

FADE IN:

EXT. DUPLEX HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A magnificent lawn and bevy of flowers, shrubs and trees tastefully surround the house.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The sun shines through the picture window onto the modern decor and stylish surroundings one finds in your typical sterile habitat of an average run of the mill human suburbanite.

An old Mexican woman tends to a FERN and CACTUS that sit on a table in front of the large picture window. She finishes and exits. A few seconds pass. The cactus lights a cigarette.

CACTUS

(takes a long drag)

I thought she'd never leave.

FERN

You know, you shouldn't do that.

CACTUS

What?

FERN

Smoke. It's dangerous. We're easily flammable.

CACTUS

Relax, kid. We just got misted.

FERN

Aren't you afraid of dying?

CACTUS

Kid. I started dying long, long ago.

Cactus laughs slowly followed by violent coughs. A spark from the cigarette lands on the cactus.

FERN

See! See!

Cactus extinguishes the cigarette in the dirt in his pot. The spark doesn't last against the cactus' moist skin.

CACTUS

As I said, we were just misted.

The two sit in silence and bask in the glow of the sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Cactus and Fern sit in shade. Outside the window bright sunshine. Cactus lights another cigarette.

FERN

Please, please be careful.

Cactus ignores Fern, takes a long drag.

FERN (CONT'D)

Besides, those things stunt your growth.

CACTUS

There's so much you don't know.

FERN

Like going up in a flame?! No thank you.

CACTUS

If I'm dying, I'm going out on my terms. Not theirs!

FERN

It doesn't matter. We'll be out there soon. I like looking out there. It's all I do.

Cactus flicks an ash. It falls into the water in the tray that his pot sits.

CACTUS

What's out there?

FERN

Life. Look at it all, it's right in front of us. I dream you know.

CACTUS

Yeah? Keep dreaming.

FERN

You don't dream, do you? That's your problem. There's nothing separating us from going out there.

Cactus takes a final drag, rubs out the cigarette in his dirt and flicks it at the window. It bounces off it and back at Cactus.

CACTUS

See what happened? See? They put that there because they don't want us out there!

FERN

But, but --

CACTUS

You're a plant!

FERN

No need for name calling.

CACTUS

No, you're a potted plant. They bought you and they put you here.

FERN

I was raised in the wild!

CACTUS

Look! In your dirt. You'll see.

Fern looks and sees a small marker that sticks out from his dirt. It reads, "MAHONEY'S LAWN AND GARDEN STORE". Fern trembles.

FERN

No! No! I belong out there!

Fern's slowly nudges his pot towards the window. The glass stops him. He's stuck. Part of his pot on the table while his upper half is on the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

The old Mexican woman fixes Fern, placing him back to his spot next to Cactus. She mists them and leaves.

CACTUS

You alright, kid?

Fern doesn't answer. His weeps are soft.

CACTUS (CONT'D)

I dream too. I'm bigger much bigger
in my dreams. Nothing scares me
either. I got the whole earth
beneath me.

FERN

Do you feel the force that moves
you?

CACTUS

It's what they call the wind, kid.
And yes, it surrounds me.

FERN

In my dreams, I'm spread out all
over covering a great distance and
there are multitudes of my kind.
And others and we get along in
harmony.

CACTUS

I can only imagine but we weren't
meant for out there.

FERN

Will we be confined to these pots
forever?

CACTUS

I'm afraid so. These are what keeps
us from expanding. (beat) It's not
so bad. Morning mists, watering and
the nutrients that they never get
out there. Our environment never
changes!

FERN

So, the feeling eventually goes
away?

CACTUS

(hesitates)
Only if you let it.

On Cactus a flower begins to bloom.

FERN

Hey, Cactus. You're blooming.

CACTUS

Yeah. Guess I'm happy. Glad you're here and not out there. You'd never survive a day out there. You're an indoor plant.

FERN

I have instincts.

CACTUS

The begonias they're ruthless you know. You never knew the one that was here before you.

The two share a laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

The morning sun is rising through the trees. It lights up the living room slowly. As the light brightens we see Fern is further away from the window and closer to the opposite edge of the table. Cactus yawns.

CACTUS

Rise and shine, kid.

No answer from Fern. Cactus notices Fern is not next to him. He begins to nudge his pot towards where Fern is positioned.

CACTUS (CONT'D)

What are you doing back there?
Sun's about to poke through and she'll be here to mist us.

Fern doesn't answer. His pot shakes, nudges closer to the edge.

CACTUS (CONT'D)

Whatever it is you're doing --

FERN

I'm going out on my own terms,
Cactus. Just like you.

CACTUS

No! Wait! There's something else I wanted to tell you. I'm not going to smoke anymore. We'll talk about our dreams!

FERN

It's too late. I can't let the
feeling go away.

Fern's pot disappears over the side of the table.

CACTUS

No!!!

CERAMIC CRASHES on TILE. Cactus gently weeps.

FADE OUT.