

WAIT AND REMAIN

Written by

Sam Santana

Email Address: santanascripts@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. WAITING ROOM - SEATING AREA - NIGHT

EDDIE REYES (25) lies back on a chair, eyes closed. Looking asleep...or unconscious. He twitches, fists clenched. His breaths are big and rapid.

His eyes burst open. He leaps out of his chair, chest pounding. He looks around and finds himself in a small waiting room -- white walls, chairs with dull colors and harsh fluorescent lighting that flickers on and off.

A woman, MADISON WOODS (30s), bites her nails as she paces around. She notices Eddie standing there but keeps her focus at the front of the room.

BEEP.

ANGELA (V.O.)
(over intercom)
Attention guests...

Eddie follows the sound of the INTERCOM, leading to a HELP DESK at the front. Behind the desk is ANGELA (50s), the office receptionist.

ANGELA (V.O.)
(into intercom)
Thank you for your patience. We apologize for the delays. We promise to get your accounts processed and send you on your way as soon as possible. Thank you again for your patience.

The Help Desk has TWO DOORS on each side, marked as EXIT. TWO GUARDS (GUARD 1, GUARD 2) hold position in front of each door. Eddie relaxes his breathing and heads to...

INT. FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Eddie slowly walks up. Angela furiously types on her keyboard. Her eyes glued to the screen.

ANGELA
Name.

EDDIE
Um...Eddie.

She types faster. Only looking at the screen.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

This might sound crazy, but I'm not entirely sure where I am--

ANGELA

Eddie Reyes?

EDDIE

Uh...yeah?

ANGELA

Birth name: Edward Reyes. Son of Paul and Angie Reyes. Born in Chicago, Illinois.

EDDIE

Yeah...how do you--

ANGELA

You're early. I've checked you in but we need to wait until your account has been processed. Please have a seat. I'll call you when you've been added to our records.

EDDIE

There's a mistake I--

ANGELA

There's no mistake sir. You're in the right place. Please have a seat, and thank you for your patience.

Eddie spots the EXIT DOORS.

EDDIE

(to Angela)

I'm good. Thanks for you help.

He walks to the LEFT DOOR but is blocked by Guard 1. Eddie tries the RIGHT DOOR, Guard 2 holds his position. Eddie heads back to the desk.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I need to leave.

ANGELA

Sir, please have seat. I will let you know when your account has been processed, then you can leave.

The Guards move in close. Eddie backs away.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 (to Eddie)
 Thank you for your patience.

INT. WAITING AREA - LATER

Madison sits, tapping her foot. Still looking toward the Help Desk. Eddie takes a seat next to her.

EDDIE
 Hi. This might sound like a weird question, do you know where we are?

Her focus doesn't shift. Eddie leans in closer.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 HEY. Can you hear me?

MADISON
 Yes I can hear you! You're right in my ear.

EDDIE
 Where are we?

MADISON
 Look kid, I'm busy. I'm waiting for that bitc--
 (she stops herself)
 -- that...lovely woman to finish processing my account.

EDDIE
 Lady, tell me what the hell is going on.

MADISON
 LISTEN PRICK--

The Guards look over at Madison. She smiles and waves them off.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 (to Eddie)
 I'm sorry...you're not a prick, at least I don't know if you are or not. Listen, I've been waiting here a long time, and if I played my cards right I might be leaving soon. I'm sure you're confused right now but I can't really help you figure things out.
 (MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)

But trust me, you'll have plenty of
time to do that. Just make sure--

BEEP.

ANGELA (V.O.)

(to the Madison)

Ma'am. We're ready for you.

MADISON

Sorry, kid. Gotta go.

Madison rushes to the...

INT. HELP DESK - CONTINUOUS

Madison is handed PAPERS. She looks at them, tears fall from her eyes. She wipes them away and smiles. Angela smiles back and gestures to the Guards.

The Guards walk up to the RIGHT DOOR and open it. A BEAMING LIGHT shines through. TRUMPETS, FLUTES, and HARPS play from the other side of the doorway. Madison walks up to the doorway. Eddie watches in bewilderment. Madison turns to him.

MADISON

(soft smile)

Good luck, kid.

She walks into the light. SLAM. The Guards shut the door.

INT. WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Eddie jolts up.

EDDIE

WHAT FUCK WAS THAT?

ANGELA (V.O.)

Sir, please be calm.

EDDIE

What is this place?

ANGELA (V.O.)

*It's a waiting area. We'll know
where you're being sent once your
account is processed. Now have a
seat.*

(beat)

And thank you for your patience.