

THE POND

1st Draft

1/16/18
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EXT. MIDWESTERN FARMLAND - EARLY EVENING - 1941

We see various shots of Midwestern countryside. Golden shafts of sunlight pierce through rolling white cumulus clouds blanketing the mid summer horizon. Wind waves through hay fields as cloud shadows dance over the landscape. Fertile hills of beans and corn stretch out from deep red barn complexes fixed with silos.

A vast and hilly pasture surrounded by fence and trees envelops our sight, CRANING DOWN to reveal a young girl galloping on a quarter horse up a grass field, her hair dances in the bright warm backlight, she's almost glowing - finally, we end on a boy watching her as he rests on the other side of the fence. A bike rests to the side.

The boy climbs over the fence and jogs over to her.

The 12 year old farm boy is clad in blue overalls rolled up at his knee - wind blows into his dusty cheeks and dirty brown hair, contrasting his white teeth shining in the evening sun.

She rides over to him - the two playful beings are alone together, surrounded in a sea of countryside bliss.

The boy grabs the reigns and runs his hand down the white crest of horses head, as the shimmery brown beauty comes to a halt with him.

The boy looks up at the girl, the two smile - her eyes are as piercing and honest as his.

INT. STABLE ENTRANCE/HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The two walk on opposite sides of the horse, guiding her down the stable, light slices through the entrance/windows into the dusty air of the barn.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN HALL - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: A small hand holding a brush moving down the midsection of the horse, coming back up to meet another brush combing with an even smaller hand.

The boy admires the animal as he looks over to the girl - who's doing the same before looking at him.

They stand next to one another as they comb the brown beauty in the golden light.

EXT. STABLE ENTRANCE - LATER

The boy walks his bike away from the barn as the girl comes out to wave goodbye to him as he hops on and pedals away.

From the doorway, she gives him a smile that holds all things before cutting to:

EXT. COUNTRY DIRT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Small dusty bear feet pedaling fast and hard, round and round the chainring of a rusted, tattered bike chassis. The boy pants heavily, tearing down the dirt road before cutting into the driveway of:

EXT. FAMILY FARM - YARD - EVENING

The boy continues into the yard, barreling past the farmhouse, as a golden retriever bathes in the warm amber-light on the back porch, She perks up at his entrance.

The dog rushes to him, as the two fly down the farm grounds, whisking through white sheets drying on a clothes line.

EXT. FAMILY FARM - HORSE Paddock TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

The two follow a trail approaching the horse paddock. Seven Chestnut mares gallop alongside the wooden fence at stride with boy and retriever, before breaking off at the end of the paddock.

EXT. FAMILY FARM - BACK FIELDS - MOMENTS LATER

Entering the back fields, the two pass a green John Deere tractor towing a manure spreader. Atop the tractor sits the boys father - clothed in a collared white shirt, navy overalls, and a brown sweat-stained fedora.

Quickly passing by, the two wave at one another - as the father watches his boy enter into the area of:

EXT. POND - MOMENTS LATER

Continuing to their objective, the boy skids his tires to a halt at the back of the property - between a hay field and woods. A quite small, but deep pond sits shaded by a single large weeping willow. Calum collects a can of worms and his fishing pole which sit against the willow trunk.

The dog assumes her usual position at the bank clearing between surrounding cat-tail's.

The boy strings a small dried worm onto a rusty hook and tosses the line into the pond - causing the only ripples to cascade across the glass-surface.

The retriever sits next to her best friend, as the boy watches the bobber intently. A few moments pass before it bounces subtly twice. Then again...And again, harder...the dog fidgets and wags her tail at the familiar excitement.

The boy positions his body to set the hook and yanks back the pole.

Struggling with the pole, he's surprised at the weight pulling against him - he moves closer to the water as:

FATHERS POV - the boy losing the fight against the catch, inching closer to the bank.

The dog barks at the water ready to pound on the beast winning against her best friend. In the distance the father runs up from the field/tractor towards the boy.

The boy yanks hard on the line and falls backward - as a large snapping turtle breaks the surface and outstretches its massive head - biting at the boy before turning back to the depths and disappears.

Lying on the ground, with his heart pounding - the dumbfounded boy looks up to his right as the fathers hand appears to help him up.

His young, smooth hand grabs hold of his fathers well-worked, oil stained/calloused hand.

The father smiles, laughing at the encounter with his arm around the boy as they both look to the pond.

An early twilight engulfs the area as we view from afar, a tranquil scene that one dreams of - golden beams shoot through billowing clouds, hitting the endless features of the countryside - seducing the sun that refuses to set.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. COUNTRY DIRT ROAD - MIDDAY - DECEMBER 1941

An old chevy truck with a gated bed makes it's way down the road.

The father shifts the truck into gear as they approach a small town. The boy watches his father's hand on the shifter to see how it's done - constantly taking notes from his mentor. He pets the dogs back as the three bounce along in the cab before approaching:

EXT: BARBER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The red, white, and blue colors of a barber pole twirl round and round as the boy and his father enter.

INT: BARBER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The boy and his father hang up their coats just inside the doorway as beams of light cut through dust and smoke of the shop.

The sound of a radio broadcasting the The New York Giants-Brooklyn Dodgers football game fills the room as Heavy-set well aged farmers sit surrounding an old Delco Tombstone radio. Only their lower half shows, including their vast guts, helping prop up the newspapers that cover their faces. Cigarette smoke rises from where random humph's answer from behind the newspapers.

FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER (WOR RADIO)

The Dodgers are ready to kickoff
now, they just scored. Ace Parker
did it - they lead the Giants seven
to nothing.

The boy and his father sit in the barber chairs, as the two shave masters wrap the cape apron around their necks.

Tending to the father is a slender older man who's gruff panache and precisely curled mustache, put the father at ease with his half-century of experience tending to the routine blue collar man's buzz, crew cut, or slicked back side part.

The man's apprentice, tending to the boy - runs a comb up the back of his head and grabs a pair of old faded shears - before running the noisy contraption up the back of the boy's head.

FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Here's the whistle, Merl Condit
comes up, he boots it. It's a long
one, down around the three yard
line...

The barber runs a straight-razor back and fourth against a leather sharpening belt before meeting the edge to the fathers neck - effortlessly scraping the shaving cream up toward his jawline.

With his head turned upward - mid shave, the father looks at the boy without moving his head

The boy, with his head half shaven, meets his fathers eyes as the father juts his jaw forward and gestures with his eyebrows, mimicking a James Cagney expression.

The boy laughs and shifts his head as the barber stops him and repositions his head promptly forward.

FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Ward Cuff coming up to his left,
nice block there by Leemans, Pug
Manders still going, he's up by the
twenty-five...

The newspaper men begin to shift in their seats, flipping pages as if the game was being played in the classified section.

FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And now he's hit, and hit hard, by
the twenty-seven yard line.
Bruiser Kinard made the tack...

NEWS ANNOUNCER

We interrupt this broadcast to
bring you this important bulletin
from the United Press.

The boys head shifts toward the radio, as the barber double takes to understand the interruption

NEWS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Flash, Washington - The White House
announces Japanese attack on Pearl
Harbor.

The newspaper men drop the papers and turn their heads to the radio

The straight razor making its way up the fathers neck slips and cuts his skin, blood instantly covers the blade and white cream.

The barber jumps back and grabs a rag, pushing it on the wound.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Stay tuned to WOR for further
developments, to be broadcast
immediately as received.

The boy looks to the father

The father looks back at the boy, as he holds the rag to his
neck, with red showing through.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1942

The father gathering things around room, his service uniform
is hanging next to a desk with his officer's hat. Pictures
lie to the side of it - photos of his son, daughter and wife.

He stops packing and picks up an old fiddle from a closet and
begins to play Debussy's Beau Soir.

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY - SAME

The boy, about to enter his room, halts down the hall to see
his father playing the violin through a half cracked doorway.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

The oil stained work hands glide the bow across the strings
with grace, as the fathers stoic face of concentration subtly
reacts to the beauty of each note ringing out.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

The light from the room pours into the dark hallway that the
boy watches from - with light glinting in his eyes beginning
to tear.

The sound of a train station fades up as the song continues
to play over the following shots as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY - JANUARY 1942

Ahead of parked cars, a crowd is gathered next to a River
Raisin passenger train.

Children and wives say goodbye to their husbands and fathers - dressed in their service uniforms.

The boys father hugs his sister before kneeling down to hug the boy.

The father holds his sons hand and shakes it in his clutch before turning toward the train - among the other service men.

In a moment of heartfelt good-byes - Young boys, girls, and mothers wave to their men as the train cars fill. The father sits among the men as he looks out the window to see:

The boy looking to the departing train, tears fill his eyes - but he is strong.

CUT TO:

INT. - FARMHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT - PREVIOUS

The same expression as the boy continuing to watch his father play the violin.

INT. - FATHERS BEDROOM - NIGHT

The notes from the strings are as precise as they are beautiful as the father further loses himself in the song.

CUT TO:

EXT. - REAR OF TROOP TRANSPORT TRUCK - EVENING - FRANCE 1942

Sitting next to a handful of other soldiers, The father writes a letter by flashlight to his son - the truck bounces and jerks in the early night.

INT. - FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

The boy enters into the room, tearing a letter open as he reads the same words from his father.

EXT. - GIRL'S FARMHOUSE - EARLY EVENING

The boy on his bicycle glides eagerly into the barnyard property of the girl's family farm, before ditching his bike to enter the barn.

INT. HORSE STABLE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The boy enters to find that the stalls are empty, no light illuminates the once lively equine hall. He exits just as quickly as he entered.

EXT. GIRL'S FARMHOUSE FRONT YARD - EARLY EVENING

The boy looks to the front porch to see the single star service flag lying on the steps. He then shoots his head to the driveway to discover the family loading the last luggage into their Ford four-door.

The girl is helped into the back seat by the mother before entering into the passenger seat.

The boy runs to the car as it starts to exit down the driveway

The girl looks back at the boy through the rear window

GIRLS POV: The boy follows and slowly stops his pursuit

He watches as the car moves further away to join the road and disappear.

INT. FATHERS ROOM - PREVIOUS

The fathers calloused hands as he continues to glide the bow over the strings, notes of woe emanating.

EXT. FARMHOUSE POND - EARLY EVENING

The boy grabs his pole and slowly baits it before tossing the line into the water - ripples glide over the water SUPERIMPOSED against the boys face as he watches the water - unmoved.

The John Deere tractor sits in the nearby field - unattended, the dog lies next to the tire, watching the boy.

EXT. UNCULTIVATED FIELD - FRANCE 1943

About eighteen U.S. infantrymen walk with their rifles - dispersed in grass field.

The father walks, his head panning from side to side in a calm patrolling manner.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREELINE - SAME

CAMERA REVEALS German soldiers dug into the treeline, machine gun nests dug among the infantrymen who kneel in wait, with all rifles aimed to the field.

The German Lieutenant looks on, holding the call.

EXT. - FARMHOUSE MAILBOX - DAY

The boy swipes open the mailbox and grabs a bundle of papers, rifling through to find one from his father - the other is a from the army war department.

CUT TO:

INT. - FATHERS BEDROOM - PREVIOUS

The father's eyes as he continues to play the violin - the strings vibrating as he skims the horsehair bow against them.

EXT. - FARMHOUSE YARD - DAY

The boy opens up his fathers letter and begins reading, before looking down to the other one -

EXT. - UNCULTIVATED FIELD - FRANCE 1943

The father and the troops continue up the field, getting closer to the treeline.

He looks forward, noticing a slight something.

EXT. FARMHOUSE YARD - DAY

The boy looks at the other letter, and slowly opens the envelope, unfolding the letter.

INT. FATHERS BEDROOM - PREVIOUS

The notes become more sorrowful as he closes his eyes in concentration to the beautiful notes.

EXT. TREELINE - FRANCE 1943

The German barrels hold steady.

The troops lie in wait

The German Lieutenant's mouth finally opens fast and agape

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD

The father looks forward, his eyes tell the fate.

EXT. TREELINE - FRANCE 1943

Machine gun and rifle barrels flare with fury

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE YARD - DAY

Tears from the boy hit the paper of soldiers killed in combat
- at the center is his fathers name, smearing from the
spreading droplets.

INT. FATHERS BEDROOM - PREVIOUS

The father finishes the last note of the song, as brings the
bow and fiddle to his sides - he notices the boy from the
hallway.

The boy approaches and the two look at each other, the father
smiles, a tear falls down his cheek.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE YARD - DAY 1943

The boy collapses and sits in the yard with the letters in
his hands - alone among the vastness of the farm and fields.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. FARM - EVENING

Sun sets over the farm, shadows rise to consume spaces of
barn doors, fields, and:

EXT. FARM PORCH - EVENING

As the sun continues to set, traces of warm light fade past the fathers service star hanging on porch door - the dog rests nearby.

EXT. BACKYARD OF FARM - TWILIGHT

The boy wanders past fences and barns, past the horse paddock, passing the John Deere tractor lying in the half-dark, overgrown grass consuming the tires.

EXT. POND - TWILIGHT

Coming to the pond, the boy crosses onto a small dock that reaches out over the water about ten feet. The pond of glass lies reflecting the darkening sky.

EXT. POND DOCK - NIGHT

Bending down at the end of the dock, the boy looks down at the water.

OTS - A tear hits the water, spreading gentle ripples outward from the reflection of his face.

Continuing to look at the water, his distorted face holds the pain of grief as a faint image of the father fades over his right shoulder, with his arm around the boy - smiling back at him before fading away.

As the ripples continue to swell from tears hitting the surface, the girl appears on left - even more faintly.

A small feminine hand comes out from the surface, outstretched towards him.

He looks down and slowly takes the hand as he willingly drifts off the dock and falls into the water.

EXT. POND - UNDERWATER

Submerged alone, the light from the surface illuminating his body begins to dwindle as he continues to sink downward

The surface including the stars above - recede slowly away into the darkness.

He stops fighting, closes his eyes as he's taken by the depths.

BLACK

After a moment, a warm light touches his face - and brightens increasingly.

His eyes open, his body is now illuminated as a now clear blue water surrounds him.

The surface approaches, he begins to swim upward to the light:

EXT. FOREST POND - UNDERWATER - DAY

Now the entirety of the water is bright, full of turquoise shimmering color. His fight towards the surface is full on before breaking the surface:

EXT. FOREST POND - DAY

Gasping for air, a world of trees surrounds his gaze as the brightness overtakes him - INTERCUT BOY'S POV: as he spins about the surface confused in wonder before we see:

EXT. SURROUNDING FOREST/POND - DAY

A wide open crystalline pool of blue surrounds the boy - only disturbed by the boy's ripples at the center surface.

Tall trees, forested land sets at the perimeters - surrounding the pond.

The boy swims toward the bank.

EXT. POND BANK - DAY

Treading water to the bank, the dripping wet boy looks about him in wonder as he stops before seeing:

BOY'S POV - A small glowing white figure surrounded by trees and foliage watches him from across the pond, a dozen feet into the forest.

The boy stands transfixed as he squints to see what the figure is.

The noticeable feminine figure, wearing a white dress - who's face is obscured by a glow - slowly, gracefully moves off into the forest.

In a trance-like state, the boy starts walking in the direction of the girl.

EXT. FOREST - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Small white feet move over inclining old stone steps, half covered in moss.

The boy follows the glow of the figure up an inclining stair surrounded by large stone formations, up into the lush green forest.

EXT. FOREST WATERFALL - MOMENTS LATER

Falling gracefully into a small cove, a waterfall descends onto a stone surface - the white figure passes behind it, half obscured by the falling water as she looks back to the boy.

CLOSE ON, we see her eyes through the falling water - as glimmering pools of light - familiar, yet faintly made out.

Not far behind, the boy passes the falls - looking about him at the vastness and beauty of the woods.

He looks back to the girl who's now moving more quickly away, rounding a bend not far off - it's now a playful chase.

EXT. VARIOUS FOREST LAND

The distance between the two remains constant as the boy chases the girl through various parts of the dense wood - It appears to be fun for the boy.

Trees always towering above as hard light beams into small and wide spaces:

A valley surrounded by high walls.

Over rocks used as stepping stones over a shallow river, before:

EXT. BELOW RIVER BRIDGE - LATE EVENING

The two enter into a space that harbors an arched bridge - which sets above a falling river, which pours into a small whirlpool situated next to a large oak tree, whose roots spread wide and twisted over the surface.

The girl ascends past, and up to the bridge - the boy follows.

EXT. NEAR RIVER BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

The boy looks to the center of the bridge, the girl stands there - looking to him.

The boy walks toward her.

EXT. ARCHED BRIDGE - SAME

Approaching slowly, the boy crosses to the center of the bridge where the girl stands.

Her face slowly comes into view, the glow now subtle enough to see her - it is the girl from the farm.

He stops a few feet from her as she holds out her hand.

He takes it as she brings him closer.

Her eyes are as beautiful as he remembers, she smiles at him. He smiles back.

The two stand looking into each others eyes atop the arched bridge - a large shaft of light is cast upon them at the center, as water cascades into the pool below.

Their heads move inward and almost touch before a shadow quickly falls over them.

EXT. MOUTH OF ARCHED BRIDGE/FOREST

BOYS POV - Darkness overtakes the area, light fades quickly as wind blows some scattered leaves toward the bridge - a foul sound subtly comes from the forest and makes its way into the boys ears.

EXT. ARCHED BRIDGE - CENTER

The girl fearfully looks past him into the shadowed forest.

He looks back to her:

She's gone.

He stands atop the bridge alone - in a now dark place.

EXT. ARCHED BRIDGE - CENTER

The boy anxiously moves off the bridge into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The boy navigates in the shadows of the now ominous wood. He stops, fearfully grasping onto a tree - looking about him to see:

BOYS POV: tall and gnarled trees envelop his vision, a slight mist covers the forest floor in spots illuminated by moonlight.

He spots a silhouetted dark figure moving out from behind a tree - Only for a seconds before it fades away.

The boy freezes, afraid to move - he looks to his left: another shadowy form moves toward him.

He begins to run away from it - deeper into the forest.

EXT. FOREST STAIR - MOMENTS LATER

Down old stone slopes/stairs:

He bumps into trees, large stone walls - he looks into the forest as he runs -

BOYS POV: Several of the figures appear closer - cloaked in black, voids of darkness behind their cowls, reaching toward him.

Jilted in terror by what he see's - the boy backs up, trips - and falls into a stone cave entrance - CAMERA PUSHES IN TO: boy disappearing into the dark passageway.

BLACK

SLOW MOTION FLICKERING IMAGES:

FADING IN as we see: BOY'S POV - The girl riding toward CAMERA on horse, hopping off saddle, walking to the boy.

FADE TO WHITE

FADE IN: The boy's father running towards him from the field/tractor - stopping and holding his hand out to help the boy up:

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

The boy stands up and stumbles to a wall, clearly set aback.

He's barely illuminated by a flicking warm light that comes from his left - glinting in his now watery eyes. He looks to his left to see:

BOYS POV: A long, narrow tunnel leading to a light.

He slowly moves toward it.

INT: CAVERN - ENTRANCE

Coming out of the tunnel, the boy finds himself in a large cavern. Stalactites & stalagmites rise and descend over the space - only illuminated by a handful of torches that light a path leading further into the cave.

He follows it, grabbing one of the torches.

INT. CAVERN WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

He hears the sound of subtle waves splashing before coming to:

INT. CAVERN SHORE

The path ends at an underground lake shore - the water extends into an endless darkness throughout the cavern.

A small wood canoe lies on the edge of the shore, oars setting inside of it.

The boy slowly moves to the canoe and fixes the torch to the front - and then grabs the oars, as he pushes off the shore and rows into the calm dark underground sea.

INT. CAVERN LAKE - MOMENTS LATER

From afar we see: the boy alone in the small canoe, rowing over the still surface of the water that extends out - the torch is the only light that shines across the gently rippled water.

Continuing to paddle, the boy sees the cavern walls shimmering - small crystalline structures cling to the surfaces, reflecting into the water below.

Looking ahead - BOY'S POV: we see the reflection of a small white form walking, as ripples distort the familiar white figure. PAN UP TO SEE:

The girl on the distant shore, walking among the stalagmites as she looks over to the boy.

He begins to row faster toward her.

CLOSE ON: The calm water begins to agitate, waves become taller - a current now pushes the canoe backward.

The boy fights with the paddles to maintain control.

BOY'S POV: The glow from the girl disappears as she fades away.

Hearing splashing from oars behind him the boy shoots his head around behind him.

A dark, cloaked arm pushes an oar through the water, PANNING UP TO SEE: one of the dark figures rowing through the water in a canoe.

BOY'S POV: five cloaked figures approaching in canoe's from behind - getting closer.

The boy paddles in a fearful fury.

Moonlight hits his face as his boat approaches a bank that extends out of the cave into the forested night, the moon shines in the distance.

EXT. CAVERN EXIT - BANK - MOMENTS LATER

The boy fights the last bit of waves splashing into the canoe as he glides into a large rock structure setting against the water.

He snatches the torch and jumps off the canoe up onto the rock.

A dark defineless hand grabs his ankle, pulling him backward.

He drops the torch as he falls backward - holding on to the edge as more dark hands grab at him, pulling him from his arm, leg, shoulder, and midsection.

He flails about, kicking and pulling his way out.

He frees himself, and jumps back up onto the rock - escaping into the night.

INT. CAVERN LAKE

OTS DARK FIGURE: The boy running away, escalating up into the distant forest cliffs - the torch burns out.

EXT. FOREST CLIFFS - TO SEA - MOMENTS LATER

The boy Runs up a steep incline that reaches up onto a cliff overlooking a large expanse of water - the moon shines over, now at full strength.

EXT. CLIFF - SAME

He finds himself at the top, on a large flat outcrop, near the edge as he looks back to see:

BOY'S POV: a single dark figure approaches head on - very close.

The boy retracts himself to the edge of the cliff.

From afar we see the boy and the approaching dark figure alone atop the cliff - the sea pounds the side about twenty feet below.

The figure is too close to outrun.

In one swift movement, it grabs onto him and plunges a short sharp object into his left chest.

He looks with painful shock into the figures black cowl -

The figure's hood falls, a bright white face appears from it:

She kisses him.

After a moment, she pulls back.

He looks to her with a sweet despair, resigned embrace.

She looks at him like she always has.
He drifts backwards, out of her hands.
The boy falls backward over the cliff.
Falling: We see in his eyes a sort of peace, before they close.

EXT. UNDERWATER - MOMENTS LATER

His body hits the water - moonlight shines around his silhouetted body.
He drifts downward.
His eyes briefly open to see a figure above the surface looking down to him.
A hand breaches the surface, extending down to him - it's calloused, large, familiar...
He reaches up and takes the hand - pulled upward.

CHILD (O.S.)
Daddy?...

He closes his eyes as his face breaks the surface.

FADE TO WHITE

FADE IN:

INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - 1960

A small boy's face comes into view - he looks very similar to someone we've seen...

CHILD
Daddy?!

He's pulling at the father's hand, which is large - well-worked, calloused, stained in spots.
The father lying in bed looks at the boy, startled awake from a deep sleep.
The boy smiles and runs off, exiting the room.
Another boy runs past the doorway, playful laughter echoes.

The father slowly sits up in his bed, looks to the doorway.

A woman wearing a white gown passes by holding a basket, she's the father's age - quite familiar.

She backs up and looks into the room. She give's a smile that holds all things.

He smiles to her, innocent and honest.

Her ageless piercing eyes slyly take us away - as she continues out of view down the hall.

The man stands up, walks over to the dresser.

Atop the dresser, picture frames lie about - photos of the mans two boys, him and his wife, PANNING OVER to see:

Photos of his father: a service portrait - one of him fishing with his boy.

The man picks it up, holds it, touches the face of his father with his thumb - his hands are like his fathers.

CHILD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Daddy!

The man puts the photo back.

We see him leave the room - walking out the door, turning down the hall.

The CAMERA pulls back through the fathers room - exits out the window.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The CAMERA continues to glide back through the property - past the barn with an old John Deere tractor sitting outside, a fedora sits atop it; down the path past the horse paddock; moving back to the area of:

EXT. POND

The CAMERA settles on a WIDE of the pond situated to the side with the farm in the background. The glass surface reflects the cumulous clouds and golden rays of early evening sunlight. Subtle ripples then tap the surface.

We are where we began.

FADE TO BLACK.