

THE GARDEN

Written by

Michael Carrithers

INT. UNDERGROUND PRISON - NIGHT

Pitch black, the air thick with dread. A CAPTIVE (40), covered in dirt from head to toe, disoriented and desperate, claws at the cold, unforgiving walls of an underground prison.

The haunting strains of classical music echo through the darkness, mingling with the Captive's labored breaths.

The man's hands, covered in grime and filth, fumble to scratch away at the cold, unforgiving surface above him.

The sound of his fingers scraping against the rough surface reverberates through the damp air.

A small hole emerges, allowing a single, blinding ray of light to pierce the oppressive darkness, revealing his dirt-streaked face and wild eyes.

Momentarily blinded, he shields himself, caught between relief and fear.

The classical music becomes louder. The Captive listens, disoriented but determined.

The music leads him through the oppressive darkness.

The classical music, now clearer, intertwines with the ambient sounds of underground, creating an eerie harmony.

The man, still shielding his eyes, listens to the haunting notes, trying to make sense of their origin.

His disoriented gaze darts around the bright hole, searching for the source of both the music and the unexpected salvation that the ray of light represents.

A faint whisper of wind sweeps through the tunnel, carrying with it an otherworldly chill.

His eyes, wide and wild, reflect both fear and hope.

With a surge of desperate strength, the Captive widens the hole. The sudden brilliance, a beacon of the unknown, beckons him forward.

The Captive starts squeezing his head through the opening.

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

The blinding brightness of the room is almost overwhelming, a stark contrast to the underground prison.

The space is flooded with an ethereal glow, everything overexposed and suffused with an otherworldly radiance.

PREGNANT BALLET DANCERS, dressed in pristine white, twirl and move with grace, their movements synchronized to the haunting notes of classical music that reverberate through the room.

Laughter echoes off the sterile walls as the ballerinas dance in a circle, their movements both enchanting and eerie.

Amidst the surreal scene, a tiny hole materializes in the pristine floor.

A dirty finger pokes through the hole.

The Ballerinas, lost in their dance, remain oblivious to the intrusion from the world below.

As the Captive's finger breaches the surface, the hole widens beneath the ballet dancers.

The pregnant women continue their rhythmic dance, their movements both enchanting and hypnotic, their laughter filling the air.

The hole grows larger, revealing the Captive's white fear-riddled eyeball. An ensemble of feet dances above him.

The dancers above, lost in their elegant ballet, remain unaware of the growing disturbance beneath them.

The Captive watches as their feet, graceful and poised, move with a strange synchronicity, almost as if they are guided by forces beyond their control.

He pushes through. His dirt-streaked head emerges into the blindingly white room, blinking against the stark contrast. The transition is disorienting, like a creature emerging from the depths into an alien world.

The Captive is disoriented and breathes heavily.

Suddenly, one of the ballerinas, caught in a leap, lands directly on the Captive's head.

The Captive, unable to withstand the weight, disappears into the hole like a phantom vanishing into the shadows.

A moment of surreal stillness ensues as the other dancers pause mid-movement, their eyes widening with shock and disbelief.

The Captive pokes his head out of the hole once more, disoriented and desperate.

The room, once filled with the melodies of classical music and laughter, erupts into chaos. The ballerinas scream.

Panic spreads through the white space, transforming the once serene atmosphere into a tumultuous nightmare.

Amidst the chaos, AN OLD WOMAN DRESSED IN WHITE (68), suddenly kneels at the Captive's head and mists a dose of a mysterious spray directly into his face.

Upon contact, he convulses in response to the substance. Darkness swiftly engulfs him, and the blindingly white room fades into obscurity.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A dreamlike haze blurs the edges of reality. The Captive's ragged breathing echoes through the forest.

The world around him is out of focus, as if the very nature of his surroundings is shrouded in mystery.

A GROUP OF WOMEN DRAPED IN FAIRY-LIKE ATTIRE move gracefully through the beautiful, green scenery, their steps synchronized.

They drag the Captive through the green landscape. His naked dirty body a stark contrast to their pristine elegance.

The Captive, a reluctant participant in this journey, is tugged between them like a wayward vessel.

As they move forward, the hazy outlines of trees and flowers become a whimsical backdrop to the strange procession.

The women, undeterred by the Captive's struggle, guide him through the lush expanse with an unsettling sense of purpose.

At last, the procession arrives at a clearing, revealing a MAJESTIC WHITE MANSION standing in stark contrast to the vibrant green surroundings.

The Captive lifts his head up and sees the mansion, an imposing presence, emerging from the haze like a beacon in the surreal landscape. Its immaculate facade hints at a world beyond the Captive's understanding.

The women, now silent and watchful, usher him towards the imposing entrance.

INT. MAJESTIC WHITE MANSION - DAY

The monumental white door swings open, revealing an interior bathed in an eerie silence.

A plastic sheet, carefully laid out in the middle of the room, awaits as a centerpiece.

The Captive is brought in by the ethereal women, and with a stark lack of ceremony, they throw him onto the floor before promptly exiting.

The man is laying on the plastic sheet, dirt falling off of him. A haunting stillness present.

Suddenly, someone enters the room. A TRANSHUMAN DOCTOR (44), her presence marked by an otherworldly grace.

She moves with an unsettling calmness, her movements precise and deliberate. As she approaches the Captive, the air becomes charged with an unspoken tension, a palpable anticipation of the unknown.

CAPTIVE

Where am I?

The Transhuman Doctor remains silent, her expression void of any emotion.

CAPTIVE (CONT'D)

What is this place?

She hovers over him, her gaze unwavering, as if dissecting him with her eyes.

Her gaze pierces through the Captive's disheveled exterior, analyzing every inch of his body with a detached curiosity. It is as if he is but an anesthetized specimen in the hands of an otherworldly scientist.

CAPTIVE (CONT'D)

Please, just tell me what's happening.

The Transhuman Doctor, surrounded by the sterile whiteness of the mansion, moves around the man as if choreographing a bizarre dance.

Her actions are methodical, her eyes showing a detached fascination with the Captive's physicality.

The Captive, vulnerable and exposed, starts shaking.

CAPTIVE (CONT'D)

Why won't you say anything?! What do you want?

The Captive, now more a subject than a person, lies under the scrutiny of the Transhuman Doctor.

CAPTIVE (CONT'D)

Please... Please! Talk to me.

The Transhuman Doctor, unmoved by his pleas, retrieves a SYRINGE FILLED WITH A MYSTERIOUS SUBSTANCE.

The glint of the needle reflects in the cold whiteness of the room as she approaches with an eerie calmness.

The Captive watches with a mix of dread and resignation.

Before he can muster another word, the needle pierces his skin.

A moment of disoriented struggle ensues, but the Transhuman Doctor's actions are swift and purposeful.

His eyelids grow heavy, the room blurs once more, and a wave of drowsiness washes over him. The Captive, caught in the grasp of the mysterious liquid, succumbs to the darkness once again.

The Transhuman Doctor, her clinical examination complete, steps back as the women in white re-enter the room.

TRANSHUMAN DOCTOR

Take him to the garden.

The women, expressionless and obedient, move with a strange synchronicity.

They surround the still-dazed Captive, their movements deliberate as they lift him from the plastic sheet.

The group, now an enigmatic procession, exits the clinical confines of the mansion and steps out.

EXT. FLOWERBED - DAY

The procession of women leads the Captive through the an array of flowers bathed in the soft glow of natural light.

They take an unexpected turn and arrive at a secluded spot. Here, the flowerbed transforms into a place of cleansing.

Thank you for reading the preview of my screenplay.

If you're interested in reading more or discussing potential collaboration, please feel free to reach out to me.

Michael Carrithers
carrithersmichael@gmail.com