
Tom Wreke is retching into the basin of the toilet he's hunched over. He pulls his fingers from his mouth, swiping them clean on a square of toilet paper, before blotting at his mouth.

He gets up and off of his knees, closing the lid before he's flushing it.

His voice is etched by acid, roughened as he struggles with the sink.

TOM WREKE

Damn taps.

The water splashes downwards, and he rinses out his mouth several times, using his hands to cup the water.

TOM WREKE

Guess that pharmacy trip was serendipitous.

Tom fishes out a small roll of antacids wrapped in aluminum foil. He undoes the twist, crushes one up with his ring against his palm, and gargles thoroughly with it.

More plain water.

He swallows one of the tablets afterwards, running his tongue along his teeth.

TOM WREKE

Jesus, I look like I got hit by a truck.

The aluminium foil is done back up, and he fishes around in his pocket for a small plastic container of mints.

He shakes out two into his palm, and then tips them into his mouth, sucking on the candy coating.

He stands there in silence, contemplating the small patch of his face he can make out in the small, pull out mirror from the wall.

Tom rasps a hand against his stubble.

TOM WREKE

I'll have to make a note to shave later. Getting kind of bristly.

Tom splashes a little water on his face, then, before patting himself dry with a hand towel hanging on a rack.

He's still got the candy pouched in the side of his cheek.

Tom turns to leave the room, unwittingly making eye contact with the camera blinking quietly in the corner of the ceiling.

He blinks, once, twice- and then steps out, closing the door behind him quietly.
