

Greener Pastures
by
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EXT. COUNTRY TREE BRANCH - DAY

CLOSE ON a mammoth bird, BADASS CROW, perched upon a lone tree branch with blue sky in b.g. HEAR O.S. distinct Grub worm slurpy-stretching sound. Badass Crow twitches his head in the direction of the noise. Tantalized, he opens his beak - CAWWWW - snaps shut. Flies off.

EXT. COTTAGE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CROW P.O.V. soaring view of an isolated pastoral property that is a step out of time. Quaint storybook cottage home. Lead glass of the oriel windows reflects vibrant green streaks of the lush grounds.

CAMERA LANDS softly in a cushion of velvet grass. Lawn is perfectly trimmed except one renegade blade that protrudes higher than the rest.

Over-sized pair of gold pruning shears fill our frame as MIDORI, a Japanese gentleman older than God, meticulously trims the growth-spurred grass.

Midori stretches and surveys his pride and glory;

REVEAL MIDORI'S VAST PRISTINE GREEN LAWN

the envy of any horticulturist, this grass is so perfect, so green, so thick, so manicured that it looks plastic.

CAMERA LOWERS DOWN

through the grass blades, sinks below the topsoil to reveal;

EXT. EARTH BELOW - CONTINUOUS

A cavernous space in the earth. Grass roots dangle from the ceiling like stalactites.

White-grey-ish Chafer Beetle larvae blinks awake. Stretches. Makes slurpy-stretchy noise. We'll call this she-critter affectionately: GRUBBIE. Belly grumbles. Grubbie casually reaches up and yoinks down a grass blade by its root.

EXT. COTTAGE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, topside, a single grass blade in Midori's pristine lawn disappears into the ground.

Midori's head turns. Eyes the ground suspiciously. Sees nothing out of the ordinary. Suddenly one grass blade oddly twitches and then disappears into the earth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suspicious, Midori places an ear to the ground;

EXT. EARTH BELOW - CONTINUOUS

In the shadowy b.g. Grubbie's SIBLINGS munch on grass.

In the foreground Grubbie lazes on her back. BELCHES, regurgitating a root tip. Without hesitation, she swallows it back down whole.

EXT. COTTAGE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Midori squints his eyes in a knowing scowl.

EXT. COTTAGE HOUSE - DUSK

Water sprinkler kicks on. Weaves back and forth.

Midori holds a plastic tub of creamy-white Nematodes (microscopic worms with blinky-cute eyes and shark teeth). Tub is labelled with a crossed-out image of a Grubbie and a green bio-safe insignia.

Midori pours the creamy contents into a red watering can full of water. Stirs the mixture with a large wooden spoon.

CAMERA BOOMS DOWN TO SPLIT HORIZONTAL VIEW

so we simultaneously see above the ground and below. Humming, Midori pads in muddied gumboots across the soggy grass, sprinkling the milky fluid. Pauses directly above Grubbie.

A water droplet soaks Grubbie's head. REVEAL she stands on an island of rocks, water bubbling up around her. Looking miserable, she holds a make-shift umbrella made of woven grass. In the b.g. her Siblings too balance on what little dry land remains, stacked acrobatically atop each other.

Grubbie looks suspiciously skyward. Listens.

Midori pours. Milky fluid rains on the lawn.

CLOSE ON GRUBBIE'S PANICKED FACE

as the earth grumbles overhead. Burst of dirt explodes. Nematode drops in the shadows. Wiggles forward into a shaft of light revealing it's just a wee docile wormy. Grubbie relaxes. Nematode lets out a cute baby cry... exposing ghastly jagged teeth.

Grubbie yelps. Siblings scream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Army of toothed-nematodes drop down. Surrounded. Panic ensues. One Nematode entwines around Grubbie's head. Its teeth close to biting off her eyeball. She flings it off. Grubbie escapes by burrowing into the earth.

INT. DEEPER EARTH

ANGLE ON GRUBBIE'S FACE AS SHE BORES TOWARD CAMERA

like a spinning drill.

Behind Grubbie, the Nematodes, hot in pursuit, creepily stick to walls, ceiling of tunnel. Close in...

Grubbie runs out of gas. Huffs and puffs. Debris falls on her head. Gazes upward at the tunnel ceiling. Realizes it's not stable...

Just as a ghastly Nematode lunges to attack, Grubbie yanks on a root, triggering an avalanche. Dust cloud consumes the screen. Then complete darkness.

Hear muffled distant music of the CHILEAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

EXT. COTTAGE HOUSE - MORNING

HIGH ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN

over the shoulder of Badass Crow. Another CROW side-steps into edge of frame as below Mr. Midori exits his cottage.

Inspects lawn. No grass disappears. Believing to have defeated his buggy-foe, Midori, content, assumes a cross-legged meditation pose on his precious lawn.

EXT. EARTH BELOW - CONTINUOUS

An avalanche of rocks block one side of the cave. A pebble pushes loose. Dirty, Grubbie squeezes herself free to safety.

ON GRUBBIE'S HORRIFIED FACE

REVEAL in her air-pocket cave her Siblings lie belly-up, dead. Massacre. Grubbie is the only one left. Vengeful, she angrily shakes her fists upward;

GRUBBIE
(buggy noise equivalent)
Noooooooooo!

EXT. COTTAGE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Instead of individual blades, now whole clumps of grass disappear below the earth.

GRUBBIE POV FROM INSIDE A DARK HOLE LOOKING UP ON

MIDORI's furious face glaring downward shaking his fist.

MIDORI

Noooooo!

ANGLE HIGH ON TELEPHONE WIRE

Drawn to the sounds of Grubbie chowing, a murder of CROWS have amassed next to Badass Crow. All gaze downward at;

Midori feverishly searches his gardening kit. Finds another green solution bug deterrent. Hesitates. Just then a grass plug disappears taking with it his gold pruning shears.

Furious, Midori snatches an ancient grenade-looking toxic bug bomb out of his kit. Pops pin. Wings it through the air. Cannister lands, plugging a grass hole in the middle of the lawn. Countdown ticks...

CLOSE ON MIDORI'S FACE

instant regret. He winces, bracing in anticipation.

CLOSE ON GRUBBIE'S FACE

worried and uncertain.

Lawn bomb detonates and a shockwave fog ripples...

SLOW MOTION

nuclear wind blasts Midori. Cringes. Turns away.

After-math. Low-fog of pesticide smoulders knee-high over the grass. Dissipates. Midori coughs. Wafts away the smog. Waits. Nothing happens. He exhales his relief. Then the grass tips singe to brown. Midori is horrified.

EXT. EARTH BELOW - CONTINUOUS

Grubbie has been knocked on her keister by the blast. One antenna bent askew. She stares bewildered at the poisonous plume of vapor rising off the tip of a grass blade. She rejects it. Then she leaps up and in one fell-swoop clips off only the tender, ungassed roots.

EXT. COTTAGE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Topside, grass blades keel over. Midori picks one up to discover the root is gone. Spots the flash of Grubbie's white tail. Aha!!!

ON COTTAGE IN B.G.

As psycho Midori enters frame twirling a spade like a martial arts staff. Blade glints sharp in the sunlight. Midori nonsensically stabs the lawn.

INT. EARTH BELOW - CONTINUOUS

Grubbie darts. Blade slices down to her left. Grubbie dekes. Blade slices to her right.

EXT. COTTAGE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Midori digs. Flips the earth. Suddenly Grubbie is rooted belly-up top-side. Midori gloats. Grubbie cowers.

ANGLE ON CROWS ALONG HIGH-WIRE

each solid black eye reflects an image of Grubbie.

FAST ZOOM-IN ON GRUBBIE

as shadow of CROW darkens her frightened face.

ON MIDORI'S FACE

turns to see dive bombing Crows spiralling downward.

With Midori distracted, Grubbie flips over and escapes into the thick grass.

Disorienting Crow feeding frenzy ravages Midori's lawn. Grubbie is tossed. Beaks snap. Flung. Talons rake earth. Spun. Crows ingest tainted grass. Midori defends his turf. Swings shovel. Misses. Clobbers one. Schwack. Feathers fly.

Midori suddenly clutches his heart.

SLOW MOTION AS MIDORI

collapses onto the cushy lawn, landing directly onto Grubbie.

The lawn is suddenly peppered with crows dropping dead.

ANGLE LEVEL TO LAWN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

as Badass Crow drops dead into frame. Tell-tale foam and a clump o'poisoned grass dangles out from his beak.

WIDE HIGH-ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT LAWN

looks like bombed Beirut. Midori lays dead on his equally dead lawn, littered with equally dead birds.

Grubbie wiggles out from underneath Midori. Takes stock of the destruction. Her stomach grumbles. She eyes various neighbouring yards as potential food sources: one is xeriscaped, one combines moss with wild grass and another is an edible garden. In the distance she spots a delectable manicured traditional lawn.

Grubbie worms off toward those greener pastures.

FADE TO BLACK.