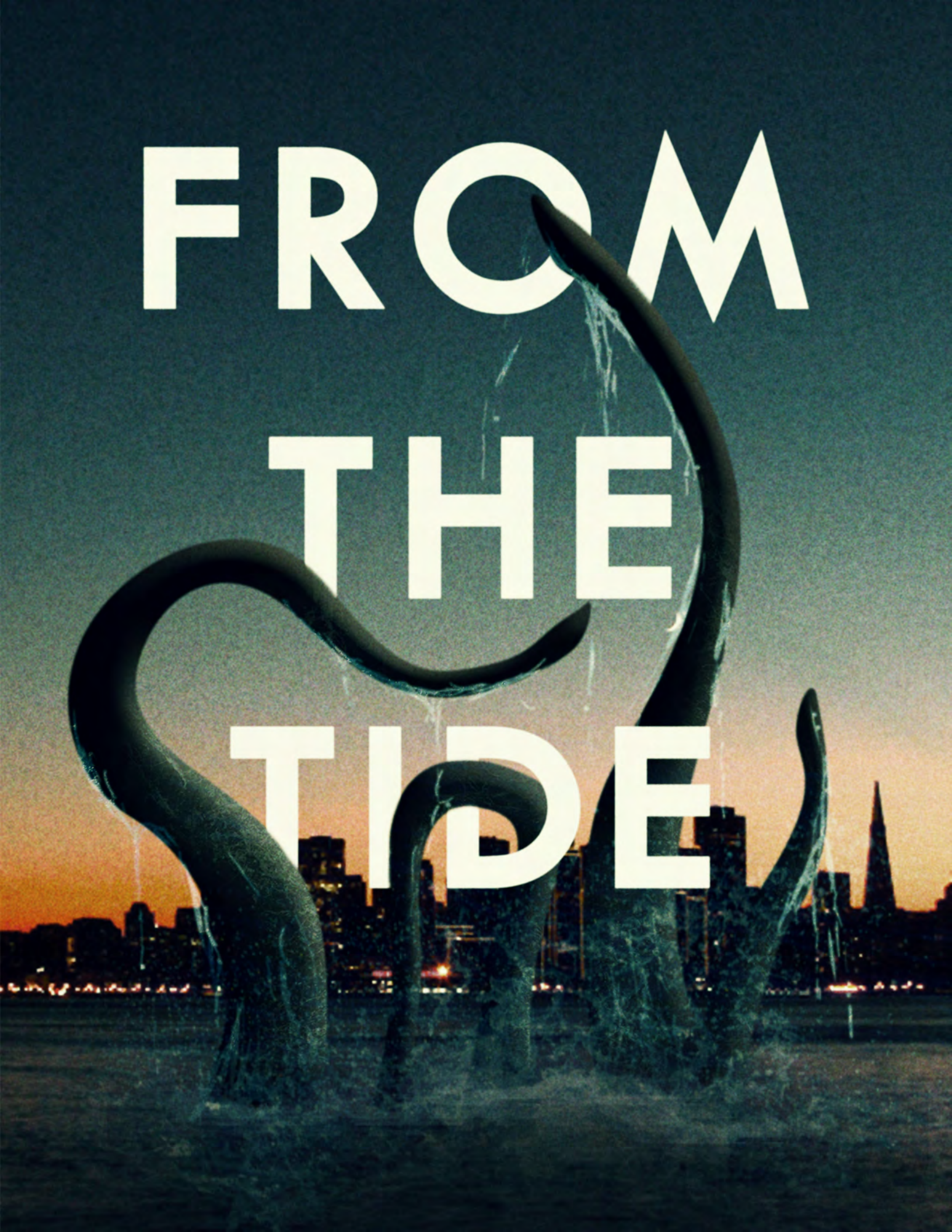


FROM

THE

TIDE



FROM THE TIDE

Written by

Matt Lathrom

FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - DUSK

Water splashes against a black metal hull. A peaceful sea. Stillness in the air.

The strumming of a guitar, a pleasant tune.

A woman sings. Her voice has a soothing raspiness.

LIZ (O.S.)

I see trees of green, red roses
too. I see them bloom, for me and
you.

Pull out to reveal a LIZ (31) sitting on crosslegged on the black metal hull with a guitar. Her eyes closed, absorbed in the song.

Her face covered in grease and soot. She wears a tattered navy uniform.

LIZ

And I think to myself, what a
wonderful world.

The black metal hull extends out 100 feet behind her. A tube extends up out of it. Pull up to reveal it's a large submarine. Half submerged.

Debris, some on fire, floats in the water around. Boats on fire behind Liz, men struggling in the water.

LIZ

I see skies of blue. And cloud of
white. The bright blessed day. The
dark sacred night.

A smoking plane crashes into the water behind her. In the distance, a cityscape.

Half-buildings smoke. Explosions pepper the city.

LIZ

And I think to myself, what a
wonderful world.

At the shore, a giant tentacle, as long as two football fields, trembles, lifts up, wraps around a building. It's suction cups clamp onto the surface. It pulls it self further into the city.

A giant squid, bleeding, smoking, waves it's tentacle around, knocks around tanks, bats off rockets.

A war rages against the monster.

Jets rain down missiles from the sky.

Then, another tentacle, from another creature, rises form the water. Swats the group of jets form the sky. The smoke and fire follows it's tentacle down to shore.

LIZ

Yes I think to myself. What a wonderful world.

FADE OUT.

THE END