

GRAMPS AND TOBY

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHLAND LAKE - DAY

GRAMPS(68), bucket hat and fishing vest, rows SWEET MELISSA, his ten foot Jon boat, around Cypress Point and into Heron Cove.

TOBY (9), wears a baseball hat brim backwards, rod in hand, and sits in the bow facing forward; sulking.

A landscape artist would not be disappointed with the afternoon's autumn splendor, highlighting the hills, surrounding the lake.

The afternoon fades fast.

EXT. HERON COVE - DAY

Heron Cove is isolated and bordered with significant undergrowth.

One statuesque blue heron ignores the anglers as they enter the cove.

A flock of Canadian geese scatter and take flight across the setting sun.

The head of a lone cormorant disappears beneath a large bed of lily pads and resurfaces one hundred feet in the distance.

A final stroke and Gramps secures the oars.

With his rod between his knees, Toby fondles his Game Boy.

Gramps lights a cigar and points in the direction of a large half submerged tree stump.

GRAMPS

Just to the left. Maybe two feet.

Toby sullenly, casts his crank bait; a hint of exasperation.

TOBY

(to himself)

Only my millionth cast.

GRAMPS

Bullseye.

TOBY

I hate this. I'm bored and tired.  
I hate fishing!! You said this  
would be fun? This sucks! I  
repeat. This sucks!

Toby's orange crank bait sits on the surface, two feet to the left, of the half sunken stump.

A family of four muskrat come into view and swim toward SWEET MELISSA. Toby and Gramps watch them pass the stern.

GRAMPS

Musk rats. Not the first time  
they've visited me and SWEET  
MELISS.

TOBY

Great. . . Rats.

Suddenly, Gramps points to the east.

A small black bear swims to shore and disappears into the woods on a small island, fifty yards, off their starboard side.

GRAMPS

That's Hawk Island. . . "Bandit".  
He's getting bigger. Haven't seen  
his mom, yet.

TOBY

Gramps, I've seen bears before.

Directly in front of Toby, a small head breaks the surface.

TOBY

(alarmed)  
What's that!

GRAMPS

A snapper.

Toby looks to Gramps and then down at the two foot long snapping turtle as it swims underneath the boat.

TOBY

Can they climb?

GRAMPS

No worries.

Out of the northern sky an eagle wings and perches on a nearby boulder.

The majestic bird swoops to the surface with talons poised and captures an unfortunate, unsuspecting perch.

A rhythmic, flapping ascent to a nest, partially hidden, in a tall oak tree, completes the endeavor.

Gramps and Toby observe the escapade.

EXT. HERON COVE - NIGHT

The afternoon dies. Only the top of the sun remains above the horizon.

Suddenly, Toby's crank bait disappears. His line is taut and moves severely to the left.

The reel's drag screams and the rod bends almost in half.

Toby holds on for all he's worth. Line unwinds from the reel and continues to go out.

Pulled from his seat, Toby stands. Gramps hugs Toby, arms around his waist.

The duo is pulled to the boat's edge.

They struggle to maintain balance. Gramps holds Toby. Toby holds the rod.

Toby's upper torso extends over the water.

A ten pound large mouth bass leaps totally out of the water, fifteen feet from the boat.

A second, magnificent leap skyward and the crank bait is ejected from the lunger's mouth; gone.

EXT. CABIN DOCK - NIGHT

It's a long, silent row back to the cabin.

Gramps secures SWEET MELISSA to the dock.

TOBY

(meekly)

Gramps . . . can we go fishing,  
again, tomorrow?

GRAMPS

I think that can be arranged.

FADE OUT