

The Seed

By

Timothy Hultman

2016

trhultma@syr.edu
(908)-432-0071

TITLE CARD (Over Black): The Seed

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Quiet street lined with brownstones on both sides each with a dimly lit, glowing front porch light.

MARK (40), a socially awkward man who looks like he got stuck with outdated hand-me-down clothes and who has a boring office job in a cubicle, is walking down the street.

He holds his head low and looks up at the sound of a couple LAUGHING on a front stoop. A few steps further he sees another couple across the street kissing goodnight as the woman walks into her house.

Mark is getting visibly more and more jealous of the couples as he continues walking.

He turns and walks down a set of steps into "McRory's Pub".

INT. PUB - NIGHT

An old pub built in the 1970's with an L shaped bar, pool tables, wood panelling and low hanging pendant lights all around.

Mark starts walks through the half filled bar, but is stopped by GRAHAM (38), a disheveled hipster who looks like he is a starving artist who hangs around bars trying to sell mix tapes.

GRAHAM

Mark! How's it going dude, haven't seen you around here since college.

MARK

Oh..hey Graham. Yeah, just felt like getting out of the house for the night.

Mark tries to walk away.

GRAHAM

Buy me a drink later? Or you still short on cash?

MARK

We'll see how the night...

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

(cutting him off)

Not making money from the sperm
bank anymore..are you?

MARK

That was the past. Why do you
always bring that up. But yea,
still short on cash.

Mark makes his way to the farthest bar stool, sits down and
hangs his jacket on the stool-back.

The male bartender approaches and sets a napkin down in
front of Mark.

MARK

Just a Coors. Thanks.

We hear the bar door CREAK open, but Mark doesn't even take
a look.

In walks KATIE (22), a fashionably dressed college grad who
masks her personal problems with a big smile.

Katie sits down 3 stools away from Mark and orders herself a
drink.

KATIE

(To Mark)

Hey. Wanna come over and chat.

No response.

KATIE

Excuse me, mister. Come over here,
no need to be curled up in the
corner.

Mark looks over at Katie confused.

MARK

Oh...me?

KATIE

Yeah...who else would I have been
talking to?

MARK

(Hesitantly)

Oh...haha. Be over in just a
second.

Mark sits frozen in his seat. His face grows more nervous by the moment, until he finally takes a breath, closes his eyes briefly and stands up, grabs his jacket and walks towards Katie.

MARK

Hey. I'm Mr. Fredrickson...I...I mean Mark.

KATIE

I'm Katie. What you doing all alone at the bar?

Mark is avoiding eye contact.

MARK

Oh you know...just getting out of the house.

KATIE

I'm a grad from around here, but haven't seen you in this bar before. New to town?

MARK

Well, not really...been here since I got out of college as well. Couldn't really land a big job in the city.

KATIE

Oh, well I haven't found one either. Still in debt as you can imagine.

MARK

Don't remind me. Paying for school was the worst, quite embarrassing actually now that I think back 22 years. My parents refused to pay for anything so it was rough.

KATIE

I have a single mom, and I don't know my father so we didn't have much money anyway. But that's funny, you were graduating when I was just born.

MARK

Where did the time go.

Katie puts her hand on Mark's shoulder. He flinches a little. She pulls back.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

I wanna hear more about you. Lets get another drink. This one's on me.

MARK

Oh I don't know if I should have...

KATIE

(Cutting him off)

You're fine. It will be a good time.

KATIE (CONT')

(To the bartender)

2 Shots of whiskey, please!

MONTAGE of Mark and Katie downing shots, Katie laughing at Mark talking, Katie and Mark playing beer pong, them both laughing, Katie runs around the bar.

MONTAGE ENDS with Katie eventually landing on Mark's lap in a booth.

KATIE

I'm glad you were at the bar tonight.

MARK

Thanks for getting me out of the corner, I needed this.

Mark, who is clearly intoxicated at this point, stares at Katie intently, smiles a little then begins to lean in to kiss her, when all of a sudden both their arms knock into their DRINK GLASSES, which fall off the table and shatter.

Mark and Katie quickly pull away from each other to acknowledge embarrassingly the mess they just made.

KATIE

Oh crap. That's my bad

MARK

No it was totally my fault. Don't worry I'll buy us some new ones.

Mark gets up to grab some napkins from the bar as KEVIN (25), a classy businessman who looks like he knows he is a lady's man and wears a suit that demonstrates his cockiness, approaches Katie.

Kevin sits next to Katie in the booth as she furiously blots her dress and wipes up the spill.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Why is a beautiful woman like you
in a mess like this?

KATIE

Oh...just one wrong move and a
drink is all over the place.

KEVIN

Let me buy you another one.

KATIE

Oh no its really not a big deal. My
friend was gonna grab some new ones
from the bar.

Mark turns around just as he reaches the bar and sees what
looks like Katie and Kevin flirting. Mark becomes visibly
frustrated and demoralized.

Mark walks back over to the booth right next to them and
sits where he is just in earshot of their conversation.

KEVIN

Why would you want to hang out with
that lazy old dude?

Mark is visibly upset.

KATIE

He was actually really cool. I
liked him.

Mark smiles a little.

KEVIN

Quit playing with me. He could be
your dad he's so old.

KATIE

You don't have to be a dick. I was
just trying to have a good night
out and now I'm a mess.

The waitress arrives with new drinks. Katie goes to hand her
CREDIT CARD to the waitress, but Kevin grabs it and swaps it
for his own.

KEVIN

Its on me.

Kevin, now holding her credit card, looks at it to find her
name.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE
Oh..thanks.

KEVIN
(Reading)
Katie Willoughby.

KEVIN (CONT')
Thats a name I haven't heard
before.

Mark's eyes bulge at the sound of her last name. He has an
overwhelming look of realization.

The world seems to freeze for a second.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PUB - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

KATIE
I have a single mom and I don't
know my father...

DISSOLVE TO:

GRAHAM
Not making money from the sperm
bank anymore...are you?

DISSOLVE TO:

KATIE
...You were graduating when I was
just born.

DISSOLVE TO:

KEVIN
Katie Willoughby. That's a name...

DISSOLVE BACK TO PRESENT

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Mark looks more scared than he ever has before. His hand is
shaking making his glass RATTLE on the table.

KATIE (O.S.)
It was nice meeting you Kevin, but
I really should go see if Mark is
still here.

At the same time, Mark peers nervously out of the booth and when the coast is clear he shuffles to the bathroom as quick as possible, bumping into chairs on the way.

INT. PUB RESTROOM - NIGHT

A small, brightly lit room with a few toilets, old, damaged ceramic tile and an overfilled garbage can.

Mark closes the door behind him, breathing heavy. He leans against the door and starts to slide down the door when a familiar voice startles him.

GRAHAM

Mark, my man. How's the night going? Got time for another drink?

Mark looks sharply.

MARK

Graham...I...can't really talk right now.

GRAHAM

Well your blocking the door so I got nothing better to do.

MARK

Oh..um..sorry.

Mark stands up, but remains leaning against the back of the door.

GRAHAM

You look shook up, what happened out there?

MARK

Its nothing really...just needed a breather.

GRAHAM

That chick leave you for some younger guy...didn't she?

MARK

That chick your talking about.....is really my daughter.

GRAHAM

What are you talking about man? You need another drink, you're going crazy.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

No I'm serious. We talked. She has a single mother. She was born when I graduated. And she has the same exact last name as the woman I...y'know...donated to. Its a name I could never forget.

GRAHAM

It can't be her.

MARK

But it is, I just feel it. What am I gonna do. She's probably still out there looking for me.

GRAHAM

Well, sneak out the back door, that's what I'd do.

MARK

But she was such a nice girl and how could I sleep knowing I met my daughter and she doesn't even know who I am.

Graham shrugs it off.

GRAHAM

That's rough man, I gotta get back to my friends, but I'm sure you'll get over it.

Graham pulls the door open as Mark moves out of the way. Mark sees Katie through the door opening sitting alone at the bar again, but lets the door close in front of him.

Mark takes a deep breath.

Mark paces back and forth for a second intensely and then stops at the door, grabs the handle, takes another deep breath and swings it open.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Mark approaches the bar cautiously. He sits down next to Katie.

KATIE

Mark. Where have you been? I thought you might have left.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Katie. I don't think there is a
right way to say this to you but...

Mark looks up, then down, takes a breath and starts to
explain himself.

MARK (V.O.)

At first, she thinks its a joke,
but then as I explain, the smile on
her face disappears...

A SERIES OF SHOTS: Mark gesturing about their conversation
earlier, Katie showing him her credit card, Mark struggling
to explain himself.

The rest of the patrons in the bar slowly disappear as time
passes.

MARK (V.O.)

She doesn't react much beyond
asking a question here and there.

When I finish explaining myself,
she grabs a napkin, writes down her
number and hands it to me. I didn't
know what to think of the situation
in that moment, but I knew I had
done the right thing.

Finally, we stand, shake hands and
she thanks me for a good night--

KATIE

Thanks for a good night. It's nice
to know someone cares about me.

MARK (V.O., CONT')

--Then she leaves the bar without
another word.

Mark is left sitting alone in the now empty bar as Katie
walks out the doors of the bar.

EXT. STREET CORNER OUTSIDE BAR - LATE AT NIGHT

Katie emerges from the steps that lead down into the bar and
plants herself on the edge of the sidewalk.

She raises her hand to hail a taxi as it turns the corner.
It pulls up to the curb and she gets inside.

INT. CAB - LATE AT NIGHT

Katie gives an address to the driver. She sits back in her seat, very tense. Slowly, her shoulders drop as if being lowered in slow motion.

She looks out the window at the bar as the cab drives away, then leans back in her seat, grins and lets out a small chuckle.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Mark hands his empty glass to the waitress, who is cleaning the empty bar.

He sits back in his stool, takes a breath, looks up, smirks and then chuckles as well.

We see him holding Katie's phone number on the napkin as he folds it in half and places it in his pocket.

FADE TO BLACK