



WILD MAN

written by
MATT LATHROM

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EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A small hut made of scraps of trees and brush.

Fifteen cubits away, smoke rises from a small fire pit.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

A WILD MAN (29) long unkempt beard, rough skin, looks twenty years older than he is, sleeps in the small hut. He lays on a bed of shrub wrapped in fronds.

Night turns to day. His eyes shoot open.

EXT. HUT - DAY

A timelapse of the day as Wild Man, in nothing but a brown loin cloth, disappears into the desert, reappears with dead fox, hustles about all alone. He starts a fire. Eats.

The sun rises and sets into

EXT. HUT - NIGHT

The fire lights up the the area. The fire extinguishes. Wild Man zips about. Adds brush to his roof. Smoke rises from the fire pit.

The sun rises into

MONTAGE

Day and night blend together. Wild Man scurries about his dwelling. 20 days pass. The same hunting, cooking, sleeping each day.

SMASH TO:

INT. HUT - NIGHT

Wild Man lays alone in his hut. His eyes shoot open. Glassy and red. He trembles.

EXT. HUT - MOMENTS LATER

Wild Man crawls out. He grabs a thick branch by the opening. He rips some shrub off the hut. Wraps it around the branch.

He walks over to the fire, dips the makeshift torch in the smoking pit. The brush catches fire.

He walks the torch to the hut, lights the hut on fire.

Wild Man backs up as the fire engulfs the hut. The flames rise twenty cubits.

His gaze follows the tendrils up to the nearly full moon that looms above.

He drops the torch, then walks off into the desert.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Wild Man walks through the sparse desert with a five cubit long spear. The brutal sun beats down on him.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Wild Man tosses his spear. Sticks a fox. It squirms on the ground.

B) He wraps brush around his feet as makeshift shoes.

C) The sun right above, he spins around unsure of which direction to walk.

D) He struggles to start a fire. Tosses the rocks.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Wild Man lays on the ground, his back to a large boulder, his head on a balls up piece of brush. His spear leaned up against the boulder behind him.

The dead fox draped over the branch of a small, dead tree, unskinned. Whole.

A gurgling rumble. He curls up, clutches his stomach.

Rustling nearby. Wild Man remains still, his eyes open wide. His gaze shoots about.

Another rustle.

From behind him, a coyotes stalks past his feet. Takes a quick wiff. Stares him down.

He closes his eyes, doesn't move.

The coyote moves past him, to the dead fox. It hops up onto it's hind legs. Grabs the carcass, pulls it down.

Wild Man's stomach growls. He curls up. His foot taps the Spear leaned up against the boulder. The spear shifts.

The coyote drops the fox. Looks toward him.

He shivers, tries to keep still. Then

The spear topples over.

The coyotes leaps toward him. Wild Man shoots up into the crouched position.

The coyote growls, barks, shows it's razor teeth.

Wild Man inches his hand toward the spear.

The coyote flinches toward him with a bark.

He retracts. Eyes the spear.

Wild Man leaps toward it.

The coyote attacks. Bites his leg, clamps down. Wild Man screams. He tries to shake his leg loose. Blood squirts from the coyote's mouth.

The spear just out of reach. He claws at the ground to pull closer. His face contorts in pain.

He grabs a small boulder in the ground. Pulls himself to the spear.

The coyote yanks him back.

He grabs the boulder, in one large force, he pulls close, grabs the spear, aims it.

Stabs the coyote in the side.

The coyote yelps. Lets out a desperate bark, looks at Wild Man with the glassy eyes. Wild Man stares into it's eyes. A moment of stillness between them.

The coyote howls, then hobbles off into the night.

Wild Man grits his teeth. Holds his leg. He looks up into the sky. A full moon looms. A distant howl in the night.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Wild Man leans up against the boulder where he slept. His face drained of color. Brown, dried blood on the leg and the ground under it.

Brush wrapped around the wound.

He peels back the brush bandage. The wound is a gruesome brown and yellow.

He winces.

His eyes grow heavy under the brutal sun. He falls over. His eyes flutter.

WILD MAN'S POV

The extensive desert, obscured by rippling heat waves, brush, and dead trees.

The ripples form figures that wobble and walk.

BACK TO SCENE

Wild Man's mouth opens to speak. Nothing comes out.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

Wild Man's eyes shoot open. Brush under his head. He doesn't move. His eyes scan the hut. He's breathing frantic. Tears fill his eyes. Drip down his cheek.

A rustling outside. His eyes grow wide.

Brush at the opening cracks open. An OLD MAN (42) crawls in with a YOUNG WOMAN (22) behind him. They wear nicer brown skins than Wild Man. Less desert worn.

Wild Man shivers in fear.

Old Man peels back the brush on Wild Man's leg. Balled up green mush on the wound. He pulls it off. The wound clean of dried blood and yellow mucus.

Old Man points to the wound. Young Woman nods. She reaches over, puts her hand on Wild Man's head. Wild Man closes his eyes, sighs in relief.

Old Man reaches into a small pouch beside him. Pulls out some green grass-like material. Hands it to Young Woman.

She puts it in her mouth. Swishes it around. Spits it in her hand in a mush ball. She places it on the wound.

Old Man covers the wound.

Wild Man, through tears, dons a warm smile.

FADE OUT.

THE END