

STATUE QUEEN

Written by

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EXT. OREGAN WOODS - DAY

Frigid orange & brown leaves, grey foggy air, and an endless swath of tall barren tree trunks litter a cold forest floor.

Above in the sky, the wind whispers while a lone hawk hunts beneath the clouds it circles.

In the distance, the crunch of footsteps landing on the crisp ground is heard.

The person walking, although not fully visible, is a woman, wearing heavy flannel and carrying a hikers backpack.

MEDUSA (V.O)

When I first awakened, I thought  
the New World was literally another  
planet.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLE OF TROY - DESOLATE FIELD (MYTHICAL AGE) - DAY

A mile of bodies, armor, weapons, blood and carnage cover the ground. In the distance, the sky collides with thunder, fire and strikes of lightning.

The same distance we saw the women from earlier, we see a Gorgon: a women with a serpent body and snakes as her hair. Unmistakably, its the iconic form of Medusa.

With her back turned from view, she scans the ground, and slithers past all the wreckage to a cave in the distance.

CUTE BACK TO:

EXT. OREGAN WOODS - DAY

We come up close to the women, now a regular modern human. Her sulky ratted blond hair, cold green eyes and tired face belong to the being now named LINDA SHUMAN (35).

Linda looks up to the watch the hawk glide by, graceful and dignified. Linda gives it a dirty look, unimpressed by its majesty.

Her pace stays resolute as she marches forward through the thick FALL landscape, heading for a cabin hidden in the distance.

## MEDUSA

My memories from the era made me unfamiliar to the land which I arrived in and the new age that had started.

A cellular BUZZ vibrates from Linda's pocket. She shuffles through her many pockets until she pulls out her iphone 5. She answers it...

## LINDA

Hello?...Yeah I saw the offer yesterday but there's nothing I can do. The piece is worth what's it's worth...Well fuck off then, Jenny, I'm not a charity for some cheap asshole...Sure. Tell Andrea I said that. I can handle the boss.

She hangs up.

As she gets closer to the house, stone sculptures comes into view. A stone shaped and carved like a realistic human arm is stepped over by Linda.

Further ahead, carved into massive boulders are human made sketches of faces, torsos, weapons, and hands half way carved, fully finished, or left over. All of these pieces looks like sculpture projects started and abandoned.

Linda reaches the cabins front porch. She starts to search herself.

A beat.

She can't find anything. Finally, growling in fury, she drops her backpack and jacket on the ground and starts to circle round to the back.

The backyard of the cabin, similar to the front, hosts an array of unfinished stone sculptures, mostly of people, but also contains colorful sketches, paints, and organized tapestry art, all not finished.

Linda muscled her way past all of it, she looks around, spots a loose block of stone by the door.

Carefully lifting herself up on it, Linda uses the rock to balance her way up her backyards fence, and into her second story window, thus breaking into her own house.

Out by the front door, we hear a few clattering CRASHES and BANGS until Linda reappears from the other side of the front door and opens it.

Outside the hawk continues to circle.

INT. SHUMAN KITCHEN - DUSK

Linda sits, drawing in a torn sketch book with charcoal, the black substance coating her hand and jeans.

A cup of hot tea sits close by, the TV by a minimal kitchen set plays the news.

MEDUSA (V.O.)

I enjoyed my new life. The horrors  
of perpetual war still lingered  
from the eons past but...

Linda reaches over, a homemade pie she's eating all by herself gets dug into with her fork and brought back into her mouth as she sketches anatomy for a man.

MEDUSA (V.O.)

...I found myself able to cope. No  
longer a monster, no longer cursed.  
A new age, a new life, a new god to  
worship.

Close in on a picture of a Christian cross. As we zoom out, we see a newspaper detailing a church scandal on the front tossed into the garbage can right next to-

-A TV that blares the Opera Winfrey Show. As OPERA announces her signature giveaway, the audience and Linda take a moment to CHEER, LAUGH & SMILE.

Linda scoops another bite of pie into her mouth. Some drips on her shirt. She doesn't notice.

We get a peek at the sketch she's making. A nude sculpt of a man, very classically Greek themes used to style him. His helmet, armor and shield all looks carefully detailed and incredibly true to form.

The sketch closely resembles Perseus, the hero famed for killing Medusa. At the end of his end though, instead of him holding her severed head as seen in the famous renaissance sculpture, the Medusa head bites his arm off.

Linda, smug, shades in the details. She paints a little tear on Perseus's face. Her cold green eyes become just a bit more reptilian as she works.

MEDUSA (V.O.)

But alas, even for me, what I  
thought I rightfully deserved  
turned out to be too good to be  
true.

Taking a break, Linda flips the channels. She comes across a breaking local news stations. The station anchor covers a recent murder story.

A symbol, one we'll see later, of the letter P with an X drawn through it is shown carved on a dead body.

Linda flips past the channel just as the symbol shows. She pauses.

Her hand lingers on the channel button as she debates whether to go back.

Flipping back to the news story, she turns up the volume, her calm casual demeanor, spooked by what she sees.

MEDUSA (V.O.)

The monster in me hadn't truly been  
sated. The enemies I hid from  
seemed to have followed me into the  
new eon. And it seemed my peace  
might not be perpetual after all.

EXT. SHUMAN HOUSE - DAY

Outside, the hawk circling the sky looks down. The leaf trodden land and numerous scraps littering the forest floor make it impossible to see little critters.

A Beat.

The hawk dives. Another moment passes.

We finally see it rise up from the ground, beating its long wings. Something dangles from its mouth.

Upon closer looks, the limp body of a large brown snake hangs, dead and defeated.

The hawk carries it away. We look back to see a feather from the bird drift down from the sky and land next to the snake's hole, right where the hawk had landed prior.

EXT. ASHLAND CITY SHOPS - DAY

MEDUSA (V.O.)

I could feel them coming. Even in  
the new era, omens still spoke to  
me.

Linda drives in her prius through the quaint, rain soaked  
streets of Ashland. People outside bustles to get indoors.

She waves to a duo of painters sitting in the city park,  
undisturbed by the rain as they work. Total nature nerds.

Driving past them, she then grimaces at a local group of  
burly men crowded outside a sports grill. Not her scene.

Finally, she pulls up to the front lot of her workplace,  
'Garnished Garden,' an artsy sculpture lot.

In front, her boss, ANDREA (45) stands waiting with arms full  
of supplies. Andrea, tall, authoritative in that classic art  
teacher way, waves Linda to come inside.

INT. GARNISHED GARDENS - DAY

ANDREA

The East Lot called yesterday. They  
had a few complaints.

Linda and Andrea sit in a wide studio. A small part sectioned  
off for pottery, another for larger stone sculpt statues.

Linda sits up and leans closer.

LINDA

That's new. They loved the product  
when I showed it to them.

Andrea, unimpressed, frowns as she pulls up a log book with  
pictures and samples to show.

ANDREA

They loved the story you told them  
about the myth. About how Danae  
escaped her fathers land safely,  
found a committed relationship and  
raised her son to avenge her old  
kingdom.

Linda bites her lip. Her eyes refuse to meet her bosses.

Andrea continues, she flips through the log showing pictures of old Greek classics. On it, the old myth of Danae and Zeus displays.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Except that's not what happens in the original myth. You're sugar coated version did not please them when they realized the true story about this statue.

Andrea slams the bok down, pissed as Linda crosses her arms, defiant.

LINDA

Well excuse me if telling them the shitty rape version of the classic wasn't exactly my greatest desire. We don't need more art of women getting brutalized, we need art of them finding a better way.

ANDREA

That's not the myth. That's not what our customer asked for. We are working professionals. Our customers come to us for carefully crafted exquisite piece that represent both who we are and the stories that shaped our societies landscape. I have to refund them half until you finish their new piece. This is the last time I'm covering for your stunts, Shuman.

Linda looks ready to argue, but just as she stands, ready to battle it our, the phone BLARES from the office next door.

Andrea sighs. She slides the log book to Linda who takes it, reluctant but chastised.

As she gets up to return to her work, Linda can't keep the disappointment on her face withheld.

MEDUSA (V.O.)

I had not yet fully come into myself in this world. My old power, my former might...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

MEDUSA (V.O.)

...was still dormant. But time was  
of the essence. Awakening now  
rather than later seemed to be the  
right call.

Linda opens the door to the bathroom at her job. In one sink,  
a pile of paint brushes left in water to degunk sit.

Linda circles around them to the clean sink nearby and pulls  
out a cloth to wipe her face.

Dusk, charcoal, and various other substances cover her. She  
wets and wipes with the cloth, ignoring her reflection in the  
mirror in favor of a text she receives on her phone.

On her screen, words from a man named "Danny" read: Haven't  
talked in a while. Are you down to get coffee this Saturday?

Linda scowls. She hesitantly types back a response and  
silences her phone.

In the mirror, out of focus but in frame, her reflection  
changes into that of Gorgon, and eyes that glow an eerie  
green as the reflection watches her.

Linda turns her gaze back the mirror, pulling out a hair tie  
to put her hair up.

The reflection returns to normal just as she see's it.

MEDUSA (V.O.)

My host...no, my new self was  
ready. Time to return to the old  
world. Time to escape it once more.

Linda finishes putting her hair up.

She checks her phone one last time, no response yet. Closing  
her eyes, she takes a few deep breathes and starts to leave.

However, the second she opens them, the Gorgon appears in the  
mirror, replacing Linda's human reflection.

Linda stares, her face becomes petrified with fear and a  
scream starts to bubble from her mouth just before she  
faints.