

MISERICORDIA DIALOGUE LIST

W: Woman

T: Thief

T: - Silent! Silent!

W: - Get off me!

T: - Is anyone home? Is anyone else home? Come with me.

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W: - It's ok...it's ok.

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T: - What the fuck are you doing? What do you think you're doing?

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T: - Sorry 'bout that.

W: - Your head is bruised.

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W: - You should put some ice to stop the swelling. But first wrap a piece of cloth around it. Or it will ruin the skin.

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W: - People used to come to the hospital because of a swollen head, then they had to visit the dermatology as well. 'Look nurse', they used to tell me, 'It is as if the kid's head bloated'... well, of course it is.

T: - Are you a nurse, ma'am?

W: - Retired, it's been seven years.

T: - My...my brother is in the hospital.

W: - God help him. What is it?

T: - Thanks. He'll lose a leg... gangrene.

W: - Diabetes?

T: - No, it's more complicated. There's been an incident at the hospital. We didn't know till later.

W: - What kind of incident?

T: - There was a brawl at the hospital. The boy had his leg broken, on the shin.

W: - Why did they wait until it got gangrenous?

T: - They tried to cover it up. Then realized he was getting worse, and decided to treat him. But now they say it's too late.

W: - What kind of hospital is this?!

T: - Stuff like that happens there. My brother...is in the nuthouse.

W: - So? Doesn't he deserve to be treated cause he's not right in the head? Why don't you go after it?

T: - Here I am going after it! Hospital claims it broke by itself. How does a leg break itself?

W: - So who did it?

T: - They won't say, but I know who.

W: - Who?

T: - The caretaker.

W: - Why would the caretaker do it?

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T: - Look, my brother is not a loony. Alright, he's never been a regular guy, but he's not a nutjob. My asshole father put him in there to get rid of him. Once you're in, it's very hard to get out.

W: - Back in my day there were such rumors about that place too. We even witnessed some with our own eyes...

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W: - What's there to be done, then?

T: - You gotta pay'em off to let the kid go.

W: - Look, son...I had some gold coins in the hope chest.

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Police: - *Police station. Hello? ... Hello?*

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THE END