

Seabound - Watching Over You (Haujobb mix) Music Video Script

by Wa Conner

0:00 to 0:30

We open on an aerial of a dark, grey, tormented ocean, filled with glaciers of ice. The sun is obscured by the tumultuous storm clouds. The ice glaciers occasionally crack and descend into the dark depths below leaving foamy white caps in their wake.

0:31 to 0:59

We focus in on the lantern lit 18th Century clipper BEYOND FLATLINE who cuts rapidly through the ocean. A forceful wind powers her numerous sails. Her bow bobs fiercely through the rough waves.

1:00 to 1:18

Perched on the deck, Frank Spinath, Master and Captain of BEYOND FLATLINE stands behind the wheel and peers into the endless night. The wind flaps the long tails of his uniform behind him. Torrents of rain and crashing waves soak him with frigid water. He appears to be working at his task with grim determination. The camera pulls in tighter and tighter on his frame, passing slowly over Captain Spinath's left shoulder. His determined left eye is the last image we see before we fade to black.

1:19 to 1:53

A flashback to an aerial shot of a wide, expansive sea that is under safe, blue skies. It is very different from our first establishing shot. It is the same ocean, but now it is calm and inviting. The camera pans down from the fluffy white cumulus clouds to reveal a dock hidden deep within a cove that is surrounded by high, frosted, green moss covered cliffs.

Over the dock now we focus on BEYOND FLATLINE who is in port. She is full of activity, busily being loaded with supplies and goods in preparation for a six month round trip voyage to the New World. Not far from the gangplank we see Captain Spinath in a firm embrace with the love of his life as she makes her final tear-jerking farewells. We zoom in on them. As we do they part until only their hands are held, and then their fingers slide over each other's palms until finally they are just fingertip to fingertip. And then their mutual affection and touch is finally broke by time and space.... (we cut abruptly back to real time on the dark stormy sea)

1:54 to 2:30

The once violent storm has abated but now a thick, dense fog envelopes the ship, making visibility near impossible. They sail onward on slightly less choppy seas, but veer dangerously close to smashing into the hidden obstructions that are just below the surface as the ship's exhausted and weary Captain and crew are distracted by the sudden appearance of the beautiful blue flames that lick languidly at the upper portions of the masts. It is the first time anything like this has occurred on their voyage and they can't help but be fascinated. These magical flames are considered a good omen among the seafarers, and they do seem to be assisting them, guiding the ship and crew to the safest path through the fog. Whenever Captain Spinath turns the wheel and the blue flames dissipate, he quickly corrects until her regained his bearing. There is a palpable

sense of relief from his crew when the flames resume their dance on and around the masts. The continual process of correction is a long and tedious act but rewarding when they emerge from the fog to the safe passage beyond.... We are now seeing the sea and the fog from the crew's point of view and focus on the fog that fills our frame as we slowly fade to black until...

2:31 to 3:44

We cut to a spot out on the sea near their home port. In the lower part of our frame waves crash violently against the thick crags between the ocean and the shore. Dominating the middle and top of the frame we see a very tall and brightly lit lighthouse perched on the same craggy grass moss-covered cliffs that are near the port that we once saw BEYOND FLATLINE previously docked at when she was being supplied. We pan upward from the crags and move in until the bright beacon fills our frame bathing everything within it in white luminescent light. Gradually a dark silhouette of Captain Spinath's beloved emerges from amongst this light. She maintains the same determined posture that Captain Spinath exhibited while captaining the ship. Her knuckles whiten from the firm grip she has on metal railing that runs around the outside of the lighthouse. Her features are completely obscured by the light backing her, this results in a stark contrast to the rotating beaming beacon. Her long, full, dark tresses blow wildly behind her as the storm gathers.

She has lived in this little seaport town her whole life. Everyone in her family has been a shipwright, sailor, or navigator. Her educated intuition knows that this storm will be a bad one, and she can't help but be concerned for her beloved. BEYOND FLATLINE was expected to return weeks ago, but she refuses to let doubt creep in. The long, voluminous white gown she

wears ruffles wildly from the breath of the stormy wind.

On the next cut we are shooting on the same balcony on which she stands, only we are slightly behind and to her left, just enough that we can see her feet and waist occupy the entire right side of the frame. She is bare-footed and appears strangely comfortable with the darkness of the night and the violent sea below. Her gown shimmers brilliantly from the white light pulsing behind her. She silently stands vigil against the elements.

3:44 to 4:38

We cut back to BEYOND FLATLINE, who sails the dark, but calm waters of the sea. Captain Spinath sits at his desk in the Captain's quarters. He opens a drawer and retrieves a sheet of vellum which he carefully spreads open on his desk blotter. He writes in careful and languid strokes with his quill pen pausing frequently to dip the tip into an inkwell located just up and to the right of the document. "We are nearly home now my love." he scrawls in exquisite calligraphy. "Soon we will be re-united." In the letter he recounts to his beloved the violent storm, the mysteriously thick fog, and the blue colored St. Elmo's fire that had buffeted the spirits of the ship's crew. "But", he writes "You are the house I occupy.... You are the only reason why.... I'm still alive.

4:39 to 5:17

repeat chorus imagery in an abbreviated form that makes use of only the strongest of the images.

5:18 to 5:51

We return to BEYOND FLATLINE during the repeat of the chorus. The ship is now within sight of the lighthouse, but a lightning strike has destroyed the mast. Without the sails, the ship lolls and veers uncontrollably. It drifts into the rocks where it is broken into pieces and founders beneath the frigid waves. We cut to the interior of the Captain's quarters, where we see the wax sealed vellum letter floating among the sea water that gushes in from the cracks in the hull as the ship comes apart. Spinath's hand can be seen clutching the floating desk and we fade to darkness....

5:52 to 6:28

We fade up on a sandy beach that stretches endlessly beneath calm blue skies. Our shot cuts to an extreme closeup of one patch of sand where the tide meets the beach. From this position we witness the surf deposit the vellum letter on the sand. Other debris from the wreck is visible on the sand. The bow section of the clipper with the lettering of BEYOND FLATLINE is caught up on the rocks as well and it gradually sinks, swallowed by the maw of the ocean.

6:28 to 6:55

Spinath's beloved, still clad in her gown paces barefoot along the sandy beach and retrieves the letter from the sand. She reads the letter.

6:56 to 7:11

As Spinath's beloved finishes reading the letter we see a sandy covered hand touch her forearm and drift down toward her hand. She turns to face the weary but familiar face of her beloved,

Captain Spinath. They embrace in the same pose as when we first saw them before BEYOND
FLATLINE had departed for her maiden voyage.

THE END