

## 24. Hotel Royal (2021)

### **Technical details**

4KHD vídeo, 2:39, color, dolby 5.1 sound, 30 min, Portugal

### **Synopsis**

'In the course of my cleaning duties, I examined the belongings of each guest of the hotel and observed through the details, lives that will remain unknown', says the temporary Chambermaid in a large seaside hotel, which, unable to communicate, lives through a rigid methodology of analysis of the exterior and a ritualised quotidian. Until the uncontrollable comes to disrupts this dynamic. Hotel Royal is fragmented and incomplete mosaic of contemporary societies. It could be dubbed a film about the horrors of the soul, about voyeurs or simply about misfits.

### **Credits**

Written: Salomé Lamas, Isabel Pettermann, Isabel Ramos

Directed: Salomé Lamas

Production: O Som e a Fúria

Coproduction: Curtas Metragens CRL

Producers: Luís Urbano, Sandro Aguilar

Coproducer: Mário Micaelo

Cast: Ana Moreira; Tomás Antunes, Carloto Cotta; António Bollaño, António Júlio Duarte, Cíntia Figueiredo, Cristina Lamas, Daniel Pato, Francisco Nabinho, Inês Portugal, Isabel Alves, Isabel Pettermann, Jani Zhao, Joana Bastos, Joana Gusmão, João Azinheiro, João Pedro Bénard, Justin Jaeckle, Kyara Figueiredo, Leonor Nabinho, Mafalda Lencastre, Mafalda Nabinho, Maria Vercetti, Micaela Barreto, Miguel Nabinho, Natxo Checa, Valdir Furtado

Production director: Joaquim Carvalho

Production manager: Maria Inês Gonçalves

Production assistant: Catarina Alves

Production addition Luis Piranha Gonçalves

Assistant director: Mónica Lima

Cinematography: Rui Xavier

Image assistant: Afonso Marmelo

Grip: José Loureiro

Gaffer: Pedro Curto

Sound: Olivier Blanc

Art direction: Nádia Henriques

Art direction assistant: Maria Ribeiro

Decoration intern: Cynthia Gauthey, Marco Sardinha

O SOM E A FÚRIA

Production: Cristina Almeida, Fabienne Martinot, Sofia Bénard, Sofia Pires

Accountants: Aline Alves, Amadeu Dores

CURTAS METRAGENS CRL

Production: Cândida Martins, Salette Ramalho

Music: Garcia da Selva

Editing: Sandro Aguilar

Assistant editor: Andrés F. Albalat

Sound editor, mix: Miguel Martins

Color correction: Paulo Américo

Rent-a-car: Sadorent, Synopsipixel

Sound and image equipment: Screen Miguel Nabinho, Olivier Blanc,

Showreel – Grupo Nova Imagem, Miguel Martins

Sound studio: McFly Sound Productions and Films

Editing studio: Desforra Apache

Laboratory: WALLA Collective

Insurance: Riskmedia

Support: Instituto do cinema e do audiovisual – ICA

Additional support: Hotel Do Mar, Mrôlo, Cerca Da Vitoria, Nevada Bob's Golf

Distribution: Agencia da Curta Metragem Portuguesa

### **Intention Note**

There's no need to reinvent  
the world, paying close  
attention is enough.

'In the course of my cleaning duties, I examined the belongings of each guest at the hotel and observed through the details, lives that will remain unknown.' says the temporary Chambermaid in a large seaside hotel, which, unable to communicate, lives through a rigid methodology of analysis of the exterior and a ritualised quotidian.

Hotel Royal exposes itself as a set of simple rules of formal and structural restrictions to present us with a fragmented and incomplete mosaic of contemporary societies. As a peepshow Hotel Royal explores the horrors of the soul or simply the distant observation of the misfits.

The rooms are all the same...  
people are all the same.

We all have identical biological bodies, but we pair people, groups, cultures, policies and identities that are nevertheless different. Where is the resemblance and where is the dissemblance? Where is fiction and where is reality. And what to do with the problems shared by both in representation?

Hotel works on notions of intimacy, vulnerability and intrusion when establishing and crossing the limits of the public and private sphere. Whether or not intentionally, the filmic device generates feelings of

seclusion/participation in a viewer who feels a desired guest but also an intruder.

Sentimental, intense and occasionally traumatic spaces are created. All banal or extraordinary objects will thus be imbued with allegorical qualities.

Hotel Royal produces a sort of fiction of the intimacy. The viewer becomes accomplice of the voyeurism – compelled, too, from the need to move without being observed, through the private sphere of the other, compelled to cultivate his/her own interior narratives. – A social experience of subjective production.

Nothing is poorer than the truth  
expressed as a thought.

### **Dialogue list**

#### **HOTEL SEA ROYAL**

Over this image we hear the repeated sound of an asthma inhaler being used.

*There's no need to reinvent the world, paying close attention is enough.*



Hotel Royal (2021)

#### **EXTERIOR, STREET/ ACROSS FROM THE HOTEL - DAY**

It's windy. A woman (the CHAMBERMAID) pale and emaciated, absent-eyed, wearing a brown raincoat, her posture stiff, almost in formation, is standing in front of a hotel.

She is carrying a brown pleather duffel bag and two white plastic bags.

*It was December 7<sup>th</sup>, Monday, 8 AM, I started working at the Hotel Royal. Job description: Second Floor Chambermaid. Temporary Chambermaid.*

She breathes in from her asthma inhaler.

*I've always had temporary jobs. The guarantee that they're ephemeral is the only thing that makes resting bearable.*



## **INTERIOR, HOTEL/ CORRIDOR 1 - DAY**

We hear the cadenced footsteps of a the one walking.

The CHAMBERMAID is in her uniform and walks down a long corridor with doors which stretches out before her as if it were endless.





Hotel Royal (2021) Room 23

**INSERT: There's a key on the lock with the room number - 23.**

The room has a double bed and two small foldable beds. They have all been used.

Over a bed, a Superman T-shirt and a child leash.

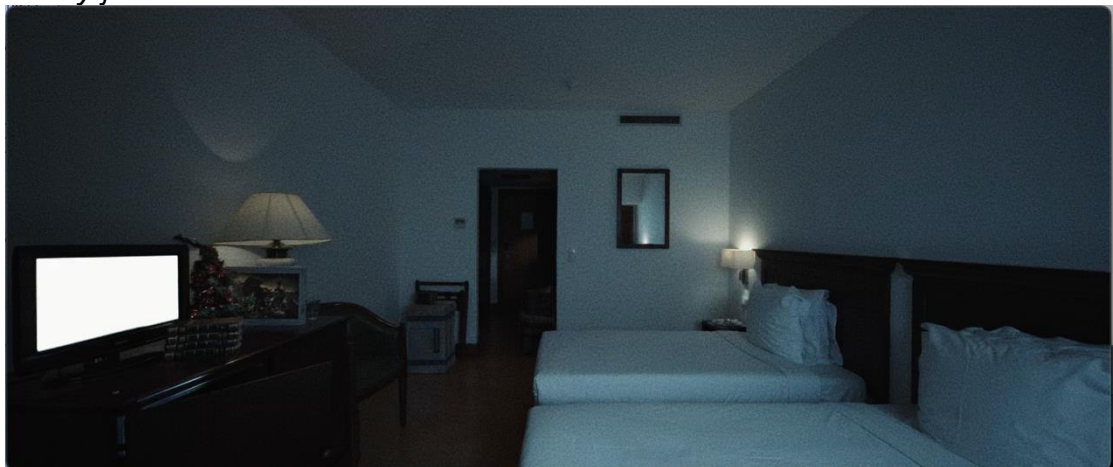
On the double bed, it is visible that two people have slept. The hollows left by their bodies reveal they didn't touch during sleep.

On the dresser, a pile of objects, as if someone emptied out their pockets and tossed them there: two rubber bands, a wallet, a lighter.

On the nightstand a half-empty glass of water; inside the open drawer, a box of tablets, **Venlafaxine toLife** 75 mg. Extended-release tablets. An earplug kit. A travel eye-mask. Black. On the opposite table, lotions and **Drenafast Detox Solution**.

*I go through the cleaning checklist for this morning.*

*I identify the last name. All unhappy families are unhappy in their own way. I do my job. I leave.*



Hotel Royal (2021) Room 21

**INSERT: There's a key on the lock with the room number - 21.**

In this room a suitcase by the door, as if the person is ready to leave. There's a small Christmas tree sitting on a sideboard, World History encyclopaedias and a painting classics jigsaw puzzle: **Le Radeeau de La Méduse (Théodore Géricault)** Humanitarian Aid food products, Tupperware containers in the minibar, canned goods.

**Tuesday, December 8th, Room 21.** *In the guest's sleep, they are coming for him. No matter which walls fall or rise again. He knows they're coming. At dawn. When everyone's asleep. Everyone but him. No clothes in the closet. I've heard that he's been waiting for six months. Hey, Bartleby, the Community isn't coming.*



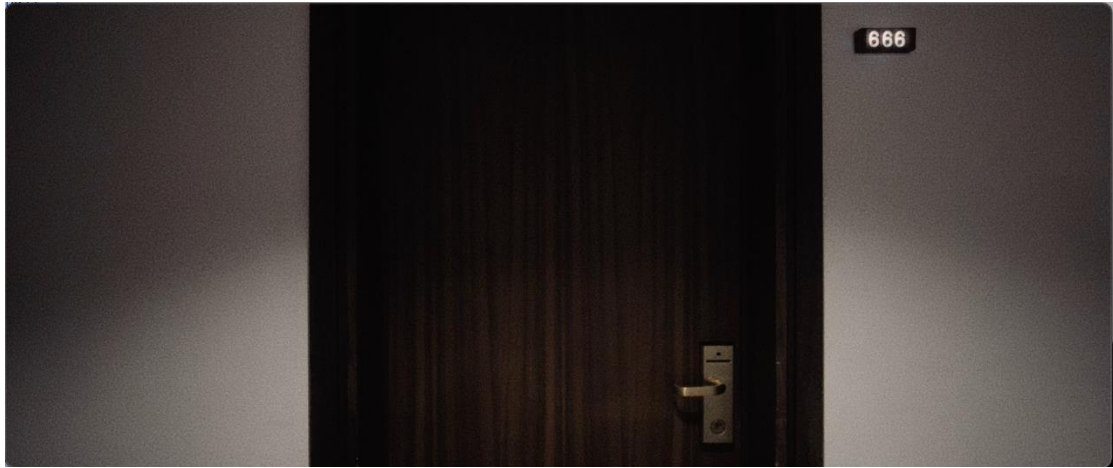
Hotel Royal (2021) Room 27

**INSERT: There's a key on the lock with the room number - 27.**

Two beds. On the unmade bed there's a copy of **The Economist**. Placed on the magazine, a few men's luxury items: a **Rolex**, a **Montblanc pen**, sunglasses, a **Channel Bleu** travel kit and a set of cufflinks. On the table, literature including the word Capitalism. Next to the books four lines of cocaine.

*The image of growing tolerance corresponds to a real intensification of conflict. All against all.*

*On objects: they are the massive redesign of the planet by humanity.*



Hotel Royal (2021) Room 66

**INSERT: There's a key on the lock with the room number - 66.**

We're at the employee's floor, away from any commotion, where the rooms are small.

The CHAMBERMAID is just out of the shower. Her hair is wet and she's wearing an oversized t-shirt.



There's a knock on the door. She doesn't react.

On a table against the wall, some kitchen utilities, and electric plate with a pot simmering on it.

On the floor paper spread, lists, inventories and forms with notations, of particular interest. Attention span tests, F-scale Adorno, Rorschach, typological evaluation tests, self-help books, Civilization and Its Discontent (Sigmund Freud).

On the bed there's a half-opened Amazon package. Addressee: Hotel Royal, Room 66, Temporary Chambermaid. By the package: the sealed box of a non-professional Drone.



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The CHAMBERMAID sits at the table, facing the wall, avoiding other, pleasanter, locations in the room.

*There's nothing she needs to do. Nowhere she needs to go. She just sits. Remains in silence.*

*No real under the fake, no dawn, no twilight, nothing.*

It is very late. The bar has already closed. There are no clients or employees around. The CHAMBERMAID tried to dress up, but she doesn't look like much. She is sitting opposite a MAN.

The MAN stretches his hand across the table, touches her right hand. The CHAMBERMAID removes her hand.

*Fear is the only passion. And I'm not afraid.*

The MAN moves slow. She moves rough.

*It's hot. The pleasure induced by oxytocin relieves the pain.*

She wants to cut to the chase. The MAN doesn't play along.

*Are you sure you're alright?*

*I can fake it.*



Hotel Royal (2021) Room 27

**INSERT: There's a key on the lock with the room number - 27.**

We see bath towels tossed on the floor. The window is open and the curtains are flying about, blowing in the wind.

On the bed, **Low-cost** boarding passes, flyers about monuments, daytrips and tourist attractions.

On top of the minibar there's an ice bucket with an empty bottle of champagne and two flutes.

On the floor, several bags and torn packages, **Ensayo de un crimen (Luis Buñuel)**. Multiplex. Room 4. 3 PM.

On the nightstand, a newspaper opened to the crossword puzzles page, two words have been filled out: CORRESPONDENCE down and COMEDY across.

On the bed there's a tray with leftovers of the couple's breakfast.

**Thursday, December 10th, 12 PM. Room 27.**

*Everything is revealing. People who aren't afraid tend to sleep well. The room didn't need her. Everything was neat, folded, in its right place.*



Hotel Royal (2021) Room 25

**INSERT: There's a key on the lock with the room number - 25.**

Something inside is keeping the door from opening. The CHAMBERMAID pushes the door and walks in.

On the floor, everywhere, there are piles of yellowed newspapers, parts of objects and old things.

Only one of the beds has been used for sleeping. There's a crucifix hanging above it. The pillow has a head-shaped dent. The pillowcase is printed pattern.

On the nightstand, a bible, a black plastic comb with three teeth missing. On the bed a supermarket flyer folded in four: meat and fish in promotion for the whole month. Two ribs. Sirloin steak 9,99. Save more than 30%.

*It smells of urine and loneliness. When it rains he takes his time. He lies down on the ground. A thought on objects: I've always liked objects, they're easier than people.*

*Soon he'll no longer embarrass anyone.*

*Another thought on objects: the objects of the dead become useless.*



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## INTERIOR, HOTEL/ CORRIDOR 3 - DAY

Chambermaid.  
Common area.

The CHAMBERMAID walks the corridor with the cart. Constantly looking straight.

When passing by **Room 24**, hangs the sign **HR – Privacy**. Keeps walking straight.

*Guests live a few inches apart from each other. They do the same gestures at the same time. Turning on the light. Turning off the light. Opening the faucet. Closing the faucet. Laying down. Getting up for breakfast. Almost every room.  
The rooms are all the same... people are all the same.*



Hotel Royal (2021) Room 20

**INSERT: There's a key on the lock with the room number - 20.**

Everything is tight, the beds are made, a small sports bag over one of them with a **Cyclonopedia (Reza Negarestani)** ornamental tag, a black leather jacket, a pair of black leather men's gloves.

*It's so simple. All you have to do is chose to stop thinking. No monster. No absolute evil. Evil is banal.*



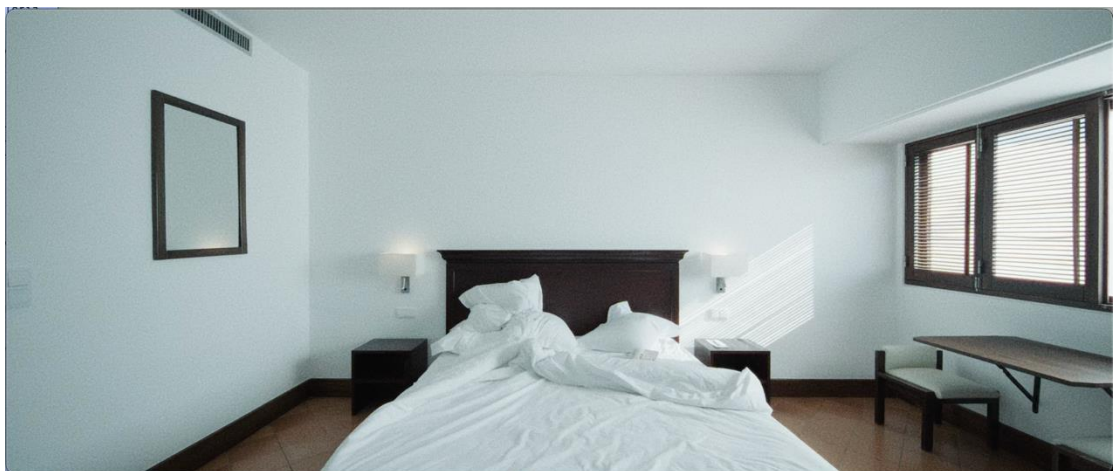
Hotel Royal (2021) Room 22

**INSERT: There's a key on the lock with the room number - 22.**

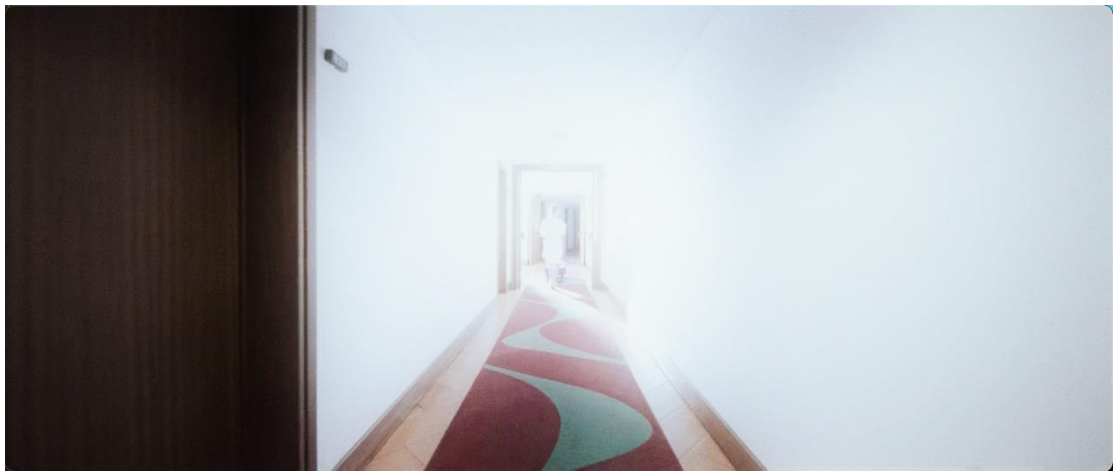
The beds are unmade, two laptops on the table, two cell phones forgotten on the nightstands, one tablet on a pillow and loose phone chargers on the bed. On the wastebasket scorched remains of an outdoor poster which reads... Maybe there's a substitute for experience (Martha Rosler)

In the bathroom, No Future written with a marker on the mirror, an assortment of glasses, traces of make-up, cigarette butts.

*Tuesday, December 15<sup>th</sup>, nine AM. Room 22. I put on gloves. I open the 100-litre garbage bag. I toss the confession of impotency in there. Nothing exists, creates or is consumed besides images. Images aren't copies; they are models. I take off my gloves. I toss them. I close the garbage bag. I leave with the bag. This room doesn't need me.*



Hotel Royal (2021) Room 28



**INSERT: There's a key on the lock with the room number.**

The bed in the room is made up, but a little crumpled, someone was just passing by and left.  
There's a folder on the bed.

*First page: Regarding the employment contract entered into with this company, on May the 1<sup>st</sup>, we hereby state our decision to terminate it... I close the folder. Oh well.*

*Nothing in the room, just a feeling of emptiness. A new thought on objects: Tomorrow it will come to life.*



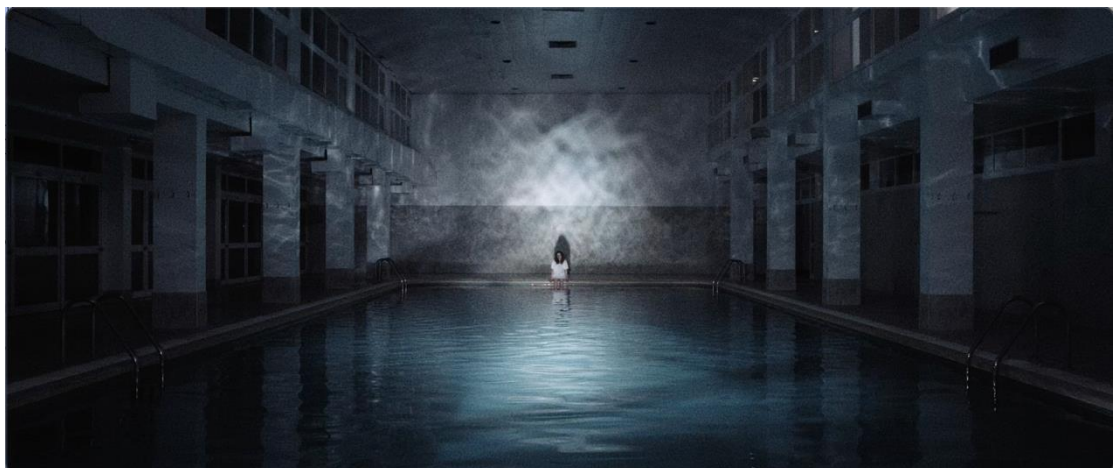
Hotel Royal (2021) Room 24

The room is poorly lit. On the bed, a shape covered by sheets is shot at several times: At the sound of each shot there's a little jump. The blood spreads slowly.

THE CHAMBERMAID goes out.  
And she comes back in.

The bed is made up. The towels are clean.

*Nothing to report. The room is ready for the next guest.*



Hotel Royal (2021)

**INTERIOR, HOTEL/COMMON LIVING ROOM – DAY**

A CHILD is facing a computer.

*Siri, what is love?*



*Love refers to a profound, tender and indescribable feeling of affection.*

The answer doesn't satisfy the CHAMBERMAID, but the CHILD is ecstatic, and keeps pressing the button.

*Siri, I'm sad.*

*I'm sorry to hear that. I'm here, if you want to talk to me.*

*Here, where?*

*Here.*

*But where? I can't see you!*



#### **INTERIOR, HOTEL CORRIDOR 4 – NIGHT**

Chambermaid.  
Common area.

The CHAMBERMAID walks the silent corridor, which looks longer than ever, wearing an oversized t-shirt. The doors parade beside her, she doesn't turn to look at any of them.

On **room 24's door**, the **HR – Privacy** sign again.

The CHAMBERMAID keeps walking, and by the end of the corridor she gets the feeling that someone is about to leave their room; turns suddenly in the unmistakable attitude of someone who doesn't want any contact. She rushes to one of the doors that open into the service stairs and she disappears into the darkness.



Hotel Royal (2021)

## **INTERIOR, HOTEL MAIN HALL – NIGHT**

Chambermaid; All the guests.  
Common Area.

**December 17<sup>th</sup>**. The mood is festive. On a stage, in the middle of the hall, a thirties HOTEL BAND plays **Satori Part I, [1971]. (Flower Travellin'Band)** 5:25. Psychedelic metal. Japan 7-inch vinyl. Limited edition.  
All the GUESTS are present. They fill the seats at the round tables. They sit still.



Hotel Royal (2021)

*Before leaving, I took a close look at **Room 66**.*

*The bed was made, there were no traces of a temporary presence, just the suitcase, sitting by the door.*

*At 6 PM I turned in my uniform at the laundry. At 6:10 I went into the main office to square up my paycheck. I had a message from the chambermaid that I met on the only time I visited the cafeteria, to go into the kitchen. She wanted to say goodbye, so she left me some cinnamon sugar cookies. I gave them to the seagulls; they really like them. At ½ past 6PM, I walked by the front desk and waved from a distance. Then I smoked.*

***It was December, Friday, the 18th,** I ended my job at the Hotel Royal as a temporary chambermaid for the second floor.*

Fire fills the image.

**THE END  
CREDITS**



Hotel Royal (2021)

*Siri, tomorrow will be today, correct? I'm sorry, but I'm not sure of it yet.  
Nothing is poorer than the truth expressed as a thought.*

**COVID-19 DUE TO THE STATE OF EMERGENCY, DECREED BY THE  
GOVERNMENT, THE HOTEL IS CLOSED.**