

Storyboard (never directed by Lilly Obscure)

Dana Curtis

Wind farm turbines spinning like stars on a child's necklace given to the guests at a birthday party, worn happily and shining until lost then found again by some other child playing in the sandbox who washes it off, wears it for a while then puts it on the cat who shows it off at midnight before losing it in an alley outside the backdoors of a Chinese restaurant called Obscure Sun. Later, it will be seen around the neck of a green bird, then a black bird, then hanging from a fence post, then buried in a time capsule. An archaeologist holds it up like the prize it is.

The main character has attempted suicide for the third time. She sprawls on the fur couch she affectionately calls failure. A satin ribbon hangs over her face like a river she has yet to discover. The lights are dim. A bowl of lawn cuttings sits on the table next to a carafe half-empty with vinaigrette. The not main character is barely visible outside the window. The sun is bright. The sun is faded. We are left to contemplate the nature of sun storms.

Quick cut: dogs, cemetery, trashed room, faces, birthday cake.

The character who does not appear in this film is looking up at a wind turbine. It is not moving though the dozens surrounding it are. The character who would like to appear in this film but is lost on some other set, some other location, is blowing bubbles in a highly derivative manner beside the highway, beside the pasture where a dozen cattle and one white horse look on with expressions of contempt.

The kitchen is empty. The kitchen is full. The food has been cooked. The food is a pile of raw meat, raw vegetables, and spices on the floor in front of the open oven. These are the true characters.

Every close-up connotes personality, inhibits melodrama, denies the last entrance for a pretty actor who thinks he is the star. This represents hunger. This represents satiety.

A park where each child swings from the bars, wears a necklace full of spinning stars, holds a pin wheel up to any passing breath. Some are singing, some have words. These are the true characters.

The true character, the lost character, the main character, the cattle call, the ruins at the side of the highway—no one does anything. This is not a time capsule. This is not the confabulation of a director starving on the stars' tip.

There will be a final reading of the script. There'll be a final visit to an empty field. The main character stands in front of the lens with all our costs, with all her cuts.

Lost Films of Lilly Obscure

Dana Curtis

Determination: it might or might
not be before she was gone, after
a long line of gazebos where
she lays out pages and creates
the black screen projected on the inside
of pots and pans and microphones. It will be
determined again as the river leaps up like
a skeleton she once filmed for *Piranha*
Dog, one of her early outings
into revolution. No one will ever see
her library. It is her nature to devour
every child. It is her impetus to examine
the remains before turning on
the oven and shoveling the ash
into the garden. *Fireglobe* was another
repetition of a favorite: shake it and see
sparks as in *The Last Time I Ate*
Fireflies and *The End of All*
Restaurants. This is not
a retrospective. This is not
a great director filming herself in
the throes of illness. This will be
a triple feature for the world's last
Drive-In. She will name it:
The Roman Candle. She will stock
it like a kitchen, invite anyone
without a car to sit on the rocks and hold
the speaker next to their ears. *Nightlight*
was made in a closet, directed
by strangers and will not be
featured at her death. No one knows
the ending. The crew fading
as the credits roll.

Breaking

Dana Curtis

I love it when the end
of the world is announced, when
there is a promise of words
turning static, an interpretation
brought low and stretched
out on a drying rack—it always
happens just the way
they said it would: each star
out like a blown fuse, each
blossom folding in on itself to become
tiny singularities no longer
orbited, oceans freezing
in mid-wave while we curl
up our toes and bid each other
a not so fond farewell.
We mourn our lost deaths,
open our eyes in a sunlight
so bright as to invent a new
form of darkness. I stand at the top
of a stairway—no longer ruined.