

Balance

By

Christopher West

Copyright (c) Christopher
West, 2011. All rights
reserved.

chriswest1973@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. BOY'S ROOM - MORNING

A break in the curtains brings in a touch of sun as our BOY, (4) sleeps soundly.

MOM comes through the door, not being too quiet, but gently smiles as she rubs a hand through his hair.

MOM

Mom's going to work now
baby... Have a good day, ok.?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Our Boy takes a quick peek through a door revealing his older SISTER, (13), sound asleep.

INT. FORAY - MORNING

Sitting on the floor, our Boy slips on a pair of fancy cowboy boots over his pajamas. Standing up, he throws on a light jacket, a hat and heads through the door.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Studying a set of fishing poles standing against the outside of the house, our Boy selects the nicest one, quite a bit larger than him, then slowly turns. From his perspective we see a majestic lake.

EXT. LAKE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

A light fog coming from the lake is a nice accent to the hues of late Autumn coming from the trees. Around the lake are numerous homes, most of which have buttoned up for the coming winter, silence is everywhere.

EXT. LAKE FRONT - MORNING

Having made his way to the lake front our Boy is attempting to fish as he slowly follows the shoreline, casting, reeling, casting, reeling, no luck.

(CONTINUED)

Gazing further down the shoreline, our Boy notices the last dock still in the water, stretching over the lake in an inviting manner.

Excitedly, our Boy makes for the dock.

EXT. DOCK - MORNING

Still silence, not a soul seems to be alive except our Boy, who slowly extends a boot onto the dock, testing it as if he weighs 300 lbs. The docks stands solid, a large fish under the water swims into the frame, coaxing him further.

Our Boy, now firmly on the dock sees the fish and run walks almost to the very edge, stopping short, casting again, then gazing for the fish. Leaning, looking, leaning further.

EXT. LAKE - MORNING

A splash is immediately muffled with a cold darkness, bubbles fill the frame.

CUT TO:

INT. BAD KID BEDROOM

Sitting on his bedside, the BAD KID, (19), has just hit a joint really hard. Holding it up to an open window he blows out the smoke as a close up shows us a pair of nasty red eyes, a gnarl of greasy black hair, and a bruised cheekbone, all on a skinny frame loosely covered in a soiled white t-shirt.

Sitting up, he dons a pair of old school headphones, and sits back, slowly nodding his head to the beat.

A huge BANG jolts him up as his DAD crashes through the door in a rage. A huge, equally greasy man, the Dad takes a quick whiff of the air.

THE DAD

(deep nasally tone) Get your
ass up! I said get out there
and rake up them GOD DAMN
leaves!

Slamming the door just as hard, the Dad exits, as the bad Kid holds his arm straight out giving his middle finger a sturdy ballast to fly from.

Ripping the headphones off, he leaps off the bed.

(CONTINUED)

BAD KID
(yelling through a whisper)
Fuck you!

EXT. BAD KID'S HOUSE - MORNING

The sun is a bit too bright as the Bad Kid carries a lawn-rake to the corner of his yard. Just as he's about to start raking, something in the distance catches his eye.

Not sure if he believes what he sees, but not waiting to find out, he runs like a shot as we follow him quite a distance, across a street, down a small hill and out onto the dock.

EXT. LAKE - MORNING

Jumping right into the cold water, he fetches the Boy out, and slams him on the dock, not letting go.

EXT. DOCK - MORNING

Hoisting himself up onto the dock, the Bad Kid frantically shakes the blue faced boy, who doesn't react. Lifeless.

Holding the Boy's nose, he tries in vain to breathe life back into him, desperately pushing on his little chest, breathing again into his mouth. Nothing.

BAD KID
(near crying)
Come on! please...

Finally, a cough, convulsing a bit, the Boy spits up a mouthful of water, and begins to cry.

The Bad kid tightly hugs him, rocking him back and forth. Seeing the fishing pole, still in the water, the Bad Kid picks the Boy up to his feet.

BAD KID
You run home, right now, you hear me?!

The Boy nods, and runs back down the dock, out of the frame.

Leaning over the dock, the bad kid reaches into the water, and picks up the fishing pole. Reeling in the line, we're shocked to see that the big fish has been caught.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4.

Taking the fish off of the line, the Bad Kid throws it back into the lake and walks back home, fishing pole still in hand.

CUT TO:

INT. BAD KID BEDROOM

Closing the door behind him, the Bad kid walks over to and opens up a closet door to reveal a treasure of stolen household goods.

Tools, bike parts, small radio's, etc. The bad kid takes apart the fishing pole and places it in the pile. Sparking up the joint, he takes another drag and smiles.

END TITLES