

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

Soft light spills through the trees onto the ground below. WILDMAN, young and grizzly, naked with unkempt long hair and beard, runs through the trees carrying a long sharpened stick.

Wildman sits in a makeshift treehouse, crafting a necklace out of string and discarded trash. All around him is a sort of altar to the human world - objects collected magpie-like, bits of rubbish, an old boot, empty bottles and cans.

He studies the necklace, hangs it delicately from the tree, lets his hand rest lovingly on it.

EXT. FOREST ROAD. DAY.

SUITMAN, young and clean in a crisp suit, wearing a black hat, carrying a black briefcase, strolls up the road that disappears into a forest beyond.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

Suitman walks through the trees, carrying his briefcase, studying the trees around him. He stops under a strong looking tree, puts the briefcase down and opens it.

He stands holding a long piece of rope. He shuts the briefcase and places it under the branch. He stands.

Suitman swings the rope over the tree branch and begins to tie it into a noose.

He hesitates holding the noose and looks around.

The woods are empty but for him.

He shuts his eyes, nods to himself, raises the noose. He looks up at the branch, back at the noose, then up again slowly.

Hanging from and arranged around the tree above him are dozens of found object necklaces, an old boot, empty bottles: Wildman's altar. Wildman's face slowly pokes out of the tree.

Wildman, holding his stick, lands in a crouch in front of Suitman.

Suitman stumbles backwards, holding his briefcase in front of himself like a shield. Wildman gestures wildly at him, brandishing his stick.

Wildman stops, staring at the watch gleaming on Suitman's wrist. The noose blows in the breeze between them.

He gestures to the watch, then advances on Suitman with the stick.

Suitman takes a step backwards, holding up the briefcase between them. Wildman advances again. Suitman turns tail and runs into the trees.

Wildman chases Suitman through the trees.

Suitman rounds a corner and ducks behind a bush. He pauses, panting hard, looking around. Wildman leaps on his back and wrestles him to the ground. He takes Suitman's watch.

Wildman holds up Suitman's gleaming watch. He touches it delicately, sniffs it, shakes it a bit. Suitman lies on the ground, clutching his now bare wrist to his chest.

Wildman turns back to Suitman. He crouches over him, removes Suitman's hat, puts it on his own head. Suitman tries to grab after it. Wildman pushes the point of his stick against Suitman's neck.

Wildman gestures to Suitman's shirt. Suitman stares in horror.

EXT. FOREST ROAD. DAY.

Wildman walks back down the hill away from the forest, dressed in Suitman's clothes, carrying his briefcase.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

Suitman sits up in a daze, naked and beaten, looks around.

Wildman's stick lies on the ground beside him. Suitman studies it, picks it up gingerly.

Soft light spills through the trees onto the ground below. Suitman runs gleefully through the woods, naked, carrying the long sharpened stick.