

Sofa

written by

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INT. SOFA - HOUSE - DAY

SAM, early teens, sits on a white sofa in a living room that looks like it came right out of an IKEA catalogue.

In his left hand, a phone. In his right, a coin. He flips the coin as he scrolls through his phone a bit too casually, his eyes darting from his phone to the coin every so often.

He drops the coin in a gap in the sofa. He puts his phone down as he tries to get the coin back but is unsuccessful.

He reaches his arm deeper into the sofa in a second attempt to retrieve the coin.

Nothing.

As he is pulling his arm out, Sam looks beside him, dazed.

About 2 metres away, on the other end of the sofa, his hand sticks out like a tombstone in a graveyard. Sam pushes his arm deeper into the sofa.

His hand rises.

Sam pulls his arm out completely and removes the base cushion of the sofa.

Nothing suspicious. He puts the cushion back on the sofa and puts his arm in again.

Same results. His hand seems to be staring at him. Sam twitches and flexes his hand. He nervously chuckles to himself.

He pulls his arm out and--

His hand is missing, replaced by a black void of nothingness.

Sam, horrified, stares at his incomplete arm. His eyes dart to the other end of the sofa, where his hand remains still.

It twitches. He moves closer to it and--

The hand disappears into the sofa.

THE END