

Death on a Sunday

The morning sun streams through the cracks in the hospital blinds, announcing the arrival of a new day.

Beside the hospital bed, the heart monitor echoes with a consistent, yet weakening rhythm.

Beep... Beep... Beep...

His vision is blurred from dehydration, and the light filtering through the shades only worsens it, leaving him nearly blind.

The cool, worn metal of the bed rail contrasts with the warmth of the blanket wrapped tightly around his frail body.

The hospital room is dimly lit. The sharp scent of antiseptic mingles with the faint sweetness of lilies resting in a vase on the windowsill.

The PREACHER enters.

His voice is low, calm, and comforting, breaking the silence with words of prayer.

The old man's fingers—frail, cold, and trembling—reach for the preacher's hand, searching for one last moment of solace.

The faint scent of lavender from the preacher's handkerchief offers a brief moment of peace.

As the man's breathing becomes shallower, a quiet warmth begins to wash over him.

PREACHER

O God, by whose mercy the faithful
departed find rest, bless this
child of God and send Your holy
angel to watch over him.

His heart rate slows. He knows it's time.

He can feel it.

MICHAEL

Preacher... I can't open my eyes.

The preacher gently squeezes his hand.

PREACHER

My sweet child...

They are open. He's gone blind.

Beep... Beep...

The monitor continues its slow rhythm, reminding everyone in the room that his heart is growing weaker.

The nurse quietly looks toward the preacher.

NURSE

It's time.

He doesn't have long. They gently turn him onto his back. His lifeless eyes face the ceiling. He slowly closes them.

The sounds around him begin to fade. No voices. No machines. Only silence. Warmth envelops his body. Almost instantly...

He's somewhere else. He's standing in New York City. He can still smell it. The streets. The traffic.

The mixture of food, concrete, and rain. Truthfully...He never liked the city.

It was loud. Chaotic. A world away from the quiet life he knew back home in Florida.

Then...

He sees her.

The Brooklyn sun catches her hazel-green eyes and freckles, illuminating her bright red hair—a reminder of her Irish roots.

She smiles.

CATHLEEN

Hi...

I'm Cathleen.

Michael takes a deep breath.

He smiles.

MICHAEL

Hi...

I'm Michael.

The heart monitor flatlines and the reunion between Michael and Cathleen is complete.

PREACHER

Rest in peace, my child.