

First Kill

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DAY 1

EXT. WOODS - DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

In the expansive and thick woods of Georgia, there are two men sporting hunting gear rifles in hand, packs on their back traveling through the woods. One is stationed about 6 feet in front of the other -- leading the way.

The man in front is, RICK (Late 20's-Early 30's) he's got long red hair, and a long red beard to match. He moves through the forest expertly which screams that this is not his first rodeo. His head on a swivel, his steps quiet, and his hand signals militaristic. A bow in his hands and a quiver slung over his shoulder.

The man in back is, SAM (Early-Mid 20's) he's got slick, long brown hair, not as long as Rick's but long. Clean-shaven, wide-eyed, and doing his best to keep up. He proceeds through the forest trying to mimic Rick's expertise but he looks down infrequently at where he steps. His gaze always seeming to find its way back to Rick.

The only sound around is leaves CRUNCHING, sticks CRACKING, WIND, and BIRDS.

Rick spots some movement coming out of the bush about 10 meters in front. He throws up a closed fist, to tell Sam to stop. Sam obediently follows and focuses on Rick to try to find out what he sees.

Freshly out of the bush stationed now 5 yards ahead is a rabbit. The rabbit just sits there, bathing in the sun, totally unaware of the potential predators nearby.

Rick takes a couple of completely silent steps for better a position - fist still raised. He grabs his pistol and raises it, laser-focused on his target.

The pistol is raised finger on the trigger, Rick takes one breath, he fires. He hits. Rick begins to walk towards the now fallen target. Sam still stands behind him, frozen -- his mouth agape in disbelief. He hardly recognizes the same brother he grew up with.

Rick is now at their downed prey. He looks around.

RICK
We'll set up camp here.

TILT TO SKY, CUT TO DARKNESS, TILT BACK DOWN TO FIRE.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - EARLY EVENING

In the early evening of the night, Rick and Sam sit around the fire eating their rabbit.

SAM

...And dad came out screaming and yelling. *WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?*

RICK

You were so scared.

SAM

Well, yeah! I was a twelve-year-old kid that backed into his dad's 66 impala. I didn't know what was going to happen.

Rick chuckles while grabbing a beer from the cooler.

SAM (CONT'D)

Can't believe you took the blame...

Rick CRACKS the beer open.

RICK

I mean I had to. I was showing my little brother how to drive. I couldn't let you take the fall.

SAM

He whooped your ass for that one.

RICK

Yeah.
(sips beer)
Yeah, he did.

Rick takes a bite of the rabbit.

RICK (CONT'D)

He loved that car.

SAM

He really did.

Sam takes a bite of the rabbit.

RICK

Made getting deployed seem like a Christmas gift. || made joining the marines an easy choice... What--a--guy.

Rick and Sam both chuckle at their reminiscing.

SAM

Only time, I remember him loving me
as much as that car was the day I
became a college wrestler -- I
think he even hugged me.

Sam makes the mind-blown gesture. Rick and Sam now both laugh
at their crazy father. They both sip their beer.

SAM (CONT'D)

You ever miss him...?

RICK

Never, never gave me anything to
miss...You?

SAM

Nah not really... Anytime I do I
just remember who actually taught
me to drive.

Sam with a smile on his face makes eye contact with Rick and
they share a look before returning their gaze to the fire --
in silence.

SAM (CONT'D)

Alright, I'm headed to bed. Night.

Rick nods.

RICK

(under his breath)
Night.

Sam slides into his sleeping bag staring up at the stars,
before rolling over and closing his eyes.