

Charlotte, nosy, studies the art work on the walls. She looks through a doorway into another room where she sees a LITTLE GIRL playing in a white and red dress.

CHARLOTTE

How sweet.

PATSY

Where is he?

ANN

Getting our key!

PATSY

No. Your you know...

ANN

He's not a you know anything. And I don't know where he is but I'm sure he'll be here.

The door creaks as the innkeeper emerges with their key.

INNKEEPER

It's on the third floor. First door on the right.

Patsy looks up the spiral staircase, nervous.

CHARLOTTE

Is that your daughter?

The innkeeper is puzzled for a moment and then his confusion turns to a grin.

INNKEEPER

In the parlor?

Charlotte looks again. The little girl is gone. She looks back at her friends, spooked.

INNKEEPER

She comes and goes.

The ladies aren't so sure they want to stay here now.