SALT AND STATIC

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A sample script for Scene Sheets

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Sample script: free to use for testing
tomorrowish.dev/scene-sheets

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. HARBOR ROAD - DAWN 1

Fog rolls off the water. A rusted PICKUP TRUCK idles outside a shop with a hand-painted sign: VOSS RADIO REPAIR.

MARA VOSS (30s, sleeves rolled, a soldering burn on one thumb) climbs out with a crate of old radios. BISCUIT, a scruffy terrier, jumps down after her.

MARA
Stay out of the gutter. I mean it.

Biscuit goes straight for the gutter.

2 INT. VOSS RADIO REPAIR - CONTINUOUS 2

Shelves of dead radios. A workbench under a single lamp. Mara sets the crate down and flicks on a SHORTWAVE RECEIVER. Static.

She turns the dial slowly. Static. Static. Then a faint VOICE, there and gone.

MARA
(to herself)
Again?

She grabs a notebook and writes the time: 5:52.

3 EXT. HARBOR ROAD - DAY 3

TEO PARK (16, hoodie, earbuds) skates past the shop on a SKATEBOARD, then doubles back and knocks on the window.

TEO
You open?

MARA (O.S.)
Never.

TEO
Cool.

He comes in anyway.

4 INT. VOSS RADIO REPAIR - DAY 4

Teo drops a cracked phone on the bench.

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TEO
Can you fix this?

MARA
I fix radios.

TEO
A phone is a radio.

MARA
A phone is a radio that thinks it's better than me.

She picks it up anyway. Turns it over. Sighs.

MARA (CONT'D)
Twenty bucks and you sweep.

TEO
Fifteen and I don't.

MARA
Fine.

TEO
Fine.

5 INT. ELI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 5

ELI VOSS (70s, cardigan, hearing aid he refuses to wear) stands over a pot of soup. An old TUBE RADIO on the counter plays a big band tune.

Mara enters with a paper bag of groceries.

ELI
You're late.

MARA
I'm early. You're early.

ELI
Same thing at my age.

She turns the radio down. He turns it back up.

ELI (CONT'D)
That's the only station that still plays music instead of shouting.

MARA
Grandpa, did you ever hear voices on the old marine band? Around six in the morning?

Eli stops stirring.

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ELI
Who told you about that?

6 INT. ELI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 6

A wall of framed photos: a younger Eli on a fishing boat, a LIGHTHOUSE behind him. Eli lowers himself into an armchair.

ELI
Your grandmother kept the light on Gull Point for eleven years. When the keepers left, she kept talking to the boats anyway. Every morning. Six o'clock.

MARA
On the radio.

ELI
On the radio.

MARA
She died in '98.

ELI
I know when she died, Mara.

A long beat.

7 INT. VOSS RADIO REPAIR - NIGHT 7

Rain on the windows. Mara at the bench, headphones on, recording the static onto a CASSETTE DECK.

She plays it back slower. Under the noise: a woman's voice, counting. *Four. Five. Six.*

Mara pulls the headphones off like they burned her.

8 EXT. HARBOR ROAD - NIGHT 8

Rain hammers the road. SFX: heavy rain, wind machine. Mara runs to the PICKUP TRUCK with the cassette deck under her raincoat. She wears a yellow raincoat with the hood up.

Lightning. In the flash, far off on the point, a beam of light sweeps once across the water.

VFX: lighthouse beam, one sweep.

Mara freezes.

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MARA
That's not possible.

9 INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT 9

Wipers losing the fight. Biscuit on the passenger seat, ears flat. Mara drives with one hand, the other turning the truck radio dial.

Static. Then, clear as anything:

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
Gull Point to any vessel. Gull Point to any vessel.

Mara slams the brakes. The truck SKIDS on the wet road and stops inches from a fallen tree.

STUNT: truck skid on wet road, precision driver.

10 INT. ELI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 10

Mara bursts in, soaked. Eli is at the table with a mug and the tube radio, which is silent.

MARA
I heard her. On the truck radio. Clear.

ELI
You heard a recording. Or a prank. Or a fishing boat with a sense of humor.

MARA
She said Gull Point.

Eli puts the mug down very carefully.

ELI
Then somebody's in the lighthouse.

11 EXT. GULL POINT - DAY 11

A narrow causeway of rocks out to the LIGHTHOUSE. Waves slap the stones. Mara and Teo pick their way across with a backpack of tools. Biscuit trots ahead.

TEO
For the record, this is how people die in movies.

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MARA
For the record, you asked to come.

TEO
I asked for a ride home.

12 EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DOOR - DAY 12

A heavy door, chained. The chain is new. The PADLOCK is new.

Teo looks at Mara. Mara looks at the padlock.

MARA
Huh.

TEO
"Huh" is not a plan.

She pulls a pair of BOLT CUTTERS from the backpack.

13 INT. LIGHTHOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY 13

A spiral iron staircase. Rust. Dripping water. Their flashlights bounce off the walls.

Halfway up, a step gives way under Teo. He falls, catches the railing, hangs.

STUNT: Teo slips through a broken step and hangs from the railing. Harness and pads.

MARA
Teo!

She grabs his wrist and hauls him up. They sit on the stairs, breathing hard. Teo's palm is cut and bloody.

TEO
I'm fine. I'm totally fine. I hate this lighthouse.

14 INT. LIGHTHOUSE - LAMP ROOM - DAY 14

The top. Glass on every side, the giant LENS in the middle, dead. But on a folding table: a modern TRANSCEIVER, a car battery, a laptop, and a cheap solar panel wired through the broken window.

The laptop screen shows an audio file on loop: "GULL_POINT_0600.wav".

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TEO
Okay. So it's not a ghost.

MARA
No. It's worse. It's a person.

A FOGHORN sounds from somewhere below. Both of them jump.

15 EXT. GULL POINT - CAUSEWAY - LATER 15

The tide is coming in. The rocks are half under water. Mara, Teo and Biscuit run. A wave breaks over the causeway and soaks them.

16 INT. VOSS RADIO REPAIR - NIGHT 16

Teo's hand bandaged. Mara has the laptop open on the bench, cables everywhere.

MARA
It's on a timer. Six a.m. every day, it plays her voice. Somebody had her old tapes.

TEO
Who keeps a dead woman's radio tapes?

Mara slowly turns to look at the shelf of radios behind her. The oldest one has a label in faded ink: E. VOSS.

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17 INT. ELI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 17

Eli in his armchair. The photos. Mara stands in the doorway with the laptop.

MARA
You put it there.

ELI
(after a long time)
I couldn't climb the stairs anymore. So I paid the Dunleavy boy to carry it up.

MARA
For what?

ELI
So somebody in this town would hear her again.
Gull Point to any vessel,
the light is on, come home.

He sings it quietly, off-key. Mara sits down on the floor next to his chair.

18 EXT. HARBOR - DAY 18

The harbor is busy for once. A small CROWD of townspeople, FISHERMEN, a few TOURISTS, gathers on the dock around a folding table with a PA SPEAKER. A WAITRESS from the diner hands out coffee.

Teo works a mixing board that is mostly duct tape.

19 INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - HARBOR - DAY 19

Mara in the driver's seat, the transceiver on her lap, Eli beside her. Biscuit in the back.

ELI
They'll think I'm a crazy old man.

MARA
You are a crazy old man.

ELI
Fair.

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20 EXT. HARBOR - DOCK - DAY 20

Mara hands Eli a microphone. The crowd goes quiet. Radios on every boat in the harbor crackle.

ELI
(into the mic)
Gull Point to any vessel. This is Eli Voss. My wife used to say this every morning. I'd like to keep saying it, if nobody minds.

A long silence. Then, from one of the boats, a FISHERMAN on his own radio:

FISHERMAN (V.O.)
Copy, Gull Point. We hear you.

Then another. And another. Boats all over the harbor answer.

The radio station from Eli's kitchen starts playing the big band tune over the PA.

MCKENZIE
(a kid, tugging Teo's sleeve)
Can I talk on it too?

TEO
Everybody can.

21 EXT. GULL POINT - LIGHTHOUSE - DUSK 21

From the water: the lighthouse. Somebody has put a work light in the lamp room. It's not the real beam, but it's a light.

22 INT. VOSS RADIO REPAIR - NIGHT 22

Mara at the bench. The shortwave receiver on. Static. She turns the dial. Static.

Then a kid's voice, giggling:

MCKENZIE (V.O.)
Gull Point to any vessel. Is anybody out there? Over.

Mara smiles. She picks up a microphone.

MARA
Copy, Gull Point. I hear you fine.

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FADE OUT.

THE END

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