

Overhead camera flying into an opening in a vast forest. Small black ovals are seen which as they get closer appear to be wolves. As we zoom in, we are given a third person over the right shoulder from Jack, the dorito eating wolf. Jack is eating chips with his paws which are covered in dorito dust.

Jack  
(Exitedly)  
Man these doritos are good! You guys want some?

Barks and Crunches for no talking.

A steady crunch is heard, and no response. He barely reacts, and continues to follow the pack. They walk out of the clearing into a grey area. The pack start to run off, with Jack behind.

\*CRUNCH\*

The Elk runs away. The pack looks at Jack in obvious irritation, some growling is heard. The leader Tom looks at Jack.

Tom  
(Melancholy)  
You aren't helping.

Jack  
(Neutral)  
Sorry, what'd you say?

Tom motions forward, and the pack quickly follows leaving Jack in the clearing. He walks up and sits next to a fallen tree, and ravenously eats his chips. Day turns to night, and Jack is still there alone, only this time he's out of chips. He howls at the moon. It's at this point he starts walking in circles, and periodically looks up at the sky.

Jack  
(Mumbled)  
Think it's safe to say they're not coming back.

After some long hard thought, he comes to the realization that the only way he can possibly rectify his relationship with his peers is to bring them enough food to feed them the entire winter, or some form of retribution. He settles on searching for a mammoth, which he finds.

The screen shows a small grey wolf on a map with red slashes after it, and zooms in on him seeing a mammoth. Gawking a bit, he's unsure how to approach the situation, so simply runs at it head first.

Screen fades to black with him hauling a dead mammoth, just eyes with x's in them. He brings it to the camp, where 4 other wolves stare in awe, and the screen fades to black.