

ECHOS

Written by

This Writer

For

Simply Script Challenge

(c) 2025

Address: Canada - West Coast  
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EXT. SPACE

A silhouette of a starship against the distant sun. JANE, 32, CHRISSY, 40s, DANA, 20s, in their spacesuits jet towards a derelict ship pushing the dead out of the way as they land.

Chrissy pushes some buttons on her device and looks at the rift in space and time in the distance. Over the space-suit intercom they chat.

CHRISSY

The next time wave will reach us in about 28 minutes. It is mild enough to not endanger us.

Jane examines the damaged hull.

JANE

Enough time to figure out what happened. Just look at these holes. They look like something dissolved or shot out from within the ship.

Dana opens a hatch climbs part way in, stops looks at her teammates with a mischievous smile. Dana SCREAMS arms waving.

DANA

AH AH AH! Somethings got me!

Dana sinks into the ship. Chrissy and Jane drop what they are doing, rush over but they are too late. Dana is gone.

CHRISSY

Dana?

Nothing. They look at each other. Jane peers in warily.

Dana pops out.

DANA

What is taking you so long?

Jane SCREAMS reeling back. Chrissy goes for her side-arm.

CHRISSY

Fuuuck me... you bitch, I nearly shit in my suit!

JANE

That is not funny!

DANA

(laughing)  
Relax.

(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)  
 There's nothing out here but frozen  
 corpses. You should be use to this.

Dana disappears back into the ship.

JANE  
 How did you get in so quickly?

She too drops down into the ship.

DANA  
 I used my passcode and to my  
 surprise it worked.

CHRISSEY  
 That shouldn't be possible.

DANA  
 Don't look a mechanical gift horse  
 in the mouth. I'll take it.

|                                       |     |      |
|---------------------------------------|-----|------|
| CHRISSEY<br>(rolling her eyes)<br>Uh! | Uh! | JANE |
|---------------------------------------|-----|------|

Chrissy drops into the spaceship.

INT. DERELICT SPACESHIP DARK HALLWAY

Beams of light pierces the dark corridor as they cautiously  
 move. They spot a body torn. An unrecognizable shriveled body  
 pushed aside. There is a debris field of red frozen flesh and  
 arms and legs that appear to have torn off.

JANE  
 This isn't right. These are not  
 decompression deaths.

DANA  
 Let's check the logs.

As they make their way through the frozen fleshy floating  
 debris, an alarm sounds on Chrissy's device.

CHRISSEY  
 What the hell! It's early.

A blue field barely visible flashes past. Plasma like  
 tentacles on the floor stirs and disappears into the floor  
 like a sponge soaking up water. They don't notice.

JANE

I don't like this. How much further?

CHRISSEY

That is odd! My device is connecting to the ship.

An image of Chrissy ghost appears in their beam. They double back. The ghost disappears.

DANA

What the fuck was that?!

CHRISSEY

Those are time echos.

A ghost of Jane being pulled apart by the legs, arms and head by these plasma like tentacles appears and fades. They stare in silence.

DANA

Let's leave.

They turn to leave and the ghost of Dana aiming a plasma gun to big for her size. The ghosts points to the terminal menacingly.

JANE

Uh Jane... That's you! Echo's can't hurt us right Chrissy?!

CHRISSEY

They shouldn't.

They watch the ghost of Dana battle holding her own until out of ammo. She uses her side arm but it is ineffective. A massive inverted like octopus who jams their plasma tentacles into Dana. Dana appears to drained and about to implode but explodes into the bloody debris field they walked through.

DANA

I feel sick. We walked through me!

Chrissy connects to the terminal and it comes alive.

JANE

What are you doing? We need to leave now.

CHRISSEY

We need to know what we are up against so shut it!

Ship systems comes online. Terminal recognizes Chrissy. On the terminal view screen, the message reads, "Destroy the ship. Break the cycle. There is no escape... ever. They just keep coming." Message closes with Clementine logo.

JANE

How are we supposed to do that?

CHRISSY

We need to go to the bridge. We are the last of the crew and therefore; bypass the security and initiate the self destruct.

DANA

But we are not this ships crew.

CHRISSY

Yes we are. This is the Clementine. The NEAR future Clementine.

Plasma tentacles emerge from the floor blocking their way back out startling all three. Dana takes off down a different corridor.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

That fucking cowardly cunt! Let's go now.

JANE

But which way is it to the bridge?

CHRISSY

Follow me. We are on the Clementine. The future Clementine.

Lights and control panels flicker as they run down the corridors with a few near misses from the plasma tentacles.

INT. BRIDGE

They rush in only to be surrounded by death as bodies and body parts float lazily. The bridge looks like it was in a fire fight.

CHRISSY

Turn on the distress beacon and I'll set the self-destruct.

Working furiously, Jane initiates the distress beacon and Chrissy enters the codes. A hidden panel opens with a big red button and a count down of 10 minutes. Plasma Tentacles rise and grabs hold of Jane. She SCREAMS.

Chrissy pulls her side-arms and fires. Jane does so as well only to have all four limbs tightly restrained by the probing tentacles. The floor dissolves and tears open beneath Jane.

More rise spearing Jane. With a sudden jerk, her body is torn from her limbs and pulled into the hole. Jane blood curdling screams over the intercom and then... silence.

All teary eyed, she turns to push the red button only to discover that more tentacles appearing through the floor in front of the console where the button is.

Chrissy rushes to the other console and changes the beacon signal from distress to hazard. She slumps awaiting her fate.

Plasma FIRE erupts from the corridor. Dana runs into the bridge firing away her plasma cannon. She has two others strapped to her shoulder. She stops at the hole and fires into it. Shrill SCREAMS from below.

DANA

For Jane!

CHRISSY

(laughing)

Never look a mechanical gift horse  
in the mouth.

Dana tosses a plasma cannon to Chrissy. The cannon drifts to Chrissy and caught.

INT. BRIDGE CLEMENTINE

Bridge is clean and all stations manned by women. ENSIGN, 19, turns to the CAPTAIN, 60s, with concern.

ENSIGN

Captain the distress signal has  
changed to hazard.

CAPTAIN

Disregard the previous command.  
Engage all engines. WE are getting  
them back!

The magnified view screen shows the derelict Clementine starship explode more that a ship that size should. Everything is vapourized and pulled into the closing rift.

Flashing red lights. Background BEEPS. The CREW watch in stunned silence.