

"ILLUSION"

by

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FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Deberov sits by himself at the clean table, plates and wine glasses neatly placed.

Him dressed in a well-made black suit with accompanied white shirt. A true gentleman if you ever saw one.

DEBEROV

An Illusion, that is all they said.
That is all they wanted it to be.

Gently picks up a wine bottle from the table, he looks at the label yet does not take much care to it. Pours the dark red liquid into a glass.

DEBEROV

That is all I wished it to be.

The glass fills up and he stops. Puts the bottle back on the table and lifts it, moves it around under his nose. Letting the aroma fill his nostrils.

DEBEROV

Yet, as with all things, change is inevitable.

He carefully puts it to his lips, takes a quick sip, and lowers the glass.

DEBEROV

Change is the one consistent thing in the world, the one thing that we can always count on.

He sets the glass on the table and stands up. He snatches a neatly folded tissue from his pocket, carefully takes both hands and cleans his face.

CLOSE UP

As the tissue rubs, it gets progressively dirtier. He stops and slowly removes it. Now his hair is all twisted. Traces of dirt cover his face and **ZOOMING OUT**, his gentleman look is non-existent. Raggedy clothes, consisting of a brown jacket with dirty blue jeans. The appearance of a bum more than anything.

DEBEROV

Change is the one thing we always fear,
even if we hope it to be an illusion.

His glass is now just a dirty plastic cup and the table is a few boards nailed together, the wine bottle is a plastic water bottle that contains some murky water. The room has lost all its previous characteristics. A room from a shanty town. Deberov stuffs the napkin back into his pocket and walks to a nearby window, held together with duct tape and strings. He stands there and looks out. He **PANS** his view over the landscape.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Torn asunder, everything that is visible is either destroyed or decayed. A wasteland of dust and echoes of its former self. Buildings that have crumbled, shops and cars empty from their last masters.

DEBEROV

But the government said: it's all an
illusion. Even when the world crashed
down around us it was all an illusion.

INT. SHANTY ROOM - DAY

He smiles ironically and shakes his head, he moves his arm back and reaches for something from his belt, he fiddles with it but manages to get it out. A revolver, an old model, six shooter western style. The kind of weapon Dirty Harry would choose. He flips it open and looks down the chamber. Fully loaded. Snaps his gaze outwards again.

CUT TO BLACK:

The chamber rattles as it spins, with a distinctive click it is snapped back into firing position.

THE END