

SCENE: The hallway outside the Smoking Lounge. DARRYL BROCK and THE NIGHT MANAGER stand facing each other.

Singing rises to a crescendo, then explodes into a feverish scream.

THE NIGHT MANAGER: Joan is in fine form tonight.

DARRYL: I'm going to miss her keeping me up at night. (Laughs.)

THE NIGHT MANAGER: I'm going to miss you. You were one of my favorite tenants.

DARRYL: I was a pain in the ass, man, and you never did fix that leak.

THE NIGHT MANAGER: I'll get to it tonight. There's a new tenant due soon.

DARRYL: Yeah, so I hear. Well, you take care, man, okay?

DARRYL and THE NIGHT MANAGER shake hands.

THE NIGHT MANAGER: It's been good, DARRYL. Take care.

DARRYL: You too.

DARRYL starts to walk down the hall.

THE NIGHT MANAGER: Darryl, it's the other way.

DARRYL: (Laughing). Sorry, man. Must have gotten turned around!

THE NIGHT MANAGER: Understandable.

DARRYL: Guess I shouldn't have clawed my eyes out, huh?

THE NIGHT MANAGER: It's a statement. The super will set you up with a new pair, I'm sure.