

A Soft Earth

written by

Jeff James

jeff@unsquare.com

INT. POTTERY STUDIO - DAY

A converted barn, lit unevenly with work lights.

Rugged metal shelves overflow with artistically misshapen pots: bulbous, leaning drunkenly, casting weird shadows.

The door creaks open and a man enters: JONAH, thirtyish, floppy-haired, tall but hunched as if trying to look smaller.

JONAH

Astrid? Sorry to interrupt, but...
it's important. Hello?

No answer.

He walks further in, notices a work table where a strange, lumpy POT looms, glistening in the dim light.

Curious, he approaches, reaching out, and--

WOMAN (O.S.)

Don't touch that.

Jonah yelps and turns to see ASTRID. A foot shorter than him, dark hair under a bandana, her overalls splashed with clay.

ASTRID

I'm still finding the true shape.

JONAH

Sorry! So, uh... we need to talk.

ASTRID

Wait. I know this one. Are you
breaking up with me right now?

He grimaces and she laughs.

JONAH

Oh. You mean you aren't upset?

Something RIPPLES on the work table. He turns to look, but--

She stops him, her hands on either side of his face.

ASTRID

It's fine. We weren't made to last.

With that, she pushes her hands INTO HIS HEAD.

He tries to scream, but the sound dies in his throat.

She twists, and the lump of clay that was his head comes off.