

THE DIVER

by

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INT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - HIGHBOARD - DAY

A MAN backs up to the edge of the highboard, glances over his shoulder to the pool below, steadies himself and closes his eyes...

He takes a deep breath, opens his eyes and raises his arms.

MAN (V.O.)

She always said what held me back
was the same thing that tore us
apart...

He backs off the highboard and out of view...

A few seconds pass without the sound of the customary splash... only silence...

As we move closer to the platform's edge, we see things are not what they seem...

The MAN'S fingers are gripping the edge of the platform, biting into its lip.

MAN (V.O.)

...not my fear of failing.
(beat)
But my fear of letting go.

He finally lets go...

Time slows as he descends towards the pool below...

He looks up to meet our eyeline -- and a slight smile passes his lips.