

Jones -- (concept for animated film)

There's a large community of blind children living in one narrow, triangle-shaped piece of land, with their families. There's a little boy, Jones, waiting for his parents to leave for work so he can finally run out to the narrowest point of the triangle to suck the life out of some ducks. The black ducks that fly out of the air vent there, through one of the towering factory buildings surrounding the triangle, are full of a sweet oil that Jones, even though he's blind, is really good at sucking out of the ducks, with a straw. One time his parents came home early in the afternoon and found him all stained with duck oil and so they hired a babysitter who would walk around with him and keep an eye on him in the marshlands. The babysitter was pretty young but could be strict if she ever caught him drinking out of a duck and would make him eat tall stems of bitter red berries to make his brain say no; but times changed and the parents did not have enough money to go on paying her, or the father accidentally insulted her.

The father walks to the blunt end of the triangle every day and waves goodbye sadly as the train arrives and sucks him up into itself with its very decorated tube; he is taken to a penthouse office full of data analysts, he sits near a permanently closed door, he types information into an outdated desktop all day, nobody is allowed to talk. Jones meanwhile walks far to the front of the triangle in his new quiet confidence, having reached a new and gripping flavor with the ducks. He drinks from the ducks and a second, murky inner world begins to form.

The powerful older woman in control of all the data analysts, Dalva, has been lying ill in bed for months, years, people are beginning to wonder whether she is real. She rests in bed and every morning at the center of her agony, for the briefest time, she forgets who she is. When she forgets who she is, the opaque film obscuring her window, preventing outsiders from seeing into the building, tugs itself down off the outside of the glass, and drifts down the side of the building like a napkin, unnoticed, and is sucked into an air vent. In Dalva's office, the Soldier organizes her business affairs for her. The office is surrounded by data analysts typing rapidly into outdated computers. The Soldier is physically at the center of the operation, and is flanked by middle-ranking attendants in white. The Soldier, dressed in red, materializes in front of Jones in his stained trance, lips stained black with duck oil.

Dalva is lying in bed. She is actually awake, but is convinced that somehow a tiny, tiny, microscopically invisible enemy has invaded her mind, and has succeeded in setting up a

colony there. Which is infuriating— nobody enters her territory without asking. But there's nothing she can do except lie there.

Every day, at a certain time, when the Soldier is dressed in red, it vanishes from the building and appears in front of various children in the city. The red Soldier materializes in front of Jones.

The red soldier stands in front of Jones, in the tall thick dark trees, without Dalva's knowledge. He gently adjusts the boy's opaque glasses; in Jones's dream, in the imagined world developed by the duck oil, a version of Jones is searching for a doctor, a man with white hair, this mysterious agent, who will explain what is wrong, what has happened, why Jones has fallen asleep and can't seem to see or speak correctly; there are two sides to this doctor, there is the respectful old gentleman, and there is the unspeakable secret inside his briefcase, which he lets on is just a handful of words he wields like a harpoon operator. He'd been a normal doctor who discovered these words folded into a napkin one evening, now they're locked up in his briefcase, and whenever he wants, he can open up the briefcase, say the words to someone and climb down the words like a ladder, into the person, into their internal world, encircled on all sides by rivers of black fluid. He hasn't left this park for a long time. He walks with the boy all through the regions of the park and they explore the flowers and paths.

Flashback to the doctor's small brick house in a corner of the park. It is strangely built and has four chimneys. In the beginning of the day the doctor does not have his face on. His face and head, when exposed, seem to be a shifting black shopping bag in an updraft. A briefcase descends out of the sky and enters the farthest chimney to the right. The doctor sees it, from where he sits in his garden, sketching the buoyant flowers there. What he finds in the briefcase is a flesh colored mask. He has not been telling the truth; has not climbed down into the park from anywhere, but was in fact made here, and is much older than he claims.

He takes the boy to a meadow where the grass is spotted with distinct black mounds. People who could not get across the river of oil. Some of the beautiful, flavorful flowers growing on the other side of the river are now growing in the doctor's garden. The boy steps into the black river, and walks down into the riverbed. Later on his completely clean skeleton appears on the opposite shore.