

The Final Kiss

By

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FADE IN:

INT. ROOM

We see a MAN, 20 something, dressed very smartly, with waist-coat and bow tie. His hair is slicked, and he stands tall and proud, though noticeably nervous.

The background behind him is a blur.

MAN (V.O.)
Well, this is it.

He takes his time. Thinks slowly.
He puffs his cheeks and EXHALES forcefully.

MAN (V.O.)
Six years... Six years you've been
waiting for this moment.
And now it's all come to this.

His eyes roll upwards, as if seeking guidance from a deity.

MAN (V.O.)
You've wanted this since you were
seven.
Seven. Best part of a lifetime. A
lifelong dream. And now here you
are. And it's not half as easy as
you imagined.

He stares ahead again, entirely focused.

MAN (V.O.)
Think of the dedication.
Think of the sacrifices.
The times when you could've been
doing other things.
Probably more fun as well.

He glances to one side.

MAN (V.O.)
Yeah, it's not been easy.
There've been ups and downs. Times
when you wanted out. When you hated
it all. But this is what it was all
for. This is what it boils down to.
The nutshell.
And you know what it brings:
Joy. Happiness. Security.
Everybody wants that, and you can
have it. Right now.

(CONTINUED)

He pokes a finger between his neck and his collar and wiggles it to loosen it a bit.

MAN (V.O.)

Don't screw it up.
Not in front of all these people.
Your future's in your hands.
Literally.
It's easy. Done deal. In the bag.
You've practiced this a thousand
times. It can't go wrong.

He smirks.

MAN (V.O.)

Do it.
Don't wuss out now. Don't think of
the people watching. They're
irrelevant. It's all up to you.
Just do it.

He moves. And we realise... he's holding a snooker cue.

And as he bends over the table, we realise this isn't what it seems. The Man, in his creaseless shirt and waist-coat, positions his cue and takes aim. The only two balls left are the Pink and Black. The Pink though is a long one that requires the slightest of touches.

He shoots.

The cue ball approaches and ever so gently brushes the pink, sinking it into the pocket.

VOICEOVER (O.C.)

(John Virgo-esque)

And there it is! The most delicate
of kisses on the pink, and he's set
up perfectly on the black. This is
it for the young man!

The Man lines up the easy black and pots it.

He throws his cue in the air and shakes it, grinning like a boy who just got a snooker table for his 7th birthday.

VOICEOVER (O.C.)

That's it! He sinks the black, and
he's in to the final!

The man continues to celebrate as we...

FADE OUT.