

HOW SOCRATES BOUGHT THE FARM

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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FADE IN:

1 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A MAN (50's) lies in bed. Hospital paraphernalia surrounds him. Common HOSPITAL SOUNDS.

The camera's feed is of home video quality.

The man is awake, but hardly moves.

ROWAN'S MOTHER (40's) walks into frame holding a PUDDING CUP. She speaks to the right of the camera.

ROWAN'S MOTHER  
(to Rowan)  
Don't eat this.

She puts the pudding cup down next to the man.

PULL BACK TO:

2 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The video of the man in the hospital plays on a small TV via VCR. Next to the TV, a video camera and mini DV tapes tidily stacked.

Various reassembled rodent skeletons displayed on a shelf. One with a small mustache, another with a miniature tie, or maybe googly eyes, or tiny paint brush, or bonnet.

Alphabetically-ordered philosophy books line a bookcase.

WATER HEMLOCK flowers in a vase on a desk.

Also on the desk, something like a jewelry box with small compartments open containing particular rodent bones.

Model glue and a tiny hat on top the box.

ROWAN (18, neatly dressed, deadpan) sits at his desk and watches the TV.

While watching TV, Rowan twirls a femur between thumb and finger.

LOUD FOOTSTEPS coming upstairs reverberate through the wall.

MARK (18, thin, hyper) flies into the room stopping inches from Rowan - showing no regard for personal space.

He neglects to FULLY CLOSE the DOOR.

Mark holds up a PHOTO as if it were a 100 dollar bill.

MARK

Dude.

Rowan doesn't look up from the TV.

ROWAN

Did you wipe your shoes-?

MARK

Check out this pic-

ROWAN

Did you wipe your shoes?

MARK

I wiped, I wiped. Look.

Mark flashes the photo in front of Rowan's face.

QUICK FLASH OF THE PHOTO: A bare bum on a bed.

MARK (CONT'D)

Do you like this ass? Do you think  
it's hot?

Mark stares seriously at Rowan, who glances at the photo then  
down at Mark's shoes.

ROWAN

They don't look wiped.

MARK

You like it, right? Say, "That is a  
hot ass." Say it. Rowan, say "That  
is a hot ass."

(Beat)

Dude!

ROWAN

(apathetic)

That is a hot ass.

Mark erupts with laughter millimeters from Rowan's face,  
dotting him with spit.

MARK

That's your ass, *your ass!*  
You sick bastard.

Rowan finally looks Mark in the eyes.

ROWAN

You took a picture of me when I was asleep?

Mark nicks the femur from Rowan.

MARK

You totally want to bone yourself.

ROWAN

You photographed my sleeping, naked body.

MARK

Better than playing with bones all day.

Mark nonchalantly tosses the femur aside and grabs a glued rodent skeleton from the shelf. He moves its jaw:

MARK (CONT'D)

(ventriloquial)

"Boner. Boner--"

Mark laughs at his own comedic brilliance.

ROWAN

Put Voltaire down.

Mark tosses the skeleton to Rowan, who gently cradles it.

3 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

LEONARD (40's, vain) studies his figure in a wall mirror - focusing on his hips and pelvic area. His clothes are too tight.

He SQUEEZES a STRESS BALL. Subconsciously, Leonard replicates his heart-rate via ball-squeeze frequency.

SOUNDS of MARK through the wall.

4 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark back-drops onto Rowan's bed just as he notices the water hemlock and springs back up.

MARK

(sarcastic)

Aww, you picked flowers, how lovely.

Mark reaches for the flowers.

Rowan, aligning the rodent skeleton perfectly on his shelf, snatches Mark's hand.

ROWAN  
They're for Leonard.

Walking by, Leonard hears his name and stops outside Rowan's cracked-open door. Unnoticed through the slit, Leonard stops squeezing his ball and listens to the boys' conversations.

MARK  
You picked flowers for *Leonard*?

ROWAN  
They're poisonous.

MARK  
What? What do you mean they're  
poisonous?

Leonard watches intently.

ROWAN  
They make you foam green.

Mark looks confused. He laughs. Reassumes looking confused.

Leonard thinks to himself. He pushes open the door.

LEONARD  
Your Mother's home soon. Do the  
dishes.

He sees the TV playing the hospital tape.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
Jesus, turn that shit off.

He walks over, turns it off.

Walking back to the doorjamb, Leonard smacks the back of Rowan's head. Rowan bears it.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
He's dead, get over it.

MARK  
Hey Lenny-

LEONARD  
Leonard.

MARK  
Check out this pic.

Mark hands him the photo of Rowan's bum.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Pretty hot, right?

Leonard studies it, giving the ball a slower, deeper squeeze.

LEONARD  
This your honey-pot?

Mark stifles a laugh.

MARK  
No, but Rowan wants a piece.

Leonard snorts.

LEONARD  
This is out of bone-boy's league  
. . . I'm keeping this.

Leonard puts the photo in his breast pocket FACE-UP, so that he sports half an ass.

He looks at the flowers and initiates his scheme.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
What's with the flowers?

ROWAN  
They're for Mark.

LEONARD  
Mark?

ROWAN  
To help him lose weight.

Confused, Mark looks down and examines his non-existent belly.

Leonard checks out Mark.

LEONARD  
Mark's a pencil-dick string bean.

ROWAN  
He feels fat on the inside.

Leonard challenges Rowan.

LEONARD  
I'll be taking these.

Leonard takes the flowers.

ROWAN  
But those are for Mark.

LEONARD  
Looks like you'll have to pick Mark  
some more.

Leonard goes to exit the way he came. Half way out the door,  
Leonard smiles to himself.

ROWAN  
(Re: Leonard)  
*Pelvis* has left the building.

Mark snickers. Leonard stops.

CLOSE ON... hairs rise up on Leonard's neck.

Leonard storms back, squeezes his ball furiously.

Mark looks terrified.

LEONARD  
What did you say?

*Beat.*

ROWAN  
I said, 'They're great on salad.'

LEONARD  
What the fuck would you know about  
salad?

Leonard shuts the door and leaves.

Mark lets out a sigh of relief, turns to Rowan.

MARK  
He took my ass.

ROWAN  
My ass.

MARK  
Our ass.

5 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Leonard hustles down the hall, squeezes his ball excitedly.

6 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Rowan sits back down in his chair having turned the TV back on.

MARK

I know your Step-Dad is a super-douche, but what if he actually eats the flowers?

Rowan ignores Mark, focuses on the TV.

MARK (CONT'D)

Dude! Aren't they poisonous?

ROWAN

The most poisonous.

MARK

(re: TV)

You're obsessed-

ROWAN

Quiet, I love this part . . .

ON TV: Rowan's mother cuts in front of the camera, tends to the man in bed. She turns around, holds up an EMPTY PUDDING CUP. She speaks to the right of the camera.

ROWAN'S MOTHER (FROM TV)

Did you eat his pudding?

ROWAN (FROM TV)

Check the tape.

ROWAN'S MOTHER (FROM TV)

Rowan, did you eat you father's pudding?

ROWAN (FROM TV)

Check the tape.

*Beat.*

BACK TO SCENE

Curious Mark.



MARK  
Did you eat the pudding?

Rowan continues to watch.

ON TV: Rowan's mother jolts. She spins back to ROWAN'S FATHER.

BACK TO SCENE

ROWAN  
I think he pinched my mom or something.

MARK  
Even on his death bed . . . So did you eat it?

Rowan glances at Mark.

ROWAN  
What do you think?

ON TV: Rowan's mother hurries off.

BACK TO SCENE

MARK  
That was your favourite part?

ROWAN  
My favourite part is coming up.

A loud THUD resonates through the wall. The boys lock eyes.

Mark runs out of the room. Rowan runs for his closet.

CLOSE ON . . . The TV. Rowan crosses the frame, grabs something next to the TV.

On TV: The home video camera is picked up and positioned a few feet from Rowan's father. Rowan's father notices the camera, leans up and looks directly into the lens.

ROWAN'S FATHER (FROM TV)  
It's all just one big joke.

He laughs to himself and lies back down.

ROWAN'S FATHER (FROM TV) (CONT'D)  
Take care of your mother . . .

7 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Mark runs in, stops abruptly, eyes swell open.

Leonard seizes on the floor on top a WHITE RUG. ONE ARM FOLDED behind his back, hiding his hand.

On the dinner table, a simple salad with the water hemlock flowers on top.

Rowan runs in carrying a camera and tripod.

MARK

What are you - ?

Rowan folds out the tripod legs; His eyes study Leonard.

ROWAN

I want to get this one too.

MARK

What? We gotta call someone or something.

Rowan attaches the camera to the tripod.

Mark looks horrified towards both Leonard and Rowan.

Rowan clicks 'record' producing a DA-DING sound.

MARK (CONT'D)

Dude!

Stepping away from the camera, Rowan inspects the salad, picks up a hemlock flower.

Mark whips out his cell phone.

MARK (CONT'D)

Who do we call!? Poison control?  
What flower did he eat!?

Rowan twirls the hemlock reminiscent of the femur bone.

ROWAN

Hemlock. It's how Socrates bought the farm.

Mark gives Rowan a look of incomprehension.

Froth bursts from Leonard's mouth. Some gets on the rug.

MARK

Oh my God.

ROWAN

Oh my God.

Rowan leaves and returns moments later with a cloth. He crouches down and puts the cloth under Leonard's mouth to catch the froth.

MARK

What the hell are you doing-!?

ROWAN

My mom loves this rug.

Rowan stands back up and looks confused.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

It's supposed to be green.

Mark waves his cell phone in Rowan's face.

MARK

Dude! Who do I-!? We have to call someone-

ROWAN

Here.

Rowan takes Mark's phone and tosses it out an open window, similarly to Mark's tossing of the femur.

Mark gives Rowan a look of complete devastation.

MARK

He's *dying!*

ROWAN

Yeah.

MARK

Jesus - what is your problem!?

ROWAN

I'm protecting her.

MARK

What?

ROWAN

My mom - he hits her.

MARK

What are you-? He hits her? What do you - since when? Rowan we have to do -!

Leonard CROAKS and stops convulsing, eyes remain open.

Mark has never seen a dead body before; Rowan has.

Rowan steps over Leonard's still body.

He notices something in Leonard's back pocket: a rolled-up tube of toothpaste.

Rowan crouches down next to Leonard. He notices that Leonard's once-hidden hand holds the stress ball.

Leonard squeezes the ball ever so slightly.

Rowan figures it out. He speaks over Leonard's ear to Mark.

ROWAN

Okay, now we tie him to the table,  
slice him sideways. Deconstruct his  
sad, perverted life - bone by bone.  
Build a special shelf for the  
*fattest* rodent.

Rowan caresses Leonard's pelvic bone as he says 'fattest rodent.'

Leonard's open eyes dart up at Rowan.

LEONARD

You fucking freak!

Leonard latches on to Rowan's throat and tightens. Wrestling around, Leonard gets on top of Rowan, squeezes to kill.

Rowan tries to pry off Leonard's grip. To no avail, Rowan uses one hand to try and shove the Hemlock into Leonard's mouth.

Leonard wards off the hemlock by closing his mouth, squirming and spitting.

Mark panics. He runs off . . .

Rowan wheezes for breath. The video camera buzzes.

. . . Mark returns moments later with a cast-iron frying pan.

After a moment of hesitation, Mark CLUNKS Leonard on the back of the head with the frying pan. Leonard ragdolls on to Rowan.

Rowan catches his breath and pushes Leonard off of him onto the rug.

MARK

What was-? Who - Why, why did he .  
 . .

Rowan stands up.

ROWAN

Thinks he's funny.

MARK

Did I-? Did I - is he?

Leonard's ball lies motionless on the floor.

ROWAN

Hopefully.

Leonard, on his back, lies still. His eyes are open, brows bent; Leonard still looks angry.

He appears to be staring at Mark. Mark looks back, terrified.

MARK

(whisper)  
 He's looking right at me.

8 INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ROWAN

There.

Rowan pulls back from the scowling Leonard, who now wears a pair of colourful sunglasses.

MARK

I - I did this. I killed . . .  
 Jail. I'm going to jail.

ROWAN

At least in jail your photography  
 will be appreciated.

Mark starts to pace.

MARK

This is serious! We gotta, we gotta  
 get him outta here. Let's put him  
 in bed, make it look like he's  
 sleeping - yeah, sleeping.

ROWAN

Relax, you had to do it-

MARK

Come on, help me move him.

Mark goes over and grabs Leonard's legs.

ROWAN

You saved me, and my mom-

MARK

Help me move him!

Rowan grabs the arms.

They lift the body, revealing a blood stain on the rug.

ROWAN

Oh my God!

Rowan drops his end. Leonard's head slams the hardwood.

He runs to the stain.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

How do you get blood out!?

Mark still holds Leonard's legs.

MARK

It's a *rug*!

Rowan leaves.

MARK (CONT'D)

Where, where are you-? Dude!

The SOUND of a RUNNING WATER off camera.

Rowan returns moments later with a wet cloth.

He starts rubbing the stain only to make it bigger.

A DOOR SHUTS off camera.

Rowan pops up; Mark and Rowan lock eyes.

The Sound of FOOT STEPS coming up stairs.

Mark flings himself behind a couch. Rowan rubs frantically.

ROWAN'S MOTHER walks in, stops at the end of the room.

Leonard's corpse wears sunglasses on the hardwood.

Rowan hunched over the blood stain.

ROWAN'S MOTHER

Leonard . . .

The video camera viewfinder shows Leonard's corpse.

ROWAN'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Rowan?

*Beat.*

ROWAN

Check the tape.

BLACKOUT