

ONEROUS

Written by

Wayne Moss

Wayne.moss@hotmail.com

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FADE IN:

EXT. SALT LAKE - DAY

Crystalline white stretches to eternity. A lone dead tree silhouettes against a sky pregnant with rain.

JOSHUA MAN (26) is buried up to his jaw, his handsomeness still apparent beneath a raw and blistered face. A camera on a tripod records him.

O.S. The SOUND OF A VEHICLE in the distance.

EXT. SALT LAKE - DAY

A windowless clapped-out pickup rumbles across the flats, white clouds billowing in its wake.

EXT. SALT LAKE - DAY

The pickup stops in front of Joshua, a figure emerges from the cab.

That figure is HYRAM FOSDIKE (35), his pockmarked face a combination of malice and regret. Wearing heavy boots, he ambles to the rear of the truck, lifts out a bucket, and shuffles over to Joshua.

Hyram kneels, raises a ladle of water from the bucket, and pours a meager amount into Joshua's mouth.

Hyram stands and surveys the sky.

HYRAM

Big rain comin'. They sayin' couple
a inches maybe.

Hyram's brow furrows. He kneels, creates a two inch gap between thumb and forefinger, and places it at the base of Joshua's chin to find it reaches just above the tip of his nose. Satisfied, he stands.

Hyram reaches into his pocket and pulls out a piece of meatloaf and eats.

HYRAM (CONT'D)

Momma made meatloaf just the ways I
like it. She don't think it much
herself, cause all that seasonin'.
She just done it for me.

(MORE)

HYRAM (CONT'D)

Hiram Fosdike don't know how he got
such a good momma. No sir. You got
a girl?

Joshua stares ahead in silence.

HYRAM (CONT'D)

I forgot. That no talkin' rule.

Hiram finishes his food, strolls to the camera and replaces
the existing battery with one from his pocket.

JOSHUA

(coughs)

EXT. JOSHUA'S POV - CONTINUOUS

Hiram turns, takes four powerful steps, and kicks Joshua hard
in the face breaking his nose. Joshua passes out taking us
with him.

FADE TO BLACK

SFX: Fat rain on soft ground.

WOMAN V.O.

Hey. Wake up. Hey, hey, hey, you.
Hey.

FADE IN:

EXT. SALT LAKE - DAY

Six feet in front of Joshua, ALISON GREY (24) faces him
buried to her neck, she's sporting a bruised face. A shovel
sits on the ground between gouging tire tracks. A puddle is
forming a foot from Alison's ear.

Joshua's eyes open slowly, then close.

ALISON

No, no, no. Come back, come back.
Hey, hey, hey. HEY!

Joshua comes around again, groggy, but now with us. He sees
the shovel.

ALISON (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

Joshua's eyes are fixed on the shovel.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Hey, look at me. Hey, this way.
Hey. HEY!

Joshua faces Alison.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Who is that sick fuck?

JOSHUA
Where is he?

ALISON
He started swearing and left.

JOSHUA
Can you move anything?

ALISON
My feet a bit, there's a space on
the right.

JOSHUA
Hands? Are they tied?

ALISON
In front of me to a metal plate.

Rain becomes heavier.

JOSHUA
He'll be back.

ALISON
And then what?

Joshua looks away into the distance.

ALISON (CONT'D)
What does the sick fuck do? Tell
me.

JOSHUA
He likes to film it.

ALISON
Are there others?

JOSHUA
Not any more.

ALISON
Why are you still..?

JOSHUA
He thinks I look like him.

EXT. SALT LAKE - DAY

Hiram's pickup speeds across the flats.

INT. PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

Hiram squints through the rain as it blows in through the windowless cab, he wipes his face with a rag - he's soaking wet.

EXT. SALT LAKE - DAY

ALISON
How long you been here?

JOSHUA
I don't know. He puts things in the water.

The ground under the puddle next to Alison suddenly gives way and collapses in on itself, exposing part of her right side.

Alison tries to climb out of the hole, the metal plate too heavy to lift. With several struggling attempts, she eventually drags herself and the metal plate onto the lake's surface.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
It's only rope. The shovel.

Continually slipping and falling to the ground, Alison drags the metal plate with enormous effort over to the shovel, kneels on its handle, and begins using the blade to cut the rope between her wrists.

The sound of a vehicle in the distance.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
He's coming.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

Hiram drives. He takes interest in something ahead, leans forward over the steering wheel wiping his face He realizes Alison is out of the hole.

HYRAM
(screams in violent rage)

Hyram sets his jaw, pulls on the steering wheel, and ACCELERATES straight for Alison.

EXT. SALT LAKE - DAY

Alison hears the ENGINE GETTING LOUDER, looks up, sees the pickup now only a hundred meters away bearing down on her. She frantically saws at the rope.

ALISON
(whimpers)

INT. PICKUP - LATER

Alison is fifty meters ahead directly in front of the pickup sawing desperately at her ties. Hiram grins.

EXT. SALT LAKE - LATER

Alison looks up, the pickup almost on her. She goes back to attacking the rope.

She cuts through the rope just as the grill of the pickup looms above her - she leaps out of the way.

EXT. SALT LAKE - LATER

The pickup spins to a one-eighty stop fifty meters from Alison. She grabs the shovel ready to fight, she's breathing hard. Rain continues to pour.

EXT. SALT LAKE - LATER

ENGINE REVVING LOUDLY the pickup spins its wheels and launches itself forward toward Alison. She raises the shovel with both hands above her head warrior-like, and runs hard toward the speeding pickup.

Just before impact, Alison hurls the shovel at Hiram, and jumps from the pickup's path, the shovel blade hits Hiram slicing through the left side of his neck.

The pickup slides sideways to a stop. The driver's door pops opens, and Hiram falls to the ground blood pooling around him.

Alison stands in the rain exhausted, chest heaving.

EXT. SALT LAKE - DAY

Shovel on the ground next to fresh mounds of dirt.

Alison helps Joshua out of the hole. Bare-chested, Joshua has BANDAGED BLOODY STUMPS where hands used to be, and a body covered in a patchwork of FRESH NEEDLEWORK/STITCHES.

Joshua leans on Alison as they make their way wearily toward the pickup.

FADE OUT.