

OPAQUE

by

Kristoffer Kindh

Uppsala, Sweden  
+46702651724  
Kristoffer Kindh

FADE IN:

LIGHT COMETH

A silent yet crowded night, people everywhere but none dare speak. Casually move about in the dark, a few lights illuminate the dark. Short and minor statures of men and women, walking by themselves but also together. The crowd seems to be drawn to these lights, however rejecting it by first glance.

MAN IN THE CROWD (ECHO)

There's another one.

WOMAN IN THE CROWD (ECHO)

Horrible creatures.

PEOPLE IN THE CROWD (ECHO)

They don't mix with us, so different,  
so unclean.

MAN IN THE CROWD (ECHO)

Get rid of them all!

One by one the lights diminish, disappear from sight and mixes with the others.

Until just...one remains.

The crowd stops, all stare down upon him. Closer and closer, a group of hatred blocks him in. He crumbles, goes down on his knees. His lights fades, slowly but steadily. His face is illuminated, an old face, tired and worn out. Almost as he is getting older by the second. Can't struggle anymore.

ALL TOGETHER (ECHO)

Not one of us!

His light is almost gone now, a drop of water in the ocean.

GLOWING MAN

No!

He slams his hand in the ground, the crowd stops

...complete and utter silence.

The scrape of his boots breaks the stillness, stands on one knee. Catches his breath, deep and long strokes. The light slowly regains its former glory. So does his appearance. The wrinkles retract but does not disappear, a gallant

stature. The dark crowd that stands around him can't cope the fighting light; they scatter away.

GLOWING MAN

I'm not one of you...and glad for it.

He stretches out his arm, pointing, his light now in full force.

GLOWING MAN

Why would anyone want to be like you!

Even brighter.

GLOWING MAN

You are not right and neither am I, but I choose this. Can you say the same?

He spins around, all of them stands there...watching, their faces all black and unrecognizable. But suddenly, out of the crowd a new light emerges. A younger girl, shy and careful. A slow beating light from her chest, she protects it with her hands, holds it.

He stretches out his hand, he smiles, and she returns the smile.

CROWD

Not possible, the unclean, they are different. Not one of us!

The young girls' light grows stronger, she looks in the mans eyes, both engulfed in this bright aura.

GLOWING MAN AND YOUNG GIRL

No...we are not.

Suddenly they come closer, the light explodes, everything and everyone is engulfed in it. Nothing is visible

...something fades in, the sky.

A completely cloudy sky with midday sun behind. CAMERA DESCENDS showing two young men, holding each other. A kiss, not of passion but of love. Around them stand a crowd, stares at them, amazed by it all. Some gaze with anger, other with joy. The couples lips separate, young faces but their eyes say different, one too shy and cowardly. Other battered and almost defeated. Yet together...harmony.

LOVING COUPLE

We are not.

CAMERA PANS upwards, sound of people clapping can be heard in the background, the sun breaks through.

FADE OUT:

THE END