We are introduced to a young boy named Henry, age 7, who is convinced he is a plant. Despite his parents' worrying, he spends all his time outside and stands and lays in the yard. The father's name is Mitch and the mother is Amanda.

Sunday, July 19, 11:14PM. Family room and first floor of house. Henry: Hey mom, check out this book. Henry is holding a reference book, a guide to North American plants. Amanda: Oh yes, looks nice sweetie. What do you like about it? She is busy fidgeting with the television remote, a large touch-screen contraption. Henry: Well, why is it we are human beans. Why can’t I live from sun and water? Amanda: It’s beings, honey. Human beings. She turns away and walks towards the television, re-setting the receiver. Henry walks away. She doesn’t seem to notice and returns to her troubleshooting. Henry walks across the first floor of the house to his father’s study. He is sitting in his desk chair hunched over on his computer. Henry: Hey Dad. Wanna go to the park? Or play in the garden? Mitch quickly looks over before returning to his computer, where he appears to be on an online shopping website. Mitch: I’m sorta busy. Trying to get a good deal here. Looking undeterred but less enthused, Henry picks up his book in the kitchen and walks upstairs to his room.
Wednesday, July 22, 5:09PM. Stage is kitchen, eating area, and backyard.

He is standing outside and his parents are looking through the sliding glass door in the kitchen observing him and talking about his peculiar condition. Henry is alternating between standing straight up and sitting down, sometimes with eyes closed, occasionally spreading out his arms -- imitating his idea of a photosynthesizing plant. Amanda is inside leafing through the advertisements in an issue of Vanity Fair magazine, methodically plucking out the inserts and setting them in a pile on the table.

Mitch: Hey I’m home early.
Amanda: Hey. Yes, yes you are.
Mitch: What's he doing out there?
Amanda: He's just standing. Oop, there he spread his arms for a second.
Mitch: Shouldn't he be out playing with friends or something? When I was his age we played tag and slip-n-slid. Nobody pretended to be a ficus. I mean, who does that? Is it ficuses or fici? Damnit.
Amanda: We should give him space. Just because we grew up one way doesn't mean we should stifle his freedom.
Mitch: He's just so weird. Look -- he's been standing out there all day. Ever since he read that book on plants. Where’d he even get that?
Amanda: His science teacher let him borrow it for the summer. Although if there’s dirt all over it, I don’t know if he’ll be wanting it back. She looks around the kitchen for a mess, fidgeting with her belt-loops.
Mitch: God. Why do we even send him to school? Has he even eaten?
Amanda: He drank some from the hose, and there's a pack of Oreos missing from the pantry.
Mitch walks to get a cup of coffee then joins Amanda at the kitchen table.
Mitch: That's reassuring. He knows not to eat the fertilizer right?
Amanda: Yes. He just stands in it. I don't mind the smell of soil outside, but in the house...
Mitch: Guess I'll have to make another run to Home Depot.
Amanda: I don't even think he's come in. I've made him some sandwiches but I had to convince him plants eat people food.
Mitch: I've got a great idea to trick him into eating breakfast! I posted a sheet of paper on the cereal box saying "Plant Food" — good thing he isn't as bright as he is strange.
Amanda: Don't say that. You know he's just so sensitive. Especially when it isn't sunny outside...

5:30PM.
Henry: Hey Mom. (Louder) Mom!
Amanda opens the door and sticks her head out.
Henry: Mom, can plants watch TV?
Amanda: No dear. Plants only sit outside and enjoy nature.
Mitch: (Laughing) Yes - you see son, you can't have your dirt and eat it too.
Henry pouts and Amanda closes the door, hoping to keep her fastidiously neat house free of airborne insects.
Mitch: Now what I’m wondering is how in the world did he learn about ficus in the first place, and what gave him the idea to act like one?
Amanda: You know children. So emulative of their world.
Mitch: Do we even have a ficus?
Amanda: Remember his science class learned about plants last spring? They grew their own soy plants. Ours was up on the kitchen counter for weeks until it somehow fell... Henry was devastated so I took him to a nursery, and...
Mitch: And?
Amanda: Well, I may have broken my own rule about preventing future messes as much as possible and bought him a couple plants for his room.
Mitch: (Sarcastically) Not the rule...
Amanda: But I swear to God nothing was said about ficuses.
Mitch: I can’t believe you willfully allowed another living being to enter your dungeon.
Amanda: Now, be nice. There’s no reason for that.
Mitch: I’ve been wanting plants in here for years. And a cat! Just something to keep me company when I have to wake up at 6 for early meetings. Coffee alone gets old.
Amanda: You’re who he gets it from! Personifying every little thing while looking down on us actual humans.
Mitch: Oh yeah, blame it on the guy who makes you biscuits and hot tea every time you feel like shit.
Amanda: Well you better get baking.
Mitch: And another thing, if you wouldn’t have let him watch so many weird television shows when he was younger...
Amanda: You’re the one who let him watch *Spongebob Squarepants*.
Mitch: See what Henry’s doing to us? We haven’t had sex in days.
Days.
Henry: (Yelling) Mom! Dad!
Mitch grunts and opens the door, stepping out.
Mitch: What?
Henry: There’s a bee. Can you get it away from me?
Mitch: Bees are your friend. They pollinate you. They help you spread. And they make honey for your daddy’s biscuits.
Henry: Oh. Okay.
Mitch closes the screen door, leaving the glass door ajar and walks over to the kitchen and pours a bowl of cereal.
Mitch walks to the refrigerator, takes out milk, and pours it on his cereal.
Amanda: God Mitch you are such a child. Cocoa Puffs before dinner? You’re not in college anymore.
Mitch: And you’re not… oh never mind. *He looks down at his cereal.* You know, you used to be more fun.
Amanda: That’s before we became responsible for another human being.
Mitch: Have you been giving him sunscreen?
Amanda: Of course I have. He got your pale Irish skin. I just tell him it’s special plant balm so he doesn’t burn.

Thursday July 23, 7:01AM
*Mitch and Amanda are sitting in the kitchen eating breakfast.*
Amanda: So I called Dr. Levinson.
Mitch: The guy we talked to when we were having our… uh, problem?
Amanda: Yes the marriage therapist. He also works with children.
Mitch: Do you really think it’s this serious? I mean, other than the obsessive outdoorseyness, he’s not being that strange.
Amanda: A couple days ago you were calling him a freak.
Mitch: I didn’t say that. Also, it is kind of nice to have some quiet in the house. And my plant food ruse is working: he’s been going through boxes of cereal.
Amanda: A boy shouldn’t just live off cereal and hose water, which I’m pretty sure is deadly.
Mitch: I drank from the hose all the time and I never got sick. Plus, even astronauts eat Cheerios. I even stood outside and pretended to be a plant with him yesterday after work. It was sort of fun.
Amanda: Um. Well anyway I set up an appointment at 1 on Monday. Think you can get out of work?
Mitch: I’ll try. McConnell has us working late ever since the layoffs. Guess they figured they could fire a bunch of us and the ones left would work even harder, for fear of losing their jobs.
Amanda: I’m surprised they don’t appreciate you more. I mean those monkey videos you post online in the mornings indicate a pretty severe work environment.
Mitch: I said I’ll try to make it. Maybe I’ll take a long lunch. We could check out that Italian place on Smith.
Amanda: We’re having pasta that night.
Mitch: Can’t we just change nights? Have tacos on Monday and pasta on Tuesday?
Amanda: Goddamnit Mitch taco Tuesdays are a tradition. First our son goes crazy and now you? Who the fuck am I living with?
Mitch: Jesus, just pop a Valium or something. Calm down. Amanda reaches her hand across the table toward Mitch. He holds it.
Mitch: We’ll get through this.

Friday July 24, 8:14PM.
Amanda is in the living room watching a reality television show about people who manage storage units when Mitch returns from work, walking into the room.
Amanda: You’re home late.
Mitch: Yeah. I got diverted by an idea.
Amanda: What else is new. Dinner’s on the table.
Mitch: No, really, I think I found our solution. Amanda turns around and sees a giant bag on Mitch’s arm.
Amanda: What did you buy?
Mitch: Our boy’s freedom.
Mitch pulls out boxes: an iPhone box, an iPad box, a game box.
Amanda: Can we afford all this?
Mitch: Cheaper than a shrink.
Mitch walks outside with his purchases.
Mitch: Hey Henry. Check it out. I bought you an iPad so you can grow plants through the screen. Look. He gestures to the lit up screen, where an program is loaded with plants. And here’s a
computer game where you can grow your own garden, called “Plant Tycoon”.

Henry doesn’t seem to notice. He’s shivering a bit and has his arms wrapped around his torso. Mitch puts a hand on his back and leads him inside. Henry is resistant at first, but when he sees his mother holding up Gatorade and Goldfish snacks, his stride speeds up, until he is finally inside and his father closes and locks the door.