

KIAHN

An original feature screenplay by

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WRITING SAMPLE
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EXT. SWAMPLAND/BOAT DECK - NIGHT

The boat cruises steadily as an eerie fog congeals over the landscape. A small crocodile sifts through the black water and disappears into shadow.

A fist slams into Colin's face. He's tied to a chair on deck. Kane and his biker troupe watch on as Alex pounds away at Colin's face.

JERROD (O.S.)
(from the cabin)
Enough!

Alex stops swinging.

The engine shuts off and the boat drifts to a halt in the middle of a deep creek.

A shadowy figure exits the cabin and moves towards Alex and Colin. The deck creaks under heavy boots.

Alex stares up at the huge figure of a man.

JERROD (CONT'D)
(with sarcasm)
Brilliant. Bloody brilliant.

Alex frowns.

JERROD (CONT'D)
Beat him to death why don't ya?
Then he'll bloody talk.

ALEX
I--

JERROD
Shhh.

The figure raises a finger to his lips.

JERROD (CONT'D)
You never were the smart one... Get
in that cabin.

Alex appears livid.

ALEX
I don't believe this!

The figure leans forward quickly, his face coming into light.

JERROD

DON'T-- make me hit you in front of
the boys, now.

JERROD's head is wide and strong. He's in his late forties. A black, greying beard hangs from his face while a bushy monobrow emphasizes the menace in his eyes.

Alex fights back tears as Jerrod stares hard and cold at him.

JERROD (CONT'D)

Get- in- that bloody cabin. I won't
ask again.

Alex lowers his head. He shifts away sluggishly as Colin and the biker troupe watch on. He disappears into the cabin, slamming the door behind him.

Jerrod crouches down and looks over Colin's swollen face.

JERROD (CONT'D)

Hmm, Colin. Look at yourself.

Jerrod lifts Colin's head, forcing his gaze.

JERROD (CONT'D)

You've got a face like a dropped
pie... lots of tomato sauce.

Colin struggles to hold eye contact, close to tears.

Jerrod seems displeased. He turns away and looks out into the murky waters; lights on the boat hull illuminate the surface for about five meters. He signals to Kane with an arm.

Kane ditches a raw chicken into the water.

JERROD (CONT'D)

Do you know much about crocodiles,
Colin?

Colin's head twitches.

JERROD (CONT'D)

They'll eat almost anything. Even
each other.

Kane throws another raw chicken into the water.

JERROD (CONT'D)

Did you know that crocodiles have
the most acidic stomach of any
vertebrate? It's absolutely true.

(MORE)

JERROD (CONT'D)

Pretty much dissolves anything from
hooves and horns to flesh and bone.

Colin's face goes white, contrasting with the blood.

COLIN

Jesus, mate, you have it all wrong.

JERROD

Don't be rude, Colin. Let me
finish... I have a lot of respect
for the saltwater croc. It's an
apex predator, built for survival.

Jerrod squints and looks out into the water.

JERROD (CONT'D)

It's an ambush predator, you see.
They wait for their prey to get
close to the water's edge. I admire
that. The cunning. The smarts to
let your prey come to you.

Something in the water knocks the hull and the boat leans
ever so slightly. Kane looks overboard with all seriousness.
Colin swallows, squeezing his eyes closed tight.

JERROD (CONT'D)

Is that you, Boris?

Jerrod looks over the edge and down into the water. It's
still. Silent.

JERROD (CONT'D)

Give me the feeder.

Kane passes Jerrod a wooden pole with a thick rope hanging
from one end, a whole raw chicken tied to it.

Jerrod swings the chicken over the side and taps it gently on
the water surface. Small ripples make their way to shore.

A small rise appears on the water surface and moves steadily
towards the splashing chicken.

JERROD (CONT'D)

Oh, there he is. There's my Boris.

A crocodile reveals it's gargantuan head. It takes the
chicken with one snap and falls back into the murky depths.

JERROD (CONT'D)

All eighteen foot of him. You don't
get many that size. We keep him
well fed.

Colin keeps his eyes closed, muttering to himself as if
praying. Jerrod laughs out loud as he hands the pole to Kane.
He lifts Colin's chin and forces his gaze.

COLIN

Jerrod, please. I get what you're
doing. But you have me wrong.

Jerrod moves in close.

JERROD

(with brooding intensity)
I too am an apex predator.
Powerful. Territorial. Savage...
You don't mess with the biggest and
meanest, Colin. You know that.