Big Fish

John August

This is a Southern story, full of lies and fabrications, but truer for their inclusion.

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FADE IN:

A RIVER.

We're underwater, watching a fat catfish swim along.

This is The Beast.

EDWARD (V.O.)

There are some fish that cannot be caught. It's not that they're faster or stronger than other fish.

(sighs)

They're just touched by something extra. Call it luck. Call it grace. One such fish was The Beast.

The Beast's journey takes it past a dangling fish hook, baited with worms. Past a tempting lure, sparkling in the sun. Past a swiping bear claw. The Beast isn't worried.

EDWARD (V.O.)(CONT'D)

By the time I was born, he was already a legend. He'd taken more hundred-dollar lures than any fish in Alabama.

Some said that fish was the ghost of Henry Walls,  
a thief who'd drowned in that river 60 years before.

Others claimed he was a lesser dinosaur, left over from the Cretaceous period.