

Uprooted

By

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1 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY 1

We open on: A WEED. It grows in the center of an otherwise desolate backyard. Dust and dirt surround the only piece of green. Next to the weed stands: a MAN. He stares down at it.

The Man walks away from the weed. CAMERA DOLLIES WITH HIM. He leaves the backyard, enters...

2 INT. HOME - CONTINUOUS 2

...The house. The place is completely empty. He goes through the hallway: outlines of picture frames adorn the bare walls.

Man enters: the living room. The place is stripped. White plaster encompasses a worn shag carpet. There are imprints of where previous furniture was.

We DOLLY past this, seeing the kitchen on the left for a brief moment. Man enters...

3 EXT. FRONTYARD - DAY 3

The front. We finally see the house's façade. It is low slung, completely symmetrical. The stucco walls encompass two windows and a door.

A REAL ESTATE AGENT is waiting.

The MAN walks past him towards HIS FAMILY.

WOMAN (40s) and SON (16) stand next to each other. They look at the house nervously. The Man arrives and gives both of them a nod. Woman smiles and hugs him.

The son looks at his surroundings. Most windows are boarded up. Man grabs his kid by the shoulder and gives a reaffirming squeeze. They're going to make the best of it.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The THREE twist their heads at the sound of gunshots. Police sirens are heard in the background.

Before The Family can react, the Real Estate Agent drops the keys into the Man's hands.

The agent slaps a red sticker on the "FOR SALE" sign. "SOLD."

TITLE: UPROOTED

4 INT. KITCHEN - LATER 4

The Son starts restocking the cooking stations. He fills empty cabinets with all kinds of pots and pans, refills the fridge.

5 INT. HALLWAY - LATER 5

The Wife hangs family photos on the wall. She beams proudly at a staged image of the family together. A better time.

6 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY 6

The Man goes to the backyard: it is an ugly sea of brown. The only speck of green that exists is the single WEED.

A grin of determination streaks across the Man's face.

7 EXT. BACKYARD - LATER 7

The Man starts RAKING the dirt into parallel lines. He throws SEEDS OF GRASS on top.

The Man comes to the middle of the yard, right where the WEED is. He lands on it, stops.

It looks so innocent there, so vulnerable. The only piece of life in an otherwise desolate-

RIP!!!

The Man YANKS the weed right out of ground. He tosses it behind him. The Weed lands a couple of feet away.

8 EXT. BACKYARD - LATER 8

The man finishes planting the backyard. He looks at it from the patio.

As he stares, grass EMERGES from the ground. It transforms the SEA OF BROWN into a SEA OF GREEN.

The Man beams proudly. He goes inside.

9 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 9

Steaks sizzle on the oven.

The Family sits together at the dining room table. The Man brings the cooked meat for all of them to eat.

As the family enjoys this wonderful communion together, we see the BACKYARD through the kitchen window.

In the dark, a single weed PLOPS out of the ground.

10 INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING 10

Man sits down at the living room table. He has his cup of coffee and newspaper.

His SON passes by him. He has his backpack on: ready for school. His Dad gives him a smile and wave. The son smiles back.

His WIFE follows. She's dressed for work, comes to say goodbye to her husband.

They stare at each other for a moment. Just as the two are about to kiss -

Brrrinnggg.

The wife's cellphone rings. She goes to answer it, heads out the door.

The man is now left all alone in the house.

He goes back to his paper. He pauses, opens the "classified" section, grabs a red Sharpie marker next to him.

The man looks through, finds the first offering, "WANTED: Instachat Assistant."

Man circles the position.

11 INT. INSTACHAT HEADQUARTERS - DAY 11

The man sits across from the INSTACHAT EXEC (35). He looks at Man, then down at his resume, then back up at Man. Man gives a wholesome smile.

Instachat Exec shakes his head. "No."

12 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 12

The Man crosses out the job listing. He goes to next one: "Dotify Assistant: WANTED." Man circles the position.

13 INT. DOTIFY HEADQUARTERS - DAY 13

The DOTIFY EXEC (30) looks at man, then his resume. Shakes his head. "No."

14 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 14
Man crosses out Dotify. Circles next listing: WHATSUP.

15 WHATSUP HQ - DAY 15
WHATSUP EXEC (25) shakes their head: "No."

16 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 16
Man sees: "MyFace - *Free Intern Position Wanted.*"
Man hesitates. Then circles the offering.

17 INT. MYFACE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 17
The MYFACE EXEC (20) looks at the man, then back at his resume. He gives a wide smile, reaches for something behind his desk.
Man gives a hopeful grin in return. Is this it???
MyFace Exec grabs a stamp, SLAMS the RESUME in big red letters: "DECLINED."
The Man sits in the office. Utterly defeated.

18 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 18
The man gets up from the couch, walks out into...

19 EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS 19
...The porch. He looks up.
The greenery looks beautiful. The man smiles.
His grin ends when his gaze lands on: a weed in the backyard. He frowns, didn't he already take care of that?
The man walks over and plucks the weed out of the ground. We hear a: "Plop!"
Man looks next to him. Another weed is *right there*. What? He grabs that one. Looks around. Nothing else. The Man walks back inside.

20 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 20

Later, the man is cooking dinner. He makes HAMBURGERS. They look smaller than the steaks, a little less meaty.

The man sets the food on the table, his son comes running in, hungry. The two sit down, wait for a little bit. Where's Mom?

The Woman comes in from the front door. She stops at the kitchen, looks at her son and husband. She's on the phone.

She smiles at them quickly, then walks down the hallway. The Man grabs some food, goes to follow her.

21 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 21

The woman opens her laptop, gets to work. Man comes by with the burger. He knocks politely to let himself in.

The woman smiles at him, then goes back to typing. The man puts the plate down next to her.

He stares at her, waiting for a "thank you" of some type. Woman ignores him, keeps on typing. Man leaves.

22 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 22

The man sits back down. The son stares at his burger. It's tiny. His stomach growls. The man smiles at him half-heartedly.

The two begin to eat.

23 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY 23

The next day, the man is back in his yard. He's reading the newspaper.

The man goes to the classified section. He gets out his red pen, ready to look for potential new jobs.

He stares at the first listing: "CoolToo: Assistant Wanted!"

The man sighs, fold up his paper, puts down his red pen. He looks up at the garden. Shock streaks across his face.

There is ANOTHER DAMN WEED in the yard. The man can't believe it. He gets up, determined.

The man marches straight to the weed. He grabs the plant and RIPS it out of the ground.

PLOP!

(CONTINUED)

The man looks to his left: there's another one! He leaps over and YANKS it.

PLOP!

Another to his right! Man leaps over and pulls that one.

After aggressively yanking them out, he stares to make sure there are none left. All is well...

The man walks back inside. As he heads in he hears a faint...

Plop!

HE TWISTS!

Nothing on the grass. Man assumes he imagined it. He goes back inside.

24 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

24

Man prepares the food for his family tonight. It's a CHEESE SANDWICH.

Man lays down the food, prepares the table for three. He sits down and waits....

...and waits....

...and waits.

Finally, his wife comes rushing in. The man gets up to greet her. The woman is on the phone. She quietly smiles and then heads into the bedroom. She's busy.

The man, dejected sits back down.

Just as all hope seems lost, however, his SON comes walking in. Man smiles. Son has his headphones plugged in, however, and is holding his Math textbook. Homework.

He nods to his Dad, grabs his plate, and then walks back into his room.

The man sits there, dejected. He SLAMS a knife into the sandwich.

25 EXT. BACKYARD- DAY 25

The man walks outside, looking down at his newspaper as he opens the screen door.

He lands at the top of the stairs, looks up. What he sees causes his mouth to drop...

WEEDS! WEEDS EVERYWHERE! On the grass, in the garden, in the dirt. Disgusting vegetation has completely taken root.

The man squints. This. Means. War.

MONTAGE:

We see a flurry of Man decimating life. He pulls one weed violently from the ground. Then he pulls another. The weeds keep on coming back.

Man gets out his shears, does a menacing snip. Man begins CUTTING every single weed in the backyard. One after another after another. But the weeds *keep on coming back*.

Man doesn't understand. How can this be? He gets out a weed wacker. Just starts hitting them like golf balls. They keep on growing back. Man is bewildered.

As he continues, the sun sets.

26 INT. HOME - NIGHT 26

The woman comes in late from work. She's on her phone, looks up as she passes the kitchen to see what's for dinner.

The table is completely empty.

As Woman notices this, Son comes walking in from his room. He has his headphones plugged in. He glances up, however, and notices there's no food.

The two look at each other, "Where's Dad?"

They hear a faint grunting noise from outback, head outside.

27 EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS 27

Wife and son come outside to see Man plowing weeds nonstop. He looks like a crazy person.

The two are concerned, but unsure of what to do. The son is about to say something, but the wife pulls him inside.

(CONTINUED)

The man continues chopping the weeds. He's sweaty, exhausted, slowing down. The weeds, however, are almost gone.

The man slowly marches over to the last one. He stares at it: his mortal nemesis. The man grabs it by the root. He pulls, but the weed won't budge. The man pulls harder, but to no avail. The weed isn't moving.

The man leans back, PULLS on the weed with all of his might, every muscle in his body *straining*. And...

PLOP! The weed comes out.

The man falls. A slew of dead weeds lie on the ground, none are standing.

The man chuckles. The laugh begins to grow louder and louder. He can't believe he did it! HE WON!!

PLOP!

A little weed plops up from the ground. The man stares at it, bewildered. He can't believe this.

He'll never win.

The man's face distorts from shock to a pained grimace, tears begin to form in his eyes. He's a failure.

The man cries.

As he does, two bodies come marching from inside. A hand rests on his shoulders. The man looks up, his wife stares down at him, smiling.

On the other side, his son lifts a plastic bag. It's takeout food. The man smiles.

28

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

28

The man, his wife, and son all sit around the table enjoying TFC (Tennessee Fried Chicken) together.

Man smiles, happy that he's able to have time with his family. His WIFE kisses him on the cheek, then gives his hand a reaffirming squeeze. Everything's going to be ok.

Man's gaze, however, is soon broken. Across the way, illuminated by a single spot light, sits the little weed.

Man looks down at his plate. He pours GRAVY over his vegetables, smothering them. An evil grin crosses his face.

29 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

29

Man drops a giant bag of CEMENT MIXER to the ground. He churns it in a giant vat. He is sweaty, but determined.

The man starts pouring the cement OVER THE GRASS. It spreads like a thick soup. The man works diligently to cover every single area.

As he's working, the WIFE and SON come outside to see what the Man is doing. They see him spreading the cement over the grass. Disappointment on his wife's face. She goes inside first, then the son.

The man continues his work well into the night. The cement SWALLOWS the one remaining weed.

30 EXT. BACKYARD - THE NEXT DAY

30

Morning. The Man is asleep on the patio, covered in grey ash and mud. He opens his eyes, rubs his face, gets up. He looks up, sees it...

GREY.

An ocean of grey. Every which way you look, cement has overtaken the yard, resting on top of the green grass.

Man looks on in triumph. His jubilation, however, quickly gives way to concern. He walks down to the center.

The backyard is now hot and hardscrabble. What was once inviting and pleasant now feels menacing and rough.

He looks on at where the first weed grew.

It is empty.

FADE TO BLACK.