

Together Forever

By

Carly May and Zoe Sellers

Carly May
210-748-1783
carly.may@me.com

INT. LYDIA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

LYDIA, a recent college graduate, stands in front of the mirror, brushing her teeth. When she finishes, she opens the medicine cabinet to put her toothpaste away. When she closes it, her boyfriend JASON, a ghost, is seen standing behind her with a somewhat obsessive expression. His throat is slit, his skin is gray, and he has deep purple circles under his eyes. He looks terrifying, but Lydia is unaffected. She rolls her eyes and starts to brush her hair.

TITLE CARD: Together Forever

INT: LYDIA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Lydia walks out of her bedroom looking ready to go to work. She starts towards the living room when Jason appears in front of her.

JASON
Going to work?

LYDIA
It's Monday, so yeah.

Lydia walks over to her couch, reaches under it, and pulls out her shoes. She sits on the couch to put on the shoes. Jason appears next to her.

JASON
I was thinking if you get out of work early, we could do something fun. We never go out anymore.

LYDIA
I told you, Jason, we can't do dates. Do you know how crazy I'd look trying to talk to you in a public place?

JASON
So you're ashamed of me!

LYDIA
I'm not ashamed of you. I would just prefer to not be institutionalized.

She gets up and starts walking towards the door. Jason follows.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

Hey, could you not follow me to work again today? I can't get any work done with you looming over me all day.

JASON

Come on, babe! The afterlife gets lonely when there's only one person to talk to.

LYDIA

Well, maybe you should have thought about that before dying.

INT. COPY ROOM

Lydia stands in front of copy machine collecting papers as they print. Jason appears next to her. She rolls her eyes and talks through gritted teeth.

LYDIA

If you're going to be here, you can't distract me. I'm this close to losing my job because of you.

JASON

Who needs a job? I don't have a job.

LYDIA

Well that is one of the situational benefits of being a ghost! If I can't pay my rent at the end of this month, I'll get kicked out of my apartment and wind up dead like you.

JASON

You say that like it's a bad thing.

SCOTT, another intern, enters the copy room carrying a packet of papers. He walks up to the machine, notices Lydia's sour expression, and frowns.

SCOTT

Rough morning?

Lydia starts making copies.

LYDIA

I got an email from the boss. Apparently, my work has been less

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA (cont'd)
than satisfactory. I'm as good as
fired.

SCOTT
Hey, you've been through a lot
lately. The boss knows that.
Besides, you still get more work
done than me.

LYDIA
I highly doubt that.

Jason looks at Scott suspiciously and puts an arm around
Lydia. She shrugs it off, grabs her copies off the machine
and starts to walk towards the door. Jason follows. Scott
turns around and calls after her.

SCOTT
Hey, did you maybe want to get
dinner or something tonight?

Lydia and Jason both whip around at the same time. Jason
looks visibly territorial.

LYDIA
What?

SCOTT
I mean, it's okay if you don't want
to. I just think it would be fun.
Especially since your week's gotten
off to such a bad start.

JASON
Tell him you can't and then never
talk to this creep again.

LYDIA
I can't.

Scott looks disappointed, but he plays it off like it's no
big deal.

SCOTT
Oh. That's fine, I guess...

Jason looks pleased as punch.

JASON
Come on, Lydia. You don't need
assholes like him.

(CONTINUED)

Jason walks away and Lydia reluctantly starts to follow. She stops for a second, looking contemplative and then angry. She turns around and faces Scott.

LYDIA
I'm free tomorrow, though.

Scott smiles. Jason fumes.

SCOTT
Great! I'll see you then!

INT: LYDIA'S APARTMENT

Lydia enters the threshold carrying her purse with Jason fuming behind her.

JASON
If you're so unhappy in this relationship, why didn't you just talk to me?!

Lydia slams her purse on the counter.

LYDIA
I've been talking to you for six months, Jason. I talk at you and you talk at me and all we can do is fucking talk because you. Are. Dead. You can't be in a relationship where one party is dead and the other is alive! It doesn't work!

JASON
Babe I can do whatever you want me to do, just tell me what it is.

LYDIA
I want you to move on. See the light. Go to hell. Whatever.

Lydia exits the kitchen in a huff. She sits down on her couch, grabs a magazine off of the coffee table, and starts passively flipping through it. Jason remains in the kitchen and sighs heavily. He removes a knife from a block sitting on the counter. He approaches Lydia with his hands behind his back.

LYDIA
I can't even get a minute's peace from you?

(CONTINUED)

JASON

I actually agree with you, you know. Me being dead and you being alive is driving us apart.

Jason presents Lydia with the knife.

JASON

And I think it's pretty clear how we can solve this.

Lydia puts down her magazine stands up slowly.

LYDIA

What are you doing with that?

JASON

You said it yourself. This doesn't work with only one of use dead.

He lunges at her and she dodges, running behind him. He appears in front of her again. She backs up slowly.

LYDIA

(panicky)

Can't we just talk about this?

JASON

We'll have an eternity to talk, babe. This'll only hurt for a second...

He attacks again. She grabs his arm to stop the attack, but he disappears and reappears behind her. He grabs her waist and holds the knife up to her neck.

JASON

You have to trust me on this one, Lydia. I know that deep down, this is what you want.

Lydia's eyes are wide with fear. She eyes the knife and makes one last attempt to save herself.

LYDIA

Can I at least have a last day?

Jason looks confused.

JASON

A what?

Lydia's eyes are glued on the knife.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

A last day. I want to see my friends and call my family and eat and sleep and be a living, breathing person one last time. I'll give you eternity if you give me one day.

Jason releases her.

JASON

Just one day? And then we'll be together?

Lydia begins to calm down. She collects herself and turns around to look Jason in the eye.

LYDIA

Sure. But you can't follow me around all day. I need this last day to be just mine.

JASON

Anything for you, babe.

Jason hugs Lydia, knife still in hand, while she stands stiffly and looks terrified.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING

Lydia sits at her computer. She googles "how to stop my ghost boyfriend from killing me". This has 0 results. Lydia is visibly unsurprised. She then searches "local exorcists." She clicks the first link, which brings her to the webpage of "The Fantasmagorical Madame R: Phone Psychic and House Call Exorcist." Lydia calls the number listed. MADAME R picks up instantly.

MADAME R

(in a thick, phony accent that is vaguely Russian but mostly racist)

This is the Fantasmagorical Madame R, please state your name and list the details of your discrepancy.

LYDIA

Yes, hi. My name is Lydia Reed and I need an exorcism performed immediately. My life is in danger at home.

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MADAME R

Elaborate.

LYDIA

My boyfriend died a couple months ago and now his ghost is trying to kill me.

MADAME R

Then I shall provide my services immediately. Send your address to the email listed on my website and we will meet there in ten minutes

LYDIA

Okay but--

The line has gone dead.

INT. LYDIA'S APARTMENT

Lydia enters her apartment to find Madame R standing in her living room wearing a long, hooded cloak. Jason is sitting on the edge of the couch looking confused. Lydia is startled.

LYDIA

Oh. You're here.

MADAME R

I said ten minutes. Eleven have elapsed. I assume this is the spirit.

She points at Jason.

JASON

Hey, babe? Who's the hag?

MADAME R

(with flair)

I am the Fantasmagorical Madame R!

LYDIA

She's an exorcist.

JASON

What the fuck?

Madame R begins to set up and light candles in random places all around the room.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

It's nothing personal. We're just at different points in our lives right now. I'm busy with my job and such. You're busy being dead.

Madame R begins her monotone chant.

MADAME R

Lambit, parvulus enim est. Et quod stare. Lambit, parvulus enim est. Et quod stare...

Jason looks worried at first, then smug.

JASON

You actually think this crazy old woman is gonna keep me away from you?

LYDIA

She was the first result on Google, so probably.

Madame R continues chanting and throws a handful of some sort of powder in Jason's face. A cloud of smoke appears at his feet and begins to rise. His smugness turns to panic as he realizes he can't move. He looks up at Lydia desperately.

JASON

Lydia, babe, you have to make this stop!

The flames in the candles begin to grow taller, as does the cloud of smoke. Madame R keeps chanting.

LYDIA

Too late for that. Just think of this as a normal breakup, but with a lot more smoke and chanting.

The cloud of smoke is around his shoulders. Madame R is still chanting and has begun to move her arms in rhythm with the chants.

JASON

Lydia, please! You can't do this to me!

LYDIA

Actually, I can. This is my life and I don't want you haunting me anymore. Send me a postcard from hell, Jason.

(CONTINUED)

Jason is now totally obscured by smoke. The candles are flickering and Madame R is now yelling her chant. The ritual intensifies until Madame R yells one final Latin phrase.

MADAME R
Alius stupri brueram!

Jason can be heard giving one last cry of anguish before the cloud surround him disperses. When the smoke clears, Jason is gone. There is a moment of peace before Madame R starts scurrying around the room to collect her candles.

MADAME R
That will be \$635.95. A fairly reasonable price for saving your life, yes? I'll take cash or credit.

Lydia opens her mouth to protest, but then just gives up. She reaches into her purse to get her wallet when she suddenly hears a knock at the door. She walks over to the door warily and opens it. Scott stands outside covered in blood, clearly from a huge gash in his forehead. His skin is gray and there are deep purple circles under his eyes. Lydia and Madame R stare at him in shock.

LYDIA
(in disbelief)
Holy shit.

SCOTT
Oh, hey! Lydia! You will not believe what just happened.

Lydia slams the door. Madame R laughs.

MADAME R
Make that \$835.95

LYDIA
Fuck.

:TO BLACK