

OUT WITH THE TRASH

By Neal Heatherly

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Stepping into the sunlight, LORRAINE carries an overflowing trash bin toward a compost bin behind the house. She puts the can down and reaches into her pocket, searching for the key to the lock on the bin, but she's started when she hears a voice.

OSCAR

Hey Lorraine.

Looking around, Lorraine tries to find the source.

LORRAINE

Who said that?

OSCAR

It's me. Oscar Tate. Uh... we sang harmony in chorus this year.

LORRAINE

I... o...kay, *where* are you?

OSCAR

Oh, I'm in the trash.

LORRAINE

You... what?

She steps up on a block to try to look inside. And sure enough, there's OSCAR, locked in the compost bin.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

OSCAR

You invited me to the party.

LORRAINE

I posted a flyer.

OSCAR

Which I saw. And since it said everyone welcome, I came. Thanks, by the way. For the invite.

LORRAINE

You're welcome, I guess. I just posted a flyer.

OSCAR

Still, manners. You know.

LORRAINE

Right. Right, I know, but... what are you doing *there*?

OSCAR

In the trash?

LORRAINE

Compost bin.

OSCAR

There's a difference?

LORRAINE

Well, yeah, one is compost, it's good for the environment. The other is...

She cuts herself off. This is an absurd conversation to have with somebody in a compost bin!

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm going about this the wrong way. Why, Oscar, are you in my compost bin?

OSCAR

You mean you don't know?

LORRAINE

(exasperated)

Yes. I know. I'm just asking you because I want to hear it in your own words.

Sounds reasonable.

OSCAR

Your boyfriend dumped me in here.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

ERIC and TWO FLUNKIES play a little game of hockey with Oscar, bouncing him between their bodies and

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Down the steps with him.

OSCAR

Guys, I'm sorry! Seriously! I never meant to insult what you do.

They hesitate, ever so briefly.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I just meant to insult you.

Rolling his eyes, Eric's friends pick Oscar up. Eric opens the lid as his friends dump Oscar inside.

Quickly closing the lid on Oscar, Eric pulls a combination lock from his pocket and dead bolts the compost bin. He slaps the lid twice, then leans down.

ERIC

Hey, no hard feelings, right?

OSCAR

Of course not.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A little incredulous, Lorraine shakes her head.

LORRAINE

Not that I condone the behavior or anything, but you do kind of see how one thing led to another.

OSCAR

In retrospect, I can see that errors were made.

With a sigh, Lorraine pulls out a key and goes to unlock the bin.

But the lock there doesn't take a key- it's Eric's combination bolt.

LORRAINE

Oh no.

OSCAR

Admittedly, I don't have the best vantage point, but that doesn't sound encouraging.

LORRAINE

God, I just wanted to take out the trash.

OSCAR

I thought it was compost.

LORRAINE

I think you should stop thinking. That's what got you in trouble in the first place.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

In the midst of the party, Lorraine looks bright and fresh, chattering away to her FRIENDS. Against the wall, Oscar scans the crowd, sipping from his cup as Eric comes up behind Lorraine.

ERIC

What are we talking about?

LORRAINE

We aren't talking about anything. Taylor and I are talking about the Donner Party.

ERIC

When was that? I usually get invited to parties.

OSCAR

(mostly to himself)

I'm sorry you didn't get the invitation to that one.

He doesn't let go of Lorraine, but Eric does turn back.

ERIC

Excuse me?

LORRAINE

(cajoling)

Eric, it's a joke.

ERIC

Yeah, but...

LORRAINE

Rise above it. I know you can.

ERIC

Fine.

(beat)

So what's the Donner Party?

LORRAINE

It's like, this group of pioneers; they got stuck in a mountain pass and had to eat each other to survive.

ERIC

Jeezus, Lorraine, what's wrong with you?

LORRAINE

It's history!

ERIC

It's sick!

Trying to help, Oscar breaks in again with a distraction.

OSCAR

It's history AND it's sick, it's the newest sensation from Parker Brothers, it's The Donner Party home game! Spin the wheel of cannibalism and tell them what they've won!

Eric is horrified. Lorraine is- not thrilled- but it's obvious she's slightly amused.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Plaintively, Oscar thumps against the inside of the compost bin. Lorraine is spinning the combination, trying to figure out how to set Oscar free.

OSCAR

I thought it was funny.

LORRAINE

Not as funny as he thought composting you would be, huh?

OSCAR

Can I ask you a personal question?

LORRAINE

You can ask anything you want.

Hmmmm...

OSCAR

Will you *answer* a personal question?

LORRAINE
Try me. You might get lucky.

OSCAR
What's the deal with the Donner Party?

Oh. Well, then.

LORRAINE
Survival interests me. How far someone is willing to go to get just one more day.

OSCAR
Fair enough. Sound logic. Good reasoning.

LORRAINE
Can I ask *you* a personal question?

OSCAR
Yes, I am available for bar mitzvahs and parties.

Sigh. Lorraine tugs on the lock- it's stuck fast.

LORRAINE
Why do you try so hard?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The party still in full swing, only now Oscar is haunting the drink table. He offers up a pour of punch to Lorraine when she comes over.

OSCAR
There were seven Democrats in Hinsdale County and you ate five of them!

O-kay... backing away now, Lorraine looks askance at Oscar.

LORRAINE
Uh...

OSCAR
Alferd Packer.

LORRAINE
What?

OSCAR
Alferd Packer, he, uh. It was another lost travelling party, only he actually killed everybody so he could eat them.

LORRAINE
Right. I'm going to go over there. Now.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A little quieter, Oscar taps lightly on the inside of the bin.

OSCAR
Too much?

LORRAINE
Way, way.

OSCAR
I get nervous.

LORRAINE
Who doesn't?

OSCAR
You?

LORRAINE
Wrong. Try again.

OSCAR
Eric the Wonder Quarterback?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

So, having been shot down completely at the punch bowl, Oscar slinks through the party. On his way up the stairs, he accidentally bumps into Eric, coming down them.

ERIC
Do you mind?

OSCAR
Sorry, I'll try to remember that your ability to catch a ball and run in a straight line make you inherently better than me.

And, Eric's just about had enough. Which Oscar pings to about two seconds too late.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I'm going to have a hard time forgetting
that from now on, aren't I?

Eric's Flunkies appear behind him. The answer to that question would be
yes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Despite that, Lorraine raises a moderate defense.

LORRAINE

He gets nervous.

OSCAR

About what? Shoe tying errors?

LORRAINE

He can be sweet, Oscar.

OSCAR

Oh, I agree. This was the sweetest
compost binning I've ever gotten.

LORRAINE

Well, you know what? I bet you could be
cute if you would just chill. A little.

Silence.

Then...

OSCAR

Really?

LORRAINE

Yes. Really. I didn't have to put a flyer
up in B Corridor.

OSCAR

You put it up for me?

LORRAINE

No. I put it up for the potential of you.

Whatever. Anyway. She sighs and rubs her hands together.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

I'm going to go see if I can find my
dad's wire cutters.

Oscar calls after her.

OSCAR
Wait! Lorraine, wait!

She comes back.

LORRAINE
What?

OSCAR
What's your birthday?

LORRAINE
We already did the Q&A thing, Oscar, I'm
tired and I...

OSCAR
Eric locked me in here, right?
(beat; grudgingly)
Well... If he's actually sweet sometimes,
then I bet his combination is your
birthday.

Lorraine pauses, for a just a moment. Then she spins the lock, zip,
zip, zip and...

IT OPENS.

Opening the lid, Lorraine holds it out of the way so Oscar can climb
into the sunlight.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Good ol' Eric.

LORRAINE
Good ol' you.

He smiles; she smiles. Bowm chicka bowm bowm?

Well no. Not so much.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
I'll see you around, Oscar.

Breaking off, she heads into the house.

OSCAR
Swing by B Corridor anytime.

When she disappears inside, Oscar looks after her for another moment,
then starts to walk away.

But then, he stops. Picks up the composting she brought out in the
first place, and tosses it into the bin for her.

And *then* he walks away.

FADE OUT:

THE END