

Lazy Susan

By

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FADE IN

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Evening darkness settles on a dense forest.

From behind we see a figure peaking around a tree.

In the distance, lights of a township.

The lights get closer as they are carried by a crowd of men.

Dressed in period garb of the 16th century they come into the forest.

One older man, grey haired and gentle, THE CARPENTER, walks ahead of them.

THE CARPENTER

I beg you sir not to cut it down.
It is the fair old fey tree and
will bring us destruction.

The LORD OF ASTENBURY, a pompous, cocky, middle aged man, dressed in fine red jacket and tights, pushes the carpenter out of the way.

LORD OF ASTENBURY

That is the tree that I want, and
it is the tree I shall have.

He turns to The Carpenter.

LORD OF ASTENBURY

And you shall make me the greatest
wedding chest for my bride in the
kingdom.

The Carpenter shakes his head and backs away through the crowd.

The Lord of Astenbury stands before the great tree. He looks over at a large man, the EXECUTIONER.

LORD OF ASTENBURY

Cut it down, now.

EXECUTIONER

Yes Sir.

The Executioner steps forward and takes his first chop. The axe does not make a dent. He steps back to take a larger stance and hits again.

(CONTINUED)

The axe breaks from its' handle and ricochet's back into his neck, lodging there.

He falls bloody to the ground holding his neck. His blood flowing into the ground and disappearing.

The Lord of Astenbury looks at the astonished crowd of peasants before him. Holding torches.

LORD OF ASTENBURY
Burn it to the ground!

He grabs a torch from a FARMER and throws the torch against the base of the tree.

The twigs and leaves burn around it and set aflame.

The Lord of Astenbury, begins walking away from the crowd and the forest which begins to burn a large fire.

A dark figure with eyes of silver gleam from the darkness above.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The forest is blackened, but the faery tree remains.

The FARMER leads six large horses up the hill towards the tree.

The Lord of Astenbury rides behind on a gallant horse.

His horse is all nerves and does not want to go forward.

He kicks it.

The Farmer reaches the tree, which has a silver glow to its bark. He looks in fear up the tree.

LORD OF ASTENBURY
What are you waiting for peasant?

The Farmer ties a large chain around the tree attached to a pully on the six horses.

He yells.

FARMER
Heave!

The horses strain, pulling the tree.

(CONTINUED)

FARMER

Heave gents, heave!

The horses strain again. This time a sound is heard from the tree. A groaning unnatural sound.

A face is seen in the bark, baring teeth, livid.

The horses begin to be successful as the dirt lifts, and the roots start to show.

Finally the tree is uprooted and falls to the ground in a thump and bounce.

It turns, at once, black.

The Farmer backs away from it, but not soon enough, as the horses, spooked pull the massive tree over him, killing him.

His blood seeps into the bark underneath.

INT. CARPENTER'S SHOP - DAY

The Carpenter planes pieces of wood, with black rings, through his milling machine.

He stacks them aside and continues.

Each board has a piece of a face in the ring. An eye here, a mouth there. The side of a cheekbone and wild hair.

He ignores it.

INT. CARPENTER'S SHOP - NIGHT

The carpenter works into the deep night. Around him oil lamps glow as he sands the pieces by hand.

He hammers tiny nails into the sides of what is now a chest with a plain lid.

INT. CARPENTER'S SHOP - SUNRISE

Sitting in the middle of the shop is a beautiful massive black wedding chest.

The morning sun bounces off the golden overlay, and the glossy stain shimmers.

The flowers he has chiseled and painted into the lid move slowly, alive.

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The Carpenter has his back to it, wiping his hands with a dark cloth.

He turns and picks up a removal drawer from the table and brings it over to the chest.

He kneels down and opens the lid.

He places the tray drawer down into the depths of the chest.

The lid slams down on his arm, severing it above the elbow.

The Carpenter falls back grabbing at his stump. His blood splatters on the chest and seeps into the wood.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Inside a room of great luxury a woman sits brushing her hair. Her shift is light and airy. Her skin porcelain. She is the BRIDE.

A FEMALE SERVANT enters carrying a silver platter with a folded piece of paper on it.

She hands it to the Bride.

The Bride reads it and places it back on the silver platter.

BRIDE

They may bring in the gift.

The Servant curtsies and exits.

The door opens once again, with two men carrying in the chest. The Servant woman behind them.

She turns and points to the end of the bed.

BRIDE

Put it here.

The men put the chest down. Their hands are bloody from the handles.

They leave in a rush.

The Bride does not notice.

BRIDE

Open it.

The Servant opens the lid slowly, as it is heavy.

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Inside a white dress awaits the Bride.

She rushes over and picks it up, ooh and ahing over its beauty.

The Servant helps her put it on.

White shoes are gathered out of the deep drawer in the chest. The Servant tries not to touch the chest at all.

She whispers to the chest.

SERVANT

Tiarna Fairy do thoil nach mharú
dom. Tá mé neamhchiontach.

(Fairy Lord please do not kill me. I am innocent.)

The Servant quickly takes the shoes out of the chest and brings them to the Bride. She places the shoes on her feet.

BRIDE

Are you speaking that horrid
language again?

The Bride tells the Servant to get away from her flippantly with her hand.

She looks in the mirror at her viage and heads to the door.

The Servant opens the door for her and the Bride exits.

The Servant looks back at the chest and closes the door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Bedroom door opens with Lord Astenbury carrying the Bride through the door.

They are drunk.

The Bride laughs as he throws her on the bed.

He stumbles around the bed to the table on the other side, where a tumbler of liquer awaits.

The Bride gets up off the bed and heads to the table as well.

He pours them two drinks and they shoot it down. Another drink. Another shoot.

She kicks her white shoes off.

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One of the shoes hits the side of the chest and splinters it.

She begins to walk away from Lord Astenbury. He grabs at the back of her dress.

She laughs and hits him. He releases her and she stumbles around.

Her naked foot steps on the splinter of the chest. Her foot is cut and blood appears. A small drop of sap is at the end of the splinter, which enters her cut.

BRIDE

Oh! The chest has bitten me!

She is genuinely alarmed, but Lord Astenbury is beyond being serious about anything.

He crawls over to her on his hands and knees.

LORD OF ASTENBURY

Let me suck it better for you.

The Bride turns and raises her foot to his mouth.

He kisses the sides and gets to the cut, sucking the blood off her foot.

She throws her head back in laughter.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Lord Astenbury lays on the bed fully clothed. His arm over his eyes.

He turns to the white arm which is beside him.

Turning and really opening his eyes he sees the blood gashed corpse of his bride.

Her whole dress bloody from an uncountable number of stab wounds.

He jumps off the bed holding the scream in with his hand.

At the end of the bed her foot is cut open and the blood slowly dripping into the chest.

Lord Astenbury turns and turns. He is covered in blood. His knife lays on the floor next to the bed.

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He rushes around to the table with the tumbler on it. It is still half full. He takes a swig out of it.

He sits in the chair very slowly.

His attention becomes fixed on the chest.

He takes another swig from the liquer and sets it on the table.

Getting up he heads over to the chest.

As he gets closer he hears the sound of a low growl.

Because Lord Astenbury is an idiot and therefore pompously fearless, he is undeterred by the growl, even more curious, in fact.

He gets closer and slowly looks inside the chest.

Inside is pool of blood swirling in a circle.

He is so transfixed and surprised by the sight that he does not see nor hear the chest lid coming down with force atop his head.

He falls halfway into the chest onto nails that suddenly pop up from the bottom of the chest and pierce his head.

The nails burn and hiss, then retract.