

The Garden

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

A family surround a small television on the counter-top. The mother pours orange juice into a glass as a man on the MORNING NEWS SHOW speaks about his growing business.

PETER  
(through the  
television)  
Let me tell you what it is...  
essentially.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

PETER  
We freeze people..thats it.

NEWS ANCHOR #1  
Wow...that's strange.

NEWS ANCHOR #2  
Is that legal?

PETER  
...Yes. All of our clients give us  
the rights to their remains.

NEWS ANCHOR #1  
But why?...

PETER  
Because we can.

EXT. CORPORATE BUILDING - DAY

The massive building extends acres into forestry. Isolated and bleak. Cars pack into the provided spaces.

A sign reads: ***In Eden horto Dei.***

Bustling bodies thrown underneath corporate suits and ties make their way into the building. Peter stands mighty at the entrance, his arms extend on other side of his body resting on the railing. The gray ash in his beard draws the attention away from his judgmental eyes.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Peter is sitting across from three suits. His assistant walks in...

ASSISTANT  
Your 9 O'Clock is here.

PETER  
Oh well, if you would excuse me.

EXT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Peter walks up to a shriveled old man with a cane. Our protagonist. Shaking hands, tenderly. The old man introduces himself:

ADAM BARONDALE  
Adam Barondale.

PETER  
Peter, well sir its an honor to have you apart of this future.

ADAM BARONDALE  
We can talk specifics in your office.

ADAM BARONDALE (cont'd)  
Coffee, black.

The assistant looks over at Peter. He nods.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Half-way through a conversation.

PETER  
So we freeze people, but they're alive.

Adam isn't convinced.

PETER (cont'd)  
erm..this is David the head of our Cryogenic facility. He can explain everything better.

DAVID  
Thank you Peter. So Mr. Barondale. If you wouldn't mind looking over at the screen.

David gets up, fumbling with keys and a mouse before a picture is projected onto the screen.

DAVID (cont'd)  
What keeps us alive is cells. More specifically, cellular division. Our cells divide continuously, and sooner or later the cells will stop dividing. Thus. Death.

Peter looks over at Adam who is intrigued.

DAVID (cont'd)  
But here in our laboratories we've successfully found a way to stop that process, freeze the cells from further division. So your body will be alive.

ADAM BARONDALE  
So I'll be in a coma? won't I lose functions after...

DAVID  
Not exactly. Our EEG readings indicate more activity in the brain compared to that of individuals in a coma.

ADAM BARONDALE  
Hm.

PETER  
It's just a temporary state until..

DAVID  
..until my research regarding **immortality** is complete.

PETER  
David here has found a gene within rats that can be manipulated after death. The rats are brought back to life. Even after a week. Decomposition of the rats' bodies were..

DAVID  
Regenerated.

David clicks on a video in a laboratory setting.

The video shows a technician inject the rat with a synthetic poison. A time stamp of **06 09 99** in the right corner. The rat falls to the floor of the cage. A time lapse of seven days shows the decomposing process. Then suddenly a technician injects the rat with another syringe. Another time lapse of seven days reveals the decomposing process, reversing. The rats skin regenerates covering once exposed ribs and pockets of tissue with brown fur. On the seventh day the rat stumbles to its feet, walking over to the water bottle at the end of the cage.

DAVID (cont'd)  
That was 20 years ago.

David picks up a cage covered by a blanket. He swipes the blanket off the cage like a magician. There in the cage is the same rat.

ADAM BARONDALE  
(speechless)  
...how..

He inspects the rat.

ADAM BARONDALE (cont'd)  
How do I know that's the same rat?..

DAVID  
I mean..you saw the video?...the rat  
was dead Mr. Barondale.

PETER  
Was dead.

DAVID  
Rats only live for approximately 2  
years.

DAVID (cont'd)  
We're talking 18 more years and  
counting.

PETER  
*Immortality* Mr. Barondale....that's  
what we're offering.

Adam sips his coffee slowly.

ADAM BARONDALE  
Any human trials?

Peter and David meet eyes.

DAVID  
No *successful* human trial.

PETER  
Yet.  
(interjecting)

ADAM BARONDALE  
How long before there is one?

DAVID  
I wish I can give you a direct answer here..but we're getting close but it's still a little ways away.

PETER  
But we can assure you it WILL happen.

DAVID  
That's why we must stop the cellular division.

ADAM BARONDALE  
But you injected the rat with something..

DAVID  
That gene is only in rats. The human genome..

Removing his glasses, wiping his eyes.

DAVID (cont'd)  
is a maze. But we know where it ends. Getting there is the struggle.

ADAM BARONDALE  
Hmm.

PETER  
So what do you say Mr. Barondale?

ADAM BARONDALE  
(sighs)  
Let me sleep on it.

INT. ADAM BARONDALE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

This tycoon of the oil and tobacco industry lives in a mansion encompassing more than 500 acres. Adam lives alone, never married and no children.

His antique car collection is the only thing that gives him company besides his maid service. Adam walks around his house. He enters his living room. Sitting down he takes a sip from his glass of whiskey. He begins to reminisce.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS EARLY 80'S - NIGHT

Adam is driving, clearly intoxicated. He's swerving back and forth listening to rock music. He reaches across to his passenger seat. Pulling up a whiskey bottle. A woman sits up into the passenger seat. She was..you know...She wipes her mouth and remarks her lips red.

ADAM BARONDALE  
Studio 20?..

WOMAN  
No lets go to that new club on Fifth  
and Market.

Adam looks over at her.

WOMAN (cont'd)  
Adam !!

INT. ADAM BARONDALE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The car tires screech, the clash of metal and broken glass dissipates as we see Adam in his living room alone. A folder of hospital papers on the coffee table. One labeled **DIAGNOSIS**. The word **POSITIVE** can be seen.

INT. ADAM BARONDALE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Adam flaps the newspaper open. Reading a column of Peters' company. The Stock Exchange is in scrambles trying to keep up with the ever increasing stock. Adam huffs as he ashes his cigar. A maid walks up to Adam pouring more coffee into his cup.

ADAM BARONDALE  
Barbara..

BARBARA  
Yes Mr.Barondale?

ADAM BARONDALE  
If you could live forever would  
you?..

BARBARA

Hmm, no no that's not the way God intended.

BARBARA (cont'd)

What's got you asking me that anyhow?. You haven't spoken to me in over a week..got me all nervous you're gonna let me go.

ADAM BARONDALE

Let you go?..oh no. I just got a lot on my mind is all.

BARBARA

Well that's why you need some companionship. Go out and meet a nice woman.

ADAM BARONDALE

I'm 83 Barbara.

BARBARA

And you aint' gettin any younger.

Adam chuckles as he puts the cigar back into his mouth. Barbara takes it out.

BARBARA (cont'd)

And I don' told you to quit it with these.

EXT. CORPORATE BUILDING - DAY

Adam walks up to the entrance of the building. Young men and woman crowd around a smokers post. He walks by the laughter and the smiles expressed on their faces.

PETER

Mr. Barondale !

Peter ends a conversation with a reporter. He walks over to Adam. Shaking hands, tenderly.

PETER (cont'd)

You sleep on it?

ADAM BARONDALE

I did.

PETER

Lets go to my office.



INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

PETER  
Is there anything I can get you?  
Coffee. Water?

ADAM BARONDALE  
No thank you.

PETER  
Well, have you decided? I don't want  
to sound pushy.

ADAM BARONDALE  
Oh no, its okay and I have. I'll give  
you the rights to my body.

PETER  
Perfect. I'll bring in our lawyers  
and draw up the paperwork.

ADAM BARONDALE  
I'm not signing anything. Just shake  
my hand.

ADAM BARONDALE (cont'd)  
That's how we do business.

PETER  
uh well.

They shake hands, firmly.

INT. CRYOGENIC FACILITY - LATER

The facility shines in blue. Technicians walk around in  
white lab coats checking screens and the integrity of the  
labs' cryogenic pods. Adam is brought in on a wheel-chair.  
In a white gown he looks more sickly than normal.

DAVID  
Mr. Barondale, we're ready.

Adam gets up off the wheel-chair, staggering a little to his  
feet. Technicians guide him into a pod. From his POV we see  
David smiling and assuring him with a thumbs up behind the  
glass. A beep shatters the silence. A technician stabs Adam  
with a syringe.

DAVID (cont'd)  
(over the pods  
microphone)  
Just to lower the blood pressure.

ADAM BARONDALE  
David.

DAVID  
Yes Mr.Barondale?

ADAM BARONDALE  
I hope you're right about this.

DAVID  
Me too.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Now just close your eyes and tilt  
your head back.

The pod begins to fill with a blue-hazy liquid. Adam becomes completely submerged. Then one final BEEP.

INT. CRYOGENIC FACILITY POD

Adam wakes up. He palms the glass and looks around. No one in sight. A lever to his left says pull. He obliges. He now appears younger to us. He takes a step out of the pod expecting to stagger but doesn't. He claws at his skin... tight. His face...and then looks down at his...you know. His eyes widen.

ADAM BARONDALE  
He did it !...That motherfu...

A woman walks up to Adam, red-hair, blazing blue eyes. A calmness set about her.

ADAM BARONDALE (cont'd)  
Who are you?

EVE  
My name's Eve.

THE END.