

FISHERMAN

Written by

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Based on  
The Fisherman!

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Thursdays - 6:9:10pm  
SPRING '14 / COC

FADE IN:

EXT. MEXICAN VILLAGE - DAY

The mountains march across the desert floor under a golden sky. Tumbleweeds travel along their own path, while the crows talk about their day. Serene. Peaceful.

A small fishing village comes into frame; Villagers bustling about their daily rituals. A pair of hands are placing fishing lure, bait, and hooks into a tackle box with the utmost care. These hands carefully grab an old fishing pole, tackle box and take a fishing basket in hand.

We see the FISHERMAN. He is an older gentleman with years of wear but with a look of certainty, charged with an important task of getting the days supply of fish.

The fisherman heads out to the village lake walking to the pier with purpose. The fisherman places his instruments along the ground, and sits down. He assembles his fishing pole and casts out the first line for the days haul.

INT. CAR NEAR MEXICAN VILLAGE - DAY

This car is not your typical appliance, but one meant to make a statement regarding success, confidence and maybe even some over compensation.

BUSINESSMAN yells into his cellphone. He is wearing a giant Harvard MBA alumnus ring as big as his ego, eclipsing a faint tan-line where his marriage ring used to be.

Businessman is trying in vain to communicate over the loud Mariachi music blasting on the radio.

BUSINESSMAN

Yeah. They couldn't say no! One of my best closes. Hold on ---

Businessman frantically presses every button on the dash board he can find. The Mariachi band has found it's rhythm and reached full volume for the finale of the melody.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Damn! This music... If it wasn't for the music, the people, the weather, I might actually like this godforsaken country ---

Businessman finds a button. Silence. Businessman lets out a sigh of relief.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Anyways. I am heading to the border now, thank god. I've got to make a pit stop and hit the head. I'll call you when I get back. Yup. Bye.

Businessman sees a bathroom sign as he pulls into a little village.

EXT. MEXICAN VILLAGE - DAY

Businessman stops his car and gets out. Businessman brushes off the dirt that has caked on his clothes. He takes a look at the bathroom, but then sees a tree out of the corner of his eyes.

Businessman walks towards the tree, puts an unlit cigarette in his mouth, unzips and lets Mexico know what he thinks of their home country. Businessman lets out a sigh of satisfaction as he glances at the pier. Businessman zips back up staring at the Fisherman.

Businessman takes off his sunglasses, covering his eyes to get a better look at the fisherman. He smiles and swaggers toward the lonely Fisherman.

EXT. MEXICAN VILLAGE PIER - DAY

Businessman looks down at the fish in the basket. He looks back up at the Fisherman.

BUSINESSMAN

Hey buddy! Enjoying the simple pleasures, AMIRITE!?

The Fisherman continues to fish without acknowledging the Businessman.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, my bad. I forgot to introduce myself. Here's my business card.

Businessman takes a heavy, glossy stock business card from his pocket and offers it to the Fisherman. The Fisherman continues fishing without breaking a beat.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, NO HABLO INGLESO?

Businessman puts the card back into his pocket and stands upright exuding confidence.

FISHERMAN  
(Still looking out into  
the lake)  
You are a fool.

BUSINESSMAN  
Hold on there buddy. I have an MBA  
from Harvard. Can you even spell  
Harvard? I make bank every month,  
probably more than what your little  
village takes in all year.

Fisherman continues looking out into the lake.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)  
Hey pal, I just came over here to  
offer some simple advice,  
Comprende? I noticed how you could  
expand this little fishing business  
of yours ---

FISHERMAN  
(Looking at Businessman)  
I don't want your advice Gringo.  
You come here showing off but you  
are just a Fufurufo.

BUSINESSMAN  
Look, all I'm sayin' is that if you  
wanted to make real money I could  
help you get out of this slum ---

FISHERMAN  
Slum, Gringo!? I have lived here my  
entire life. I wake up every day  
with my satisfied wife, have  
breakfast with my three beautiful  
children, fish all day in this  
peaceful lake, go home and play my  
guitar with me amigos ---

BUSINESSMAN  
Well, fine. I didn't mean it like  
that. Alls I'm sayin' is that with  
a little planning, some help from  
me, I could help you and your  
family have a real life ---

FISHERMAN  
What is this real life you speak  
of? Fast cars? Loose women? Fake  
friends? Expensive house?

BUSINESSMAN

No. I am offering you a life worth millions. You buy whatever you want.

FISHERMAN

You make it sound like money falls from the sky...

BUSINESSMAN

Well, I mean, you have to sacrifice time now for the payoff down the road. You have to manage a fleet of fishing vessels with crews, open a cannery to control the means of production, processing and distribution. Hell, I could help you expand to the American markets.

FISHERMAN

How long?

BUSINESSMAN

How long what?

FISHERMAN

How long would I have to sacrifice my time?

BUSINESSMAN

Well, with my help, you could be lookin' at millions of dollars of profit in 15 to 20 years, tops.

FISHERMAN

Then what?

BUSINESSMAN

Well, you could retire. You would have all the money you need to retire happily.

FISHERMAN

And all it would cost me is time, my wife, my children, and my friends?

BUSINESSMAN

Well ---

FISHERMAN

Just to end up like you?

The Businessman for the first time in his life has nothing to say. The Businessman stares blankly at the Fisherman.

Fisherman takes out a heavy stock, glossy business card and hands it to the Businessman. The Businessman takes the business card with care, looking at the Fisherman in awe.

INSERT - THE BUSINESS CARD, which reads:

"Fisherman Enterprises  
CEO  
'We Fish'em, you Eat'em'  
In Business Since 1964"

BACK TO THE MEXICAN VILLAGE PIER

The Businessman stares off into space with the expression of shock and maybe even a hint of sadness.

FADE OUT.

THE END