



THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!

THIS SIMPLY CAN'T BE HAPPENING...
BUT HOW... THIS VIOLATES ALL THE LAWS
OF LOGIC!!!



MA'AM... IT SEEMS WE HAVE A
PROBLEM...

I DON'T THINK ALL OF THIS IS STAGED...
EVEN... HOW?

HOW IS SOMETHING LIKE THIS POSSIBLE? THIS IS...
MY BRAIN REFUSES TO COMPREHEND IT...

A woman with blonde hair tied back, wearing a black and white vertically striped, button-up, sleeveless dress, stands in a modern living room. She has a questioning expression on her face. The room features a large abstract painting on the left, a floor lamp in the background, and a large black TV on a stand to the right. Two speech bubbles originate from her head.

WHAT? NOT STAGED?!

DO YOU THINK SOME MYSTICAL FORCES ARE
RUNNING THIS HOTEL? THAT EVERYTHING THAT
BASTARD SAID IS TRUE?!

A woman with short, styled grey hair and a high-collared, ribbed brown sweater is shown from the chest up. She is pointing her right index finger towards the left. The background is a simple grey wall with a dark grey curtain on the right side.

NOT IN THE HOTEL, MA'AM... BUT IN THIS
PARTICULAR ROOM...

WELL... LOOK... HOW THE ELEVATOR WE GOT
INTO IN THE CORRIDOR ENDED UP HERE.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black and white vertically striped, sleeveless dress with a deep V-neckline and buttons down the front, stands in a modern living room. She has a surprised expression and her right hand is outstretched. The room features a grey sofa with yellow and grey pillows, a glass coffee table with books and a lamp, and a large abstract painting on the wall.

MY GOD...

I ONLY JUST NOTICED... WHAT
THE...?

THE DOOR... THERE'S A DOOR
THERE NOW...



WE'RE TRAPPED... WE'RE TRAPPED!

WE... WE HAVE TO CALL!! WE NEED TO
CALL THE POLICE RIGHT NOW!

A woman with blonde hair in a bun, wearing a black sleeveless dress, is shouting and gesturing with her right arm raised. She is facing a woman with short grey hair, wearing a brown ribbed turtleneck and black pants, who is standing with her hands outstretched in a defensive or surprised pose. The background is a simple grey wall.

HEEEYYY!!! HEY?!

YOU FILTHY DEVILS!!

OPEN THIS DAMN
DOOR!!! HEYYY!!! SOMEBODY!!!
OPEN IT!!!



WELL... COME ON... COME ON...

YES! YES!! HELLO!!! YES!
SOMETHING HAPPENED!

WE'VE
BEEN LOCKED IN A HOTEL ROOM
AND WE CAN'T GET OUT!! WE NEED
HELP!!

I DON'T KNOW WHO IS DOING
THIS! BUT WE ARE LOCKED IN A HOTEL
ROOM... WE NEED HELP!! URGENTLY!

911, WHAT IS YOUR
EMERGENCY?

WHO LOCKED YOU IN,
MA'AM? WHO NEEDS HELP?

MA'AM, SO THAT WE CAN
HELP YOU, YOU MUST TELL US
EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE AND WHAT
EXACTLY IS HAPPENING.

BUT IF YOU ARE IN
ROOM 1203, AND YOU WERE
WARNED IN ADVANCE NOT TO ENTER
IT, THEN WHAT ELSE DO YOU
WANT FROM US?

YOUR CURIOSITY LED YOU
THERE, AND THEREFORE ALL THAT
REMAINS FOR YOU IS TO GROW UP
AND...



NOOO!! IT CAN'T BE!!

NOOO!!

MA'AM? MA'AM, ARE YOU
THERE?

CAN YOU HEAR ME? YOU JUST
NEED TO RELAX AND ENJOY...



AAAA!!



THIS CAN'T BE... THIS CAN'T BE...

WE... WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO GET
OUT OF HERE...



MA'AM... IS IT JUST ME, OR...
OR HAVE YOU GOTTEN A LITTLE
BIGGER?

YOU... YOU...

A muscular woman with blonde hair tied in a bun stands in a modern living room. She is wearing a black and white vertically striped, sleeveless top with a deep V-neckline and a row of buttons down the front. Her hands are outstretched to her sides, palms up, in a gesture of surprise or confusion. The background features a large black TV mounted on a white wall, a grey patterned rug, and a low coffee table with some items on it. The lighting is bright and even.

IT SEEMED TO ME THAT YOU'RE THE ONE
WHO'S GROWN A LITTLE...

I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE WHEN IT HAPPENED...
IT SEEMS THAT...



HUH?!...



...IT SEEMS IT'S TIME TO
DISCUSS THE NEW TERMS OF HOW
THIS ROOM OPERATES.

I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU IN MY
OFFICE.

BY THE WAY, THE ENTRANCE TO IT IS
THROUGH THE BATHROOM...



MISS BEAUMONT, YOU SHOULDN'T GO IN
THERE...

AN OFFICE... IN THE
BATHROOM... WHAT?!

BUT TO CLEAR THIS UP, WE NEED TO
FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON!

AND THAT DAMN
IDIOT IS GOING TO ANSWER FOR
EVERYTHING RIGHT NOW!





MA'AM!

THIS COULD BE A TRAP, LOOK AROUND AT
WHAT'S HAPPENING...

A muscular woman with blonde hair in a bun, wearing a black and white vertically striped sleeveless dress and black high-heeled shoes with red soles, is running away from a wooden door in a hallway. She is looking back over her shoulder with a determined expression. The hallway has a patterned carpet and a black desk with a telephone on the left. A large grey pillar is on the right.

STAY HERE, FAY, I'LL BE BACK
SOON.

I DIDN'T BUILD A MULTIMILLION-DOLLAR
BUSINESS FOR SOME NOBODY TO SCARE ME WITH
HIS CHEAP TRICKS!..

A close-up photograph of a woman with light brown hair pulled back, wearing a black and white vertically striped tank top. She has a shocked expression, with wide green eyes and an open mouth showing her teeth. A yellow speech bubble with a black outline is positioned to her left, containing the text "UH... WHAT?!".

UH... WHAT?!

A comic book panel featuring a woman with extremely muscular arms and a very large, deep V-neckline. She is wearing a black and white vertically striped dress. She has a shocked expression on her face, with wide eyes and an open mouth. She is standing in front of a wooden door with a grid pattern. To her left, a doorway is visible, showing a green light and a lamp. Three speech bubbles are present, containing text that expresses her confusion and suspicion.

UH... WHAT... WHAT IS THIS?

WHAT... WHAT IS THIS SUPPOSED TO BE?

DID YOU... INJECT ME WITH SOME KIND OF ILLEGAL SUBSTANCES? HOW IS THIS EVEN POSSIBLE?



WELL THEN, MISS BEAUMONT?

MAY I CALL YOU CELESTA?

AFTER ALL, THE SITUATION IS
RATHER UNUSUAL...



NO... MISS BEAUMONT...

YOU...



ALRIGHT, CELESTA, I'M
GLAD WE'VE REACHED AN
UNDERSTANDING.

YOU SEE, YOU'VE FOUND YOURSELF IN A
DIFFICULT SITUATION THAT WILL BE HARD TO
IGNORE NOW!

YOU AND YOUR ASSISTANT MUST
UNDERSTAND THAT ALL OF THIS IS PART OF
ONE BIG PLAN... AND...



WHAT
ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! WHAT
PLAN? WHAT ARE YOU EVEN TALKING
ABOUT?

WHAT IS GOING ON
HERE?? WHAT IS THIS?
HALLUCINATIONS? FOR ME AND
FAY?!

ARE YOU ALL SOME KIND
OF CULTISTS HERE?? ANSWER ME!
NOW!



CULTISTS? NOO, CELESTA.

WE ARE THOSE WHO WANT TO MAKE THIS
WORLD BETTER! STRONGER! BECAUSE STRONG
WOMEN LIKE YOU ARE WONDERFUL!

IF ONLY WE HAD MORE ROOMS LIKE THE
ONE YOU AND YOUR ASSISTANT ARE STAYING IN
NOW!

JUST LOOK AT YOURSELF! YOU'RE
BECOMING MORE AND MORE BEAUTIFUL! JUST
LOOK!



NO! NO! THIS IS SOME KIND OF
NONSENSE!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!!! THIS IS
ALL NOT REAL!!!



I'M AFRAID, MY DEAR
CELESTA, THAT ALL OF THIS IS
TRUE.

AND VERY SOON YOU WILL SEE IT FOR
YOURSELF!

AAAA!!! NOOO!!!

MISS BEAUMONT?!!
CELESTA??

OPEN THE DOOR!! IT'S ME!!!
MISS BEAUMONT???!!!!

MISS BEAUMONT?! MISS BEAUMONT?!

WHAT HAPPENED??

WHERE WERE YOU??
YOU WERE GONE FOR FIVE
HOURS!!! I ALMOST LOST MY
MIND!!

HERE... HERE...



WHAT?!

FIVE HOURS?! I WAS
THERE FOR BARELY A COUPLE OF
MINUTES!

THAT... THAT JERK... WHAT?!



FIVE HOURS!

MISS BEAUMONT, IT'S
ALREADY HALF PAST FOUR IN THE
MORNING!...

WHEN YOU WENT IN THERE, I FOLLOWED YOU!
BUT THE BATHROOM WAS EMPTY... I RAN AROUND THE
ROOM, CALLED OUT, POUNDED ON THE WINDOWS... DAMN IT, I
EVEN TRIED TO BREAK DOWN THE DOOR AND THE WALL,
AND THEN...!

AND THEN I HEARD YOUR VOICE AND...





MY GOD, FAY...

WHAT WAS "THEN"? WHAT
HAPPENED?

A woman with short, styled grey hair and a very muscular, athletic build is shown from the waist up. She is wearing a brown, ribbed turtleneck sweater that accentuates her large chest and broad shoulders. Her expression is serious and slightly concerned as she looks off to the side. She is also wearing a black belt with a silver buckle. The background shows a modern interior with grey curtains and a glimpse of a living area with a tufted headboard and a yellow pillow.

THEN... THIS WOMAN APPEARED IN
THE HALLWAY...

SHE TOLD ME TO STOP MAKING NOISE
HERE, IN "HER ROOM!"



A WOMAN? WHAT WOMAN?

"HER ROOM"? WHAT DOES ALL
OF THIS MEAN!?

THIS IS MY HOTEL!



SHE SAID THAT THIS PLACE
IS SPECIAL AND HAS ALWAYS BEEN
THAT WAY, EVEN BACK WHEN MANY YEARS
AGO THERE WAS A WOMEN'S "SPORTS
CLUB" HERE — WHATEVER THAT
MEANS...

AND SHE SAID THAT WHEN THE HOTEL
WAS BUILT, THE PLACE WHERE WOMEN
COULD BECOME "STRONGER" OR SOMETHING
LIKE THAT WAS DESTROYED, I DIDN'T QUITE
UNDERSTAND THAT... AND...

WHAT? WHAT CLUB?

WHAT IS THIS,
SOME KIND OF CHEAP-NOVEL
MYSTICISM?!

AND WHAT NOW,
THIS "CLUB" HAS "MOVED INTO" MY
HOTEL?! WHAT THE HELL?

AND WHERE IS THAT "WOMAN"
NOW?





WELL... NOT THE WHOLE HOTEL, JUST PART
OF IT... THIS ROOM...

BECAUSE THE CLUB WAS CALLED
"BOULEVARD 1203"... IN HONOR OF SOME KIND OF
NONSENSE...

AND WHEN I HEARD YOU BEHIND THE
BATHROOM DOOR, I TURNED AWAY, AND WHEN I
TURNED BACK, SHE WAS ALREADY GONE...



"DISAPPEARED"... "THE ROOM..."

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BECOME
AN ACTRESS IN SOME CHEAP HORROR
MOVIE! I DON'T BELIEVE IN THINGS
LIKE THAT...

BUT I JUST SPOKE WITH MR.
BYRON, WHO WAS BARELY ONE METER
TALL!

IT'S HARD TO DENY
ANYTHING HERE... AND THESE
FEELINGS... AND THE WAY YOU LOOK,
FAY...

BUT... MA'AM... IT'S NOT JUST ME...

YOU... YOU HAVE CHANGED TOO... AND...
DRASTICALLY...





OH... I... I DIDN'T
EVEN NOTICE... I DIDN'T NOTICE AT
ALL, FAY...

HOW?! HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE??? WHY
DON'T I FEEL IT? I'VE COMPLETELY CHANGED?!
DAMN!

AND... AND ALL OF THIS IS MAKING ME
REALLY HUNGRY...



UM... MISS BEAUMONT?

EAT? YOU WANT TO EAT? ...





MISS BEAUMONT! YOUR ORDER
HAS ARRIVED!

EXQUISITE FOOD FOR BUILDING AND
STRENGTHENING MUSCLES, JUST AS YOU
REQUESTED!



ARE YOU KIDDING ME???

WHAT?!

A woman with blonde hair in a bun, wearing a black and white vertically striped sleeveless dress, stands in a modern hotel room. She is looking at a man whose back is to the camera. The room has a tufted leather headboard, a desk with a lamp, and a framed abstract painting on the wall. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.

MA'AM, THE ADMINISTRATION HAS INSTRUCTED
US TO DELIVER THIS TO YOU AS A COMPLIMENT FROM
THE HOTEL!

WE ARE VERY GRATEFUL THAT YOU CHOSE TO
STAY WITH US! THE ADMINISTRATION INSISTS THAT YOU
TRY IT SO THAT YOU CAN ENJOY ALL OF OUR
AMENITIES!



"GLAD?!
GLAD THAT I STAYED AT YOUR
PLACE???"

THIS IS MY HOTEL! THIS IS MY
ROOM!!! EVERYTHING HERE IS MINE! AND YOU
LITTLE PUNKS ARE MINE TOO!!!

WHAT KIND OF
"ADMINISTRATION" IS THAT SUPPOSED
TO BE?? WHO IS IT? BYRON? OR
WHO??

AND WHO ARE YOU?!
HAVE YOU EVEN LOOKED AT
YOURSELVES? AFTER WE GET OUT OF
HERE I...



MA'AM? MAA'AM?

MISS BEAUMONT?



WHAT?! WHAT IS IT, FAY??



WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO,
MA'AM?



HUH?! WHAT?

BUT... THEY... THEY WERE JUST HERE...
YOU... YOU DIDN'T SEE THEM?

SMALL, BONY... TWO OF THEM... WITH
CANS ON TRAYS... THEY... WHAT?!



NO, MA'AM.... THE BATHROOM DOOR
OPENED AND THAT WAS IT...

THEN YOU STARTED YELLING AT SOMEONE,
BUT IT'S ALWAYS BEEN EMPTY HERE... I... I DON'T
EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY...

Meanwhile, in Manager Byron's office.

NO, SIR... THERE'S BEEN NO SOUND FROM THEM FOR SEVEN HOURS NOW, AND THEY'RE NOT ANSWERING THE PHONE IN THE ROOM. IT'S QUIET IN THE ROOM ITSELF. MY PEOPLE ARE STANDING BY THE DOOR, AND THERE HAVE BEEN NO SOUNDS FROM INSIDE; PERHAPS MISS BEAUMONT AND HER ASSISTANT ARE SIMPLY SLEEPING...

SIR... I UNDERSTAND... YES... BUT WHAT... NO! NOT AT ALL... THE PREVIOUS INCIDENTS ENDED AROUND 7 A.M.... YES... WHAT? GO INSIDE? CHECK...

YES, SIR... I'LL DO IT RIGHT NOW... I'M HEADING THERE AND I'LL CALL HER RIGHT AWAY... I'LL LET YOU KNOW LATER... YES. TALK TO YOU SOON, SIR.



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COME ON... COME ON, MISS
BEAUMONT... PICK UP THE PHONE...



IT'S... IT'S
BYRON!

DON'T ANSWER, MISS BEAUMONT, IT
COULD BE ANOTHER TRAP!

BRLNN
BRLNNN





YES! YES! MISS BEAUMONT! IT'S ME-WHAT... HOW ARE YOU THERE?! WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU?? ARE YOU ALRIGHT? I JUST HAD TO CHECK!

NO, FAY... I HAVE TO... H-HELLO?!
BYRON? IS THAT YOU?!

"ALRIGHT?!" AS IF YOU DON'T ALREADY KNOW?
THERE'S SOME CRAZY DAMN NONSENSE GOING ON HERE!
AND IF THIS IS ANOTHER TRICK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO,
BUT YOU AND THE ENTIRE STAFF WILL END UP IN
PRISON!!!



CELESTA, THIS IS NOT A TRICK AND NOT
SOME KIND OF STUNT! YOU'RE IN DANGER!

I'M STANDING AT THE DOOR
TO THE ROOM! I HAVE TO COME
IN THERE! OPEN THE DOOR FOR
ME!

OPEN IT?! I'M
AFRAID TO EVEN GO NEAR THAT DOOR!
AND THERE'S NO HANDLE ON IT!

BREAK IT
DOWN! BREAK IT DOWN QUICKLY!
WE'RE STANDING IN THE ROOM'S
HALLWAY! HURRY, BYRON!

BREAK IT DOWN! BREAK DOWN THE
DOOR!

FAY, THEY'LL BREAK
THE DOOR NOW AND WE'LL GET OUT OF
HERE!

COME ON, MR. BYRON, WE'RE IN
THE HALLWAY! HURRY!!





BREAK IT DOWN, GUYS! COME ON, KICK IT IN
WITH BOTH FEET!!!

MISS BEAUMONT! HELP IS CLOSE!!

DONG

CELESTA?! MISS BEAUMONT??

WE'RE IN THE ROOM! WE'RE
INSIDE, WHERE ARE YOU?? HELLO??
HELLO???...