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BLOOD ORANGES

Written by

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EXT. ORANGE GROVE - NIGHT

The long line of gnarled orange trees stretches off into the distance, lit by a full moon high in the sky. A low fog clings to the ground. In the distance an owl HOOTS.

IAN, 37, a homeless man, walks through the grove with a flashlight to show his way. His clothes are dirty and worn, and he carries a large backpack.

He pulls his dirty jacket closer around him.

Out of the fog appears an ancient orange tree, with wide branches heavy with fruit. The tree is enclosed with a barbed wire fence.

On the fence is a hand painted sign on a piece of scrap wood. It reads: DANGER BLOOD ORANGES

Ian looks at the sign, then at the large oranges.

He shrugs off his backpack and throws it across the fence. Carefully, he bends the barbed wire and climbs in.

He looks up at the branches. He goes around the tree, pulling down fruit until he has an armful of oranges.

He sits under the tree. He arranges the oranges in his lap then cracks one open, his fingers sinking deep into the pulp.

The flesh of the orange is dark in the moonlight, the thick juice running down his hands is black.

He bites into the flesh, closing his eyes, savoring the taste. The dark juice smears across his face as he gorges himself on the oranges.

CLICK! Ian bites down on something hard and winces.

He spits it out, and looks down at his hand, feeling the object carefully. He squints at it in the moonlight.

Confused, Ian picks up the flashlight and shines it on the fruit in his hands.

In his palm, in a pool of scarlet blood, is a human tooth.

Ian SCREAMS and throws it away. He shines the flashlight on the orange in his other hand.

The flesh of the orange is flesh, torn and bloody meat. The juice running down his hands is bright red, like blood straight from the vein.

Ian drops the orange and scrambles away.

He gets to his feet and tries to run, but he trips, landing hard on the ground.

He claws at the ground, trying to get traction to get up and run, but he can't.

He pulls, hard, but is yanked backwards.

He looks down. Wrapped around his leg is an old, scarred root. Ian kicks at it, trying to get his leg free.

He reaches up, gets his hands around a post of the barbed wire fence. He wraps his arms around

The root tightens cruelly around his calf. With a GROAN of bending wood, it begins to pull Ian towards the tree.

Ian SCREAMS. He reaches for anything he can get his hands on to pull him away, but it's all in vain.

The root pulls and pulls, dragging the struggling Ian back towards the tree. He fights, tears streaming down his face.

IAN
(screaming)
Help me! God, help me please!

Ian's CRIES ECHO through the grove.

He digs his fingers into the soil, leaving deep tracks as he is dragged towards the tree. There is no one to save him.

The shadows under the tree grow darker, more menacing.

Ian twists onto his back looking down to his feet.

The shadows get closer and closer, swallowing up his legs.

Ian SCREAMS IN PAIN as the shadows swallow him whole.

The screams ECHO out through the foggy grove.

Then the grove is still and peaceful again. A light breeze RUSTLES the leaves of the rows of orange trees. In the distance, and owl HOOTS.

The tree stands heavy with fruit, surrounded by a fence of barbed wire.

On the barbed wire fence is a hand painted sign on a scrap of wood. It reads: DANGER BLOOD ORANGES.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

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