

# **Monsanto Man**

FADE IN

A SPINNING COMPUTER MONITOR

Growing larger and larger. It stops. On it, the homepage of the L.A. Times reads: "Green Thumb Man on the loose".

Below the headline is a jerky video of a man running along the front of a huge warehouse. Every plant he touches grows with incredible speed and to massive size.

INT./EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

KIRK stands in a phone booth in a small desolate West Texas farm town. Pretty much nothing more than a cross road.

KIRK is in his late twenties. Skinny, longish hair. Jeans, cowboy boots, a plaid shirt with the sleeves cut off.

Talking into the pay phone, he watches the same jerky video on his android phone. He is the man in the video.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Okay, so wha'd ya wanna be called?

KIRK

I don't know. Call me . . .  
Monsanto Man! Yeah! Monsanto Man!

REPORTER (O.S.)

Whatever. So what happen?

KIRK

I got trapped in the warehouse  
where they gas the roma tomatoes.

REPORTER (O.S.)

They gas -

KIRK

Pretty much blinded me. Fell into  
another room where I got, I got  
irradiated with the corn or  
something.

REPORTER (O.S.)

There are others out there like  
you. With, uh, special powers.

A black S.U.V. tears around the corner.

KIRK

Oh, shit.

Kirk drops the receiver and runs.

EXT. SMALL TEXAS TOWN - DAY

Kirk runs away from the intersection, down the side of an old building.

The S.U.V. can't follow. It shoots down the nearest street.  
Kirk runs across some railroad tracks and into a corn field.

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY CONTINUOUS

We see stalks of corn grow spontaneously to thirty feet.  
Marking the path that Kirk is taking.

In one of the rows of corn, Kirk stops.

KIRK

Shit. This isn't gonna work.

Kirk shoves his hands into his pockets. Walking slowly, he  
avoids touching the plants even with his face.

Kirk steps out of the opposite side of the corn field,  
smiling.

Only to find the black S.U.V. directly in front of him.

A man in a black suit and sunglasses stands between Kirk and  
the S.U.V.

MAN #1

Mr. Thompson. Please step into the  
car.

Frowning, defeated, Kirk walks toward Man #1.

Within a couple of feet of the Man #1, Kirk spits at Man  
#1's shoes.

Grass, weeds and vining plants shoot up around the Man #1's  
legs.

Kirk spits over and over again. As much as he possibly can.

Man #1 is encased in plant matter.

Two other MEN, guns drawn, emerge from the S.U.V. Rushing to  
within feet of Kirk. Guns leveled at his head.

MAN #2

FREEZE!

Kirk appears to unzip his pants.

MAN #2

What the fuck?

MAN #3

Damn it! Put that back in your  
pants!

The SOUND of URINE hitting the ground.

Plants engulf Man #3.

Kirk pivots to Man #2. Plants rush up around Man #2. All three of the men from the S.U.V. are trapped in grass and weeds.

Kirk zips up his plants. He shrugs. He smirks.

INT./EXT. BLACK S.U.V. - DAY

Kirk presses a button. The S.U.V. purrs to life. Kirk slams on the gas. The S.U.V. roars down the road.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kirk steps through the front door of the house, into the living room.

RHONDA, late twenties, blond, short, slightly chunky, yells as Kirk enters.

RHONDA

Get out! GET OUT! Do not come near me. Do not touch me!

KIRK

What is wrong with you?

RHONDA

You're all over the news, the internet. Everything you touch grows like, insane. You are not touchin' me. I'm tryin' to lose, you know, a couple pounds.

KIRK

It don' work like that, Baby. It's only plants.

RHONDA

Okay. You're sure? What about you?

KIRK

Wha'd ya mean?

RHONDA

Did, did anything on you,uh, get bigger?

KIRK

Oh, no shit? Really? Are you serious, Rhonda?

A KNOCK at the door.

A small, very ugly, very mean looking man steps in to the living room. This is ANGEL.

ANGEL

'Scuse me. You the Green Thumb Man?

KIRK

Monsanto Man. What? Where the hell did you come from?

ANGEL

Sorry. (Pointing outside) Tesla. Very quiet.

RHONDA

You just walk in? What the hell?

ANGEL

Need to take you two to Arizona. I run a grow there. An' we gotta get outta here cuz anybody can figure out where you an' your girlfrien' live. Even me. Monsanto gonna be comin' down the road like, now.

Another KNOCK. TIM steps in. He's a Ginger. Average height. Plain looking. Non-threatening.

TIM

Sorry. Don't mean to be rude. Hi, I'm Tim.

Tim extends his hand to Angel. Angel automatically shakes Tim's hand.

RHONDA

Oh, Okay. Everybody just barge right in!

TIM

(To Angel.)

You're not the Green Thumb Man, are you?

ANGEL

No. He's Monsanto, he's, You gotta do somethin' about that name.

TIM

Oh, wow. Okay. Boy, that was a long drive out here. Got me kinda tired.

Tim works very hard at faking a yawn. Looking directly at Angel. Hoping he will yawn.

TIM (CONT.)

Makes ya tired, don't it?

ANGEL

I, uh, well, kinda.

Angel yawns. A real yawn. He shudders, shakes.

ANGEL (CONT.)

What the hell? I'm, I'm -

Angel spasms. He convulses rythmically. It only lasts maybe ten seconds.

TIM

You should probably sit down.

As Angel sits, Tim pulls a pistol from the back of Angel's pants.

KIRK

What the hell?

ANGEL

Yeah, Not a nice man. Figured he wasn't you, Monsanto Man.

RHONDA

What did you do to him?

TIM

I'm, I'm, just hear me out. I'm Orgasi-man. I'm here to help. Okay. That sounded odd.

ANGEL

No shit. Can I use your bathroom?

TIM

I was in a clinical trial for an antidepressant. It caused people to spontaneously orgasm when they yawned. I started to metabolize the drug. My perspiration makes people have a, you know, orgasm when they yawn.

RHONDA

Oh, I, really?

TIM

it's a curse. Date nights end pretty early if you know what I mean.

ANGEL

We gotta get outta here.

TIM

Yeah, well, you're staying. We're taking the Tesla. Lets go.

Tim points the gun at Angel as the three of them move toward the front door.

Kirk offers Tim a fist bump.

KIRK

Dude, I gotta thank you.

TIM

No, no. You can't touch me, okay?

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Tim, Kirk and Rhonda walk toward a red Tesla.

KIRK

So there's some kinda, like, super hero's league? We all fight crime and shit?

TIM

Uh, pretty much no. Everybody's powers are pretty quirky. We don't like hanging out with each other.

KIRK

SO I'm on my own?

TIM

We'll help you get started. Figure out what it is you want to do with your powers. Any ideas?

Kirk nods. He smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

It's a huge marijuana grow operation. Thousands of plants. They are either completely mature or they are small "Clones" only a few inches high.

Kirk walks slowly down an aisle of small plants, talking on his phone.

KIRK

I thought we settled on Grow Man.

He touches a young plant, it springs to maturity.

KIRK (CONT.)

You know, Tim doesn't go around actually calling himself Orgasi-man.

He touches another plant. It also springs to maturity.

KIRK (CONT.)

Maybe I'm just Kirk. With super powers.

He touches another plant.

FADE OUT