

I AIN'T SEEN ONE DUCK  
(By Chris Rogers)

EXT. LAKE - DAY

JASON (30's) stands at the shoreline. He looks around.

JASON  
Ain't one duck in this fuckin'  
lake. I ain't seen one duck.

EXT. ANOTHER LAKE - DAY

Same man. Different lake.

JASON  
Ain't one duck in this fuckin'  
lake. I ain't seen one duck.

EXT. YET ANOTHER LAKE - DAY

JASON  
Ain't one fuck in this duckin'  
lake. I ain't seen one duck.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A solitary PICKUP TRUCK under a street lamp.

Inside, Jason munches a candy bar and studies a MAP dotted with hundreds of lakes. Several have been X'd out with RED MARKER.

Jason crosses out one more, puts the keys in the ignition and drives away.

EXT. ANOTHER LAKE - DAY

Jason is crouched on one knee, gazing out over the water. He sighs...

JASON  
Ain't one--

He jumps to his feet, cups his hands above his eyes to block the sun.

Out in the water, something moves... A bird... Could it be a...?

JASON (CONT'D)  
 (crushing disappointment)  
 Fuckin' goose.

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD - DAY

Jason's truck kicks up dust as it zooms down the highway.

Inside, the map's open on the passenger seat. Many more lakes have been crossed off.

We notice crow's feet at the corners of Jason's eyes and creases starting to show on his forehead.

EXT. ANOTHER LAKE - DAY

Jason lumbers back to the truck. His head hangs low. Behind him, reflections of the setting sun dance across water.

JASON  
 Ain't one duck in this fuckin'  
 lake...

**[NOTE: JASON AGES A BIT WITH EACH CUT IN THE FOLLOWING RUN. WHEN IT ENDS HE'S ABOUT 80 OR SO.]**

EXT. RIVER - DAY

JASON  
 ...River...

EXT. MARSH - DAY

JASON  
 ...Marsh...

EXT. INLET - DAY

JASON  
 ...Inlet...

EXT. BAY - DAY

JASON  
 ...Bay...

EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

JASON  
...Reservoir...

EXT. INTRACOASTAL WATERWAY - DAY

JASON  
...Intracoastal waterway...

EXT. LAGOON - DAY

JASON  
...Lagoon. I ain't seen one duck.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Liver spotted hands grip the steering wheel and guide the truck through the night.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Jason hobbles toward his truck. Behind him, the lake is still.

JASON  
Ain't one duck in this fuckin'  
lake. I ain't seen one...

A DUCK waddles out from under the vehicle.

JASON (CONT'D)  
...Duck...

A gaggle of BABY DUCKLINGS join their mother at Jason's feet.

Jason reaches into his JACKET pocket and pulls out a SLICE OF WHITE BREAD.

He tears the bread into small pieces, which he feeds to the ducks.

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD - SUNSET

Jason drives towards the setting sun. He smiles ear to ear.  
Until...

JASON  
(a terrible realization)  
What have I done? I had a family.

FADE TO BLACK.