

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 down 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???...