



D E C K

# SPIRITS IN A MATERIAL WORLD

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A CHRISTMAS MYSTERY

# SPIRITS IN A MATERIAL WORLD

*A Christmas Mystery*



COLIN QUASHIE

Screenplay adapted from the novel:  
**'Spirits in a Material World'**

by Colin Quashie

*Actual Amazon reviews:*



**'Best holiday story I ever read!' - Jane**  
*"Colin Quashie is a REALLY talented writer. This is a modern take on 'A Christmas Carol,' but laugh-out-loud FUNNY. Elves who have dreadlocks, brilliant scientists who disappear from airplanes, and a family who just wants to figure out what the hell happened to the meaning of life."*



**'A real treasure!' - VLB**  
*"Loved it! Giving it as pre Christmas presents this year!"*

**GENRE:** Fantasy, Sci-Fi, Romance, Comedy.

**LOG LINE:**

A child's doubtful letter to Santa ensnares her, and her family, in a deadly conspiracy to seize control of Christmas.

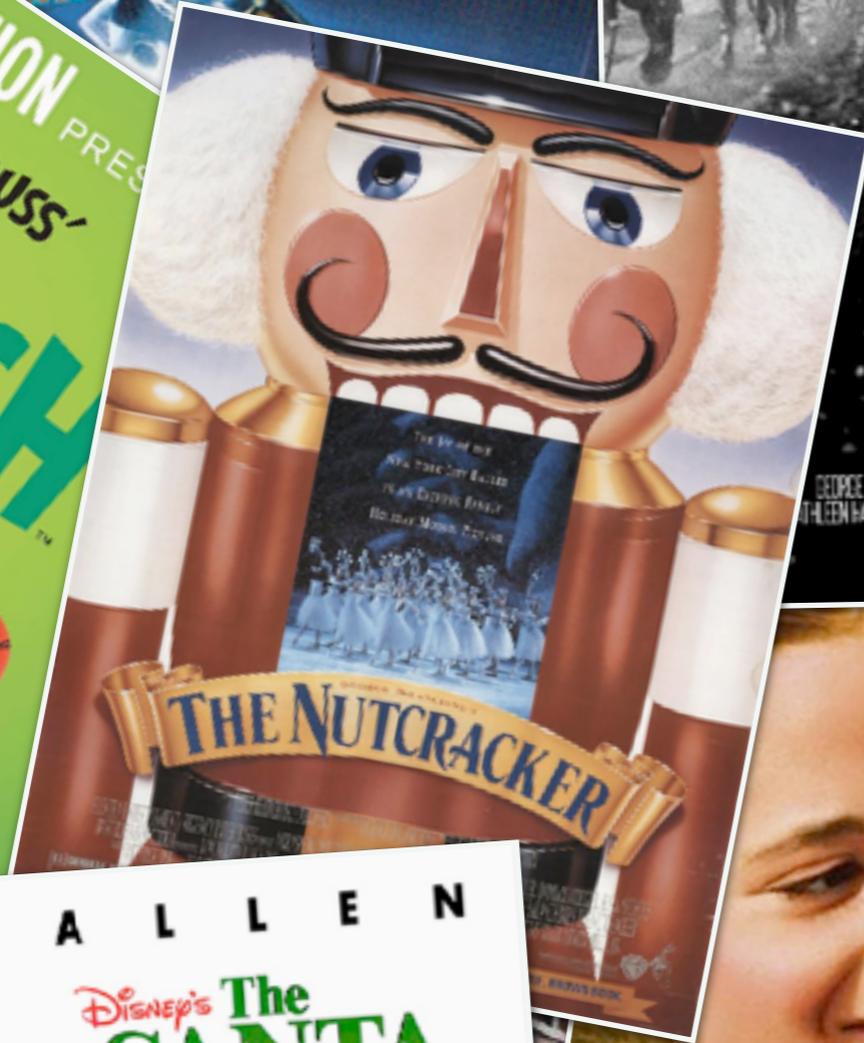
**SYNOPSIS:**

The first clue to the mysteries surrounding a scientist's disappearance and a billionaire's death is provided when 6-year-old Austen Fisher writes a letter to Santa questioning his reliability and doubting his existence. On the eve of Christmas, her misgiving sets in motion a fateful chain of events that will place her at the center of a coup by holiday Spirits to assassinate Santa Claus, hijack Christmas, and manipulate humans focus on profits and exploitation of the holiday season.

Using Charles Dickens classic tale, *A Christmas Carol* as leitmotif, *Spirits in a Material World* picks up where he left off by cleverly re-imagining and expanding the characterizations of the Spirits of Christmases Past, Present and Future. In spectacular detail, it transforms the mythical, Elfin toy-making community of North Pole into a technologically advanced metropolis - corporate home to Christmas Industries and its CEO, the Santa Claus. Along the way, it delivers a witty, yet biting commentary on today's 'greed is good' economy, while relaying a powerful message of love, hope, charity, and faith in everything that Christmas is supposed to represent.



# Similar Genres





## SPIRITS IN A MATERIAL WORLD STORYLINE:

Two seemingly unrelated events - the disappearance of a scientist (Dr. Charles Hamilton) from an airplane mid-flight, and the death of a billionaire banker (Ashley Cooper) - begin to coalesce

Two seemingly unrelated events - the disappearance of a scientist (Dr. Charles Hamilton) from an airplane mid-flight, and the death of a billionaire banker (Ashley Cooper) - coalesce when 6-year-old Austen Fisher writes a letter to Santa Claus questioning his integrity. Santa Claus (C.E.O. of Christmas Industries) - frustrated by the rise of doubtful letters - tasks the Spirit of Christmas Present (Director of Human Relations) with crafting a response. His solution; a revival of 'visitations' to spiritless humans by holiday Spirits (Past, Present and Future) as first described in Charles Dickens, 'A Christmas Carol'.

Santa isn't the only one frustrated - so is the Spirit of Christmas Past. Over the decades she had grown tired of playing holiday therapist to a race that ruined the venerable Christmas for profit. So, she too has a plan - eliminate the empathetic Santa Claus, install herself as C.E.O. of Christmas Industries, then take the non-profit corporation public and monopolize the biggest brand in the world - Christmas. The initial 12 days of Christmas were now a 12 week 'season' - why stop there? She would make it a year long event. North Pole had the most advanced production and efficient delivery systems on the planet - all that was needed was to increase demand and consumption by making humans mentally and physically addicted to Christmas!

Christmas Past sets her plans in motion with the kidnapping of a neuroscientist, Dr. Hamilton. His mission - develop an inhale-able formula (as perfume / cologne) that induces Christmas euphoria in humans. After 3 years of development, clinical trials of the formula begins with the spiritless billionaire banker, then the volunteer thief. It doesn't work. Time is running out - Sebastian, the Mechanical Supervisor, has already rigged Santa's sleigh to explode. Christmas Past suspects Dr. Hamilton is sabotaging her efforts and needs another test subject ASAP. Luckily, Christmas Present provides her with one - Austen Fisher. She 'visits' the Fisher home and brings Austen to Dr. Hamilton's lab. He refuses to test the formula on a child - all but admitting to altering the formula. He promises to correct it if a more suitable subject is provided.

Arthur, who has been helping his neighbor (and secret love interest) Beverley, wrap gifts - checks in on Austen and discovers her missing. He and Beverley begin a frantic search, during which, Arthur disappears! Christmas Present arrives as planned, only to find a befuddled Beverley. He frustrates her to no end trying to explain his presence and the fact that since he lives in the present, he suffers with very short term memory. He and Beverley come to a truce, form a team, and embark on a mission to locate Arthur and Austen.



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Charles Hamilton, a banker (Ashley Cooper) who travels to Santa Claus Industries for a Christmas solution; a Present and Santa Claus. Over the course of the story, the characters are ruined through their empathetic connection to the world - Christmas is why stop? advanced needed and physics. Christmas neuroses perform making banks the M. Christmas subject. She "to test correct. Beverley Beverley Present to present truth.

Christmas Past has brought Arthur to the lab where Dr. Hamilton tests the corrected formula. It works! Arthur was supposed to return home with Austen afterwards, but she escaped earlier by hiding in a gift box that was loaded onto Santa's sleigh, and thus, sealed her fate along with Santa's. Christmas Past then decides to use Arthur as a patsy for Santa's scheduled demise. She manufactures a faux interrogation and edits a confession to justify his execution as the traitorous human.

After taking a comically scenic route - Christmas Present and Beverley finally arrive at the North Pole. They locate Arthur and force Christmas Past to halt the execution. Sebastian escorts Christmas Present to review the evidence against Arthur. In their absence, Christmas Past and Beverley debate the reasoning behind her actions - while on the sleigh - Santa discovers Austen and learns of the plot - but not about the bomb.

Christmas Present turns out to be of no help. His short term memory is easily exploited by Sebastian, and the execution of Arthur - by a toy Nutcracker Soldier firing squad - is rescheduled. Arthur and Beverley, realizing the end is near, confess their love for each other. She swears to remember he and Austen. Upon touchdown at the North Pole, Santa's sleigh explodes and Arthur is executed - just as Christmas Past planned. She has succeeded - or has she?

Beverley and Dr. Hamilton are returned to the past where they first encountered each other - on the airplane. Beverley experiences severe bouts of déjà-vu. Her memory is eventually toggled and restored by the discovery of physical evidence of the future that was returned with her to the past. So inspired - she locates her future residence and neighbors - Arthur and Austen. She arrives in time to witness events from their past that explains everything to her - and the audience. Much like Austen, she sits and writes a lengthy letter to Santa Claus, explaining everything that will happen in the future - and mails it to the North Pole.

Back to the future. Arthur is just about to be executed, when Santa and Austen appear and puts an end to it. Lives restored, Arthur and Beverley decide to take the next step in their relationship. In the end, we find out what it is that Austen really wants for Christmas, and see how Santa delivers. Before leaving, he presents the new family with a 'thank you' - a snow globe containing figurines of Christmas Past, Future and Sebastian.

The end? I wouldn't bet on it.

# *Central Characters*



The monarch of the realm sat patiently scrutinizing the contents of her latest, and last, letter to Santa Claus. After making whatever grammatical and typographical checks a six-year-old was capable of making, she read the letter aloud:

*“Dear Mr. Santa Claus, My name is Austen Fisher. I am writing you again because you keep forgetting to bring me what I want for Christmas. My daddy say you don’t answer letters because like the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy, you are not real. He said only scientists and polar bears live in the North Pole. My mommy said you were real, but since she went to Heaven, you stopped answering my letters. Maybe daddy is right. You are just a make believe fat man hired by stores to sell toys to children. This is the last time I will write you. If you are really real, please bring me what I want for Christmas. It is the same as last year and the year before that.”*

## *Girl, Age 6-8*

*‘Austen Fisher’*



Image courtesy of Mike Campbell on Unsplash

He was nervous. *Would she think this was a date?* He took a deep breath and rang the doorbell. The chime reverberated with a Christmas theme and proved his decision correct. *I'm in the right place.*

“Who is it?” asked Beverley hesitantly through the door.

“It’s me, Arthur, from next door,” he reassured her.

“Arthur?” He could hear the concern in her voice. “Hold on.”

He hid his possessions behind his back. She opened the door quickly and immediately searched his eyes for any sign of the trouble that had to have brought him to her door this time of night. But his coy smile put her at ease, leaving her to decipher the mystery it held.

“Hey, what’s up?”

“Uhhh, nothing,” he shrugged. “Austen’s sleeping, reruns on TV, soooooo,” the longer he drew out the syllable, the broader her smile widened. “I decided to take you up on your offer to help wrap gifts.”

He pulled the hand holding the wrapping paper from behind his back and waved the wrinkled rolls in her face like a child taunting a playmate with the latest new toy.

“Ooooh, he brought his private stash,” she replied with an impressed look.

Basking in her approval - he savored the look men are given by women who decide to exercise their prerogative to re-evaluate what they once labeled as ‘friend’ through lovers eyes if they have reason to believe they may have overlooked something.

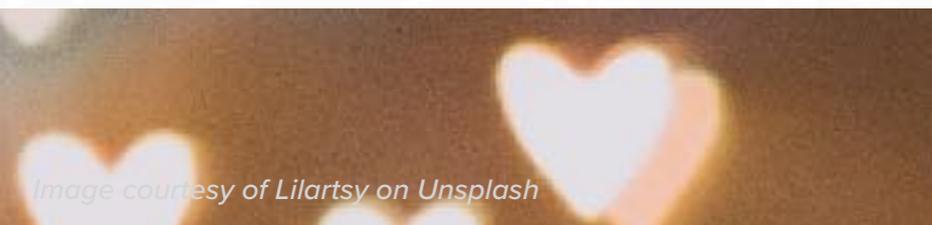
“Drinks, too,” he added, pulling the pitcher of egg nog from its hiding place. He needed her to accept his attempt at companionship without question the motive, but did not expect his ruse to work quite as well as it did. She opened the door wide and invited him in.

“You better get your butt in here before Santa’s sleigh falls out the sky and kills you.”



*Jesse Williams*

Arthur Fisher’





*Lupita Nyong'o*  
'Beverley'

*Image courtesy of Arthur Freestocks on Unsplash*

The glow of the dying fire cast warm shadows across the faces of Beverley and Arthur, holding them in its hypnotic stare. Each silently wished the moment would last forever. Beverley had not felt this relaxed on a Christmas Eve since she was a child. As for Arthur, his last memory of a moment like this was the first Christmas he had spent with his now deceased wife, a year before Austen was born.

Beverley found herself wondering how the night would end, while Arthur contemplated what tomorrow would bring. They had clearly crossed a hurdle in a relationship that until that point had depended solely on Austen. She was the sun around which they orbited, perfectly circling on different paths, occasionally closing the distance between each other, yet destined to keep moving on cautiously measured, mutually agreed upon paths. Like astronomers gazing at distant stars through limited lens, each admired the other from afar, mentally recorded the comings and goings, marked time by their presence and wondered what life would be like had they the ability to reach the other world.

It was a fatal combination of fantasy and fear. The attraction was unmistakable, but the close proximity neutralized any chance of escalating their friendship into a romantic relationship. If they became involved and it didn't work out, the last thing either wanted was to have a next door neighbor they loathed seeing on a daily basis. Though emotionally torturous, the causal hugs, welcomed smiles and awkward silences, would continue unabated. Neither dared breach established protocol and justified the decision by telling themselves that it was best they remain friends.

The largest of the logs, precariously placed on the grate, had burned unevenly, and suddenly fell with a crunch sending embers scattering through the protective screen. Beverley instinctively flinched, curling her bare feet inward and causing them to casually brush against Arthur's bare ankle. For the second time that night, both felt awkward and exchanged silly smiles like teenagers on a first date



## *Laurence Fishburne*

'The Santa Claus'

This was not the image of Santa Claus embraced by the world. Gone was the fat, jolly, woolly-bearded icon donning a red suit with black boots and matching belt. In his place stood a fit looking executive wearing a red tracksuit as if on his way to a morning work out. His close-cropped silver hair, matching a neatly trimmed goatee and mustache, accented a chiseled face that complimented the steely gaze - now boring a hole in the Spirit of Christmas Present. Though casually dressed, he carried the countenance of royalty with such ease it announced the authority of corporate power.

As C.E.O. of Christmas Industries, the corporate mantle of responsibility demanded action. He had a business to run and a Board of Directors to answer to. Though a non-profit, Christmas Industries was the largest employer in the North Pole, responsible for the welfare of thousands of workers and their families, not to mention the millions of children worldwide, depending on them to fulfill their mission statement.

C O L I N   Q U A S H I E

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The Spirit of Christmas Present both withered and straightened under the scrutiny of his intense gaze. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so instead, he found a spot on the desk, half way between Santa's gaze and the floor, and studied it while he waited for 'Ole Saint Nick' to speak.

Regardless of the way it may have sounded to an outsider, his fondness for the forgetful spirit was evident. Were it not, they would not have been having this conversation. He would simply have had Verna draft a memo to Claire and let her relay it to Christmas Present, but that would not have underscored how serious he was.



As Claire waited, a smile crept onto her face. Watching Christmas Present staring wondrously out the window reminded her why he was so beloved. He was a child. Christmas and all the magic, mystery and wonder it embodied lived in him and burst forth like a fountain of youth each minute of every day, regardless of the season. His joy was lethally contagious and infected everyone he met.

To human children, Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer was the North Pole's unofficial mascot, but to elves young and old, the Spirit of Christmas Present was the literal embodiment of the spirit of Christmas. His exploits and misadventures became the fodder for supermarket tabloids and late night comedians. Marketing executives loved his appeal and splashed his face on billboards and television. His bobble head doll was an annual best seller and recently was on pace to outsell Santa Claus'.

At the start of her employment, he used to frustrate her to no end. When the Ghost of Christmas Present, suggested, he

## *Orlando Jones*

'The Spirit of Christmas Present'

An edifice to femininity - she was a large woman even by human standards. Dressed in the darkest of reds with a spattering of green and white accessories, her voluptuous frame was firmly anchored by two pillars in black lace hosiery and red leather pumps. Her face displayed the wisdom of centuries past and reduced to folly anyone with the courage to stare into it. On occasion, she managed to produce a disingenuous smile, which served to soften a perennially stern face.

Ignorance was a trait neither embodied nor tolerated by the Spirit of Christmases Past. She championed the axiom, 'with knowledge comes understanding', and therefore, expected those possessing knowledge to understand its unlimited potential and utilize it for the improvement of themselves and others.

For centuries, she had watched as human intellect ebbed and flowed like the tide, powerful in its surge but destined to retreat over and over again. Rather than learn from their mistakes and evolve in a steadfast manner, humans had traced a haphazard route toward enlightenment. Their best intentions may have been motivated by sound ideals, but they routinely fell short, usurped by greed and defaulting to the path of least resistance. Such shortsightedness by a race with limited life spans condemned them to a monotonous cycle of creation and erosion, leading to destruction as their ultimate legacy.

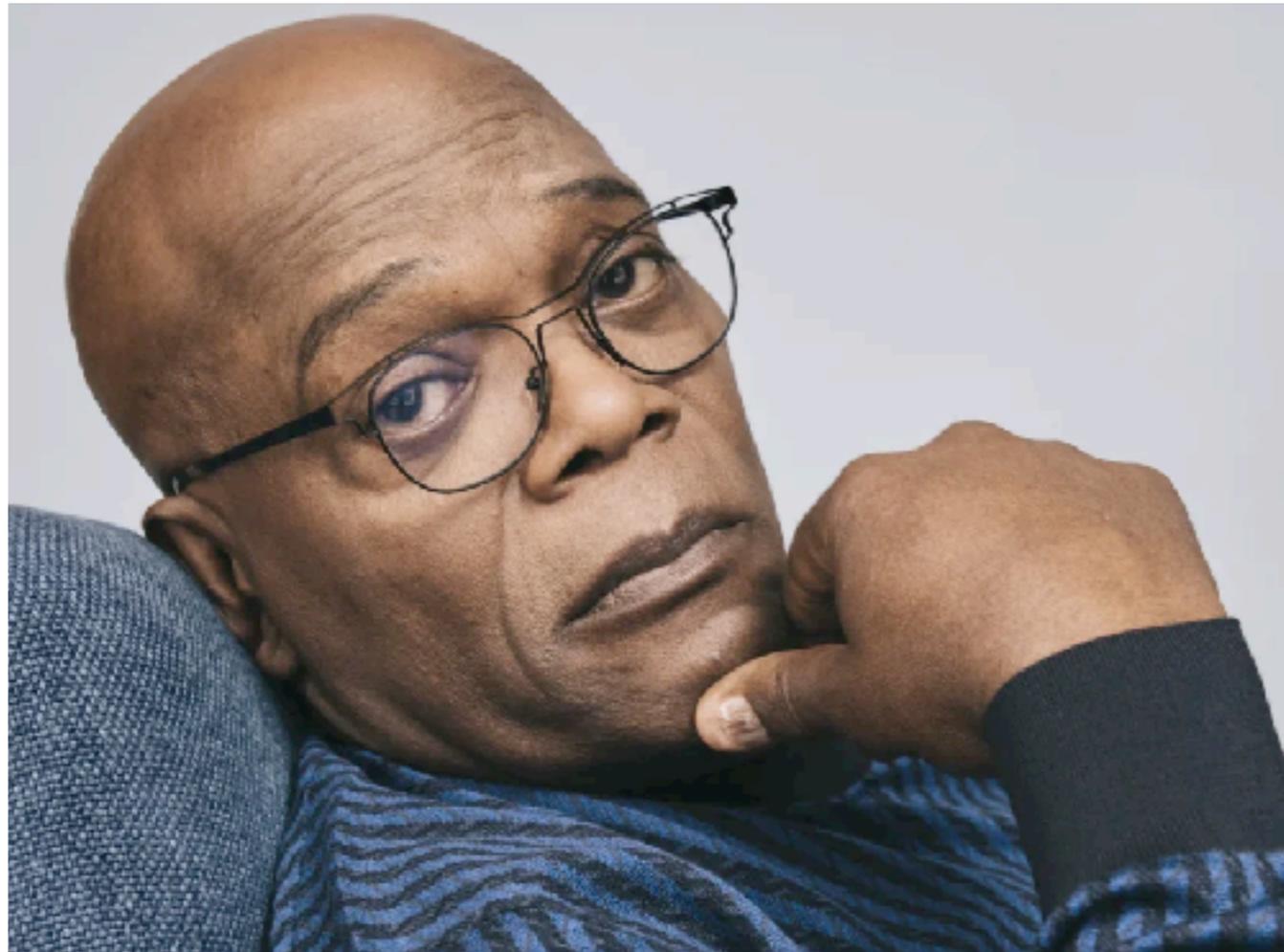
She felt herself deteriorating in the obscurity of the North Pole servicing human needs. She had grown tired of their hubris in achievements that meant little in the grand scheme of things. The talents of their best and brightest were misappropriated to devise new ways of destroying each other rather than advancing humanity's cause. If the only thing they respected were power and control, then so be it - she would give them a proper tutorial in the ruthless application of both.



## *Queen Latifah*

'The Spirit of Christmases Past'





## *Samuel Jackson*

'Dr. Charles Hamilton'



*Image courtesy of 21 Swan on Unsplash*

Dr. Hamilton approached carefully holding a small vial of liquid with an attached atomizer. Christmas Future drifted aside letting Christmases Past take up residence behind Austen. She placed her hands on the child's shoulders, pinning her to the seat, and then directed her attention toward Dr. Hamilton.

"Administer it," Christmases Past ordered.

"To her?" the Doctor questioned hesitantly.

The look of impatience infused with the promise of violence on Christmases Past's face answered his ridiculous question. His hands shook as he bent to position the atomizer closer to Austen's nostrils. He wilted as he stared into her timid eyes, but it was the sound of her terrified voice that caused him to recoil in fear.

"Let me go! I want my daddy," pleaded Austen.

"I can't do it. I won't!" he muttered staggering backwards. "She's a child for God's sake! An innocent child!"

"Give me that vial," shouted Christmases Past. "NOW!"

Dr. Hamilton turned and limped toward the corner of the lab as Christmases Past raced to intercept his clumsy retreat. Along the way, he managed to pull the atomizer from the vial and now cornered, held the precious liquid over a vat of acid.

"NO! Let her go or I swear I'll destroy it!" His face filled with rage as he leveled his eyes at Christmases Past, his voice resounding with contempt and moral outrage.

"It will take weeks to distill another batch! I don't care what you do to me! I won't let you use this on a child!"

Christmases Past stopped in her tracks and searched his face for any sign that he was bluffing, but found none. She had miscalculated his resolve and silently applauded his deft move while cursing herself for not anticipating this latest hitch. As she glared at Dr. Hamilton, her mind was methodically filtering a series of scenarios in rapid succession. She could test his resolve. After all, he was an old man incapable of reacting to any sudden moves. She calculated the time it would take her to close the distance and seize the vial before he emptied it into the acid. That was a possibility, but if he suddenly dropped the vial instead of trying to empty the contents, it would be lost.



## *Supporting Characters*

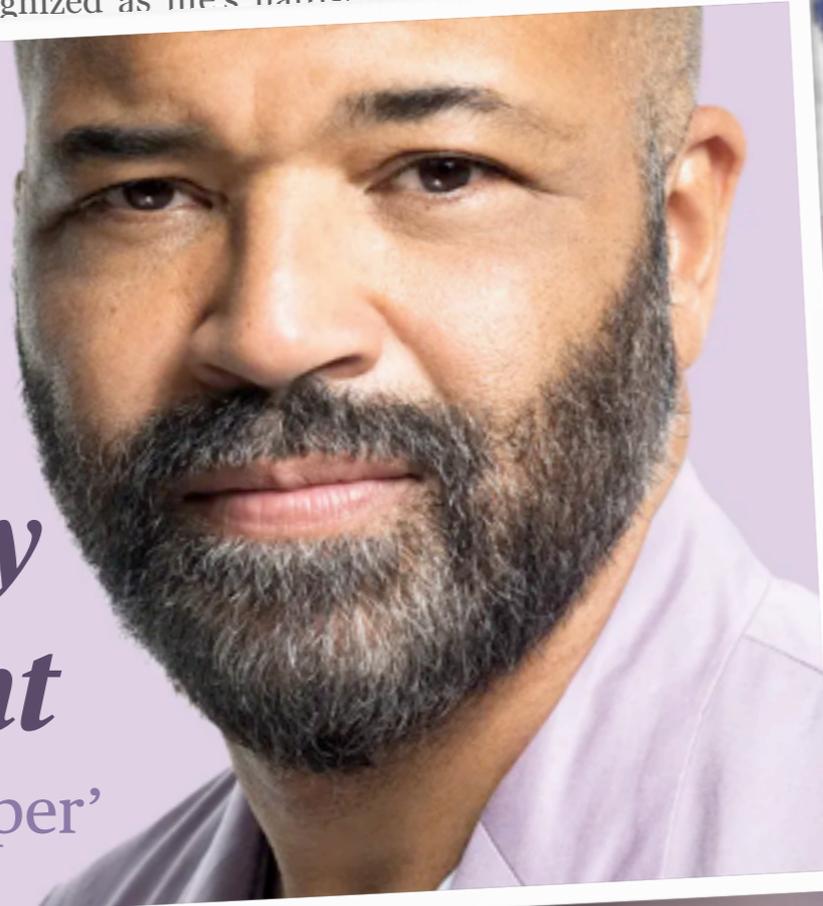
From high atop his opulent penthouse suite, the singular thing that had consumed Ashley Cooper's existence - money - kept him occupied. Tonight however, instead of being on the receiving end, he was giving it away. Every single bit of it down to the last dollar, euro, pound and peso.

"Two billion, eight hundred twenty-three million, seven hundred forty-two thousand, five hundred and twenty-two dollars and fifty-nine cents!" he declared. "And that's just the liquid assets!"

"When the stock, bonds, trusts and crypto are liquidated, I should clear somewhere between eight and eleven billion!" he proclaimed loudly as Vivaldi's 'Winter' filled the lavish suite with the only reminder of Christmas.

"I can't believe how wonderful it feels to be poor. My father was right. 'Poverty of purpose is worse than poverty of purse!' All these years I've been miserable, consumed with the thought of making more money than I could possibly spend in a hundred lifetimes. Now, I feel like a child again!"

Perhaps it was the euphoria of a new challenge or the physical exertion brought on by the nostalgic giddiness of a child immune to an illness others recognized as life's hardships, one could not tell.



**Jeffrey  
Wright**  
'Ashley Cooper'

Image courtesy of David Everett Stickler on Unsplash



**Lil'  
Wayne**  
'Rasta Elf'

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Steven, the Gift Coordinator, stole a concerned look at one of the many digital clocks hanging throughout the facility. It read 11:29:13. In over fifty Christmases he had never been late loading a sleigh, and this year would be no exception.

"All right you slackers, start wrapping this up! We got a sleigh to finish loading! Let's go, let's go, let's go, we got orders to fill!" he pressured.

The gaggle of Inventory Control Specialists heeded his call and huddled around to receive their orders before taking off in various directions. The only specialist unaware of his command was Rasta Elf. Dancing in space while listening to a blaring Jamaican dance hall cover of '12 Days of Christmas' from an arm-mounted player, the tattooed, dreadlocked elf, looked as though he were the official North Pole union representative for Generation 'Y'.

Stephen eyed him with derision, then handed him the remaining two orders. He watched with an undecided eye as Rasta Elf grabbed his hand truck like a partner and together, danced off toward his destination.

Oblivious to the hustle and bustle surrounding him, the



## *Mike Epps* 'The Volunteer'

The Volunteer unhooked his cash pot, folded his stand, and headed for the last car in the parking lot. The dilapidated wreck awaiting him doubled as both transportation and home. After stowing his gear in the trunk, he happily climbed inside the decaying vehicle and placed the cash pot in the passenger seat. He turned over the engine and made sure the vents were open in anticipation of much needed heat.

He noisily cracked his knuckles, checked the exterior mirrors to make sure he was alone, and then set the cash pot in his lap. He greedily grabbed a wad of bills and smiled as he made a cursory accounting of the number of large denominations it contained. He had already emptied the pot twice that night and this haul was shaping up to be the best. As for now, he needed to leave the parking lot since Mall Security would be checking any remaining cars.

Ten minutes later he pulled into and parked in an alley on the industrial side of the city. He knew the neighborhood well. The company behind whose warehouse he now sat fired him for stealing less than two months ago.

Sebastian traced a meandering route through the maze of corridors with Christmas Present in tow. Unsure of their eventual destination, Christmas Present tapped him on his shoulder.

"Excuse me, weren't you supposed to be taking me somewhere and showing me something?"

"Yes, sir. You were on your way to see the fireworks display and somehow you got turned around down here. It happens all the time," replied Sebastian without the slightest hint of sarcasm.

"The fireworks display," recognized Christmas Present. "That's right, Santa should be returning any minute now. I almost forgot!"

"That's okay, sir," smiled Sebastian deceptively.

"Keep following this corridor and take the first door you see. It leads to the main floor. Follow the red line to the sleigh pad. You should have an excellent view from there."

"Follow this corridor, take the first door and follow the red line. Got it. Thank you!"

"Anytime, sir. Glad to be of assistance."

Sebastian waved goodbye and followed Christmas Present with his eyes until he disappeared from view.

"What an idiot," snickered Sebastian.



## *Larenz Tate*

'Sebastian'

# Wanda Sykes

'Holly Bush'



## CHAPTER 17

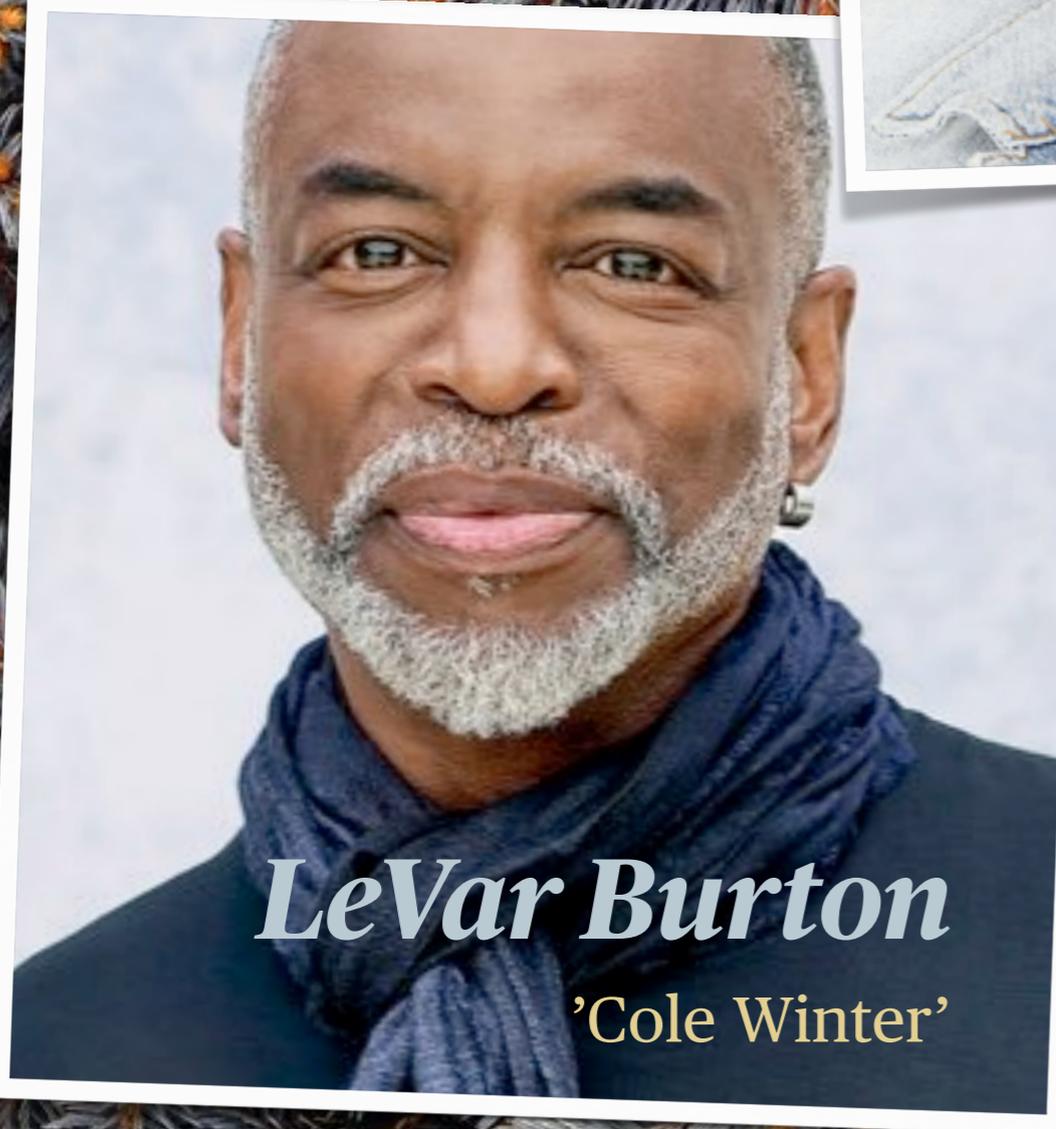
Capacity crowds filled Garland Square. Many had started gathering earlier in the week for the best seats to the 75th annual 'Countdown to Christmas Celebration', the highlight of which was the liftoff of Santa's sleigh.

Just above the heads of the screaming crowd stood platforms manned by commentators covering the event. The largest booth belonged to North Pole (NPTV) Channel 12. They were the most watched local station and news leader. Their most popular anchors - the perennially handsome silver haired anchorman, Cole Winter, and his well-endowed sidekick, Holly Bush - were hosting the event.

The crowd, many of whom had been drinking since arrival earlier in the day, carried signs hoping to appear to the broadcast and roared with drunken glee at every comment.

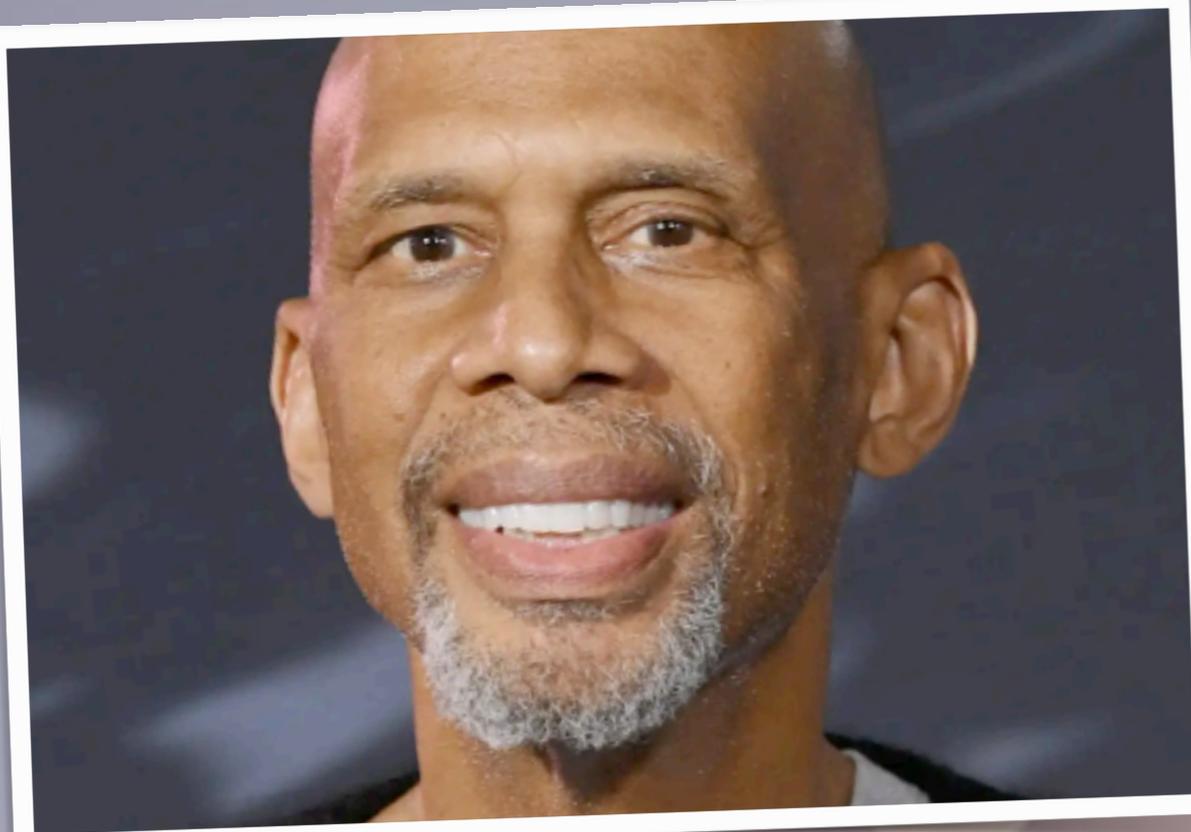
"The anticipation is building here at Santa Square," Cole exaggerated in his best anchorman voice. "In less than twenty minutes Santa's sleigh will lift off and send this crowd into a frenzy!"

As if cued on command (they were for television ratings sake), the crowd roared and began chanting like drunks at a frat house party, "Fren-Z, fren-Z, fren-Z..."



# LeVar Burton

'Cole Winter'



## *Kareem Abdul Jabbar*

### 'The Spirit of Christmas Future'

Austen eased open the old oak door and backed her way into the corridor. She slowly turned and froze at the sight of The Spirit of Christmas Future hovering in front of her.

The red, floor length cape was topped with a large cowl obscuring a darkened face. No hands protruded from the long sleeves resting easily by its side. She stared at its stillness, unsure if the garment contained an occupant or was simply an outfit belonging to Christmas Past, propped there for her use. She hadn't recalled it being there when they entered the lab earlier.

She crept forward and touched the cape, then using a single finger, gently eased open a center crease. She inhaled sharply at the sight of dark, shadowy mists swirling, appearing and disappearing in the dim light. She stood mesmerized as drifts of gauzy haze shifted in opacity and began to preview gossamer scenes and images of her many futures, all intertwining and ever changing in time. A fear filled face mirroring hers neared and



## *Ego Nwodim* 'Claire'

"Good morning, sir. My, don't we look festive today."

"Good morning -- "

"Claire, *your* secretary, sir."

"Of course. Good morning, Claire."

Ignoring his bewildered look, she locked her arm in his and guided him through the spacious hallway.

"As you know sir, today is Christmas Eve."

"Who could forget that?" he snickered.

"Oh, you'd be surprised, sir," she said holding open an office door. The hand painted gold leaf moniker on the glass door identifying the office's occupant as, 'The Spirit of Christmas Present - Director of Human Relations.'

"Nice office!" he remarked upon entry.

"*Your* office is very nice, sir," replied Claire.

"My office?"

"Yes, sir. *Your* office."

The morning ritual ended, or from her perspective, started, the moment she seated him behind his desk. She knew exactly



# SPIRITS IN A MATERIAL WORLD

- 1) *'It's Beginning to Look A Lot Like Christmas'* - Johnny Mathis
- 2) *'Winter (from the Four Seasons)'* - Antonio Vivaldi
- 3) *'Let it Snow, Let it Snow, Let it Snow'* - Dean Martin
- 4) *'Christmas Time Is Here (Instrumental)'* - Vince Guaraldi
- 5) *12 Days of Christmas (Free Style)* - Busy Signal
- 6) *'Jamaican Drummer Boy'* - Shaggy
- 7) *'What You Want for Christmas'* - Quad City DJ's, The 69 Boyz and K-Nock
- 8) *'Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy'* - Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

*Colin Quashie*



COLIN QUASHIE ART

Primarily a fine artist, Colin Quashie is best known for challenging audiences with his brand of controversial social commentary and shows little sign of mellowing anytime soon. Starting with Mad-TV in 1996, he has written for five series, produced and won an Emmy in 2000 for documentary writing.

'Spirits in a Material World' is his first novel and was based on his outline for an original screenplay. Born in London, England, he currently lives in Charleston, SC, where he works as a Registered Nurse and continues to pursue opportunities to continue creating in a wide variety of mediums and expose his art to a wider audience.

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**SPIRITS IN A MATERIAL WORLD**

Screenplay by:  
Colin Quashie

Adapted from the novel:  
"Spirits in A Material World"  
by Colin Quashie