

A GHOST STORY

Written by

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EXT. A GRAVEYARD- NIGHT

The moon is full and the leaves are falling. There is something almost artificial in the air, with the way that the scene feels set. It shouldn't be real.

Two small ghosts float through the graveyard. They are very traditionally ghost-shaped, blobs of glowing white. They pause occasionally at different headstones, then continue on.

GHOST 1
Do you think we'll have company
tonight?

Ghost 2 glances around, as well as a blob without a head can.

GHOST 2
I don't believe so. It's too early.

Beat.

GHOST 1
(disappointed)
Oh. Okay.

GHOST 2
Why do you sound disappointed?

GHOST 1
I'm not!

GHOST 2
You are. I know you don't always
appreciate my company, but/

GHOST 1
/I do appreciate you. Never think
otherwise.

GHOST 2
Well, you're pretty terrible at
showing it.

The graveyard falls silent again. The ghosts still flit from headstone to headstone, but there is a different vibe between the two.

They stop at a smaller, more worn-down headstone. The writing on it is not very visible and it's covered with weeds.

GHOST 2 (CONT) (CONT'D)
I know I'm not who you would've
chosen to spend eternity with.
(MORE)

GHOST 2 (CONT) (CONT'D)
 If you want me to... fade away for a few decades, I can. To give you a reprise.

Beat.

GHOST 1
 No, no. Please... don't do that.

GHOST 2
 You can tell me the truth, I won't be offended/

GHOST 1
 /I don't want to be alone. I would rather be with you than be alone.

GHOST 2
 Are you sure?

GHOST 1
 Quite.

They stare at the headstone for a while. The name at the top has faded to illegibility, but there is still the date and the epigraph. It reads "1907-1937. May Heaven treat you better than Earth."

GHOST 1 (CONT.) (CONT'D)
 I wonder what they meant by this.

GHOST 2
 What do you mean?

GHOST 1
 "May Heaven treat you better than Earth." I was happy when I was alive.

GHOST 2
 Maybe they didn't know that.

GHOST 1
 That's quite sad. I let them down.

GHOST 2
 Have you seen them at all?

Beat.

GHOST 1
 They went on.

Ghost 2 extends some of their blob-ness to "touch" Ghost 1 in a comforting manner.

GHOST 2
Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't know.

GHOST 1
I didn't want to tell you. I also... forgot. It gets hazy.

GHOST 2
If it makes you feel better, I didn't have anyone when I was alive. No one to let down.

GHOST 1
That doesn't make me feel better. That makes me sadder.

GHOST 2
Oh.

Beat.

GHOST 2 (CONT.) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

GHOST 1
I'm sorry, too. That you were alone.

GHOST 2
It was okay. I think. It feels hazy.

They continue to float about. It seems like the novelty of the night has worn off. The leaves aren't as orange and the moon isn't as bright.

GHOST 1
When you died, did you think you would be here? Haunting the Earth, not quite trapped but not quite free?

GHOST 2
No. But I wasn't surprised.

GHOST 1
How come?

GHOST 2

Oh, you know. I never did anything significant in life, so my afterlife would be flat and lonely.

GHOST 1

But you aren't alone now. I'm here.

GHOST 2

You are.

Beat.

GHOST 2 (CONT.) (CONT'D)

But sometimes I feel like you aren't truly here.

GHOST 1

I get lost in the haze sometimes. And I wonder why I'm stuck in this limbo. But I'm always here with you. I don't think I would want to be anywhere else.

GHOST 2

Do you mean it?

GHOST 1

Always. I told you earlier I would rather be with you than be alone. And I'm so sorry I make you feel alone when you're with me.

GHOST 2

It's ok. I'm used to it. I'm glad you're here with me.

GHOST 1

And I'm glad you're here with me.

Beat.

GHOST 2

If I had met you when I was alive, I would've been much less lonely. But I don't think we would've gotten along.

GHOST 1

I don't think that matters, the past. What matters is that we know each other now, and both of us are no longer alone.

GHOST 2
Alone, together.

The ghosts continue to float around the graveyard as the sun rises and they slowly fade from view.