

EXT. ITALIAN BEACH- AFTERNOON

JAMES and his beautiful, blond, Russian partner, NATASHA Virginski, come ashore, swimming. A SHARK follows them, but halts in the shallow water.

JAMES
(addressing the shark)
Go home! Get a life!

SHARK
(spreading his fins)
This is my life!

JAMES
How 'bout raising a family?

From all around OTHER SHARKS pop up their heads and spread their fins.

OTHER SHARKS
(all together)
This is our life!

Natasha, dressed up as a mermaid, unzips her tail and takes it off slowly.

NATASHA
James, where are we?

JAMES
Kenya.
(a beat)
Or Italy.
(seductively)
Nice legs, Ariel.

A wave is rolling towards him.

NATHASHA
I am Natasha, not Ariel.
Nathasha...
(seductively smiling)
... Virginski.

The wave is dramatically increasing its size, catching momentum.

NATHASHA (CONT'D)
Look, I don't mind sex without
being married.

James' smile is as big as the wave.

NATHASHA (CONT'D)
(deep sigh, shaking her
head and looking away)
Such a pity you do, James. Such a
pity.

JAMES
No, no, no, I really don't mi --

The huge, with ice cubes filled wave breaks on him.