

MAN'S VOICE

Get back here.

Chris stops, turns back. WAYNE KYLE, his father, is sturdy and earnest with mutton chops and Texas calm.

WAYNE

Don't ever leave your gun in the dirt.

CHRIS

Yes, sir.

WAYNE

Helluva shot, son. You got a gift. You're gonna make a fine hunter someday.

Chris nods, clear-eyed, as if hearing the whisper of destiny. He grabs the .30-06, running again, bounding to--

THE BUCK

Glassy brown eyes look up at Chris. It's still alive.

WAYNE

Everything dies to give life.

CHRIS

Can it see me?

WAYNE

It's a deer, son.

Chris processes his first kill, watching as-- (ECU) a flea crawls around the animal's inner-ear.

WAYNE KYLE

(hands him hunting knife)

You shot it, you deal with it.

Chris straddles the deer. It tries to gouge him. He looks frightened but drags the blade across its neck.

5 OMITTED

5

6 **INT. CHURCH**

6

A Protestant church. CHRIS is dressed in Sunday best, shuffling pages of a LITTLE BLUE BIBLE to create breeze.