

GHOST

Written by

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EXT. BACK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

We are static. The environment is grainy. The pouring rain masks all sound.

A black sedan sits at rest. A woman lies on the ground beside it, arms tied behind her back, surrounded by one hooded man. He holsters his gun and picks her up from her legs to stuff her into the backseat of the car.

The man drives away as another man approaches from behind. He moves erratically and briefly chases after the car to no avail. He stops, kneeling in a puddle. This is RICK (32).

RICK (V.O.)  
That's was last night down at  
Braxton's... License plate was  
covered so getting a match isn't  
even on the table...

We pull out to reveal a monitor screen, playing back security footage inside a...

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

MAKO  
Jesus Christ Rick, I'm-- I'm sorry  
buddy.

MAKO (59) sits at his office desk, playing back the footage off of Rick's flash drive. Rick lets out a heavy sigh.

RICK  
The man - scroll back about twenty  
seconds - when he holsters his gun-  
- Zoom in. Look at his wrist.

The hooded man's inner wrist covers the display. A ghost tattoo.

RICK (CONT'D)  
A ghost.  
(a beat; desperately)  
Listen, Mako, I came to you because  
I know you let people deal here out  
back.

MAKO  
Oh no no no...

RICK

(distinctly)

Even my sister, I know came here at times... but I let it happen. Partially because she was going through some things... and I really did try to make her stop but that's not the point. The point is I let it happen. And I let it happen HERE with you and only HERE with you because I knew you would never let something like *that* happen.

He points to the monitor screen.

MAKO

So, what do you want from me kid?

A brief pause, then:

RICK

Well, I feel I have an obligation now to ask you a few questions... Do you know that man with the ghost tattoo? Have you seen him here before?

(a longer pause)

Mako, when have I ever asked anything of you?

MAKO

Just now.

Rick's face is now quite stern.

MAKO (CONT'D)

But yeah... I've seen that tattoo before. Came in - I'd say first week of the month - looked like a white collar prick though, was clean. He wasn't alone then, I never talked with him. I never *really* talk with any of them.

RICK

Mako...

MAKO

Rick. I don't want any part of this--

RICK

Point me in the right direction and I'm gone.

Mako takes a moment, then scrambles for a piece of paper.

MAKO

You got something I can write with?

Rick hands him a pen from his coat pocket.

MAKO (CONT'D)

(writing)

I don't know exactly where that man with the tattoo and his group came from, but I can tell you that their cars all had logos from Dorweller Hotel. You know where that is?

RICK

(in resolve)

Yeah, I know where that is.

Mako finishes writing and tears a piece of paper from his notebook and hands it to Rick.

MAKO

If there's any place to check out first, it's there... I hope you find your sister Rick, I do.

Rick studies the paper and its writing.

RICK

(half-annoyed)

Mako, what's this?

MAKO

It's not for you, it's for the man. Give it to him once you find and once you beat his sorry ass.

The paper reads, in large letters: "FUCK YOU"

MAKO (CONT'D)

Now you said you'd go, so be gone.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

Rick stops by his car, illuminated by the hundreds of billboards and advertisements that populate the night sky. "BUY YOUR VERY OWN ANDROID NOW!" and "FLY HIGH LIKE A BAT IN THE SKY THIS HALLOWEEN WITH THE ALL NEW FORD F150!" stand out amongst these. He taps the driver-side window, prompting a holographic passkey display to appear in front of him.

HOLOGRAM VOICE  
Insert password.

He inputs a series of numbers.

HOLOGRAM VOICE (CONT'D)  
Access denied. Please try again or  
provide valid identification  
documents.

Puzzled, he inputs another series of numbers.

HOLOGRAM VOICE (CONT'D)  
Access denied. Please try again or  
provide valid identification  
documents.

RICK  
(mumming)  
What?

Frustrated, he inputs another series of numbers yet again.

HOLOGRAM VOICE  
Access denied. Please try again or  
provide valid identification  
documents.

RICK  
Motherfucker.

He bangs on the window with his fist, before he pulls out his clear holographic wallet. It's cracked, in need of desperate repair. Its display flickers on and off.

He holds it up for the car window to scan. It displays Rick's personal details with a notable police badge next to his photo. Before the scan completes, an electrical impulse escapes from one of the cracks, shocking him and traveling to his car and every other car on the road like a daisy chain.

RICK (CONT'D)  
(flinching backwards)  
Motherfucker!

Every headlight flickers on and off as several car alarms pollute the air. He runs away in embarrassment.

INT. TAXI - LATER

RICK  
Stop here.

The taxi comes to a halt. He reaches for his wallet, but stops before he pulls it out.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Do you take cash?

EXT. DORWELLER HOTEL - POOL - MOMENTS LATER

Blaring music. Blinding lights. Crowds of people dressed in Halloween costumes dance and swim to the rhythm of movement that surrounds them.

Rick makes his way up a flight of steps, towards the main building and lobby entrance. A waiter passes by.

WAITER  
Excuse me.

Rick steps aside and watches the waiter continue on. His eyes navigate down, toward the waiter's wrists until he spots what he's been dreading: a ghost tattoo.

RICK  
(to bystanders)  
Hey, step aside!

He rushes toward the waiter, draws back his coat, and pulls out his pistol.

Several onlookers fearfully move away from the commotion.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Hands up, turn around now! Look at me!

The waiter slowly turns around revealing the ghost tattoo once more.

Rick looks around the area. People are afraid, but most importantly many are confused. He spots a waitress across the pool and spots another... ghost tattoo. The lifeguard... ghost tattoo. The pool boy... ghost tattoo.

He reaches out and grabs the arm of the waiter in front of him... it feels rock solid and stone cold.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

FRANK (41) stands in his living room, phone in one hand and beer bottle in the other. He wears a bulky glasses-like visor over his eyes as audio from a football game streams from it.







