

JOB  
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## "JOB"

FADE IN:

### **EXT. PACIFIC SHORE - DAY**

Warm ocean breeze. Seagulls. Waves violently collide against each other in a chaotic stew.

JOB (40's), frolics in the ocean - wearing only his underwear. He is a gaunt, haggard-looking man bearing the scars of decades living on the street.

He leaps over wave after wave - a kid again.

Suddenly, he stops. He sees a figure from afar, standing waist-deep in the water.

It's a MAN dressed as a SHARK - staring intently back at Job. The SHARKMAN takes a bite of a human hand.

Job becomes pale with fear. He runs out of the ocean screaming, catching the attention of the other swimmers and beach-goers.

A wave catches him from behind, knocking him over.

### **EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Job emerges from the water, dripping and panting. He collapses in the sand next to his friend SOLOMON (50's), who's smoking a joint.

JOB

You see that?

SOLOMON

See you get wiped out like a bitch.

JOB scratches his scalp relentlessly, as if there's something hiding underneath.

JOB

I smell toast. You smell toast?

SOLOMON

This beach is the world, man.

Solomon passes Job the joint. Job takes a lengthy pull.

### **EXT. SANTA MONICA STREETS - NIGHT**

Job walks the streets at night, donning a ragged shirt and sweatpants, scratching at his scalp.

Up ahead he hears some commotion. Desperate yelling.

JOB

Aw Jesus.

Job takes off towards the sound, going as fast as he can in his baggy sweatpants.

**EXT. HOMELESS ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT**

A gang raid on a homeless encampment. Tents are being knocked over. People are being beaten with bats.

The inhabitants of the camp are scrambled. Some panic, some cry, others look on with quiet stoicism.

Job runs past them to his space under the overpass. He sees a couple of TEENAGERS pouring gasoline over a mattress - his mattress.

Job shouts after them. The teenagers laugh and, dropping a match, set the mattress ablaze. Then they take off.

Job runs desperately after them, shouting vicious profanities, as the gang disappears into the night.

**EXT. UNDER THE OVERPASS - NIGHT**

Job attempts to sleep on the concrete under a different overpass. He scratches his scalp.

He twists and turns in an effort to get comfortable. Scratches scalp.

With a frustrated grunt, Job stands up.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Midnight on the beach. The sand is nature's mattress. A cool breeze blankets Job. Waves crash in the distance.

Job's eyes begin to close.

Suddenly, flashlights. Then yelling.

Job is startled awake. He sees the beach patrol officers running towards him. His eyes grow wide.

He starts sprinting in the opposite direction.

Panting and sweating, he trips over a protruding slab of concrete.

He turns around...

Nothing. No lights. No shouting. Nobody.

Only the sound of waves crashing against the shore.

Job begins heaving with anxiety.

**EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT**

Job stands before a 24-hour clinic.

He smokes a cigarette.

**INT. CLINIC - NIGHT**

Job lays atop an exam bed.

A DOCTOR (30's) sits impatiently by his side

Job's eyes are on DRACULA, who stares at him from the far corner of the room. Nobody else seems to notice the vampire.

JOB  
Alzheimer's?

DOCTOR  
Nope.

JOB  
Parkinson's?

DOCTOR  
Thankfully, no.

JOB  
Charles Bonnet? Brain lesions?  
Sinus disease?

DOCTOR  
No, no, no.

JOB  
Brain Eating Ameoba?

The doctor shakes her head.

JOB (CONT'D)  
... Tumor?

DOCTOR  
We're not doing an MRI.

JOB  
What about an EEG?

DOCTOR

Do you experience frequent seizures?

JOB

Yeah. I - I think so. I get these tremors in my hands.

The doctor sighs with exhaustion.

DOCTOR

You're fine. Keep wasting my time like this, I'm gonna stop being so nice.

The doctor puts her hand atop Job's shoulder.

JOB

Okay. Okay.

Job scratches his scalp. Dracula has disappeared.

**EXT. SANTA MONICA STREETS - NIGHT**

Job makes his way back to his spot under the underpass. It's been a long night.

Up ahead, he sees something he can't believe.

**EXT. UNDER THE OVERPASS - NIGHT**

Right where his mattress once lay: a tent. A beautiful, new, vibrantly-colored tent.

There's a note taped on the outside: "Sorry about the rough night - God bless".

Job is awestruck. He unzips the tent with his one good hand and crawls inside.

**INT. TENT - NIGHT**

The interior is decorated with Christmas lights. The ground is covered in pillows all surrounding the most comfortable, sheeted mattress Job's ever seen.

Job's eyes well up with tears. Who could have done this?

Job throws himself atop the mattress. He snuggles into the pillow and covers himself with a warm blanket.

CUT TO:

**EXT. UNDER THE OVERPASS - NIGHT**

Cut back to reality. Job lays on the concrete, sound asleep. There's a content look on his face.

END