

JAMES AND THE WOLF

Written by

James Smith

FADE IN:

EXT. MALIBU, CALIFORNIA - BEACH - DAWN

The sun rises majestically from behind the mountains.
Gradually illuminates the desolate beach.

Might not be totally empty...

Black jeans, a flannel cowboy shirt, and a pair of workman's
boots are scattered in the sand.

An empty bottle of whiskey and a pack of smokes lies nearby.

JAMES MORRIS, (32, devil may care) wakes to the vindictive
light of day. Not your average weekend-warrior hangover.

James is stark naked. A handwritten note taped to his chest.

His blurry POV: Glassy, cerulean ocean. Deserted beach. The
mountains. His clothes, ten feet away...

James notices the fact that he's not wearing anything.

He's beyond exhaustion. It saps whatever little life he has
left just to put his pants on.

James searches his pockets and emerges with a credit card and
his New York state driver's license.

A look of panic. Something is missing.

Slides the shirt over his head. Finally notices the note on
his chest...

INSERT NOTE: 'It was great meeting you. Thanks for the car. I
called you a cab. See you on the other side.'

Right on cue, a cab pulls up along the side of the highway.

James balls up the note and pockets it. Shakes his head and
smiles, amused by his predicament. Humor intact.

Grabs the bottle of whiskey. Tips it upside down. An
infinitesimal drop trickles out of the sticky bottle.

James drinks the last of it. Ready to face the day.

Picks up the pack of smokes. One left. Lights it up...

James coughs badly. Not doing so hot. Looking rather
moribund.

He spits out a little blood...

James eventually recovers and looks up the beach.

Sees something in the distance... a nebulous figure approaching... we can't tell what it is yet...

CLOSE ON JAMES: Astonishment mixed with fright as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MOTOR CITY BAR - LOWER EAST SIDE, NYC - NIGHT

CHRYON: One Month Earlier

Dilapidated car seats and old-school pinball machines. Stains of unknown origins. TATTOOED HIPSTERS.

On the bar, a scantily clad DANCER gyrates to an 80's song.

James and his best friend IVAN (32, smarter than he looks) drink at the bar.

JAMES

Down in Texas a twelve-year old kid goes for a swim in a lake to cool off...

IVAN

Uh-huh.

JAMES

Tire swing, cute middle-school girls, all that backwoods idyllic shit...

IVAN

Tire swings are the best. Shame there's none in the city.

James motions to the TATTOOED BARTENDER (30's). Shots of whiskey appear. Down the hatch.

JAMES

Kid left the lake that day feeling like the king of the fucking world. Probably with a crush on some girl named Angela or Darlene...

IVAN

Love the name Angela. Sounds dirty.

James scans the WOMEN in the room. Eyes a sexy librarian HIPSTER GIRL (20's) at the other end of the bar.

JAMES

Yeah so two days later the kid starts running a fever and throwing up. The parents think it's the flu or something and figure it'll pass, but it doesn't stop...

James reaches up and tucks a dollar bill into the Dancer's garter belt.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Now the parents are freaking the fuck out. They rush him to the hospital where he falls into a coma. Pronounced dead two hours later.

IVAN

Jesus.

James lowers his head and furtively bumps some coke. Stares intensely at the Hipster Girl. She digs.

JAMES

You know what got him?

IVAN

Creature of the deep?

JAMES

Something like that. A brain-sucking amoeba. This little amoeba swam right up the kid's nose into his brain and sucked the thing dry. Kid didn't stand a chance next to that pernicious Protozoa.

IVAN

Fucking amoebas.

JAMES

What do you think is the chance of something like that happening?

IVAN

Has to be less than one percent of all the people that go swimming in fresh water every year.

JAMES

You're probably right. But still...it happens. Happened to this kid.