

"Vacancy"

by  
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1 INT. THE FAIRLAWN HOTEL LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

1

A very nice hotel: Lots of wood and large, glittering chandeliers. Well-dressed people are milling about. Muffled conversations and laughter come from the adjoining bar. Muzak plays softly through the overhead speakers.

A large, curved front desk dominates the lobby. Two men stand behind it - amid the telephones and computers - in matching brown blazers and ties. SANDERSON, 50, the manager, is tall and a bit chubby, with salt-and-pepper hair. Beside him is BENNY, 18, a dark-haired, lanky trainee with a wispy goatee.

In the background is JANICE, 32, a young blonde - also dressed in brown - sporting large glasses. She answers a phone as it rings.

JANICE

Good afternoon. Fairlawn Hotel.

Janice speaking.

(beat)

May I help you?

A middle-aged MAN in a suit is standing at the front desk, talking to Sanderson. Two suitcases are on the hardwood floor at his feet. He looks very tired.

MAN

You don't have *anything*?

SANDERSON

There are some conventions in town, sir. We're booked solid - have been for weeks.

Benny looks up suddenly from the computer screen.

BENNY

But -

MAN

I know all about the conventions. I'm a plumber. I flew in from Dallas to attend. Didn't think I was gonna be able to, but my schedule opened up at the last minute.

(beat)

I thought, for sure, I'd be able to find a place in a city of *this* size.

(CONTINUED)

SANDERSON

I'm sorry.

BENNY

Mr. Sanderson -

Irritated, Sanderson waves Benny off.

SANDERSON

A moment, Benny.

MAN

You must have *one* room. I don't  
need anything fancy. I'm only  
gonna *sleep* there.

SANDERSON

Sir, I wish I could accommodate  
you, but -

BENNY

(urgently)  
Mr. Sanderson?

SANDERSON

(exasperated)  
*What?*

BENNY

We *do* have a room, sir.

Hopeful, the man leans forward. Sanderson looks  
surprised.

MAN

You do?

Benny points at the computer screen. Sanderson takes a  
step over and looks.

BENNY

Number 1123.

MAN

(quickly)  
I'll take it. How much?

Sanderson looks up.

SANDERSON

I'm sorry, but the boy is  
mistaken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Benny points again.

BENNY

No, I'm not. It says right -

The man is growing exasperated.

MAN

Do you have a room or not?

SANDERSON

I'm afraid we don't.

BENNY

Mr. -

SANDERSON

If I had an empty room, don't you think I'd rent it to you?

MAN

(beat)

Yeah, I guess you're right.

BENNY

But 1123 -

SANDERSON

Benny, why don't you go check with Alphonse in the kitchen. See if he needs any help.

BENNY

(sighs)

Yes, sir.

Dejected, Benny shuffles away. Sanderson addresses the would-be customer.

SANDERSON

I'm sorry for the confusion. The boy's a trainee. He's only been here a week.

MAN

We all have to start somewhere.

SANDERSON

Let me see if we can't find you a room.

He turns and calls to Janice.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

SANDERSON

Janice?

Still in the background, Janice looks up and calls back.

JANICE

Yes, Mr. Sanderson?

SANDERSON

I want you to get on the phone and call every hotel in town. *Someone* must have a room available for my friend here.

JANICE

Will do.

MAN

That's awfully kind of you.

Sanderson turns back around.

SANDERSON

Think nothing of it.

(beat)

I only wish we could provide you lodging here at The Fairlawn.

MAN

Maybe for *next year's* convention?

FADE TO:

2 INT. MR. SANDERSON'S OFFICE - LATER

2

Benny is seated on a leather couch in Sanderson's nicely decorated office while his boss paces before him.

SANDERSON

I didn't like what you did earlier, Benny.

BENNY

I was just trying to help. That guy from Dallas needed a room.

SANDERSON

Janice found him one at The Longmore.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SANDERSON (CONT'D)

Trying to help a potential  
customer *doesn't* give you carte  
blanche to make me look foolish.

BENNY

I wasn't trying to do that!

Sanderson stops pacing and looks angrily at Benny.

SANDERSON

Haven't you spoken with Janice  
yet, like I told you to?

BENNY

No, sir. With all the conventions,  
she hasn't had time.

Sanderson is taken aback and humbled.

SANDERSON

Then you. . . *couldn't* have known.

Benny leans forward on the couch.

BENNY

Excuse me?

SANDERSON

We don't rent Room 1123. Not now,  
not ever.

BENNY

Why not?

SANDERSON

You don't need to know the reason,  
just the *fact*. 1123 is *never* to be  
rented.

(beat)

Understand?

BENNY

Yes, sir.

SANDERSON

I don't care if the Pope shows up  
and needs a room. I don't care if  
the President of the United States  
has to sleep in his limo. I don't  
care if the Virgin Mary comes here  
looking for a room to give birth  
to Jesus!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

SANDERSON (CONT'D)

(beat)

1123 is *always* to remain empty.

FADE TO:

3

INT. BENNY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

3

Seated on his bed, Benny is on the phone with his friend, SEAN, who we see on a split screen. Sean is also 18, but is taller and bigger than Benny, and has no facial hair.

SEAN

That's *weird*.

BENNY

I thought I had lost my job after only a week.

(longish beat)

Say, how are you and Jordan getting along?

SEAN

She's mad at me.

BENNY

For what?

SEAN

Typical girl stuff.

Sean puts on a whiny voice.

SEAN

"You never take me anywhere. Are you ashamed to be seen with me?"

He goes back to his real voice.

SEAN

Nag, nag, nag.

BENNY

(chuckles)

I've been there.

SEAN

I'm not *cheap*, Benny. I'm *broke*. There's a *big* difference. Jordan doesn't get that.

(CONTINUED)

BENNY

Can you get some dough from your mom?

SEAN

She's tapped out - just paid the rent.

BENNY

I wish *I* could help you, but I haven't gotten my first paycheck yet.

SEAN

Thanks. I. . . You know, maybe you *can*.

BENNY

Huh?

SEAN

Can you get me into that empty room?

BENNY

1123?

SEAN

A room at The Fairlawn. *That* would impress Jordan and stop her nagging.

(beat)

Can you hook me up?

BENNY

(cautiously)

I don't know. It's kinda risky.

SEAN

You said it's always empty.

BENNY

Yeah, but one of the guys in the kitchen told me that 1123 is Mr. Sanderson's own private little love nest.

SEAN

He's too old for that!

BENNY

I hear he thinks he's *quite* the ladies' man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



BENNY (CONT'D)

1123's always available in case he wants to. . . you know.

SEAN

Gross!

(beat)

How about when he's busy?

BENNY

He's the manager. He can leave whenever he feels. . . Wait a minute!

SEAN

What?

BENNY

*Thursday.*

SEAN

(eagerly)

What about Thursday?

BENNY

Sanderson's boss, Mr. Gillespie, is visiting from the home office. I've heard through the grapevine that Sanderson is *always* a bundle of nerves when the big guy shows up.

SEAN

So he'll be too busy to even *think* of having a rendezvous?

BENNY

That's the idea.

(beat)

Also, a couple of the conventions are ending on Wednesday night, so a *lot* of people will be checking out on Thursday morning - too many for just Janice and me to handle.

SEAN

(eagerly)

So you can hook me up?

BENNY

Leave it to me.

(beat)

Come by around 10:00.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Just *me*?

BENNY

Sanderson will be suspicious if he sees *two* teenagers riding up in the elevator. I'll tell him I need a bathroom break and take you up to the room. Have Jordan show up a little later.

FADE TO:

The elevator doors open. Benny and Sean exit, walking and talking as they pass other guest rooms, various sounds emanating from behind their locked doors.

SEAN

I don't want you getting in trouble.

BENNY

Don't worry about it.

He hands Sean the key card for 1123.

SEAN

*Thanks.*

(beat)

Won't it be missed?

BENNY

There are two keys for every room. Sanderson will never notice one of them's gone.

(beat)

Drop it by the house tonight, huh?

SEAN

Sure thing.

BENNY

I'll put it back tomorrow morning.

SEAN

I can't thank you enough for this, Benny. *Finally*, my ears will get a break!

BENNY

You got your cellphone on you?

They reach Room 1123.

SEAN

Don't I always?

BENNY

If it looks like *anything* is gonna go wrong, I'll call you. You two get out as quickly as you can.

SEAN

Got it.

BENNY

Don't leave the room too messy, huh?

SEAN

Sanderson will never know *anyone* was in his love nest.

Benny looks at his watch.

BENNY

I gotta be getting back to the front desk. I told him I was taking a leak. It's been kinda long for that.

SEAN

Tell him you had to make a number 2!

Benny chuckles and hurriedly walks away. Sean watches him leave.

When he hears the ding of the elevator arriving, he looks around nervously and then slides the key card into the lock. He opens the door, takes a few steps inside the black room, and closes the door behind him.

From behind the door, we hear him scream once in terror.

FADE TO:

Benny is on his cellphone. We hear the female OPERATOR voice recording through the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR

The number you have reached is not  
in service at this time.

Confused, Benny looks at his phone.

BENNY

Huh?

OPERATOR

Please check the number and dial  
again.

He ends the call, shrugs, and tries again. After several  
rings, we hear this.

OPERATOR

The number you have reached is not  
in service at this time. Please  
check the number and dial again.

Confused, he ends the call.

BENNY

Did he forget to pay the bill?

(longish beat)

Jordan? Jordan? What's her. . .

He haltingly dials what he believes to be Jordan's  
cellphone number. Again, after several rings:

OPERATOR

The number you have reached is not  
in service at this time. Please -

He ends the call.

BENNY

What the hell? I told him I need  
that key back.

FADE TO:

Benny, seated in a recliner, is watching TV when a  
breaking news banner comes on the screen, accompanied by  
urgent-sounding music.

A pretty, young ANCHORWOMAN appears on the screen and  
starts talking. Over her shoulder is an image reading  
"MISSING TEENAGERS."

(CONTINUED)

ANCHORWOMAN

Breaking news coming into Eye 4:  
Two local teenagers have been  
reported missing by their parents.

On the screen, we see a prom picture of Sean and Jordan.

ANCHORWOMAN

Sean Russell, 17, and Jordan Roy,  
16, seen here at a recent prom,  
failed to return to their homes  
this evening.

Benny leans forward in the recliner.

BENNY

*What?*

ANCHORWOMAN

Russell and Roy, boyfriend and  
girlfriend, have been together for  
nearly a year. Their parents  
report no problems with either of  
them, and they are at a loss to  
understand what has happened.

(beat)

Calls to the missing teenagers'  
cellphones have been unsuccessful.

BENNY

Just like *me*.

ANCHORWOMAN

Local police are investigating the  
disappearances and urge anyone  
with information on the missing  
teens' whereabouts to call the  
number on your screen.

FADE TO:

On a bright morning, Benny walks among the many parked  
cars. He taps on one.

BENNY

(sotto voce)

Sean's.

He looks at a car a few spaces over.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

BENNY  
(sotto voce)  
I *think* that's Jordan's.  
(beat)  
Maybe they fell asleep.

Benny hurriedly walks back to the lobby.

FADE TO:

8 INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

8

Benny, pacing nervously, is alone in the elevator.

The bell rings, and the doors open. Benny exits and hurriedly walks to Room 1123. He inserts the key card in the lock. He cracks the door just a little and peeks into the black room. He then opens the door wide and walks in, closing it behind him. He flips on the light switch.

He cautiously walks around the empty room. Everything looks as he expected: A nicely made double bed, a bathroom stocked with toiletries, a writing desk with a chair, and a TV bolted to the wall.

He stops beside the bed and scratches his head.

BENNY  
Did they *walk* home?

He sees the spare room key beside the bed. He bends and retrieves it. He notices a small piece of fabric poking out from under the bed. He pulls on it to reveal a yellowed bridal veil.

FADE TO:

9 INT. HOTEL BREAK ROOM - LATER

9

Benny is seated with Janice at one of the circular tables. No other hotel employees are present. Humming vending machines line the rear wall. Both of them are having their bagged lunch and talking as they eat and drink.

JANICE  
You went *inside*?

BENNY  
I did.

(CONTINUED)

Janice opens her soda can and takes a sip.

JANICE

Why?

BENNY

(reluctantly)

I'd. . . rather not say.

(longish beat)

I found *this*.

He pulls the veil from his suit coat pocket. Janice gasps.

JANICE

I haven't seen that in. . . in  
*years*.

BENNY

(beat)

You've seen it before?

JANICE

Three or four years ago.

(beat)

I forget exactly when.

Janice looks around the break room to make sure they are alone. She takes a long swig from her soda can and leans toward Benny.

JANICE

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis - I *think* that  
was their name - checked into 1123  
one June night. They had been  
married only hours before. . .

DISSOLVE TO:

Four suitcases, some opened, lay on the double bed. There is a knock on the door. MRS. LEWIS, 25, a beaming, long-haired brunette in a sun dress, calls out and runs to answer it.

MRS. LEWIS

Coming, my dear!

She quickly opens the door to reveal SGT. CRANSTON, 44, a gray-haired, tall police officer in full uniform.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. LEWIS

(embarrassed)

Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you. . .

(beat)

May I help you?

CRANSTON

Mrs. Yvette Lewis?

MRS. LEWIS

Yes.

CRANSTON

May I come in?

She stands aside so he can enter the room. She closes the door and turns to face him.

CRANSTON

(beat)

I'm Sgt. Cranston. I. . . uhm. . .

I'm afraid I have some bad news.

(beat)

Your husband, Arthur. . .

MRS. LEWIS

(prompting him)

Yes?

CRANSTON

(longish beat)

He's dead.

MRS. LEWIS

(chuckles uneasily)

Don't be ridiculous, officer!

He'll be back in a few minutes. I

forgot a bag in the car and he

went out to get it for me, the

dear.

CRANSTON

I'm sorry.

MRS. LEWIS

We're on our *honeymoon*. People

don't die on their honeymoon!

CRANSTON

(very uneasy)

Ma'am, I. . .

(CONTINUED)



MRS. LEWIS  
(growing emotional)  
You're. . . You're *serious*, aren't  
you?

CRANSTON  
I would *never* joke about such a  
thing.

MRS. LEWIS  
(flabbergasted)  
H-How? He was just -

CRANSTON  
A drunk driver lost control of his  
car and plowed into the hotel  
parking lot.

MRS. LEWIS  
(growing teary)  
And Arthur?

CRANSTON  
He. . . couldn't get out of the  
way in time. I'm sure it happened  
very quickly.  
(beat)  
He was crushed between the trunk  
of your car and the hood of the  
other one.

Mrs. Lewis grabs the back of the desk chair for support.

MRS. LEWIS  
(gasps; begins  
weeping)  
Arthur, my sweet Arthur!

CRANSTON  
I'm *terribly* sorry, Mrs. Lewis.

MRS. LEWIS  
(chuckles uneasily)  
"Mrs.?" I don't know if I can be  
called *that* anymore.

CRANSTON  
(longish beat)  
I'll need you to come downstairs  
when you're up for it and. . .  
identify the body.

FADE TO:

11 INT. ROOM 1123 - LATER (FLASHBACK)

11

Sanderson (looking slightly younger) and Cranston are speaking to Mrs. Lewis, who is seated on the corner of the bed amid the suitcases.

SANDERSON

(uneasily)  
Ma'am, on behalf of everyone here  
at The Fairlawn, our condolences.

MRS. LEWIS

(sniffs)  
Thank you.

CRANSTON

Is there anything we can do?

MRS. LEWIS

(beat)  
Not that I can think of.

SANDERSON

You're welcome to stay here for as  
long as you like - on the house.

MRS. LEWIS

That's very kind of you. Right  
now, I need some time to make a  
few calls and think about. . .  
about what to do next.

(beat)  
Brides don't usually think about  
such things on their wedding day.

FADE TO:

12 INT. ROOM 1123 BATHROOM - LATER (FLASHBACK)

12

The tub is being filled with steaming hot water that is fogging up the vanity mirror.

Mrs. Lewis, barefoot and wearing her wedding gown, pokes through a men's travel bag. She finds what she is looking for - her late husband's razor. She looks happily at the blade glinting in the overhead lights.

She bends and turns off the water. She drops her gown to the floor and, nude, climbs into the steaming tub. Tears coming to her cheeks, she quickly slices her wrists with the razor. The blood starts dripping into the water, staining it pink.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

She lets go of the razor, which drops to the floor on top of her wedding gown - staining it with a few drops of blood - and settles back against the tub wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 INT. HOTEL BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

13

Benny holds up the yellowed veil as he and Janice continue to eat lunch. They are still alone in the break room.

BENNY

*This* is hers?

JANICE

Yes.

(beat)

Mr. Sanderson found her body the next day.

BENNY

And 1123 hasn't been rented since?

JANICE

Oh no. It *was*.

BENNY

(amazed)

After what happened there?

Janice takes a bite of her turkey sandwich.

JANICE

(chewing)

I guess the big shots figured the new guests would never know the room's history.

(beat)

There were a few times that I remember - nice married couples.

BENNY

What happened to *them*?

JANICE

They. . . *vanished*. Their bags were left behind. We tried to track them down, but never could.

(beat)

1123 hasn't been rented for, oh, 18 months.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JANICE (CONT'D)

That I know of, no one's even gone  
in there in all that time.

Benny stuffs the veil back into his suit coat pocket.

BENNY

Except *me*.

She leans closer to Benny.

JANICE

*Weird* stuff happens in that room,  
Benny.

BENNY

How did I walk out of there alive?

JANICE

(beat)  
I'm not sure - not at all.

BENNY

(sighs)  
I have to go back there.

JANICE

*Why?*

BENNY

Some. . . Some friends are  
depending on me.

JANICE

*Don't.*

BENNY

Whatever's causing all this  
trouble - Mrs. Lewis's ghost? - it  
didn't harm me.

JANICE

(longish beat)  
It could have been. . . a mistake.

FADE TO:

Benny closes the door behind him, cautiously walks in,  
and flicks on the light. He calls out nervously.

(CONTINUED)

BENNY

I'm back.

He removes the yellowed veil from his suit coat pocket and holds it up.

BENNY

I brought you this. I think it's yours.

With a pop, it vanishes from his hand. He takes a few more cautious steps around.

BENNY

Mrs. Lewis?

A wind starts to blow in the room. It grows stronger, mussing Benny's hair.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - LATER

A MALE OFFICER and a FEMALE OFFICER sit in their cruiser, listening to the female POLICE OPERATOR on the squawk box.

POLICE OPERATOR

Affirmative. That's a match as well. Two affirmatives.

The male officer picks up the mike and presses the talk button.

MALE OFFICER

Thank you.

He releases the talk button, puts the mike back on its hook, and turns off the squawk box.

FEMALE OFFICER

So those are their cars?

(surprised)

They've been shacking up the whole time we've been searching for them?

MALE OFFICER

It *could* be more than that.

He opens his car door.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MALE OFFICER  
We'd better have a talk with the  
manager.

FADE TO:

16 INT. ROOM 1123 - LATER

16

The wind continues to blow. The shimmering form of a woman in a wedding gown, hovering just over the rug, slowly appears before Benny. The long sleeves of her dress are stained with circles of blood at the wrists. There is also a small smattering of blood on the chest. The wind fades to nothing. Mrs. Lewis speaks in a ghostly echo.

MRS. LEWIS  
Why are you here?

Benny is very nervous.

BENNY  
I'm. . . I'm looking for my  
friends.

MRS. LEWIS  
The teenagers?

BENNY  
That's right.  
(beat)  
Are they. . .

MRS. LEWIS  
They are alive.

BENNY  
Where are they?

MRS. LEWIS  
With me.

BENNY  
Where's that?

MRS. LEWIS  
I'm not. . . not sure. It's not  
Heaven, and I don't believe it's  
Hell.  
(beat)  
Someplace. . . in between.

(CONTINUED)

BENNY

(beat)  
What's it like?

MRS. LEWIS

I can't tell. Nothing is clear.  
Nothing is definite. Everything's  
. . . tentative.

Benny takes a couple of steps toward the floating form.

BENNY

May I speak with you?

MRS. LEWIS

Of course. It is a pleasure to  
speak with an innocent.

The ghost looks around the room. A tear falls down her  
right cheek and onto the gown. Choked up, she speaks.

MRS. LEWIS

This room was meant for my husband  
and me. It was to be our bed  
chamber. We would have consummated  
our marriage vows here if he  
hadn't. . .

BENNY

(beat; sadly)  
Died.

MRS. LEWIS

(sniffs)  
Exactly.

(beat)  
You did not enter this room with  
lustful thoughts, as those before  
you did.

BENNY

My friends?

MRS. LEWIS

And others.

BENNY

Some of the people who came to  
this room, Mrs. Lewis, were  
*married*.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. LEWIS

It doesn't matter.

(beat)

My Arthur will return to me. I must keep this room *pure* until then.

BENNY

Have you. . . met Arthur again.

MRS. LEWIS

(longish beat)

No. We are. . . in different places. He did not have to perform penance here, like I do.

BENNY

Can you return my friends and the others?

MRS. LEWIS

If I wished. They are company for me. They help *wile* away the hours.

(beat)

Why should I return them?

FADE TO:

Sanderson is looking at a picture of Sean. The officers are on the other side of the front desk.

SANDERSON

Yes, that's him. He applied for a job here a couple of weeks ago.

MALE OFFICER

You didn't hire him?

SANDERSON

No. He didn't seem like someone who would take the job seriously.

(beat)

I *did* hire his friend.

MALE OFFICER

Friend, sir?

SANDERSON

Benny Trask.

(CONTINUED)



FEMALE OFFICER

May we speak with him?

SANDERSON

Sure.

Confused, Sanderson looks around. He calls to Janice behind him.

SANDERSON

Janice?

She calls back.

JANICE

Yes, sir?

SANDERSON

Do you know where Benny is?

JANICE

(beat)

B-B-Benny?

FADE TO:

BENNY

Because it's the right thing to do. Those people didn't know you had a. . . a *claim* on this room.

(beat)

Let them go - *please*.

MRS. LEWIS

But then I would be without my company.

BENNY

(longish beat)

What would *Arthur* have you do?

MRS. LEWIS

(growing emotional)

I don't know.

BENNY

Shouldn't you two be together?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. LEWIS  
(starting to cry)  
In my grief, I took my life.

BENNY  
And for *that* you have to stay here  
for who knows how long?

MRS. LEWIS  
Evidently.  
(beat)  
If I had ever -

The door is quickly opened. Sanderson stands there, the officers behind him. Both Benny and Mrs. Lewis turn.

SANDERSON  
Benny, what the hell are -

MRS. LEWIS  
*No!*

A great gust of wind blows the door shut in Sanderson's face. He knocks urgently. We hear him calling from the other side of the door.

SANDERSON  
Benny?  
(beat)  
Kid, can you hear me?

Benny calls back.

BENNY  
Yes, sir.

Sanderson stops knocking.

MRS. LEWIS  
Tell him to wait. He can come in  
when I say so.

BENNY  
(calling)  
Mr. Sanderson?

SANDERSON  
I heard.

Mrs. Lewis turns back to Benny.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. LEWIS

If I had thought all those years ago that my actions would keep me from Arthur for eternity, I -

BENNY

Why don't you see if that's true?

MRS. LEWIS

Excuse me?

BENNY

Let everyone go. Maybe *that* gesture is all that's needed for whoever's in charge to reunite the two of you.

MRS. LEWIS

(eagerly)

Do you *really* think so?

BENNY

It could be.

MRS. LEWIS

(longish beat)

I'll need some promises first.

A gust of wind rips the door open, smashing it hard against the inside wall. Sanderson and the officers look quizzically inside.

MRS. LEWIS

*Only* Sanderson!

Sanderson tentatively enters, leaving the door open behind him. He nervously walks to Benny, who motions at the ghost of Mrs. Lewis.

BENNY

She wants to talk with you.

Confused, Sanderson looks at the ghost, a note of recognition crossing his face.

MRS. LEWIS

Surely you remember me - my suicide?

SANDERSON

(beat)

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Lewis points at Benny.

MRS. LEWIS

This innocent has asked me to  
return everyone who has gone  
missing from this room over the  
years.

SANDERSON

She can *do* that, kid?

BENNY

She can.

MRS. LEWIS

I need some assurances first.

SANDERSON

(beat)  
Go on.

MRS. LEWIS

You are to never, *never* rent or  
use this room again.

Sanderson is confused.

SANDERSON

We *already* don't.

MRS. LEWIS

(chuckles)  
You'd be surprised.

(beat)  
I want this room sealed, boarded  
up, whatever it takes. If this  
sacrifice does work, I want *no one*  
to ever disturb my Arthur and me.

SANDERSON

I give you my word.

MRS. LEWIS

(beat)  
Insufficient.

The ghost stares at Benny.

BENNY

I give you *my* word.

The ghostly form of Mrs. Lewis smiles and fades to  
nothing.

(CONTINUED)

With a loud popping sound, several confused people, including Sean and Jordan, appear near Sanderson and Benny. They mutter to themselves in surprise and confusion. Sean walks to Benny.

SEAN

(very confused)

What the. . . Benny, where have we been?

BENNY

I'll tell you later.

He looks up at the ceiling.

BENNY

Thank you, Mrs. Lewis.

A light wind briefly blows.

FADE TO:

Benny is speaking to an unseen lodger through an open room door.

BENNY

Just leave the tray outside the door, sir. I'll come by and get it later.

The door is closed. Benny walks down the corridor, hearing various muffled noises from most of the rooms he passes. He pauses briefly outside of Room 1123. He hears Mrs. Lewis's ghostly giggle, followed by the pop of a champagne cork.

He smiles broadly and walks toward the elevator.

FADE TO BLACK.