

"Knock!"

Natalie Cake

FADE IN:

INT. DARK ROOM -- DAY

A match strikes and breaks the pitch blackness and a candle is lit.

A candle illuminates an OLD MAN'S face. His face is heavily aged and covered by an unkempt straggly beard and furry eye brows.

The OLD MAN carries the candle over to the side of a room to reveal a large wall with tally marks. At the top of what appears to be a few hundred tallies, is the word "Losses."

The OLD MAN runs his old weathered hands down the wall towards the bottom where he strikes up yet another tally.

INT. DARK ROOM -- LATER

The Old MAN crosses the room with a now shorter candle in his hand. He holds it up to a shelf that is completely empty except for one rusty can labeled "K-Ration."

At a small square table surrounded by four chairs the OLD MAN sits alone and eats food straight from the can with his fingers.

INT. DARK ROOM -- LATER

The OLD MAN places the almost expired candle on the ground at the foot of one of the chairs that is now in the center of the room.

He stands on the chair and removes his belt. The OLD MAN secures one end to the ceiling, the other around his neck.

The candle now even lower, starts to flicker as it gets to the end of its wick.

The OLD MAN watches the flame as it tries to hold on.

He closes his eyes and slowly raises one foot off the chair and begins to lean forward. Suddenly--

There is a KNOCK at the door.

The OLD MAN looks up and his eyes widen as the door swings open and the bright light of day pours in. A MAN stands in the doorway as the OLD MAN continues to fall from his chair.

The belt snatches tight, the OLD MAN'S neck snaps, and the candle burns out.

The MAN steps into the room, observes the lifeless body of

the OLD MAN, and drags him out of the room into the light.

The MAN reenters the room and shuts the door.

He lights a new candle and chalks up another tally on the wall.

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