

FADE IN

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Dank and dark room with a bookcase, peeling wallpaper, a tv, a busted piano topped with an old radio and lantern on top. The TICK TICK TICK of a metronome as we focus in on JOHN, 20s.

From a worn, floral chair, John awakes with a sudden sharp inhale of panic. He takes in his surroundings.

As he stands, a hint of confusion sets into his hardened face. A LONG CREAK, like the swaying of a ship. The walls seem to bulge. John crosses to a splintering door. LOCKED. At the end of the room an exit sign blinks over a second door. He stammers toward it, turns the knob and pushes through depositing him back into the very same room.

He strides once more towards the same door, trying an extra door to his left, but fails. He walks through the same door only to be deposited again in the very same room.

A minor panic sets in. The room GROANS. A SHADOW just out of frame, but as we catch up to it, there is nothing there.

John attempts to look through the windows, but can't. A PIANO JINGLE from beside him. He looks. TICK TICK TICK from the metronome. John moves and brushes his fingers over the keys. No sound, but he heard it, right?

PIERCING NOISE as the old radio atop the piano springs to life. A mellow song unfolds through a tired speaker. John stares. A memory forming. A moment in time. The CREAK of a floorboard. John whirls. Nothing. Only the music and the TICK TICK TICK of the metronome.

John rushes forward once more towards the looming exit sign, sweeping through the door and back into the lobby. The music still plays, the ticking continues.

CLICK. CLICK...CLICK, CLICK...CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. An old box television in the corner with A blinking cursor. Words on the screen:

Relaaaaaaaaaaaaaaax, it's Nice and Easy, y'know?

JOHN

What the fuck...

The cursor suddenly bursts into life CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, typing Endless question marks. The lights flicker on & off.

The RADIO flares in volume, noise crescendoing into a cacophony of horror, John pressing his hands to his ears as the world spins.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I know! I know...

EVERYTHING STOPS. The lights turn on. UNLOCK sound. The first door cracks slightly open. The metronome TICK TICK TICK. The TV clear of words. Just the blinking cursor.

John timidly moves to the door and slowly pushes it open.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A rusty iron bed with a grimy floral bedspread. Holes in the wall, windows boarded up, the light is dim. Another closed door, paint peeling, off to the side.

John walks in still breathing hard from recent events.

The first thing he notices is the body of his younger brother, Joseph, lying on the bed. A syringe and tube tied around his arm. TICK TICK TICK from the metronome.

JOHN
Oh god, no, no no, please, no

John hugs and tries to shake his brother back to life. Another SHADOW passes across the wall. John doesn't notice.

SPLASH. SPLASH SPLASH SPLASH. The sound of something flailing in water comes from behind the newfound door. CHOKING. SPITTING. SPLASHING. GASPING.

John panics. He runs to the door. It's locked. He bangs on the door.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hey! Hey! Who's in there? Are you okay? Open the door!

John pushes against the door, ramming his body into it.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Help! Anybody! Someone needs help!

John's voice echos far away. The room GROANS in response.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hold on! I'm getting help!

John rushes back through the previous doorway.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

He rushes to the blinking television. The SPLASH SPLASH SPLASH combined with muffled CHOKES AND GASPS still protruding from the adjacent room. John looks to the TV.

JOHN

What do you want? What the fuck do you want? Help them! You have to help them! Someone is drowning in there!

The cursor continuing to blink steadily in response.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Please!

John runs back to the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

John crosses back over to the door. Slams into it once more.

JOHN

Hold on! Just hold on in there!

The sounds of drowning die down. John gives up trying, he pants out of breath. The TV begins typing.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

He returns to the TV. Written on it is **Just like I told you, right?**

A BEAT.

JOHN

Right...

An UNLOCKING SOUND.

INT. BEDROOM

John goes back into the bedroom and sees the door is open, spilling light into the room. TICK TICK TICK from the metronome.

John inches toward the door, breath heavy. DRIP DRIP DRIP sounds off, almost in sync with the metronome, eventually taking over the pattern of the metronome and ceasing it all together.

John pushes through the door.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mold and decay cake faded bathroom tiles. A rusty, grimy tub filled with putrid water. An old sink and mirror with years of neglect. Another door.

John checks the bathtub. No one is inside it. John tries the door, it's locked. He approaches the mirror, trying to contain his anxiety. He looks at himself, dark circles prominent.

He turns on the sink gathering a handful of water and splashes it onto his face in attempt to reset his emotional distress. Through the mirror, out of the corner of his eye, he see a ghost rising out of the water.

John turns quickly, but the tub is only filled with water.
DRIP DRIP DRIP.

The light in the bathroom flickers as the RADIO from the lobby springs to life once more. John turns his attention to the source. This time, a male voice rings out:

RADIO (V.O.)

Tragedy strikes in the heart of America. Another young life taken away by an overdose. One can't help but wonder, if he had someone to care for him, maybe things would have turned out differently. Right John?

JOHN

Wake up...wake up...wake up...
[yells]

John slaps his face and dunks his hands into the water to splash his face again. This time he splashes blood.

JOHN (CONT'D)

YOU FUCKING SICK FUCK! I'M GONNA
SMASH YOUR STUPID FUCKING TV-

He shouts this as he storms to the Living room.

INT. BEDROOM

He nearly walks in, when he spots-

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

A boy, pale, gaunt, jet black hair, in familiar dirty clothing standing motionless by the exit door. He is turned away.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

John gasps and retracts back around the door. He centers himself before making a second attempt. He peers slowly around.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

John steps into the corridor.

JOHN

Joseph?

The boy. Motionless. The room GROANS. The lights flicker.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Joseph? Is it you?

A long beat. SILENCE. Then suddenly the boy moves and jerkily strides toward John in an unnatural way. He panics and swings back into-

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Slamming the door and scrambling under the bed. The ghost shuffles in and closes the door behind him. From under the bed we see a pair of pale, dirty feet. The feet walk up to the night stand and grab the syringe and tie. The ghost drops the syringe and it almost rolls underneath the bed right up to John. John holds his breath as a decaying veiny hand reaches down to pick it up.

The hand picks up the syringe, barely missing John. The ghost sits on the bed and lets out a groan of relief.

John takes a moment, until he sees the ghost's decaying arm droop down, as it was before when he found his brother in the room.

He waits a beat and then slowly slides out from under the bed. He sneaks off to the bathroom, almost making it, until he accidentally steps on a syringe.

The crunch stirs the ghost, as it flails to life but cannot rise from the bed.

John rushes into the bathroom and locks the door behind him. Suddenly the unopened door at the far end of the bathroom starts to shake as if someone is trying to open the door.

John holds his head in abject loss. Sitting on the tub as he sobs.

RADIO

Just like I told you, right?

He wipes his tears away and sees a tie and syringe placed on the sink. He stands up and grabs it.

JOSEPH

(From behind the door to
the Bedroom)

Relaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaax...

JOHN

(to himself)

...it's Nice and Easy, y'know...

John grabs the tie and ties it around his arm. He sits in the full tub and shoots up. He sinks down into the water and starts to convulse from drowning. Water splashes out of the tub.

The bathroom tub overfills spilling water everywhere as the bathroom door begins to budge and the sounds of someone trying to break in are heard.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What do you want? What the fuck do
you want? Help them! You have to
help them! Someone is drowning in
there!

John still convulses in the tub.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Please! Hold on! Just hold on in
there!

The convulsions die down. The TV types in the other room.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Right...

The bathroom pops open. John pushes through the door. Checks the water in the tub and walks off to try the other bathroom door. Joseph sits up in the bed and looks at the camera.
CUT TO BLACK. END