

DINOSAUR TRACKS

Written by

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EXT. POND - DAY

It's a beautiful and bucolic day. The wind wafts gently around a tranquil pond. A wooden fishing pier juts out into the water. A small child is sitting on the pier, fishing. He's dressed in overalls--a real country type. This is JIM. Jim is relaxed and calm, atune with the peaceful scene.

Another child walks up. Although dressed similarly, he seems restless and a bit impatient. This is COWELL. He sits down next to Jim and sets up a fishing pole.

COWELL

You catching anything?

JIM

Not yet.

COWELL

Yeah, I hear you. I been trying worms, grubs, and lures. Got nothin'.

He looks at his fishing pole glumly for a minute.

JIM

Yeah.

(Beat)

Those damn dinosaurs. They ain't bitin' today.

COWELL

What? You mean fish, right?

JIM

No I mean dinosaurs. Ichthyosaurs, Plesiosaurs. They just ain't bitin' today.

COWELL

Oh. Okay.

(Beat)

You know you're crazy, right?

JIM

Shut up.

(Beat)

I mean...

(Beat)

shut up.

COWELL

What are you using as bait?
Dino-pellets?

Cowell laughs at his own joke. Jim looks at him calmly.

JIM
Worms of course, dummy.

COWELL
You're catching dinosaurs with worms?

Jim shakes his head.

JIM
Do YOU see a dinosaur in this basket?

Cowell looks down at the basket, then shakes his head.

JIM
Damn dinosaurs aren't biting today.
Besides, the fish keep taking the
bait.

COWELL
Wait! What? You're catching
fish? I've been trying to catch fish
all day!

Jim shrugs.

COWELL
I hate you!!! We could be taking
fish back to my folks house so we can eat
it, but instead we're sitting here trying
to catch a dinosaur! What the hell
are you doing?

JIM
Shhh. You'll scare them.

COWELL
The dinosaurs died millions of years ago!
There are no dinosaurs anymore!
Look! See?

Cowell takes the bait bucket and dumps all of the worms into the water. A bunch of fish start nibbling at the worms. Cowell turns away from the water.

COWELL
There! No dinosaurs! You see,
they aren't around...

Suddenly, a HUGE Ichthyosaur erupts out of the water with a roar. It lunges, devours Cowell with one gulp, and slides back down into the water.

Jim throws his rod and reel down in disgust.

JIM
That's just swell!

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jim is walking away in a huff, passing an older FISHERMAN, who looks at him mildly. The older Fisherman looks like he just stepped out of a Norman Rockwell painting.

FISHERMAN
What seems to be the problem, son?

Jim whirls around angrily.

JIM
Oh, I went fishing with a friend, and he was really loud and scared all the damn dinosaurs away.
(Beat)
And he was eaten. Serves him right!

He turns and walks away.

FISHERMAN
Ayeah. That'll happen, I reckon.
(Beat)
Damn dinosaurs.

The fisherman walks down towards the water.

FADE TO BLACK.