

ROOM 462

by

Auric Silvertoe

EXT. PARK - DAY

MARK SHAMUS, a detective of about 37, stands at the edge of a grassy knoll overlooking various park visitors. He looks at a note in his hand.

INSERT THE NOTE

"I have information about the murder.
Meet me at the dog run at 6:00pm."

END INSERT

Mark looks up. Across the way, people stand around a fenced area in which a variety of dogs run and play. Mark stuffs the note in his trenchcoat pocket. Walks toward the run.

The dogs play without a care in the world. Mark approaches the fence and looks around. No one gets his attention.

As he looks to the right again, a man stands right at his elbow. Mark staggers back, startled.

MARK

Whoa! Where did you come from?

JACK

Mark Shamus?

MARK

Yes.

JACK

You're right on time.

MARK

You said you have information
about an investigation I'm
working on.

JACK

I do. I'm Jack Porter, and I
believe I can tell you where to
find the guy who killed that
couple two days ago.

MARK

I'm listening.

JACK

He lives in the building where they were found. I brought you here because he lets his dog play here around this time.

MARK

And is he here?

Jack points across the fence. A MAN IN A DARK OVERCOAT WEARING A WIDE-BRIMMED HAT watches the run. His face is indistinguishable beneath the hat.

A gloved hand brings a cigarette to him mouth. Smoke billows out of the cave formed by his hat and coat.

MARK

Who is he?

JACK

I don't know. He lives below the apartment where Patricia and her man were killed.

Mark looks at Jack, suspicious.

MARK

How do you know that?

JACK

Look, he's leaving.

MARK

So, he lives in that same building?

Mark looks over, but Jack is gone. Mark looks all around the dog run area, but Jack is no where to be seen.

He looks back to the man in the overcoat. His dog is on a leash, and he walks away.

Mark follows him.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The man walks the dog to the front door of an old building. The man picks up the dog and walks inside. Mark follows him in.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Mark looks around the lobby. A decrepit old elevator sits in a state of disuse. Mark turns and hears footfalls on the stairs. He creeps over and looks up the well.

The man walks up the stairs. Mark steals into the stairwell and creeps up the stairs behind him.

INT. APARTMENT THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The man walks down a hallway carpeted with a molding red carpet to a well-worn door. He puts his key in the door, opens it and enters. Mark watches him from down the hall.

Mark creeps down the hall to the door. He takes out a small notepad and scribbles down the room number: 362. He turns to walk away.

Jack is directly behind him. Mark stumbles backward.

MARK

Whoa, Jack. How did you get here?

Jack opens his mouth in a silent roar. His skin seems to melt from his body as he lifts off the ground and flies through Mark and through the door.

Mark stumbles backward and hits the door, knocking it open.

INT. ROOM 362 - DAY

Mark stumbles to a stop on the floor. He groans and comes to his feet. The room is dark. The furniture is covered in plastic and dust. The windows are covered in shredded curtains.

Mark dusts himself off.

MARK

What the hell?

He looks around for a moment, and then walks to the door. It closes of its own accord. Mark runs to the handle and turns it. It won't open.

Mark backs up and hits his head on something. He turns around to find stairs erected in the center of the room leading to the room upstairs.

He walks around the stairs and looks to the top. It is completely dark up there. He looks back to the door. He walks to the window. Outside is a sheer drop to the sidewalk below.

Mark sighs. He looks at the stairs again. He shrugs and walks up them.

INT. ROOM 462 - DAY

Mark reaches the top of the stairs and freezes.

MARK

Patricia?

Facing him is a woman in her 30's. Her throat is cut and the blood is dried. She looks at him sad.

PATRICIA

I guess you're next.

MARK

What do you mean?

PATRICIA

The spirit of the man who died in this room many years ago doesn't like visitors. You should not have come here.

MARK

I was led here.

PATRICIA

I'm not talking about today. When I died. You came to this room. Now you and all who were here will die too. It is as it has been for years.

She points behind him. Mark turns. He looks to the floor.

On the floor, Mark lies dead. Blood spreads from a wound in the back of his head. Glass is scattered all around him.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

Don't let him take anyone else.

Mark turns toward the stairs, but they are gone.

Movement stirs behind him. He turns to find the man in the overcoat walking towards him. Mark backs toward the window.

The man drops the overcoat revealing a CORPSE IN AN ADVANCED STAGE OF DECAY. The Corpse reels back and hits Mark. The sheer force of the blow throws Mark backwards through the air across the room and through the window.

Glass falling around him, Mark watches the 4th floor draw quickly away from him before a sickening crunch and his vision goes black.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Just as in the room, Mark lies on the ground surrounded by glass. Blood spreads from a wound in the back of his head. Police tape surrounds him and a couple of officers kneel beside him.

OFFICER SMITH

It's sad really.

OFFICER JONES

I know. Didn't his wife die in that room up there?

OFFICER SMITH

Yeah, I was one of the first on the scene two days ago when she was found in there with a lover he didn't know anything about.

OFFICER JONES

Oh, that's rough. Think that's what made him kill himself?

OFFICER SMITH

Well, he hasn't been himself
since her body was discovered.
He was given two weeks leave,
so he decided to investigate
it himself. Poor old bastard.

Jones stands. Smith tries to stand, but Mark grabs his wrist.
Smith looks at him, wide-eyed.

MARK

You're next. Be careful.

OFFICER JONES

What's wrong?

Smith looks at Jones and then back to Mark. Mark lies as he was,
dead. Smith stands, eyes on Mark.

OFFICER SMITH

Nothing. It's nothing.

An ambulance pulls up. Detectives and forensics move in. Smith
and Jones walks to their squad car.

Smith opens his door and stops. A piece of paper is on his
windshield. He takes it and looks at it.

INSERT THE NOTE

"I have information about the murder.
Meet me at the dog run at 6:00pm."

END INSERT

Smith looks around and gets into the car. Across the street,
Jack watches the car as they drive away. He fades away.

THE END