

EXT. WIDE PAN ALASKAN POND BORDERED BY THICK WOODS - DAY

It's golden hour over a tranquil Alaskan pond. In the distance, the snow capped mountains glow a pinkish-blue hue, reflect the setting sun.

EXT. ALASKAN POND BORDERED BY THICK WOODS - CONTINUOUS

A HORSEFLY hovers above the pond, its wings BUZZ a high pitched squeal. A hook on a fishing line flies at the horsefly's face.

The horsefly BUZZES away, avoids being caught by a hair. The hook splashes into the water, reels back towards shore. Horsefly picks a new spot to hover just a few inches away.

Another hook soars in. This time the horsefly's eyes bulge, his tongue sticks out, he's caught. The fishing line with the horsefly attached reels back to shore, meets with-

4 FROGS LEGS, one pair taller than the other.

NUKKA, the owner of the shorter pair of legs, is a young North American Wood Frog with wide curious eyes. She crouches down, picks up the hook & fly, hangs it in front of her face, grimaces.

TATA (O.C.)

See that? You're a natural!

NUKKA

But why?

TATA, Nukka's father, the longer legged and older Wood Frog, smiles warmly as he observes his daughter.

TATA

Why what?

NUKKA

I don't want to hurt it.

TATA

But you want to eat it?

NUKKA

Well, yea.

TATA

Go on then.

Still holding the horsefly to her face, Nukka furrows her brow.

Tata squats down beside her.

NUKKA
The hook hurt it!

Tata ruffles her head with his hand.

TATA
Too big a heart for fly fishing, eh?
Okay, come on then, let's catch em
like the classics.

Tata pops the caught fly into his own mouth, puts his arm
around Nukka, they shoulder their rods, walk along the pond.

Nukka hears another high pitched BUZZ of a fly, she whips
her tongue out fast, catches the fly, SILENCE.

TATA (cont'd)
My girl.