

A Close Shave?
(One Minute Movies: 1)

By

Izolda Trakhtenberg
(with stellar suggestions from Michael C. Dougherty)

A 60-second story

Izolda Trakhtenberg
PO Box 1133
Greenbelt, MD 20768
izolda@gmail.com
301-437-2730

INT. BARBERSHOP - EARLY EVENING

A single barber's chair sits in the stark, white room. The accoutrement of a barber - combs, razors - sit on a small shelf over which hangs a mirror.

HAWTHORNE, a well-built man in his thirties, sits in the chair with shaving cream on his face. He holds a cup of tea.

MITCHELL, a close-cropped man in his mid-forties holds a cup of shaving cream and a brush. He places them on the shelf. He returns to Hawthorne's chair.

MITCHELL

Here, let me take that.

He takes the tea cup from Hawthorne's hands and places it on the shelf next to a small poster for a community theater production of "Sweeney Todd."

MITCHELL

Sweeney Todd, The Barber of Seville
- I tell you, barbers have gotten a
bad rap.

He begins to sharpen a straight razor on a leather strap.

MITCHELL

It's like they think we're all
murderers who'll slash your throat
as soon as look at you.

Mitchell checks the razor's edge. It glints in the bright white light of the room. Hawthorne watches him warily.

MITCHELL

Really...

He finishes sharpening and begins to shave Hawthorne.

MITCHELL

If I wanted to kill the man who was
sleeping with my wife, I would find
a more expedient, less traceable
way to do it.

(smiles faintly)

By the way, Mr. Hawthorne, how did
you enjoy your complimentary tea?

CLOSE-UP

Hawthorne's eyes.

THE END.