

"The Waiting Room"

by

Gary Stocker & Paul Stocker

19/03/2013

[galvedere@msn.com](mailto:galvedere@msn.com)

© 2013 Stockerbros

Copyright (c) 2013 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author

FADE IN

The set is one large waiting room. There are 2 seats in the room and a table. On the table is a phone. Standing in the room are BILL and SARAH. In walks ROWAN, who has a tissue tucked under his chin.

ROWAN

Oh no. More of you. You really are a selfish lot, aren't you? I've been on my feet all day and when I finally get half hour to myself to finish off my jam sponge, you turn up! Things soon go stale up here, you now.

SARAH

Who... Who on earth are you?

ROWAN

Same old questions. You're not on earth anymore. It says where you are on the other side of that door and who I am is of no importance to you. It's who's on the end of that phone you need to worry about.

BILL

What are we doi...

ROWAN

No, no, no. No more questions. I've got a headache coming on. I had one up earlier, asking a hundred and one questions. I told her to shut up in the end. Now... Forms, forms, forms. Run out of damn forms. I'll just have to pop and get some more. Well... sit down. You may as well make yourself comfortable.

Rowan exits.

BILL

Who was that?

SARAH

...and what a stupid white suit.

Bill opens the door and reads the sign.

BILL

The waiting Room.

SARAH

The waiting room? Is that where we are?  
Waiting for what? The Bus? The Dentist?  
The Guillotine?

BILL

I went to the dentist last week. Had two  
fillings. Cost me a bleeding fortune.  
It can't be a dentist's waiting room,  
There's no four year old copies of "Hello"  
magazine.

SARAH

Where were you before you came here?

BILL

I was on the sofa after finishing my  
nightshift watching England play India in  
the cricket world cup. Last thing I remember  
was Anderson going for a duck.

SARAH

Really? Couldn't he have waited 'till after  
the match? Anyway, I think that's your  
answer. You fell asleep. Cricket would send  
anyone to sleep. This is a dream.

BILL

I had twelve cans of red bull. What are you  
doing in my dream? You don't have strangers  
in it, do you?

SARAH

Maybe subconsciously you know me? I'm a  
cabaret singer in the pubs and clubs.  
I once got to the second round of the X  
factor!

BILL

Ahh. Maybe I've seen you on television, then?

SARAH

No, I didn't quite make the TV Rounds.

BILL

Oh you're good, then. Well what were you  
doing before you came here?

SARAH

I was watching my son. He's in the southern area athletics championships. He's a hundred metre hurdler. Unfortunately there was a mix up and he got put into the men's category. Well, the hurdles are much higher than the one's he used to. He kept knocking them over, but not with his feet, if you get me?

BILL

Oh yes. I get you. He's now very good at yodelling?

SARAH

I'm not sure, but half way through cheering him on I jumped up and hit my head on an iron beam. I'd say I'm unconscious.

BILL

But why the waiting room I wonder?

SARAH

Just go along with it. You'll wake up in a minute.

Rowan enters.

ROWAN

That's better. Right, name please?

BILL

William Roach of Tooting, London.

ROWAN

Thank you. And yours?

SARAH

Monroe. Marilyn, of Hollywood.

ROWAN

Oh I see. A smart Alec, hey?

The phone rings. Rowan answers.

ROWAN

Yes. Yes. I know. Not at all serious. The one earlier? A Goldfish. Leave it with me.

BILL

(to Sarah)

I'd take this a bit more serious if I were you. I'm not sure this is a dream.

SARAH

What makes you say that?

BILL

I'm an insomniac.

SARAH

Twelve cans of Red Bull. No surprise.

ROWAN

Excuse me. Can we get on with the job in hand? Occupation?

SARAH

Me?

ROWAN

Yes, you.

SARAH

Cabaret singer.

ROWAN

Is that what you call it?

SARAH

I beg your pardon.

ROWAN

I've heard more pleasant noises in a Cattery.

SARAH

You've never seen me?

ROWAN

Not seen, but heard! Your voice certainly travels... And I thought Gabriel's harp was out of tune? You have a son and daughter.

SARAH

How do you know this? Are you a stalker?

ROWAN

It seems you've stuck your nose in once too often, Sarah Page. It says here that you told your daughter to change the lottery numbers she had been using each week to a lucky dip. If she had kept her previous numbers, both she and her husband, Nigel, would have won a nice little sum. Unfortunately they couldn't live with the guilt, which caused friction between them, resulting in divorce.

SARAH

Yeah, well. He wasn't good enough for my Judy anyway.

ROWAN

He picked those numbers. He would have made your daughter a very rich woman.

SARAH

Damn it! Well.. It doesn't matter now. She found herself a footballer. She drives a Mercedes. She took my advice in the end. Always marry a rich man and lead the easy life.

The phone rings again. Rowan picks up.

ROWAN

Yes. Yes. Not pleasant. I don't think it's in her vocabulary. OK Leave it with me.

Rowan replaces receiver.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

Right, Sarah. He will see you now. Through the door, turn left.

SARAH

Oh I'm looking forward to this. What a joke this is. I'm off to Claridge's later. I hope this won't take too long. Left you say?

ROWAN

Yes, left. You can't miss him. White robe, long hair, large beard.

SARAH

Another bloody homeless... let me at him.

ROWAN

Off you trot.

Sarah exits.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

She'll enjoy being an Anteater. She can put her nose in anything she wants, now.

BILL

Reincarnation? Her? Where the blazes am I?

ROWAN

I thought it was perfectly clear?

BILL

The sign says waiting room.

ROWAN

You are in heaven's waiting room, William.

BILL

Heaven?

ROWAN

Yes, you were one of the lucky ones. You could easily have gone to that other room.

BILL

You mean hell?

ROWAN

Of course. Probably a good thing you came here, their sewage pipe is blocked.

BILL

So I'm...

ROWAN

Dead!

End of act one.

Act Two.

BILL

Dead?

ROWAN

Yep. Brown Bread, I'm afraid. You didn't know you were diabetic, did you Mr Roach?

BILL

No?

ROWAN

Seems your doctor was about as useful as Harrold Shipman. The Red Bull's you drank overloaded your blood sugar levels causing you to go into seizure. I'm afraid you didn't wake up.

BILL

Gosh. Well... May I ask one question?

ROWAN

Just the one, please. I deal with so many questions in this job and quite frankly I've had enough.

BILL

Who won the cricket?

ROWAN

England, by four wickets. Ever played a harp, Mr Roach?

BILL

A harp? I come from London! I've drank a few in my time, though.

ROWAN

We haven't had a good harp player for a few years. It's all getting rather stagnated up here. We could do with some fresh blood, so to speak. Oh well. Let's see what he comes up with.

The phone rings... Rowan answers.

ROWAN

Yes. Yes. Oh I see. Lot's for charity. OK Leave it with me.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

It seems you were a very charitable fellow, Mr Roach. Over a hundred marathons, all for Alzheimers charities. Most impressive. You will be coming back as a director of a successful business. Company car, beautiful wife... Git!  
Also, you'll be a season ticket holder at Manchester United.

BILL

That's great. Terrific!

The phone Rings...

ROWAN

Hello Sir, Oh I see. Leave it with me, sir.

Replaces receiver.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

It seems that back in '91 you went a month without any valid road tax. You'll now come back with all the above except you will be a season ticket holder with Millwall.

BILL

Bloody hell.

The phone rings again...

ROWAN

Yes? I know the "H" word. Leave it with me.

Replaces the receiver slowly this time.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

I'm afraid you just used the "H" Word. Now you'll get all the above when you come back except your season ticket is for Scunthorpe.

BILL

(sarcastic)

Oh great.

ROWAN

Right. These are the rules of the game. You are allowed to be a ghost for one night only. You know, to scare ex-girlfriends, rude bosses and mother in law's. But no smashing the crockery! You're a ghost not a hooligan. Oh and one last thing. You also get to attend your own funeral to see which buggers didn't turn up!

BILL

Oh wonderful. I hope my wife remembered I wanted Imagine by John Lennon played at my funeral. Hey, is he up here?

ROWAN

No, He went back down as a white dove, as he requested. He was an exception. Terrible harp player, though. I had high hopes for him. Oh well. We'll have to see about Keith Richards. He shouldn't be too long now.

FADE OUT.