

## Oblivion Girl – Episode 1

*(Dramatic Music)*

### ESSA NARRATION

Skyride Studios presents...Oblivion Girl, episode one. Smile, goddess of death.

### ESSA NARRATION

My name's Essa, but you can call me Oblivion Girl. Rumor has it that I'm responsible for destroying entire cities. Surprisingly, a rumor I quite enjoyed. Have you ever experienced being awake for so many days that your brain feels like mush? Well, I have. I was on the run for three action-packed, nonstop days. My body yearned to crawl into bed and sleep for a week. I just had to make it home first. Exhausted, I dragged my feet down a seemingly deserted street. The sizzling summer sun had drained all the energy out of my body.

*(Sighs)*

My used and abused black leather boots scraped against the asphalt, shoelaces whipping at my shins. Apparently, my attire caught the attention of the opposite sex. As if I gave a damn. My skirt and black wife-beater contrasted well against my pink pigtails. Black eyeliner lined my face like war paint. I treasured the idea that I looked fierce before kicking the heads off anyone who just happened to piss me off. But of all my lovely accessories, the tattooed angel wings on my back took the cake. People always asked, "Oh, so you think you're some kind of angel?" Wrong, Einstein. I was death reincarnated. And each of my feathers represented a life I'd taken. There were so many, in fact, that I had to stop adding to them before they ran past my ankles.

Although I can talk the talk, walking the walk was a whole other task itself. My petite frame and lack of bulging muscles didn't necessarily send men running for their lives... but I always gave them the opportunity.

As luck would have it, I just had to pass by the only house with a bunch of good-for-nothing morons who had nothing better to do than ogle at women. Their greasy faces and stained teeth matched their body odor. I wanted to hose them down like a turd on my boot. With my peripherals, I noticed the grin plastered on their fat, stupid faces as I passed by.

Fuck them. Men are only useful to cash in for bounties.

### MR. SHOW OFF

Hey, your shoes untied.

**ESSA NARRATION**

I knew they were untied. They were always untied.

**ESSA**

So what?

**MR. SHOW OFF**

Well, aren't you gonna bend over and tie them?

**ESSA NARRATION**

Their eyes were so tightly locked on my legs that I'd need pepper spray just to get them to blink. A light wind blew down the street and shook my skirt.

*(The men laugh)*

**ESSA**

Perverts!

**ESSA NARRATION**

There was no time to waste on these pigs. I had a bed calling my name, with soft cloud-like pillows waiting to whisk me away into lucid bliss.

**MR. SHOW OFF**

You know, there's more than one way to get you to bend over.

**ESSA NARRATION**

Fine. If they wanted to risk their lives over a sleep-deprived hottie, let the games begin.

**ESSA**

How about I make you lick them?

**MR. SHOW OFF**

Huh. I don't think that's gonna happen, girly.

**ESSA NARRATION**

Cute men and their toys.

**ESSA**

You think those are any match for what I got? Behold!

### **ESSA NARRATION**

I crossed my arms as if grabbing pistols in holsters and whipped out my fingers in the shape of guns.

### **ESSA**

These bad boys will *FUCK* you up.

### **ESSA NARRATION**

I focused on Mr. Show Off, the ringleader, and aimed my index finger at his forehead. I then put my thumb down as if I'd pulled the trigger.

### **ESSA**

Boom.

### **MR. SHOW OFF**

What the fuck?

*(Maniacal Laughter)*

### **ESSA**

Ha ha ha.

### **ESSA NARRATION**

The fucking idiots had no idea what was in store for them.

### **MR. SHOW OFF**

Hmph. Girly, looks like you're shooting blanks.

### **ESSA NARRATION**

You should have seen the look on his face... before it exploded all over his friends.

### **ESSA**

Come on, assholes! Who wants some?

### **GOON 1**

Man, kill this bitch!

*(Gunshots) (Laughter)*

### **ESSA NARRATION**

The horny men didn't stand a chance.

*(Death)*

Once the smoke-filled streets cleared, it didn't take a genius to see I was the winner. Happy in my victory, I turned to walk away. As one of the wounded men raised his gun and pointed it straight at my head.

*(Gunshot)*

### **ESSA**

Thanks, Atticus!

### **ESSA NARRATION**

Atticus lay across the rooftop, sweat dripping down his forehead onto a tightly gripped sniper rifle. He hated it when I did things like that. Don't let his glasses and calm demeanor fool you, even though he looked like a bookworm. Atticus was the most cold-blooded killer I'd ever encountered. Except for myself, obviously.

*(Footsteps) (Groans) (Snoring)*

The city drifted from day to night. Streetlights flickered on, and the air turned cold and crisp.

I was having that dream again.

Free-falling down towards the earth, I felt the cold air cut through my clothes and chill my body. I swung my arms wildly in the air, trying to grab hold of something. Anything.

My eyes shut tight as I passed through the cool mist of a cloud.

I slowly opened my eyes to see the city lights illuminate the surface of the dark earth below me.

I was high in the air, above the stratosphere. My pink teddy bear onesie pajamas flapped uncontrollably against the wind. I extended my ligaments to try to slow my descent. I closed my eyes as I, yet again, cut through another cloud. Nothing better than cold, damp clothes stuck to your body.

I emerged through the other side of the cloud and opened my eyes.

Looking behind me at what should have been the sky, I saw an outline of another planet. That's when I noticed... I wasn't falling towards Earth... I was flying up towards the stars. I ascended past the atmosphere and glided into the darkness of space. The higher I got, the more the stars shone in multiple radiant colours.

Captivated, a smell crept into my nostrils.

*(Sniffs)*

## **ESSA**

French toast? Why did space smell so delicious?

## **ESSA NARRATION**

I woke only to find myself sprawled out on my bed.

*(Yawn)*

In the same free-falling pose as in my dream.

*(Stretching) (Stomach Growl)*

I loved sleep, but food would always be number one in my heart. Atticus was great at a lot of things, but never as my chef. He loved to cook, and even after all the failed attempts in the past, I was curious to see if I could get a decent meal out of him.

## **ATTICUS**

Essa, time to get up.

## **ESSA**

Morning.

## **ATTICUS**

Morning, breakfast is ready. Here you go.

## **ESSA**

Um, thanks.

## **ESSA NARRATION**

I didn't touch it. I remembered last time.

## **ATTICUS**

I didn't add veggies to the batter this time.

**ESSA NARRATION**

I lifted a piece and carefully inspected the underside.

**ATTICUS**

And they're not burned either.

**ESSA**

Uh-huh.

**ESSA NARRATION**

He was determined to get it right, even if it killed me. And with the ingredients he used, they probably would.

**ESSA**

Um, where's the syrup?

**ATTICUS**

The syrup is, um...

**ESSA NARRATION**

No, there's no way he'd forgotten the key ingredient.

**ATTICUS**

...Buttersworth.

*(Trash)*

**ESSA**

Looks like we're eating out again.

**ATTICUS**

Hey, we could have still eaten those.

**ESSA**

Not anymore, I'll go get dressed.

## ATTICUS

Ah, Essa, you even threw away the plates. Damn it.

## ESSA NARRATION

Eating at restaurants meant I always got to order my favorite food, which is always a wonderful way to start the day.

## ESSA

That was so good. Those strawberries were so juicy.

## ATTICUS

Yes, you're like a child. And always order the same thing no matter where we go. Strawberry pancakes with whipped cream.

I just wish you'd let me finish my meal before getting us kicked out.

## ESSA

It's not my fault that perverted waiter kept trying to hit on me.

## ATTICUS

I only got to take two bites.

## ESSA

I only broke his arm in two places this time.

## ATTICUS

Let's just go see Kial. I'm sure he'll have some food for me.

## ESSA

Now that's the best idea you've had all day.

## ESSA NARRATION

Atticus and I had known Kial for only six months, but he was the balance in our lives we so desperately needed. Plus, he gave me presents each time I visited. How can you not like a guy who always gives you presents?

## ESSA

What do you mean no presents?! You always have presents!

**ATTICUS**

Oh, watch out. You've pissed her off now, Kial.

**ESSA**

A little help here.

**ATTICUS**

No.

**ESSA NARRATION**

That was it. Time to unleash the beast. I turned back to Kial and shoved my threatening fist in his face.

**ESSA**

You got a death wish or something, little man?

**ESSA NARRATION**

On the other side of the desk sat Kial, a 15-year-old, frizzy-haired kid tinkering with a half-fixed computer.

**KIAL**

I don't have your present because it's sitting over there next to Atticus.

**ATTICUS**

Huh? Me?

**ESSA NARRATION**

There, waiting just for me, was a beautiful vintage gas mask.

**ATTICUS**

No, my apple!

**ESSA**

Oh, what is it?

**KIAL**

It's a World War II gas mask. Its purpose was to protect the user from harmful chemicals in the air. I also have some unused tear gas canisters in the drawer near the window. You're welcome to take them all if you want.

**ESSA**

Oh, how did you get these?

**KIAL**

Their payment for a job I did. The client said they were valuable, but when I got them appraised, they weren't worth more than the metal used to make them. So I kept them, opened a credit card in his name, and transferred over the balance he owed.

Naturally, I split the cash into smaller amounts and held it in overseas dummy corporations. The client blamed someone else entirely, and here we are.

**ATTICUS**

Brilliant.

**KIAL**

Were you expecting anything less?

**ATTICUS**

(Mockingly) Were you expected anything less?

**KIAL**

So I take it since you both are here, you need another job?

**ESSA**

Yeah, the last one was too easy.

**KIAL**

Too easy? You left it incomplete.

**ESSA**

I told you the guy wasn't a bank robber. He was just a mime.

**KIAL**

Well, things have slowed down here. You know, holidays and all.

## **ATTICUS**

But it's summer.

## **KIAL**

So, being in the holiday spirit, I do have one you both can sink your teeth into.

## **ESSA NARRATION**

Personally, I couldn't care less about the business talk. I left that to Kiall and Atticus to battle over. Just point me in the direction of who to kill. The rest was a waste of time.

## **ATTICUS**

So, what's the job?

## **KIAL**

A bounty hunter group. 15 of them. Six days ago, they took a delivery job.

## **ATTICUS**

A delivery job? For bounty hunters? That's unusual.

## **KIAL**

That's what sparked my curiosity to begin with. Today, they're less than a day away from their drop-off point.

## **ATTICUS**

Doesn't give us a lot of time.

## **KIAL**

That's why our contractor agreed to let us use any means necessary.

## **ATTICUS**

How far is the drop zone?

## **KIAL**

Not sure. Let's take a look at the map.

Two cities east. A small town called the Valley of God tucked away into a mountainside.

## **ESSA NARRATION**

Atticus used his impeccable photographic memory to analyze potential exits. Personally, I didn't need to memorize shit. I created exits...

...along with reasons why we needed them.

#### **KIAL**

The target's a small, black leather box with silver writing.

#### **ESSA**

I just hope they have weapons, because they'll need them.

#### **ESSA NARRATION**

Kial and Atticus turned around to see me wearing my gas mask, two canister holsters strapped across my chest, and tear gas in each hand. I looked like one crazy, bad-ass motherfucker. I knew today was a good day.

#### **ESSA NARRATION**

The Lush City was a picturesque location for retirement, not the type of place you'd expect to run into smugglers. I took in a lung full of fresh air and almost gagged. It was awful. For decades, the military made it illegal to own a car. As if they'd ever contribute anything useful.

#### **ATTICUS**

Can't you be a little more discreet? We're trying to blend in, remember?

#### **ESSA NARRATION**

The gas mask resting on my head and the canisters draped around my chest weren't exactly subtle. To put it bluntly, people were staring.

#### **ESSA**

No way. It's intimidating.

#### **ATTICUS**

It's embarrassing.

#### **ESSA**

Well, deal with it, because I ain't taking them off.

#### **ATTICUS**

You don't even know if those things work.

**ESSA**

I'm sorry. Are you trying to get on my bad side?

**ATTICUS**

Let's just find this place so we can—

**OLD MAN**

—Hey, you.

**ATTICUS**

Crap.

**ESSA NARRATION**

Behind us was an old man in a dirty flannel t-shirt. Flannel, really, in this heat? He had one of those beards that was all white except around the mouth, where food had stained it yellow. A real Casanova.

**ESSA**

What do you want, old man?

**OLD MAN**

Not you, him!

**ATTICUS**

Me?!

**OLD MAN**

Yeah. What the hell do you think you're doing letting your daughter go outside dressed like a freak?!

**ESSA NARRATION**

I was unaware this guy had some sort of death wish.

**ESSA**

What the hell?! I'm not his daughter, you old fart. How old do you think I am?

**OLD MAN**

Oh, I don't know.

**GUY**

12, maybe?

**ESSA**

12? Who said that?

**ESSA NARRATION**

Atticus placed his hand on my shoulder in a half-arsed attempt to hold me back from killing all of them.

**KID**

Nah, She looks way older than that. Maybe 30?

**ESSA**

30?

**ESSA NARRATION**

I looked up at Atticus with unrefined hatred in my eyes.

**ESSA**

Let go.

**ESSA NARRATION**

Atticus slowly lifted his hand off my shoulder like unleashing a dog.

*(Screaming) (Punching)*

**ESSA**

Idiots!

**OLD MAN**

I don't know if I'll be able to walk again!

**WOMAN**

Ouch, my arm!

**ATTICUS**

Um, sorry. Did you have to beat up everyone?

**ESSA**

Yes.

**ATTICUS**

Including the women?

**WOMAN**

My leg!

**ESSA**

It wasn't my fault she got in my way. I wasn't even aiming for her!

**ESSA NARRATION**

After that warm up, I could practically taste victory.

**ESSA**

Those bounty hunters had better pack some heavy firepower, because if they don't--

*(Smack head)*

**ESSA**

That hurt. Huh? What's the name of that hotel we're looking for?

**ATTICUS**

The Volga.

**ESSA**

Volga?

**ATTICUS**

Yeah, it's one of the longest rivers in Europe.

**ESSA**

Europe?

**ATTICUS**

Nevermind.

**ESSA NARRATION**

In bold, neon red letters, read, "Volga" across a fancy-looking hotel.

**ESSA**

Is that it?

**ATTICUS**

Huh? Oh yeah, I forgot you can't read.

*(Slap)*

I mean, yeah, that's the place.

**ESSA**

Well then, let's get a room for the night. You look like shit.

**ATTICUS**

That's *my* punishment for being *your* friend.

**ESSA**

We're friends?

**ESSA NARRATION**

The swanky hotel was so clean, it made you want to break something just so the employees had something to do.

*(Bell Ringing)*

**CLERK**

Hmm, how may I help you?

**ESSA NARRATION**

The clerk helping us was one of those douchebag types. His nose pointed so high up, he couldn't even make eye contact. Though that didn't stop him from staring at my chest. Luckily for him, Atticus did all the blah, blah, blah-ing.

### **ATTICUS**

Hey, yeah, me and my wife would love to get a room for the night. Do you have anything on the blah, blah, blah? Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah?

### **ESSA NARRATION**

He always had a smile on his face while talking to strangers. Said it made them trust him more or something.

### **CLERK**

You're on the third floor. Enjoy.

### **ESSA NARRATION**

Needless to say, we had no intention of spending the night.

Once we were upstairs, we kicked it into high gear. I raised a makeup compact slowly around the corner of the hall.

### **ATTICUS**

Where did you get that?

### **ESSA**

Why? You need to powder your nose.

### **ATTICUS**

You don't even wear that kind of makeup...

### **ESSA**

That's cause I took it from the old lady I beat up earlier.

### **ATTICUS**

You're gonna have to give that back!

### **ESSA**

And you're going to have to shut up. I'm trying to get in the zone.

### **ESSA NARRATION**

One of the bounty hunters sat in a chair down the hall, guarding the door to a room.

I don't remember seeing his face at the briefing. Must be a newbie. Don't worry little one, I'll break you in.

### **ESSA**

We've got contact.

### **ATTICUS**

I'm surprised you can see anything with that thing on.

### **ESSA NARRATION**

The uncomfortable feeling of my own breath rolled down the clogged vents at the bottom of the mask. This caused my eyes to fog up quickly. I'll make Kial customize it later.

### **ESSA**

You're just jealous cause Kial didn't give you the mask!

### **ATTICUS**

You caught me. Whatever will I do without a fogged-up, smelly piece of plastic, strapped to my face?

### **ESSA NARRATION**

I'd later find out that the bounty hunter's name at the door was Zohar. He was a newcomer and left to guard the door while the rest of the men goofed around inside. Probably just drinking and talking shit. I slid out my freshly shaved leg around the corner and wiggled it like a worm on a hook.

### **ESSA**

Hey big boy, like what you see?

*(Upbeat Music)*

### **ZOHAR**

*(Walkie Talkie)*

Oh, hey boss. It looks like we have an intruder.

**BOSS**

*(Walkie Talkie)*

Copy that. We'll come check it out.

**ZOHAR**

*(Walkie Talkie)*

Super. Thanks.

**ATTICUS**

Good job, Houdini. What's your next trick?

**ESSA**

Plan B.

**ATTICUS**

That was plan A?!

**ESSA NARRATION**

I walked out into the hall, spinning two gas canisters by their pull rings.

**ESSA**

Going somewhere?

**ESSA NARRATION**

Instantly, I was engulfed in thick, dark smoke. The kind of expired military smoke that had been left in compressed canisters for a couple of centuries too long.

*(Coughing)*

Atticus stayed further back and picked off two men who tried flanking us from behind.

*(Gun Firing)*

**ATTICUS**

Ah! Damn it!

**ESSA NARRATION**

Their lungs begged for fresh air, which made their shots so frantic. They might as well have been shooting at each other.

### **GOON 1**

I've been shot in the leg!

### **GOON 2**

Sorry, my fault.

### **ESSA**

Housekeeping? Anyone home?

### **ESSA NARRATION**

I pulled another canister out and tossed it in the room.

*(Flashbang)*

### **GOON 1**

Ow, my eyes!

### **ESSA NARRATION**

Back in the hall, the smoke still lingered as the men fought each other, not knowing the difference between a comrade and a crazy bitch.

*(Gun Loading)*

The behemoth of a man named Macro stepped out. He had no shirt, camouflage pants, and gripped a turret machine gun in his hands.

*(Gun Firing)*

Whether or not he hit me or his friends was of no concern.

### **ESSA**

Finally, a good match.

### **ESSA NARRATION**

I was about to make my way out into the hall when, without warning, a gift with love from Macro.

*(Grenade explodes)*

**ESSA**

This was such a fun match!

**ESSA NARRATION**

Thinking I was six feet under, Macro advanced down the hall towards Atticus.

*(Gun Firing)*

**ATTICUS**

Hey, that's fucking cheating, man!

**MACRO**

Come out, come out, wherever you are!

*(Gun Firing)*

**ESSA NARRATION**

Trapped with no way out, Atticus turned around to see a fire extinguisher against the wall enclosed in glass. An idea brewed.

The glimmer of metal in the closet caught my eye. I called over to it on my hands and feet and picked up the box covered in dust.

**ESSA**

Bingo!

**ESSA NARRATION**

Macro spotted Atticus's coat peeking out from the corner.

**MACRO**

Amateurs. Like shooting fish in a barrel.

*(Gun Firing) (Explosion)*

Ahhh!

**ESSA NARRATION**

Atticus cautiously peeked out from down the stairway.

**ATTICUS**

That was my favorite coat...

**ESSA**

Atticus!

**ESSA NARRATION**

I stepped on Macros' stomach as I made my way over.

**MACRO**

Oof!

**ESSA**

Found it!

**ESSA NARRATION**

I held out the black leather box with silver writing on top. He pushed a button and the box opened.

**ESSA**

What's inside? Money? Gold? Diamonds!

**ATTICUS**

No, just... chocolates.

**ESSA NARRATION**

10 handcrafted gourmet chocolates sat neatly in two rows.

*(Bites chocolate)*

**ESSA**

Gross, it isn't even sweet. Who would eat that crap?

**MACRO**

Ouch, my head...

**ESSA**

Ah, a ghost!

*(Throws chocolate)*

**ESSA**

Chocolates?! You almost got us killed for chocolates?!

**ATTICUS**

Finally I can take these shoes off.

**ESSA**

What are you doing?

**KIAL**

Victual is a food company. The very definition of Victual means food. The owner just happens to be a major jewel smuggler who enjoys hiring stupid bounty hunters as his personal carriers... sound familiar?

**ESSA**

Sounds like a lot of bullshit.

**ESSA NARRATION**

Kial cracked a few more chocolates before he found a hard candy in the shape of a key.

**KIAL**

There you are.

**ESSA NARRATION**

He flipped the box upside down and revealed a small lock hidden underneath.

**KIAL**

He pays the hunters a lot of money because of the expensive merchandise inside.

**ESSA**

But they're just chocolates.

**KIAL**

If someone were to steal it, that's all they would find. And in danger, the handlers can always eat the key. But if you use the key to open the bottom...

...then you get rewarded with secrets.

**ESSA**

Diamonds!

**KIAL**

Yup, here you go. I think you know what to do with this.

**ESSA**

Atticus, get your shoes on. Looks like we're going back out.

**ATTICUS**

Nooo.

**ESSA NARRATION**

A group of mob goons lounged around the living room playing cards. Pizza boxes and beer cans lined the walls of their smelly hideout.

*(Knocking On Door)*

**MOB GOON 1**

Who is it?

**ESSA**

Delivery.

**ESSA NARRATION**

Atticus held up the box of chocolates to show them it wasn't the six pizzas they'd ordered earlier.

**MOB GOON 1**

Hey boss, is this for you?

**MOB BOSS ANTHONY**

Ah, my delivery. Open it.

**ATTICUS**

Hey, special delivery of chocolates for... Anthony.

**MOB BOSS ANTHONY**

Yeah, that's me. But what happened to the rest of your crew?

**ESSA**

We ran into a little problem.

**MOB BOSS ANTHONY**

Problem? Well, I hope you don't expect me to pay for your inconvenience.

**ESSA**

Nope, now we only have to split it two ways.

**ESSA NARRATION**

I hoped you would try something stupid, like reaching for a gun or something. What I wouldn't give to knife this guy.

**MOB BOSS ANTHONY**

Hmm, okay. You agreed on cash, right?

**ESSA**

Yeah.

**MOB BOSS ANTHONY**

On three. We'll hand it off at the same time.

**ESSA**

How boring.

**MOB BOSS ANTHONY**

One, two, three.

*(Toss box)*

Ah, jeez, be careful, will ya? Shit's expensive.

**ESSA**

Nice doing business with ya.

**ESSA NARRATION**

I couldn't believe it. What suckers!

**MOB BOSS ANTHONY**

Well, gentlemen, after all this waiting, it's finally here. Feast your eyes on this.

What the fuck? These are all cracked and smushed back together.

**ESSA NARRATION**

In place of the one I'd eaten, Kial had substituted a small piece of coal.

**MOB BOSS ANTHONY**

No, no, NO!

**ESSA NARRATION**

A note fell out from inside that read,

**ESSA**

"Thanks for the diamonds, dingus. Love, Oblivion Girl."

**MOB BOSS ANTHONY**

That fucking bitch double-crossed me.

I'll get you next time, Oblivion Girl!

*(Laughing) (Upbeat Music)*