

GO FISH

By

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FADE IN

INT: HUNTING CABIN - 1930s - NIGHT

A giant stag's head juts out over a small fireplace. Its eye, the only eye, looks out across the cabin.

A gun rack, old wooden table, shelves and a tatty homemade trunk fill the room. Various animal skins hang off the walls.

Two scrawny 10 year-old boys, HENRY and SAMUEL, lie on a couple of old blankets beneath the watchful eye of Mr. Stag.

Their tatty clothes are covered in dried blood and mud.

Samuel, tanned, short dark hair, is asleep on his back, SNORING loudly.

Henry, fair skinned and covered in freckles, uses the barrel end of his shotgun to bat at a bunch of old possum skins hanging from a rope attached to the rafters.

He SIGHS, puts his gun down, sits up and leans over Samuel.

His eyes curiously examine Samuel's face.

An obnoxious odor from Samuel's mouth wafts up his nose. He scrunches his face and moves back a little.

He reaches his hand out and clamps his fingers down on both nostrils.

Samuel stirs but doesn't wake.

Henry lets go, SIGHS, then pokes him in the side.

HENRY

Sam, I want to finish the game.

Samuel GROANS and pats Henry's hand away.

SAMUEL

(sleepy, grumpy)

Don't.

He pokes him again.

Samuel rolls onto his side. Henry keeps at it, poking incessantly.

Frustrated, he sits up and punches Henry hard in the arm.

HENRY

Owwwww!

Henry massages the sore spot.

Samuel rubs his eyes.

SAMUEL

Yeah, I hardly touched you.

Henry propels himself up from the floor, limps over to the table, the pain in his leg dulled by excitement.

HENRY

Com' on!

Samuel follows.

They sit, cards in hand, a large bottle of beer between them.

SAMUEL

Was it my go?

Henry looks at the one card in his hand. Looks longingly at the beer.

HENRY

Yeah.

SAMUEL

You got a seven?

Henry WHINGES and hands him the card.

They count their pairs.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

(all smiles)

Ha-ha...I got nine!

Henry throws his cards back on the table and grumps.

HENRY

Five.

Samuel gathers the cards then picks up the bottle.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Can I have just a little?

(beat)

Since I ain't had any yet?

SAMUEL

You won yet?

HENRY

No.

Samuel eyes Henry as he takes a large mouthful.

He lowers the bottle to the table, then whips it back up to his lips for another swig.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hey!

Henry lunges forward, grabs the bottle out of Samuel's hand, cradles it for dear life, then gently puts it down on HIS side of the table.

Samuel BURPS loudly, grins with pride, shuffles the deck, deals the cards.

They eye their hands.

SAMUEL

(nods)

You go.

HENRY

Have you got a three?

SAMUEL

Nope, go fish.

Henry picks up a card.

HENRY

You sure ya' found all the beer?

SAMUEL

Yeah, of course.

Henry looks at him, around the cabin, back at him for a beat, then jumps up. He goes to the trunk in the corner, rummages through.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

(raised voice)

I looked in there!

Samuel grabs the bottle, takes a quick swig, almost caught as Henry turns.

HENRY

Hey, look.

He holds up an animal-skin hat that looks more like a fur tea-cozy, and puts it on.

SAMUEL

You look like one of those
retard-eds.

Henry takes off the cap, his excitement wiped away by Samuel's remark. His eyes tear.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

You got a nine?!

He limps back to the table, picks up his cards, hands Samuel a nine.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

(grabs card)

Thank you.

Henry shifts around in his seat, winces. Looks down at his thigh, rubs it.

HENRY

Owwwwwww.

Head still down, his eyes glance at Samuel, hoping for a sympathetic reaction.

Samuel ignores him, counts his pairs.

HENRY (CONT'D)

It really hurts.

Samuel peeks under the table, looks up at Henry.

SAMUEL

It's still there.

He stops fussing, fans out his cards and hides his face behind them.

HENRY

(sulking)

You got a queen?

Samuel leans forward, goading him.

SAMUEL
(slowly)
Go... fish.

Henry picks up a card from the pile.

His eyes light up, then his face he has a pair, life is good again.

HENRY
Got a ten?... After today, you
think Suzie would let ya' kiss her?

Samuel hands Henry a ten, looks at him as if he's just been asked a stupid question.

SAMUEL
Yeah! She's gonna' be all over me.
Givin' me kisses an' tellin' me
how brave I am and how strong I am.

Henry giggles as he puts down his pair.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
What!

HENRY
You gonna' tell her ya' pee'd
ya' pants?

SAMUEL
So did you!

HENRY
I did not!

SAMUEL
Liar! I saw the pee on ya' pants
before ya' went into the river and
pretended to fall in.
(points at Henry)
Ha-ha... You pee'd ya' pants too.
Ha-ha... I'm gonna' tell Jenny
and she's never gonna' want to
kiss you, ever!

HENRY
Yeah! Well I'm gonna' tell Suzie
'bout you kissin' her brother at
her sister's birthday party!

Furious, Samuel stands up, raises his fist.

SAMUEL

How did---

A loud THUD from under the table startles them.

They look at each other.

The thuds turn to POUNDS.

The POUNDING now accompanied by loud, angry SNARLS.

The table jolts.

Henry stands, the bottle of beer tips, he grabs it.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I thought you took care of him?

HENRY

So did I.

Henry rushes to the fireplace, puts the beer on the shelf, rushes back.

They each grab an end of the table and move it to the side revealing a...

TRAP DOOR.

Samuel grabs the shotgun from the floor.

He pushes the stock into Henry's stomach.

SAMUEL

Here, you put him out of his misery. He's your grandpa.

Henry nervously takes the gun.

Samuel bends down and grabs the latch.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

On three. One... Two... THREE!

He PULLS the door open.

Henry YELLS.

A huge, black, SNARLING WEREWOLF, flies through the air, legs splayed.

Samuel jumps out of the way.

Screeds of teeth drenched in saliva head straight for Henry.

The GUN goes off. Henry is hurled onto his back.

The Werewolf CRASHES to the floor, its paw landing on Henry's bare foot.

Henry looks in horror, and SCREAMS at its finger-sized claws draped over his toes.

He scrambles up and runs to the door. Leans against it, tries to catch his breath.

Samuel stands over the creature, his eyes wide, breaths heavy.

It twitches, lets out a slow whine, and falls limp.

Samuel beckons to Henry. Henry shakes his head, "NO." Samuel beckons him more vigorously. He gives in, walks over, slowly and tentatively.

They stand over the slain Werewolf, silently studying its terrifying magnificence.

SAMUEL

They aren't as ugly as they are
in the books. I'm real glad we
don't need no stupid silver bullets.

Samuel points at its face. Half a pair of glasses hang off each ear, snapped in the middle by the transformation.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

An' look, his glasses are
still on.

HENRY

Poor Grandpa...
(beat)
He was always on at me.
(low gravelly voice)
There ain't no such thing
is ghosts, or vampires, or
Werewolves. Gotta' live in
the real world Sonny...
(normal voice)
Wasn't he wrong!

SAMUEL

Yeah.

They both look at each other. Henry's eyes slowly fill with tears. Embarrassed, he looks away.

Samuel doesn't notice. He stares past Henry, lost in his own world. He nervously scratches at the back of his neck and gazes back at the Werewolf, mumbles...

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Yeah, wasn't he wrong.

A beat as the boys stand quietly over Werewolf Grandpa.

Henry wipes his eyes with his sleeve, SNIFFS. As he turns...

HENRY

Don't get mad, but I think Aunt Jill might still be out there. I only got her in the leg.. A buck run past when I was gonna' take my shot.

Samuel puts his hand on Henry's shoulder.

SAMUEL

Doesn't matter. If she's alive we'll get her.

Henry scrunches his face as if he remembers something unpleasant.

HENRY

She was havin' a poo.

SAMUEL

You saw it pooin'?
(smiling, thinking)
Was it squattin' like a person,
or like how a dog does it?

Samuel tries to imitate a dog pooing.

Henry giggles.

HENRY

Like a person. It was really big,
it took a long time to drop.

Samuel starts laughing.

SAMUEL

Gross. Ohhhh, did it make those
pushin' noises, like ya' grandpa
used too?

Henry is now in hysterics.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Remember ya' always thought there
was a monster livin' in the
outhouse? An' it was just ya'
grandpa poopin'.

Henry laughs so hard that dribble comes out as he
answers.

HENRY

Yeah.

He SLURPS up his spit, and wipes his mouth.

This sets off Samuel even more. The boys are in
hysterics.

Samuel knocks Henry's arm.

SAMUEL

Come on, help me with him.

The boys grab the Werewolf's feet, LAUGHING and GRUNTING
as they struggle to push it back through the hole. With
one last push it falls in. They shut the hatch, put the
table back.

Henry grabs the bottle of beer from the shelf, looks up
at the stag with a smile.

He puts the beer on the table. They sit down and pick up
their cards.

HENRY

Was it my go?

SAMUEL

Yeah.

HENRY

You got a 5?

SAMUEL

Yep.

(hands over a card)

You got a king?

HENRY
(obnoxiously)
Na! Go...

Loud HOWLING in the distance.

Their eyes lock.

Samuel looks out the window. Henry looks at the bottle,
grabs it.

Another HOWL echoes through the woods as he gulps down
the last of the beer.

FADE OUT