

KILLER WEED

by  
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Based on  
Jack and The Beanstalk

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

JEROME SMALLEY (22, light-skinned black dude) sits on a tattered recliner holding a game controller. He leans left, right with the action.

The room around him is a chaotic, but controlled, mess.

He drops the controller. Game over.

JEROME

Fuck!

Jerome slumps back in the chair, thinks for a moment, then reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a plastic bag.

The bag contains weed, and it's almost empty. Just a couple stray buds and some seeds.

He takes his phone, adjusts his already crooked baseball cap, taps the screen and waits.

JEROME (INTO PHONE)

Qwik, that you? Where's Sugar? I gotta see him. Yeah, man.

MAMA (50s), thighs like tree trunks, fat overlapping fat, enters from an adjoining room holding a tray with a sandwich and a glass of milk on it.

She smiles broadly, booming voice like an opera singer.

MAMA

Jerome, baby! I made your favorite - bologna and cheese.

Jerome nearly jumps out of his skin, tosses the bag of weed across the room and...

A lone SEED slowly tumbles through the air -- careens off a green lava lamp -- clinks on a coat rack -- taps against a window and...

Lands in the soil of a pot on the floor that contains a dead geranium.

JEROME (INTO PHONE)

Aight. Lata.

(taps off)

Goddammit, Mama! Why you be creepin' like that?

Mama places the tray on a table.

MAMA

Creepin'? This is my house. I don't creep in my own house. Only one who be creepin' is you.

(then)

Now, sit down and eat your sandwich.

JEROME

I gotta go out.

Mama leans back, casts an evil eye in Jerome's direction.

MAMA

And where the fuck you be goin' to at this time a night?

JEROME

Er... Cough drops?

MAMA

Oh, really? Well, if you gettin' cough drops dat means you goin' to the CVS, an' if you goin' to the CVS then you can pick up my prescription.

JEROME

Oh, Mama, come on...

MAMA

Do you want to see your Mama drop dead of a diabetic coma right here on this floor?

Silence. Jerome folds his arms, looks away.

MAMA

I said, do you want to see your Mama  
drop dead of a diabetic coma right  
here on this floor?

JEROME

No, Mama. 'Course not.

MAMA

Okay then.

EXT. CVS - NIGHT

Jerome exits through the sliding glass doors, prescription bag  
in hand. From a box, he shakes a cough drop into his mouth.

A car horn HONKS, catches his attention.

He heads towards the noise, through the lot, under a few tree  
branches and then, in a clearing, shrouded with mist under a  
flickering street lamp...

SUGAR (age indiscernible), at least six foot eight, stares at  
an approaching Jerome through two slits in loose gauze that  
wraps his entire face.

Next to him is QWIK (40s), shaved head, talcum white  
complexion minus eyebrows, ripped beyond belief and encased in  
tight black spandex and a ribbed tank.

Qwik grins, a large GOLD tooth glimmers in the orange glow of  
the street lamp.

SUGAR

This better be good.

INT. HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Mama's sat on the recliner Jerome occupied, switching through  
the stations. She licks her fingers.

The tray on the table where the sandwich once was is now  
filled with crumbs.

She settles on a channel, CACKLES. Meanwhile, behind her...

POT WITH THE DEAD GERANIUM

That seed that flew in there? It's now a seven inch long shoot, and seems to be growing right before our eyes.

ON THE RECLINER

MAMA

That's right, girl. You tell him the shizant ain't in the hizant cuz there ain't no parkin' on the--

Mama suddenly lurches forward and PUKES, her body trembling uncontrollably. She clutches her chest and drops to the floor with a loud THUD.

Against the back wall -- the shadow of the PLANT, lit green by the lava lamp, continues to grow like a wrestler on steroids and Wheaties.

EXT. NEAR THE CVS - NIGHT

Jerome, unsettled, stares up at the towering Sugar.

JEROME

Happened to your face, man?

A long silence.

SUGAR

Fire bad.

Jerome raises an eyebrow.

QWIK

Fire real bad.

Qwik steps forward, an eighth bag clutched in his hand. He holds it out to Jerome, then snatches it back.

SUGAR

That's a hundo, Jerome. I got Chan's takeout and a silky-legged bitch waitin' for me at home, so this better be worth my comin' out.

Jerome reaches into his pocket.

JEROME

Yeah, man. I got it right--

Jerome unfolds three crinkled dollar bills, three dimes and two pennies.

He looks up, his mouth drops. Sugar shakes his head.

QWIK

Goodnight, Moonlight Lady...

Qwik's got a firm grip on Jerome's neck and he's not letting go. Biceps bulging, veins popping, he grins -- dude ain't got no teeth, either.

Jerome's gasping for air. Can't break free.

Sugar scans the area.

QWIK

... Rock-a-bye, sweet baby James.

JEROME

Wait... wait...

Holds up the prescription bag.

JEROME

Even trade.

Qwik loosens his grip.

SUGAR

Oxys, Percs?

JEROME

(catches his breath)

And more.

Qwik looks in the bag -- four bottles. He turns to Sugar, flashes a devilish grin.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jerome smoothly tripping along, smoking a fattie.

He goes up the walk to his house, stops at the front door, takes a few more tokes for good measure.

INT. HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Jerome steps in. Something's off. He looks around and... Right there. On the floor. Mama in a diabetic coma.

JEROME

Oh shit!

He races to Mama, down to his knees. Tries slapping her. Tries to move her. None of that works. He get's up, searches for his cell phone.

Something falls. SMASH!

Jerome whirls.

JEROME

WHAT THE FUCK!

It's PLANT.

Close to seven feet tall, its Venus Fly Trap-like head and dripping fangs suggest this is no Vegan.

Several green vine-like tentacles curl in, then out. One shoots out at Jerome, gripping him around the waist and dropping him.

PLANT drags him closer. Past Mama.

JEROME

Dammit, Mama, I'm sorry!

It raises him in the air, about ready to devour him when...

The front door CRASHES in.

It's Sugar and Qwik, and neither look too happy. In spite of all the chaos...

SUGAR

Now, Jerome. A fair trade is a fair trade, but unless I want to control my diabetes and soften my stool, I'd say that this was not a fair trade. Do you agree?

Jerome, dangling inches from PLANT'S mouth.

JEROME

Umm...

Qwik's frothing for revenge. He gathers his steam, SCREAMS, and runs full speed at PLANT.

One of PLANT'S vines grabs the handle to the sliding glass doors and pulls it open.

Qwik goes through it and straight out into the back yard.

PLANT shuts the door, drops Jerome and turns its full attention to Sugar.

SUGAR

The fuck you got growin' here, Jerome?

Jerome stands up.

JEROME

Sugar! Those pills I gave you. I gotta have 'em. Mama's dyin'

And judging by her looks, he's right.

Sugar tilts his bandaged head, reaches into his overcoat and pulls out an automatic. He racks the slide.

SUGAR

Give me one good reason I shouldn't pop your ass right now?



Jerome stares at Sugar. He doesn't have an answer. He looks down at Mama, who takes in quick, thin breaths.

Even PLANT seems at a loss.

CRASH!

Qwik face plants on the glass from outside, his pale skin scorched in demonic rage. He pounds on the glass. It spider-web cracks. Hits it again.

Jerome makes a break for Sugar. Sugar aims the gun, let's go a wild shot into the ceiling, causing plaster and paint chips to rain down on Mama.

PLANT rolls up its vine, opens the glass door, grabs a hold of Qwik and throws him to the floor with ease.

Its vine enters Qwik's gaping mouth and just keeps stuffing it in. Longer. Harder. Deeper. Qwik's eyes are bulging. This is not gonna be pretty.

POP!

Blood splatters against a wall.

Sugar head-butts Jerome, knocking him back. Jerome reaches forward, tries to grab the gun. Scratching and clawing. They tumble to the floor.

Sugar gets the upper hand. He's on top. He levels the gun.

Jerome's gaze turns left. Poor, sweet Mama. On the floor, dying because of him.

Jerome looks up at Sugar, throws a surprise left and knocks him off.

Disoriented, Sugar lets off another wild shot. This one strikes PLANT, causing it to shriek in anguish.

Struggling to his feet, Jerome barrels into Sugar and sends him flying into the tattered recliner.

From a seated position, Sugar takes aim once again.

And Jerome just stands there. He's dead and he knows it.

PLANT'S razor-filled mouth swoops down and closes around Sugar's midsection, sending blood seeping downward.

PLANT raises Sugar off the recliner, slumps down and slowly begins digesting Sugar like a snake would a rabbit.

Sugar's legs disappear inside PLANT'S bloodied jaws until he vanishes completely.

Jerome opens his eyes. Still waiting for the shot that never came. He hobbles over to Mama, sobbing.

JEROME

Mama, I'm sorry. I fucked this one up  
big time.

PLANT is mortally wounded by the shot. It lays on the floor in a pool of blood, barely moving.

And all's quiet.

Jerome lays his head on Mama's chest, and weeps.

A bottle of PILLS come rolling along the floor and stop just short of Jerome's head.

Jerome glances up.

PLANT raises it's head one last time, with what appears to almost be a smile on its face.

Then it slowly lowers itself to the floor.

FADE OUT.