

Garden Flowers

Written by

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Based on, "The Bee's" a short film by Megan Winters and Ashlee
Winters at ages 13 and 12.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

New appliances fill the open room, and modern stone counters. Fresh breakfast on glass plates on the center island.

GREASE POPS in a cast iron skillet. A hand flips the bacon.

GIANNA, 30's, in an apron, hums, and plates bacon.

DYLAN, 15, messy hair, in light grunge, trudges in and sits at the island.

GIANNA
Any plans today?

DYLAN
Mom and dad owe me a game, so
they're taking me out.

GIANNA
Sweetie, they left for their
business trip already.

Dylan slumps and flicks a knife to the right of his plate.

DYLAN
Shocker.

Gianna clears her throat and smiles.

GIANNA
I made extra bacon for you.

DYLAN
I didn't ask for it.

He huffs and looks away.

Gianna turns back to the stove and grabs an egg off the counter. She breaks it into the cast iron skillet.

Dylan fills his plate. He stuffs the extra bacon in a napkin and puts it in his pocket. He stands to exit.

GIANNA (O.S.)
Invite a friend over?

DYLAN
I don't have any.

Dylan exits the kitchen.

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dylan slams the door with his foot successfully on the second try. The room is like an upturned thrift store, clothes scatter the floor and hang off the side of the bed.

He kicks a clear path to the center of the room in front of a large flat-screen tv hung on the wall. He slouches on the floor and turns on a television drama.

He pulls out the bacon from his pocket. His hand knocks into a stuffed bear. He ignores it and places his bacon down. He takes a bite and gazes back at the bear.

He sits the bear upright next to him and puts bacon on the floor in front of it. He exhales and shakes his head.

Dylan's phone PINGS. He grabs it and bolts up. He fumbles when he reads the message.

ON DYLAN'S PHONE SCREEN

A text message from Sunny reads: "Do you want to study together today?"

Dylan replies: "Yes! Come over!"

He stares at his phone and stands. He knocks over the bear and air punches his fists. He throws his phone onto the bed. He frowns while taking in his room. He starts to clean.

He puts clothes in the correct areas and stuffs the bear under the bed. The room is considered clean for a teenager when the tv catches his attention.

THE TELEVISION DISPLAYS

A woman receives peonies from a dressed-up man at the door.

Dylan glares at the TV. His gaze shifts out his window to the garden in the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD GARDEN - DAY

Dylan scowls at the lavish flower garden. Fresh-trimmed grass hugs his bare feet and vintage garden gnomes rest along a small stone path through the garden.

Dylan spots peonies in the back. He ignores the path and crushes flowers as he stomps to them.

Flowers RUSTLE as Dylan kicks a gnome across the garden. The gnome lands next to another one in a dress.

DYLAN
Stupid gnome.

Dylan rubs at his toe and kneels to grab the flower's roots.

BEATIE (O.S.)
(Scottish accent) Don't touch it,
Brat.

Dylan's head snaps to the gnome. The gnome is still on its side in the grass.

He looks back to the flowers and uproots them. The dirt now out of place.

A GROWL makes him stand. He stomps a quick path out of the garden until a HUM stops him. He glances over his shoulder at a swarm of wasps.

He runs to the back door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dylan fumbles with the door behind him. Gianna gasps. He snatches hand towels and stuffs them in the door crease along the floor.

Dylan saunters to the counter out of breath. Gianna gawks at him and the flowers.

DYLAN
Water.

GIANNA
What have you done, I told you to
stay away from the garden!

DYLAN
I needed the flowers. Now, water.
Get it.

GIANNA
You little--

The window SMASHES and in crashes, BEATIE, 30s, a ceramic garden gnome smudged with dirt.

Beatie lands on the island between Gianna and Dylan with a pair of garden clippers.

BEATIE
I warned you kid.

Beatie's feet PLINK on the counter as he runs. When he reaches the end of the marble, he jumps onto Dylan.

Gianna screams as Dylan bats at Beatie with the flowers. Dylan swats the clippers away. Beatie growls and climbs up Dylan's shirt. Beatie pulls at his hair.

DYLAN

Get it off of me, Gianna!

Gianna sprints over with a spatula and swats at Beatie. She misses and hits Dylan too. They both groan. Beatie falls.

Dylan kicks him across the kitchen and grabs Gianna's hand. He pulls her out of the kitchen.

INT. DAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Gianna and Dylan pant. Dylan looks at the flowers, they're losing petals and some are bent.

Gianna rests her hands on the mahogany desk in the center of the room. Dylan tries to straighten his clothes. Gianna smacks the back of his head.

GIANNA

What did you do?

DYLAN

I said I needed the flowers.

GIANNA

I said to stay out of the garden.

Dylan rolls his eyes and Gianna swats him again.

GIANNA

Dylan--

DYLAN

It's none of your business!

Beatie SLAMS into the door. Gianna and Dylan flinch.

DYLAN

What do we do?

Beatie hits the door again and the end of the garden clippers poke through. Wood splinters.

Dylan grabs onto Gianna's arm. Gianna moves behind the desk and pushes it to the door. They stand back when another slam echoes. The desk creates no blockage for the door.

The clippers poke through again and a big chunk of the door falls to the floor.

Beatie's face comes through it. He looks at Dylan and the disheveled flowers in his hand.

BEATIE
I'll kill you!

DYLAN
Gianna!

Dylan pushes her forward. Gianna pulls back the desk and flips it on its side. The desk blocks the hole in the door.

Gianna points to the flowers.

GIANNA
Give them back.

Dylan scowls at her.

DYLAN
No, they're mine.

GIANNA
They're clearly not! Now, I don't care why you need them, you can't steal from others.

DYLAN
He's a fu--

GIANNA
You will not swear at me. Do as you're told for once before you get us both killed over flowers!

Dylan stares her down.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Beatie goes silent on the other side of the door.

Dylan's eyes widen and he darts to the window, flowers still in hand.

DYLAN
Sunny.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

SUNNY, 15, a preppy tall blonde girl, stands at the door. She knocks.

Wasps HUM nearby.

INT. DAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Dylan peers at Sunny through the window. Beatie's FOOTSTEPS walk away from the door. Dylan opens the window and pushes out the screen.

DYLAN
Sunny, over here!

Sunny starts to walk over. Dylan's frantic gaze flicks to Gianna. She shakes her head.

GIANNA
I already told you what to do and
you didn't listen.

DYLAN
She's allergic to bees, Gianna.

Sunny gets to the window.

SUNNY
What's going on, Dylan?

The HUM of the wasps grows louder.

Dylan lets go of the flowers and they fall to the floor. He shoves half his body through the window. He grabs Sunny and helps her inside. He shuts the window.

Wasps pelt at the glass. Sunny gasps and backs into Gianna. Gianna pulls her a little closer.

Dylan picks the flowers up and pushes them toward Sunny. Gianna pulls back on Sunny's shaky hand.

GIANNA
Don't drag an innocent girl into
your mess.

DYLAN
He doesn't need them, he's got
plenty.

Gianna sighs. Sunny fidgets.

Dylan looks at Sunny with raised brows and lifts the flowers again. Sunny shakes her head. Dylan drops his arm and looks down.

DYLAN

Fine. You can give them back,
Gianna.

GIANNA

Ah, ah. 'Your' flowers, your mess.

He frowns at the flowers and then glances at Sunny.

He pushes the desk away from the door and opens it. He peeks around the corner and shuts the door behind him.

GIANNA (O.S.)

Are you okay, honey?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dylan hovers at the door.

SUNNY (O.S.)

I'm scared. I want to go home.

Dylan scowls and walks away.

EXT. BACKYARD SHED - DAY

Dylan stands in a cobweb-infested shed. On the floor are garden supplies and a book, "Planting for Dummies".

He grabs a spray bottle of weed killer and ties a half-empty bag of mulch to his chest. He ties off the armor with a small broken pot on his head. He kicks open the door.

EXT. BACKYARD GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Dylan steps out onto the grass.

DYLAN

I have your flowers, you little
troll!

Beatie comes out from a bush.

BEATIE

You took what was mine and now your
calling me names. Haven't you
learned your lesson, brat?

Beatie takes a step forward, wasps swarming behind him. Dylan takes a step back.

DYLAN

I'm sorry.

Beatie stops in his tracks.

BEATIE

You disrespected my garden. You disrespect me, you think 'I'm sorry' is enough?

DYLAN

I just wanted to impress a girl. It was supposed to make her like me.

Beatie cackles.

BEATIE

Flowers can't mask a bad attitude.

DYLAN

I get it! I'm alone and nobody cares.

BEATIE

Your alone? I live in a garden with fake gnomes. You live in a big shed with someone that nurtures you.

Dylan flinches.

Beatie flicks the side of his own eyes.

BEATIE

Open your eyes, kid. I know they're not fake.

Dylan scowls. He sets the flowers by his feet and takes off the pot. Beatie huffs and grabs the flowers and walks into the garden. The wasps follow.

Dylan stares at his dirt-covered feet. Then to the kitchen window.

Gianna and Sunny gaze at him. Gianna smiles. Dylan looks away.

INT. FRONT DOOR - LATER

Sunny and Dylan stand at the door. Dylan fidgets with his sleeve.

DYLAN

I didn't mean to scare you.

Sunny smiles at him. She bends down and kisses his cheek.

SUNNY

For saving me.

Sunny walks to a truck parked at the curb. She gets in and it drives off.

Dylan stares at the empty spot. He touches his cheek.

EXT. BACKYARD GARDEN - NIGHT

The garden is back to its lavish state. Small garden lights wave like a sea of stars.

Beatie picks up a bag of peonies seeds with a sticky note on it.

The note reads: "Come in for dinner if you can actually eat or do whatever you want, it doesn't matter. Keep the bee's away."

Beatie shakes his head and looks to the kitchen window.

BEATIE

They're wasps.

EXT. KITCHEN WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Gianna sits at the kitchen island with Dylan talking. Dylan smiles and hugs Gianna.

She stays still for a moment, then folds her arms in a tight hug around him. Dylan sits back down and Gianna ruffles his hair.

Dylan starts to eat dinner. Gianna looks to Beatie outside and raises her glass.

Beatie raises a flower to her and places it on to the empty hands of a cracked female gnome beside him.

BEATIE

As long as your happy, Gianna.

THE END