

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

EXT. OCEAN - MORNING

ICARUS flies across the screen...

ICARUS (V.O.)

Daedalus said nothing of the wind--
warning only of the sea spray and
heat. Perhaps he forgot to mention
it, or, perhaps, he truly did not
know. Why, then, fly the middle
father, when the wind insists itself
the unknown course?

CONTINUOUS: ... gliding above the ocean surface then higher
into the sky. He flies above DAEDALUS and into the clouds.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

A FATHER and SON herd sheep. In the distance: The sea and a
coastal city overlooking passing ships, seen through the
reflection of the SON's eyes. He's distracted, and brought
back to reality by the sound of a sheep bleating.

The SON turns to see... The FATHER using his crook to lead
the sheep further into the fields. The FATHER gestures
towards his SON. The SON approaches.

FATHER

The city won't move. Neither shall
the sea.

The FATHER hands the SON his crook, but the SON's focus is
somewhere else. He looks of into the distance: A line of
soldiers armed with shiny spears march towards the city.

FATHER (cont'd)

Not one in that line has ever used
his spear. They're but boys--

SON

They're heroes.

FATHER

A hero would not have a clean spear.
Look at how they shine.

The SON looks down at the crook in his hands and brushes off
the dirt and mud. He grimaces.

SON

What do I do with this?

FATHER

As your grandfather and his father
did. You learn to dirty your hands.

SON

With sheep droppings.

FATHER

And I won't hear another word about
it.

The FATHER walks back up the field, towards a small house in
the distance. The SON looks out towards the distance one
last time before returning to the sheep.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A candle lights up. Enter FATHER and SON. The dinner table
is empty. The SON opens the cabinets to find nothing but a
bowl of locusts. The SON picks at the locusts. A live one
hops out, which he grabs. Close up on the locust between the
SON's fingers.

FATHER

We'll have bread when the harvest
comes in.

He eyes the locust...

SON

And if the harvest is poor?

FATHER

Then we will wait.

SON

And starve?

FATHER

If that is Demeter's will.

... and crushes it. Pan back to the FATHER, sitting down by
the dinner table. He rises.

FATHER (cont'd)

We've another long morning tomorrow.
Get some rest.

Exit FATHER.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The FATHER lies in bed. He turns over and opens his eyes.
The sound of the ocean fades in.

EXT. SHORE - NIGHT

The SON stands in shallow water, striking the crook into the sea when the tide comes in repeatedly, trying to catch a fish. The FATHER walks down from the hill and approaches his SON.

FATHER
How many times do I have to tell you?

SON
I almost have it!

As the FATHER gets closer...

FATHER
That is no spear!

...The SON stabs the crook into the sea, shattering the handle in half. He grabs and lifts the short end, revealing an impaled fish. The FATHER reaches his son and snatches the broken crook from his hands.

FATHER (cont'd)
You will let go of these foolish
dreams. You are no soldier, no hero.

SON
And you? Does a hero pick droppings
and starve? Are you a hero?

FATHER
I am your father.

The FATHER places his hands on his SON's shoulders.

FATHER (cont'd)
And you are my boy. My *one* son--

SON
But I will not be your failure.

The SON takes the crook and fish and walks up the hill, back towards the house. The FATHER sighs and looks out into the sea.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

Next day. Close up of a sheep bleating and grazing. The FATHER walks through the herd, bent, picking up droppings. The SON is behind him, at a distance. A strong gust of wind shifts the tall grass at his feet.

EXT. OCEAN - MORNING

A short shot of ICARUS gliding above the sea floor. He suddenly flies upwards.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

The wind begins picking up on the field. The SON looks out at the city, at the path leading up to the city, then up at the sun when a silhouette - ICARUS - flies across it and towards the sea. Smoke begins billowing from the boy's wings as he loses altitude, once again seen through the reflection of the SON's eyes. The FATHER too rises from the herd, looking at the boy who touched the sun as he plunges into the ocean.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Enter FATHER. He washes his face with water from a bucket. The fish that the SON caught is hung hooked above the cabinet. The FATHER looks out the window at the sun-specked sea, at the distant sailboats and seagulls, having a moment of spectacle even for himself. Then... he looks down the horizon, into the fields, at his son, bent double, picking up droppings in the herd.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Sunset. The SON enters, his clothes and hands dirtied, to his FATHER cooking the fish over a small fire. As the son sits down at the dinner table, the FATHER slices the fish. He places the slices on two plates and serves. They eat and chew.

FATHER

We wake at dusk tomorrow.

SON

Why?

FATHER

The fishermen in the city always
bring in their catches early.

(MORE)

FATHER (cont'd)
I thought you could come help me pick
one out.

The SON stops eating.

FATHER (cont'd)
The harvest is poor. And you've
worked hard. Eat.

The SON continues eating.

SON
I saw a gull fall into the sea today.

FATHER
With the flock?

SON
No. Alone. He was above them, against
the sun, then gone. The flock flew
on.

FATHER
So he touched the sun.

SON
And fell.

FATHER
And flew. And saw. And lived... To be
a gull.

The FATHER chuckles and rises, preparing to leave.

SON
It was a boy.

FATHER
But no one will ever see him as just
that anymore, will they? Now wash up.
We've an early sun tomorrow.

Exit FATHER. The SON places the plates upon one another. He
looks at the broken crook on the counter.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DUSK

The FATHER wakes and turns to the sun rising out his window.

INT. HOUSE - SON'S ROOM - DUSK

The FATHER opens the door to his SON's room to find no one there. He closes the door.

INT. HOUSE - FIELD - DUSK

The FATHER opens the house door and walks down the field. He looks out at the city and the path leading up to it. A line of soldiers march up the path, all of them uniformed except for one.