

E S P I R I D I O N

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The SOUND OF WAVES.

FADE IN:

White, glowing lines swirl and form the shape of a HYPERCUBE below the dark ocean surface. A massive wave crashes.

CUT TO BLACK.

Title Card:

Superstring Definition of the 4th Dimension:

All time envisioned as one moment in a sea of existence.

FADE IN:

INT. CARGO SHIP (CREW QUARTERS) - NIGHT 1944

Lit by a faint, flickering light bulb and crammed into a narrow corner, there are two swinging hammocks. A pair of somber and navy men sleep, strapped in.

WILL (20's) turns over. His strong, bare arm dangles from the hammock. A red, white and blue rubber ball slips from his thick fingers.

Will tremors in his sleep, then wakes with a start. He sees the rubber ball bounce away into the darkness.

Silently, he steps out of the hammock. His body is slow and sleepy. He drags his feet to the edge of the lit room.

A subtle green glimmer drifts through the darkness ahead.

Will's eyes go wide, perplexed. He tip-toes back, eyes locked on the dark hallway that opens up into their narrow room.

He reaches behind him and taps his shipmate, JACK (30's), who sleeps peacefully, rocked by the ship's motion.

Jack snores.

Will taps Jack's arm again, harder.

WILL
(whispered)
Jack.

Jack SNORTS awake. His voice cracks.

JACK
What?

WILL
I saw something.

JACK
What?

WILL
I saw something.

Jack is not interested, but feigns concern.

JACK
What did you see?

Will moves around behind Jack's hammock and stares deeper into the darkness. He is a mix of excitement and fear.

WIL
Them. You know. I think I saw *them*.

Jack SIGHS.

WILL
They're here, Jack. I'm telling you. They never left. They've been here since that night.
(beat)
He drove an axe into his wife's skull and--

A CREAK sounds, common for an old ship, but Will goes silent.

JACK
Yeah, yeah. And then he threw himself overboard. It's just a ghost story.

WILL
No it's not. It's for real. Why else would we be on a civilian fishing boat?

JACK
Lots of people donate to the war effort to help the supply runs.

WILL
No way. They found this thing floating at sea, all blood stained and the cargo hold untouched. He murdered her, and killed himself.

Jack loses his patience.

JACK

Fine. You're right. So let's call ourselves lucky that they're the dead ones and allow ourselves a few more hours of shut-eye, alright?

Jack calls out to the hallway.

JACK (CONT'D)

So keep it down, Mister Murder and Misses Murder Victim. Not all of us get to enjoy the peace and quiet of an eternal sleep!

Suddenly, the rubber ball bounces back at them.

It rolls under Jack's hammock and stops at Will's feet.

Both men become very still, their eyes following the ball. Neither of them dare to move.

There is a WHISPER.

Together they gawk into the darkness, hairs on end and alert.

WILL

(beat)
Hello?

There is no reply.

Jack squints and listens carefully. Behind him, Will kneels down and takes the ball in hand.

He rolls it over in his palm.

WILL (CONT'D)

(to self)
It's cold.

Will holds it up for Jack to see.

Jack turns and simply shrugs, as if saying: "Why not?"

Will takes a deep breath and tosses the ball over the hammock; watching as it bounces off toward the darkness.

The ball makes its way across the uneven wooden floor. As it rolls along it begins to form smudges and pock marks, aging.

The now battered looking rubber sphere finally rolls to a stop, bumping up against the toe of someone's leather shoe.

A ghostly green hand pulls it into the darkness.

At the far end of the dimly lit and narrow hall, Will SCREAMS and Jack falls from his hammock.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM CARGO SHIP (CREW QUARTERS) - NIGHT 2014

Camcorder Viewfinder POV: A ghastly green night-vision image of the small room reveals a swinging hammock and two blurred, flickering shapes on screen.

TIM (O.S.)

OH MY GOD! Did you see that???

TIM (50's), absolutely stunned, lowers his hand-held camera and motions to his wife, KATE (50's), who stands on the verge of a full-out panic attack.

KATE

TIM! Let's GO! I don't want to be here anymore!!!

TIM

No! Kate! Did you see that? Did you see it?!? I got it on tape!

KATE

I don't care! We have to go! They don't want us here!

TIM

Of course they do. They have unfinished business! They need us! Please, hun. This is why we came.

KATE

We came for a story!

TIM

(excited)

And BOY do we have one! I saw them. The pair of sailors. Brothers lost at sea. It was them!

Kate backs her way out into the hall.

KATE

Then let's go! They went insane, Tim! Remember? They threw each other overboard. If it's them, what are they gonna do to us? I believe you, okay? I just want to go now.

A crack of thunder weakens the couple's knees. The married couple fall instantly silent.

KATE (CONT'D)
(whispered)
Let's go.

A sharp CREAKING sound comes from the crew quarters. Kate grabs her husband by the arm.

Tim eyes the aged rubber ball in his hand, intrigued by the object. Hesitantly, he concedes and slides past Kate.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM CARGO SHIP (NARROW HALLWAY) - NIGHT 2014

As they reach the deck ladder, Tim looks back to his wife.

TIM
Are you sure you wanna go?

A flicker of green light appears in the darkness behind Kate.

Tim raises his night-vision camera and shoves past her toward the darkened opening of a Mess Area.

Kate, furious, rubs her arms for warmth.

KATE
Where are you going???

There is a flash of green lightening.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM CARGO SHIP (MESS AREA) - NIGHT 2014

Camcorder Viewfinder POV: The tiny mess area, mid-way down the narrow hall, is full of wax fruit and fake appliances.

A small window is open to the outside museum floor.

Tim looks around, disappointed.

The shiny apples and plastic rib-eye steaks that sit on a small wooden table slowly turn from juicy red into rotten, fly-ridden waste.

INT. CARGO SHIP (MESS AREA) - NIGHT 1944

JACK'S POV: A real-life and filthier version of the abandoned fruit and worn appliances crowd the space.

Jack stands close to his rattled looking brother, who puffs desperately on a cigarette.

There is a cold silence between them.

JACK

(beat)

We've been at sea for too long.

Will eyes Jack sideways, not buying the excuse. The cigarette shakes in his fingers.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's making us see things.

A WHISPER escapes from the narrow hall. Both men turn toward the dark, long, ominous hallway.

WILL

Sure. It's all in our heads.

THUNDER.

Will drops his cigarette and Jack ducks instinctively from the explosion-like sound.

Will stamps out the butt and picks up a kerosene lantern from the kitchen table. He lights it and enters the narrow hallway once again, with Jack in tow.

JACK

This is Bullshit.

CUT TO:

INT. CARGO SHIP (NARROW HALL) - NIGHT 1944

The brothers step cautiously through the dark.

WILL

...Hello?...

Their shadows leap along the wooden walls as the warm lantern's light becomes...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MUSEUM CARGO SHIP (NARROW HALL) - NIGHT 2014

...A heavy flashlight beam. The cold light sweeps along the ship's pale wooden surfaces.

Tim holds his flashlight in one hand and a palm recorder in the other. Kate follows closely behind him, features hard. She clings to the night-vision camcorder in her own hand.

Tim shivers, then stops abruptly.

TIM
You feel that?

Kate shakes her head, beyond nervous.

Her husband presses the rewind button on his recording device and then presses PLAY.

The sound is mostly static.

Tim cranks the volume and a faint, distorted VOICE sounds.

MUFFLED VOICE
...H--e-l---l-o?...

Kate turns pale. Tim smirks.

Kate spins on her heels and darts back down the narrow hall.

TIM
Kate!

Tim chases after her. He accidentally elbows a vintage axe, which is hung nailed to the wall.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CARGO SHIP (NARROW HALL) - NIGHT 1944

The axe drops with a CLANG. It lands inches from Will's feet.

Will SCREAMS. The kerosene lamp swings light around the hall.

Jack backs up against the opposite wall, frazzled.

THUNDER, followed by a flash of lightning, illuminates the GREEN FEATURES of Tim's fleeing and disembodied head.

Will, horrified beyond belief, escapes.

JACK
Will!!!

The ship's wooden textures shift and morph around Will as he runs, becoming glossy and lighter in color. Vanishing from the feet up, Will completely disappears as he reaches...

INT. MUSEUM CARGO SHIP (NARROW HALL) - NIGHT 2014

TIM (O.S.)

Kate!

Kate stands horrified at the end of the corridor. A blast of cold air hits her square in the face.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM (MAIN SHIP GALLERY) - NIGHT 2014

Kate's bloodcurdling SCREAM echoes out in the vast Maritime Museum where a lonely cargo ship, The Espiridion, rests.

The boat is propped up on wide, wooden moors. A large window silhouettes the small vessel with another lightening flash.

INT. MUSEUM (CARGO SHIP - DECK ENTRANCE) - NIGHT 2014

Kate climbs up and out of a deck hatch and storms toward the exit. Tim is right behind her.

TIM

C'mon Kate! You were the one who wanted to come here!

KATE

Now I'm the one who wants to leave!

Tim caresses Kate's arm as she is held up by the small metal NO EXIT gate that leads to a walkway off of the ship.

She pushes him back.

KATE (CONT'D)

I can't handle this, okay? Ghost *STORIES* are one thing... But *REAL* ghosts-- Totally different.

TIM

Well, I'm not leaving. These young men need their story told...

(beat)

And I've got the car keys. Enjoy walking home in the rain, my dear.

Kate, absolutely shaking, stares her husband down.

INT. MUSEUM CARGO SHIP (CREW QUARTERS) - NIGHT 2014

A flash of light.

Tim snaps a few photos of the space with a Polaroid camera.

THUNDER.

Startled, Tim holds the last picture tightly to his chest.

His eyes wander everywhere. He shouts.

TIM

Honey? You okay out there?

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM (CARGO SHIP - ABOVE DECK) - NIGHT 2014

Kate paces across the deck, rightfully pissed.

KATE

Fuck you! I want a divorce!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MUSEUM CARGO SHIP (CREW QUARTERS) - NIGHT 2014

Tim breathes heavily.

TIM

She's okay... You're okay...
Everyone is okay.

Tim holds up the picture. His jaw drops.

POLAROID PICTURE: The vague outline of JACK holding an axe.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARGO SHIP (NARROW HALL) - NIGHT 1944

Jack, holding the axe, makes his way down the hall. He stops at the ladder to the upper deck. Will traces his steps.

WILL

Where are you going?

JACK

Radio out a distress, Will. I don't believe in ghosts. But there's someone on this ship.

(beat)

I'm checking the deck.

Jack forces open the above hatch. The sound of a RAGING OCEAN bursts in. Stark lightning illuminates Will's face.

WILL

Jack? Be careful!

INT. MUSEUM FLOOR (MAIN GALLERY) - NIGHT 2014

Kate stands beneath the ship.

DRIP, DRIP.

Kate follows the dripping sound over to the underside of the Espiridion's massive wooden hull. She touches its surface.

The ship is cold and dripping wet.

INT. CARGO SHIP (RADIO ROOM) - NIGHT 1944

Will, haggard, sits in front of a bulky transistor radio; he takes up the microphone. There is a thick pulse of STATIC.

A full on WEATHER STORM rolls outside.

WILL

Mayday! Mayday. Mayday.

Suddenly, the radio goes SILENT.

Will freezes, then looks around the small space, confused. Even the movements of his body make no sound.

A POLAROID FLASH briefly reveals a man standing in the room.

Will jumps up, races out of the radio room, and in a frantic run makes his way towards the nearby toilet.

CUT TO:

INT. CARGO SHIP (TOILET ROOM) - NIGHT 1944

Will splashes water on his face while pressing one hand against the mirror to keep himself from fainting. Tilting his head up, he looks for his own reflection.

Staring back, with a hand pressed to Will's own, is TIM.
On either side of the window in time, the men are aghast.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM CARGO SHIP (NARROW HALL) - NIGHT 2014

Tim leaps backward out of the bathroom.

Terrified, he picks up the axe and heads for the deck ladder.

EXT. CARGO SHIP (DECK ENTRANCE) - NIGHT 1944

The door hatch flies open.

WILL

Jack!

Massive LIGHTENING STRIKES reveal GIANT WAVES.

Will looks up into the storm clouds.

He is barely able to see through the stinging sea spray and raging wind.

Jack joins his brother, his big arms wrapped around a safety rope. He follows Will's gaze up into the ominous sky.

LIGHTNING.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM (CARGO SHIP - ABOVE DECK) - NIGHT 2014

LIGHTNING.

Menacing storm clouds roll outside the museum's large windows and high glass ceiling.

Tim darts along the ship's deck, while leaning over one side.

TIM

Kate! Kate!

The ceiling glass cracks.

KATE (O.S.)

Tim?

CRASH OF THUNDER.

The rain outside the Museum walls falls more heavily.

EXT. CARGO SHIP (ABOVE DECK) - NIGHT 1944

An absolutely massive ocean wave CRASHES into the ship. Jack and Will are thrown to the side of the boat like rag-dolls.

The safety lines fly loose.

Jack searches wildly for his brother.

In a rush of icy water, Will slips overboard.

At the very last second, Jack grabs him by the wrist.

The Espiridion is slammed by another wave and lurches. Both men are tossed into RAGING OCEAN.

LIGHTNING.

INT. MUSEUM (CARGO SHIP - ABOVE DECK) - NIGHT 2014

LIGHTNING.

A flickering green silhouette SLAMS into Tim.

Tim drops the axe.

It falls from the ship deck, high above the Museum's floor, and thrusts itself deep into Kate's skull.

She collapses, bloody.

Tim SCREAMS and falls from his perch.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSEUM (MAIN GALLERY) - NIGHT 2014

The Espiridion sways on the moors that hold it aloft.

The greenish ceiling glass shatters and the rain falls in.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT 1944

The Espiridion is tossed around like a toy on the sea.

The clouds churn. The sky turns a sickly green.

EXT. MUSEUM (MAIN GALLERY) - NIGHT 2014

The moors CRACK and the boat collapses to the museum floor.
The married couple are crushed beneath its weight.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT 1944

The tiny ship is turned on its side by a huge, curling wave.
The navy men drown and are lost at sea.

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT 2014

The museum is quiet. The storm fades and the clouds clear.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT 1944

The ocean is calm.

Nothing but the gentle SOUND OF WAVES.

FADE TO BLACK.

Title Card:

Water is a fourth dimensional construct. It changes in state,
but never form. A universal constant, it transcends the
dimensions of space and time. It is liquid spirit.

Most matter exists in temporal form. Therefore, it is only in
death that we may see beyond our limited perceptions and
hope to comprehend the actual nature of existence.

The sea is forever. We are the ghosts.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.