

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - NIGHT

Two figures walk through the hip-high crop of wheat, single file.

NEAL
(British accent)
Single file behind me, Jess. Walk
in my footsteps.

NEAL (late 30s) is lanky and energetic. He is dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt. Over his shoulder are slung two "stomping boards." Essentially three foot planks with short lengths of rope tied to each end.

Following behind is JESS, his ten year old daughter. She is similarly dressed, hair tied up in a ponytail, and carries a small backpack.

JESS
(American accent)
Don't we need the flashlight?

NEAL
The torch is only for emergencies.
The moon gives off light enough
for us to see by.

After a short while, Neal comes to a stop. He sets down his boards.

NEAL
This will do. Do you have
the tape?

Jess opens her bag and pulls out a surveyor-sized measuring tape.

NEAL (CONT'D)
All right. Hold it steady here.
When it reaches twenty meters,
give it a tug and I'll stop.

Holding one end of the tape, Neal walks out into the field, leaving Jess to read the numbers by moonlight. At twenty, she tugs the tape. In the distance, we see the vague form of Neal stop, then begin walking a circle with Jess at the center.

Jess smiles. This is going to be a fun night.