

Moles
by
Simon Wiedemann

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INT: CLIVE'S HALLWAY - DAY

Here is a nice and tidy space, featuring a closed wooden and glass door facing outside and letting in some sunlight. There are shut wooden doors for each other wall. Light rain is heard. CLIVE (40) well dressed in a suit, puts on his leather shoes, grabs an umbrella off the floor and is about to leave his house. That is until some knocking is heard. CLIVE opens the door to reveal NOEL (20), dressed in wet casual clothes and a jacket.

CLIVE

Hello, Noel. What can I do for you?

NOEL

Can I come in please? It's important.

CLIVE

Sure, come with me.

CLIVE shuts the entrance and puts down the broolly. He leads the way, opens the living room door and enters it with NOEL.

INT: CLIVE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

It is equally presentable, here. The area consists of your typical sofa facing a switched off TV. Through the windows on the left is a quiet suburban street view. Facing the glass panes in the corner of the room, is a security camera. The two sit down.

CLIVE

You seem on edge...

NOEL

Just a little. I want to talk about a cancerous mole I may have...

CLIVE widens his eyes in shock.

CLIVE

Oh my God! Cancer?? But you're so young!

NOEL

Oh, you really think I should be fine?

CLIVE

Can I have a look at it, please?

NOEL

I don't have a mole on me, but when I went for a countryside walk I may have seen one in a molehill.

I didn't own the animal though, at least I don't think I did but then again we seemed to share a bond and I think it looked up to me as a father figure. So maybe I did own it in a way. Should I be worried? I have no idea if it was cancerous...

There is a long pause. CLIVE scratches his head.

CLIVE
(warmly)
Say that again, please...

NOEL
I'm just asking, do I have a cancerous mole, basically?

There is another pause. NOEL twiddles his thumbs.

CLIVE
(not as warm)
One more time, please...

NOEL
Is the creature putting me in danger, so to speak? I heard you can die because of them.

CLIVE
(a little annoyed, but relieved)
You don't have a cancerous mole on you?

NOEL
No! What kind of moron carries any kind of wild animals around with them?

CLIVE
Is this a joke?

NOEL
You think an actual live mole may have attached itself to me without me noticing?

CLIVE
No... And you don't have cancer.

NOEL
Oh thank God!

NOEL wipes a tear, happily.

NOEL

But that time I saw one, I mean I didn't technically own it, right? But someone else might have done. Should I call the police about it? Maybe there's someone out there who DOES have a cancerous mole...

CLIVE

Noel, whilst you are right that some moles are animals, there are other kinds of moles that AREN'T animals, but instead are small brown marks on the skin. They're what most normal people refer to as 'moles'.

CLIVE rolls up his sleeve and points to a small brown patch.

CLIVE

THAT'S a mole.

NOEL

Really? I call those things teleporters.

CLIVE widens his eyes like never before, then pulls himself together.

CLIVE

Ok. Is there anything else on your mind? I'm kind of in a rush.

NOEL

I think I may have smallpots.

CLIVE

Smallpox, you mean?

NOEL

No, I mean I own lots of small pots. Well I think they're mine. I actually stole them.

CLIVE looks to the floor in shame, then looks back up.

CLIVE

I wouldn't worry about that either. Anyway, must dash...

NOEL

I might have black death.

CLIVE puts both hands on the seat, ready to push himself up.

CLIVE

No you don't.

NOEL

I do! I have lots of blackened death metal bands in my CD collection.

CLIVE starts to rise, but NOEL pulls him back down.

NOEL

No! I haven't finished!

CLIVE

(nervously)

Ok... one more...

NOEL

You know how I use the train almost every day?

CLIVE

Yes?

NOEL

I must have repetitive train injury by now.

CLIVE

Look, I know you're going through a very upsetting time right now, but seriously I have to go.

NOEL

No.

CLIVE

Right.

CLIVE stands up and drags NOEL from the waist towards the exit. In doing so, he pulls the YOUNG MAN'S clothes up and reveals part of his back and stomach. On both are huge, still bleeding lacerations.

CLIVE

Where the hell did you get those wounds?!

NOEL

Bees...

CLIVE

Bees?? I don't believe you!

NOEL

That's why I don't want to leave. They want my blood. They're out there somewhere, I know it.

CLIVE
You should call the police...

NOEL
Call the police about bees?? Are you
crazy? I'm outta here. Nutjob. I
thought you were a sensible man!

NOEL storms out of the room. He is then heard by CLIVE leaving the house. CLIVE stares at the exit, motionless and in a state of bewilderment.

CLIVE
(to himself)
But you said you didn't want to leave.
...

A few moments pass. From outside, CLIVE hears a huge swarm of the insects getting louder. He scratches his head again. He looks out the window to see his FRIEND about to be attacked by countless stings.

NOEL
(from outside)
F**k off!!

It seems the things haven't been scared away. They get louder and circle around him.

NOEL
OH MY GOD!! PLEASE HELP ME SOMEONE!!!

CLIVE rushes out of his home.

In the living room and picked up through the camera, CLIVE can now also be heard and seen from outside. Bees are going apes**t.

NOEL
OH THANK GOD! CLIVE!

CLIVE
F**ING HELL! RUN FOR IT!

The TWO soon leave the living room field of view. The sound of the MEN running gets fainter, as does the sound of the swarm.