

THE STORYTELLER
(Final Draft)

Screenplay By:
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Based On The Original Poem By:
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FADE IN:

A DARK ROOM

All around is BLACK. In the middle of this SPACE is a little girl with curly blond hair in a blue dress with white polka dots, we shall call her NIECE. She sits in front of a television set with alien-like antennae twisted in all directions. On the set is SNOW, or at least, that's what we see, what ever she sees, she's enjoying.

A tall, thin, ancient man wearing a suit with long coat-tails enters frame. This is the one we shall call STORYTELLER.

STORYTELLER

Watching television, my niece? That simply won't do.

He walks over to the set and switches it off with a long and bony finger. Niece looks up at him.

STORYTELLER

I'll say my piece. It's a wretched thing to view.

As he continues talking Niece sadly motions with outstretched hands for the television to come back on.

STORYTELLER

A child your age should be out at play. Imagination is far more useful than staring at pictures all day.

Storyteller sits on top of the television and folds his arms importantly.

STORYTELLER

Or perhaps a good story is just what you need. Although, I forgot you're still learning to read. But that's just fine, I'll tell you one of mine. Which one would you like?

CAMERA travels OVER and past Storyteller into DARKNESS as we

FADE THROUGH BLACK:

A wooden CHAIR sits in the dark with a light shining down on it. Its detailed engraving gives the appearance that the chair has eyes, angry eyes.

(CONTINUED)

STORYTELLER

(V.O.)

Perhaps the one of the man-eating
chair?

The back of the chair SPLITS OPEN turning into a gaping
sharp wooden MOUTH. A long, red, tongue SNAPS out and lashes
at CAMERA. It grabs on and pulls us towards the chair. The
mouth opens WIDER and CAMERA falls through.

STORYTELLER

(V.O.)

Digesting you slowly in it's hot,
wooden snare.

Flames ERUPT around us and die down quickly as we

DISSOLVE TO:

A wicked looking CLOCK with crooked hands and blocky spirals
instead of numbers. In front of it sits CRAZY MAN, whose
mouth is hanging wide open, his black hair spiked, his eyes
wide, skin is pale. Something has scared him badly.

STORYTELLER

(V.O.)

Or maybe about the hypnotic clock.
Drawing you in with each TICK, and
each TOCK.

As he says "TICK" and "TOCK" CAMERA changes to

ANOTHER ANGLE

The clock as the hands click pointing DIRECTLY TOWARDS
CAMERA.

ANGLE BACK ON CRAZY MAN.

STORYTELLER

(V.O.)

Before finally your eyes simply
POP!

CRAZY MAN'S eyes suddenly roll out of their sockets as
CAMERA ZOOMS into CRAZY MAN'S empty, black, left eye-socket.

FADE THROUGH BLACK:

A GRAVEYARD

A man sits by a large headstone in the shape of a Gothic cross with the name "LUCY" etched in the front. The man we will call the WIDOWER. WIDOWER sits leaning against the gravestone with his back turned on the grave itself. He is depressed and rests his head in his hands with his elbows supported by his knees.

STORYTELLER

(V.O.)

Or of the man who lived with his
wife even after she passed.

As Storyteller says his next line, we see a SKELETAL HAND reaching above the ground for freedom.

STORYTELLER

(V.O.)

Until one cold night when she came
back at last.

Suddenly a SKELETON jumps up behind WIDOWER and GRABS HIM!

FADE THROUGH BLACK:

Storyteller looks down at NIECE who stares up at him with terrified eyes.

STORYTELLER

So, my dear niece, I've given you a
choice of three. Tell me now, which
one shall it be?

POV: NIECE

As Storyteller extends his hand towards her inviting her suggestion.

FADE OUT

THE END