



GHOSTHEAD

written by m.lathrom

GHOSTHEAD

Written by

Matt Lathrom

matt@mlathrom.com
writtenby.mlathrom.com

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Workbenches, hanging robotic parts, scattered cables, blinking machines. All shrouded in darkness. A work light shines down on the main show:

A thick, glass sphere large enough to fit over a head. Metal rods protrude from the back half of it, pointing inward. Wires run down the back from the rods.

The sphere is empty.

A loud CHINK, then a humming of electricity, like a generator switched on. White lasers on the inner tips of the rods shine inward to the center of the sphere. They intersect to create a white core of light.

Distortions, like heat ripples bend the light, shake the core. The ripples form a churning white gas.

Faces, man and woman, bubble up from the gas, morph into one another. Some smile, some yell in agony, some in ecstasy.

CLOSE ONE A HAND. It adjusts a dial, tunes the apparition.

A man's voice emerges as if from a deep well. Confused, frantic moans, like someone shaken awake from a dream, finding their way in the dark.

CLOSE ON THE HAND. Twists the dial to a stop.

VOICE

Where am I? I can't see.

A man's face dominates the cloud. The gas settles into a gentle man's face. A white ghost. It looks around, unbound by a neck. Up, down, around.

This ghost is CHARLIE (38).

The ghost head glows at the eyes. A persistent soft hum inside the glass.

WOMAN (O.S.)

It's okay. Everything's okay. You should be able to see now.

The ghost head spins to the front. Focuses on something. It's expression strained with fear and confusion.

CHARLIE

Ye-yes. I think I can. There's something in my head. I can't--

WOMAN (O.S.)

Do you recognize me, Charlie?

This questions calms Charlie. Focuses him.

CHARLIE

Charlie... I am charlie.

RAE (37) sits across from the the ghost in a jar. She has short, brown hair, styled for easy maintenance. She wears dirty workshop clothes. Her inquisitive eyes inspect the manifestation.

CHARLIE

And you are Rae. Rae? Rae, oh my god. What's happening to me, baby? What's happening--

Rae lights up at his realization.

RAE

I'm here, honey. I'm here. Everything's okay now.

CHARLIE

I can't feel my body. I can't feel anything.

RAE

Honey, listen to me. You don't have a body anymore. Remember back. What was the last thing you remember?

CHARLIE

I don't have a... last thing? I-- I don't know. Can you hear the voices?

His head whips around in search of an answer.

RAE

Remember, Charlie.

He freezes.

CHARLIE

I... I died.

Wisps of smoke leak from his eyes.

RAE

But I found you.

CHARLIE

I don't like this. I can't see anything, I can feel any--

RAE

You can see though. I built it so you can--

CHARLIE

It's not like seeing. It's like... remembering. Like looking at you in my thoughts. It's like I'm trapped in my mind. I hear voices and... I can't...

Rae's gaze turns uncertain as the moment reels around in her mind.

She leans over. Reaches to a valve on the base of the sphere. The sphere's base is unseen.

RAE

Trust me. You're going to feel something. Like a rush of adrenaline.

Charlie nods.

She twists the valve.

Some of the white gas, some of Charlie, sucks down into the base of the glass sphere. Charlie gasps as it releases into

A neck, arms, legs, a metallic mechanical body with clear tubes running through it like main arteries. The white gas fills the clear tubes.

CLOSE ON THE HAND. It twitches as the white gas runs through the tubes.

CHARLIE

I can feel.

Rae smiles. The body part move, twitch.

Charlie lifts his arm. He laughs in shock of what can do.

CHARLIE

Baby it's amazing. I can feel everything.

RAE

You have nerves. You have a body.
The closest thing I could build
anyway. Maybe you can pick up that
old Strat of yours.

Charlie chuckles.

Charlie grips the arms of the metal seat he sits in. He
lifts himself up.

Rae rises, backs up to give him space.

He wobbles a bit. Stabilizes. Takes his first step.

Charlie steps in front of Rae, reaches his arm out, touches
her face. She leans into his touch. Smiles.

His hand curls, then twitches in strain.

She backs up.

Another face bubbles up from Charlie's face. It screams.

RAE

What's happening? Charlie, are you
okay, honey?

CHARLIE

Can you hear that?

Charlie grabs his head, falls to his knees.

A third face bubbles up. The faces compete for dominance.
Churning and spinning in the sphere.

CHARLIE

They're in my head. I can hear
them.

Rae, panicked, reaches to the valve on Charlie's neck.

Charlie swats her arm away. She grabs her forearm in pain.

RAE

Charlie. I don't know what.

CHARLIE

Let me out. Let me-- I can't be in
here. I can't be in here with them--

The faces scream, screech, overtake Charlie.

Rae hesitates.

Close on the cables attached to the glass sphere.
She lunges for them. Grabs the cables in a handful.
Charlie spins around. Grabs her neck.
The evil faces frown at her. Charlie's face pushes through.

CHARLIE

Do it.

Rae yanks the cables from the head container.
The white light inside extinguishes.
Faces bang against the glass in panic.
The white gas dissipates.
Before it's gone completely, Charlie's face appears in a wisp.

CHARLIE

I'll find you.

The last wisps of gas vanish.
The body topples to the floor.
A clank as the glass hits the ground.
The electrical hum dies.
Rae looms over the experiment. Stares down at it. Her eyes glassy with sadness.
CLOSE ON HER NECK. A small breeze blows her hair. Goosebumps rise on her skin.
Rae shivers. Reaches back.
She smiles as a look of comfort comes over her.

FADE OUT.

THE END