

WHEN TREES BLOOM  
EXCERPT

Written by

Jacob Melamed

Address: [Jacob@melamedfilms.com](mailto:Jacob@melamedfilms.com)  
Phone Number: 0449844699

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

CHARLIE, (70's), obese with grey balding hair, lies on a doctor's table. He childishly giggles as a DOCTOR presses an ultrasound device to his ECG sticker covered bare chest.

A sloshing sound rings out of an echocardiogram machine, showing a black and white image of an arrhythmically beating heart.

CHARLIE  
Ooh, I felt a kick!

Charlie cackles at his own joke.

DOCTOR  
Lie still please.

SHEILA, (70's), slim with short curly fair hair, face constipated with fear, although she is hiding it remarkably well, sits opposite Charlie.

CHARLIE  
I hope it's a boy.

DOCTOR  
Please.

Sheila stares at the black and white beating heart.

The irregular sloshing sounds slowly fade out, as they blend with --

PRELAP: The sounds of a shofar blowing.

INT. SOUTH HEAD SHULE. NIGHT.

Charlie, gut bulging through his smart suit, sits in the men's section of a packed Shule, happily watching RABBI HIRSCHOWITZ blow a shofar on the prayer platform in front of him.

The seemingly arrhythmic notes, ring out through the packed, silent shule.

JOSH BLOOM, 18, sits next to Charlie, looking at photos of LIORA, 18, his attractive school peer, wearing a revealing devil costume on instagram.

He opens his messages with her and sends a message. "I'll be your Angel tomorrow night".

Sheila, impeccably dressed with a purple fascinator adorned on her head, sits overlooking the men's section from the floor above.

REBECCA BLOOM, (late 40's), beautifully put together, frantically bouncing her knees up and down, sits next to her mother, her phone hiding between the pages of a prayer book. A livestream of a kitchen plays on the screen.

Sheila stoically stares at Charlie, who looks up at her and blows a kiss. Sheila doesn't react, instead continuing to stare at him.

Rebecca leans towards Sheila.

REBECCA

It's not smoking is it?

Sheila ignores her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

It took me three hours to find this stupid kosher lamb for Graham. How does it look?

SHEILA

Rebecca shush!

Rebecca rolls her eyes, then looks down at GRAHAM BLOOM, (Early 50's), dressed in his full suit, a tallit around his neck, a yarmulke on his head, and seemingly the weight of the world on his shoulders, as he shuffles on the spot.

Rebecca looks at the phone, then her watch. She shuffles uncomfortably.

The Rabbi blows the final note of the Shofar, and the entire congregation yell out --

CONGREGATION

Shkoiyakch.

The Rabbi gestures for Graham to join him on the prayer platform.

RABBI HIRSCHOWITZ

Up next we have a special call up for one of our biggest donors, Graham Ben Freidal.

Graham, uncomfortable at hearing that, stands on the prayer platform in the middle of the synagogue.

He tries to find his place to speak, stutters. The crowd grow restless. Graham looks up to Rebecca, but she isn't there.

Charlie contentedly looks ahead as the sound of an oven beeping fades in.

INT. BLOOM HOUSE. NIGHT.

Charlie sits at the dining room table in the open planned Dining-Kitchen-lounge room. He watches as Sheila broods silently next to him, staring at a full plate of lamb in front of Charlie.

Charlies watches as Rebecca, dirty apron atop of shule clothes, opens the beeping oven door, and pulls out a dish of lamb.

CHARLIE

The meats scrumptious sweetie!

REBECCA

(Yells)

Josh! Get downstairs now.

JOSH (O.S.)

(Yells from upstairs)

I'm in a game.

REBECCA

I'll turn off the internet!

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Rebecca!

Rebecca quickly plates a dish then walks towards an opened STUDY door.

Graham sits inside, head resting against the table, phone to his ear.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(To Phone)

Yes she shouldn't have said that to her during office hours, but aren't they both lesbians?

REBECCA

How much longer.

GRAHAM

Quit yelling.

Graham waves Rebecca away.

Frustrated, Rebecca walks to the dining room table, replaces an untouched dish at the head of the table with the new dish. Josh walks down the stairs texting on his phone. Rebecca grabs it out of his hands.

JOSH

Hey!

REBECCA

Talk to your grandparents and you can get it back.

JOSH

Mum!

REBECCA

Now Josh!

Josh gives an entitled huff as he moves towards the dining room table.

JOSH

(Smart ass)

Gran, do you think angels are fuckable.

SHEILA

Excuse me?

REBECCA

(from the Kitchen)

Joshua Aiden Bloom!

JOSH

(mocking)

Joshua Aiden Bloom!

CHARLIE

Old or new testament angel?

JOSH

There's a new one?

(Ro Rebecca)

Can I have it back now?

REBECCA

It's for his grad party tomorrow night.

CHARLIE

A grad party before you graduate.  
Fun.

JOSH  
Mum, I need my phone back.

REBECCA  
Keep asking and I'll put it in the oven.

JOSH  
Said the Nazi.

SHEILA  
Joshua Aiden Bloom!

Charlie chuckles.

REBECCA  
(To the study)  
Graham!

GRAHAM  
(from the study)  
One second!

CHARLIE  
(To Josh)  
Your mother tells me you're going to do medicine.

JOSH  
(To Rebecca)  
I'm going to Europe.

CHARLIE  
Ooh, Sheila, remember when we went to that brothel in Amsterdam!

That gets Josh's attention. Sheila burrows angrily into herself. Rebecca, walking back to her seat with a glass of wine, looks shocked.

JOSH  
You've been to a brothel?

CHARLIE  
I wasn't always old and fat.

JOSH  
That where you met gran?

CHARLIE  
The way she worked that pole.

JOSH  
Seriously?

SHEILA

No!  
 (To Charlie)  
 Please stop.

Rebecca touches Graham's food.

REBECCA

(yells)  
 Graham.

GRAHAM

Don't yell in my ear.

Graham is right behind Rebecca, walking to his seat. He takes a bite of his lamb. Rebecca watches on intently.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Is this a little overcooked?

Rebecca tries to take the plate but Graham holds it.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Leave it, it's fine.

REBECCA

No it's not fine, cause you'll make  
 a -

GRAHAM

Leave it.

Josh quickly grabs the phone out of Rebecca's pocket.

Incensed, Rebecca sits down with the rest of the family. Charlie laughs.

REBECCA

Is something funny dad?

CHARLIE

I'll miss this.

Sheila stares daggers at Charlie, as he gingerly stands up.

SHEILA

Charlie no.

CHARLIE

(orating)  
 For every new beginning, there's  
 always an ending.

SHEILA

Please.

Sheila looks terrified, pleading at Charlie with her eyes. He notices and smiles warmly.

CHARLIE

The talmud says that on Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish new year, God chooses whether over the next year we live or we die. I've always tipped pretty well, so when yesterday I went to the cardiologist for a check up, I was surprised to hear that my aortic artery is around ninety eight percent blocked. It's been suggested I get surgery to scrape away the blockage, however, since I'm also old, fat, and apparently in *heart failure* I will most likely die on the table. So with that, I'd like to announce that I will be searching for the perfect burial plot, and I invite all of you on my final odyssey.

There is a lull in the room as Charlie sits down and starts eating. Sheila eventually breaks the silence.

SHEILA

(turns to Josh)

Met any nice Jewish girls recently?

REBECCA

Heart Failure?

SHEILA

Excuse me, I'm talking to Josh.

JOSH

Dying?

REBECCA

Did he say you're dying or that you'll most likely die? Dad I told you to eat healthier!

JOSH

(To Charlie)

The surgery will fix you right?

REBECCA

We need a second opinion. A doctor can't just say that you're dying like that. That's not their job.

CHARLIE

It kind of is.

Rebecca takes Charlie's plate, puts his lamb on her own plate, and gives him more salad.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Besides, okay, I'm not dying, it's just if I don't have the surgery, there's a significantly increased chance I have a major heart attack in the near future.

JOSH

So you die either way?

CHARLIE

We all die.

GRAHAM

How much is a grave plot?

CHARLIE

No idea.

GRAHAM

You need to know this stuff Charlie.

REBECCA

Or else what? We bury him in a dirt mound.

SHEILA

He isn't dying.

GRAHAM

How near future could you die?

CHARLIE

Modern medicine is both amazing and incredibly vague.

GRAHAM

Will insurance cover the surgery?

REBECCA

We have enough money.

GRAHAM

I need to know how much *I'll* be paying.

REBECCA

(sarcasm)

And if it's too expensive, *we'll* put him down like a dog?

GRAHAM

(pointing to Josh)

Of course not, but we have other expenses! Josh is going to law school next year!

REBECCA

He wants to do medicine Graham!

JOSH

I want to go to Europe.

SHEILA

He's not getting the surgery.

REBECCA

(To Charlie)

I don't trust your bulk bill doctor. I know a good cardiologist.

GRAHAM

I don't like him.

REBECCA

Of course not.

SHEILA

He's never complained to me, which means he's fine.

REBECCA

Have you tried complaining to you!?

Rebecca rubs her eyes in annoyance.

Graham's phone buzzes. He checks it, eyes going wide. He stands up.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Where're you going?

GRAHAM

I, umm, work.

Graham walks to the study.

REBECCA

What happened to not working during family time.

GRAHAM

You pay for his grave then.

Graham enters the study, slamming the door shut.

JOSH

I still get to go on my trip right?

Rebecca, embarrassed, goes to the kitchen and starts cleaning. Josh picks up his phone. Sheila silently broods, while Charlie takes a bite of her lamb.

CHARLIE

Scrumptious.

**END OF EXCERPT**