

SCENE: The Smoking Lounge, a larger parlor on the fourth floor. In the room are LOUIS, ROGER and MICHELLE.

ENTER BEBE MILLHOUSE.

BEBE'S dress is damp with blood, radiating from her abdomen.

BEBE: (smiling) Another satisfied customer.

MICHELLE: Looks like you had an accident.

BEBE: I warned him not to go too deep, but he didn't listen. Nothing he won't survive.

LOUIS: When is it going to be my turn?

BEBE: When you get the off your fingers.

ENTER THOMAS, OUT OF BREATH.

THOMAS: That Langford guy is getting to be a real pain. I had to ditch him up on six.

MICHELLE: I feel sorry for him. He should find a nice room and just settle, you know?

THOMAS: The asshole creeps me out.

THE NIGHT MANAGER WALKS PAST THE OPEN DOORWAY.

LOUIS: He's been restless today.

THOMAS: It's those feds. The super isn't happy with them poking around here.

BEBE: Has anyone invited them up here?

GROANS FROM THE OTHERS IN THE ROOM.