

UNTITLED 'SEYMOUR' SHORT

Written by

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1972.

INT. DAVENPORT HOUSE - MORNING

Seymour Davenport's Farm. Seymour is awake really early, his wife Dina apparently asleep in the bed next to him.

Seymour gets up. Dina's eyes open and follow him.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVENPORT KITCHEN - DAY

Seymour is sitting at his kitchen table, eating a steak; his wife Dina is sitting opposite, politely eating hers (her plate with vegetables added).

**DINA**

(breaking the silence)  
Is it good?

**SEYMOUR**

It's okay.

(beat)

It's overcooked.

Beat.

**DINA**

Are you sure?

**SEYMOUR**

(offering her a look at  
his steak)  
See, it's overcooked. It's like  
charcoal.

It is better when it's bloody. And  
this is barely pink, it's no good.

**DINA**

I must have left it on too long....

**SEYMOUR**

Don't Apologise To Me Either.  
I hate it when you do that.

Beat. He eats his steak, Dina watches.

**DINA**

What are your plans for the day?

CUT TO:

INT. SHED. DAVENPORT FARM - DAY

Seymour is opening a rusty metal locker ... inside is his gun collection ... he takes out an old wooden .22 long rifle.

He walks back through his shed as CAMERA leads him, goes --

OUTSIDE THE SHED. and CAMERA (STEADICAM) begins following him across his yard.

WIDE. A view of his property. Seymour is walking towards the trees.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREES. DAY

The Bush. CAMERA DOLLIES in slow toward SEYMOUR, aiming his rifle ... MOVES behind him, and he fires.

CU. HIS AIM.  
a RABBIT runs away.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREES. DAY

Seymour is walking, searching around him for something / anything.

.... HOLD.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREES. DAY

Seymour is looking up at the trees for something / anything.

....

CUT TO:

EXT. TREES. DAY

Staring down the bank of a River. A tall feather peaks above some shrub.

CU. SEYMOUR.  
taking aim, looking extremely precise.

ANGLE, RIVER BANK.  
as the feather is SHOT at.

CUT TO:

FURTHER DOWN.

Moments later. Seymour is walking down the bank, through the thick shrub.

....

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERBANK. TREES - DAY

Seymour steps down onto the river bank and finds a Fisherman with a feathered cap, shot dead in the head.

Seymour looks around for his dead bird, looks back ....

He panics ....

He checks the Fisherman ....

Looks around him .... searches .... freaks out ....

He slows down .... he thinks ....

CUT TO:

EXT. UP THE RIVERBANK. TREES. LATER

HIGH ANGLE. Seymour is dragging the Fisherman's body to some soft earth .... He stops.

He lays the body beside him and starts digging through the loose earth with his hands, getting increasingly frantic.

CUT TO:

EXT. UP THE RIVERBANK. TREES. LATER

CAMERA follows the BACK of a MAN as he walks through the trees toward SEYMOUR's digging ....

.... as he approaches Seymour, he points his own GUN;

Seymour is filthy all up his arms, and he has almost finished covering the Fisherman's body...

Seymour notices the Man late, but manages to pick up his gun. We have a standoff:

**MAN**

Stay still.

**SEYMOUR**

(beat)

....This isn't how it appears to you now. Whatever you're thinking, you're wrong.

**MAN**

Who are you? Tell me your name.

**SEYMOUR**

Seymour Davenport. Now I suggest you put that gun down, and then maybe you and I can chat about this.

**MAN**

Yer in a lot of trouble mister.

**SEYMOUR**

Please just listen --

**MAN**

You talk to the police -- They the ones be interested.

**SEYMOUR**

I want to talk to you. I want to talk about what happened here. Let me tell you what happened.

**MAN**

Yer going to tell me it's an accident. A mistake. How the fuck am I s'posed to trust you?

**SEYMOUR**

Well, maybe we can talk about that while you point that weapon somewhere else.

**MAN**

-- You first. Put your hands on your head.

...SEYMOUR STARTS TO SIZE UP THE SITUATION...

...he slowly lowers his gun...and starts stepping backward...

**SEYMOUR**

I was trying to hit a bird by the bank. I didn't mean to hit this man.

...THE MAN NOTICES HIM STARTING TO LEAVE;

**MAN**

I said stay still.

...BEAT ...SEYMOUR TAKES OFF...

AND THE MAN GIVES CHASE...

EXTEND OUT. CHASE THROUGH THE TREES, SEYMOUR JUST RUNNING AND  
RUNNING AS FAST AS HE CAN...

The Man fires his gun several  
times in the distance, and Seymour runs faster...he  
trips...falls.

CU. FOX TRAP.  
the MAN's feet are stamping toward it...SMASH CUT:

CU. SEYMOUR. (x2)  
He looks back FAST.

Seymour is breathing fast and his eyes are wet ....HOLD.

MOMENTS LATER.

Seymour approaches...and O.C. the MAN can be heard wailing in  
pain;

We get a detailed shot of the man's leg -- which has been  
firmly snatched by the FOX TRAP. Blood everywhere. The  
fox trap is secured to a tree -- and the MAN is going  
nowhere. Just out of reach lies the Man's RIFLE.

**MAN (CONT'D)**

URGH, CHRIST! GET ME OUT OF THIS  
THING --

Seymour picks up the Man's rifle. He has two guns now.

The Man just watches, pleadingly;

**SEYMOUR**

I'm not what you think I am. I'm  
not a bad person, and I'm no  
murderer.

**MAN**

Then Please. Help Me. I Believe You  
.....

**SEYMOUR**

I'm going to help you. But first I  
need you to help me. I need you to  
listen --

**MAN**

AAARGGHHH.....

BEAT.

**SEYMOUR**

....My name is Seymour Davenport.  
That's my farm, back way --  
I have a wife. And I'm a family  
man. and I like to take a rifle  
out some days and hunt for rabbit,  
you see?  
Just like you -- I'm just a man.

**MAN**

Please....please....please....

**SEYMOUR**

.... I saw a feather, you see? --  
back way. I couldn't catch any  
rabbit, so I thought I'd hit a  
bird. I shot at it. And then I  
went on down and I saw that I'd  
killed a man.

Now, this has turned out to be a  
very fucked up situation for me.  
And you.

So -- just like you do -- I need to  
know that I can trust you.  
(pause)

**MAN**

-- Please get me out of this thing.  
Yer safe with me, mate. Please --

**SEYMOUR**

(beat)  
Perhaps I can shoot the chain free  
first .... then maybe we can get  
you to a doctor.

**MAN**

-- Yes.

Seymour moves to the tree and puts one of the two rifles  
down, to ready his own. He STOPS --

BEAT .... Seymour stares at the MAN, and we HOLD on the Man's  
watching, pleading face;

.... SEYMOUR holds the rifle by his side.

**SEYMOUR**

I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry that this is the way  
things are. I can't help you.

Seymour places HIS RIFLE DOWN NEAR THE SCENE, AND TAKES THE  
MAN'S.....

**SEYMOUR (CONT'D)**

I'm taking your gun. You can have mine.

SEYMOUR WALKS AWAY.....

The Man realises he is actually leaving, and begins to shout,

**MAN**

Wait ..... I'm Going To Die .....  
 I'M GOING TO STARVE FOR CHRISAKE!  
 ..... HEEY-Y! ..... YE CAN'T DO  
 THIS TO A MAN, YER CAN'T DO IT  
 ..... YOU CAN'T JUST GO AWAY FROM  
 ME!

CUT TO:

INT. DAVENPORT HOUSE - NIGHT

LATER. Seymour is up, alone, and he is getting Drunk.

....there is a line of bottles...beers, wines, and a couple of scotches...forming a trail from the LIQUOR CABINET to the MIDDLE OF HIS LIVING ROOM FLOOR, where he sits by a FIRE, out of it....

He is thinking to himself, hard.

CUT TO:

INT. / EXT. PORCH. DAVENPORT HOUSE - LATER

NIGHT STILL. CAMERA stares out through the FLY WIRE screen as it is whacked open by SEYMOUR....

...and we HOLD looking OUT as he heads toward the trees with a 3L bottle of tap water.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREES. NIGHT - LATER

SEYMOUR cautiously moving through the dark, in the distance the Man can faintly be heard crying out --

Seymour stumbles to a tree, thinking this to be a safe distance for which to rest and think .... and the Man's crying continues to be heard ....

HIGH ANGLE. LOOKING DOWN, Seymour is reaching for a little flash, which he pours right down his throat.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVENPORT HOUSE - ANOTHER MORNING

VARIOUS ANGLES / CU's from within the QUIET HOUSE....OLD  
FRAMED PORTRAITS....BOOKS....A DIARY....A CALENDAR....ETC.

BEDROOM.

Maybe a week later.

Seymour lies awake, .... he has a beard now ..... then gets  
out of bed. His wife Dina opens her eyes and they watch him  
go.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREES. DAY

HIGH ANGLE. LOOKING DOWN;

Seymour

....walks

....across

....the

....way.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREES. MOMENTS LATER

-- He is walking back to the Man in the Fox Trap . . . .

As he arrives, he finds two small boys (about 12) standing  
around it, one poking the body with a stick.

They stare, frightened. ....HOLD.

**SEYMOUR**

What are you boys doing there?

BEAT.

**BOY #1**

We weren't doing anything.

**BOY #2**

Yeah, we just found him.

**SEYMOUR**

(pause)

You go run back to your houses now.  
Back to your parents.

**BOY #1**

There's another.... down by the  
bank.

**SEYMOUR**

....I will go back to a phone, and  
I'll tell the police about it.  
So run along now and don't come  
back.           Everything's all right.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVENPORT KITCHEN - NIGHT

As in first scene. Except Seymour is really enjoying his  
steak.

**DINA**

It's good, is it?

**SEYMOUR**

(after a long beat.)

Dina, I really love the way you  
cook.    and I really do appreciate  
you and everything you do.    I do.

**DINA**

What's the matter?

**SEYMOUR**

I thought it might be nice to say  
these things more. I just thought  
it might be nice.

**DINA**

Seymour?    is something wrong?

END.

