

Home
By
Anthony Wood

Copyright 2015

tony@smokingmonkey.net

HOME

INT. OLD RURAL POLE BARN - DAY

The door slides open on a farm pole barn. DON, a tall man with graying hair, stands silhouetted in a shaft of light that holds a fog of floating dust and gnats.

CUT TO:

Don pulls on old tarp off of a BMW motorcycle. The dust flies up in a thicker cloud. He kneels down, examining the bike.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK SCENE 001

Don is zipping up his black motorcycle jacket. He stands by the bike. He smiles and calls out.

DON

Come on, let's hit it!

Standing on the porch of the farmhouse is MAY, she is slight and blond. She folds a kitchen towel, smiling at him.

MAY

Not on your life, pal.

DON

Come on, it's perfectly safe. I'm a great driver.

MAY

It's not you I'm worried about.

DON

Fraidy cat...

MAY

And pick up some creamed corn, too.

DON

Lovely.

May laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMSTEAD - DAY

Don wheels the bike on to the driveway. He wears his motorcycle jacket. The bike is loaded with camping gear and other travel needs. He climbs on, checks the gauges and starts the motorcycle. He puts on his helmet and drives to the gate at the end of the drive way. He is followed by his two dogs, a Border Collie and Jack Russel Terrier. He opens the gate, pushes the bike through and closes it behind him. The dogs sit on the other side of the gate. He looks down at them, sadly.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK SCENE 002

Don sits on the motorcycle in the driveway chatting with NORM, a friendly looking man wearing coveralls and a wide-brimmed straw hat.

May steps on to the front porch and waves at Don in the distance.

MAY

When you come back you have to change that kitchen light! I can't reach it!

DON

Just get on a chair!

MAY

And no stopping at Grandma's!

DON

Spoil sport!

MAY

Hey Norm!

NORM

Hey May!

The dogs stand by Don, begging him to throw a tennis ball at his feet.

NORM

I don't get why you mow all of this. It's a pain in the butt. Just let it go.

DON
It's good exercise.

He tosses a ball and the dogs chase it.

DON
Besides, where would the dogs run?

NORM
Dogs...ugh, too much work for me.

DON
Everything's too much work for you.

NORM
Boat anchors. Can't take a trip, go
on vacation, even do a day away. No
thanks.

Don chuckles and climbs on the bike. He starts it.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMSTEAD - DAY

Don looks down at the dogs.

DON
Sorry, fellas.

Don gets on the bike and takes off, leaving the dogs whining
and confused behind the front gate.

CUT TO:

MOTORCYCLING MONTAGE 001

Don rides through the rural countryside; over bridges, into
tunnels and past farms. He goes through cities and other
urban areas. He drives past signs saying: Minneapolis 7
miles, Fargo 12 miles, Boise 8 miles, and so on.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Don stands at the edge of a river with the motorcycle behind
him. He looks a bit worse for wear. His clothes are dusty
and there is stubble on his chin. He stares down into the
flowing water.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK SCENE 003

Don sits on a stool at the counter of Grandma's Diner. He wears his motorcycle jacket. Approaching him is CARA, a pleasant waitress with red hair and an apron. She carries a pot of coffee and starts pouring Don a cup.

CARA
Hey, Donny.

DON
Cara.

She gives him a suspicious smile.

CARA
Does May know you're in here?

DON
What she don't know wont hurt her.

CARA
Don...

DON
I won't tell if you won't.

She stares at him a moment, drumming her fingers on the counter.

CARA
Blueberry?

DON
Is there any other kind?

She steps away and returns with a piece of blueberry pie on a plate. She pushes it in front of him. He bends over it closely, closes his eyes and inhales. He forks up a piece of the pie and lovingly puts it in his mouth.

DON
Ahhhhh...

CARA
You are a sad man.

CUT TO:

MOTORCYCLE MONTAGE 002

Don rides on more country roads. More signs saying; Toronto 15 km, Edmonton 10 km, Churchill 20 km and Dawson City 12 km.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY.

Don speeds down the road. The camera is mounted on his handlebars, so we see his face under his helmet as the trees whip by over his head.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK SCENE 004

May pulls a chair to an overhead light in the kitchen. She holds a light bulb in her hand. She climbs the chair and reaches for the light. We see the chair legs give way.

May, shocked, falls in slow motion. Just as we see her head hit the edge of the sink...

CUT TO:

EXT COUNTRY FARM - DAY

Don pulls into the driveway of an old farm. Coming from the barn is EDGAR, a gruff looking man in his forties. He wears dirty jeans, t-shirt and a well worn John Deere baseball cap. He sports an array of tattoos on his arms and neck. Next to him is his SON, a scruffy little boy with tanned skin and a mop of long, greasy hair. Edgar looks at Don suspiciously as Don stops the bike, climbs off and removes his helmet.

EDGAR
(to his son.)
Go back. Go on...

The boy steps back toward the barn.

DON
Hello.

Edgar nods.

DON

Uh, I was wondering if I might camp out tonight somewhere on your property? There's no campgrounds on the map and...

Edgar continues to stare at Don, suspiciously.

DON

Okay...sorry. Forget it. Thanks for your time.

Dejected, Don heads back to the motorcycle.

EDGAR

If you go out the drive and hang a left...you'll see a little cut path. Take that back to the fire pit under the big pine. You can camp there.

DON

(Smiling.)

Thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY FARM - EVENING

Don is just finishing putting up his tent when he hears a motor noise. He looks up to see Edgar on a garden tractor with a beer cooler on his lap. Don stands and waves as Edgar gets off the tractor.

EDGAR

Beer?

CUT TO:

EXT COUNTRY FARM - NIGHT

Don and Edgar sit by a campfire drinking beer.

DON

Nice spread. Farming long?

EDGAR

Been in the family since before 1900. Great Grandpa, Grandpa...Dad wasn't much for farming. Used to get drunk and smack me with the

(MORE)

EDGAR
belt six days a week...drag me to
church on the seventh. I couldn't
wait to get the hell out of here.

Edgar takes a deep gulp and belches.

EDGAR
How long you on the road?

DON
I don't know...a year?

EDGAR
Long time.

DON
Mmm.

EDGAR
Got out of high school I went all
over...Edmonton, Winnepeg, The
Prairies...you name it. Pretty
girls. Lot's of good weed, too.

There is a silent moment as Don looks at Edgar. Edgar catches his glance.

EDGAR
No matter where I went, north,
south, east...I'd lay in bed at
night and try and figure out how
far from home I was.

Edgar holds out his arms as if to say, "this is it." He smiles.

Don smiles and stares into the fire.

CUT TO:

EXT. DON'S FARM - DAY

Don pulls the motorcycle down the drive of his property. He stops the bike and pulls off his helmet. His hair is much longer and his beard is thick. Looking around, he hears a lawnmower.

Rounding the corner, pushing a lawnmower, is Norm. He stops, surprised. He smiles, stops the mower and walks over to Don. He shakes Don's hand.

NORM
You're back.

DON
Mm-hm.

NORM
We figured you would be...sooner or
later.

Don looks at the mowed lawn and smiles at Norm.

NORM
Didn't want the place to go to pot.
It's good exercise.

Don climbs off the bike and the dogs come running to him, whining and squealing. Don kneels down to them. Norm pats Don on the back and heads down the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. DON'S HOUSE

Don enters the kitchen of the house. The kitchen light flicks on in the foreground as we rack focus to Don standing by the wall switch. He stares at the light for a moment. The light May died trying to change.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMAS' DINER - DAY

Don sits slowly at the counter. Cara walks up and pours him a cup of coffee.

CARA
Hey stranger.

Don smiles and nods to her.

CARA
Been too long, Don. Nothing's been
the same without you.

She steps away as he pours cream into his coffee.

A plate of blueberry pie is pushed in front of him. He stares down at it. Tears start to well in his eyes and run down his cheeks. He hesitantly takes a fork full of pie and puts it in his mouth. The well breaks. The tears increase. He sobs out of joy, familiarity, sadness and gratitude.

He continues eating the pie as the camera pulls back. Cara walks by and casually pats him on the hand.

Blackout. In a perfect world we would hear the ending chorus of Karla Bonoff's song, "Home."

THE END