

SEEDS OF HOPE (P.S.A.)

Written by

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*It's never too late to improve your life.*

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME -- EVENING 1

A car door SLAMS shut. DON (57) walks towards the house brandishing plastic bags - filled to the brim with hardware supplies. He chats on the phone through his air-pods.

DON  
I don't care how well you're  
feeling, I don't need any of that  
mindfulness mumbo-jumbo to get me  
through my day.

Don unlocks the lock, but before he can open the door he swings around to better focus on his phone conversation--

DON (CONT'D)  
--What do you mean unorganized?  
I'm a busy man.

Don pauses for a moment to listen, staring out over his overgrown lawn. He quickly interrupts--

DON (CONT'D)  
I've made it this far alright,  
what's a diagnosis gonna do to  
improve my life?

He enters and closes the door behind himself, forgetting his keys in the lock.

2 EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT -- EVENING 2

Car keys jingle about the ignition as an SUV comes to a stop in a parking lot. Boxes and bins flood the back seat. In the front, LESLIE (32) rummages through her glove box. She pulls out a large paper map, comparing and contrasting routes to her phone's GPS on the dashboard.

With the map in hand, Leslie hurriedly hops out of the vehicle and flags down a PEDESTRIAN to ask for directions.

LESLIE  
Sorry to bother you. I'm having a  
hard time finding Birchwood Plaza.  
Could you point me in the right  
direction?

PEDESTRIAN  
No problem. You're going to want to  
go down that way until you hit...

Cars HONK, breaks SCREECH, and a tram DINGS as it passes by. The pedestrian's voice becomes muffled as Leslie's attention wanders to a kite flying in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

PEDESTRIAN (CONT'D)  
...then you make a right, a right,  
and another right, and you're  
there.

Leslie blinks twice. Her focus shifts back to the pedestrian.

PEDESTRIAN (CONT'D)  
You got that?

LESLIE  
Oh, most definitely. Thanks for  
your help.

Leslie scurries back into her vehicle, stuffing the unfolded map into the glove box. She looks herself in the eyes in the rear view mirror, takes a deep breath, and picks up her phone.

3 INT. STUDENT HOUSING, BEDROOM -- EVENING 3

A computer screen shows a BU325 online exam with 14 of 55 questions answered. 39 of 55 minutes remain.

IN RAPID SUCCESSION: QUAN (22) paces back and forth in front of his desk. He lies on his bed and tosses a basketball in the air to himself. He tunes a guitar and blows into a harmonica.

43 seconds remain. 33 of 55 questions answered.

Quan stares blankly at the screen. He submits the quiz, looks to the heavens and shakes his head. He grabs a near-empty bottle of pills from his desk and stares at the contents. Quan hops back onto his computer and Googles: WHAT ARE THE BEST TREATMENTS FOR ADHD BESIDES MEDICATION?

#1: Sleep Hygiene. Quan glances over to an unmade bed that's missing sheets and a second pillow.

The list continues, #2: Exercise. In the corner of the room a Bowflex machine is sat covered in piles of dirty clothes.

#3: Diet. At the base of the Bowflex, stacks of pizza boxes and cases of beer line the perimeter of the bedroom floor.

#4: Community. #5: Medication. Quan chucks the bottle of pills, and begins searching the web for "ADHD peer support".

4 INT. SUBURBAN HOME -- EVENING 4

Sat beside a half-built bookshelf, Don digs through the bags from the store. He jams pieces into the shelf, despite them not fitting properly. He slumps against the wood and sighs, pulling out his phone and dialing a number.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

DON  
(on the phone)  
Alright Maybe you're onto something. If you're going to that group tonight, I'll be there. But not until I finish this damn shelf.

5 ZOOM MEETING - LAPTOP SCREEN -- NIGHT

5

A zoom meeting titled "ADULT ADHD" begins. The host, WAYNE (60), adjusts his webcam as Leslie pops into the room. Her feed appears to be coming from a cellphone in her vehicle.

WAYNE  
Hello, Leslie.

LESLIE  
Hi, Wayne! I've gotten a bit tied up running errands. Hope you don't mind the feed from my car.

More and more names begin loading into the zoom call. Quan and Don's names pop onto the screen.

Quan sits in the dark of his bedroom with his face illuminated by his computer. Don sits at a table in his living room, with the completed bookshelf seen over his shoulders.

WAYNE  
No problem Leslie. Hello Raquelle, hello Rob, hi Nina. Don and Quan - glad to have you guys here!

QUAN  
Hello everybody, nice to meet you.

As Don begins to speak one of the legs on the bookshelf gives way, sending the heap of wood clattering to the floor. Don angles his webcam so the shattered bookshelf is no longer in frame and proceeds with the zoom call.

DON  
Very happy to be here.

WAYNE  
I hope everyone had a good week...

6

TEXT OVER BLACK: 6

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SEEDS OF HOPE  
Fostering community, compassion, and connection.  
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FADE OUT.