

THE SCENE

by

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FADE IN:

THE FLIP

An old man sits at the raggedy table, dim lighting, hood covering his wrinkled face, he smiles. A somewhat younger man on the opposite end of the table, leaned forward. Unpleased.

OLD MAN

It reaches us all in time you know.

He coughs, with the sublimity of malice. The younger man nervously tilt his head, brushes his fingers through his uncombed hair. A wreck.

YOUNG MAN

But...but I didn't think that (nervously swallows) that it was me next.

The old man lifts up his hood, revealing a clean face. No hair of any description, wrinkled yet clean. He puts something on the table.

OLD MAN

We must all be given our cards.

Moves away the hand, reveals a deck of cards, upside down. Completely black on the backside.

OLD MAN

If you don't mind.

Signals the younger man to take one, a friendly gesture with a sinister undertone.

YOUNG MAN

No, wait!

The old man is getting impatient; his forehead wrinkles even more, waves of skin.

OLD MAN

Stalling won't help; the cards are on the table.

The young man carefully pushes the cards aside, afraid they might attack.

YOUNG MAN

One does not have to take them; they don't have to be dealt.

He leans further forward, their eyes crosses paths.

YOUNG MAN

Can't they just be ignored?

The old man rubs his face in his hands, frustrated and plain tired. He tries again, reaches for the deck of cards; position them on the same place as before.

OLD MAN

The cards cannot be ignored; you cannot stop the wheel of life. It is forever turning, inevitable, unchangeable.

Pushes the deck of card closer.

OLD MAN

So...if you please. Take a card.

He is impatient, the young man stalling yet again.

YOUNG MAN

But...

The elder slams his fist on the table; it almost crumbles from his fury.

OLD MAN

Listen! You will take a card this instance or I will make sure that my wrath will be worse than any hell that might await you on the other side!

The light dims even more, the darkness crawls inwards, crushes the young man. He holds out his hand, shakes immensely over the deck.

OLD MAN

Take it!

He drops, grabs a card from the deck. Breathes heavily. Does not dare to look.

OLD MAN

Let's flip it.

The old man makes a sweeping move across the deck, the young man's hand flips against his will. Revealing the card for the elder. He freezes.

OLD MAN

No...

He stands up, amazed, confounded, baffled.

OLD MAN

No no no. This can't be.

The younger man haven't had the guts to look, when he now finally opens his eyes he stares at the card and then at the older man.

OLD MAN

Impossible.

The card that was flipped was a Joker, smiles happily and sarcastic. The old man walks backward and fades away in the darkness, without a sound, without a trace. Left is the young man under the dim light.

He breathes out, slowly lifts himself up from the small chair, like an old man in the morning. As he turns he nudges the table and one of the legs snaps, the cards flip down on the floor beneath, showing their true nature. All Jokers, all with a big sarcastic smile. The man has a similar smile as he walks away, puts the true deck of cards in his pocket.

FADE OUT:

THE END