

THE GARDEN OF PISS:
AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL DOCUMENT

Written by

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PINK OYSTER DRAFT (3rd)

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1 CREDITS, TITLE CARD: "GARDEN OF PISS"

1

Black screen, dirty-mustard text. A MYSTICAL HYMN sung by a CHILDREN'S CHOIR slowly builds, continuing throughout the following scenes until noted otherwise.

FADE IN:

2 EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - EARLY MORNING

2

A grand, sweeping view of glorious New Mexican landscape.

We float through familiar landmarks: skies, mountains, rivers, cacti, and roadrunners, while a friendly, spunky Southwestern-accented voice speaks to us;

THE NARRATOR (O.S.)

Once upon a dried cacti, in the shrubbiest sun-baked trails and the deadliest of rattle-snake shenanigans, known too familiarly here in the entrapping lands of New Mexico, there lived a boy... The Boy, depending who ya might ask.. an adolescent with a brown ass who lived courageously, had a dirty-mustard bone to pick with these times, in all of its' Mechanic Mundane-ness, and viscous homogeneity, if you will.. Now, of course.... it takes a sucker to know a sucker, and my own whimpering soul accounts for much of the cowardice you see here in the world today... (sigh, glass pour) The name's The Narrator.. Yes, that is Mr. The Narrator.. and this anthropological document here is the result of a passionate interest for one particular item.. a rare, cultural totem that The Boy is believed, by the smuggest of art dealers and the drunkest of shamans, to have created, with his bare.. well, we'll get to that later..

(MORE)

THE NARRATOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
 I happened upon said artifact at a garage sale, a midst another one of my bountiful periods of academic procrastination, avoiding my graduation, fighting the stars against my fate of being eaten by the steel jaws of academia... well anyways, the said artifact was lying in a cardboard bin marked "Free shit"...and the moment I laid eyes upon the *monolith* I knew it was ... well shit what? a *glimmer of God*?

Finally, we settle on the Albuquerque horizon.. then, a lower to middle-class sort of neighborhood...

THE NARRATOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
 Now that's precisely what haunts me... What is the essence of this object that haunts me so thoroughly? A masterpiece? A guttural travesty? This boy, excuse me.. The Boy, whether aware of it or not, has made something remarkable, *timeless*..

Now... a modest, ONE-STORY home with a simple front yard.

THE NARRATOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
 ..And I'm drinking all my tequila tonight to get to the bottom of it with you..

PSSSSSSSSSS.... (note: MYSTICAL HYMN ends)

3 INT. BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING - THAT MOMENT

3

PSSSSSSSSSS....

TIGHT CLOSE UP of URINE hitting TOILET WATER. A SMALL HAND presses down upon the handle, flushing it.

4 INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING - THAT MOMENT

4

THE BOY, 12 years old, sits down at his desk, hunching over, resumes in scribbling into a sheet of paper intensely. His room is messy, adolescent.

An alarm clock sitting on his desk goes from "6:59am" to "7:00am", then suddenly **beeps**. His hand hits the top, quickly, shutting it off. He continues writing for a moment, until his attention is interrupted by..

KNOCK KNOCK!

THE FATHER (O.S.)
Time to get up boy!

The bedroom door knob twists and struggles, locked.

THE FATHER (O.S.)
What'd I say about locked doors, boy?
No locked doors in this house!

THE BOY
Sorry! I'll be ready! Gimme 5!

THE FATHER's footsteps leave, down the hall. THE BOY continues scribbling and we finally see what it is:

He's tracing an illustration of a WOMAN from a PICASSO ART BOOK onto a sheet of paper that says "DAILY HW ASSIGNMENT".

5 INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

5

THE FATHER, 40s, wearing a construction hat, and THE BOY, drive in silence. THE FATHER fiddles with radio stations.

THE FATHER
You remember the station she's supposed to be - oh okay here we go..

THE MOTHER (O.S.)
...very exciting commission that I've been working at for a bit... and, y'know, it's demanding, really demanding.

MORNING RADIO INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
How so?

THE MOTHER (O.S.)
I mean, it just.. as you know, I've been off the wagon for months now..

MORNING RADIO INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
..congrats to that..

THE MOTHER (O.S.)
..thank you, and uh, this new commission probes and stimulates my shadows, the shadows I'm ashamed of, that I've fought against for so long..

(MORE)

THE MOTHER (O.S.) (cont'd)
*It just, you know, I'm asked to
 inhabit a whole new realm of being,
 haha.. Oh, goodness..*

MORNING RADIO INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
*God. You are such an inspiration,
 lemme tell you.*

THE MOTHER (O.S.)
Oh c'mon, stop it.. I mean, yes, BUT-

MORNING RADIO INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
*You are, you are! I mean seriously,
 for women everywhere, your story,
 your work, all of it.. So
 revolutionary.. Do you have any
 daughters or...?*

THE MOTHER (O.S.)
I have a son.

THE BOY, zoning out until now, becomes interested.

MORNING RADIO INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Oh splendid! Is he an artist or..?

THE MOTHER (O.S.)
*Oh totally, totally. We just enrolled
 him to Bandelier, the art school,
 actually, and it's a wonderful
 institution by the way....*

6 EXT. BANDELIER ART SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

6

THE FATHER'S truck rolls into the parking lot of BANDELIER ART SCHOOL. THE BOY is deposited onto school grounds where other children from other vehicles repeat this ritual.

THE FATHER (O.S.)
*Be smart boy! Make yer mother proud
 today.. we didn't uproot ya' for
 nothing!*

THE BOY
I'm trying my best.

THE FATHER
Love ya my boy. I'll be here at 3.

The truck skedaddles off. THE BOY joins the crowd of young students walking toward the building.

Teachers and crossing guards litter the premises as the city surrounding gains it's predictably busy life.

7 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

7

A small, cramped, and decorated classroom. It is arranged in nontraditional seating, bunches of 3 to 4 students share one large table, facing each other, and there are about 5 of these large tables in the room.

THE TEACHER, 30s, is walking from table to table, checking homework (student illustrations) off with a teal pen, and students talk among themselves as they await her visit.

THE TEACHER

Good.... Good.... Well, this is interesting! ...

THE BOY, along with three other students at his table, all have their homework out. Among them is a particularly sophisticated-looking child, THE STAR. She rocks a fabric GOLD STAR stitched in her shirt. She talks to THE BOY;

THE STAR

..so we cannot do Misses Logan's anymore as the physical hazards became an uncomfortable liability for her. I'm looking into other spaces, but for now, sadly, the project is henceforth canceled. I told everyone else, separately.

THE BOY

Well that's really fucking dumb... can we just rehearse at somebody's house.. ?

THE STAR

Unless you know somebody with a gymnasium in their backyard, I'm afraid not. The concept necessitates for a large space with plenty of elbow room. Now, I'm looking into an auditorium Ms. Hersh referred to, but for now, we are admitting defeat--

THE TEACHER has reached their table, she starts with THE STAR's homework, and moves last to THE BOY's.

THE TEACHER

Fantastic... Good... Nice! ...

Finally, she studies THE BOY's homework, then, gives him a hard, long look. Everybody at the table notices.

THE BOY
.....I'm sorry.

THE TEACHER scribbles a note into his paper, then goes to another desk of students. THE BOY reads the note:

"See me after during lunch!"

8 EXT. HALLWAY - BANDELIER - LATER

8

THE BOY storms out the classroom and into an empty hallway, frustrated and crying. THE TEACHER, eating an apple, watches him leave from the window, then turns around.

As he turns a corner, he notices a colorful, professional POSTER taped to the wall, it reads:

"Wanna be involved in a choreography
dance created by POC students? Come
to the GYM after school 4 details!"

Immediately, THE BOY starts ripping it down. A TEACHER WITH A LIMP sees him, approaches:

THE TEACHER WITH A LIMP
Hey! Kid! What're think you're doing?

THE BOY (SNIFFING)
This got canceled.. She.. the
organizer, told me earlier--

THE TEACHER WITH A LIMP
They moved the time, they didn't
cancel it, stop that.

THE BOY (STILL RIPPING)
I just talked with her earlier.

THE TEACHER WITH A LIMP
Well, they're in the gymnasium *now*
rehearsing. You gonna make another
one of these? Who's your home room
teacher?

9 EXT. GYMNASIUM - THAT MOMENT

9

THE STAR leads a standing stretching routine for a large, diverse room of students. Joni Mitchell plays through a jukebox.

THE STAR
...now bring it out to the side and
circle down...

THE BOY emerges into the gym, door slamming loudly, alerting THE STAR and the others, as he heads towards the group, in particular at THE STAR.

THE BOY
You're a rotten liar. And a cheat.
And you're not my friend anymore.

A BOLD STUDENT chirps in;

BOLD STUDENT
If she ever was.

The group laughs uneasily. THE STAR remains firm.

THE BOY
You don't get to lie to people..

THE STAR
..I apologize. I do. But.. okay
then, we're kicking you off the
production, officially, then. I am
sorry. There are producer roles
available if you --

THE BOY
WHY THO YOU FUCKING ?!?! ...

SILENCE. A now pissed off BOLD STUDENT intrudes again:

BOLD STUDENT
Cause your Momma got all the talent,
ya fuckin' prick. You're a normie,
and if you didn't piss all the time,
leaving rehearsals and shit, maybe
you'd pick up the routines quicker.
Or maybe you wouldn't, I don't know.

THE STAR (TO BOLD STUDENT)
Dude.

THE BOY

I don't piss all the time.. I piss like everybody else. I'm hydrated and that's not a crime--

THE STAR

Look. You *do* piss more than anybody I know. It's worth looking into. Medically. But at the moment, we cannot afford to halt the speed at which everybody else is capable to learn the routines at. Now it's--

BOLD STUDENT

Just leave man. Work on something else. Like your drawings, though I don't know if you're cut out for that eith--

THE BOY slams the BOLD STUDENT on the ground. They tussle. THE BOY's slightly more violent, so therefore winning. THE TEACHER WITH A LIMP storms into the room. THE BOY gets up;

THE BOY

Fuck you all. David Bowie bitches.

THE BOY hops away from a stunned group and towards out an opposite exit. The teacher starts trailing him, limping;

THE TEACHER WITH A LIMP

HEY .. HEY.. COME HERE!!

10 EXT. PATIO - BANDELIER - THAT MOMENT

10

THE BOY exits the GYM, running, heading off school grounds. We see a large half-finished MURAL on the side of a school building. THE TEACHER WITH A LIMP finally emerges.

LUNCH ADVISER

We don't do that!! At Bandelier. We don't-- This is an institution of community, compassion, and -- HEY!!

THE BOY is now sprinting, heading towards the surrounding neighborhood. THE TEACHER WITH A LIMP becomes more and more of a speck, yelling something inaudible.

11 EXT. NEIGHBORHOODS - THAT MOMENT

11

THE BOY sprints through neighborhoods notably more *well-to-do* than his own. His backpack falls up and down clumsily.

THE NARRATOR (O.S)
 ..and so The Boy ran and ran and ran.. Boy did he ran. Ran like a heroic Hermes, his backpack the superhero cape, trailing ever so elegantly behind him, like a flag in the cool wind of a ship, deeming a sort of excellence, a purity. The ultimate flag for a rebellion only the few have the courage to truly savor. Ahhh, how that must taste, I cannot imagine. For I have bad knees physically, and.. well, spiritually, too, one could say... and so The Boy ran for me. He ran for all of us.

THE BOY takes a sudden, sharp left and ducks into a NEIGHBORHOOD ALLEYWAY.

12 EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD ALLEYWAY - LATER

12

THE BOY walks through an alleyway, tossing glances at the impressive backyards. Time has passed, and fatigue/dehydration have settled into THE BOY's posture.

Up ahead, TWINS are running towards THE BOY, holding GREEN SPARKLERS by their heads, laughing.

THE BOY (TO THE TWINS)
 Hey! Hey! Do y'all know if, y'all know if Montgomery is the next --

The TWINS rush by him, completely ignoring his presence. They continue down the alleyway, laughing, GREEN SMOKE hovering over their movement.

THE BOY
 Fuckin' hell.

THE BOY turns and begins walking again when suddenly;

BARK BARK BARK BARK!!

A giant, nasty BULLDOG stares THE BOY down from behind a gate in a densely shaded BACKYARD. THE BOY is frozen stiff when an athletic, blonde OLD MAN rushes behind the fence, smacking the BULLDOG with a long bamboo shoot.

OLD MAN
 Sluta skälla ditt ruttna gris!
 Sluta skälla!! Sluta skälla!

THE BULLDOG whimpers away, and the OLD MAN begins to turn around when;

THE BOY

Hey! Uh.. sir! I'm kind of.. lost..
y'know if Montgomery is close by? and
if so.. what direction is.. if its...

THE BOY's voice loses steam as he watches the OLD MAN stare at him blankly, then, without reason, suddenly break into a wide, inscrutable grin.

OLD MAN (SOFTLY)

Pojke du är söt. Jag slår vad om att
du är ensam här ute eller inte. Är du
va? Vad sägs om att du kommer in i
mitt hus!

THE BOY, unnerved, begins to walk back in his original direction, away from the OLD MAN, who is still talking.

THE BOY (OVER THE OLD MAN)

Okay. Yeah.. No. Thanks. I should,
I think I know my way, thanks.

OLD MAN (SOFTLY)

Jag kan visa dig något riktigt
speciellt. Kom låt oss gå. Nu går vi.
Var försiktig här ute! Många dåliga
människor. Mycket mystiska saker. Du
kan bli biten vet du!

THE BOY turns a corner, casting one last glance behind and at THE OLD MAN, who is leaning over the FENCE, still looking at him.

FADE OUT:

13 EXT. THE DOUBLE STORY HOUSE - ALLEYWAY - LATER

13

The SUN beams down harshly. THE BOY, sweating from his forehead and arms, exhausted, marches forward slowly. He looks to be in a new neighborhood altogether: the backyards are bigger and quieter, almost pastoral.

Up ahead, the roof of an older, dilapidated DOUBLE STORY HOUSE, comes to view. As THE BOY approaches the home, faint PIANO MUSIC, elegant and off-kilter, gradually rises from it's backyard. Intrigued, he tip-toes forward, hiding behind a TALL BUSH, peeking through the FLOWERS at THE DOUBLE STORY HOUSE'S GARDEN:

GARDEN, THAT MOMENT (POV):

A vast, vibrant and gorgeous GARDEN surrounds the depreciating DOUBLE STORY HOUSE. A young girl in a white dress, THE GIRL WHO PLAYS PIANO, sits upright on a GRAND PIANO, muted expression, fingers and hands moving smoothly and expertly over the keys, producing the hauntingly sweet notes.

Twenty yards across from the girl, is an older woman in a black dress, THE WIDOW, rocking back and forth in a WOODEN CHAIR, weeping, out of joy and/or sorrow, powerfully. Next to the THE WIDOW, holding her hands while delicately but firmly whispering in her ears, is a person of ambiguous age and race, donning OVERALLS and a STRAW HAT, THE GARDENER.

THE BOY, utterly transfixed by this bizarre scene, moves further inside the GARDEN, staying hidden among tall bushes and flowers. He looks to THE WIDOW and THE GARDENER, then slowly back again, with a hypnotic concentration, to the THE GIRL WHO PLAYS PIANO, still deadpan and still playing with total professional grace.

Sweat descends from THE BOY'S forehead, his eyes flutter, mouth begins to drool. The PIANO MUSIC begins to climax, as does the WIDOW'S sobbing. Suddenly, his feet fall backward and THE BOY drops flatly into a RAISED GARDEN BED, smashing ORCHIDS in the process.

FADE TO BLACK:

14 EXT. THE GARDEN - DOUBLE STORY HOUSE - DUSK

14

TIGHT CU of THE GARDENER, scrutinizing what's before him, emotion rising. THE BOY lies unconscious, body crushing the ORCHIDS. A moment passes, then, THE GARDENER raising his hand, bellows:

THE GARDENER
Ya' voyeuristic rodent!!

His hand drops down like a guillotine: **SMACK!**

THE BOY is jostled awake, face burning red, registering the man before him.

THE GARDENER (cont'd)
Smashed my orchids?!?!?! Huh?!
Disrupting my experiments?!?????!!

THE BOY quickly rolls away and falls out of the GARDEN BED, missing another attempted strike by the GARDENER.

He finds his footing and faces THE GARDENER. Moving backwards, he casts quick glances behind him as to not fall on something else.

THE BOY

Wait! Wait! Stop! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

THE GARDENER

What's ya' business here?! Ya comin' to undue my work?! Spy on me!?!?!? Ya been commissioned by that nectar nymph Hebe?!?!?!? She sent ya?!?!?!

THE BOY

No, no, no, I'm sorry, I was lost and --- I don't, I tried getting home and -- I didn't mean anything--

THE GARDENER yanks a HOE from the ground and starts swiping at THE BOY. THE BOY dodges all of them, then turns around to dash for an exit but immediately trips over a potted plant. THE GARDENER drops the HOE and pins THE BOY down with their knees, who struggles back.

THE GARDENER

Ya really suspect me to.. hmph... to believe ... ya an innocent... hmpphph.. ignorant nomad.. destroying my precious orchids..for no reason... amidst the ceremonies..

THE BOY

It was an accident.. I swear I swear, I know nothing about anything, I was.. watching the piano, the music.. *my Lord that music was---*

THE GARDENER

Ya help me get those orchids back.. to the forest, you and me...we go... no matter who sent.. no matter who..

THE BOY kicks THE GARDENER off him and runs through THE GARDEN. Looking behind him, THE GARDENER has ceased chasing, and is now laughing, yelling;

THE GARDENER (cont'd)

Yea be back!! Yea be back!!! No one escapes the sirens of the pipes! Ya heard the music, ya heard *the piano*!!

THE BOY officially escapes, running back into the ALLEYWAY.

15 EXT. THE SIDE OF ROAD - EVENING 15

THE BOY hitch-hikes an OFF-ROAD, thumb out. A LARGE RIVER runs adjacent to this ROAD. A beaten up WHITE TRUCK slows down, stopping for him. THE BOY hops in the bed.

16 EXT. THE BED OF WHITE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS 16

THE BOY sits in the BED of the WHITE TRUCK as it drives very fast, bumping elbows with YARD DEBRIS and LANDSCAPING TOOLS.

17 INT. THE MOTHER'S STUDIO - THE BOY'S HOME - THAT NIGHT 17

A WOOD BASEMENT converted into THE MOTHER'S STUDIO. Canvases, ash-trays, and art supplies lay around.

THE MOTHER, 40s, bedraggled but sophisticated, works on a big canvas. A GLASS of WINE sits next to her. THE FATHER and THE BOY's voices are heard above the ceiling, shouting.

THE FATHER (O.S.)

..the hell d'ya think you are Boy?!
Ya think I wanna get phone calls from
ya school like that?! Ya think I
like hearing about you fighting and
cheating?!!

THE BOY (O.S.)

No.. No .. I don't think you like ---

THE FATHER (O.S.)

And THEN you have the audacity to lie
to ME?!? Not tell me where you been
all damn day?!?!?!?

THE BOY (O.S.)

I told you!! I was at the mall!!! I
walked around and needed to blow off
steam!!!

THE MOTHER shouts to the ceiling above:

THE MOTHER

Son! Son! Come down here, now
please.

Silence. Then, THE BOY and THE FATHER's begin descending down stairs. THE MOTHER takes a sip of wine.

THE FATHER (O.S.)

We're gonna have this conversation in front of your Moth--

THE MOTHER

YOU'RE STILL NOT ALLOWED DOWN HERE!
I'm talking with our son privately!

THE FATHER (O.S.) (TURNING AROUND)

Jesus Christ...

THE BOY's steps continue down the stairs, and he arrives to the STUDIO, haggard and emotional, leaning against a wall, facing THE MOTHER who has not looked away from her canvas.

THE MOTHER

You could have just ripped me off, you know.

THE BOY

Um. What? ..

THE MOTHER

It would've been a tasteful homage. Our little secret.

THE BOY

But.. wouldn't they know it's you..

THE MOTHER finally looks at him.

THE MOTHER

Exactly.

THE BOY

... Mom, I'm not happy. At Bandelier. I don't know how to fit in.. I don't understand the prompts ever, and everyone's good, and I'm just not good yet, and I thought I'd be good, or at least better by now.

THE MOTHER

You are better! Your progress has been *stunning*.

THE BOY

Has it? I can't even tell.

THE MOTHER

Look. I know you think you're not meant for this stuff, but your potential and passion is surely there. Trust me.

THE BOY

Okay, well, even if it was or is, I'm not happy there...

THE MOTHER

Aw, honey.. well.. How about one more semester, just till the end of the year? Be patient with yourself and your art. It'll pay off big.. Also, you know, it's not a bad thing for me, too, that you're there.. the city's still looking for an artist for that mural..

THE BOY

Yeah, I know, I know, two birds one stone...

THE MOTHER

Exactly. But hey. Most importantly, this is for you. If this crazy art stuff is in me, it's in you too. Seriously. Don't doubt that.

THE BOY

I just don't know what to draw ever.

THE MOTHER

Well, right, like I said, a tasteful homage is always welcomed!

THE BOY

C'mon. You didn't get to where you were cause of ripping somebody off.. Where do you find inspiration?

THE MOTHER (O.S.)

Well, if you don't know how to express from within, look at something outside yourself.. Work on something that stirs you, fascinates you, so, you know, like I said, my works are there for you to find!

18 INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 18

TIGHT CLOSE UP of URINE hitting TOILET WATER. A SMALL HAND presses down upon the handle, flushing it.

19 EXT. THE BOY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 19

THE BOY lays on his bed, listening to a WALKMAN PLAYER. In his hand, a tape called "*100 Best Loved Piano Solos Vol 1*".

A moment passes. Suddenly, deciding something, he stops the WALKMAN and makes his way to his desk. Opening a DRAWER, he pours out illustrating supplies and begins drawing *something*. We SLOW DOLLY into THE BOY'S FACE.

THE NARRATOR (O.S.) (SLURRING)
Shhh... be quiet now, for the BOY, in this incredible instance of remarkable energy from an ambiguous wellspring, unknowingly steps into a fate most glorious... his destiny, draped in a relevance most timeless..

His ALARM CLOCK reads "10:23pm".. fades into "2:16am" then fades into "4:27am".

THE BOY continues illustrating... then, stops. He takes a look at his much labored sketch:

A CRUDE and AMATEUR PORTRAIT of THE GIRL ON A PIANO.

He crumbles and tosses it, and immediately begins another:

THE NARRATOR (O.S.) (SLURRING) (cont'd)
These were the beginnings of the stirrings that yielded *the* rare artifact... But his growing obsession for what his eyes had stumbled upon earlier were missing vital nutrients. His muse's existence, seeming like a mirage at best now, could only be corroborated by another visit.. and so, it wasn't until these early hours, did he concoct a plan...

20 INT. THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 20

TIGHT CLOSE UP of a TOWEL being soaked in hot, steaming water. THE BOY presses it against his forehead.

21 EXT. THE BOY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 21

TIGHT CLOSE UP of ALARM CLOCK: "7:00am", beeping. THE BOY is under his BED. A **KNOCK** rattles his front door.

THE FATHER (O.S.)
Time to get up boy! .. Boy?

THE FATHER opens the door, turns off the ALARM CLOCK, and goes to THE BOY.

THE BOY is coughing hoarsely. THE FATHER checks his temperature.

22 INT. THE HALLWAY - THE BOY'S HOME - LATER 22

THE BOY, clothed in regular attire and with his backpack, walks through his HOUSE, looking around with caution. He makes his way to the door of the stairs that lead to his MOTHER'S STUDIO, and opens it. His MOTHER's on the phone.

THE MOTHER (ON A PHONE) (O.S.)
Yeah.. yeah. It's coming along, what can I tell you. Listen, I'm under a lot of fucking stress doing this, I'm fucking working day and night ..

THE BOY walks away.

23 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY 23

THE BOY waits at a BUS STOP with a LARGE MAP folded in front of him.

TIGHT CU: THE BOY'S FINGERS trace the MAP, running down a LONG RIVER that runs adjacent to the city.

A BUS rolls up in front of him.

24 INT. THE BUS - DAY 24

THE BOY looks outside the window of the CITY BUS, studying the streets, then, suddenly pulls the STOP STRING.

25 EXT. THE BUS STOP - SIDE OF ROAD - DAY 25

The BUS stops and THE BOY exits. We TRACK with him as he runs across a CROSSWALK.. through a SMALL FIELD.. then.. lo and behold, the LARGE RIVER that ran adjacent to the SIDE OF ROAD where he hitch-hiked.

Now, THE BOY speed walks towards the way he was walking from in the earlier scene, towards the ALLEYWAYS.

26 EXT. THE ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS 26

THE BOY finishes PISSING in an ALLEYWAY, and walks through the path, glancing at each backyard.

27 EXT. THE GARDEN - DOUBLE STORY HOME - DAY 27

THE BOY emerges into THE GARDEN, cautiously, examining the surroundings, walking forward. WHISTLING arises somewhere.

THE BOY enters a roofed REFUGE. THE GARDENER is here, laying across the dirt, whistling. A BREW from a GOLD POT steams. His eyes are GLAZED, and slowly, he takes notice of THE BOY:

THE GARDENER
Well, well, well, well... Howdy!

THE BOY
Hello.. sir, um... I want to apologize. For destroying your orchids, and intruding on the uh...

THE GARDENER
Ceremonies.... my experiments...

THE BOY
Right, I apologize, I do.. I got lost and nothing more. I'm not spying or meant to destroy anything or nothing. I'm just a regular boy that--

THE GARDENER
No boy that returns to a garden like *this is regular*.. which, I'll humbly admit, delights thee senses.. and so I apologize too.. I flew off the handle as they say! If only the ladle of this witches brew here was nourishing us yesterday! Haha!

(MORE)

THE GARDENER (cont'd)

It was the hottest day of the year,
ya know, neither of us hydrated ..
Don't sweat it.. Or sweat out...

THE BOY

Okay, well, great, thanks.. I didn't
just come for that though.. I, well
to put it shortly. I want to help you
get those orchids back, whatever we
gotta do, I'll do it. But, also if
it's possible to see the girl play
again, the piano and, also .. I would
love to do her portrait.

THE GARDENER sits up, intrigued further.

THE GARDENER

My my.. The horny little rodent has
revealed his cards, and what an
exhaustive hand 'tis. Ye, the sirens
have called thee.. How much did yer
Tom peep anyways? Of our ceremonies?

THE BOY

Not much, I caught it somewhere in
the middle, I think.

THE GARDENER

Ya happenstance upon the ending?

THE BOY

No, I think I passed out, then.

THE GARDENER

Ya poor, indulgent vermin... The
ending is the greatest number! The
cosmic bow for the entire movement!
Ya cursed to experience the ceremony
in an incomplete form, and thus, will
only receive it's gifts incompletely.
I apologize, dearly. For 'tis have
been better to not hear anything at
all...

THE BOY

...well, whatever it is I did see, I
am grateful cuz that was, it was.. a
really beautiful thing---

THE GARDENER, stands up, stretches.

THE GARDENER

Okay, my most debauched voyeur and horniest of toads, yes, ya join me on the voyage of extracting orchid's, I will arrange another ceremony where the girl plays, ya hear the whole movement, and ya can illustrate her... Deal.

THE BOY

Great! Wow! Okay, thank you so much. I can come over during weekends or some evenings during--

THE GARDENER

No, no no. My experiments can wait no further, and I shall not be stalled anymore. For it is a full moon tonight, the only sort of night I would dare embark on a sort of dangerous trek like this one here, we need all the fortune we can get. It will be tonight.

THE BOY

Well.. I have to be home soon, if you pick me up, 3712 NE Girard, across Montgomery, around midnight or so, I can join you.

THE GARDENER

Ya oaf... Sure, I will pick ya up from there. But I must warn ya boy, the orchid bushes, for they lie within a forest of a nature most forbidden, and a *terrible* be--

THE BOY

--Whatever. Anything I gotta do to see this girl and her piano again.. I'll do it.

THE GARDENER looks at the BOY closely. Then, he exits his REFUGE, with THE BOY following.

THE BOY

Well, look, I gotta go, but the girl, she lives here right? In that house? Can I maybe maybe meet her--?

THE GARDENER

NO! Ya cannot meet. They are immersed in their *studies*..

(MORE)

THE GARDENER (cont'd)
 Now, I will meet ya at yer lowly
 abode 11:28, sharp. And please,
 gather thee cajones.

28 INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT 28

A FULL MOON illuminates THE BOY, who lays on his bed, staring at his ALARM CLOCK, it reads "11:27". Then, **BING!** It switches to "11:28".

At that moment, GALLOPING is heard from outside.

29 EXT. THE BOY'S HOME - NIGHT 29

A HORSE on a wooden chariot, rode by THE GARDENER, GALLOPS towards the BOY'S HOME, stopping in front. THE BOY, wearing a backpack, escapes via bedroom window, and stealthily arrives to the front yard, hesitant to hop in the chariot.

THE BOY (WHISPERING)
 Dude. What the...

THE GARDENER
 Bartleby, The Boy. The Boy,
 Bartleby. Now c'mon, we haven't got
 much time.

THE BOY jumps in, THE GARDENER pulls on BARTLEBY's reins, and off they go.

30 EXT. THE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS 30

Lone stretch of highway. CARS rush by. THE GARDENER and THE BOY make modest progress with BARTLEBY.

31 EXT. THE FOOT OF THE FOREST - CONTINUOUS 31

Entrance of a huge forest, highway far behind them. They disembark from the CHARIOT. THE GARDENER goes to BARTLEBY, patting and thanking it, then turns to THE BOY:

THE GARDENER
 Underneath the seat, get out that bag
 and the shears to the side of it.

THE BOY locates the 2 long pair of shears and tosses them out the seat. Then, struggling to lift the long and heavy bag, THE GARDENER impatiently rushes to the Boy and does it for him, dropping it to the ground, then grabs the shears.

THE BOY

Jesus. What are you freakin' out --

THE GARDENER

Grab yer ears boy! These orchids, which we are to snatch tonight with these here--

THE GARDENER tosses the shears to THE BOY.

THE GARDENER (cont'd)

--are precious, ancient. I know wheretofore, but these are very dark, tricky and forbidden forests here, so ya need to stay close, and stay watch, never let me out of ya sight. Now open your bag...

THE BOY opens his bag, a HUGE BOW AND ARROW lays in them.

THE BOY

... is this for you?

THE GARDENER

'Tis yours. Now, like I *attempted* to warn thee, there's an old, old foe of mine from many years ago, a tiger with no eyes but a mighty sense of smell. She guards the orchids. Should she approach us with her notorious hunger of such gluttonous proportions, which I suspect she will, since she always has, ye are to arrow her to death, and to do it with an extreme sort of prejudice.

THE BOY

...There's no god-damn tigers in here you kook!

THE GARDENER

SHUSH ... Just be ready. Don't let me out of yer optics.

THE GARDENER begins entering the FOREST. THE BOY stays behind.

THE BOY

--I'm sorry. This is insane. You're insane. There are no wild tigers in --

THE GARDENER

BOY! This tiger will bite yer fucking head off and serve it to yer testicle, ya hear?!?!?! We're not turning back 'til we've gathered the orchids YE destroyed. My experiments can wait no further.

THE GARDENER aggressively swings the BOW AND ARROW around THE BOY, and with much hesitation they enter the FOREST.

32 EXT. THE DEEP FOREST - NIGHT

32

The FULL MOON beams down harshly. The duo creep forward, THE GARDENER in front, THE BOY, with a GIANT BOW AND ARROW in his hands, closely behind.

THE GARDENER

Shouldn't be too far now...

They march forward. Every small step giving an echo'd crunch. Strange bird-like noises come from all directions.

Abruptly, the GARDENER freezes. THE BOY follows suit, searching to find what THE GARDENER's staring at. Up ahead, 30 FEET from them, a shiny row of BLUE ORCHIDS wait.

THE BOY

....is that.. Woah..

THE GARDENER

Yes. In clear sight... Get yer arrows pointed boy.. she *must be* nearby.

THE BOY

Or, they're just there. And your Tiger friend.. doesn't exist.

THE GARDENER sniffs the air.

THE GARDENER

Most peculiar.. I do not smell her... She must be hiding her-

THE BOY walks forward to the ORCHIDS.

THE GARDENER (cont'd)

Boy! You imbecile!

THE BOY takes out a pair of SHEARS from his back pocket and begins snipping them from the ground.

THE BOY

C'mon.. look over me.. am I doing
this right?

THE GARDENER eyes the area maniacally, then, walks forward
cautiously.

THE BOY (cont'd)

Let's just get these orchids, and go
home, I bet that--

THE GARDENER walks towards THE BOY, then past him, as he has
spotted something in the distance. THE BOY tries to get a
view of where THE GARDENER is bending over.

THE BOY (cont'd)

What is it? What'd you find? ..

THE GARDENER turns around.. he's clutching a TIGER SKULL.

33 EXT. CAMP FIRE - DEEP FOREST - LATER

33

THE GARDENER and THE BOY huddle around a CAMP FIRE, GOLD POT
beside them. A bag of blue orchids sits next to them. THE
GARDENER, sips from a cup, staring into the fire, depressed.
THE BOY shifts uncomfortably, then;

THE BOY

Hey, look, I'm sorry I doubted you..
I am. But, you know, it was either
her or us.. you said it yourself..

THE GARDENER

'Tis not too much a pity, though I
suppose yer duelin' enemies with
somebody long enough, ya might as
well be buds.. Frankly, I didn't
think she'd beat me to it.

THE BOY

Beat you to what?

THE GARDENER

Use your brain. What'd'ya think my
experiments are for, Boy?

THE BOY

Um...

THE GARDENER

I'm not as young as ya think, ya
know.

(MORE)

THE GARDENER (cont'd)

They're comes a point being what I am
isn't worth it when no one else is
either... I guess she'd figured the
same..

Silence. Confusion for THE BOY.

THE BOY

Who's the girl? And the other lady?
Her mom, is it? Why was she crying?

THE GARDENER

...Mother's a widow, that's her
daughter, the piano noodler.. Her
husband died a bit ago, I wasn't too
fond on 'em myself, but I saw the
family needed some help. Taught 'em
some special knowledge. Helped
around a bit.

THE BOY

What do you mean when you say
"ceremony"?

THE GARDENER

'twas a ritual you saw performed. My
parting gift, the mother.. she's
been down and out for a long time...
It was an attempt to awaken something
in her that was hidden..

THE BOY

..So you taught the girl how to play
piano, then, didn't you? You write
the piece too?

THE GARDENER coyly smiles. The BREW might be kicking in.

THE BOY (cont'd)

Well... she sounded amazing.

THE GARDENER

Ha! Thanks! .. So, ya wanna
illustrate her ya nasty fellow? Ya
an artist ya say? Wet my ears.

THE BOY

Yeah. Yes. Yes. Definitely.

THE GARDENER

Ya don't seem sure of yerself.

THE BOY

Well, you know, art is work, and, it's pulling your own teeth.. and it's miserable stuff..

THE GARDENER

Miserable? Drawing make yer miserable? Ah boy, it can be much joyous than than that.

THE BOY

It doesn't make me miserable, it's just.. my mother's a painter, for a living, and I have a long ways to go.

THE GARDENER

... ya got a sample in that backpack of yers?

THE BOY grabs his backpack, starts riffling through it.

THE BOY

Yea. I got some stuff.. all this is a work in progress you know...

THE BOY pulls out a sheet of paper, hands it over to THE GARDENER, who takes a long look at it, then at the BOY:

THE GARDENER

Boy, if ya don't admit to me right now that yer got no business drawing, I'm forbidding ya from seeing the girl. Ya need to stop this at once.

THE BOY snatches it back.

THE BOY

Fuck you.

THE GARDENER

I'm serious. 'Tis a crime 'gainst the cosmos ya doing that.. Don't just follow what yer mother's doing.

THE BOY

She gave me her blessing though!

THE GARDENER

Well, that's how ya know she blowing hot air up yer ass! If she had any decency she'd throw all yer supplies out for ya by herself.

THE BOY gets up from the CAMPFIRE, fuming off in the forest.

THE GARDENER (cont'd)
Where yer off ta?!

THE BOY (O.S.)
I'm gonna go piss you stiff!

THE GARDENER
Well be back in 20! Sun coming up.

34 EXT. THE HIGHWAY - DUSK 34

THE BOY and THE GARDENER ride BARTLEBY on the highway, coming from the opposite direction. Early morning commute. They sit in heated, awkward silence.

35 EXT. THE BOY'S HOME - CONTINUOUS 35

BARTLEBY stops in front of THE BOY'S HOME. THE BOY hops off.

THE GARDENER
Look all ya have to do is admit yer a piss poor drawer, THEN, we can talk ya illustrating the Girl, THEN, we'd have somewhere to work from--

THE BOY flips off THE GARDENER.

THE GARDENER (cont'd)
Ya wanna be special? Do something with that pissing ability! Yer the world's biggest urinater! It's remarkable.

THE GARDENER pulls BARTLEBY's reins and they scamper off. THE BOY walks to the side of his HOUSE, jumps on top of his window seal, lifts the window, crawls inside;

36 INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - THAT MOMENT 36

THE BOY, inside his room now, hears his ALARM CLOCK going off. He shuts his window, turns around, and reaches for the OFF BUTTON when WHAM!

His FATHER, staring at him, presses the ALARM CLOCK for him. It reads "7:05am". They stare at each other;

THE NARRATOR (O.S.)

Well, all heroes have their detractors, and in this case, his fuck face father played the role as magnificently as a bleached asshole . Utterly betrayed by what he deemed the "delinquent whims of a child" , The Father saw to it that The Boy live with his sister, THE BOY's auntie, a near-blind, military brat, ex-elementary school teacher.

(Note: Cue dramatic, menacing orchestra music. This continues until noted otherwise)

- 37 INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - LATER 37
 THE BOY deconstructs his room, stuffing books and supplies in black dufflebags.
- 38 INT. AUNTIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY 38
 A gray, desolate "classroom" that looks more like a bunker for the apocalypse.
 THE AUNTIE, 70s, huge and with an eye-patch, sleeps in her chair. To the right of her, a GREEN CHALKBOARD stands with indecipherable math equations scrawled onto it. THE BOY sits in a lone desk, facing AUNTIE, doodling amateur stick figure replica's of THE GIRL ON A PIANO into his desk.
- 39 EXT. AUNTIE'S BACKYARD - DAY 39
 Very rainy day. AUNTIE, with a steel whistle, stands in her desolate backyard, conducting a maniacal exercise routine for THE BOY, who meekly participates.
- 40 INT. AUNTIE'S BATHROOM - DAY 40
 THE BOY deep cleans the BATHROOM in extreme detail.
- 41 INT. THE BOY'S BEDROOM - AUNTIE'S HOUSE - EVENING 41
 THE BOY, in a nondescript bedroom stares out his window.

42 INT. THE BOY'S BEDROOM - AUNTIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

42

THE BOY, under his sheets, a dim candle lighting him, works on more THE GIRL WHO PLAYS PIANO illustrations. They continue to be amateur, inadequate.

THE NARRATOR (O.S.)
 (Hmmpppph) Goddammit, this won't..
 This won't...(POP!!)... ah Thank
 God.. Now.... THE BOY.. (long gulp
 and clearing throat follow, along
 with hoarse coughing)

(Note: end cued dramatic, menacing music)

43 INT. AUNTIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

43

THE BOY, on a ladder, is reapplying grey paint on top of an already grey coat on the living room walls. THE AUNTIE walks in, holding a LANDLINE TELEPHONE and approaches him:

THE AUNTIE
 Your mother.

AUNTIE walks away. THE BOY holds up the phone to his ear, walking off the ladder.

THE BOY
 Hello? Mom?

44 INT. MOTHER'S STUDIO, THIS MOMENT:

44

THE MOTHER on the phone, drinking WINE, paces her studio.
 (Note: We cut between both of them)

THE MOTHER
 Hiya boy! Hey! How are you?

THE BOY
 Oh.... you know, I don't know.

THE MOTHER
 Auntie giving you a strain? Making a
 strong boy out of you? Haha!

THE BOY
 Yeah, she's... alright. How are you?

THE MOTHER
 Well... great, actually, I'm calling
 'cause I've a *huge* surprise....

THE BOY
Really? What's that?

THE MOTHER
You're gonna flip.

THE BOY
Well, what is it?

THE MOTHER
Guuueesssss.....

THE BOY
Um. I can come back home?

THE MOTHER
No. C'mon. You know better.

THE BOY
You finished the commission?

THE MOTHER
Ugh, no, God. I wish. Almost there though. I'm very, very close.

THE BOY
Uhhh.... I don't know Mom. What.

THE MOTHER
..... BANDELIER'S GONNA LET ME DO
THEIR MURAL... WOOO!

THE BOY
... congrats mom, that's great. I'm proud of you.

THE MOTHER
I know I know me too me too, haha... looks like I didn't need you there after all.. haha!

THE BOY
... That's not the only reason though, why I went, right? I mean, I'm sure it helped, but, you think I'm good, right? That I have promise?

THE MOTHER
Um. Yeah, sure, I do, honey! You have character, and it's .. Unique.

THE BOY

Okay. Mom. Awesome. I'm gonna. Auntie is giving me a look, I gotta, I gotta go now. Bye mom. Tell dad I say hi, and if you want to cut the end of the semester thing early, just let me know, I'd love to come back.

THE MOTHER

Oh honey! Goodbye! Thanks for--

THE BOY hangs up, deeply sighs, and goes back to painting.

45 INT. LIVING ROOM - AUNTIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

45

THE BOY, eating a bland frozen dinner, sits on a couch, next to his AUNTIE, who is sleeping. They are watching a documentary about MILITARY HISTORY on an old television. THE BOY looks over to AUNTIE, and quietly starts changing channels. He skips through a couple until he hits the DAILY NEWS:

DAILY NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

....and there has been quite the local buzz about a rather creative, very impressive extra-curricular performance put together by some very talented, motivated students at Bandelier Art School, led in particular by this young woman here:

SUPERIMPOSED TV - THAT MOMENT

THE STAR, microphone in front, is being interviewed:

THE STAR (ON TV)

It was the product of a lot of hard work and I couldn't have done it without my team. I just want people to know that performance is an eternal process, and that it is possible, through song, dance and movement, to be in compassionate solidarity with everybody in the world.

DAILY NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

The precocious set of pre-teens organized a rather dazzling and stunning choreography dance to the hit song ""Heroes"" by David Bowie, performing it on their lunch patio..

CANDID RECORDING OF PERFORMANCE - SUPERIMPOSED TV:

THE STAR, as "HEROES" plays on a jukebox, leads a gang of kids who are dancing a sophisticated choreography that is stunning in its scope and imagination. THE STAR, in particular, dances brilliantly. The troupe end their dance to roaring applause.

DAILY NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV) (cont'd)
*There's been talk about potential
 National Attention, as the video goes
 viral in just one....*

THE BOY shuts off the TV, tears rolling down his face. He claps quietly but firmly, trying not to wake up his auntie.

46 INT. AUNTIES BATHROOM - NIGHT - LATER 46

TIGHT CLOSE UP of URINE hitting TOILET WATER. A SMALL HAND presses down upon the handle, flushing it.

47 INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 47

THE BOY enters his bare bedroom, walks to his desk, pulls out a drawer, and begins rifling through papers, which on tight close up is revealed to be his illustrations. He studies all of them, closely. They remain amateur, incompetent, uninspired.

48 INT. FIREPLACE - CONTINUOUS 48

TIGHT CU on fireplace. THE BOY dumps his illustrations into the fire, stoking the logs with a fire stick, calmly.

49 EXT. AUNTIE'S HOME - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 49

Smoke rises from the chimney and into the sky..

Then, HARD CUT INTO:

50 EXT. AUNTIE'S HOME - EARLY MORNING 50

Same shot, now early morning. Morning birds begin their chirping, when, from the background, a GALLOPING arises.. coming forward... and then.. BARTLEBY and it's chariot, alone... walk into frame, in front of THE HOME.

51 INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - AUNTIE'S HOME - THAT MOMENT 51

THE BOY sleeps in bed until BARTLEBY's *neigh* (o.c.) wakes him up. He stirs, confused, registering the noise. Slowly, he walks over to his WINDOW, then looks outside:

52 EXT. AUNTIE'S HOME - THAT MOMENT 52

THE BOY walks out of the home in pajamas, rubbing his eyes, heading towards BARTLEBY.

THE BOY
Bartleby? What you doin' here? It's
early. Where's the Gardener? ...

THE BOY looks deep in BARTLEBY's eyes. *They seem to tell him something.*

THE BOY (cont'd)
But I don't know, I've never --

BARTLEBY neighs again, impatient. THE BOY surrenders, swings around, hops on the chariot, and meekly pulls the reins. BARTLEBY and him set off.

53 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 53

THE BOY rides BARTLEBY through the early morning streets.. several pedestrians on sidewalks point and stare..

54 EXT. ALLEYWAYS - CONTINUOUS 54

They continue their ride in the ALLEYWAYS that lead to the DOUBLE STORY HOME, when:

55 EXT. THE GARDEN - THE DOUBLE STORY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 55

THE BOY rides BARTLEBY into the GARDEN. Immediately, he takes notice of THE DOUBLE STORY HOUSE, which now has a crew of construction guys remodeling the place: new paint is being applied, windows are being fixed, etc.

They hardly take notice of him. BARTLEBY stops and THE BOY hops off, petting and thanking it. WHISTLING resounds. THE BOY searches for it, gliding through the GARDEN and suddenly comes upon THE WIDOW, dressed in yard-work clothes, pulling weeds. She notices him and gives a warm, but reserved smile.

THE WIDOW
Hiya.

THE BOY
Hey..

THE WIDOW
Tea?

She motions over to the GOLD POT. A CUP sits next to her.

THE BOY
No thanks... is um.. the gardener
here?

THE WIDOW
No, he's not. He's left us, and I
don't think he'll be back. Probably
ever.

THE BOY
... his experiment stuff?

THE WIDOW playfully shrugs her shoulders.

THE BOY (cont'd)
...well, Bartleby came for me, at my
Aunties, I thought he was lost
looking for him, but now, I'm not too
sure...

THE WIDOW
..wanna help me pull this one?

THE WIDOW is hunched over a stubborn stalk of weeds. THE BOY drops down, grabbing the stalk too. They struggle for a bit, not getting anywhere.

THE BOY
What's your name?

THE WIDOW
You can call me The Widow.

THE BOY
I'm sure you're more than that..

THE WIDOW
...

THE BOY
Fixing up the house?

THE WIDOW

Yes. Finally, ha.

THE BOY

...You uh, doing.. better?

THE WIDOW

Getting there..... I think that's part of why The Gardener isn't here anymore. He saw his ceremony a success... you were there weren't you?

THE BOY

Yeah, I wasn't spying or anything, though.

THE WIDOW

I'm sure..

THE BOY

...Where is she? your daughter? I can't stop thinking about her, or that music, I even wanted to.. ha, I even wanted to do a portrait at one point. But, I think I just wanted to hear the music again, is that weird?

THE WIDOW

It's cause there's secrets written in the music, that only The Gardener knows about. He wrote it to help people. It awakens something.

THE BOY

..can I see The Girl? Can I maybe, ask her to play some music?

THE WIDOW

Well, she's here, you can see her, but she won't be able to play music.

THE BOY

She's shy?

THE WIDOW

Yes, but that's not it. She broke her hands a couple weeks ago.. around the time the Gardener left.. and well, she won't be able to play for a long time.

THE BOY
Oh no! .. Was it an accident?

THE WIDOW
That's what she says.

THE BOY
You think otherwise..?

THE WIDOW
The Gardener, he... was very strict.
And as capable as she is, was.. I
don't think she ever really enjoyed
playing..

KNOCK KNOCK. THE BOY and THE WIDOW look towards the HOUSE,
it's the PIANO PLAYER, smiling kindly and waving, to THE BOY
from the second floor. Her hand is in a RED CAST, and an
object rests in her other hand.

THE WIDOW (cont'd)
Oh, there she is. Yeah. Go on up.
She wants to give you something, I
think. Something she recorded.

THE BOY, hesitating slightly, goes to the house, crossing
construction worker guys. THE WIDOW continues weeding.

56 INT. DOUBLE STORY HOUSE - THAT MOMENT 56

THE BOY walks through the back door and into the DOUBLE
STORY HOME. It's a work in progress, Victorian-style,
could-be-beautiful home. In a dining room he sees the GRAND
PIANO, gathering dust. Then, he winds his way through a
kitchen, dodging more construction people.. then, up some
stairs....

57 INT. TOP FLOOR - DOUBLE STORY HOUSE - THAT MOMENT 57

THE BOY reaches the TOP FLOOR... walks through a hall...
looks through some rooms.... then walks to the final room
down the hall....

58 INT. THE GIRL'S BEDROOM - DOUBLE STORY HOUSE - THAT MOMENT 58

THE BOY walks in THE GIRL'S BEDROOM. It is lonely, sparse,
kind of sad. THE GIRL, looking out the WINDOW, turns around
and waves to the BOY, who slowly comes over.

THE BOY
Hi..... I love your music, your
playing, it's really amazing. And--

THE GIRL, raises her red-casted hand to her mouth, shushing the BOY immediately. She hands him a CD, a WALK MAN, and HEADPHONES.

THE BOY (cont'd)
What's this?

THE GIRL playfully shrugs her shoulders. THE BOY opens the TAPE, reads it, and immediately begins weeping, out of joy or sorrow it isn't clear. THE GIRL pats him on the back with her casted hand, awkwardly, in an obligated sort of sense. A moment passes in this strange embrace.

59 EXT. ROAD - DUSK

59

THE BOY, wearing headphones, listening to THE GIRL'S PIANO SONNET from the initial 'ceremony' scene, rides BARTLEBY back into town.

60 EXT. THE BOY'S HOME - DUSK

60

THE BOY, hopping off BARTLEBY with expert precision, sprints through his front porch, and, still wearing headphones, rushes open his front door.

61 INT. LIVING ROOM - THE BOY'S HOME - THAT MOMENT

61

THE BOY blazes through the FRONT DOOR, where the FATHER and MOTHER are having some sort of CELEBRATION. Cake and champagne are out. They're slightly drunk.

THE FATHER
Boy?! Boy!

THE MOTHER in extremely good spirits, laughing, drunk, doesn't notice the BOY come home.

THE BOY ignores both of them and descends down the FLIGHT OF STAIRS leading to his MOTHER'S STUDIO.

THE FATHER (O.S.)
Be careful down there! Your mother
just finished her commission!

62 INT. THE MOTHERS STUDIO - THE BOY'S HOME - THAT MOMENT

62

THE BOY reaches down to the MOTHERS STUDIO, immediately closing the door behind him. The piano music THE BOY is listening to begins to peak in intensity...

In the center of the STUDIO, his MOTHER'S CANVAS stands. His finger reaches out to the paint, he reels it back and looks at it: it's still wet. Then, he pulls down his pants.

TIGHT CLOSE UP/SLOW DOLLY of THE BOY pissing on the PORTRAIT. He's laughing, crying, listening to the climaxing PIANO MUSIC. Specks of urine splatter on his face, bounced off the canvas. The DOOR to the stairs BANGS loudly.

THE FATHER (O.S.)

BOY!!! BOY!!!!

FADE OUT:

63 EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - EVENING

63

THE RELIGIOUS HYMN by the CHILDREN'S CHOIR from beginning plays again. Another heavenly round of NEW MEXICO landmarks floating and fading into one another.. mountains... rivers... cacti... roadrunners....

THE NARRATOR (O.S.) (VERY DRUNK)

Well.. what can I slur to y'all I've haven't slurred befo'? Said artifact, the item's that's been both a broken mirror, and a call to action for weak men like I, was created, by the BOY, in those brilliantly innovative brush strokes.. or should I say *piss strokes*? Ha. Not much is documented about The Boy, now or ever.. though in my amateur gum shoe sleuthing, I'd come across a Daily Mesa article regarding it. The painting, or anti-painting I suppose, found its way at some galleries, where it was in equal parts revered and ignored.. A minor debate among academics at the time spurred of whether it warranted its existence or not, yada yada... But, eventually, like many things, even the grandest of accomplishments, became forgotten in the thick blowing sands of time...

Then, from roadrunners we settle into a neighborhood.. then an adobe home, moving closer, we gradually make our way to the door...

THE NARRATOR

Jesus.. I've gone through two bottles already... ha I'm a fuck up bro.....
 ahh to hell with it... Y'know, they say no amount of wishing, praying, or pleading or any act of WILL, I say WILL, catalyzes a spiritual breakthrough.. they say it's something one simply *slips* into... and this Boy must've, to my wayward conclusions... done that... cause this here totem is (yawn)... the damnedest thing I've ever ... seen... a pure act of religion.. mined directly... from the unseen... and if ... I had to sum it.... all up, with a ... pretty bow I'd...
 (LOUD SNORING)

64 INT. ADOBE HOME - THE NARRATOR'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

64

The choir music continues. We enter an understated, messy NEW MEXICAN adobe home. Shelves of books line almost every room. We track through the dining room, kitchen, bathrooms.....

Then, in the " library" a chubby, older man sleeping in a ROCKING CHAIR, two bottles of tequila next to him, and a tape recorder, snores happily... We track through a hallway and to a giant room that seems dedicated to FINE ART.. tracking along the side walls littered with other paintings, we slowly find our way to the centerpiece of the entire room... *the painting*..

From far out, it looks to be a strange, violent collision of colors and shapes. Moving in closer, THE MOTHER's work is slightly discerned, but most of the painting is totally screwed, distorted .. Then, slowly, a shape emerges. It's tricky to see at first but getting closer , it becomes very obvious... The painting is a surrealistic, messy, albeit beautiful portrait of the THE GIRL playing the piano.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END