

ASSHOLE GHOST

Daniel Chavez

INT. DARK STAGE

FADE IN on VINCENT PRICE walking on a dark stage. The camera TRACKS with him.

VINCENT PRICE

Good evening. In the past we have brought you bone chilling stories of the supernatural. <PASSES BY A PAINTING OF A VICTORIAN-ERA WOMAN> From the tale of Beatrix Cumblebum, a trapped soul who haunted her estate looking for her lost husband. <PASSES BY A PAINTING OF A 1920'S ERA CHILD> To little Gertrude Von Steinhauser, an adorable little soul who warns travelers of the railroad crossing where she met her demise.

He stops at a painting of BROCK ARMSTRONG, a 1970's looking dude with bell bottoms and an exposed chest full of hair.

VINCENT PRICE (CONT'D)

But tonight, we bestow upon you one of the most eerie stories of the paranormal. In 1976 Brock Armstrong, an up-and-coming musician for the rock group "Grizzly Van", asphyxiated on his bong water during an all night binge of the proverbial "sex, drugs, and rock and roll". To this day, he haunts the studio apartment he passed away in, tormenting any unsuspecting tenant who dares to inhabit his den of "partying down". What would you do if you were confronted with an... *Asshole Ghost?!*

LIGHTNING CRASH!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

SMASH CUT to DAVID, a normal guy in his 20's, sharing a glass of wine with REBECCA, a beautiful woman around the same age.

DAVID
 <NERVOUS> I had a really good time
 tonight.

REBECCA
 <ALSO NERVOUS> So did I. I... I
 really like you, David.

DAVID
 Really? I like you too Rebecca.

Blushing they both go in for the kiss --

BROCK (O.C.)
 <WHISPER> *Yeah, man, kiss her dirty
 whore mouth --*

REBECCA
 <BREAKS THE KISS> What was that??

BROCK (O.C.)
 <WHISPER> Oh shit, she heard me!

REBECCA
 Is there someone watching us?!

DAVID
 No! It's --

BROCK (O.C.)
 Man these pictures will come in
 handy later! Pun... intended.

REBECCA
 <SLAPS DAVID> Pervert! <STORMS OUT>

DAVID
 Dammit Brock!!

The ghostly image of BROCK appears, floating in mid air.

BROCK
 What's up, sucka?! You ready to
 move out yet? Because *no one* is
 allowed in my digs.

DAVID
 I'm not going anywhere! I'm locked
 into the rent control on this
 apartment. Do your worst.

BROCK
 Suit yourself, turkey. You ain't
relieving until you get *a-leaving*.

MONTAGE: BROCK BEING AN ASSHOLE

Spooky music plays over images of Brock being an asshole.

- David is trying to read a book in bed as Brock flips the LIGHTS on and off.

- David tries to wash his hair in the shower, Brock turns the WATER off, causing him to get soap in his eyes.

- David, cooking dinner, trying not to react to the floating KITCHEN OBJECTS hitting him in the head.

- David waking up to a literal PORTAL TO HELL swirling at the foot of his bed, with demon arms clawing through the dimension. David goes back to sleep.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

David sits in his recliner, covered in makeshift armor made out of kitchen ware. Brock is floating in front of him.

BROCK

Listen, man, I think we got off on the wrong foot. I've been a little uncool with you because I'm all trapped in this purgatory, ya dig?

DAVID

I... I didn't know you were in purgatory.

BROCK

Yeah man! My soul's all trapped and shit! I got some unresolved business. If I take care of it, I can pass along to the other side, but I can't even leave this apartment! Maybe you could help me make things gravy.

DAVID

Okay... I'll help you. I'll help you get to the other side.

BROCK

All right, groovy, man! I left this locket down in the crawl space under the apartment. It's got a picture of my fly-ass girlfriend Debbie.

(MORE)

BROCK (CONT'D)
 If I can get my hands on that
 locket, I can use the energy from
 that locket to make amends with
 her. Ya dig?

DAVID
 <INTENSE> Yeah, *I'll dig.*

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Spooky music and QUICK SHOTS of David digging in the two foot tall crawlspace. He sifts through dirt; avoids spiders; has a brief fight with a raccoon; until he finds... THE LOCKET.

DAVID
 This must be it!

He opens it up... *to find a picture of Brock flipping him off!*

DAVID (CONT'D)
 DAMMIT BROCK!!

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Dusty and dirty, David barges into the apartment --

DAVID
 Brock, you asshole ghost --

-- to find his apartment manager TED standing among a few dozen CATS eating food from paper plates.

TED
 David, what's the meaning of this!
 You know your lease does not allow
 any pets, let alone all the feral
 cats from the neighborhood!

DAVID
 No! They're not my cats! It was --

TED
 I'm terminating your lease
 immediately. You have 30 days to
 vacate the premises.

Ted exits. Brock appears, holding a guitar.

BROCK
 Like I said before, *no one* is
 allowed in my digs.

Brock strums along to a spooky version of Foghat's "Slow Ride". Over the music --

DAVID

Damn yooooou Broooooock!!!

LIGHTNING CRASH!!

INT. DARK STAGE

Vincent is still standing in front of the Brock portrait.

VINCENT PRICE

David confronted the Asshole Ghost,
and lost. After the rent control on
his apartment was revoked, David
was not able to afford a comparable
one. He was forced to move to a
more affordable area... *twenty
miles away!*

LIGHTNING CRASH!!

VINCENT PRICE (CONT'D)

Join us next week for more tales of
terror from the realm... of the
paranormal...

END