

GHOST O'CLOCK

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FADE IN.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

An old fashioned room with a handmade quilt covering the bed.

A small amount of moonlight shows through the slightly open curtain.

IVAN (60s) sits on a chair with a camera pointed at one corner of the room. There is a hole in his trousers and his jersey is frayed.

Some technological gadgets lie on a coffee table next to him.

MILES (20s) stands against the wall, taps his foot. He holds a fancier digital camera.

Ivan looks at an old clock on the wall. It shows ten minutes past three.

He flips on the lamp on the table.

IVAN  
Dammit. Too late.

MILES  
Why? Thought we had all night.

Ivan shakes his head, switches off the camera, sits back.

IVAN  
Nope. We missed it. Sorry.

MILES  
What do you mean? We have to get a picture.

Ivan packs some of the gadgets into a bag.

IVAN  
This bugger only appears at three o' seven for a few second. That's the time he was gunned down.

MILES  
We have to think of something. I'm not giving up on this.

IVAN

I wish it were as easy as turning back the clock, but this ghost cannot be tricked. He's been outsmarting me for years.

Ivan watches Miles intently and waits for a reaction.

Miles pauses a few moments in deep thought. He takes out one of the gadgets from Ivan's bag, switches it on. A small screen lights up.

He holds it up, points it around the room. A few sketchy outlines appear in green.

He points it at Ivan. His outline appears red on the screen.

MILES

How much did you say for this job?

IVAN

Fifty thousand, but we had to submit to the network this morning to get on the show. We'll try for the next season.

Miles walks over to a suitcase lying open to one side of the room, takes out a dark top, pants and a balaclava.

MILES

You hired me because I'm a good photographer and editor, right?

IVAN

Yep, but you can only do great photography if there's something to film, unfortunately we are too late.

Miles throws the clothes at Ivan.

MILES

You're wrong. For fifty K, I'll give you a fucking ghost.

IVAN

You have to know when to give up, Miles. You know how ghost hunters are out there?

Miles fiddles on his camera, holds it for Ivan to see. The time show "3:04".

IVAN (CONT'D)  
It's not going to work.

MILES  
Stifle it, Ivan.

Ivan rolls his eyes.

IVAN  
You are just being foolish. Please.  
Stop.

MILES  
From the mouth of an old fool.  
Right.

Miles sets the time back on the heat sensor as well.

Ivan smiles while he watches Miles set up the equipment.

IVAN  
The only thing a ghost can't  
control is the time loop he's stuck  
in. Such a pity, we missed him.

Miles walks over to the old clock on the wall, and moves the  
long hand of the old clock back as well.

MILES  
We'll see about that. Put on the  
clothes and stand in the corner,  
ol' man. As long as I have your  
dark outline, I'll make this work.

IVAN  
I'm an honest person, Miles.  
They'll know if we give them  
doctored footage.

Miles snickers.

MILES  
You're broke, that's what you are.  
But I'm gonna make us rich.

Ivan grabs his bag and his camera, limps towards the door,  
his one leg disabled.

IVAN  
There are more important things in  
life than money.

MILES  
No, there isn't.

IVAN

I will not partake in this crazy  
scheme and risk my good reputation.

Miles grabs Ivan, shoves him up against the wall, holds his  
arm against Ivan's throat to cut off his air.

MILES

Listen, old fart. I need this  
money. You fuckin' do this, or I'll  
kill you.

Ivan gags, then nods in agreement.

MOMENTS LATER

Ivan, dressed in the dark clothing, the balaclava pulled over  
his face, slumps in the corner of the room.

Miles sets the two cameras on stands. The set time is now  
"3:06".

He looks at his cell phone, "3:13". He slides it back into  
his pocket.

He turns the one camera to the clock on the wall to show the  
time there. The second hand ticks towards the "12" and the  
time is now at three o' seven.

Miles turns the camera to the corner, records Ivan in the  
dark.

Ivan pulls out a cell phone from his coat pocket, stares at  
the screen.

MILES (CONT'D)

Please just stand still.

Miles lifts the heat sensor as well, gets the red image.

After a few beats, the battery image on the heat sensor  
drains from full to empty.

Miles tries to switch it on his equipment again but nothing.

He notices the one camera switch off, then the other.

The lamp falls over.

Ivan taps on his phone.

Miles swings around.

The ghost figure of a man stands behind him. It reaches for Miles.

A clicking sound O.S.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Miles' screams are heard from inside the room O.S.

The door opens. Ivan slips out, pulls the balaclava from his head.

He checks his cell phone.

INSERT

A picture of the ghost reaching for Miles.

END INSERT

Ivan chuckles, hobbles down the hallway, exits out the stairwell.

FADE OUT.