

EXT. LOUISIANA RIVER - DUSK

Boat cuts through slow moving muddy water.

JOSH V.O.

My Granddad used to hunt this land.  
He taught my dad and uncle. My dad  
taught me. He said it's OK to be  
nervous. It's OK to be scared. It's  
how you deal with it in situations  
that determines who you are as a  
man. Now keep that rifle tight on  
your shoulder boy and squeeze that  
trigger.

JOSH(23) shirtless, patchy beard. His greasy disheveled hair  
swirls around his eyes as he holds the trolling motor  
accelerator steady. He takes a drag from a cigarette and  
studies CHRIS.

JOSH

Keep scanning the water.

CHRIS(15) YOUNG, stands at the bow of the boat holding a PSE  
Tidal Wave Bowfishing Bow, half drawn. He looks back at Josh.  
Following his instructions, he scans the water.

SUNNY(23) sits beside Josh. African American hipster,  
unaffected. Cool, real cool. He lights up a decent size joint  
and starts to puff it lit.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Make sure you aim under the fish  
and get ready to draw -- I've seen  
some big ones back here.

Sunny exhales smoke, choking and laughing.

SUNNY

That's what she said.

Chris starts to laugh, throwing his concentration.

JOSH

Hey, what's that?

Josh points at a shadow 8 feet in front of the boat. He eases  
off the throttle. The boat creeps forward. What was a shadow  
now stews the water a little.

CHRIS

Holy shit!

JOSH  
SHOOT IT!

Chris draws the BOW back and releases an arrow. It torpedoed into the water and pierces through the fish. The fish darts the line trying to swim deep.

Chris STUMBLES and pulls back on the line, reeling it in.

CHRIS  
Holy shit! This thing's big man-

JOSH  
Yeah it's a big one, you got it,  
keep reeling it in -- I got you.

Josh holds down the throttle in pursuit.

Chris rips down on the line. The fish jumps out of the water, a prehistoric MONSTER. 6'4" Alligator Gar. It nearly pops the line.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Holy shit!

Josh motions to Sunny to grab the throttle.

SUNNY  
Yo! Cut the line man, fuck that!

JOSH  
Fuck that? Cut the line. Push the  
throttle.

Sunny holds the trolling motor steady. Chris FIGHTS the fish. Josh grabs his bow and joins Chris in the battle.

The drag from Chris' bow is winding out. Chris grabs it with his hand, BURN. He tries to reel. STRUGGLE.

CHRIS  
He's going to snap the line.

SUNNY  
Good.

JOSH  
When I tell you to, I want you to  
reel as fast as you can-

The line from Chris' reel is winding out.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
--- NOW!

Chris cranks down fast, the Alligator Gar rolls and fights back.

CHRIS

Damn, he's going to snap this line  
man.

Cigarette hanging from his mouth, Josh holds his draw and aims the arrow.

JOSH

(under his breath)  
No he's not.

The Alligator Gar erupts from the surface. Josh shoots the arrow through his head.

CHRIS

Holy shit!

SUNNY

Damn.

CHRIS

Nice shot.

They both reel it up to the boat.

JOSH

(to Chris)  
Nice shot? Hell this is your kill.  
If it weren't for you-

Josh playfully jabs him on the arm.

JOSH (CONT'D)

We wouldn't be reeling this thing  
up now would we?

Chris smiles reluctantly.

CHRIS

I guess so.

The Gar THRASHES against the boat. Josh grabs some duck tape and wraps it around it's blood-soaked mouth- it's fangs are razor sharp.

He takes a gaff hook and viciously stabs the gar's belly to hoist it over the edge. Chris and Sunny shift to the other side of the boat so not to capsize.

BOOM, the boat shifts as the Gar falls lifeless on deck.

Josh takes a deep breath and smiles.

JOSH  
Well I'd say that right there  
deserves a notch, yeah?

He takes the gaff hook and holds it out to Chris.

SUNNY  
You damn right it does.

CHRIS  
You damn right! Holy shit!

Chris takes the hook.

Josh notices where to scratch a line out on the inside hull.  
A hand full of jagged lines tell of previously won battles.

JOSH  
Right here.

Chris starts to scratch. He is struggling.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
No man almost, look.

He takes the hook and forcefully stabs the boat, sliding the  
hook up and down one time creating a metal line in the clear  
coat.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Stab and up and down, one time.

Chris makes another weak attempt.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
There you go, you'll get it-

Josh gets behind the wheel.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Dude, you caught a monster fish --  
hell yeah.

Chris looks at the fish in awe.

CHRIS  
Damn. So what'd we do with it  
now?

Josh smirks at Sunny as he cranks up the 1969 13ft Boston  
Whaler and revs up the 35 Johnson outboard.

JOSH

We eat it -- Hang on!

The Boston Whaler turns around and plains out.

Music

*Footsteps - JJ Grey & Mofro*

MONTAGE BEGINS

EXT. LOUISIANA RIVER - DUSK

The Whaler corners the narrow river barley missing a cluster of cypress trees.

Sunny grabs three cold Miller Lites out of the cooler. He hands one to Josh and notions if it's cool that Chis has one. Josh takes the beer and throws it to Chris. Rite of passage.

Sunny relaxes and takes a big swig of his beer as they all enjoy the ride back.

Alligator lazily launches in the water.

Egret flies from a cypress.

ARIEL VIEW - The Whaler at full throttle winding and navigating through the river.

The boat throttles down moving under a train trestle. Sunny notions to Josh to hand him his lit cigarette. Sonny uses it to light his own. They take off.

The river widens into a bigger body of water littered with Cypress Trees as the sun begins to drop.

EXT. LOUISIANA RIVER - DUSK

The Whaler moves down a narrow river line. Josh pulls back on the throttle.

ROBBY(23), like a ball straight out of a cannon, he comes swinging on a rope swing right beside the boat.

ROBBY

Fuck my life!

SPLASH!

He grabs onto the edge of the boat and looks in, long hair and full beard drips onto Sunny's feet.