

THE PLANTED

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FADE IN:

EXT. SECTION A GREENHOUSE - DAY

A jungle-like terrain with no visible wildlife of any kind.

Tall blades of grass, twisted brush and weeds pepper the landscape with no end in sight.

Hard fungus covers the trees, which look less like trees and more like giant rotten cauliflower.

Scraped up, dirty and exhausted, TED (30's) pushes through the brush.

Around his back: a makeshift impromptu duffle bag, made out of a long white shirt with stains of dried blood and dirt, laced up to a broken human leg bone.

He comes to a small dirt clearing.

He halts his progress, slowly takes off the homemade duffle.

Squatting, Ted pokes the dirt lightly in front of him.

Nothing happens.

Again, slightly harder.

A thick vine hidden under the dirt scrambles around towards the bone.

The vine jumps out of the dirt, wraps around the bone. Yanks it out of Ted's hand in a fast game of tug of war.

A HUGE SHADOW looms down over the clearing. One of the cauliflower trees.

Ted slowly looks up. Watches.

The vine drags the bone to the center of the clearing. The shadow gets darker.

The shadow expands.

The giant fungus tree's sideways Venus Flytrap mouth spreads out, light secretion drips from the teeth.

A radish-like skeleton in mailman clothes slides out.

Bones snap apart like fragile China when the bones sloop to the ground.

A stream of blood waterfalls above it.

Three prick-like legs...

Emerge around the mutant plant.

They push the plant upward, it slowly uproots.

The mouth hovers over the clearing, comes closer to Ted.

Ted looks past the creature, sees an opening. He searches in his pack, grabs what he needs.

He lights the flare, throws it into the mouth of the beast, and makes a dash for the opening.

The mouth closes, swallows. The beast turns to grab the fleeing man.

The jaws of death snap open and shoot like a diamondback rattlesnake aiming for a mouse.

It pauses, confused.

The neck of the thing explodes in fire and smoke.

The Flytrap head severs, a corn syrup substance oozes out from the wound.

Ted slides through loose dirt and smaller plants, safe at home plate.

He scrambles, turns over, looks back.

Hustles...

Passes by the smoking thing, scoops up the bone and inspects the dead corpse who has a tag sewn on his work shirt: STEVE.

He checks the body, careful not to touch the goo that covers most of the body.

He finds a cell phone.

TED  
Bye, Steve.

MINUTE LATER

Ted puts the cell with his other stash: a few granola bars, and six cell phones. He ties up the shirt, slings the new bag over the broken bone.

EXT. SECTION A GREENHOUSE - LATER

Ted walks along tall vegetation and brush, mindful of where he walks.

JOI (O.S.)  
(small echo)  
Hello?

Ted halts, pinpoints the direction of the voice. There is nobody else in sight.

JOI (O.S.)  
Anyone here?

TED  
(calls out)  
Stay where you are. Let me come to you!

JOI (O.S.)  
Where am I?

Ted sees her JOI (20s) a short distance away.

She's just as dirty and scraped up as he is.

Soiled blouse, skirt and ripped panty hose. Barefoot.

JOI  
Thank God. I haven't seen anyone for hours, I been walking all around.

TED  
From which way?

Joi jerks a thumb behind her.

JOI  
That way.

TED  
You didn't see anyone?

JOI  
That's what I just said.

TED  
When was the last time you saw  
someone?

Ted catches up to her.

Joi takes a step back when her eyes focus on the bone he carries.

TED  
Don't be afraid.

JOI  
Just keep your distance.

TED  
Alright. I'm Ted. You are-?

JOI  
What are you doing with that,  
Ted?

Ted calmly takes the shirt-bag off the human bone, and reveals the contents for her to see.

TED  
The shirt and the broken bone  
belonged to a guy who...was  
killed by one of the monsters  
that live around here.

(pause)  
The cell phones. I been  
collecting them where I can  
find them.

JOI  
There's no signal, I tried.

TED

I know. But all seven have photo and-or video on them. All of them so far have strong bars. All of them. Not one is even at half. Fully charged. Now this one...

Points to a pink phone.

TED

Has Japanese writing on it. This one here...

Motions to a Blackberry.

The person speaks Spanish. This one...

Shows her the third phone.

TED

Was from Kentucky. He was with a guy he never met, from Rhode Island, named Steve, worked for some mail delivery service, like Fed Ex or something. He's number seven. I haven't looked at his phone yet. Maybe I don't need to. But maybe before he died he found something that could help me...or even you.

JOI

And the other stuff, what is that?

TED

Granola bars. Those are mine. Want one?

Joi shakes her head no.

TED

Can't say I blame you. Just wave a flag when you change your mind.

EXT. SECTION A GREENHOUSE - LATER

Joi and Ted walk together in the same direction, but both are three arm lengths apart.

Shades of the green forest bottle them up.

JOI

Joi. With an I and not a Y.

Ted cracks a light smile.

TED

What do you do, Joi?

JOI

I'm a sales clerk at Lour's Ward.

TED

Where's that?

JOI

It's in the mall...a mall in San Diego. My job, health and beauty department Jewelry, Perfumes, earrings. You?

TED

A factory called Serene. Out of Detroit. Stuff for Dentist's offices. What was the last thing you remember before winding up here?

JOI

I was late for work.

TED

Really?

JOI

Really. Rushing out of the door, jump in my car, nearly ran the red...

TED

Oh-oh.

JOI

I said nearly. Then I was on my cell, calling in. Ten minutes to get to work, fifteen minutes away. Light turns green. Then I blackout, wake up in this swamp-forest-jungle place, whatever this place is. How about you?

TED

Hanging around a park after work, walking around.

Joi glances to Ted's bag of cell phones.

JOI

Was your phone ringing? Did you call anyone?

TED

No. Mine was charging at home.

JOI

Aside from myself, have you seen anyone else alive since you been here?

TED

No.

JOI

Do you know where we're going?

A loud pitched WOMAN'S SCREAM OF TERROR echoes off in the distance. Ted immediately turns to the direction of the sound.

TED

Stay here!

He disappears running into thick green and brown vegetation, leaves the size of footballs brush against his side.

JOI

What if you don't come back?

He's already gone. Joi waits a few seconds. The SCREAM OF PAIN cries out again:



VICTIM ONE  
(long echo, in  
Spanish)  
Somebody! Get me out!

Joi stares out into the tall weeds and bush that Ted has streamed into moments ago.

She takes a look around, and chooses.

She follows him.

JOI  
(under her breath)  
Screw that.

She finds herself running too, her panty hose becoming more torn, a blade of grass slicing into her upper arm.

Part of her right blouse sleeve rips off. The screams of the VICTIM turn into MOANS.

They get louder.

Closer.

She finds Ted, using his bone-weapon, stabbing an ugly massive lime green giant of a plant.

White puss, sputters out of the plant's wound.

Enzymes flow out like cow's milk.

Wrapped up in vines, a brunette woman bleeds from her chest to her exposed torso, vines squeeze her like a python crushing a field mouse.

Her right arm pops. Her left shoulder cracks.

She breathes heavily, her lungs about to collapse.

The vines lift her, drag her up to an opening hole ten feet above her.

A mouth of thorns.

Ted's strikes increase with each moment.

The woman's hand reaches out to touch Ted's shoulder.

Vines wrap around her slender fingers, crack them like nuts.

Her thumb severs, her last scream is a high pitched dying moan, and then she stops moving altogether.

The vine things twist her neck, force her head backward into the mouth of thorns.

The mouth slowly closes on the head and neck, blood pumps out everywhere in droves.

Ted backs away in frustration and anger, The bone he has used is dissolved into a sharp poker.

Ted turns to see Joi, who screams as she witnesses:

The thorn mouth...sinks into flesh and skull.

It sucks the head inside itself along with the dead woman's spinal cord, like a stray spaghetti noodle.

By the base of the man eating plant's trunk: a severed thumb next to a cell phone.

FADE OUT.