

VEIL OF ILLUSION

Written by

Kevin Albers

[kvnalbrs@gmail.com](mailto:kvnalbrs@gmail.com)

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION. MEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

In one of the stalls on all fours is JIM PARSON, 40's. A sergeant of the Sheriff's department. His flabby gut, convulses and tightens as he VOMITS with a SPLASH into the porcelain toilet.

Although his face is concealed by the stall door, what view there is of him is only from the large gap from the stall door to the floor, he moans between his retching and hacking up vomit...

JIM  
Oh god. Oh god.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERROGATION OBSERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LUCAS PETERSON, 30's, a deputy and investigator of the Sheriff's department, stares intermediately from the video monitor to the window of the oneway mirror.

The target of Lucas' disquieted gaze is of--

FACE PAINTED MAN, middle-aged, caked on his face is ghost-white makeup with pitch black circles around his eyes. Black lines run down his cheeks and are crossed near the bottom as if upside-down crosses were wept from each eye-socket.

His hands are red, either with makeup, or dried blood. It's hard to tell.

Both men are unnervingly quiet and still.

The Face Painted Man begins to chant under his breath.

Lucas ups the volume on the speaker to try and make out what he's saying but he can't. He listens intensely. Leans into the speaker--

The door swings up. Lucas jolts back in his chair.

At the door is PAUL BAKER, 50's, veteran officer, and captain in the Sheriff's department, once held the Sheriff's title but preferred a position with less bureaucracy.

PAUL  
He give a confession yet?

LUCAS  
Jim just finished the first  
interview.

Paul enters the rest of the way. Closes the door behind him.

PAUL  
Where's he at?

LUCAS  
In the can. This guy said something  
to him that made him go white as a  
ghost and sick as a dog. I ain't  
seen nothing like it.

PAUL  
What'd he say?

LUCAS  
Don't know. Didn't hear it.  
Camera's weren't rolling neither.

Paul hands a file folder to Lucas.

PAUL  
Well. This here fellow is one sick  
son-of-a-bitch. The filth that  
comes from his toxic mouth I'm sure  
would make any upright citizen  
shrink to all fours in disgust.

Lucas opens the folder.

Brief glimpses of gruesome crime scene photos. DEAD BODIES  
cut open and placed on ritual display. Most these bodies are  
CHILDREN, ages five to fifteen.

LUCAS  
Jesus.

PAUL  
Don't think he's the Jesus  
worshiping type.

Paul stares at the Face Painted Man through the glass, who  
seems to be in some type of trance.

Lucas closes the folder.

LUCAS  
Some kind of satanic ritual?

PAUL  
Something like that. Five children,  
three adults, two pets. Which makes  
up the entire Miller family.

LUCAS  
Jim says you've got a bit of  
experience with this sort of thing.

PAUL  
A bit. Still haunted by a few. But  
over the years you acquire the  
skill for holden down your food.

Paul turns his attention onto Lucas.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
There are some things a man ought  
not know. Horrors a man is  
incapable of comprehending... or  
even living with.

Paul turns his gaze back onto the Face Painted Man.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Those little ones were naked. Those  
things sticking out of their bodies  
like that--Sick son-of-a-bitch--He  
even defecated on them.

Paul gets a little riled up.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I'm going in. Camera recording?

Lucas notices Paul's got his hand griped on the butt end of  
his pistol that is holstered to his belt.

LUCAS  
Yeah. But uh... you gonna wait for  
Jim?

PAUL  
Naw.

Paul opens the door, closes it. Then Lucas watches him enter  
the interrogation room. The Face Painted Man looks up at  
Paul.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul nor the Face Painted Man say anything. Paul sits in the chair close to the Face Painted Man. He pushes the little table mic closer to the Face Painted Man.

PAUL

What's your name?

FACE PAINTED MAN

I have none. But am called by many.

PAUL

Well what do you call yourself?

FACE PAINTED MAN

I do not call myself by any name.

PAUL

Okay.

(tries another line of  
questioning)

Did you know the Miller family?

FACE PAINTED MAN

Yes.

PAUL

In what capacity did you know them?

FACE PAINTED MAN

I was their end. Their beginning.

PAUL

You gotta stop fucking around with me. Start talking straight. Cause you're in a world of shit, son. A child killer, it don't go down so well on the *farm*.

FACE PAINTED MAN

I did so much more than just kill them. I did wonderful, wonderful things to them. Little Sara, Bethany, Mikey, Lisa, Tommy.

Paul leans back in the chair.

PAUL

Tell me what you did to them.

FACE PAINTED MAN

To tell you would be the end of all that is familiar, comforting, safe.

Paul pinches the bridge of his nose, then brushes his grey mustache with his index finger.

PAUL

Are you currently high on anything?  
Taken any drugs this evening?

FACE PAINTED MAN

Paul. There are things in this world a man ought not know. For he may not be able to live with the knowledge.

Paul jerks back in his chair, slack-jawed.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERROGATION OBSERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucas leans forward--

LUCAS

(to himself)  
Jesus!

JESSIE BILLIE, 30's, deputy. Opens the door and peeks in.

JESSIE

Corner called up. Looking for Jim or Paul. Said they should come see him asap. 'Something very strange about the bodies' he said. They in here?

Lucas takes a moment to find his words.

LUCAS

Uh, yeah-- well Paul's in interviewing the suspect--this guy is really freaky.

Jessie steps farther in to the room. Takes a look at the Face Painted Man.

JESSIE

Well he looks like some demonic clown. Creepy for sure.

LUCAS

It's like. The--the more I hear him talk the more he gets under my skin. It don't feel right.

JESSIE

He massacred that family, right?  
'Course it doesn't feel right.

LUCAS

No. It's like... it's like...

Lucas stares at his hands.

Jessie stares at Lucas, not understanding what the hell he's going about.

FACE PAINTED MAN (O.S.)

(filtered through speaker)

I reveled the truth to your friend.  
He did not have the stomach for it.

Lucas feels her incredulous gaze on him.

LUCAS

Would you look in on Jim for me?  
He's been in the can for quite some  
time. I know he wasn't feeling so  
good.

JESSIE

Sure.

Jessie exits.

Lucas stares at the monitor. Paul leans forward again.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERROGATION ROOM

PAUL

And what did you tell him?

FACE PAINTED MAN

I showed him. I showed him what he  
was capable of, once all boundaries  
and restriction were lifted. I  
showed him the dark reflection of  
his true nature.

INT. POLICE STATION. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessie opens the mens room door. Peeks in.

JESSIE

Jim? You in here? Jim you okay?

FACE PAINTED MAN (V.O.)  
 A man whose own truth is revealed  
 to him, ceases to be a man.

Through the same gap from under the stall door, is Jim Parson. He sits on the floor, leaned up against the wall. Dead. His face still obscured by the stall door.

A knife in one hand and a large self-inflicted deep gash down his other arm, which blood pours out of, pools on the floor.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paul slams his hand against the table hard. He gets right in the Face Painted Man's face.

PAUL  
 You better start talkin', fella.  
 You better start confessing. Owing  
 up to what you did. I'm getting  
 right pissed off with your shit!  
 You tell me what happened to the  
 Millers. What you did to them.  
 Right now!

The Face Painted Man looks directly into Paul's eyes and smiles.

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERROGATION OBSERVER ROOM

Lucas watches with intensity.

FACE PAINTED MAN  
 (filtered through speaker)  
 Love. Isn't that what Jesus  
 teaches. Love thy enemy, love the  
 meek, the sick, the weak, the  
 perverted, the pain, the passion,  
 the fear, the suffering--

A loud SCREEEEEEETCH erupts through the speaker with the feedback of a thousand nails scrapping across a chalkboard.

Lucas jolts back as his ears drums are assaulted by the sharp pain. He cups his ears. A RINGING is all he can hear.

His vision echoes the shapes of the world around him like he's on some LSD trip. Lucas attempts to steady his balance.

He can see the lips of the Face Painted Man move in the monitor. Paul stands still--frozen--as he listens to what the Face Painted Man has to say.



Lucas shakes his head, taps his ear with his palm in an attempt to tap his hearing back to normal.

He finally eases back to some normalcy.

He looks back up through the oneway mirror and sees Paul stand up from his chair. He turns towards the mirror. His face whiter than a ghost. His expression blank, but hints of terror that seeps through. Something is very wrong.

He stares right at Lucas, except he must really be staring at his own reflection.

Paul removes his pistol from its holster and raises the barrel to his temple.

LUCAS

NO!

Lucas runs out of the room--

INT. POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

As Lucas steps towards the green interrogation door a few feet over--BANG!--Lucas Whips the door open--

INT. POLICE STATION. INTERROGATION ROOM

Paul's body slumps over and prostrates onto the floor. A hole in his head leaks blood that runs along the floor to the center of the room.

Lucas stands at the door in utter shock.

He looks over to the Face Painted Man who still sits in the chair, and now looks up at Lucas.

He smiles. Stands up. Walks towards Lucas. Stops just in front of him. Continues to smile a beat more. Then moves past Lucas and out into the corridor.

Lucas frozen in place does nothing but watch him leave.

THE END.