

AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN

Written by

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INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Inside a homely house, MARK (38), a working soon-to-be-father, and JULIA (37), a pregnant woman at the end of her tether, are arguing. There is clearly unspoken words between the two.

MARK

And what about David!?

JULIA

What about him?

MARK

How many times have I come home,
and he's already in the house?

JULIA

DAVID!? You really think your 8-
month pregnant wife is cheating on
you with the delusional neighbour?

MARK

Well?

JULIA

No, Mark. I'm not cheating on you
with David. He lets himself in.

MARK

Sure. Keep telling yourself that.

JULIA

Oh my god. I am done.

Julia storms off to her car. She flings her bag into the passenger seat, leaving the door open. Her phone falls onto the floor.

I/E. CAR - DAY

MARK

And exactly where are you going?

JULIA

My mothers!

Mark bends down to pick up the phone, as Julia turns away, rambling in anger.

JULIA (CONT'D)

It's not like she hasn't helped me before!

And with that she slams the car door as we hear a sickening CRUNCH. She's closed the door on Marks head. Julia stops dead in her tracks. She fucked up. Her head spins as she pukes on the bonnet of the car.

Just as she gets her bearings, she notices her neighbour, DAVID (43), appear at the wrong place at the wrong time. In a panic, Julia stuffs her dead husbands body into the passenger seat of the car, and hiding him from sight.

DAVID

Julia! Oh my dear, you've been sick!

JULIA

(Thinking on her feet)
It's the little one. She didn't like our breakfast.

DAVID

Ah, yes. I've told you before, a simple breakfast will soothe the baby!

David misjudges his boundaries with Julia and rubs her belly, much to her disgust. He's always like this - oblivious.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Well, I've got just the thing. You go on inside and I'll make you a Johnson family recipe! My mother drank it when I was but a little foetus and look how great I turned out.

We sarcastically highlight the ragged, dirty look David has carried with him his whole life. His dirty, wide-rimmed spectacles, his messy, unkempt moustache, his receding, greasy hairline.

He darts off back to his own house, giving Julia time to move the body. She drags Mark's body into the house, leaving the door open.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Julia manages to hide Mark's body behind a chest of drawers just in time, as David comes bursting into the living room, holding a glass of his weird mixture.

DAVID

Here you go, my dear. Gulp it all down, and let the baby drown!

An awkward silence as David waits for a laugh that never comes. He makes his own laughter.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Heh heh heh. A small joke rhyme my mother used to say.

David realises Julia is hesitant to try the drink.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Go on then, my dear, try it!

Julia very slowly puts the glass to her lips, her nose wrinkles at the smell, but she pushes on and sips some. She smiles as if to reassure him. David is relieved and wanders into the kitchen.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You know, I keep telling your lovely husband you should be doing gardening.

Julia spits what she sipped back into the cup, and pours the horrible concoction into a nearby plant pot. Her husband's body slumps out from its hiding place.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There's something so healing about having your hands soiled. I mean, in the soil. I recently bought some petunias. You'd love them!

She quickly pushes him upright, but is still on the ground when David returns, a glass of milk in hand, into which he is pouring vinegar. He takes a sip.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh my Gosh!

Julia thinks he saw.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You drank it all! You must have liked that!

JULIA

Yes, it was lovely. Were you off out somewhere? I'm feeling much better now.

DAVID

You're right! I have an appointment at my doctors. My feet are giving off a rather strange odor, and they're not quite the right colour. Yellow toes, my mother calls me!

JULIA

(Uncomfortable)

Ha, right.

DAVID

Any way. I'll call back in when I get home. Make sure you're alright. When is Mark due home?

JULIA

(Assuring)

He'll be back any moment.

DAVID

Right! Rest up and I'll see you soon! Cheerio!

David leaves and Julia breathes a sigh of relief. She then stuffs marks corpse into a black bag and drags him through the kitchen, past a bunch of keys with the name tag 'David Johnson' on them.

When she reaches the garden, David has returned.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

DAVID

Julia! Up already!

David spots the bag.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You can't be carrying that! Here let me give you a hand.

JULIA

No! I'm fine! Why are you here, David?

DAVID

I forgot my keys! No heavy lifting for a pregnant woman!

David obliviously picks up the bag, realising how heavy it was. Julia gestures to the shed, uncomfortably. They walk, slowly.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Shouldn't Mark be doing this for you? I don't know, about that one. Seems like you could do with a better man! Maybe a gardener?

JULIA

You mean you?

DAVID

Well, not me specifically. Speaking of gardening, did I tell you about my petunias? Beautiful things! They could really brighten up this garden.

JULIA

Yes, I think you did...

They reach the shed. David plonks the bag down where Julia tells him to.

DAVID

Anyway, I must be off, stinky feet and all.

JULIA

Yes, by David. Thank you.

David turns to leave, but as he does, a spade falls from the rack and rips the bag open, revealing Mark's bloody face.

DAVID

Julia... I...

In yet another moment of panic, Julia slams the door shut and we hear two meek 'yelps' accompanied by thuds of metal to flesh.

FADE TO:

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Julia is at a flower stand. She comes across some petunias. She buys many pots.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Julia is planting the petunias in the ground near the fence. She waters them and stands to admire them. She walks off, the camera lingers.

We ominously move closer to the flowers as music plays. Closer and closer. Until we see the very tips of two fingers poking out from the brown soil, as if the corpse they belong to were trying to escape.

We then descend into the ground, to find Mark and David's dismembered bodies. Heads, legs, arms, hands, feet, torso. Worms crawling through.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.