

Black screen.

CHERRY ANN (V.O.)
There are three things you need to
know about me.

LAUGHTER. Children playing.

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

CHERRY ANN BIGMAN (woman, mid-20s) exchanges a few bills at
an ice cream truck for a vanilla cone with rainbow sprinkles.

CHERRY ANN
Thanks.

Her faded jumpsuit has a punk-rock feel. Short, black hair
tucked behind heavily pierced ears.

As she walks and enjoys the ice cream, rainbow-colored roses
begin falling from a clear blue sky.

She remains unperturbed.

CHERRY ANN (V.O.)
The first thing is, I'm trying to
manifest rainbow-colored roses
through the power of visualization.

She steps over the roses in her battered chucks. Other park
goers, confused, cover their heads and scatter.

CHERRY ANN (V.O.)
I imagine the things I'd do with
them, the crinkly sound of the
plastic wrap around a bouquet.

The ice cream melts down her hand. She licks a trail starting
below her wrist to her knuckles as she continues walking.

She looks up, smiles. The roses seem to be falling from the
sun.

CHERRY ANN (V.O.)
Sometimes I imagine the absurd.

Cherry Ann is now holding one of the roses instead of an ice
cream cone. She licks the head, bites into its petals, chews.