

Flower Child

By

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EXT. BOBBY'S POT - FLOWERBED - GARDEN - SUBURBS - EARLY MORNING

1

In a suburban neighborhood, in the yard of a faded yellow house is a beautiful flower bed. Two small pots sit a meter apart on the side of the garden near the porch.

In one of the pots a beautiful, orange day-lily, with multiple flower heads, sits idle. One of the, new, closed flowers open up and flutters her eyes open for the first time.

BOBBY'S petals atop her, green, baby-faced head, a little darker than the others' with lighter stripes that run down their lengths, shiver. Her stringy body sways as she curiously scans her environment, filled with a charming flower community.

STEVEY, a ravishingly hot-pink zinnia flower with an afro-like head of petals, perfectly matured stem, catches Bobby's attention.

Bobby looks down at her connection to the main plant and frowns. She grabs hold of the edge of her pot with her leaves, pulls as hard as she can and plucks herself loose.

She shakes out her bottom leaves and smiles, proud. She jumps off over the edge of her pot and lands on the ground.

The other flowers notice. Some shake their heads and others curiously watch her.

EXT. STEVEY'S POT - FLOWERBED - GARDEN - SUBURBS - EARLY MORNING

2

Bobby cautiously approaches Stevey's pot. She pulls herself up the edge and curiously takes a peek. Stevey's beauty astonishes her, she swoons, pupils large, and lays her head on her crossed leaves and hangs from the edge.

Bobby looks down at the ground around Stevey. The soil looks empty. Her face brightens as she gets an idea.

EXT. EDGE OF THE LAWN - GARDEN - SUBURBS - MORNING

3

Bobby, her petals slightly bigger, her body thicker and her face slightly more matured, saunters up to the edge of the green lawn. The other plants arch their stems behind her as they watch.

She surveys the area and, to her left, her eyes lock onto something. She gasps and her eyes light up.

EXT. STEVEY'S POT - FLOWERBED - GARDEN - SUBURBS - NOON 4

Bobby struggles to pull something up over the edge of the pot. She finishes and looks over her shoulder slyly and giggles expectantly.

She whips out a perfectly swirled turd and holds it up for Stevey to see, she beams.

Stevy slightly sways in the wind, no reaction. Bobby drops the turd, her face droops, her eye twitches. She then shakes her head and stands tall, arms on her slightly plumper stem and exhales, determined.

She starts to spread the poo evenly around Stevey's stem, careful not to touch her.

She straightens and wipes her petals. She looks up at Stevey, nothing. She sighs, close to tears. She opens her eyes and looks over her hard work, frowns. The site looks unfinished.

Her leaf tip on her chin, she ponders.

Her face lights up and she claps and rubs her leaves together.

EXT. FLOWER BED - GARDEN - SUBURBS - NOON 5

Bobby marches, determined, past the other flowers who watch her curiously.

A baby daisy watches Bobby as an older daisy frowns at her with disdain.

EXT. EDGE OF THE LAWN - GARDEN - SUBURBS - EARLY AFTERNOON
6

Bobby beholds the lawn and spots a heap of small pebbles and twigs. Her face shows worry. She inhales and makes her first step on the grass. The other flowers gasp. She marches on.

Two, tall, birds of paradise watch her. As she continues they turn to each other.

EXT. LAWN - GARDEN - SUBURBS - EARLY AFTERNOON - MONTAGE 7

- Bobby carries a bundle of twigs across the green with .

- She totes pebble over the green as the flowers watch.

- She drags another but stops to breathe.

- She hauls another but stops to rub her back.

- Bobby strains to lug another pebble slowly across the lawn. Her back bent.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. STEVEY'S POT - FLOWERBED - GARDEN - SUBURBS
-AFTERNOON

8

Bobby rises slowly and wipes her, now slightly crinkled, leaves. She looks up, tired, at Stevey and smiles tenderly, but weakly. The other plants watch her, concerned.

She looks down at her handy work, satisfied. Pebbles and twigs lay in a beautiful, wide border around Stevey. She sighs, turns away, looks back over her shoulder and continues.

EXT. EDGE OF THE LAWN - GARDEN - SUBURBS - LATE AFTERNOON 9

Bobby, now old and slightly browned, sits cross-legged by the edge of the lawn. She fiddles with some blades of grass.

She looks up at the setting sun, face old and wrinkled. She smiles softly and looks down at two, small, grass crowns that lay in front of her.

She picks one up and places it around her petals, takes one last look at the sun before it disappears behind the neighbor's house. She sighs, the corners of her mouth slightly curled, gets up and turns.

The baby daisy looks at her, concerned. She looks up at the older daisy, who also watches the day-lily walk slowly through the flower bed.

EXT. STEVEY'S POT - FLOWERBED - GARDEN - SUBURBS - EARLY EVENING

10

Bobby stretches with difficulty and carefully places the other grass crown atop Stevey's petals.

She looks up, warmly, at Stevey. She then lowers herself, supports her back, down onto her knees. She inspects her handy work and gives a tired, satisfied nod.

She raises her face to look upon her darling, and starts to sing.

She seranades Stevey with a beautiful and angelic tune as her body starts to brown. She clasps her leaves together as they slowly dry. Her beautiful petals fade and droop into a flowing wave. Wrinkles start to form more and more on her face.

Some of the other flowers' eyes fill with water. Others put their leaves over their mouthes and their eyes widen.

Bobby's tune turns into a hum as she lowers herself onto her side. She rests her head on her leaves and her hum fades away as she breathes out her last breath. Her face happy and peaceful.

The skies fill with clouds and soft rain starts to fall. The porch light switches on. A large drop falls from the corner of the roof and falls on Stevey's head.

Startled, she shakes her head, her petals shiver. She yawns and stretches as she turns around and shows her beautiful face. She flutters her eyes open.

She looks out into the flower bed and sees all the flowers looking at something in her pot. She looks down and sees Bobby's wilted body. Puzzled, she notices the border of pebbles around her and the fresh compost neatly spread on the soil.

Stevy then turns back to Bobby and sees the grass crown around her petals. She slowly bends down and cautiously reaches for it when her own crown falls off her petals.

She inspects it curiously, looks over to Bobby's and connects the dots. She whips upright, gasps, her leaf in front of her mouth. She looks at the other flowers. They stare at the Zinnia and the wilted Day-lily.

Stevy bends down and digs into the soil. She places Bobby into the hole, covers it and places Bobby's crown on top of the grave. She then places her crown atop her petals.

Stevy beholds the entire flowerbed as every flower starts to sway side-to-side as they sing Bobby's tune.

EXT. FLOWERBED - GARDEN - SUBURBS - EARLY EVENING 11

The baby daisy sings along with the other flowers as she holds the bigger daisy's leaf.

EXT. STEVEY'S POT - FLOWERBED - GARDEN - SUBURBS - EARLY MORNING - TAG 12

In the middle of Bobby's grass crown a little green sprout breaks through the soil.

THE END