

"KILLTROUT"

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FADE IN:

EXT. A TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

It is 1975, a red 1972 Ford Super Cab pickup lurches to a stop outside of a single wide trailer-home in a dark trailer park. The driver begins revving the engine causing oversize exhaust pipes on the truck to reverberate loudly. Windows in many of the nearby trailers vibrate from the noise. Inside the truck, a LED digital clock in the truck shows it is 2:20 in the morning and an 8-track tape player is playing George Jones' "The Race is On".

INT. TRAILER BOYS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Young JIM DOHERTY, an 11 year old boy, stirs in his upper bunk bed due to the noise of the booming exhaust pipes. Jim's bedroom door is open, he wakes up to see a light come on down the shotgun hallway to the front of the trailer. He lifts his head slightly to see down the hallway and hears the front screen and then front door open clumsily. He clinches his lips as he hears his 35 year old mother, LILLY DOHERTY, trying to settle his father, ALBERT DOHERTY, down after a night of drinking.

LILLY DOHERTY (OS)

Come to bed Albert.

Albert Doherty mumbles loudly back to his wife. Young Jim sees the dark silhouette of his father start down the hallway to his bedroom. He remains motionless.

LILLY (OS)

(almost  
yelling)

Albert! Stop!

Albert, in his late 40s, turns the light on in Jim's room and goes to his bunk bed.

ALBERT DOHERTY  
(very gruffly)  
Get your ass up.

Young Jim pretends to stir as if he'd been fully asleep.

ALBERT  
God-damn-it! Let's go candy-  
ass. Get up.

Jim's younger brother, young MAX DOHERTY, in the lower bunk pretends to stay asleep but watches the two leave the room after their father turns out the light.

INT. TRAILER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Young Jim walks into the kitchen-dining area rubbing his eyes looking very skinny. He wears only his white briefs. His father pulls a beer out of the refrigerator. Jim ducks an open handed swing at his head by his father as they pass each other.

ALBERT  
I thought I told you to mow  
the lawn today.

YOUNG JIM  
I did Dad.

ALBERT  
Did you weed-eat around the  
trailer?

YOUNG JIM  
Yes sir.

Albert motions Jim to take a seat at the dining table.

LILLY  
(seated in the  
front room  
smoking a  
cigarette)  
Let the boy go back to bed,  
he has school tomorrow.

ALBERT  
(ignoring his  
wife and to  
his son)

Get the game.

Jim opens the base cabinet of a cupboard next to their rickety formica-top dining table. He pulls out a cardboard box containing a chess set and starts setting up the pieces. Albert spots a book and reaches into the same cabinet and pulls out a worn copy of "The Last of the Mohicans" and places it on the table. Young Jim tries to stay out of reach.

DISSOLVE:

INT. JIM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's late at night present day in the now adult Jim's kitchen. A hot water kettle starts to whistle loudly on the stove. The adult JIM DOHERTY, now in his 40s, enters wearing only white briefs, turns the flame down, and flips open the whistle. He pulls out two coffee cups from a cabinet.

Cleo, a chocolate lab laying on a dog pillow in the corner watches Jim by only moving her eyes.

Jim starts the tea bags steeping in the cups.

JIM DOHERTY  
(looking at  
dog)

What?!

Cleo does not budge her head from her pillow but looks over into a corner as if there's a mouse there of more interest. As Jim finishes up making the two mugs of tea Cleo watches him leave again by only moving her eyes.

JIM  
(over his  
shoulder)  
Cleo, thank God I've got you  
for the guilt trip.  
Otherwise I'd have to have  
Mom over more.

Before turning the light off in the kitchen Jim steps over a toy robot on the floor with a black lace bra draped over it.

EXT. DRIVE-UP COFFEE STAND - NIGHT

PAUL FIEL, in his late 20s early 30s, is driving his beat up Toyota Forerunner pulling a trailered drift boat as day is dawning. He pulls up to the drive-up window of the one-person coffee stand.

PAUL FIEL

Good morning!

A young girl is working as the barista and just smiles at him.

PAUL (CONT.)

Hey could I get a café americano, a vanilla latte, that's for me, and a decaf drip? All large.

COFFEE STAND GIRL

You bet. Any double shots?

PAUL

Naugh.

Paul starts whistling to himself as she gets to work.

COFFEE STAND GIRL

Hey, weren't you at the Watering Hole last night?

PAUL

Yeah, yeah I was. Ummm... if you were there did I say something to you I shouldn't have? I'm sorry if I did.

COFFEE STAND GIRL

No, no we didn't talk actually. But your friend seemed to be having a good time.

PAUL

Oh yeah? Yeah that's unusual  
for him.

She starts handing the drinks out to him as Paul starts  
finding extra cup holding spots in his SUV.

COFFEE STAND GIRL

No worries. Maybe I'll see  
you again there.

PAUL

Yeah, yeah that'd be cool.

As she hands the final drink out to him he spills some  
on himself despite it having a cup lip.

PAUL (CONT.)

Crap. Uhh, sorry.

COFFEE STAND GIRL

Be careful with that stuff,  
that'll be \$9.52.

INT. GREY DRAKE FLYSHOP - DAY

Paul trundles into the still closed shop via the  
backdoor carrying fly rod tubes and juggling the three  
coffees he bought.

PAUL

Dude! How'd you make out with  
that chick last night?!

Jim is at the fly shop counter sorting flies as Paul  
sets the fly rods on a work table.

JIM

None-ya. You're not married  
so I don't have to tell you  
anything. It's already 7,  
aren't you cutting it close?

PAUL

Nah, I'm good Dude. Not even  
hung-over this morning.

JIM

Well, isn't that nice for our customers...

PAUL

So man you've still got to give up something about that blonde at the 'Watering Hole' last night. Damn, I was even ready to say screw it and put a block on one of my own bosses. Lucky for you, it looked like you were sealing the deal.

Jim just shoots Paul a smirk as MIKE BECK comes in from the backroom carrying some waders. Mike is in his late 50s and is the fly shop owner. He comes over for his coffee. Jim grabs his also.

MIKE BECK

I'm married Jim and not getting any any longer, so let's hear it.

PAUL

Mike, you should have seen it. Jim and I are there at the 'Hole' having a couple of beers with that one cool client from yesterday. In walks these two gorgeous decked-out chicks obviously slumming from Malibu.

JIM

(trying to  
change the  
subject)

Hey Mike, what's the client list look like today?

MIKE

Hold on a sec, I want to hear this Jimmy.

Paul is rummaging through some gear bags looking for something.

PAUL

So after an hour and no guys showing up to join these ladies, well you know me. They're hot, no wedding rings, so I go over and lay a line on 'em. Well I guess they loved my furry face and found me adorable. Who wouldn't?

MIKE

(deadpan)

Keep going.

PAUL

Well anyways, they start giving me some cool crap back but then the client dude comes over and tries to work his way in there. I figure Jim will stay his shy-ass self but then he comes over cause you know the client has a wedding ring he just took off and Jim's the prude.

Jim keeps busying himself loading fly boxes and pulling leaders and other supplies for his gear bag. Mike moves over next to him smiling and starts working on a log book.

PAUL (CONT.)

So the really hot one, a little old for me but still very doable, appears to start liking the Jimster and starts busting his chops about something goofy. Luckily Jim's had enough to drink and has comebacks! I eventually get bored with this though cause you know, I'm in the prime of my life and it looked like the baby boomers were more into each other than youth. So I excused myself.



MIKE

Is there sex in this story at some time?

PAUL

How the heck do I know? Another chick showed up to distract me. Though what I saw of Jim, he was in rare form. Even started dancing when the DJ showed up and cranked up the lamest classic rock hits of the 80s. Jim what was her name again?

JIM

Janice. It would help your career if you could start remembering names 'Dude'.

PAUL

Yeah, some career being a trout bum with you guys. Anyways while Jim and Janice are hitting it off, the client cuts out with the other chick. I figure the gig's up for Jimmy but his chick doesn't bat an eye and they keep making a middle-aged spectacle of themselves.

MIKE

So Jim, you start telling this tale when?

JIM

What's to tell? Janice was cool and we hit it off. She's from California and hanging with friends. Don't know where her buddy ended up and don't care.

MIKE

Excellent! It's about time you got laid. I want full details after today's trip and no holding back.

(looking  
around)

Where the hell is Dustin?  
We're putting all three boats in today. I had a late booking yesterday.

The backdoor of the shop dings as DUSTIN DRAPER enters the shop. He's a 17 year old snowboarder. Cleo who has been sitting on a dog bed in the corner of the shop hops up and pads over to Dustin who bends down to give her head a rub.

DUSTIN DRAPER

Hey Guys, how's it?

Cleo retires back to her pillow.

MIKE

Fine Dustin, get your butt over here so we can go over today's trips and open the shop.

The four men grab seats around the backroom work table which is littered with fly tying materials. Paul brings out his log book pushing back some of the materials.

MIKE

Paul you've got James Kern and his buddy Joe something. They fished with you last week for some reason they think you're good at putting them on fish.

Paul gives himself double thumbs up while Dustin throws some wadded paper at him.

MIKE

Well Loverboy, not sure how you pulled the wool over their eyes but put in this time at Decker and take them through the upper flats. That should give 'em a little more dry fly action once the water warms up. Dustin I need you to take Jim's original clients today on the same route as Paul. Let's see they're a father and son, Brian and Toby McMillan.

Jim looks surprised that his assignment is changing.

DUSTIN

How old's the kid?

MIKE

Older than you but it is his first time fly fishing.

(Paul and  
Dustin start  
to groan)

You'll do fine.

DUSTIN

Jim can't take 'em Mike?  
He's a heck of a lot more  
patient than me.

MIKE

Naugh, Dustin you're better at this than you think. Besides I've got something I gotta have Jim for. Got a call last night from the Lodge. Jimmy I need you to take a high profile couple above mile marker 15 and float the stretch to Red Wolf.