

# "THE SEED"

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Inspired by actual events.

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v6

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**"THE SEED"**

FADE IN

"THIS STORY WAS INSPIRED BY REAL FARMERS  
AND ACTUAL EVENTS."

FADE TO

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TIGHT ON: "BUCK CONNER" - male, late 40s, quiet, rugged, salt of the earth type farmer - seated at a massive table in a high-end corporate conference room. The room is quiet. His demeanor: stoic, determined. His eyes are distant. A woman's voice begins O.S.

*LAWFORD V.O.*  
*Mr. Conner? We haven't*  
*heard from you. Do you*  
*have any questions for us?*

ANGLE ON: TWO ATTORNEYS: "WENDY LAWFORD" - female, fit, attractive, late 30s - who smiles expectantly and "GREG HADLEY" - male, 50's, slick like a hawk. The situation is QUIET and TENSE.

ALSO PRESENT: Is a "MEDIATOR" - Male, 40s, solid.

BACK ON BUCK: Who glances at his own attorney "JOSEPH GOLDMAN" - male, 40s - and begins:

BUCK  
Do you know what this is?

Buck holds up a KERNEL OF "CORN". He waits for an answer in the silence. Lawford and Hadley remain tight-lipped.

BUCK  
It's a simple question.

REACTIONS: LAWFORD and HADLEY.

BACK ON BUCK: Steadfast ...

BUCK  
I'd like an answer.

SLAM TO

EXT. ROAD INTO TOWN - DAWN

TITLE: "1 YEAR EARLIER"

MUSIC AND OPENING TITLES OVER:

CENTRAL TEXAS: AUTUMN: An OLD FORD BRONCO rambles along a stretch of blacktop past fields of dewey farmland. The sun peeks over a distant horizon. "THE CORN REPORT" crackles on an AM station ...

*RADIO BROADCASTER VO*  
*... Corn futures fall to a*  
*five-year low as farmers*  
*begin harvesting the*  
*largest crop ever in the*  
*U.S.. As the world's top*  
*supplier ...*

INT. BRONCO/CAB - DAWN

ANGLE ON: BUCK - driving. Listening.

*RADIO BROADCASTER VO*  
*a record 14.395 billion bushels*  
*will be harvested this season,*  
*up 3.4 percent from a last year.*

INT. CAB / EXT. - VARIOUS SHOTS: He drives into town - past FADED FARMS and RUN-DOWN BARNS ...

*RADIO BROADCASTER VO*  
*Increasing supplies*  
*drive world food prices*  
*in August to the lowest in*  
*almost fours years and may*  
*extend into the second half*  
*of October. ...*  
*Corn futures for December*  
*dropped 0.9 percent to*  
*close at \$3.23 a bushel*  
*on the Chicago Board of Trade.*

As Buck passes an oncoming truck, he raises his fingers off the wheel - "Hi" - and gives a nod. The gesture is returned.

*RADIO BROADCASTER VO*  
*Earlier in the day, prices*  
*touched \$3.2275, the lowest*  
*since Sept. 24, 2009.*

IN TOWN: Buck passes by OLD BUILDINGS that were once, alive and thriving but now stand hollow. Empty. Boarded up. Dead.

*RADIO BROADCASTER VO*  
*Corn dropped 23 percent this*  
*year and 40 percent last year*  
*marking the first two year*  
*tumble since 1999.*

Buck arrives at THE DINER - one of the few remaining businesses open downtown and parks in a gang of muddy trucks.

*RADIO BROADCASTER VO*  
*The market moving forward looks*  
*uncertain as it reacts poorly*  
*to the prospect of ...*

CUT TO

INT. DINER - MORNING

Buck enters the worn, familiar space of the diner - a hub of activity where men discuss politics, local events and share news over strong coffee and greasy plates. He moves past familiar faces to sit at a booth with his neighbor - "BOBBY BIGGS" - male, 50s.

BOBBY  
 How goes it?

BUCK  
 It goes.

A WAITRESS promptly serves Buck COFFEE and WATER.

WAITRESS  
 Breakfast, Hun?

BUCK  
 Please. Thanks.

Bobby folds up his NEWSPAPER as Buck settles.

BOBBY  
 How's yer dad holdin' up?

BUCK  
 Hangin' in there.

BOBBY  
 Yeah, well, he's tough.  
 I know that.

BUCK  
I saw yer in already.  
How'd ya come out?

BOBBY  
A bit better'n 169.  
Came in a little  
skinny this year.

BUCK  
What happened?

AT THE ENTRANCE: "BARRY KLINE" - male, late 30s, a slick salesman attempting to look blue collar ENTERS fresh as a daisy - yappin' on his CELLPHONE via BLUETOOTH EAR PIECE.

BARRY  
So, listen, I just got to  
my meeting, so ... You bet.

Barry orders coffee at the counter as he scans the room.

BARRY  
Just a coffee. Thanks.

BACK WITH BUCK and BOBBY: Bobby chuckles ...

BOBBY  
Yeah, well, lemmie tell ya,  
sometimes she do, an'  
sometimes she don't.

*BARRY (O.S.)*  
*Mornin', Bob.*

ANGLE ON: BARRY APPROACHING WITH COFFEE:

BARRY  
What are you two fellas  
up to this mornin'?

BOBBY  
Mi-ster Kline. ..  
You know Buck.

BARRY  
Buck Conner. Sure.  
Barry Kline. ...  
Lefay International.

Barry extends his hand. Buck shakes it cold and solid.

BARRY

I came by last spring.  
Your mom had just passed,  
if I recall. ...  
Bad timing on my part.  
I believe you threatened  
to shoot me right in my butt.

Bobby chuckles because he knows Buck.

BARRY

Hey. No. I get it.  
But listen, I push because  
I care. I'm passionate  
about what we do, Buck. ...  
We supply seed for 90  
percent of all corn grown  
in the U.S.. 90 percent.  
That many farmers can't  
be wrong.

BOBBY

You're unbelievable.

BARRY

Higher yields. No weeds.  
No bugs. Drought resistant.  
170, 175 BPA guaranteed.  
What could you do with  
a yield like that? Ya know  
what we're doing? Ending  
world hunger one farm at  
a time. There's room in our  
family of farms for you.  
And that's really what  
we're about, Buck. Family.

Thankfully, the Waitress returns with Buck's breakfast to disrupt.

WAITRESS

Here ya go, Hun.

BUCK

Thanks.

Buck unwraps silverware as Barry continues ...

BARRY

Okay. Hey, I gotta run.  
But, seriously, give us  
a season to prove it.  
One season. Here's my card.

BUCK  
I'm happy with my seed.  
But, thanks.

BARRY  
Okay. Well, ...

Bobby extends his hand to Barry ...

BOBBY  
Okay Barry. Good to see ya.

Bobby and Barry shake. Bobby exits. Buck eyes Bobby.

BUCK  
You do business with that guy?

BOBBY  
He's harmless.

BUCK  
Mm.

Buck chews his first bite, considers Bobby for a second then eyes Barry at another booth with ANOTHER FARMER.

FADE TO

EXT. FENCE LINE/CORN FIELDS - PRE-DAWN

Beneath a star-spangled sky, we drift through a FIELD of dry, rustling CORN patiently waiting for harvest.

Here we find BUCK moving easily through the rows with his faithful DOG - "MAX" - on his heels. Coming to rest in the row, he pulls an old BUCK KNIFE, cuts off an ear of corn and peels back the husk.

His calloused, farm-worn hand passes over the ear - brushing away the silk - revealing dusty-gold kernels. His thumb presses one out of the cob. It tumbles into his palm. He grins quietly under his OLD, WORN, ORANGE, UT BASEBALL CAP. ... It's time.

CUT TO

EXT. FARM - PRE-DAWN

ANGLE ON: A crunchy stretch of ground between THE FIELD and an old TRAILER HOUSE as Buck crosses the distance, passing an 18 WHEELER - GRAIN HAULER.

He notes the EMPTY VODKA BOTTLES, BEER CANS and TRASH on the ground. MAX finds a half-eaten HOTDOG - tempted ...

BUCK

Max.

Max backs off.

AT THE DOOR: He KNOCKS. No answer.

BUCK

Hey, Karl. ... Karl!

A LIGHT blinks on inside. The door opens to reveal Buck's brother "KARL CONNER" - male, early 50s - a scruffy, hung-over alcoholic.

BUCK

'Mornin'.

Karl grumbles and retreats inside. Buck stands in the doorway.

INT. "KARLS'S CAVE" - PRE-DAWN

The inside is worse than the exterior. Buck looks around as Karl lights a CIGARETTE and rummages through the fridge for a BEER.

BUCK

I'm bringin' it in today.

KARL

Yeah? ... What time?

BUCK

Eight. ...  
Come up for breakfast.

KARL

I got breakfast.(beer)

Buck looks around the disgusting interior. Karl notices.

KARL

I'll be there.

BUCK

Thanks.

Buck exits - concerned by how far his older brother has fallen.

CUT TO



INT. FARM HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAWN

"KAT CONNER" - female, 40s, earthy and attractive - is found busy making breakfast in a simple country kitchen. BACON. EGGS. OATMEAL.

She glances out the window to find Buck returning from the field. She can tell from his walk, today's the day.

KAT

John! Jack Jack!

JOHN

We're right here, Mom.

Kat turns to find "JOHN CONNER" - male, 14, and "JACK CONNER" - male, 11 - "The Boys", quietly and obediently taking their seats.

KAT

Oh. Hey, we need forks.

JACK JACK

I'll get 'em.

EXT. FARM HOUSE / PORCH - DAWN

The Conner house is a typical 20's era farmhouse. A large AMERICAN FLAG hangs from a pole off the large front porch where Buck finds his Father - "TOM CONNER" - male, late 70s, older looking than he is - sittin' with a cup of coffee.

TOM

A hunerd'n twelve days.

BUCK

You called it.

TOM

Damn right I called it.

Where's Karl?

BUCK

Drinkin' breakfast.

Tom COUGHS hard. Ragged.

TOM

That boy. ...

Gah! Must be a storm comin'.

My bones are barkin'.

BACK IN THE KITCHEN

Kat's setting the table as Buck and Tom enter. Buck gives her a playful pat on the butt.

KAT

Hey.

With everyone seated around the breakfast table, they join hands and bow their heads in prayer.

BUCK

Thank you for this day, Lord.  
And thank you for the bounty  
we're about to receive -

FADE TO

INT. BARN - DAY

In the golden light of the crisp morning sun, flanked by MASSIVE MACHINES waiting in the shadows, Buck (and Max) meet his right-hand man "DOMINGO GARCIA" - male, late 30s, Hispanic, tough, warm and always smiling - with a solid hand shake before going to work.

*BUCK VO*

*for your many blessings -  
on us and on this land.  
We ask that you bless our  
work today, Lord. Amen.*

IN THE DUSTY CAB of an old HARVESTER, Buck cranks the ignition and the machine comes to life.

EXT. BARN - DAY

ANGLE ON: A MASSIVE BARN as the HARVESTER and RECEIVER - driven by Domingo - lumber into the LIGHT and CHARGE for the field.

EXT. FARM - DAY

The Harvester BITES into the first rows of corn.

CU: CUTTER HEADS mow down crunchy stalks and chew 'em up.

ANGLE ON: Golden kernels suddenly ERUPT from the SPIGOT and SHOOT into the BIN.

IN THE CAB: BUCK checks the gauges and the flow - stays on track.  
He grabs a MIC and calls to Domingo:

BUCK  
Come on in, Amigo.  
She's fillin' up fast.

WITH DOMINGO: He grabs his MIC and answers:

DOMINGO  
Bueno.

WE FOLLOW Domingo's RECEIVER out to the field where it joins the HARVESTOR to match it's speed and track.

VARIOUS SHOTS: As the ARM swings to bridge the distance, CORN SHOOTs into the bin.

Once the transfer's complete, Domingo pulls away as Buck continues along in a cloud of dust and bits of debris.

IN THE CAB: Buck looks for Karl. OFF HIS GAZE:

Karl's 18 WHEELER comes lumbering down the road - right on time. Smoke billows from her stacks. Karl BLOWS THE HORN. Buck Grins. The rhythm of the work has begun.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

ON KARL: As he readies his truck to receive and Domingo arrives.

KARL  
How many passes was that?

DOMINGO  
Four.

KARL  
Four?

DOMINGO  
It's good.

AS THE DAY WEARS ON: We see a variety of moments in the process of bringing in the crop.

The work continues as the sun dips in the sky.

FADE TO