

Going Fishing

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Ext. Fishermans Wharf- Early Afternoon

Curtis (63) and his grandson Tim (7) are walking over to a dock. Curtis is carrying fishing supplies while Tim is skipping and singing along.

Curtis:
Ready to catch a fish, Tim?

(Tim stops in his tracks and looks up at Curtis)

Tim:
Yep Pop! I'm ready!
(Runs over to the edge of the docks)

Curtis:
(Chases after Tim and stops him and puts a bucket down, inside is a fishing rod and a container of bait)
Woah! Be careful kid, can't have you falling. (Chuckles) Hold this for a minute, Tim. (Hands Tim the bait container)

Tim:
What's inside, Pop?
(Shakes container)

Curtis:
It's bait Tim.
(He takes the container from Tim and opens it worms are inside. Curtis then grabs the fishing rod out of the bucket and gets a worm and puts it in Tim's hand. He then gets the fishing hook ready.)

Curtis:
There you go Tim just put it on the hook now.

Tim:
Ok Pop

(Tim then slides the worm onto the hook. He slides the hook through the worms side, it is securely on the hook. Tim keeps sliding the worm though and with a wide toothy smile

Tim kept sliding the worm till it has on the other side of the hook. The worm wasn't pleased with Tim's evil torture though. Curtis nods in approval.)

Curtis:

Ok Tim, now you just need to cast your line.

(He than shows Tim by charading the action)

(Tim copies Curtis's charade and throws out the line but it only goes out a few feet. Curtis looks proudly at Tim)

Curtis:

That cast was tremendous Tim! Now let's just wait for a bite.

(Tim looked relieved and continued to hold the rod. The fishing rods red and blue bobber gently floated on the surface as Tim and Curtis start conversing with one another. A slowly growing breeze rises and the scene slowly fades to black.)

