

**Message in a bottle**

Written By

Noelle A Rose

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FADE IN:

INT. THE ALCOVE

Tanis, on her knees, tends to a small garden in a far corner of the alcove.

If you would call it a garden. Everything rising from this patch of ruined earth is bent and brown and dead.

But nevertheless, Tanis digs purposefully with her trowel, tossing the wilted foliage aside.

TANIS

Even the best garden gonna be havin' some weeds...

THUNK -- her trowel hits something. She turns with a smile.

TANIS

...but Tanis garden be havin' more than that.

She reaches into the hole -- and plucks out a human skull.

Her smile dissolves to scorn.

TANIS

That ain't what Tanis be lookin' for.

She tosses the skull over her shoulder.

BEHIND TANIS

With a dry rattle, the discarded skull lands atop a small pile that contains several more cast-off skulls.

BACK AT THE GARDEN

Tanis has returned to her digging.

Now a CLINK against her trowel -- this tone completely different -- almost musical.

Tanis smiles -- and from the hole she now pulls a green, glass bottle caked with dirt.

TANIS

Now this be somethin' Tanis can be usin'.

Tanis clears some of the dirt -- to reveal a menacing face on the side of the bottle, eyes closed, as if in slumber.

TANIS

Could it be lost pirate rum for  
Tanis? Maybe the wine of the  
pharaohs? No...this bottle be  
holdin' somethin' darker.

She holds the bottle towards us.

ON THE BOTTLE

Light flashes inside the bottle.

TANIS (O.S.)

Look hard...look as hard  
as you be able.

The eyes of the malevolent face snap open -- glassy, but  
soulless and black as pitch.

TANIS (O.S.)

It ain't light you be seein', but  
darkness of the darkest sort...

Peering deep into the bottle, the flashes are revealed as  
lightning bolts. A storm rages inside this bottle!

Moving deeper into the bottle reveals a house -- buffeted by  
the storm -- somehow trapped inside the most violent snow-  
globe ever conceived.

TANIS (V.O.)

...and this tale be called...  
"Message in a Bottle."

SUPER: MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

And moving ever deeper into the recesses of the bottle, the  
green glass finally disappears...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A thunderstorm rages in the middle of the night. A MAN in  
his mid 40s comes running out of the house carrying a green  
glass bottle filled with various items.

The shutters on the outside of the windows bang and a  
sinister laughing comes from somewhere nearby.

The man gets down on his hands and knees just outside of the  
window, in a garden filled with tomatoes and squash.

He RIPS the tomatoes out of the ground, making room as he  
digs a deep hole into the soil.