

PYRAMIDS

by

(LeVera Sutton)

LeVera Sutton New York, NY

elles1@earthlink.net

PYRAMIDS

FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN PIER - MORNING

A lady is sitting on the edge of a 2 mile pier. Her feet dangle above the ocean's rising tides. She is writing on a pad of paper.

An old Fisherman stands fishing, approximately 25 feet away from her.

FISHERMAN

(Shouting, without  
looking at the lady)

Eh Lady! I wouldn't sit on the edge a  
that ol' piece a salt-eat'n wood, i  
f I was you. All it'd take is one g  
ood tide! Sweep ya right off that e  
dge, there. 'Specially with that b  
ig ol' coat 'cha got on; weigh ya d  
own like an anchor without a ship!

She stops writing, looks up and out to the ocean. She smiles and carefully turns her head towards the old fisherman, so as not to fall over the edge.

THE LADY

(Shouting)

I won't be here that much longer,  
but thanks anyway!

FISHERMAN

Anytime Lady...

She looks out to the water then continues writing.

FISHERMAN (CONT'D)

...Can't cha read them woning signs?!  
Tides due in 'round noon. Spec' ya  
got 'bout thirty minutes 'fo high-  
tide come in 'an swoop ya off that  
edge, like a piece a cotton in a  
Turnada!

He casts his line into the ocean.

Exasperated by his interruption, she giggles and shakes her head slowly.

## THE LADY

Like I said Sir, I won't be here much longer...just long enough to put a message in a bottle, then I'll be on my way.

The Old Fisherman shakes his head in disgust. Checks his line.

We see her reading her completed message.

## THE LADY (CONT'D)

Hi! It's just me. Is there anybody out there? I wonder who will find this bottle with my message in it?...

She folds her message with the print showing outwardly and places it in a glass-corked bottle.

## THE LADY (CONT'D)

Who am I? Too long for details, now, but I will say that I am really tired. I'm so mentally drained, right now, I'm incapacitated, physically. Incapacitated so much, I couldn't continue even if I wanted to and thus, I don't want to -- anymore. You ever get caught up in that vicious cycle?...

After placing the message in the bottle, she replaces the cork lid, then seals it with crazy glue.

## THE LADY (CONT'D)

Anyway, just thought I'd get a "real" true feeling for putting a message in a bottle; if I could actually come out here -- on the edge. Not too many people out here, on the edge. I must admit, it is pretty scary, and yet, exciting! Oh well, enough!

## FISHERMAN

(Shouting)

Eh Lady? Don't mean ta pesta ya, but aian't nobody out here but you, me an' the 'gulls. Now if you were ta accidentally fall off that ol' salt-eaten ledge or a high-tide gits ya, it's a 2 mile stretch from there ta shore, and I'm an ol' man that runs slower than a snail with irritated hemorrhoids!

She, carefully, turns around, again.

## THE LADY

I'm almost finished. I really do appreciate your concern, though...  
 (she smiles)  
 ...thank you!

She gathers her possessions.

## THE LADY (CONT'D)

Whoever finds this bottle, my name is Sunny O'Day. I know it sounds funny, but per my Father, I was conceived on the beach, on a sunny day. You know, I have a phone book full of numbers. People call me with their needs, wants, problems, etcetera...and yet when it's my turn...

(She begins to button her coat)

...they don't reciprocate. Why? Because they can't help me and rather than have them feel inadequate, again, I've decided to just put a message in a bottle. Even Pyramids wear down.

We see tears streaming down her face. She looks hard at the bottle, then carefully throws it out to sea. She turns to check on the old Fisherman. He's gone.

## THE LADY (CONT'D)

Maybe he had to use the bathroom and ran, after all!

She laughs out loud.

She firmly plants the palms of her hands on either side of her, looks out onto the ocean, sighs, then hurls herself into the ocean.

INT. UNDERWATER - DAY

She is sinking fast (face up) as she fights the urge to breath. We then see her body relax then go limp, and slowly turns face down.

## THE LADY (V.O.)

I feel so sleepy...Ooh! Lights!  
 Pretty shimmering, colorful lights!

She sees; an array of colorful dotted lights, ascending towards her -- it is the tailfin of a giant Merman.

## THE LADY (CONT'D)

Hey! Wait a minute...Oh my God!  
 (MORE)

THE LADY (CONT'D)  
 It's God! Coming for me! I'm in big  
 trouble!...

In the background, there are other, smaller, Mermen,  
 ascending, and other people, sinking.

She sees the giant Merman, in plain view. It is the old  
 Fisherman, with a crown of jewels on his head. He also has  
 a very muscular body.

THE LADY (CONT'D)  
 Oh no!...Wait a minute! God's got  
 a...He's got on a colorful skirt...No!  
 That's not a skirt, it's his big  
 tailfin! Tailfin?! I MUST be dead!

FISHERMAN (V.O.)  
 (In a loud thunderous  
 voice)  
 No! No skirt! Nor is it your time --  
 yet!

THE LADY (V.O.)  
 (Pitifully)  
 But I'm so, so tired!

The Merman catches her lifeless body, in one big muscular  
 arm, and cradles her body like a baby.

He faces upward, ascending to the surface. He holds her  
 corked bottle in his other hand.

FISHERMAN (V.O.)  
 (With kind authority)  
 Even Pyramids tire and yet they stand  
 to teach -- infinitum.

In the background, other Mermen, without crowns, are catching  
 lifeless bodies, while allowing others to fall.

THE LADY (V.O.)  
 Help them!...You guys aren't catching  
 all of them.

He ignores her cries, keeping his face upwards.

We see his mighty tailfin undulating, propelling them upwards.

EXT. OCEAN PIER - DAY

A YOUNG MAN stands staring out into the ocean, at the ocean's  
 end of a 2 mile pier.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 Your on the edge, young man!  
 (MORE)

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Why don't you come over here and  
 help an old lady hook her bait?

YOUNG MAN  
 (Angrily)  
 Look Lady! I'm tired of you bugging  
 me! Just leave me the hell alone!

The old lady stands 25 feet from him. She casts her fishing line into the ocean.

A closer look reveals that the voice belongs to The Lady, now aged. She has a fishing pole in one hand and another fishing line leaning against the pier banister.

THE LADY  
 You WILL be alone, AND in hell, if  
 you get any closer to that ledge!  
 Here...

She takes off her coat and throws it down, towards him.

THE LADY (CONT'D)  
 At least take my coat -- it's cold  
 out here!...Hey, wait! I got  
 something big on my other line,...

She grabs the other line and struggles with both.

THE LADY (CONT'D)  
 ...and I can't let go of this  
 one...Help me! Well, don't just  
 stand there! Either grab a line or  
 put on the coat!...Do SOMETHING!

The young man stands frustrated. He looks at her, then the ocean.

THE LADY (CONT'D)  
 (Angrily)  
 Dammit! Do something!

As if to dare him, she holds her fishing pole out to him.

The young man stares at her, angrily, then throws up his hands, exasperated, and runs to aid her.

As he runs towards her, we can see two giant hands, on either side of the ledge of the pier, behind him, as well as a giant gold crown, slowly, sinking beneath the ledge of the pier. A giant, colorful tailfin flips up, above the edge of the pier, then descends.

FADE OUT.

THE END