

THE LAST MIME

Written by

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INT - BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Traveling through a dimly lit dressing room, the sound of an audience gathering can be heard bouncing off the walls of this seasoned building. We begin to explore the space as an elderly man (90's) is sitting in the distance putting makeup on. The mirrored lights silhouette his aged posture. Vintage and creased posters reveal a long history of his career as a mime. Dates that range from the 1940's to present day. Slowly moving around the well lived room we pass a clothing rack dressed with several garments that he would have worn over that time period.

We settle on the man who is applying the final cosmetic touches. The white coverage isn't as smooth as it once was as his age cracks through his once pristine visage. A shaky, uncertain hand makes application even more troublesome. He is pulling faces and looks in good spirit despite the labor-some preparation. Whatever is about to happen next is leaving him with a mixture of conflicting emotions.

A older female voice is heard from outside his dressing room door. From her tone you can tell they have history.

OLDER FEMALE VOICE (OS)

5 minutes.

The man yells back towards the door with weakened vocals.

MAN

Thank you 5.

He applies the final application, the tear. Now finished, he goes to place his makeup case back down in front of the mirror. The space is heavily marked and worn enough to show that it has existed in that position for a very long time. Before placing down, he pauses. He forgot. Today is different. There is a large cardboard box next to him that he packs it into. The box contains other items that he is packing away for memory sake.

With a deep breath and somber smile, it's time to go. He gets up from his chair and turns towards the door but his first step is intruded by a blockage as the sound of a rattled drawer is heard. A raspy sigh remarks how often he forgets to shut it. As he looks down to close it he sees that it is already closed. Confused, he rattles the 'invisible' draw... it is definitely open. He slowly pushes the drawer back in as the sound of the slide and close is heard as confirmation. Shaking it off, he slowly starts to walk towards the door when all of the sudden, he hits an invisible wall. His face is squashed up against it. What the hell is going on!?!

He begins to examine the wall. Touching it. Knocking on it.

Exploring the improbability of the situation. Again, the female voice is heard from out the dressing room door.

OLDER FEMALE VOICE (OS)

4 minutes.

The mans response now has a degree of uncertainty as he tilts his head back trying to speak over the 'wall'.

MAN

Thank you 4

He stares at the dressing room door in the distance. With a determined look on his face, he knows he doesn't want to disappoint his crowd. He removes an imaginary hammer from his pocket and takes a huge swing at the wall. On impact the wall smashes into a million pieces. The sound of glass echoes the room as the shards fall to the ground.

The man gently steps over the invisible pieces and walks towards the door when suddenly, an imaginary spike shoots out from the floor stopping him dead in his tracks. He places a finger on the tip to test it's sharpness. He winces as the nonexistent arrow head pierces his frail skin.

MAN (CONT'D)

Ouch!

With examination, a small drop of blood is positioned on his finger. "This can't be real can it?" He moves carefully around the spear and starts to maneuver in and out as we hear more spears jet out from the ground. Darts from the walls begin hurtling towards him. He dances around them like a young Indiana Jones. We hear a sound of a heavy stone door being lowered as he dances around the final spears to then roll underneath it to safety. He dusts himself off.

He stands, proud of his achievement. He goes to take a step forward but stops mid stride. A scared expression dons his face. He looks down and shudders as the familiar female voice is heard again.

OLDER FEMALE VOICE (OS)

3 minutes.

MAN

(looking down)

Thank you 3.

The sound of his voice echoes as if he is speaking into a large, deep, void canyon. He begins looking around and sees an invisible rope and hook. He picks it up and swings it around before releasing. It hooks onto something as he tugs it to test it's strength. It is good.

He takes a huge gulp and a couple of steps back. He swings forward as his toes barely grip 'the other side'. He holds on for dear life as he shuffles forward, finally collapsing to the floor, breathing heavy. The loving voice is heard once more.

OLDER FEMALE VOICE (OS)

2 minutes.

MAN

(out of breath)

Thank you 2.

He struggles to stand up and stares down the door. From underneath the door he sees bright light on the other side and the sound of people waiting for him. He is so close at this point and takes a further step to the door when he suddenly feels a light gust. After a couple more steps, the situation escalates quickly into a zephyr before settling into a heavy wind. As the hazardous breeze is slowly pushing him back, the man is fighting against it. Slowly he is beating it as the wind pushes harder and stronger. All the posters and items in the room are blowing everywhere as he continues to fight forward. The struggle is evident as his fragile body is fighting as hard as possible.

The voice is heard loudly over the strong gale.

OLDER FEMALE VOICE (OS)

1 minute.

The man fights with body and speech.

MAN

Thank you 1.

He is getting so close to the door. The voice is heard again.

OLDER FEMALE VOICE (OS)

1 minute.

The man wants to make sure she knows he is coming.

MAN

(with a stronger voice)

Thank you 1.

His finger tips lightly touch the door knob as the female voice comes in again.

OLDER FEMALE VOICE (OS)

1 minute.

Now the man is screaming as loud as he can with a firm grasp on the door knob. His feet begin to leave the floor.

MAN  
THAAAAANK YO000000U  
000000000ONE!!!!

His hand grips the door knob as tight as his weathered hands can bare. Suddenly we hear a different female voice that is placed in a different part of the room. A younger tone can be detected through her obvious distraught.

YOUNGER FEMALE VOICE (OS)  
(upset)  
Please, just 1 more minute.

The wind stops dead as the disturbed artifacts begin to settle on the floor. The man takes a breath as the light is now peaking out around the entire door. There is quiet. Stillness. He takes a breath and smiles. Looks around the room as single tear runs down his make up tear. He begins to turn the knob. Opening the door creates an explosion of light that floods in to the entire room.

OLDER FEMALE VOICE (OS)  
You ready?

The screen is completely white as we hear the mumbling of voices welcoming him from the other side.

CUT TO:

INT - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The light from the door transitions in to daylight from a window. Pulling back we reveal the same man is led on a hospital gurney with tubes through his nose and throat. We hear the beeping of machines. He is not in a good way. A doctor's hand goes to turn off the life support.

YOUNGER FEMALE VOICE (OS)  
(through tears)  
Please, just 1 more minute.

The doctor's hand pauses for a beat and then pulls away as we stay focused on the man.

DOCTOR (OS)  
I'm sorry. We've tried everything.  
There is nothing more we can do for  
him.

The man's daughter holds tightly on to his wrinkled small hand. As we move in to lock a close up of the man, the faint sound of an excited crowd is building as his introduction is announced.

EMCEE (VO)

Ladies and Gentleman, I know we've all been waiting for this. Please give a warm welcome to the amazing, the incredible, the one of a kind...

CUT TO BLACK.

**THE END**