

**GREENHOUSE**

Written by:  
Jay Sutton

DOLLY -- late twenties (26-29), quack doctor with a green thumb

SHEPHERD -- malnourished early teenager (11-13), could be mistaken for a child

INT. GREENHOUSE

It's been ten years since the world-spread drought first started. The only food that is available is grown in greenhouses. This is one of them. It almost looks overgrown.

DOLLY is tending to her plants. She has a bulky medkit on her belt. It almost makes her look like a field medic.

There's a scuttle in the corner. Dolly whips around and readies what looks like a high-power jet injector with a scope on it.

DOLLY

Hey!

The thing in the corner, still out of view, whines softly and accidentally knocks over an empty bucket. Dolly starts approaching it.

DOLLY

I know you're there. Don't you dare move.

Something shoots out and dives beneath a raised growing bed. Dolly gets a shot off on its leg. It screams and tries to run, but it collapses.

DOLLY

What'd I say? I told you...

As Dolly comes around the growing bed, the thing comes into her view. It's a child: it's SHEPHERD. They're lying on their stomach, with a growing red spot on their leg.

SHEPHERD

You -- god, you shot me!

Dolly's shocked. She just administered an unknown amount of morphine into a child's body.

DOLLY

You -- you're...

Shepherd raises their head weakly and tries to push themself up with very shaky hands. Dolly kneels next to them and stops them.

DOLLY  
You're a child.

Shepherd rolls onto their side, away from Dolly, and pulls out a closed trainer balisong. The dull blade is crooked and mangled.

They try to open it with a basic open, but one of the handles flies off when they throw it over their hand. Shepherd is left with a knife that can only be described as floppy.

Shepherd throws it at Dolly. The blade collides with the remaining handle and ruins the momentum. She just steps aside and watches it hit the ground.

DOLLY  
It isn't even sharp.

SHEPHERD  
I...  
(huffs)  
You just shot me.

DOLLY  
I shot you with morphine.

SHEPHERD  
You still shot me!

Dolly looks at Shepherd incredulously and sits down a few feet away. She holds the jet injector close to her body when she sees Shepherd eyeing it.

DOLLY  
How'd you get in here, anyway?

SHEPHERD  
You left the door unlocked.

DOLLY  
I haven't gone out in weeks.

SHEPHERD  
I know.

Dolly looks at Shepherd for a moment, then looks around and sighs.

DOLLY

So you've just... been here, for three and a half weeks? Always out of sight, hiding in my peripheral?

SHEPHERD

I don't know what that word means. If you haven't noticed, schools haven't been functioning for years now.

Dolly laughs too loud, and covers her mouth. Shepherd looks at her, then cranes their neck to look at the plants in the opposite direction.

SHEPHERD

Is it... am I bleeding out?

Shepherd tries to move their leg, but hisses and leaves it alone. Dolly shuffles over and looks at the injection site.

DOLLY

You're completely fine. It was just morphine, so...

Dolly moves away a little bit.

DOLLY

There is a risk for injury, since it was administered via jet injector, but that's unlikely.

SHEPHERD

How long will it take to recover?

DOLLY

Recovery?

(shakes head)

I don't know anything about medicine.

SHEPHERD

Then why did you...?

Shepherd sighs and looks at the ceiling.

SHEPHERD

I need somewhere to stay.

They both stay silent for a few seconds.

DOLLY  
If you want --

SHEPHERD  
Can I --?

They stare at each other for a moment.

DOLLY  
Yeah. Yeah, I guess.