

THE GARDEN

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INT. INDOOR GARDEN - NIGHT

Moonlight comes through a skylight. It illuminates a figure of a man (JOHN) laboring inside the glass enclosure. His body dips and rises, digging. His surroundings are green and dark. Plants interweave.

A shovel enters earth with conviction. It rests spiked in freshly dug soil.

JOHN (39), handsome and immaculate in appearance stands over the patch of dirt. He grips the shovel tight, staring at the ground.

TOM (O.S.)

Look at how easy that dirt moved.
That's some fine fertilizer you used
last spring. Always invested well,
in... well everything. Didn't even
break a sweat. Those triathlons paid
off. A true cadillac amongst men.

John looks up at the moon through the skylight.

JOHN

Always with the phony flattery.
Always ironic.

TOM (O.S.)

(sarcastically)

Noooo.

JOHN

Well, look at the time, you took
time to notice.

TOM (34), equally handsome, dressed in a designer shirt and perfectly ironed pants sits on a crate. His shiny shoes are covered in earth.

TOM

I'm sorry John, I had sight, yet I
couldn't see.

John lets go of the shovel. It drops.

JOHN

You couldn't do a lot of things.
It's the defining word of our
relationship. Always the "shoulds"
never the "dos". All you left me
were regrets.

John walks away.

TOM
 And all you left me were...
 flowers. Are you going to let the
 bitterness consume you?

John circles Tom and picks something up of the ground.

JOHN
 No. But that doesn't mean that I'll
 forget.

TOM
 No one does John. Best they can do
 is forgive.

John kneels. He rips open a bag of seeds.

He extends his body and plants them through out the fresh soil.
 Sticking them in, randomly, about.

TOM
 Do you manage to get a discount on
 those daisies? Seeing as you are
 such a frequent customer?

JOHN
 They're not daisies. Least, not the
 usual kind.

TOM
 Oh my! We're switching?

JOHN
 (plants a seed)
 A tad. Your daisies were the best
 thing that came out of you. Sadly
 you had to be six feet under and
 rotting to bring this world an
 ounce of beauty.

TOM
 That's not what you said when we
 met, John. But like god, I'm one of
 those that forgives.

John rises.

JOHN
 Bless your soul.

TOM
 Yours is in need of that.

John moves away.

TOM
The flowers?

JOHN
Full-blown sunflower. Big and strong.

TOM
Upgrade. My, my, this must've been a special one, huh? What did he do in the bedroom, do tell?

John looks at the ground, like he's looking through it.

JOHN
He was young. Not much more.

John moves - daisies come into view, planted through out the garden. Dominating.

TOM
I didn't get full-blown sunflower and I did things that would make a catholic priest blush. No, no, he had to have done something special to earn it.

(beat)
Hell, if you don't tell, I'll just "axe" him.

(to someone O.S)
Excuse me. Yo, stallion? What's so special about you, young man? Did you make his toes curl?

ROBERT (23) steps out from the shadows into the moonlight.

Black slicked back hair, rugged good looks. An axe wound located diagonally across his face. Blood dripping off.

ROBERT
I dunno.

TOM
It had to be something. I know that axe across your face wasn't your fault but the sunflower is. You know, axe across the face isn't very romantic.

Tom rises his chin, pulling down his shirt collar. Strangulation marks grace his neck.

TOM
He choked me to death. Now that's a crime of passion.
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm taking comfort in that, might
have even taken the lead. Be
jealous, Stallion.

John walks over to an empty hole. Also freshly dug. An empty grave.

He reaches into the bag of sunflower. Empties it out into a simple
wooden wagon filled with dirt, located next to the grave.

John rubs his hand around the dirt inside the waggon.

TOM

Yeah, spread that shit around.

MARK (38), bald, brutish, steps out from the shadows. His throat is
slit. Coagulated blood below his chin.

MARK

You had enough of us, lover?

TOM

Oh, you think we drove him over the
edge... and into an empty grave?

LARRY (43), short, nerdy-looking steps out. Screwdriver stuck in the
side of his head.

LARRY

Sure seems like it.

TOM

Well boys, I'm proud. Took long
enough.

EWAN (31), ginger, steps out. Bloodied shirt. Stab wounds.

EWAN

How do you guys think he's gonna
go? I'm thinking gun... and I'm
taking bets.

LARRY

Knife. He's the knife type.

MARK

Even though he's never fucked one,
he's a pussy. I say pills.

NICK (19), boyish looks, boyish clothes, steps out. Scarred face.
Acid burns. Big red stain on his shirt. Chest level, heart.

NICK

Maybe he jumps in and breaks his
neck?

TOM

It doesn't matter. It was love that killed us and we that killed him.

John stands near the grave. Over the hole. He looks back at the wagon with dirt on the other side. It's tided to a beam on the ceiling with the rope descending down next to him. A contraption of sort, set up to fill the grave.

John takes out a straight razor from his pocket. Opens it. Holds it up to his jugular.

JOHN

It's none of you faggots. I wouldn't give you the satisfaction.

LARRY

Knife. I win.

TOM

No, Larry, we all win. Take a moment to bask in our mutual victory.

(to John)

John, remember what I told you. We don't live up there...

(points to John's head)

We're everywhere.

JOHN

In a second your voice will be history as were you seven years ago. Who would have thought I would have such a conscious. Jesus.

EWAN

But, you don't.

JOHN

(looks up at the moon)

I'm finally gonna get some peace.

Irony is...

(looks back at them)

it'll be in earth, next to all of you fuckers. Well, fuck you all --

John slices his jugular. Blood sprays out.

He falls backwards into the open grave pulling the rope along with him. The wagons tips over as his body hits its mark ... earth pours in over him.

JOHN'S POV - Earth falls in, bit by bit, covering his face. Tom, Mark, Larry, Ewan, Nick, Robert and other men we haven't seen before stand around the opening of the whole looking down. All eyes on John.

They all wave.

IN THE GRAVE

John grins, lifts up his arm, giving them the finger with one hand while he's holding his neck with the other, when... his eyes WIDEN...

JOHN'S POV - Earth falls on his face - he sees himself standing alongside the other men, looking down on his own body as life leaves it.

In shock he spits out blood as dirt falls on his eyes.

He hears and barely sees Tom.

TOM

Told you you weren't crazy.

(beat)

Welcome to Ghostville, USA. Where
if you don't go straight to hell,
we'll make hell here for you.

Dirt closes the grave. John's face grimaces in agony as it does. No peace found.

THE END