Powell: Well. Some of you are here for sport and some of you are here for skill and some of you are here because you get a kick out of killing bears and some of you are here because you have nowhere else to go. You know why I’m here? I’m here because my friend, the fucking PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES, needed a better knowledge of the arid lands of this nation. I am here because I was given a job. And in case you didn’t know, it’s hard for gimps to get jobs around these parts, so I am going to do this job to the best of my ability. And it just so happens that I’ve run more rivers than any of you all put together—I did the fucking Mississippi up and down when I was 17 years old and I’ve done more tributaries than you can name on BOTH of your sorry hands. You got your fucking cliff, Dunn. Now how about a nice fucking rabbit dinner.

Seneca: Once, when my brother and I were very young
We were out in front of our house playing in the snow
With a boy who live one or two miles from us
When our mother rang the dinner bell
We asked if we could have our friend for dinner
But she said no, so
We ran back inside
And then four or five days later
They found our little neighbor friend on the side of the road
They say he froze to death while walking home

Dunn: Well you wouldn’t bring along a mapmaker whose estimates are shaky, now would you Powell? I can handle a lot of things. I can handle heat. I can handle shit bacon. I can handle rowing for days. I can handle the hard truths of the expedition better than you, Powell, so when I SAY WE HAVE A FIVE PERCENT CHANCE OF SURVIVAL—
If we die, it’s on your watch.

Old Shady: Who’s countin if we’re all dead?
I saved Bradley
Who saved my brother
Somebody saved you at one point
We save each other.
I’ll see you at the end of this
And I’ll shake your hand
Before that
I don’t care except what’s on the spit
And who’s overboard.
I’m gonna eat a snake tonight.
My little brother does a good good job
Where’s my snake?
Bradley: So then my mother died so I went back to Wisconsin for a while and took some time to get my shit together you know? It was rough because I really loved my mother? She was totally my rock? But I know God’s got her smiling down on me during this trip and it was always her dream to see the West. She was Maryland born and raised and she made it all the way to WISCONSIN! Wait, where’s your family from again? (listens) Wait no shit! Where in Wisconsin? (listens) Oh my god that’s probably only 200 miles from where my Ma lived. The world is a small small place sometimes.

Goodman: (alone fishing, and So British)
Oh Hallo! A little fish?
Oh hello fish!
A lovely day...
TO BE EATEN! HA!
Hello SCHOOL of fish
I am going to CATCH YOU IN THIS SACK!
HA HA!!! LITTLE FISHIES
In my sack
Burlap is a lovely color on you, fishes
And soon you’ll all live in my stomach
MMmmm
mmMMMMMmm
I will eat you
If only I had a crisp Muscadet
And I was sunning myself in Marseille
The summers there, you know
They are absolutely divine
Everyone walks around in swimming trunks
And their skin is crispy with sunning
And it’s all very civilized

Hawkins: I have to do inventory. And lemme tell ya. At supper, some heads are gonna roll. The Howlands. Okay so you know how Seneca starts in with a story EVERY night when we’re all eating dinner, and then O.G. is always like, “I gotta take a leak,” right? O.G.’s not taking a leak. He’s filching tobacco. I have my theories. He doesn’t go where the rest of us go. I’m gonna bring it the FUCK up at dinner.

Sumner: You two are a match made. You both just think you’re always right. Most of the time one of you is. Sometimes both of you are. You’re both smart people. Nope, you’re not leading this expedition. You’re here to row and hunt. I’m here to row, help navigate near impossible situations, and survive so I get to go to Yukon next year. After that beef last night I’m starting to think there are two sides. Why are there two sides?
O.G.: (please prep both these small sections).
My name’s Oramel Howland. My friends call me O.G. *(Laughs to himself)*
Nah, I’m kiddin. I don’t have any friends.
This is my little brother.
I gotta piss. So? What are you taking me for? Don’t you ever have to piss? That’s a bold claim, my friend. I gotta take a leak, friend. I’ll eat fish off the fuckin floor because I can take a little grit in my dinner.

Hall: *(on the boat, about to go over a waterfall)* Wait a minute! Everybody. Waterfall I repeat waterfall up ahead! See it Powell? It just drops off. It looks like the waterfall breaks into little eddies and pools. We can run it! Push off! I’ve always wanted to run a waterfall. O.G. we’re doin it. Push off
Rock! Rock wave granite granite – slick water, it’ll come fast
I don’t have time for this! We’re gonna be fine!
Keep your head up, eyes ahead
We’re goin over HEAD UP, KEEP YOUR EYES AHEAD, OVER! Here we go!
*(They go over the waterfall)*