HOTEL OWNER SIDES

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY

White approaches the desk. There’s no one behind it and a couple keys dangling on the wall. Sarah is tucked behind him, checking for anyone else in the lobby. There’s only a man sleeping in a chair, the newspaper he was reading now covering his face.

An elderly woman, the HOTEL OWNER, comes out from the back room. She moves slow, arthritic, using the counter to balance herself.

HOTEL OWNER
I expect you’ll be wanting a room.

WHITE
Yes, ma’am.

HOTEL OWNER
Well, we got two and neither of ’em is currently taken.

She opens a registry but as she does so, the woman catches sight of Sarah. Her expression changes, her wrinkles accented.

HOTEL OWNER
Now we don’t let her kind in here.

White is stunned for a moment. Sarah knew this was coming and stays behind him.

HOTEL OWNER
This is a respectable establishment and if that’s what you’ve got in mind, there’s a place for it down the street.

White catches Sarah’s eye just as he realizes what the woman is on about: Sarah has a history here. The woman knows her.

WHITE
(embarrassed but hiding it well under a coat of righteousness)
Ma’am. I have no knowledge of what you’re insinuating. This lady is in my custody and I am her military escort.

(CONTINUED)

White opens his leather coat to show the blue cavalry uniform beneath it. The woman remains doubtful.

WHITE
The room is for her. And her alone.

She reaches back with her bone thin arm and takes a key off the wall.

HOTEL OWNER
(places it on the counter)
I suppose I’ll just have to take your word for it.

She waddles back to where she came from.