

BLOOD GARDEN

Written by

TN Johnson

RUTHIE

Did you get this idea from that  
crazy doctor of yours?

Thompson sighs.

THOMPSON

Don't start this.

RUTHIE

One day you'll see how hard I  
worked to raise you. I might as  
well have been a single mother. You  
will repay me. One day you will.

THOMPSON

Just never mind I give up.

RUTHIE

I'm the most important person in  
your life, who you can trust. The  
world is your enemy.

THOMPSON

Drop it.

A male GARDENER, 30's, enters the kitchen. He checks the  
broken faucet. Ruthie shoos him away with violent hand  
motions. He looks up, nods and walks off.

RUTHIE

Look... I need you to come by this  
weekend and take a look at my  
broken faucet. We can talk more  
about this childhood nonsense then.

THOMPSON

I'll be by.

RUTHIE

And I need some manila envelopes at  
the store too, while you're at it.

HOURS LATER

Thompson's asleep, and his eye lids flicker.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Thompson Jr. runs through DEAD BODIES with their foreheads  
marked with the numbers "230." Some bodies half buried.  
Flowers surround. White paint dusts his face like a ghost.

He looks back, trips and falls over Janette and Kelly's lifeless bodies.

A LIGHT-SKINNED BLACK MALE, 40's, brown eyes, appear. He helps Thompson Jr. to his feet. The man fidgets and blinks.

The man touches the paint on Thompson's face and licks his finger. He sits on the ground with his back to Thompson and plays with a red rose in a child-like manner.

Thompson Jr. looks up and retrieves a bloody knife from SOMEONE. Their face, not visible.

Thompson Jr. walks towards the light-skinned black male, raises the knife, and strikes hard into the man's back.

The man MOANS in agony.

A hand belonging to a white female appears.

The hand wraps around Thompson Jr.'s hand and shoves the knife further into the man's back.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. THOMPSON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thompson ejects. His alarm clock reads: 11:50pm. He takes a couple of steps, touches his head, and slams to the floor. He's out.

LATER

Thompson still lies on the floor unconscious. A SHADOW hovers over him. Inside Thompson's palm reads: DAPHNE 333-3333.

EXT. THOMPSON'S HOUSE - BACK DOOR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

JOHN WHITE, 40's, white male, devilish blue eyes, peers through the window. Within seconds, Lovely jumps up and BARKS out of control. He turns and walks away.

EXT. DAPHNE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - ALLEY - NIGHT

In a black hoodie, John strolls. Sandy blond hair protrudes from his hood.

A HOMELESS MAN with dirty dreads pushes a cart. He aims a small flash light at John.

John pulls on his sunglasses.

INT. DAPHNE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - NIGHT

John knocks on Daphne's door.

                                DAPHNE (O.S.)  
                                I'll be right there.

She opens it, but no one's there. She steps out into the hallway, confused. Steps back in and shuts the door.

John appears from a hallway door. He walks up and removes a small plastic door stopper latched to the bottom edge. He places his ear to the door and nudges it open.

INT. DAPHNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Daphne sets two wine glasses on her dining table, her back turned to John. She walks out of view. The TV is on. John picks up the remote and turns up the volume.

John bumps into a glass table. A small candlelight falls on a rug and rolls onto the hardwood floor.

Daphne appears. She looks at the candle light and then the TV. John stares from a coat closet. Daphne picks up the candlelight and places it back on the glass table.

She walks over to her balcony and glances out, then walks to the dining table and finishes setting up. Her back faces John, as he takes slow steps with a knife raised.

                                JOHN  
                                I saw it. They're dead, just like  
                                you're going to be.

Daphne turns around horrified, eyes bulge. The wine bottle in her hand drops and SHATTERS. Her SCREAM cuts off as John rams her against the wall by her throat and choke-holds her in place. She swings her arms.

John stabs her with violent thrusts to the chest. Blood seeps through her shirt.

Her resistance fades. He wipes the knife against her. He loosens his grip and she slides to the floor.

John drags Daphne's lifeless bloody body by her roots and binds her ankles and wrists with thick rubber bands.

He writes the numbers: "230" in black across her forehead.