

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - DUSK

The sky is painted with soft hues of orange and pink as the sun begins to set over a vast, endless ocean.

The wind carries the salty tang of the sea. Waves gently crash against the rocks below, creating a soothing rhythm.

A woman stands alone at the edge of the cliff, her hair whipping in the wind. She's staring out at the horizon, as if searching for something. She's holding a message in a bottle, turning it over in her hands.

FLASHBACK

EXT. SAME CLIFF - DAY

The scene is vibrant, full of life. EMMA and MATT, both in their late 20s, sit together on the rocks, laughing.

The bottle between them is half-filled with sand, water, and small notes. They sit side by side.

Matt smiles and playfully nudges Emma.

MATT

You're never gonna throw it in, are you?

EMMA

Maybe I will, but only if you promise you'll never read what I put inside.

MATT

It's a deal.

They seal the bottle, then stand together and walk toward the water.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - DUSK (PRESENT DAY)

EMMA looks down at the bottle in her hands, the faint glow of the sunset reflecting off the glass. She begins to speak, but her voice is soft—almost a whisper.

EMMA

I wish you'd never gone.

Her fingers brush against the bottle's opening, but she doesn't release it. She steps back.

FLASHBACK

EXT. SAME CLIFF - NIGHT

The scene is quieter, more intimate now. Emma and Matt are lying back on the rocks, looking up at the stars. The night sky is clear, full of stars.

MATT

Do you think we'll always be like this?

EMMA

I don't know... I hope so.

They turn toward each other, their eyes meeting in silence. Both look like they want to say something. Instead, they turn back to the sky.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - DUSK (PRESENT DAY)

The wind picks up, tugging at her clothes, but Emma doesn't move. She stands, frozen. She looks at the bottle, debating.

EMMA

What if it's too late?

A single tear falls down her cheek. She finally lifts the bottle, ready to release it into the sea. But before she can, she hears a voice behind her.

MATT (V.O.)

You never did throw it in.

Emma turns, surprised. Matt stands at the top of the cliff, some distance away, watching her. He's older now. Their eyes lock. The ocean roars in the background.

EMMA

How did you—

MATT

I never really left. They stand there, in silence.

EMMA

I thought you were gone.

Matt walks toward her slowly, each step measured. He's not rushing. He reaches her and stops, looking at the bottle in her hand.

MATT  
You still have it?

Emma nods but doesn't speak and Matt reaches for the bottle, their fingers brushing briefly. He takes the bottle from her, holding it in his hand.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I was afraid you'd let it go.

EMMA  
I've been holding onto it for years.

There's another pause, but this one feels softer, less painful. The weight of the silence is different now. Not as heavy.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
But maybe it is time we let it go.

He steps toward the edge of the cliff, holding the bottle over the ocean. Emma follows, standing next to him. They both look out at the horizon, where the last bit of daylight is fading, replaced by the soft purple of twilight.

MATT  
We can let it go... but that doesn't mean it was a mistake.

EMMA  
No. It was never a mistake.

The bottle slips from his hands, falling slowly toward the sea. As it sinks, the sound of the waves grows louder. The finality of the gesture is undeniable.

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - NIGHT

The moon now hangs high, reflecting on the ocean. Emma and Matt stand together, not speaking, but the air between them feels different.

The ocean, endless and eternal, continues its rhythm—carrying away the words that had once been too heavy to say.