

\$180

\$1,000

\$360

\$18.00 per 100 ft.

WATERSHED

by
David Boles

Registered WGAw No. _____
by
David W. Boles

Box 5984
Lincoln, NE 68505
{402} 464-6660

In darkness, we hear an electric buzz. We then hear brakes squeal as we....

FADE IN:

INT. - TRANSIT BUS - DAY

DON, a young man of twenty-one, releases his grasp on the chord that signals a request for a stop. He peers out the window, and as WE PULL back, we REVEAL SAM, a bedraggled transient, sleeping on DON's shoulder.

DON (V.O.)

My first clue that this day was going to be schlocky was when a transbus who smelled of stale air and rotting bird lime made himself a home on my shoulder. Needless to say I was in tadbug heaven when I saw my streetsign and I was able to detach myself from the stikin' hell hole of that transport.

DON slides away from SAM. SAM, passed out, falls out of the FRAME and we....

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. - SIDE STREET - DAY

(NOTE: THIS OPENING SWISH PAN SEQUENCE SHOULD HAVE THE FEEL OF THE BREAKFAST SCENES IN "CITIZEN KANE.")

DON, now wearing dark sunglasses, crosses the street at the corner and a large truck almost runs him down.

DON (V.O.)

My second clue was the whiffon of burning rubber....

ALEX, the truck driver, curses inaudibly and then throws coffee from a thermos on DON as he drives away.

DON (V.O.)

And the unton feel of cold, decaffeinated coffe soaking through my lapelitts.

DON begins a quick pace, and wrings out his shirt.

DON (V.O.)
 But no clues in the dim light of mornin'
 were to prepare me for what was to come.

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. - FRONT LAWN - DAY

We see DON's front lawn. A dead sprinkler, fifteen years old, is silent in the center of the yard. THE CAMERA IS STATIONARY, JUST AS IF KRACAUR WOULD'VE SET THE SHOT UP HIMSELF. DON passes in front of the camera, and walks up the sidewalk to his home.

DON (V.O.)
 My fingers are pink and my thumbs are rarely any emerald shade, but when I saw the wally condition of the front knoll, I fought a rush of apallot and went for the sprinky-dinker.

EXT. - NOZZEL - DAY

We are UP CLOSE on DON's fist as he ^{REACH TO} clenches the thing that turns on the water. FIVE TIMES, WE SEE DON TURN ON THE NOZZEL, JUST LIKE THE SAILOR WHO BROKE THE PLATE FIVE TIMES DID IN EISENSTEIN'S "BATTLESHIP POTESKIN." AS we DOLLY BACK, we see DON as he watches the sprinkler.

DON (V.O.)
 And I was taken aghast when the water poured from the mouth.

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. - SPRINKLER - DAY

We cut from DON, directly to the sprinkler, and there is a YOUNG BOY sitting next to the sprinkler. The BOY has on sunglasses, is dressed in jockey underwear and is about nine years old. The camera CIRLES THE BOY, and when we arrive at his BACK, WE CUT BACK TO DON AT THE SPRINKLER. THE CUT SHOULD BE THE TYPE HITCHCOCK USED IN "ROPE."

DON (V.O.)

And in the rainbow of the sprinky-dinker, I saw myself as a boy! I shook my abelot and itched the sand from my orbits. But there I was. Nine years old, in the front knoll. It a vision of myself only usually seen by old men with chicken wire glasses and by characters in Ingmar Bergman films.

BOY rises, and runs in and out of the water.

in quiet perplexity

DON (V.O.)

I watched as my soft dums skipyed in the residue of an artificial rain. Those dums were out of bronzed baby shoes and there weren't any scars from a lipid sandbar on the Loup River. Those dums held no medals of honor yet from a lost right little tugget in an accident with cousin Larry's dog. No dried blood from the saber of my sister's tooth was visible. He was a stranger. My younger self was aged yellow in album photographs, and his garrow was sandy and cut around the inverted lip of a colander.

The BOY pranches in the water some more and tries to catch droplets of water in his mouth.

DON (V.O.)

He swupt between the streams of water, reluctant to get his liddy wet. He held his fuzzos up to the sun. The heat from a summer of worship left blisters on his fuzzos and on the tip of his moot. He didn't know to hold his ab-domen in when girls walked by and he was unconcerned about being on the front lawn in his jockies.

We now have selected close-up CUT INS of the BOY.

DON (V.O.)

His body was skin stretched over green bones. Joints were pointy exclamation marks to his youth; he had not yet been worn down with skinned ruckers or been sanded down by failure. He shrieked when the water got us his bunrop. He tripped over the sprinkler and his big tuggel bled. The search for his Achille's Heel had begun.

The BOY is now in pain, and the camera CIRCLES him.

DON (V.O.)

He clutched a tiny fist around the bleeding tuggel and held back the salt. The water splattered his liddy; he growled and he was vicrid, but no tears fell. Droplets started to run down to his abdomen; his small moosecules pulled against the growing throb.

We see the BOY's face UP CLOSE

DON (V.O.)

He would not allow himself to weep in this sacrifice of joy to God for his own idiotonomy. As the child let go of his tuggel, he wiped the mess from his tenders, but the red dye would not wash.

The BOY limps to the steps of the HOUSE.

DON (V.O.)

He hobbled up the cement steps to the front slab, leaving pools of his valentine behind. The sprinky-dinker mixed the stain on the grass and drowned his residue of pain. The work must continue. Hopping on his good dum, the boy opened the screen wood, angry now at the bloody mess he would have to clean up later. And for the first time... quietly under his breath... but just a wip loud enough to count...

The BOY DISSOLVES and we SEE DON IN HIS PLACE. DON is physically as he is now, but he wears boxer shorts and his sunglasses are bigger. DON races inside the house crying.

DON (V.O.)

... He cursed God, and was a stranger no more.

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. - SPRINKLER - DAY

WE see DON, now back to normal, turn off the sprinkler. He leaves the nozzle, and walks to where his younger self was seconds before. He looks around. Everything is normal. He pushes his palm into the wet grass, and when he raises his hand and turns the palm TO THE CAMERA, we see that it is stained red.

FINAL FADE OUT.