

you have phone?

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Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Cliff Marlow Cliff Marleau , Hayden Pike , Hayden Pike's Children , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander , Vincent Lemaire , the third round draft pick guy with the last name Kirogoy do we know his first name , Scott Hunter
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by [you-cant-spell-subtext-without \(ayreisha\)](#)

Summary

June 2014, Mandalay Bay Hotel and Casino, Las Vegas, Nevada, Voicemail Recovery System.

The day after the MLH MVP award ceremony.

beep

Voicemail: Hello, this is Shane Hollander? I'm so sorry to bother you, um - I hope this is the right voicemail for the lost and found. I was at the hotel this weekend, and I think I left a set of cufflinks somewhere in my room? They have my first and last initial engraved on each and they're gold. It's room number - actually, wait. Um, you know what. Never mind. Canyoupleasedeletethismessage.

Notes

just a crack taken seriously idea i had to add to this series that's been percolating in my WIPs due to my *waves hands at explicit everything else i've been writing* - so here's a bit of silly fun for a change. hope you enjoy! many cameos (not just bc Hayden) abound.

also, this can be read as standalone, but for context it's best read in tandem with the very first one in this series (how the staff likes to be treated) in order to get the full impact of the end bit :)

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

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beep

Voicemail: Good morning! This is Jessica Sanders, assistant, um, to um, c-c-c- commissioner Crowell. Commissioner of the MLH! Um. Sorry. It's like, my first day. He fired his other assistant when he, um. When he got the bill I'm calling about? Apparently there was some sort of mixup and some of the charges from the awards ceremony for the athletes we put up in your hotel were put on his personal card? Something about? I'm not sure, um, Russian Standard something? I think that's um, vodka? I'm so sorry I am not old enough to drink yet. But yes, there was a bottle of vodka, and apparently a pack of cigarettes or something? Which can't be right because these are um, professional athletes. And none of them smoke. Okay thank you so much! Please call me back or I will get fired, too. Even though he's my uncle.

beep

Voicemail: Hey, Lorna, Bo from customer service - we've got some foreign dude on the phone that wants the email address for your new trainee? Does he have a work email set up yet? Hit me back with it, mamacita. Don't ask me why, the less I know about it the better, I always say. Only way to stay sane in our line of work, I tell ya.

beep

Voicemail: Hello, this is Minerva Faust. I was just calling - *no I am not being a busybody, Harold!!!* - I'm so sorry, my husband is very annoying. *Yes, I know it's a long shot, Harold! It doesn't hurt to ask them, does it?* So sorry. Anyways, I was calling to make sure the sweet boy in the elevator who was riding it up and down yesterday, over and over, extremely late at night - *I already told you what I was doing, I was gambling because you don't have a job, Harold!!!* - I was calling to see if this boy made it to his room safely - *Well they might know, Harold, they have security cameras for pete's sake!!!* He was coming down on the penthouse elevator at around two in the morning when I first saw him. *There's a casino near the penthouse level, Harold, that's why I was there!* I tried to speak with him and he was very polite, but he just kept staring at his phone and he looked so distraught. He had very sad

brown eyes - *I'm allowed to notice people's eyes Harold! Calm down, I'm old enough to be his mother!* Anyway where was I - right sad puppy eyes, like a depressed coyote - **COYOTES ARE LIKE PUPPIES OF THE DESERT, GET OFF OF IT, HAROLD!** He may still be riding your elevator. If so, can someone give him a hug? *Shut up, Harold, I know someone who needs a hug when I see them!! I'm not projecting! Though living with you means I need a hug a whole freakin' lot!* I can be reached at 555-874-2898, please give me a call back and tell me if he is alright. Also, you might want to double check your security, because when I got off the penthouse floor - *it was the wrong floor Harold, I know!! I got lost because I was distracted by the sad coyote boy!!* - there was some beautiful - *I'm allowed to say men are objectively beautiful, Harold!!!!* - shirtless stripper type male model just wandering the hallway, I'm not sure how he got up there but he was just wearing a towel and smelled like, ugh, cigarettes. He also looked sad. Why is your hotel and casino full of sad, beautiful young men? *This is not too long of a message, Harold! Go watch your sportsball or something!!* Okay, thank you very much. Goodbye.

beep

Voicemail: Hello, my name is Cliff Marleu. This is going to be the dumbest voicemail I've ever left, but my teammate wanted me to call and make sure you tell the 'new hire that just started' to check his email. Probably because my buddy is so gone on some chick that - *no, I will not shut my 'idiot face,' if you're gonna make me do this, I get to make fun of you. And your English is not so bad you can't call yourself!* Sorry - anyway this dipshit emailed you all about something important at the hotel but he won't tell me about it, so this is all I got. Please have whoever check the email, I am begging. Please. For my own fucking - sorry for language - for my own damn sake, so he'll leave me the hell alone. Sorry for language again.

beep

Voicemail: Yo, this is Hayden Pike. Listen, don't tell him I'm calling, but any chance you guys found a pair of cufflinks of my buddy's? His name is Shane Hollander. They're some kind of metal. Think they're monogrammed or whatever, like those Vera Bradley bags, but they're like, shirt jewelry. I know, I don't get the point of them either. But he keeps telling me it's 'no big deal, *Hayden*' which means he's clearly absolutely freaking out about losing them and likely on the verge of walking into traffic. I mean not really, but it is almost that serious. Please call me back if you're able to help.

beep

Voicemail: Yes, good afternoon. This is a message for Lorna, Head of Housekeeping and Security. We are calling back from Floors, Doors, and So Much More(s) about your request for the formica floor panel polish? I do think we have a brand that will take out the scratch in the photo you sent. Next time you may want to put up a sign asking your guests to please pick up chairs when trying to get them from point A from point B, especially if your floors are that sensitive to dragging. Unfortunately, we do not have anything to remove the sticky,

unknown substance you inquired about without knowing the nature of that substance. Thank you for your business!

beep

Voicemail: Hello, this is Bess from Bed, Bath, and Beyond. I just realized we forgot one of the shams from the sheet delivery we sent to your hotel last weekend. Did the guest staying in the penthouse suite inquire about it, and did he leave a forwarding address? It was a piece in the set of our highest thread count sheets, the Luxe, in the color Pristine Angel, the ones that were in the same package as the fluffy blanket he ordered. Please give me a call back so we can make it right for your guest! Also, if he still wants that silk canopy rope he was interested in, they *are* back in stock now!

beep

Voicemail: Good afternoon, this is Jean-Paul Van Roois, Esquire. I am an attorney-at-law, calling in an attempt to reach your legal department. My client was ziplining across the strip last weekend and two of your guests were putting on what can only be called amateur pornographic voyeurism in front of a fully open window. My client was so distracted he actually side swiped the building when navigating the zipline. My client would also like to reiterate that he is very straight, and was simply offended by what he saw, and not at all turned on. Clearly we will be suing your hotel for premises liability and nuisance. Maybe pornography. Because according to my client that's what this was, 'pure, beautiful pornography.' He said he should know, he watches a lot of it, especially the kind involving these types of gorgeous men. Honestly the way he described it - it could get me to switch teams. Um, I mean - to Catholicism as I am currently a practicing Southern Baptist. More than practicing. I dabble in preaching. By the way if you ever need a wedding ceremony conducted, I'm also your man! And honestly if you find those two beautiful men, I think my client and I may be up for a little weddin' if you know what I mean. Um, oops, actually - I'm invoking attorney-client privilege! You didn't hear what I just said. Your ears have been cleansed by the privilege of the law as they have been anointed by the scales of justice under God! Okay, thank you for your timely attention to this matter and a swift call back, as well as your respectfully keeping most of this voicemail between me, you and Jesus Christ (may his name be forever blessed, Amen, all the glory and power to hiyum, I say).

beep

Voicemail: Hi, this is Yuna Hollander. I just wanted to call on behalf of myself and my husband and say thank you - so much, for the couples spa package we received upon arrival at our room after the awards ceremony this past weekend. I've never heard of a surprise *evening* spa date before! And David - that's my husband's name, David - and I thought we got lucky just getting upgraded to the room next door to the penthouse suite to begin with! The couple's massage alone was worth having to trek across the entire hotel to the other tower, certainly! Anyway, if you find out who the anonymous gifter was, can you please let me know so I can mail them a thank you card? Also, if you ever want to collaborate on branding

for the spa, my son Shane Hollander - you know, the hockey player? Number two draft pick his rookie season, plays for Montreal and absolutely crushing it, polite, respectful, mindful, honest, demure! Best in the world, if I do say so myself - he really should have won last weekend instead of being fucked by that Ilya Rozanov - "*Luna! This is a voicemail for a professional establishment!*" - okay, okay, David, you're right - agh, I am so sorry for the language, I get a little passionate, what I meant to say is he was - *robbed* last weekend by that Ilya Rozanov. Ugh, see - robbed doesn't convey my feelings appropriately. Spit-roasted, maybe? -*Luna!* - oh, it's *fine*, David. We're all adults here, we can joke around. Anyway, just to reiterate - Shane has great skin and loves a good robe. I have a reel of his prior advertisements and branding work, and I'm happy to send it to you. Okay, thank you again!

beep

Voicemail: Hi Lorna, it's Andy down at the warehouse. Just reminding you to put in a housekeeping order retrieving those extra pillows the guest in the penthouse requested be sent up to his room last weekend. Think he asked for like...six extra ones? Gotta make sure we restock them properly. Some people really do go to hotels and make their own pillow forts like they're healing an inner child or some shit. You know how the big boss likes us to keep track though, don't forget to have 'em log it after turndown. And good luck training that new guy this week! God knows we could use the help, even the phones are overwhelmed. I swear I've talked to this weird, hard-to-understand guy about some email he sent like ten times today. Email. Pfft. We don't even have a computer down here!

beep

Voicemail: Hiiiiiiii this is Babs McDaniel, I'm just calling to see if Ilya Rozanov left any messages for me? I was macking on him like a *boss* all weekend and I thought it was going totally great, and then he just, like, disappeared? Total ghosting. Anyway, I thought maybe I'd try here, just in case. Maybe he got lost and you found him, ha ha. Or maybe I've tried every other customer service number at this hotel, just kidding, hehe, why would I do something like that. Anyway, can't hurt right? So um, if he did leave me a message or like, his number so we can connect, call me back, 'kay? Like for real, asap.

beep

Voicemail: Good day, this is Mctavish Sinclair. You probably know me from my reality tv show, *Living Large In Las Vegas*, airing now on Bravo!. Anyway, my apologies for disturbing your day but I wanted to call and see if Ilya Rozanov left any messages for me? We were hitting it off at the casino, and then he - vanished from sight. Like an apparition. So I thought I would perhaps see if he'd thought to leave a number with your answering service so we could, aherm, reconnect. Okay, thank you in advance for your swift response. I don't desperately need to speak with him or anything, of course. But yes, if he did leave a message I would request humbly you call me back tout-de-suite, chop-chop, right away. Okay. Farewell, now.

beep

Voicemail: Hi, Scott Hunter, here. I just wanted to leave some accolades for the thickness of your hotel walls. Best hotel I've ever stayed at. I'll also be sure to include this in my trip advisor and yelp reviews - *hey, hahaha, stop that, shh - no I am not a dork! Hush, you -* but I wanted to verbally express my regards. You would not believe how often this is not the case in all of my travels. Thank you so much. Okay, goodbye.

beep

Voicemail: Hewwo, dis Ambewr. How you? I use my daddy phone! *Amber give that back to me! Uh, one second Shane, sorry! No it's totally under control, she just hit redial on um, Uber Eats or something. Amber Pike! Get back here! *click**

beep

Voicemail: Hi, this is Vincent Lemaire. You probably don't remember me, I was at this hotel a few years ago when I was up for rookie of the year? I was also there this weekend because I was in the running for MVP- but no one seemed to notice for some godforsaken reasons named Rozanov and Hollander. *Oh my god, be quiet, Kir. Yes, I know we have Roz to thank for that, but I can still be a little bitter about the fucking award? I'm allowed.* Anyway, I was just wondering if anyone found a men's Gucci watch in my room, with the last name "Kirogyi" engraved on the back? A, um, buddy of mine...lost it the other night and he was um, in my room at one, um, point, because some Neanderthal Russian oaf thought it would be funny to give us a bottle of vodka to share, and here we fucking are, missing this watch. Um, not we. Just he. Is missing it. I mean - *shhh, Kir, I'm not going to remind them you were a third round draft pick in 2011? Why the fuck would I do that? And can you shut the fuck up, it's recording?* If you find it please give me a call back at your earliest convenience. *Oh my god can you let me hang up first. No, don't put your pants back on. Ok, ok. We will find it, don't worry. Though you're cute when you worry. Come over here, asshole.*

beep

Voicemail: Good afternoon, Jean-Paul Van Roois, Esquire, attorney-at-law, again. No need to call me back. It appears my client no longer wants to pursue his case due to something he called 'my big mouth' - between you, me, and Jesus Christ (*may his blessings be UPON us, everlasting the GLORY to HYYIUMMM*) - though? I think it's that anonymous envelope of cash he also said he received. right after I did an interview - well, more of a monologue with professional DJ sounds and part interpretive dance - about his case on YouTube Live, giving everyone every detail including his home address and wiring information. Because I cover all the bases in my attorney work, and I was a journalism major in college. I'm as good of a journalist as those people who write for New York Magazine and British Vogue! Anyway, he fired me, I guess. Sad. Can you believe that, though? A cash payoff? In just, like - an

envelope with a post it note on it that just said “For secret” on it in really nice handwriting. Smells like Vegas mafia to me, so be warned, I *will* be looking into this. But don’t call me back anymore because I can’t bill for it now. Also I am once again invoking my attorney-client privilege so you cannot share anything I just told you, even if bad gas travels fast in a small town, ha ha. I am already fighting four malpractice claims and I simply cannot take on another (though booked and busy, right boys?) Okay, bye.

beep

Voicemail: Hi, Mick with hotel bev service here, wanted to see what you want me to do with this extra case of ginger ale just sitting up here on the top floor, unopened? Looks like someone’s eyes were bigger than their mouth this past weekend! Thanks, Lorna.

beep

Voicemail: Hey Lorna, it’s Philippe with janitorial. Just letting you know I left a Shane Hollander rookie card in your desk. Found it up in penthouse 5 on my final pass, and I know how much your kid likes him. Hope you’re having a good day!

Hey, this is Ilya. I will never listen to your voicemail.

beep

Voicemail: Hi, Mr. Rozano- I mean, Ilya. I just wanted to update you that I shipped the package with the cufflinks to -

Ilya: Wally? Sorry, I was in shower when you called.

Wallace: Oh. That’s um, that’s perfectly um, yup. So you just got out of the - and you’re all um - you know what, never mind, um. Yes, the cufflinks you asked about should be arriving at the address you sent me in the next two days, the one in Montreal. I can send you the tracking number via email if you like.

Ilya: Thank you. They are like ones I described when I emailed about them to you?

Wallace: Yes, gold, square, and then with the letters “S” and “H” on each one. Lying on the nightstand of your penthouse room, I swiped ‘em when my manager wasn’t looking.

Ilya: Thank you. I hope you are not in trouble?

Wallace: Nah, she didn’t notice. But also, the initials, Mr. -

Ilya: Ilya. And they stand for ‘shhh.’ Like secret. Understand, Wally?

Wallace: Right. Absolutely. Of course, that’s what I was going to say, that I wasn’t going to share that with anyone. Though, um - Ilya?

Ilya: Mmm?

Wallace: How did you know I was working here, if you don't mind me asking? I only started here this week.

Ilya: Who do you think called in good word for you?

Wallace: Oh. Wow. So the recommendation - that was you? Um - thank you, thats -

Ilya: Shh. Send my best to Seth. And thank you for cufflinks.

click

End Notes

thanks for everyone who encouraged me to post it. see, sometimes i write things other than filth (but lets be honest, filth is where i do my best work ;) more filth shall bound soon, all the glory to HIYUMMMMM (who can name that reference? gold star for you if you can).

thanks as always for reading my words. but please do not ever link them in new york magazine (fuck that shit, and that article).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!