

Ghost Coast

An animated series

Episode 1: Haunted House DJ

written by Martin Fleming

**FADE IN**

**1 EST. CORNWALL/VICTORIAN MANSION - NIGHT 1**

A hill overlooking the gorgeous Cornish coast.

A giant Victorian mansion. Your standard spooky, multi-tiered, spacious, haunted looking house.

Excited, sex noises are coming from inside the house.

**2 INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - NIGHT 2**

We track through the door, see a load of moving boxes, move up the stairs.

The sexy sounds get louder as we reach the bedroom door.

**3 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 3**

Sex noises combine with the squeak of an iron-framed bed.

There's a YOUNG COUPLE having passionate sex on a bed.

They don't notice as an eerie fog fills the bedroom...

...coloured disco strobe lights ping off the walls.

HOUSE MUSIC BEGINS TO BUILD.

The MAN and WOMAN stop mid-coitus, look around..

WOMAN

Aw, my favourite song.

They go back to canoodling.

The music crescendos ready for the drop...it never comes...

The man stops mid-thrust, confused by something.

MAN

...why isn't the beat dropping?

GHOST DJ (O.S.)

MOOHOOHOOHAHAHA!

The GHOST DJ appears through the walls! Transparent, in a vest, headphones, teeth sharp and jagged.

He's at a ghost DJ deck, spinning a record.

GHOST DJ

EVERYONE HAVIN' A DEAD GOOD  
NIGHT?

The repetitive music continues its cycle, bass-y and deafening. The walls begin pulsing as if alive.

GHOST DJ  
LET'S MAKE SOME NOISE!

MAN  
AHHH! I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE!

The man runs screaming from the room, completely naked, leaving the woman in the bed, by herself.

**CREDITS: GHOST COAST INTRO**

**4 EST. GOSFORD COAST - NIGHT 4**

The (fictitious) Cornish coast of Gosford.

Once a beachside tourist hot-spot with a throbbing heartbeat, now drugs and unemployment leave the place looking dead.

Seagulls shit on the pier. Druggies shit on the pier. Locals pretend not to notice all the shit.

**5 EXT. GOSFORD BEACH - NIGHT 5**

A salt-rusted van chugs along a beach road.

Inside, three young adults - MAX (21), a beautiful idiot. CACTUS FLOWER (19), a free spirit with flowing red hair and SALLY (22), glasses, short black hair in a bob.

SALLY  
Can't believe we're doing this.  
I've spent more on urns than  
make-up this year.

CACTUS  
Your clogged pores told us that.

SALLY  
You know Cactus, why don't you  
suck--

MAX  
It wasn't our efforts, but to be  
fair, Brendan was tripe.

CACTUS  
Who throws a shoe at a troll?

MAX  
Some might say he deserved to  
have his spine used as dental  
floss.

The NAKED MAN runs in front of the van and into darkness.

CACTUS  
...I'm not the only one that saw  
that right?

MAX  
Must be an orgy close by.

They park and get out at small, isolated beach.

MAX (CONT.)  
Ah, his favourite spot.

Sally looks doubtful.

SALLY  
I don't remember Brendan ever  
coming here?

MAX  
His favourite spot was twenty  
minutes that way. But it has paid  
parking.

CACTUS  
I spoke to him. He was fine.

SALLY  
You spoke to him? How?

CACTUS  
My Ouija board app.

Holds up her phone, shows Sally a Ouija board app, clogged  
with pornographic ads. Sally pinches her nose.

SALLY  
Of course you have that.

Max takes out a ice cooler. Inside is 4 beers, and an urn.

SALLY (CONT.)  
A beer cooler? That's classy.

MAX  
I didn't want him stinking out my  
van.

Max takes out a beer and throws the urn to Sally.

CACTUS  
Let's get on with this. Max and I  
are going to a seance and Ethel  
doesn't like to be kept waiting.

MAX  
(excited)  
They're serving hot-dogs!

SALLY

You're such a romantic couple.

They walk to the edge of the sand, Sally carrying the urn. She opens it, begins to tip the ashes into the sea.

SALLY

Goodbye, my friend. I'm sorr--

The wind turns, the ashes blow back into their faces. They all gag.

SALLY

Ah, some of him went in my mouth!

MAX

Probably not for the first time.

CACTUS

Why does he taste like pineapple?

MAX

Everyone's ash tastes different depending on what they eat.

LOUIE (O.S)

Eating his ash? How modern.

They turn and see LOUIE (21), shaggy surfer, long hair, holding hands with a JAPANESE GIRL (22), dressed in black jeans and a studded denim jacket.

MAX

You're late.

CACTUS

Yeah, Louie. It's not every day we say goodbye to a cherished friend.

SALLY

It's at least every other day.

MAX

Brian deserved better.

SALLY

Brendan.

MAX

Right. RIP.

LOUIE

Sorry, I was busy.

Cactus closes her eyes, as if sensing something.

CACTUS

Oh. Em. Gee...you had sex!

Louie and Arla look both embarrassed and impressed.

ARLA

How did you know? Are you  
psychic?

CACTUS

The condom's on Louie's shoe.

Louie picks it up and slingshots it into the ocean.

SALLY

Like the turtles don't have  
enough to worry about.

CACTUS

Are you using those biodegradable  
cock socks I got you?

LOUIE

I tried, but they dissolved mid-  
thrust. Speaking of, this is  
Arla, thrust-ee.

ARLA looks a bit awkward.

LOUIE (CONT.)

Max, Cactus and Sally. Arla just  
arrived from, um, Tokyo?

ARLA

That's incredibly racist. I'm  
from London.

CACTUS

God, why would you move here? We  
only just got a *Holland &  
Barrett*.

ARLA

My Dad got a job here. Louie told  
me about your friend. I'm sorry.

CACTUS

Meh, you get used to it living  
here.

ARLA

What do you mean?

Sally sighs.

SALLY

Cos of the monsters.

Arla laughs.

ARLA

Monsters? Right. Like the boogey-man working at Boots? I think I saw the yeti serving ice-cream. Having Godzilla around must be handy for construction.

SALLY

Yeah, I was skeptical too. It started a few months ago. We don't really know why.

LOUIE

And we investigate them!

ARLA

What, like a gang? Like Scooby-Doo?

MAX

Pfft. Those losers couldn't hold a candle to us. Except that Velma.

He drools.

MAX (CONT.)

Dat ass.

CACTUS

Oh, that's *real* nice.

SALLY

It started as curiosity. But now it's almost self-preservation.

ARLA

This is crazy. You're telling me I moved to a town full of monsters and you guys try to kill them?

MAX

Sometimes for cash.

LOUIE

I hope you're not too worried.

Arla brushes him aside.

ARLA

Please. I lived in South London, mate - I don't scare easily.

The naked man reappears, runs down the road, screaming.

ARLA (CONT.)

Well, that was scary.

The man, flailing, slams into the side of the van.

SALLY  
Oh my god!

Sally runs to see if he's okay.

CACTUS  
Probably on drugs. Lucky bastard.

SFX: A CRACK OF A MATCH.

PESTO (O.S.)  
So, it's drugs you be after, eh?

REVEAL: WE pull out to see CRACKHEAD PESTO, gross with yellow, oozing pus-y sores all over his body, sits on a log. He's lit a crack pipe, looking like a drugged-out Hemingway.

PESTO  
Won't find no drugs 'round here.

No one seems that surprised to see him.

MAX  
Oh, hey Pesto. You've lost a few pounds since I last saw you.

PESTO  
Intermittent fasting.

MAX  
(to Cactus)  
Top tips from the experts.

CACTUS  
Here, Max - take this.

Cactus slaps him. Max nods -- "I deserved that."

LOUIE  
Why can't you find drugs?

PESTO  
Mad pill shortage, innit. I've had to switch to humble crack here.

Pesto shows him his crack pipe. Offers it to Cactus who shakes her head. A yellow pustule pops onto her.

MAX  
Say it isn't so! What are kids gonna do on a Friday night?!

PESTO  
Gather round, kids. Let me tell you a tale.

Arla, Louie, Cactus and Max sit crossed legged in front of him as he takes a big drag on his crack pipe.



There's a loooooong pause as he spaces out...the guys look at each other -- "Um...?" -- he begins to speak...

PESTO

There was a DJ round these parts,  
went by the name of DJ Cherry...

He blows the crack smoke...

**6 START FLASHBACK**

**6**

...And the smoke appears as dry ice in the rave house.

PESTO (V.O.)

Seven feet tall. Arms like tree  
trunks. Thick, red hair, that  
flowed down his back like  
strawberry shit.

A monstrous Viking like man, wearing DJ headphones, powers through the rave - he looks nothing like the real DJ CHERRY.

PESTO (V.O.)

Started dealing drugs. And didn't  
care who knew it.

DJ Cherry in his DJ booth, throwing bags of drugs to the crowds, then grabbing people's wallets, tossing them aside.

PESTO (V.O.)

But some people didn't like it...

DJ Cherry gets jumped by a SHADOWY BUNCH OF THUGS.

**7 END FLASHBACK**

**7**

The crack cloud dissipates and we're back on the beach.

PESTO

DJ Cherry ran. He disappeared.  
Spooked. Ghosted. Who knows. Now  
drugs are hard to come by.

LOUIE

Woah. You're a real raconteur.

A yellow pustule sprays onto them. They're too doe-eyed to care.

**8 EXT. BEACH HUT - NIGHT**

**8**

The naked man (ALAN) shakes and shivers. Sally has covered his shame with her jumper and bought him a cup of tea.



towards the front door of the haunted mansion.

ARLA  
 (to Louie)  
 I love a mystery as much as the  
 next girl, but we could be having  
 sex right now.

LOUIE  
 Believe me, nothing gets me more  
 engorged than a good mystery.

SALLY  
 I'd say he's nailed the always  
 difficult second date.

CACTUS  
 (to Max)  
 Remember our second date? You  
 took me to that taco place. Did  
 not think there'd be a third.

MAX  
 Pftt, why do girls always  
 overreact when you vomit on them?

SALLY  
 Another mystery.

MAX  
 Just because you haven't sex  
 since Brexit.

ARLA  
 Was he in or was he out?

SALLY  
 All I know is he didn't remain.

Sally knocks on the door. It opens. House music blares.

MONICA, the wife, answers holding a cup of coffee. She's got  
 earplugs in. She looks tired. When she talks, she shouts.

MONICA  
 YES?!

LOUIE  
 Hi, we heard you had a ghost.

MONICA  
 WHAT?!

SALLY  
 Your husband told us you've got a  
 spectre.

MONICA  
 SPEC-WHO?

She pulls out her ear-plugs.

CACTUS

It's her pretentious way of saying you have a ghost.

(glares at Sally)

God, you're so fucking pretentious I want to strangle you.

MONICA

OH. YEAH. SORRY. COME IN. DON'T MIND THE MUSIC, I'M BEING HAUNTED.

14 INT. ENTRANCE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

14

The grandiose house is still a mess. They step around the moving boxes. House music thuds softly in the background.

Monica welcomes them into the kitchen.

LOUIE

This place is huge. I bet it has at least two toilets.

MONICA

WE MOVED IN LAST WEEK...THE HAUNTING STARTED SOON AFTER.

ARLA

I just moved here too.

MONICA

YOU NEED TO DO A POO? GO AHEAD. THERE ARE THREE TOILETS.

Louie nudges Sally -- "Told you!"

The repetitive drum of loud house music continues.

SALLY

Is the music always THIS loud?

Monica nods.

MONICA

THE GHOST LIKES TO PARTY.

SALLY

So, there is a ghost?

MONICA

YEAH. BECAUSE WE HAVE A GHOST.

Louie pricks his ears to listen to the tune.

MAX

This is an Ibiza banger!

Max and Cactus start dancing along.

MONICA

MY HUSBAND HATES IT. I QUITE LIKE  
IT THOUGH. ONLY PROBLEM IS HE--

ALAN (O.S.)

--never...drops the beat...

Alan walks in, Sally's jumper around his waist.

ALAN

It's just the same verse over and  
over, Monica!

MONICA

YOU NEVER UNDERSTOOD MUSIC, ALAN!

LOUIE

We'll get rid of your ghost.  
Discounted rates. Quality  
results.

SALLY

We're just here to help.

Alan runs to Sally -- his jumper falls off, so he's naked  
again -- he gets down on his hands and knees.

ALAN

Oh thank you! I can't live like  
this!

MAX

(sotto, to Louie)

Is it just me or does that guy  
have a *massive* penis?

Louie nods, surprised and envious. He looks over at Arla and  
Cactus, staring at his wang like its Michelangelo's *David*.

Max coughs to get attention.

MAX

Never fear. Max and the Mystery  
Gang will take the case!

LOUIE

I thought we were Louie and the  
Puzzle Crew?

The two start to bicker.

SALLY

Please, can we not have a dick  
measuring contest over the name?

ARLA  
Well, that guy would win.

LOUIE  
You know, Arla, the smaller the  
chilli the hotter it is.

ARLA  
Then that guy must be ice cream.

The colourful fog rolls in. Everyone looks around nervously.

ALAN  
He's here.

The music gets louder. And *louder*. *AND LOUDER*. It becomes deafening! Colourful transparent strobe lights ping around the room! The walls pulsate!

GHOST DJ CHERRY (O.S)  
MOOHOOHAHAHAHAHA!

The GHOST OF DJ CHERRY appears through the walls. A terrifying grin on his face.

Everybody looks petrified!...except Arla and Max.

ARLA  
Oh puh-leese - this is so lame.  
Let me guess, we pull off his  
hood to reveal a crooked real  
estate agent?

Ghost DJ Cherry takes out a transparent vinyl record spins it in his hand, cackles.

Alan runs to his wife, grips her close.

ALAN  
I won't let him hurt you, Monica.

MAX  
Don't worry ghosts are  
transparent, they can't hur--

GHOST DJ CHERRY  
THIS ONE GOES OUT TO JESS!

The ghost flicks a transparent record at Alan and his HEAD comes clean off! Blood gushes out all over Monica!

They all scream! They run, splitting into two groups -- Max, Cactus and Sally run down the mansion hall. Louie and Arla head upstairs, dragging a screeching Monica with them.

15 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

15

Monica, Louie and Arla run into a dusty bedroom, slamming the door behind them.

LOUIE  
Christ in Birkenstocks, what the hell just happened?

Monica has gone into shock, starts trembling.

MONICA  
...My...husband...

ARLA  
I am so, so sorry. I really thought I was onto something that whole *crooked real estate agent*.

LOUIE  
It's okay, you're new.

Monica still covered in blood, drops to the floor.

LOUIE (CONT.)  
What should we do?

ARLA  
Let's just hold out here for awhile. If we keep quiet maybe he won't find us.

She spots something on a writing desk. Picks up a piece of paper -- "What's this?"

16 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

16

Max, Cactus and Sally run down the hallway.

CACTUS  
Ghosts can't hurt us, eh?

MAX  
Not from the footage I've seen.

They get to the end of the hallway -- a dead end.

CACTUS  
Dead end!

SALLY  
Wait, look at the ground.

They look. The carpet is scuffed leading into a bookcase.

SALLY  
Why would the carpet be so scuffed around that bookcase?

MAX

Maybe this was where the cool  
kids congregated.

He sniggers. Sally feels around, finds a loose book, pulls  
it. A door swings open, revealing a passageway.

17 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

17

Arla looks at the paper. Louie over her shoulder.

ARLA

(reading)

"Stop with the drugs, they'll  
kill this town, stop your shit or  
I'll bring you down."

LOUIE

They're lyrics.

ARLA

"I'll never leave her, she'll  
never leave me. Take your junk,  
and pop it in the sea."

LOUIE

Not exactly Wordsworth is he?

ARLA

Puh-leese, I saw your poetry. You  
rhymed "Ham locker" with  
"cockblocker". This is signed -  
DJ Cherry.

LOUIE

Pesto said he was a drug dealer?  
Why would he be singing about  
wanting drugs out of the town?

ARLA

And if he wasn't a drug dealer  
being run out of town...why did  
he disappear?

LOUIE

Maybe he didn't disappear. Maybe  
he's who's haunting this place...

ARLA

We've got to tell the others.

She points at a vacuum cleaner in the corner.

ARLA (CONT.)

You ever seen Ghostbusters?



## 18 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

18

Max, Cactus and Sally walk through a tunnel, using their phones as torches.

SALLY

This tunnel probably dates back to the 19th century. Lots of these homes had passages to smugg--

CACTUS

Bah. How have you managed to make a ghost adventure a learning day?

MAX

Remember when she turned that yeti fight into a chemistry lesson?

SALLY

You mean when I made that bomb that saved us?

CACTUS

Pfft, that's your version.

They come to a door at the end of the tunnel. They open it and gasp.

## 19 INT. ABANDONED DRUG LAB - NIGHT

19

Cactus, Sally and Max walk into an abandoned drug lab. Rows of empty tables, cupboards, pill presses, chemicals.

CACTUS

It's a drug lab.

SALLY

This must have been where they made the drugs for the raves.

MAX

Right under their noses. Get it...noses...drugs...whatever. I'm wasted on this crowd.

(then)

Hey, look what I found!

Max holds up a plastic packet, with a small "Bear" logo on the side.

MAX (CONT.)

Score! There's still a pill in here!

Max is about to eat it when he sees Cactus, thinks, then offers it to her.

MAX (CONT.)  
For you, my love.

Cactus takes it -- "So sweet." Cactus swallows it.

SALLY  
That's some real Shakespeare  
shit.

She opens a big cupboard and a body collapses onto her!

SALLY  
Ahh!

Cactus rushes over and pours the body over --

MAX  
It's DJ Cherry!

Sally is covered in a yellow goo.

SALLY  
Ew! What's this disgusting  
liquid?

Max takes his finger and dips it in, licks it, winces.

MAX  
Gross. It's like petrol.  
Unless...

He's about to take another lick. Sally knocks his finger  
away.

20 INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

20

Arla points the vacuum cleaner like a flashlight. Louie  
huddles behind her.

ARLA  
On the count of three...you open  
the door.

MONICA  
...Alan...Poor Alan...

They turn and see Monica rocking in the foetal position.

LOUIE  
Still? Even Greeks take a break  
every once in a while.

ARLA  
1...2...3!

Louie opens the door and...there's nothing there...Arla leads the way with the vacuum cleaner nozzle.

ARLA

You alright to stay here, Monica?

Monica rocks over.

21 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

21

They creep down the hallway. Exaggerated cartoonish strides.

Thumping house music gets louder. Arla and Louie duck behind a corner.

The GHOST floats by, spinning a record on his transparent decks.

LOUIE

Now's our chance!

They jump out vacuum cleaner on full-blast!...but the ghost isn't there.

ARLA

Where'd he go?

We pull back to see the ghost standing behind them. His ghostly finger dangling over the DJ booth buttons. He presses a few and a horn blares.

Arla and Louie jump out of their skins! Throwing the vacuum cleaner into the air.

22 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

22

Louie and Arla run from the ghost - reminiscent of the chase scenes in *Scooby-Doo*, their legs ratcheting along, the repetitive background not moving. The ghost chases them.

LOUIE

I'm sorry about this. I swore I'd never let another date die.

ARLA

Another?

LOUIE

When you live here, it occasionally happens.

QUICK FLASHBACKS:

1) Louie in bed with a dead girl, blood everywhere.

LOUIE

Damn you, banshee!!

2) Louie in a convertible with a headless girl, blood everywhere.

LOUIE  
Damn you, headless horseman!!

3) Louie in a hot-tub, by himself looking satisfied. A body floats to the top.

LOUIE  
Damn you, lung capacity!!

23      **BACK TO SCENE**

23

LOUIE  
But it's rare.

24      **EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - NIGHT**

24

Arla and Louie run out of the house and straight into Max, Sally and Cactus.

LOUIE  
Jeezus that was close.

ARLA  
Way too close.

SALLY  
We found a secret tunnel that lead down to an abandoned drug lab. Must have been where DJ Cherry was making his drugs.

CACTUS  
We also found DJ Cherry. He'd been stabbed in the back. Covered in petrol.

SALLY  
We think someone wanted to bust in on his patch, and was planning to burn the evidence.

ARLA  
I'm not sure about that. Look--

She hands Sally the lyrics.

SALLY  
So, DJ Cherry was anti-drugs? That doesn't make any sense.

MAX  
We also found this.

He shows them the plastic packet.

LOUIE

Hey, I recognise this drug stamp.  
It's *Baloo's High Quality MDMA*.

ARLA

Does anyone know where we can  
find Baloo? Maybe we can ask him.

LOUIE

Yeah, I know. He sometimes hangs  
out down by the pier..

SALLY

Who's this Jess girl he mentions  
in the lyrics?

The drug's kicked in and Cactus starts looking at her hands  
as if seeing them for the first time.

SALLY (CONT.)

Maybe we should head to the  
library to find out?

ARLA

Or we can use these portable  
libraries called phones.

Arla takes out her phone.

ARLA (CONT.)

According to Instagram, DJ Cherry  
had a girlfriend called Jess. We  
should see if we can find her.

SALLY

I'm going to see my old science  
professor, he might be able to  
solve this poltergeist puzzle.

CACTUS

(high)

Honestly, your nerd words are  
just beautiful, Sally.

LOUIE

Arla and I will go see Baloo. We  
can meet up later.

25

INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

25

PROFESSOR COLLINS is old. In his sixties, white hair and a  
beard. That's all we see as we remain close-up during the  
conversation between him and Sally.

PROFESSOR

How very interesting.

SALLY

I thought if anyone would know  
how to stop a ghost, it was you.

PROFESSOR

Well, Sally, ghosts are souls  
that are trapped here because  
they have unfinished business  
here on Earth. Find out what that  
is, and his soul can depart in  
peace.

SALLY

How do I do that?

PROFESSOR

Anyone close to him that might  
know?

SALLY

He's got a girlfriend! She might  
be able to help.

PROFESSOR

I think that's a good idea. Now,  
do you have time to go downtown  
once more before you go?

REVEAL: The two are naked in bed together.

SALLY

I think so, Professor.

She takes out her retainer and goes under the covers.

26

**EXT. THE PIER - NIGHT**

26

Louie, Arla and a very stoned Cactus walk under a pier.

ARLA

Are you sure he's here?

LOUIE

I heard this is where he hung  
out. I've never met him  
personally.

CACTUS

That wave is waving at me.

MAN (O.S.)

You kids looking for a good time?

A MAN appears. As big as a bear, he's got a bag of spray  
cans. He takes one, sprays it into a bag and huffs deeply.

ARLA

Baloo?

He rubs his hands down his body.

BALOO  
That's me.

LOUIE  
We want to talk about DJ Cherry.

BALOO  
Dunno who you're talking about.

ARLA  
Maybe you'd rather have this  
conversation with the cops.

Baloo suddenly looks menacing.

BALOO  
You threatening me?

He rises up and lunges at Arla.

LOUIE  
Nooooo!

Louie intervenes, but gets pushed aside like a rag doll.

Arla sighs, casually steps out of his way, trips Baloo. Sits on his back, takes out a can of pepper spray, sprays it into his eyes. He bucks like a bronco, but Arla hangs on.

Eventually, Baloo wears himself out and collapses, Arla sitting on his back.

Louie lays on the ground, clutching his stomach in agony.

LOUIE  
Great teamwork.

ARLA  
What do you know about his  
murder? We found the body!

BALOO  
It wasn't me! Okay? I've been  
visiting my daughter, I only just  
got back.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a polaroid -- Baloo dressed as a princess with his young daughter.

ARLA  
So if you didn't kill him why'd  
you pack up your drug lab?

BALOO  
I'm going straight for her! I  
want her to be proud of me.

Arla lets him go.

ARLA

If it wasn't you, then who was it?

BALOO

I don't know, but there was probably a few people who weren't happy I stopped dealing.

Cactus wanders into frame, soaking wet.

CACTUS

...The sea...called to me...

27 INT. JESS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

27

JESS (22) is an exceptionally tiny woman.

She invites Max and Sally to sit in down in the living room.

MAX

I'll stand. I like to remain vigilant when I'm on a case.

Sally rolls her eyes. Max starts wandering, looking at all the photos of Jess with her friends, her family, with DJ Cherry: she's always the tiniest person in the photos.

MAX (CONT.)

Question: did you grow up around power lines?

SALLY

We were hoping you could tell us what happened to your boyfriend?

Jess pours herself a glass of scotch. Sips it while staring pensively out the window.

JESS

He left me. One day he was here, the next day, he wouldn't return my calls.

SALLY

And you thought he ghosted you?

Jess sips the vodka.

MAX

Lack of sunlight? Polio? Mother of a meth addict? Why are you so small?!

SALLY

Oh my god - shut up. I'm sorry Jess, we're trying to channel his stupidity into art.



MAX

Hey...is that why you got me those watercolours?

JESS

Gerry always was a complicated, artist. I assumed I must have annoyed him.

MAX

God, that sounds familiar. I'm a wild horse too. Can't fence me in. I've been called the Ronaldo of not playing by the rules. And the Lampard of...assisting others with not playing by the rules?

SALLY

Please try and focus, Max! This is a pivotal moment.

JESS

I loved him. I thought we were going to get married. But the night he disappeared, he told me to wait for him after the show...said he had unfinished business...I never saw him again.

SALLY

Jess...I'm afraid I have some bad news. We found his body. He was murdered.

She starts sobbing.

JESS

Oh my god! Murdered?! By who!?

MAX

I believe it's *whom*.

SALLY

Do you know a drug dealer named Baloo?

Jess nods through her tears.

JESS

Yes. He sold drugs at the house raves. Gerry hated him. He hated drugs.

SALLY

We think Baloo killed him.

Sally hands Jess the lyrics.

SALLY (CONT.)

We found these in the rave house.  
We think he wrote it the night he  
disappeared.

She sobs more wildly, reading the lyrics.

JESS

He was such a poet!

SALLY

(not convinced)

Was he though?

MAX

I bet this place has a bitchin'  
pool table.

Sally shoots him a look. Max wanders off, bored.

SALLY

Jess, it gets stranger...but we  
think Gerry is still alive...in  
spirit...and we need your help.

Jess looks confused.

MAX (O.S)

Hey, check out this cool gun.

Max has found a huge blunderbuss. He aims at Sally...

MAX

Don't worry, it's not lo--

It misfires and a window breaks to the right.

MAX (CONT.)

Sorry for your loss.

Sally gives Max a "Please stop" look.

28

EXT. HAUNTED MANSION - NIGHT

28

The *thump thump* of house music echoes across the coast.  
Louie, Arla and Cactus are in the bushes outside. Cactus  
digging at the dirt like a fox.

Max, Sally and Jess appear. Max still holding the  
blunderbuss.

ARLA

Why do you have a gun?

MAX

Why do you not?

LOUIE

It's a ghost. Not a mammoth.

MAX

Duh, that's why I picked up some silver bullets.

ARLA

Who's this?

SALLY

This is Jess. DJ Cherry's girlfriend. I'm hoping she can help.

The house music gets louder and louder.

MAX

Come on, let's turn this ghost's volume down!

He grips the rifle and runs towards the door yelling.

SALLY

Wait!

**29 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - HAUNTED MANSION - NIGHT**

**29**

Max bursts through, gun raised.

MAX

Show yourself you one-hit wonder!

The others come in behind him.

GHOST DJ CHERRY (O.S.)

MAKE SOME NOISE FOR DJ CHERRY!!

The fog. The strobe lights. Walls pulse. Etc.

The horrifying spectre of DJ Cherry appears.

Max starts shooting. The bullets go straight through him.

DJ Cherry fights back, tossing ghost records. One cuts Max's gun in half, other records narrowly miss our heroes.

The music builds. Cactus, stoned, starts dancing to the beat.

The ghost screeches down and picks up Max, raises him up.

GHOST DJ CHERRY

WANT TO HEAR A NEW BACKING TRACK!?

He's about to break Max's spine!

JESS (O.S.)  
Gerry! Wait!

DJ Cherry stops when he sees Jess. Immediately he softens.

GHOST DJ CHERRY  
JESS...

He drops Max noncommittally and Max slams into the ground with a grunt. Sally runs to him.

The ghost floats down.

GHOST DJ CHERRY  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

JESS  
I thought you ghosted me, Gerry.

GHOST DJ CHERRY  
I'D NEVER DO THAT, JESS. I LOVED  
YOU. MORE THAN ANYTHING.

JESS  
You disappeared...I thought...

GHOST DJ CHERRY  
THAT NIGHT...THE BEAT I WAS GOING  
TO DROP...I NEEDED TO DROP  
WAS...FOR YOU...

He conjures up a ring of fog that looks like a wedding ring.

GHOST DJ CHERRY (CONT.)  
BUT THEN...I WENT TO THE DRUG  
LAB...BUT I WAS STABBED IN THE  
BACK! BY BALOO!!

The ghost starts to grabble with his own internal thoughts.

GHOST DJ CHERRY (CONT.)  
AHHH!!! THIS ONE GOES OUT TO  
EVERYONE WHO'S EVER LOST  
SOMEONE!!

He starts spinning a new record. The room shakes. The walls pulsate even more violently. The bass is *unbearable*.

Everyone puts their hands over their ears as the windows break! Sally's glasses shatter!

The song is repetitive! It crescendos!

Jess walks closer to the ghost.

JESS  
(softly)  
(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)

Gerry...you never needed to drop  
the beat! Because my heart will  
always beat...for you.

ARLA (O.S.)

Puke!

They lock eyes.

The music builds...

The ghost takes Jess' hands.

The ghost sheds a tear. Then they kiss. Passionately. A  
creepy, transparent-on-real kiss.

The music continues to crescendos then...

Finally. AT LAST. THE BEAT DROPS!

The song is cacophony of love music. The ghost and Jess  
embrace.

We turn away, seeing the expressions of the others.

ARLA

This is the weirdest fucking  
thing I've ever seen.

LOUIE

Ew. Look at his ghost boner.

ARLA

I can't take my eye off his busy  
ghost fingers.

There's a climax. They all wince.

SALLY

Wow. Ghost orgasm.

Max continues to writhe around. Cactus still dances around.

MAX

Why are you standing there  
watching ghost porn when I'm  
clearly in need of medical  
attention?

30 EXT. HAUNTED MANSION - NIGHT

30

The gang stands outside, minus Cactus. Jess and Ghost DJ  
Cherry are holding hands.

JESS

I can't believe I thought my  
Gerry would ghost me. Thanks to  
you I never have to wonder again.

GHOST DJ CHERRY

Thank you. But if Baloo didn't  
kill me, who did?

SALLY

I can answer that. You see, when  
your body fell out, I was covered  
in a yellow liquid. I assume it  
was petrol, and Baloo was trying  
to cover his tracks.

JESS

But it wasn't?

ARLA

I recognised it immediately.

A police car pulls up, Pesto is in the back.

ARLA (CONT.)

It was Pesto's pus!

PESTO

And I would have got away with it  
if wasn't for you meddling  
adolescents!

Another of Pesto's sores pops onto the police window.

SALLY

He went to the rave house looking  
for drugs, and when you surprised  
him, he panicked and stabbed you.

A policeman brings a still shell-shocked Monica out.

GHOST DJ CHERRY

I'm sorry about everything. And  
you know, about cutting your  
husband's head off.

Max slaps his hand on Monica's shoulder, jovially.

MAX

Water under the bridge. All's  
well that ends well, eh?

GHOST DJ CHERRY

Now I've dropped the beat...

He turns to Jess, who starts crying.

JESS

Please. Don't go...not again.

GHOST DJ CHERRY

I have to. Heaven needs a DJ.

The ghost starts hitting the decks again. The song begins to fade as everyone does a little rave dance...he fades away.

Jess starts to sob.

ARLA

So, this is what you guys do to pass the time?

LOUIE

Mostly. Sometimes we do coke.

CACTUS

The good news is, we've got an opening for a new friend!

ARLA

Wow. Lucky me.

Louie puts his arms around her.

LOUIE

I've got an opening for you too.

He lurches at her open mouthed and she backs away.

ARLA

I think we should just be mystery solving friends.

Monica starts shaking, bubbling up the rage. Then screams.

MAX

Jeez. What a baby.

**END**