

Fantasy Inn

by

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FANTASY INN

TITLE SEQUENCE:

SUPERIMPOSED WHITE CREDITS ON BLACK TITLE CARDS

"Goin' Out Of My Head" by Little Anthony & The Imperials plays throughout.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Abrupt open on an empty hotel room. "Goin' Out Of My Head" continues from a radio beside the bed. Next to the radio, a rotary-style phone rings incessantly.

Behind a closed bathroom door, running water can be heard. The phone rings several times before the water turns off and the bathroom door bursts open. A woman (20s), dressed in a red dress and glasses, rushes out and pounces desperately on the phone. This is SARAH SUNDAY.

A muffled male voice can be heard on the other end.

SARAH SUNDAY

(desperate at first, then
overcompensating)

Hello!...Yes, hi. I'm here. Are you? (short pause) (deflated tone)
Oh, I see... Yes, I understand... I just thought we-- yeah, I know.
Well, should I wait? I don't mind waiting. The room is beautiful...
No really, I want to. It's our anniversary...How long do you think you'll be?...uh huh...No, I think I'll just stay in the room. It has HBO. I'll be fine. Okay. I'll see you soon...I love y--

The sound of the phone disconnecting is heard.

Sarah slumps a bit, saddened and discouraged.

It is revealed that the room is elaborately decorated with a romantic theme.

Sarah begins to audibly pout. Suddenly, and unexpectedly, she lets out an angry, frustrated groan, clenching her fists and violently shaking her head.

She then abruptly stops her tantrum and catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror, seeing her disheveled appearance. She tidies herself up and breathes deeply, calming down.

She straightens her EYEGLASSES and forces a smile, her sadness vaguely hidden.

Her eye then notices a carefully wrapped PACKAGE in the shape and size of a hat box. -- an assumed anniversary present --

Sarah eerily stares at the box for a moment until the radio inexplicably begins to play "Everybody Plays the Fool" by Main Ingredient.

The jarring music causes Sarah to jump in surprise. Uneasiness and fear is evident in her response. She quickly rushes over to the radio and shuts it off, looking at it strangely. After a moment of silence, she relaxes and exhales slowly.

SARAH SUNDAY (CONT'D)
 (quietly, to herself)
 He'll be here soon...

The radio suddenly bursts alive once again, this time playing "Brand New Key" by Melanie. Sarah is visibly frightened now. She quickly slaps the radio off and hastily picks up the TELEPHONE to dial the Front Desk.

A muffled ringing is heard.

SARAH SUNDAY (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Yes, hello, this is room 732.
 Something is wrong with my radio.
 It-- Yes, no...yes, it's
 malfunctioning...No, why would I do
 that?...Listen, my fiance is going
 to be here any minute. It's a very
 important night for us and I want
 everything to be perfect... yes,
 please send someone up. Yes, thank
 you. I'll wait.

Sarah hangs up the phone.

Half-a-moment passes before there is a loud BANGING on the door. She looks toward the noise in concerned shock. She slowly gets up from the bed and motions toward the door. Another knock occurs.

She answers the door, revealing a BELLHOP (20s). He's eerie in demeanor and tall in stature.

BELLHOP
You the lady with the radio?

SARAH SUNDAY
(taken aback)
That was fast.

BELLHOP
We're a hotel that takes pride in
our expedient service, Ma'am...

He barges in the room, causing Sarah to stumble out of the way.

BELLHOP (CONT'D)
So what seems to be the problem?

SARAH SUNDAY
The radio... something's wrong. It
turns on by itself.

BELLHOP
(sincere)
Did it tell you anything?

SARAH SUNDAY
(slightly confused,
creeped-out)
...Excuse me?

BELLHOP
A message...from the other side?

Tension-filled pause.

BELLHOP (CONT'D)
I'm joking (smiles).

Sarah lets out a nervous laugh, breaking the tension.

SARAH SUNDAY
Oh...ha...you had me going.

BELLHOP
Bellhop humor. We're our own
brand...Anyway, let's see what's
going on with your radio, hmm?

The Bellhop begins to fiddle with the radio.

SARAH SUNDAY
If you could hurry, I'd really
appreciate it. I have--

BELLHOP
 (interrupting)
 Your fiance is on the way. It's
 your anniversary.

SARAH SUNDAY
 (suspicious)
 ...How did you know that?

The Bellhop motions to a large decorative banner hanging from
 the wall that reads: "Happy Anniversary!"

SARAH SUNDAY (CONT'D)
 Ah.

BELLHOP
 And besides, everyone who comes
 here is waiting for someone.

Sarah looks at him strangely. There's a silent beat.

BELLHOP (CONT'D)
 I've worked here a long time, Miss.
 I've seen more than you can
 imagine, more than I care to
 remember... including many-a-woman
 waiting on a man... Don't worry,
 he'll be here soon...(shifting
 tones) Well, I'll be damned if I
 can find something wrong with it.
 This radio seems to be in fine
 working order.

SARAH SUNDAY
 But-- I...it...

BELLHOP
 This building is old, Miss. All
 kinds of odd things happen around
 here. Power surges, you name it. If
 something was acting up, it seems
 to have stopped now. Shouldn't give
 you any more trouble... You know
 you could always--

The Bellhop abruptly stops speaking mid-sentence and begins
 comically sniffing the air, his nose pointed upward in the
 fashion of a dog.

BELLHOP (CONT'D)
 What's that smell? Do you smell
 that?

Sarah looks toward the Package.

SARAH SUNDAY
 (nervous)
 I don't smell anything.

The Bellhop continues to sniff, walking a few steps closer toward the Package.

SARAH SUNDAY (CONT'D)
 Stop!

The Bellhop turns toward Sarah, jolted by her demand.

SARAH SUNDAY (CONT'D)
 It's...uh...just the cheese
 platter...

The Bellhop notices a PLATTER on the table beside a bottle of champagne.

BELLHOP
 Limburger, huh?

Sarah thinks quickly and motions "yes" by nodding her head.

BELLHOP (CONT'D)
 Nasty smelling stuff. If I didn't
 know better I'd guess there was a
 body beneath the floorboards.

Awkward pause, followed by a stilted, loud laugh by the Bellhop. Sarah musters a phony laugh.

SARAH SUNDAY
 Well...if there isn't anything
 else...

BELLHOP
 Right, no. Well, then, I guess this
 is goodbye.

The Bellhop swiftly walks to the door.

BELLHOP (CONT'D)
 If that radio acts up again, just
 give us a ring.

SARAH SUNDAY
 I will, thank you.

Sarah slams the door in the Bellhop's face.

She pauses for a moment, a contemplative look over her face.

SARAH SUNDAY (CONT'D)
 (under her breath, to
 herself)
 Fiance?

She then walks over to the bed and sits down. She looks at the wall-mounted CLOCK.

The Clock's *ticking* because apparent.

Sarah looks in the mirror again. Her eyes fill with tears.

SARAH SUNDAY (CONT'D)
 (to herself, upset)
 What do you expect? (louder,
 angrier) You're smothering him!

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A DARK-HAIRED WOMAN walks to her car, unlocks the door and gets in.

We see Sarah looming a dark stare toward the Dark-Haired Woman from the driver's seat of her car.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah continues to sit on the bed and stare toward her reflection.

A loud *THUD* noise then comes from the neighboring room. This grabs the Woman's attention and she looks toward the wall.

More bizarre noises can be heard, muffled and incomprehensible. The Woman gets up from the bed and puts her ear against the wall. She listens intently as a MALE and FEMALE voice become audible and speak back and forth.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
 (arguing, muffled)
 How could you do this to me?!

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
 (muffled)
 How many times do I have to say I'm
 sorry?!

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
 (muffled)
 God! I just can't-- (short pause)
 Do you smell that? What is that?

Short pause.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
 (muffled, annoyed)
 Ah, come on! You're disgusting! I'm
 trying to be serious here!

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
 (muffled)
 Will you cut it out?! It wasn't
 me. (short pause, serious tone) ...I
 think it's coming from the next
 room.

Sarah quickly backs away from the wall.

The doorknob to Sarah's room begins to turn. The locking
 mechanism within the knob can be heard *clicking*.

The sound of someone leaning against the door is heard. Sarah
 looks hopeful. She moves toward the door quickly, fiddles
 with the chain lock and enthusiastically pulls the door open.

As the door swings open a DRUNKEN MAN and a DRUNKEN WOMAN
 fall into the room amid a passionate kiss. They knock into
 Sarah, sending all three of them crashing to the floor.

SARAH SUNDAY
 (flustered, upset)
 What the hell?!

DRUNKEN MAN
 (to Drunken Woman)
 Look, darling, the send the hookers
 right to your room.

Sarah scrambles to her feet.

SARAH SUNDAY
 I am not a (lowers voice)
prostitute!

The Drunken Man gets to his feet and helps up the Drunken
 Woman who stumbles into his arms. They are both hyper-
 sensual, rubbing each other affectionately. The tones in
 their voices are suggestive and it's apparent they both find
 Sarah physically attractive.

DRUNKEN MAN
 (to Sarah)
 If you're not a prostitute, what
 are you doing in our room?

SARAH SUNDAY

This is not your room. This is my room!

DRUNKEN MAN

Your room?!

The Drunken Man clumsily examines his room key, walks over to the hotel room door and compares numbers.

DRUNKEN MAN (CONT'D)

So it is... Shall we chalk it up to...(struggles to pronounce) serendipity then?

SARAH SUNDAY

Serendipity?

DRUNKEN MAN

There are no accidents, love. The three of us here...you, a stranger, all alone... a 'of all the rooms in all the hotels in all the world...' sort'a thing.

The Drunken Man winks at Sarah, who becomes visibly uncomfortable.

The Drunken Woman quickly surveys the room.

DRUNKEN WOMAN

And from the looks of it, I think we can expect one more...

SARAH SUNDAY

I'm waiting for my fiance. It's our anniversary. He should be here any minute.

DRUNKEN WOMAN

Isn't that romantic...

Sarah gives the Drunken Woman a dirty look.

DRUNKEN MAN

Romantic indeed! You see, we're on holiday ourselves...a little *getaway* from my husband and her wife (laughs) (catches himself)...strike that, reverse it.

DRUNKEN WOMAN

Well, don't let us intrude on your special evening...

The Drunken Man notices the bottle of Champagne on ice.

DRUNKEN MAN
...Is that champagne!?

The Drunken Man trudges toward the Champagne and the Present. After a few steps, his foot comes down in a wet spot on the carpet. A loud "squish" sound is heard. The Drunken Man comically freezes.

DRUNKEN MAN (CONT'D)
Either I owe someone an apology or
you've sprung a leak.

The Drunken Man then notices that the Present is dripping clear liquid from the corner.

DRUNKEN MAN (CONT'D)
You know, love, you don't
customarily giftwrap the
perishables.

SARAH SUNDAY
(upset)
Please, get away from there!

Sarah rushes over to the Drunken Man and begins to forcefully shove him toward the door.

DRUNKEN MAN
All right. All right. No need to
push. I was only trying to be
hospitable and offer you some
champagne.

SARAH SUNDAY
It's not your champagne!

DRUNKEN MAN
(to Drunken Woman)
A stickler for details, this one
(referring to Sarah).

Sarah pushes the Drunken Man toward the Drunken Woman and the Drunken Man stumbles into her arms.

The Drunken Woman begins silently whispering something into the Drunken Man's ear, darting her eyes toward Sarah.

Sarah notices the Drunken Woman's bright red nail polish and makes a pensive, unsettled face.

DRUNKEN MAN (CONT'D)

(in response to Drunken
Woman's whispering)

That's a good idea, darling. (to Sarah) Say, why don't you join us in our room for cocktails? It seems your chap is M.I.A. ...and it's a sin to leave a beautiful woman such as yourself to her own devices when you could be sharing those devices with us.

SARAH SUNDAY

(uncomfortable, nervous)
I don't think so...

The Drunken Woman suddenly pounces on Sarah, causing her to fall into a sitting position on the bed. The Drunken Woman's hands straddle each one of Sarah's thighs.

DRUNKEN WOMAN

Come on. Don't you want to do something you'll always remember?

Sarah looks down at the Drunken Woman's hands and focuses on the nail polish.

INSERT:

INT. HOME - NIGHT

A WOMAN's hand, decorated with bright red nail polish, taps a CHAMPAGNE GLASS with another held by a MAN's hand.

INSERT:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A Woman's hand lies lifeless on the bathroom floor, surrounded by splatter of bright red nail polish that resembles streams of blood.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Drunken Woman stares into Sarah's eyes seductively.

Suddenly, Sarah becomes enraged and emotional. She pushes the Drunken Woman away and gets to her feet.

SARAH SUNDAY

It's time for you both to leave.

Sarah opens the door.

DRUNKEN MAN

Don't worry, with us three isn't a crowd, it's a party!

SARAH SUNDAY

Right now!

Sarah forcefully pushes them out of the room.

DRUNKEN MAN

All right, but if you change your mind, we'll be right downstairs!
Room 66--

The door slams, cutting the Drunken Man off. Sarah turns her back to it and slides to the floor, beginning to cry.

She glances over and sees a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of her fiance. A single streak of dried red nail polish stains the glass frame.

She reaches for it, removing it from the night stand and holding it in her lap. She looks at it affectionately, tears still in her eyes and she smiles a crooked, slightly deranged smile.

The Present then spontaneously moves, twitching as though something is alive within it. Sarah notices from the corner of her eye and becomes startled.

A moment later the radio kicks on and blares loudly, switching sporadically between "Goin' Out of My Head," "Brand New Key" and "Everybody Plays the Fool."

Frightened and crying, Sarah focuses on the photo of her fiance. The radio turns off and only Sarah's weeping can be heard.

After a brief moment of silence the TELEVISION magically turns on and the film "Ironweed" is shown playing.

Meryl Streep begins to sing "He's Me Pal" and the lyrics from the song calm Sarah. She slowly lifts her head, a smile plastered on her face, tears still rolling down her cheeks.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah lies on the hotel room floor, staring at the ceiling.

The Clock on the wall reads several hours later.

The Clock's ticking again becomes prominent. The sound of the air conditioner in the wall joins in the room's collective noise.

Sarah covers both ears with the palms of her hands. The sound of her own heartbeat can be heard. She listens to it for a moment and then removes her hands from around her ears, but the beating continues. She is puzzled for a moment as the beating becomes louder.

She looks toward the Present. The sound of the heart beat seems to be originating from it.

She gets up and motions toward the Present, but is stopped when there is a knock on the door.

Sarah spins around and looks at the door, wild-eyed.

A second knock occurs. Sarah walks toward the door cautiously. She opens it and standing before her is a tall, older gentleman wearing a black suit. This is the HOTEL MANAGER. He speaks with an English accent.

HOTEL MANAGER

Miss Sunday?

Sarah looks at him suspiciously.

HOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

Miss Sarah Sunday?

SARAH SUNDAY

Yes...Who are you?

HOTEL MANAGER

I am the hotel manager.
(nonchalantly) Were you expecting
someone else?

Sarah freezes for a moment, staring toward the Hotel Manger with glassy, vacant eyes.

SARAH SUNDAY

No...

Sarah slowly turns and walks further into the room.

SARAH SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Why don't you...(begins to cry)
come in...

The Hotel Manager enters the rooms and tries to console Sarah.

HOTEL MANAGER

My dear, my dear, what's the matter?

SARAH SUNDAY

I thought it would be him! I've waited all night! It had to be him!

HOTEL MANAGER

(falsely enthusiastic)

Well, there's still time!

The Hotel Manager looks at his WRIST WATCH. His face of optimism vanishes.

Sun can be seen coming through the window curtain.

HOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

Oh, dear... Well, I'm terribly sorry. Why don't you tell me about it? I'm just like Dr. Phil -- totally unqualified and I have a funny accent.

The Hotel Manager takes a seat.

SARAH SUNDAY

(rhetorically)

How could he do this to me? I love him! He has no idea what I'm capable of! Of what I'll do to him!

HOTEL MANAGER

Or what you've done.

Sarah becomes quite. She stares at the Hotel Manager.

HOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

You know, I've been running this hotel for a long as I can remember. People check in and people check out. Some check out earlier than others, but all of them pass through management. We have a schedule to keep. Reservations to honor. There has to be some order or there would be chaos. But every once in a while someone checks out before the predetermined "check out time," upsetting the balance, and then I have to come and... *square the bill*, as it were... Is this making any sense?

There is a moment where it appears Sarah is understanding, but then...

SARAH SUNDAY

Not really, no.

HOTEL MANAGER

(surprised)

Really? I thought my hotel simile was dead on. How about a metaphor?

SARAH SUNDAY

Why don't you just tell me what you're talking about?

HOTEL MANAGER

I can't do that. I can't just come out with it.

SARAH SUNDAY

Why not?

HOTEL MANAGER

Well, suppose this were a film and you and I were actors. We'd be discussing the key themes here. I couldn't just blab them out.

SARAH SUNDAY

But if this were a film, I'm sure the writer would want the audience to understand what's going on.

HOTEL MANAGER

Yes, but I'd assume the writer would have cleverly embedded enough hints throughout the story so that when we arrived at this point, they wouldn't have to blandly spell-it-out for the audience, respecting them enough to let them draw their own conclusions.

SARAH SUNDAY

Oh, boy. I hope this wouldn't be the kind of film to have some abstract, artsy ending, too ambiguous to understand, leaving everyone unsatisfied.

HOTEL MANAGER

Look, we're getting off point. What I'm trying to say is, there's no forcing someone to love you.

(MORE)

HOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)
 You know the old cliché, "If you love something, let it go?" It's a cliché because it's been true for so long. That's all clichés are, really. Well-worn truths that no one bothered to rephrase.

SARAH SUNDAY
 But it's unfair!

HOTEL MANAGER
 (chuckling)
 Of course, my dear, it's wildly unfair, all of it is, and that's precisely why it is fair. It's the same for everybody. No one gets a head start and no one gets out alive. You can be sure of that.

SARAH SUNDAY
 You talk as though you know me so well.

HOTEL MANAGER
 But I do know you. I've been dealing with your kind for a long time. There's not much difference between you when it comes down to it. It's funny. No one asks to be here, but no one wants to leave.

The Hotel Manager looks over and sees a bouquet of WHITE LILIES. He then notices the Present and raises a suspicious eyebrow.

HOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)
 Ah, lilies. My favorite.

SARAH SUNDAY
 (serious tone)
 What are you doing here?

HOTEL MANAGER
 As I've said before, I'm here to square the bill. You made one of my guests check out early-- screws up accounting. I prefer a personal approach to these matters... You must have known this was going to happen...

Sarah looks lost and confused.

HOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

My goodness, you really don't remember, do you? Hmm (contemplates for a moment). Here, let me show you...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Sarah is behind the driver's wheel of her automobile. She watches as the Dark-haired Woman gets inside her vehicle and pulls away.

Sarah follows her, "Everybody Plays the Fool" is on the radio.

They pull up to the Dark-haired Woman's house. Sarah watches as the Dark-haired Woman enters. She then quietly slips out of her car and approaches the house.

She stands in the bushes and peers through the window.

The Dark-haired Woman is seen being greeted by her Husband, the man previously believed to be Sarah's fiance. There are two small CHILDREN that the Dark-haired woman also greets.

INSERT:

INT. HOME - NIGHT

The Husband opens a champagne bottle and pours two glasses.

INSERT:

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Two glasses of champagne come together in a cheers.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Sarah watch through the window, her hand on the glass. She then quickly exits frame, leaving a handprint behind.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Dark-haired Woman is in the bathroom, preparing to paint her nails. In the reflection she sees Sarah behind her. The Dark-haired Woman turns around in a panic. Sarah moves toward her.

The bottle of red nail polish falls to the hard bathroom floor and shatters, splattering it around the bathroom as though it were blood.

The framed photograph of the Husband (that Sarah had in her hotel room) sits on the bathroom sink, except the Dark-haired Woman is also in the photo.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

--A slow, eerie "zoom" on the Present--

Sarah is upset, gasping for breath, now remembering the incident.

HOTEL MANAGER

So you see, he was never going to come, because he was never yours. You've been in love with a married man.

SARAH SUNDAY

No! It's not true! No! He loves me!
(now to herself, quieter) He loves me...

She looks at the framed photograph of her fiance and the Dark-haired Woman is ripped from it.

She takes the photo and throws it toward the Hotel Manager, but he's vanished, only an empty chair where he once sat.

Sarah then looks toward the package. She walks toward it and hesitantly picks it up. She begins to lift the lid of the box. We see the black space within the box.

Then suddenly, there is a loud banging on the door.

Sarah is startled and looks toward the door. She closes the lid of the Present, puts it down and walks to the door.

She opens it, revealing two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS.

We see from the Police Officer's prospective, showing Sarah to be in a physically crazed state- dirty and disheveled, her glasses missing a lens, and her red dress is revealed to be white, but stained with old blood.

The hotel is also revealed to be in shambles, filthy, destroyed. The romantic decorations are instead shown to be the bizarre scribbling of a lunatic.

Sarah, slightly aloof, but somewhat cheerful looks toward the Police Officers.

SARAH SUNDAY (CONT'D)
(to Officers)
You made it...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END