

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The gas station is empty and silent, save for MAN, 30s, who pumps gas at one of the meters.

From behind, JOHN, 20s, appears wearing a baseball cap and aims a HANDGUN at the back of Man's head. John fires the gun.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The sun shines through the leaves of the trees in patchy groups of light. In a clearing, John uses the back side of a SHOVEL to pat a square of ground newly covered by leaves.

John spits on the ~~square~~ grave.

JOHN
Good riddance.

John walks away from the grave. In the distance, SPIRIT, a dark cloaked figure, watches John from behind a tree.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

As John is walking he comes across an alleyway. As he passes the alley, a RUSTLING ~~rustling~~ noise is heard. John looks into the alley to search for the source of the noise.

A few moments of tense silence go by. As John leans in a little further, he is startled by his phone ringing.

The person calling John is WYATT, 20s, John's handler. John picks up the call.

JOHN
Hey. Job's done, he won't be
missed. I'm gonna turn in. Make
sure I'm not followed.

John hangs up the phone, stuffs it back in his pocket, and walks away after one more quick glance into the alley.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

John enters the apartment, a dull location. Minimal decorations highlight the sole cheap couch in the middle of the room.

John jumps onto the couch and lays down, resting his head on the armrest. He closes his eyes and drifts off to sleep.

INT. DREAM APARTMENT - NIGHT

John tosses and turns on the couch as he sleeps. As John slowly opens his eyes, he is presented with the visage of the spirit, a ghastly humanoid creature with an extremely pale white and gaunt face.

John screams.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

John jerks awake and sits up in a quick motion. He is hyperventilating and looking around the apartment in a frantic fashion.

John pulls out his phone and calls Wyatt.

JOHN

Hey, Wyatt? Can you meet me at the bar later? Ok, cool.

John hangs up, pockets his phone, and exits the apartment.

INT. BAR - DAY

John enters the bar, where Wyatt is waiting with a drink already in his hand. BARTENDER, 20s, waves at John.

BARTENDER

Hey there.

WYATT

There you are.

John sits down at the bar and sighs.

BARTENDER

What can I get for you?

JOHN

Something with alcohol. Preferably in a bottle.

The bartender cocks a half smile.

BARTENDER

Beer it is, then.

Wyatt pats John on the shoulder.

WYATT

Hey, what's going on? You alright?

JOHN

To be honest, I don't really know.

Confusion and concern scrunches Wyatt's face.

WYATT

What does that mean?

The bartender plops down a BEER BOTTLE onto a NAPKIN in front of John.

BARTENDER

There you go, one something with alcohol.

John grabs the beer and takes a sip.

JOHN

Thanks.

John directs his attention back to Wyatt.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I feel like something's following me.

WYATT

Like getting tailed? You got the security cam, right? Police band was quiet.

JOHN

Yeah, I did. I just feel like I'm constantly being watched, but not by people. Like something that's always there, even in my place.

John takes a big swig from the bottle and places it back down on the napkin.

WYATT

Okay, you've lost me.

JOHN

Like I had this dream last night. I was just sleeping, and then I woke up to this ghost or demon like two 2 inches from my face.

John takes another swig of the beer and places the bottle back on the napkin. When John puts the bottle down, he notices a couple of blood drops staining the white napkin.

Confused, John looks at his hand to see it completely covered in blood.

BARTENDER
Another beer, sir?

John snaps out of his daze and looks at the bartender.

JOHN
What?

BARTENDER
Another beer?

JOHN
Sure...

Wyatt scoffs. John looks back down at his hand and finds it clean.

WYATT
So you made me drop my work to come to a bar at one ~~1:00~~ in the afternoon because you had a bad dream?

JOHN
It's more than that.

WYATT
Bull.

JOHN
Have I ever messed with you before?
I'm kind of freaking out here.

Wyatt squints at John.

WYATT
Fine. I'm gonna go to the bathroom and then we'll try and figure out what's going on.

Wyatt stands up and walks to the other side of the bar toward the bathroom.

The bartender places another beer in front of John. John picks it up and takes a drink. As John is drinking, the spirit approaches and sits down in the spot Wyatt was previously sitting in.

John's eyes widen in shock.

SPIRIT

Hello, John.

JOHN

It's you.

A wicked smile spreads across the spirit's face.

SPIRIT

I'm not a ghost or a demon, John. I am simply the mirror that you are too afraid to hold in front of yourself.

JOHN

What's that supposed to mean?

SPIRIT

How many fathers, sons, and daughters have become fertilizer because of you?

JOHN

They deserved it. They were corrupt, they made decisions that hurt other people. I was doing the right thing.

SPIRIT

Isn't it possible they thought that as well?

John hyperventilates.

JOHN

What are you talking about?

SPIRIT

The world does not exist in black and white, John. Many people do terrible things in the name of righteousness, including yourself.

JOHN

That's not the same thing.

SPIRIT

Then I shall ask you one last thing before I part. How many lives will you destroy before you become a worthy target in your own eyes?

Wyatt comes back from the bathroom and pats John on the shoulder before sitting back down in his seat. The Spirit has disappeared. John's face is contorted in fear.

WYATT

What's the matter? Don't worry, I washed my hands.

The bartender takes the drink away from in front of John.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Hey, his drink's still like half full.

BARTENDER

I'm cutting him off. He was being a total nut job while you were in the bathroom.

WYATT

What? What happened while I was away, John?

John gulps and looks at Wyatt with wide eyes.

JOHN

The thing from my dreams showed up.

WYATT

What, the ghost demon thing? Come on, John. Ghosts?

John stands up.

JOHN

I know, but I need to make sure.

WYATT

And what does that entail?

John drops a few dollar bills on the table.

JOHN

I'm leaving. Don't follow me.

John exits the bar. As John is walking away, Wyatt throws his arms up in confusion.

WYATT

What the hell is going on with him?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

John enters the apartment. He lifts up a cushion on his couch to reveal a HANDGUN. John grabs the gun and exits the apartment as quick as he entered.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

John walks forward with his gun firmly in both hands. As he walks, RUSTLING ~~ustling~~ is periodically heard all around him.

Every time he hears a noise, John jerks his aim toward the source with a shaking hand.

John approaches the site of his most recent burial, the man from the gas station's grave.

JOHN

/Should be around here somewhere.

As John approaches the grave, his face drops in shock.

Adjacent to the first grave, a second leaf covered grave lies. A cross made of sticks juts out of the ground at the head of the grave. John's baseball cap is hanging off the cross.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh, my God...

From behind John the spirit appears with a smile.

SPIRIT

Hello, John.

END OF WEBISODE