

Always Was a Fighter
by
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INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

CARY stands next to a hospital bed. A woman lies in it. Unconscious.

A DOCTOR stands behind Cary.

CARY

How long?

DOCTOR

It varies. With some people it's a matter of a few minutes. With others, days or even weeks.

CARY

She was always a fighter.

The woman grimaces slightly.

CARY

Is she in pain?

DOCTOR

... We don't really know. Her higher functions are gone, but...

CARY

But she could be in pain.

DOCTOR

Yes.

CARY

So the longer she fights...

The doctor says nothing.

Cary takes the woman's hand. Leans in close.

CARY

(whispering)

Hey there... It's me. You don't have to fight anymore. It's okay... I'll be along soon. I promise... You can lose this one. It's okay.

Beat.

The woman's face relaxes. She sighs once. Dies.

CARY

I'll be along soon.