

THERE AREN'T A LOT OF GOOD REASONS

Written by

Seamus Gearin

A short, shot on an cellphone in 2017.
Watch online: [youtube.com/@SeamusGearin](https://www.youtube.com/@SeamusGearin)

Email: seamusgearin@gmail.com
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
(416) 906-1687

EXT. DUNDAS ST. WEST - AFTERNOON

A streetcar passes by revealing the BELL JAR CAFE.

INT. BELL JAR

We zip through a charming cafe-bar and onto the back patio.

EXT. BELL JAR PATIO

A GROUP of four 30-somethings sit on a small wooden patio draped with white tea lights.

Three of them, JIM (34M), JOAN (30F), and MELVA (32F), are huddled around a phone screen. The fourth, YELDER (32M), is more concerned with getting through his pint of beer.

TITLE OVER: SOBER

The three ooo and ahh, huddled around Melva's phone.

 JOAN
 It's so cute!

 JIM
 Totally.

Yelder peeks over to get a glimpse at the Melva's phone.

 YELDER
 It's kind of ugly.

 MELVA
 Oh, c'mon, Yelder! It's darling.

 YELDER
 Is it, though?

 JOAN
 Okay, this one is kind of ugly. But
 its parents are great.

 YELDER
 Of course they are, Joan.

Yelder sips his drink proudly in advance of his punch line.

 YELDER (CONT'D)
 As I'm sure their baby will be when
 it grows into it's head.

Jim and Joan CHUCKLE. Melva is focused on her phone.

MELVA

It's like a fifty-fifty split.

She tilts her display around to the group.

MELVA (CONT'D)

Have you guys seen this video,
though?

Jim smiles and nods.

JOAN

Awww! He doesn't like carrots!

INT. BELL JAR PATIO - LATER

A ROUND OF DRINKS SPEEDS BY.

TITLE OVER: TIPSY

YELDER

How can we, as conscientious
people.

Yelder raises his finger with authority.

YELDER (CONT'D)

Bring life into a world so
terrible?

JIM

When exactly wasn't the world
terrible?

YELDER

Well, in society like ours... with
what we know... It's selfish.

Joan and Jim GASP.

JOAN

Yelder, you defect! It's in our
genes. Actually, it's beyond our
genes.

Joan taps the table in front of her.

JOAN (CONT'D)

It's the purpose of life. All life!
Even bacteria.

Joan tips her drink at Yelder to accentuate her point before
taking a swig.

JOAN (CONT'D)
It's not a choice, it's an
instinct.

YELDER
An expensive one.

MELVA
We're super-privileged to even be
talking about this.

YELDER
Yeah. That's why we should, Mel.

JIM
There are a ton of good reasons!

YELDER
Other than leaving a legacy behind?

JIM
Definitely!

Jim hesitates.

JIM (CONT'D)
Let me think about it.

JOAN
Who would run the country?

MELVA
Immigrants?

Everyone PAUSES, attempting to dismiss their innate bias
toward a reasonable suggestion.

TITLE OVER: DRUNK

MELVA (CONT'D)
And robots.

Melva polishes off her mixed-beverage.

MELVA (CONT'D)
The future doesn't have jobs.

FOUR GLASSES crash in a toast.

ALL FOUR
To the robots!

INT. BELL JAR PATIO - LATER

JOAN

I want to raise smart people who
don't vote for dictators.

JIM

Good point.

YELDER

Adopt!

JOAN

Why would I adopt? That's like
going to an animal shelter. No one
wants an old dog. They want
puppies!

Joan swallows as she reaches for the thread she was on.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You want to know that if your dog
is screwed up, it's your fault.

JIM

I want to know that the zillions I
will inevitably make are going to
someone worthy.

YELDER

You have heard of charity, right
Jim?

JIM

Too much overhead.

EXT. BELL JAR PATIO

A bartender sets down another round of drinks, leaving their
growing pile of empty glasses in the center of the table.
Joan is starting to look a little worse for wear.

TITLE OVER: DRUNKER

MELVA

Kids are the inevitability of not
using birth control.

Everyone turns to Jim, who is mid-sip.

JIM

Who actually likes condoms?

MELVA

No one, Jim! But you don't have to get abortions.

Jim bites his lip. He gets up and walks away.

YELDER

Abortions are green.

Joan and Melva set down their drinks and give Yelder a stare down.

MELVA

Green?

Yelder takes a large gulp of his beer, having firmly planted himself in the middle of a minefield.

YELDER

Meaning that adding to our overpopulation isn't exactly responsible when you have a choice.

He waves his hand around.

YELDER (CONT'D)

Speaking of responsibility. You're taking on, like, 30 years of it.

Joan and Melva pick their drinks back up.

Jim arrives back at the table with a TRAY OF SHOTS.

YELDER (CONT'D)

Not to mention giving up on sex.

Melva starts to nod along with the train of thought.

MELVA

Free time, sleep, your ambition...

Jim sets a shot in front of each of them.

JIM

Well, I am not giving up on making my zillions!

YELDER

When will you be making these zillions, exactly, Jim? Between diaper changes?

JOAN

Your wife does make more than you.

JIM
Fine! Her zillions!

Melva chuckles.

MELVA
She's a teacher.

Jim takes a shot.

EXT. BELL JAR PATIO - LATER

Empty shot glasses, tumblers, and pints round out a puddle-speckled table.

TITLE OVER: DRUNKEST

MELVA
Kids are kinda gross. They're sticky... there's always something on their face. They throw up everywhere!

She neurotically scratches the table with her nail.

MELVA (CONT'D)
Rubbing their sticky, puke-cruste hands all over everything they can reach.

Yelder and Joan laugh.

EXT. BELL JAR PATIO - EVENING

TITLE OVER: DRUNK...ER...EST

JIM
Listen.

Jim polishes off his drink.

JIM (CONT'D)
I've seen the joy that young life brings. You guys forget that I'm 12 years older than my sister. I helped raise her. I got to see how much closer my parents grew, even after 4 kids. My brother has two awesome mini-bros...

JOAN
Nephews!

JIM

Mini-nephews. That he's teaching to be the next ath-1.. Pro-sports-guys.

Jim tries to pry liquid from his empty glass.

JIM (CONT'D)

Another gear kicked in when he had them.

Jim pushes his empty glass toward Yelder, who tops him up with some beer from his pint.

JIM (CONT'D)

He loves them. I love them. There is so much love there, and I want that.

Jim looks around the table, passion in his eyes.

JIM (CONT'D)

That's my purpose. And I would take that meaning in life over zillions any day.

Yelder looks down at his glass thoughtfully. Melva smirks warmly. Joan puts her head down on the table, closes her eyes, and sticks her thumb in her mouth.

JIM (CONT'D)

There's nothing else like it.

The PATIO IS QUIET.

YELDER

There's nothing else like the Human Centipede. Doesn't make it right for most people.

The group lets out a collective GROAN.

MELVA

That's a terrible comparison.

Yelder smiles malevolently. Jim glares at Yelder. Yelder glares at Jim.

JOAN (O.S.)

Yuck!

The tension turns to a comfortable silence.

Everyone breaks out LAUGHING, including Joan who's still on the table with her thumb in her mouth. Their laughter BLURS as the tea lights brighten in the evening light.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Sun breaks into a nice, but stuffed living room. A SHOWER WHIRRS in the background.

Yelder is asleep on a large white couch, curled into the fetal position.

The shower stops.

MARY (30F, beautiful), hair in a towel, pokes Yelder awake. She's sitting on the coffee table.

MARY
How was last night?

YELDER
Yeah, it was... it was a lot of
fun.

Yelder props himself up and sneaks a kiss from Mary before leaning back comfortably.

MARY
Awesome! Great to hear.

Mary's smile turns contemplative as she runs her finger up Yelder's arm.

TITLE OVER: MORNING AFTER

MARY (CONT'D)
I'm pregnant.

Yelder's shock is unmistakable. He makes eye contact with Mary, quickly leaving everything else behind. His face turns joyous.

YELDER
Well, we're going to need a bigger
place then!

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE: THERE AREN'T A LOT OF GOOD REASONS