

SHIT CREEK

by

Ron Cecchini

RonCecchini@comcast.net

BLACKNESS.

INT. A LARGE BOX - DAY

A PAIR OF EYES, flutter open, squint.

A middle-aged MAN'S FACE, bloodied and beaten up.

POV: A bright multicolored kaleidoscope fills his vision.

The Man lies on the floor of a ten foot box. A cloth draped over the box rustles in the wind and flaps open on a corner. Bright sunlight streams in.

He struggles up to his knees, grimacing with pain. He pulls at the nylon fabric, uncovering his enclosure: A large wicker basket, connected to the fabric by many ropes.

He looks around in silence, not comprehending where he is: The shredded and demolished remains of a hot air balloon.

He looks out from the gondola, and instantly freezes:

EXT. LAVA FIELD - DAY

A rock-strewn, desolate plain of hardened lava flow. A mile away: A VOLCANO belches clouds of smoke and ash.

A LARGE WOODEN CRATE is thirty feet away, also connected to the gondola - but by a much thicker rope.

Something in his pocket... He reaches in and takes out: A folded PIECE OF PAPER and a VOICE RECORDER.

He unfolds the paper:

A satellite photo of a volcanic island, labeled "Krakatoa". An arrow points to the blackened southern tip: "You are here."

He clicks "play" on the recorder. An electronic voice speaks:

ELECTRONIC VOICE (V.O.)
You should now know where you are.
The why is not important. Instead,
three things. One, an eruption is
imminent. Two, in the crate is a
satellite phone, its battery set to
expire at one p.m. And three --

He looks at his watch: "12:37" and jumps from the basket.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
-- also in the crate: a Bengal tiger.
A scared and hungry Bengal tiger.

He stops in his tracks. A bloodcurdling ROAR erupts from the crate - just as the island starts to shake and rumble...