

KIND SHOULDER

Written by

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EXT. URBAN ALLEYWAY - DAY

GEORGE (27) turns the corner into an alleyway heaving out a series of coughs. He's dressed in clothes beaten up and seemingly too light for the colder air. Grime covers any exposed skin. He leans against a wall as the coughs become more intense only to finally collapse to the floor.

Footsteps from passerbys can be heard, but one pair begins to echo louder than the rest. Slow and steady, they approach. They can be heard stopping at the entrance to the alleyway, followed by what sounds like a chilling breeze.

DEBORA (appearing mid 30s) looks into the alleyway. Her face first appears neutral, but upon seeing George, takes on a face full of sympathy, like an actor getting into character. Debora walks towards George until her shadow almost engulfs him. He doesn't seem to notice her.

DEBORA

Oh Georgie...

George looks up at this, and upon seeing her looks taken aback.

GEORGE

Mama..?

Debora crouches down to be eye level with him. She places a hand on his cheek and his face melts of any suspicion. George smiles and leans into her hand.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh mama..

George lets out a series of coughs

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Im tired mama...

DEBORA

Why don't you go to sleep then?

GEORGE

No. No. Not now. I can't die like this. I can't have a death that's cold and empty like this.

Debora pulls her hand back. George tries to follow it, but coughs again and is forced to fall back against the wall.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hold me mama.

DEBORA  
You have to let go.

George is taken aback by this, almost offended.

GEORGE  
How do you tell a man like me to  
just let go?

George reaches out for Debora but it's almost like she's just out of reach.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Please mama. Whenever I'd get those  
looks from people passing on the  
street I'd always have you tell me  
it'll be okay one day.

George tries to sit up again

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
That day my tent was set on fire, I  
had you hold me close and tell me  
about all the good things I had  
going for me. Like Bailey and her  
pups, or my neighbor Mikey who'd  
come by with a sub and chips for  
him and me to share.

George laughs to himself.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
He'd talk all about whatever he'd  
manage to sell that day.

DEBORA  
It was good then wasn't it?

GEORGE  
The day I realized Mikey wouldn't  
be coming around no more. That  
something bad must have happened to  
him. Must've been those sick  
bastards that burnt my tent. I had  
myself cry in your arms. They felt  
so warm... Please mama...

Debora's eyebrows furrow with genuine remorse.

George grabs onto Debora's shoulder and weakly pulls on her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Mama please! You need to tell me  
it'll be ok!  
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That I'll wake up from this  
terrible nightmare where I won't be  
rootless, picked apart by human  
vultures! I'll be in a warm bed  
with you and Bailey and Mikey!  
Please mama! Please!!

George is now clinging to Debora's shoulders, hunched over  
and out of breath. He begins to cry.  
Debora finally moves her arms to rub George's back.

DEBORA

There, there, child.

George slowly quiets down, he puts almost all his weight  
against Debora, exhausted.

GEORGE

Heh. Thought it was really you for  
a second, mama.

The two move to sit against the wall. He pulls out a photo of  
a lone, smiling Debora.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I really only ever had the picture  
I stole to go off on. She died  
before I got the chance to remember  
her.  
I like to think that things  
would've been different if she were  
there. The thought of her gave me a  
nice root to live with at least...

DEBORA

I'm sorry. I'm truly sorry.

George rests his head against the stranger's shoulder. He  
grows sluggish.

GEORGE

I still wanna thank you. Whoever  
you are, you've been very kind.

George peacefully closes his eyes. The stranger taking  
Debora's form lets out a remorseful sigh then stands up and  
looks down at George's body woefully. With the return of that  
chilling breeze, a deep dark cloak appears draped over them  
while they pull out a large scythe.  
As DEATH, they raise their scythe above their head.

CUT TO BLACK