appear eager, she appears to be so clueless about romantic advances in general that her suitor may as well be a bleeping, honking, tentacled android, so mystified is she by the expression of his ardor.

The major theme of Hotelier — while it may not be terribly original or believable — is that a good job is all you need. “The dreams are gone, all that’s left is work,” Tae-Ju Han says. Hotel management comes across as the natural sublimate for sex and passion; “Frank” Shin proclaims to Jin Young, “You’ve built a hotel in my heart, but you are asking me to get out.” As Hotelier progresses, the characters’ allegiance to Seoul Hotel and the lengths to which they, as employees or acquisitionists, will go to claim it, become less and less believable; housekeeping staff offer to give up their salaries to “save” the hotel, but there is never any indication that Seoul Hotel is actually a better place to work than any other.

Frankly, what the series does show us is that it is a workplace rife with sexual harassment, petty misunderstandings, careerism and punitive punishment in the form of endless silver polishing and napkin folding. The series’ main characters are uninteresting, and the best characters — the aforementioned hyena-like Manager Oh, and the apple of his eye, the heavily-lipsticked head of Housekeeping, Manager Soon Jung Lee (played by Hwa Jung Choi) — are only peripheral and cannot be fully enjoyed due to the constant martini-swilling, golfing bombast of the main players.

I made it to the end of Hotelier, watching with my husband as we chanted at ten-minute intervals throughout the final episode: “End! End! End!” And I was happy when it was over, because I could get back to my DVR, now stuffed full like a Christmas stocking, of episodes of Bizarre Bunch, Likeable or Not, and Here Comes Ajumma.