

Across the River Styx

written by

Owen Follington

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Cold. Cramped. Unbearably uncomfortable.

A golden crisp packet flutters upon the bare white floor, and soars through the open window as if it's trying to escape.

A bucket collects water droplets from a leaky pipe, patched together by duct tape.

Yellow and green polka dots are spotted on the walls in a desperate attempt to disguise the slimy moss and rotting wood creeping out from underneath.

The only sound that can be heard is a BEEP BEEP BEEP from the heart rate monitor and the gentle whimpering of a woman draped in a knitted blanket. Her name is LEAH. Her face is empty, pale, like someone had sapped the color out of her olive skin.

On her lap is a 6 year old boy, dressed in a chip stained white shirt and an over-sized tie, staring absentmindedly out the open window.

On the other side of the room sits SADIKI, squirming in his chair, waiting for it to magically become comfortable. He seems like a real pain in the ass, but charming enough that you'd roll your eyes, give him a blank stare and forget about it in a week. His eyes are concentrated and intelligent; he could say that he was a millions years old and make anyone believe it. It would be the truth too.

SADIKI

(to Leah)

I can't believe these kind of things keep happening to me.

Leah shifts her gaze for a moment before staring forward.

LEAH

(beat)

What keeps happening to --

SADIKI

Life is just picking me up by the groin, and buckle bombing me straight into the strangest coincidences. Just last week --

LEAH

5 months.