

Iris & Oscar
(the first two pages)

by

j.j. oblivian

J.J. Oblivian
the last street in Los Angeles
jjoblivian@notesofacleanyoungboy.com

© jjoblivian 2004

EXT. FIELD - DAY

There's a gray and cloud-filled sky.
There's a desolate field. Desolate except...
there's a large tree. And beside the tree...
there's a GIRL. And in her hand...
there's a shovel.

She's staring, up above her: deep dark storm clouds.

She checks the other direction: storm clouds.

She checks back in the previous direction: storm clouds.
But...

The clouds start to break.
A few rays of sunlight peek through the dense gray blanket.
But that's all, just a few.

She follows the rays... they golden a patch of ground about
fifteen feet away from her.
She walks over to where the sunlight is falling and eyes that
now-honeyed section of dirt.
And there, that's where she starts digging.

And it's furious, determined digging.
There's no time for neat piles.
It's: shovel into ground - dirt tossed,
shovel into ground - dirt tossed,
shovel into ground - dirt tossed,
shovel into gr-

She hits something.

She tosses the shovel aside.
Digs into the dirt with her bare hands.
And reaches -- a CRINKLING sound.
She clears a patch of dirt: black plastic's buried here.
She tugs on the plastic and unearths

A BLACK GARBAGE BAG.

She unties the knotted end of the bag and looks in:

The few rays of sunlight hit the toes first but then tumble
inside the bag to show:

A WHOLE HUMAN LEG... the right one.

The GIRL smiles.

GIRL
Hello there.

CUT TO:

The GIRL trekking across the field, the black garbage bag slung over one shoulder, the shovel across the other.

CUT TO:

The GIRL walking along the side of a two-lane highway bordered by fields.

CUT TO:

The GIRL making her way down the modest Main Street of a small, semi-rural town.

CUT TO:

The GIRL entering a clean, humble motel.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - MOTEL - SAME

The GIRL walks in, sets the shovel against the wall and puts the black garbage bag on the bed.
 She takes the LEG out of the bag and sets it on the bed.
 She pulls a suitcase out of the closet. She unzips the top and throws it open: several black garbage bags.
 She opens one of the bags: an ARM, the right one.
 She takes it out.
 She opens another bag: the lower half of a TORSO.
 She takes it out.
 Another bag: the LEFT LEG.
 She takes it out.

CUT TO:

THE BED

There lies a little more than half of a YOUNG MAN, laid out in the way that a body would on a bed... if it were still intact and breathing.

A FLASH -

- as the GIRL takes a picture of the body parts on the bed. Her camera spits out a polaroid. While it's developing she takes a large journal out of her suitcase. She flips through the pages: text and crude sketches on every page, every once in a while a polaroid is taped in amongst the inkings.

She finds a blank page.
 She writes "**10/18 - 4 days left**"