's not stupid at all.
8pm, Mrs. Dellacroce leaves for dinner.
Jewels are still there.
Three hours later, Mrs. Dellacroce returns.
The jewels are gone.
During that time,
nobody else went through that door,
Mrs. Dubrow.
Who is that?
That's Lord Rutledge.
I wonder what he's doing.
That's very odd.
Dunston?
Dunston!
Dunny...
The man from "Le Monde".
Brian, stop it.
Stop it.
Brian...
Dad!
There's a gorilla in the bathroom!
Kyle, there is no gorilla
in the bathroom.
- But, Dad...
- Go back to sleep.

I can't sleep now!
Then watch TV.
Nice little black-and-white movie.
You'll be out in no time.
(TV) Send the riot squad. Kong has escaped!
(roars)
(slurps)
Kyle, go to sleep.
All right. All right. You can sleep with me
tonight if you're still scared. But just tonight.
"(coughs)" Did you brush your teeth?
What are you... You wearing your flannels?
(rings)
Well, you slept all over the place.
The bathroom!
Guess he really has to go.
The camcorder!
No!
Dad's gonna kill you when he finds out
you lost his camcorder.
- I didn't lose it. The gorilla did.
- Oh, right. The gorilla.
Wait till we get it back - you'll see.
(whistles)
Make that three months' allowance
and "six" months of making my bed.
Deal.
Oh, boy.
Hold on.
If anything happens to me,
there's a box of magazines under my bed.
Get rid of them, OK?
Gotcha.
(hums)
- Brian, you OK?
- Yeah, fine, Kyle.
Hold on!
I found something!
Kyle!
What are you doing?!
Excuse me, but, uh,
can you stop doing that?
You trying to kill me?
See, my brother's down there,

and, he, uh, he gets...
Kyle, what the hell are you doing?
Uh...
Hello.
Dunston, stop that!
Aaarrrhhhh!
I'm gonna kill him! I'm gonna kill him!
Daddy's very angry, Dunston.
God, I am very angry, indeed.
Arh! Ow!
Ha-ha, ha-ha-ha!
Aaarrrhhhh...
Damn!
Aaaaarrrrrrhhhhh!
Whoa!
Where are we going?
Shoot.
Dad's gonna kill me!
Gee. Thanks...
Dunston?
Is that guy always mean to you?
Don't worry. No one's gonna hurt you.
I promise.
"(woman)" Robert!
Robert.
Robert!
The "Le Monde" spy is named Rutledge.
Lord Rutledge?
- You've met him?
- Well, I... we've passed in the hall.
What did he say?
Just that the champagne...
that... that we are the...
the champagne of hotels.
That bodes well for you, doesn't it?
Almost there.
Hey, Kyle.
Hi.
Get back in there!
Oh...
What have we here,
hm?
Room service?
We must have a little talk later.

(elevator pings)

Dunston, get back here!

Dunston?

Ow, ow, ow, ow

All aboard that funk boat

"That I'm about to start sailing now"-"a"

All you riggers and all you party jiggers

Everybody's in the funky blowout

You know where to set sail from

Just around the corner

from the Portobello Road

Downtown, W10, near my place, baby

Baby, do what you're done told

I got bottles of beer and a deck or two

All my friends are now comin' in

Lucy and Jules, lookin' good, girls

So all aboard, let the party begin

I'm on the mike, I make you dance,

I make you funk, I make you sweat

Bombin' out till the break of dawn

So get up the bar, let's have a ball

Rummin' out till the morning comes

-"And I said"...

-"Have fun, go mad"

-"Do what I say"

-"Have fun, go mad"

-"Doo doo party"-"do"

-"Have fun, go mad"

-"Come on"

-"Have fun livin' in the city"

"Here we go"...

"(whispers)" Dunston.

Dunston.

"(Mrs Dellacroce)" Ohh...

So far it's been a ghastly trip.

Except for one thing...

Mr. Dellacroce didn't come with me.

"(masseur chuckles)" I'll be right back.

I'm gonna go get that... special oil.

Don't be long.

Oh!

I didn't hear you come in.

Oh, that's just how I like it.

- "(cackles)"

- Yes...
Oh, William!
You are amazing!
Hoo-hoo!
Oh!
William!
Oh, you are astounding! I don't know
what you're doing, but it's fabulous!
William... Oh!
Ooh!
Ouch! Oh!
Ouch! "(chuckles)"
Oh! More! More, William, more!
(chortles)
Oh, William!
Don't stop, William.
William?
William... "(laughs)"
Oh, William!
(blows raspberry)
Dunston! Come on,
we got to get out of here fast!
OK. You stay here and be very quiet.
My dad's gonna help us.
Don't worry, Dunston.
I'll be right back.
Mmm. Is that a loofah?
That feels great, Helene.
Mmm. That's interesting perfume.
Is that... musk?
Helene, what are you...
Arh! Pervert!
Ouch.
- But, Dad, Kyle tried to kill me!
- "(cell phone rings)"
You should put him in some special school.
They'll take care of him, cook for him...
- He can come home on holidays.
- What?!
What is your brother doing in the spa?
Dad!
It wasn't a monster.
It's a monkey, and his name is Dunston!
This guy wants to hurt him.

He's hiding in the spa!
He's right in here!
What's going on here?
Where is he?
- Terribly sorry, ladies.
- But, Dad, he was here...
What is wrong with you?
Kyle, how many times have I told you
not to come down here?
- What language do you speak?!
- It's him! It's the guy!
Told you, Dad. Crazy.
Brian!
That's him! That's the guy!
This is him, Dad. He's got a monkey
named Dunston, and he tried to hurt him.
You're in trouble now!
My dad's here!
Well...
Lord Rutledge, I am...
terribly, terribly sorry.
It's no wonder this hotel is so
shoddily run.
You can't even control one small boy,
can you?
Well...
He's very, very sorry. Aren't you, Kyle?
No!
He tried to hurt Dunston!
Your son, sir, is behaving like a lunatic.
- No, I'm not!
- Enough!
Apologize to Lord Rutledge.
- But, Dad...
- Now.
I'm sorry.
Now get upstairs.
And stay there.
Ah... uh...
Lord Rutledge, uh, I would, um,
very much like you to be my guest
at dinner this evening.
Oh, how thrilling.
Well, excellent.

I'm sure you will enjoy the cuisine here.
I doubt that the city
offers any dining experience...
Ah. Ladies.
Please forgive me
for being quite so detained.
Mrs. Feldman, Mrs. Winthrop.
Mrs. Winthrop, Mrs. Feldman.
Yes. Yes, of course. Obviously.
Well, first of all, let me say how grateful
we all are for the wonderful work
that your organization has been doing
in its fight against, uh...
tinea versicolor.
It's a skin disease.
Not deadly, just... unsightly.
All the good diseases were taken.
Yes. Yes, they were.
Now, I know that your organization
has been to the Four Seasons.
Of course I would be loath
to ever speak ill of a competitor, but...
Holy shit!
He must really hate the Four Seasons.
No! No! No!
I'm sorry. I just wasn't prepared
to speak about monkeys... money!
Would you excuse me? I'll be right back.
I will be... right back.
They put the doorknob in the middle...
Ha-ha... Oh, gosh...
Get Security up here A.S.A.P. Then call
the best animal control person in the city.
Nancy, Nancy... Call Kyle,
and, uh, apologize for me.
I got a monkey in my hotel.
Monkey?
"(singsong)" Oh... monkey!
I wonder where he is.
Yoo-hoo!
Here, here...
Arh!
- Mr. Grant seems very competent.
- Yes.

Until he ran screaming
from the room, of course.
Of course.
Argh!
Argh!
(horn blast)
Ahem.
(cell phone rings)
Mm-hm.
Okey-doke.
All these monkeys... are criminals?
Well...
that kind of looks like him.
"Pongo pygmaeus".
You've got an orangutan problem, Mr. Grant.
Where did he come from?
Well, ma'am,
when two orangutans fall in love...
I think she means
how did he get in the hotel?
Oh.
My guess...
the sewers.
I beg your pardon?
Hypothetical situation.
It's Easter.
You think it might be cute to put
a baby orangutan in your kid's basket.
Well, at first it is cute.
Then it gets bigger.
The kids lose interest.
And then one night...
you flush it down the toilet.
That's ridiculous!
You ever been in the sewers of this city,
Mr. Grant?
Well, I have!
I could tell you stories...
I saw a turtle one time...
looked like a Volkswagen with a tail.
It was 1967.
Summer of Love.
I haven't felt comfortable
sitting on the john since.

Since... 1967?

Now, if he's contained...

it should be easy.

Dad!

No!

- Dad, what's going on?

- Not now, son.

Excuse... Arh!

Dad, why does he have a gun?

I'll tell you later.

Hey...

Sorry I didn't believe you.

Now take off, OK?

This tranquilizer dart'll
knock a human out for 18 hours.

And its effect on an orangutan?

Kill him, most likely.

I don't want anyone to say
that this monkey made a monkey out of us.

Don't move unless I say so.

If you see the monkey, yell out loudly.

- "You" stay right here...

- Murray! Murray, quick!

He got out! He's in the kitchen!

You better get there fast.

Dad's pretty mad!

- Let's go!

- Let's go. Move. Move!

Dunston?

Dunston, it's me!

Dunston!

Where have you been?

- Did you get lost?

- "(door opens)"

Shh. Be quiet, OK?

"Pongo pygmaeus".

(kissing sounds)

Get off.

(blows raspberries)

(kissing sounds)

Go on, get off.

All right.

Don't get off.

Ooh, ooh, ooh!

(gunshot)

- Let's try the Plaza.

- "(slurring)" Ab-absolutely.

Are you crazy?!

- Did you get him?

- No. I did not.

We're dealing

with a very smart animal here.

- He's a psycho.

- But I "like" obsessive people.

They get things done!

He's still here!

I can feel it.

Dunston!

Dunston, do you hear? It's me.

Dunston.

He's incredible, Kyle.

He's absolutely incredible.

Whoa.

Let's take a look.

It's a piece of glass.

(shrieks)

If I'm gonna do this,
you'll have to hold him.

- He's scared.

- Well, do what Dad does.

Sing to him.

OK.

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

You look like a monkey

And you act like one too

(whimpers)

Dunston, I know it hurts,
but it's for your own good.

It's like when you get a shot, or broccoli.

It's better if you don't look at it.

Look at me, Dunston.

Look at me.

It's gonna be OK.

Got it.

We got it, Dunston.

Isn't he cool?

Sure, he's cool, Kyle,

but what are we gonna do with him?
He can stay in my room.
Come on. Dad might be a little preoccupied,
but I think he'll notice
an orangutan in your room.
Wait a minute. We have lots of rooms.
OK, name?
- "Lam Binh Ngoc."
- What?
L-a-m...
B-i-n-h...
N-g-o-c.
Got it. Lam Binh Ngoc.
Dr. Lam Binh Ngoc.
The Hotel thinks you're a doctor,
you can get away with anything.
Let's go, Dr. Ngoc.
Whoa.
- Cool.
- Impressive.
The Royal Suite.
How do you like it, Dunston?
Uh-oh.
Whoa!
(burps)
Damn!
You've ruined my retirement fund.
Tracherous little hairball.
Lord Rutledge.
How was your meal?
Well, from the look of the soup,
my guess is that someone in your kitchen
has a serious hair-loss problem.
Other than that,
it was absolutely delightful.
Good night.
Well? How was his meal?
I believe he used the words
"absolutely delightful."
I hope so. You know, especially after
that little incident with your son today.
Oh, Mrs. Dubrow, that was totally...
Robert, I like children. I really do.
But let me just ask you this.

Do you think there's a way we can keep
your boys locked in their rooms?
You know, just till the Crystal Ball
is over?
We could make a game out of it.
We could call it "quarantine."
Mrs. Dubrow, I can assure you
that there will be no further incidents.
As of this moment,
they are both on their best behavior.
Whoo! Yeah! What a catch!
Incoming! Whoo-hoo!
I'd like to order two banana splits,
extra bananas on each, and a Caesar salad
with extra bananas as well.
Roll! Roll! Roll! Roll! Roll! Roll!
- Roll! Roll! Roll!
- Strike!
- Yeah!
- All right!
You heard me. More bananas.
That's right. Bananas.
Mmm...
Hey, come on and have a ball
"He's doin' too much thievin'"...
Whoa!
Got it!
Whoo-hoo!
Well, Dunston,
Frisbee may not be your game.
Don't worry.
That Rutledge guy will never find you here.
Come on, Kyle. We'd better go.
I'm coming.
Good night, Dunston.
- Thanks, Brian.
- For what?
Helping.
Hey, what the hell? I'm grounded.
I gotta do something.
Boy, if Dad ever finds out that we checked
Dunston into the hotel,
we'd be in big trouble.
Well, I wouldn't worry about that

if I were you.
For the next 24 hours,
Dad's gonna have his hands full.
Terrible.
(groaning)
Absolutely.
No.
In about half an hour.
Excellent.
Bravo.
Majestic...
Hotel.
Room service.

Word search:

One banana.
Two bananas.
Well, Dr. Ngoc,
either you've got a potassium deficiency
or I think we might be in business.
There it is.
It's just a zoo. It's not great.
But at least they'll be nice to you,
and you won't have to steal or anything.
You see, everyone will be at that stupid
ball, so I can sneak you out the back.
- "(knock at door)"
- That's Brian.
Dr. Ngoc, I presume.
Robert, gorgeous.
We have done... a spectacular job.
(speaks French)
Hey.
Hi.
Hello. How are you doin'?
Hi. How ya doin'?
He brought a dog.
Would you do me a favor?
Could you lose the dog?
Say goodbye to your friend.
He just became an even more
endangered species.
(muffled yells)
Time to check out. Get in that trunk.

Oh, so now you're ready
to go to work, are you?
Well, forget it. Get in the trunk.
Oh, so now we're feeling repentant.
(whimpers)
Go on, then. Give Daddy a big hug.
Look on the bright side.
You'll be joining your brother very soon.
Argh! Argh!
"(muffled)" Dunston, help me.
Help me, Dunston. Get it off.
Ow.
Lord Rutledge! The ball is this way.
- No, but I...
- No, no. No buts.
You are my special guest this evening.
Really?
- Mrs. Dubrow, I'm Lionel Spalding.
- Of course you are.
Lord Rutledge, I'm Elena Dubrow.
I own this hotel.
This is the social event of the season.
You wouldn't want to miss it.
Do come in. Look.
Hello. How are you?
Come on, Dunston.
I know a great way out of here.
Come on.
Oh, I don't believe I know your name.
Buck La Farge, animal security.
How's it hangin'?
- Oh, well...
- Hm. "Mustela erminea".
Member of the weasel family.
Oh!
Champagne?
- Is it free?
- Yes.
Dog... Dog, we're gonna sit here.
Sit.
(barks)
Yaarh!
Heel, dog! Please heel!
Oh, no.

Lord Rutledge!

See?

(speaks German)

Brian, we got a big problem.

Kyle, I'm a little busy here.

Dunston's in this room right now!

Oh, great move! You were supposed to keep him upstairs.

You won't believe what just happened.

Rutledge got me,

and I found this in his room.

Look at it.

All right.

Let's find Dad.

(dog barks)

I saw a turtle one time,

looked like a Volkswagen with a tail.

Excuse me. I'm sorry.

Could you do something about the dog?!

- What are you "both" doing here?

- Dad, you better take a look at this.

It's a picture of Lord Rutledge and two monkeys.

I was just telling Lord Rutledge he should visit one of our other fine hotels.

- How are the mints?

- I beg your pardon?

On your pillow at night. You like the mints?

- Bloody thing!

- We need new mints.

My God... He is thorough.

Hello, Dunston.

Will you please...

Lord Rutledge.

Ah... Mrs. Dellacroce.

Looking for something?

Lost youth.

I'm in room 812.

Bye, darling.

He tied you up?!

Yes. And he'll hurt Dunston if he finds him.

Please, Dad. You've gotta help him.

OK. OK.

You guys, you split up, you find the monkey,

and you take him upstairs to the apartment.

I'm gonna take care of Lord Rutledge.

- "(barks)"

- He's in there, Fang?

- "(barks)"

- All right. As you were.

How can these women wear fur?

I think everyone should know how they bludgeoned and tortured the poor animals.

That is why I always carry pictures of the process.

That is how they do it to poor little bunny rabbits.

Oh, this is horrifying.

Why can't we treat all creatures with kindness and respect?

Pig!

Can I help you with something, son?

I'm looking for a "Pongo pygmaeus".

If I catch you looking at my wife's "Pongo pygmaeus" once more, I'm gonna break you in half.

Right.

- "(woman gasps)"

- Hi. How you doin'?

Ah...

Oh, the baby quiche. I love these.

Lovely. My mother used to make these.

She did. They're incredible.

Ah...

Shrimp boat!

Thank you.

There's a monkey head in my lap!

A big, hairy monkey!

Monkey head! Monkey head!

What are all you people staring at me for?

You think I'm crazy, don't you?

Well, I swear it was a monkey head.

I know a monkey head when I see one!

There's a monkey head in there.

God, it's happening again!

Ole.

Monkey head! Monkey head!

Why is everyone in this hotel

always slapping me?!

"(sobbing)" It wasn't my fault
the sea monkeys died!

The party's over, Dunston.

(Mr. Spalding sobs on)

- Do something.

- Do it yourself!

Sorry.

I'm going to give you a sporting chance.

I'm going to count to three.

I think you are slightly outnumbered.

One!

Two...

Three.

Dunston, run!

Dunston! Let's get outta here.

Come on, let's go, go, go, go, go!

Dunston?

(ninja shouts)

No, no, no!

- That's the Chateau Lafitte.

- Oh.

Good year.

Arh!

No, no, let me assure you,
everything is just fine.

(loud crash)

- "(yelling)"

- Just fine.

We take great pride
in our beverage selection,
and it seems one of our guests
selected one too many beverages.

Aarhhhh!

Aarh!

(chuckles)

Let's not let, you know,
such a tiny little incident
spoil such a wonderful evening.

And let me assure you
there is no monkey in this hotel.

A monkey!

Shoot him.

No! Don't shoot him!

That's coming out of your check.
Now, come on, do what you do.
I want him dead.
No, stuffed!
Teach him to come into my hotel!
Come on! Shoot him!
Hyah!
Arh!
Whoa.
(chuckles)
You!
Aarh!
- Good show.
- Thank you.
Watch the birdie.
- So, am I still grounded?
- "(strained voice)" That's my boy.
And "this" is for tying up my kid.
Aarrh!
All right, Dad!
Oh, well.
You did this!
You brought that monkey into my hotel.
You've been nothing but trouble
since your daddy started working here!
You little spoiled brat!
Argh!
Aah!
Ooh!
Ah!
This is your fault!
You and those children!
- Mrs. Dubrow.
- What?
Have you tried the cake?
You're...
fired!
Go home and burn your resumes,
because you'll never work
in the hotel business again!
Don't you walk away from me!
I'm still firing you!
Mrs. Dubrow, I'm Lionel Spalding
from the "Le Monde" Travel Organization.

Congratulations.

You've managed to go
from a five-star hotel...
to a one-star hotel.

Good night.

Aarh!

Get your hands off me!

Terrible misunderstanding.

I'm utterly innocent,
as will be revealed by my lawyers
as soon as I get to a pay phone.

Dunston! How could you?!

(blows raspberry)

Dunston! Really!

May I call you Dunston?

I'm really, really sorry.

I was just trying to do my job.

It was nothing personal.

Do you believe me?

I deserved that.

(snores)

You know, I've never attacked
another human being in my entire life.

Now I've dropped two in the same day.

- So how did it feel?

- Great.

You do realize we'll probably
end up living in a Motel 6.

Yep.

Sounds pretty good to me.

Hello, Dunston.

Nice to officially meet you.

Dad, can we?

No, we can't.

- We can't.

- Please? He can stay in my room.

I'll take good care of him.

Kyle, listen to me.

Dunston can stay with us tonight,
but tomorrow we've got to find
another place for him.

(whimpers)

It's a really nice zoo.

No one will be mean to you or anything.

And you'll have friends.

No. Monkey friends.

I'm not sure where I'll be, but I'll try to come and visit you whenever I can.

(knock on door)

It's them.

Mr. Dubrow?

Morning, Kyle.

Where's Mrs. Dubrow?

Scouting hotel sites in Alaska.

We've come to see your father.

So, what do you think?

I want you to stay.

This is the finest hotel in the entire chain.

Yes, it is.

This is everything I've ever dreamed of doing. And now I've done it.

I think I'd like a position...

that's a little less demanding on my time.

Let me see what I can do.

Mr. Dubrow, you know lots of people, right?

Why do you ask?

I have this friend

who's sort of in need of a favor.

Lionel Spalding...

and Neil.

Welcome to the Bali Majestic, Mr. Spalding.

The manager has been expecting you.

Mr. Spalding, I can't tell you how pleased

I am that you accepted our invitation.

Particularly after those rather unfortunate circumstances back in New York.

But, as you can see,

we are far, far away from there right now.

And my family and I are dedicated

to making your stay here at the

Bali Majestic

as uneventful and trouble-free

as is humanly possible.

Your room and meals are complimentary,

and if you'd like me to arrange a line of credit in the casino, I'd be happy to.

You may hear some of our native islanders

out and around the bushes.

There's nothing to worry about.

I guarantee there will be no further incidents to deal with.

- Uh, Dad...

- If you need anything, pick up the phone...

- Dad...

- Just a moment, Kyle.

One of the things I want to tell you about is the Bali Hai buffet, which we offer every day at breakfast and lunch.

No!

THE END: