

SEED

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FADE IN:

1 EXT: ESTABLISHING SHOT - APARTMENT BUILDING - SUNSET 1

A six storey apartment building dominates the vista against the backdrop of a British cityscape at sunset.

Internal lights emanating from some of the rooms highlight the otherwise dingy chequered paintwork of the building's exterior.

Different styles of curtains or blinds individualise each window, through some, blurry silhouettes can be seen.

2 EXT: APARTMENT BUILDING - CAR PARK 2

The car park is full, in the background on the building's wall is a sign: RESIDENTS PARKING ONLY.

Next to the sign to the RIGHT is an underground bin compound with half a dozen large wheelie bins.

To its LEFT is the main entrance, its double doors opened, leading into a lobby.

Entering the shot is a WOMAN, seeing her only from behind, we can tell she is dark haired, unathletic and dressed in a way that would indicate her as being middle aged.

Carrying a small handbag, she has a shuffle to her walk, and hurries into the lobby like a conscientious penguin.

As she goes in we follow behind her. Becoming slightly better lit, we can see she most likely must be of Asian or Latin descent due to the colour of her skin.

She moves through the small lobby and through another set of double doors, which unlike the main doors, are closed and require effort on her part to push through.

She pauses for a moment to orient herself. As she does so, we can see past her.

There are stairs on the LEFT leading UP to the other floors, doors on the RIGHT hand wall.

CENTRALLY, there is a small room which is wood-panelled up to waist height, but then has transparent plastic panelling up to the ceiling. The sort you find in classrooms and offices.

BEYOND that, barely seen from our current vantage point is an elevator.

Having found what she needs, she turns and walks towards the right hand wall which is filled with post-boxes. She finds the column marked "SIXTH FLOOR" and fingers her way down the names:

CU: POST-BOXES

6A: Detective P. Smith [Detective is crossed out]

6B: Ms C. Swanson

And once she finds it, we pause on:

6C: Mr J. Peters

Having confirmed her destination, she moves down the lobby towards the elevator.

As she does so we see inside the central room, and find it full of surveillance equipment. Monitors display CCTV from inside the lobby and from the building's various exteriors.

She dings the elevator's UP button and steps inside.

As the doors close, another WOMAN passes by, she is a curvy blonde, mid thirties. She carries a hot drink and moves past the elevator entering the security room.

3 INT. ELEVATOR

3

As the lift begins its ascent, we see for the first time the woman we have been following.

Facially, she looks mixed race, but it's hard to pinpoint any particular ethnic origin. Her expression is one of preoccupation and mild stress.

She removes lip gloss from her bag and begins applying it, it helps her compose herself.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

4

We follow the lift up from the outside, past the first, second, third and fourth floors. We can see with closer detail the various windows.

As we begin to move past the fifth floor, with the sixth tantalisingly in our vision...

CUT TO:

5 INT. ELEVATOR 5

The lift comes to a sudden STOP. The jolt causes her to smear the gloss up her cheek as the lights go out. Pitch black. She mutters an expletive in her own mother tongue.

6 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING 6

Her journey may have temporarily halted on the inside, but on the outside we continue unabated up to the sixth and final floor.

We stop on a window, illuminated from inside, but shuttered by a Venetian blind. We begin to move towards it.

7 INT. FLAT 6C 7

As if we have phased through the window, we see the inside of FLAT 6C and its lounge-kitchen-diner.

To our LEFT is the lounge, the far left foreground there is an unseen TV, glowing light. In front of it is a couch and various TOYS.

The far left wall has a window with another blind of the same style. Beyond it there is a room with its door open. We can glimpse it is a CHILD'S BEDROOM.

Next to it, CENTRE-LEFT is another room with its door closed, and CENTRE-RIGHT next to that is the main door to the flat.

To the RIGHT is the kitchen, of which we can barely see over its nearest worktop.

We can however see the MAN working behind it.

JORDAN PETERS is an athletic BLACK-British man around THIRTY years old. He has a kind face.

He scrubs the worktop clean.

JORDAN

Sandy? What are you doing? Sandy!

SANDY comes running out of her bedroom giggling.

She is a THREE year old MIXED RACE child with bunches in her hair. She wears pyjamas.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What are you up to? Cheeky.

Too young to answer, she giggles to herself and settles down on the lounge carpet to play with her toys.

Jordan comes over to check on her.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Are you going to finish this
picture for mummy?

He gestures at a drawing on the coffee table, crayons strewn around it.

Sandy agrees and stands up beside her dad.

CU: DRAWING - Mum, Dad, Sandy, Sandy's Doll, all in crayon. Mum's dress needs colouring in.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
What colour is mummy's dress going
to be? Red?

Sandy picks up a yellow crayon.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Oh OK. She likes yellow.

8 INT. ELEVATOR

8

The lights come back on, startling our guest. With a judder, the elevator struggles to the sixth floor, or almost.

The doors open, showing us that the lift is not in alignment. From our sunken perspective, we can see there is still three feet of floor to go.

She thinks about, and even makes a half hearted attempt at climbing out. However, her unathletic body type makes it a difficult job. Instead she decides to try the buttons.

9 EXT. THE SIXTH FLOOR

9

The half arrived elevator takes centre stage, but it is the door on the RIGHT of it that takes our attention for now.

Marked as FLAT 6A. A MAN comes out of it.

Assumedly this is its occupant, former detective PAUL SMITH.

In his FORTIES, Caucasian, unkempt. He wears a long dirty coat which has plenty of pockets to lose items in. Mostly however, it just looks like he loses himself in it.

He sees the woman struggling in the lift and instead of assisting her, he merely stares at her like she is the biggest idiot in the world for getting herself into this uncontrollable situation.

She stares back at him, disbelieving at his inaction.

They don't break eye contact until he carefully makes his way past and LEFT, and down the centralised stair system.

We focus back on the woman who presses the buttons to no effect, before swearing in her native tongue once more.

She climbs unglamorously out of the elevator one leg at a time and dusts herself down.

Once she has composed herself we realise that she is now standing in front of Jordan's door: FLAT 6C, directly opposite the elevator.

She knocks. As she does so, we notice Paul had not fully gone downstairs, instead he had waited to see her destination, before continuing to descend.

10

INT. FLAT 6C

10

Jordan opens up.

JORDAN

Oh, hello. You're from the agency?

The woman raises her eyebrows in confirmation.

BABYSITTER

You are the father?

JORDAN

That's me. Sorry I thought we were going to have Kirby again?

BABYSITTER

Kirby sick. I take care. It OK, I very experience.

She smiles and shakes his hand.

She has long purple false fingernails which dig into Jordan's skin.

JORDAN

Wow those things are lethal.