

Hook, Line and Sinker

By

Alex Grimmett

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alex_grimm@hotmail.co.uk

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EXT. LAKE DAY

Two men, YOUNG and WISE, are on a fishing trip, sitting on a small rowboat situated in the middle of a lake. Young is a wiry young chap in his mid 20s and wears a shirt and tie beneath a restrictive life jacket. Wise is a heavy-set man in his 50s, who is dressed more casually than his companion and has declined the addition of a life jacket. Upon his head sits a captain's hat, shielding his face from the assault of the summer sun.

The two men are positioned on the boat facing away from each other. Young chews on his lip, deep in thought about something. He gazes at the still water with mild interest, flicking the occasional bead of sweat from his brow, lazily swatting away a curious bug.

The sound of birdsong drifts over to the rowboat from the shore. Wise begins to whistle the tune to an old song, quietly at first, so Young does not really notice it. As the call-and-response melody of the birds escalates, Wise's whistling grows in volume.

The whistling catches Young's attention, and he tentatively tries to whistle along with the tune. Wise cottons on, and, the two begin a call and response of their own with Young following Wise's lead.

The song is interrupted when Young's line grows taut, much to his surprise. Young draws back on the rod, and begins to reel the catch in. Wise turns around and raises his eyebrow in intrigue. After a short while of Young reeling in the catch with a look of sharp concentration upon his face, the line is close enough for Young to yank it out of the water. Triumphantly, he presents it to Wise, who snorts and shakes his head. The fish is a pathetic little thing, not even as big as the hand holding it. The smug look on Young's face begins to drop, but he recovers.

YOUNG

Who'd have thought I'd beat you to
the catch?

Wise chuckles bawdily and dismisses Young with a wave of his hand.

EXT. OCEAN DAY

Glumly, Young tosses the fish into the water, and gazes out at the horizon. The boat is now in the middle of a seemingly endless ocean. The men are oblivious to the apparent teleportation.

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Young turns around, opening his mouth as if to try and continue some form of conversation. As he does so, the boat rocks violently. Wise scolds him, and a crack of thunder ripples through the blackening sky overhead. The telling off and the sudden change in weather does nothing to scathe Young.

YOUNG

You know, the first time I went fishing, I caught a two foot cod.

WISE

Oh aye? How much did it weigh?

YOUNG

Erm... A couple of hundred, I think.

WISE

A couple of hundred what?

YOUNG

Hm?

WISE

A couple of hundred what? Kilos?

YOUNG

Yes, kilograms.

Wise scoffs and shakes his head. Young screws up his face as he realises the ludicrousness of his claim.

Waves begin to crash around in the ocean and flashes of lightning burst forth from above. Neither of the men seem particularly disturbed by the storm. Young opens his mouth to speak, but a crack of thunder drowns out his voice. He turns back around to be hit in the face by a spray of seawater. He frowns, but otherwise shows no signs of distress. The boat is thrown about on the waves with the two men sitting patiently waiting for a catch. Water is sloshing about on the floor of the boat, and Wise rummages through a bag to pull out a soggy sandwich, proceeding to chomp down on it with relish. The waves continue to grow in intensity, and eventually a gargantuan wall of tidal force careers into the boat, sending it pirouetting into the air. Young is seen being catapulted into the ocean.

EXT. BEACH DAY

Young is sitting on the beach of a seemingly deserted tropical island. The storm has stopped and the sea is calm and still. His hair has grown longer and shaggier, and he has a short beard. His clothes have become rags, and he is gaunt. He stares out at the sea, as if searching for something, hot sun beating down mercilessly on his reddened face. He pulls his gaze across to the other end of the lengthy beach where smoke can be seen coming from a small hut in the distance. Young turns his attention back to the water, licking his cracked lips. He pulls himself upright shakily and approaches the water. Warily, he puts a foot out and lets the wash over it. Appreciative of the soothing softness of the sea, he begins to wade in, savouring every step as it cools his battered body.

He is far enough into the water that it now reaches his waist, pushing and pulling him playfully with the coming and going of the tide. He stands with his eyes closed in a state of semi-bliss until something makes him leap up in pain. He immediately loses his balance, toppling over and thrashing about clumsily in the water. Young manages to recover, pulling himself back up and spitting out saltwater. He cranes his neck forward as he searches for whatever it was that made him fall over. He narrows his eyes when he spots something under the sea where he was standing, and dives for it.

For a few moments, the scene resembles one of those cartoon fights that become a dustball with limbs flying out of it. Young appears to be on the losing side of the struggle as he is tossed about, spluttering and cursing. He puts all of what little might he has into the battle, smashing away at his aggressor with half-formed fists that slap noisily against the frothing surface of the sea. After several swings, he stops, panting heavily. It appears he has won. He reaches below the surface, and when his hands come back up they are holding one reasonably large and decidedly limp crab.

EXT. BEACH DAY

Wise is sitting on a chair outside the hut, being given another sandwich - dry this time - by a hula girl. He looks no different than he did on the boat. He still has his fishing rod in hand, but it trails uselessly along the sand with a seagull pecking at the bait. Young approaches, wild-eyed and grinning, holding his prized crab high above his head. It is presented to Wise, who scrutinises it before curtly nodding his approval and turning his attention back to his fishing rod.

Young sits down dutifully on the sand next to the older man. He examines his surroundings with a great deal of intrigue, as if noticing them for the first time. The treeline catches his attention and he raises an eyebrow.

EXT. BEACH DAY

Young trots toward the trees with a machete in hand. He sets about hacking away at the smaller ones, chips of wood flying all over the place. After a bit of hard work and a few splinters he has a sizeable collection of large wooden sticks. He cuts off some vines for rope and begins to pack the lumber into bundles.

He drags the bundles back toward the hut and dumps them on the beach. Wise does not look toward him, but continues to watch his line intently.

Young begins to use the vines and the lumber to build a small raft. When he is done, he looks at it proudly and dusts off his hands.

EXT. NEAR BEACH DAY

Young and wise are sitting on the raft, which is drifting off from the beach. Wise's expression and attitude remains the same as ever. Young pushes the makeshift craft along with a large broken branch.

EXT. YACHT DAY

Young and Wise now lie on deckchairs aboard a yacht, both facing the same direction. They are both fishing off the side of the luxurious boat. Young's line grows taut, and he reels in an extraordinary large fish. Wise notices, and his mouth is agape with disbelief. Young triumphantly drops the freakish monstrosity on the deck next to Wise with a loud smack. The older man looks at the younger with begrudging admiration.

EXT. LAKE DAY

The two men are back on the small fishing boat, the fish flopping between them. Wise removes his captain's hat, and places it on Young's head. They both laugh raucously, and Young slings the fish back into the water.

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