

Mirage
by
Maris Bortnikovs

bortnikovs@live.com

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

We see live, noisy city street. There is one guy who is walking on sidewalk. He is very drained. He is holding bunch of beautiful red flowers covered in gift wrapping paper with Valentines Day attributes.

EXT. CHURCH COURTYARD - DAY

Small church located in cemetery, it is very quiet and peaceful. This guy is sitting in the middle of bench in church courtyard. On the left side away from him on bench is laying the bucket of flowers in wrapping paper. From the cemetery, along with the gravestones young girl is coming. She comes up to the man and sits next to him on the right side.

GIRL:

How long haw you been here?

GUY:

Not long. I just came.

GIRL:

What a beautiful flowers. Are they for me?

GUY:

Yes.

GIRL:

They are beautiful. But I hate those stupid Valentine day marks. You cloud bring me flowers without that stupid paper. Anyway thank for not forgetting me.

She mildly kisses him on cheek.

GIRL: (CONT'D)

Last time when we met you was so cheerful. It's so hard for me to see you becoming so world-weary. You look really tired, you should go home and take a rest. Maybe you will fall asleep and see some beautiful dream.

GUY:

Dreams are mirages they bring only short-term happiness.

GIRL:

I know how it's to be secondary for others. All my life I been searching for someone whom I cloud be in the first place. Then I met you.

GUY:

Are you dreaming about me?

She puts her palms on his cheeks, turns his face to her side and kisses him on lips.

GIRL:

If you can't find anything else you can try to dream about me.

GUY:

I'm already dreaming about you.

GIRL:

Really and what do you see.

Close up to guys face. We don't see girl anymore. She is out of sight.

GUY:

I'm dreaming you are sitting near me and your head is laid on my shoulder.

Camera goes backwards - now we see the right side of bench is empty - the girl is gone but we didn't see how she left. Guy gets up, takes bucket of flowers and leaves.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Guy is walking on the sidewalk. His hands are empty with no flower bucket anymore.

EXT. CHURCH COURTYARD - DAY

The church bell is ringing. There is a rubbish bin near church - gift paper with Valentines Day marks where flowers were wrapped in is laying there. There is grave in cemetery. Bunch of red flowers lays on it.

THE END.