

TOGETHER
By
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INT. MASON'S OFFICE - DAY

MASON KIMBALL in suit, 38, short hair, wears a pair of glasses sitting in a chair. Across from him is a man, 45, mature, with a serious look on his face. This is RAY CAMPOS.

MASON

It has been a long time, Ray. How you doing?

RAY

Um... fine.

MASON

You look unhappy. Anything wrong?

RAY

How'd you know?

MASON

Your voice.

RAY

Oh! You're so smart. Something I need you to figure it out.

MASON

No worries. I'm a private detective who'll do my best to help you out.

A pause.

RAY

Um...don't know if you'll promise to investigate it. Not related to your job.

Mason looks confused.

MASON

We've been pals for years. Talk to me.

RAY

Got a house last year, wanted to earn money from it. A few tenants blamed me for letting them live in a haunted house. They encountered horrible things.

MASON

What horrible things?

RAY

A knife and a fork appeared on the floor frequently. They could move.

Mason's eyes widen.

RAY

The lights off suddenly. I had someone to check it out and said the lights okay.

MASON

You want me to look into it.

RAY

Yes.

MASON

Why don't you hire a psychic?

RAY

Don't know how to find one.

MASON

So funny that a private detective is hired to deal with a ghost.

RAY

I'm counting on you.

Mason is deep in thought.

MASON

Okay, I promise you.

Ray is relieved. He checks his watch.

RAY

I've to go.

Ray pulls out a key and a piece of folded paper from his jacket pocket, handing them to Mason. He unfolds it with an address on it.

RAY

Hope to hear good news.

The two get up. Mason opens the door and Ray leaves. Mason glances at his watch. He doesn't know that his assistant KRISTI WHITE, 30, with a box of chocolate in hand enters.

KRISTI

Mason, chocolate.

Mason turns around.

MASON

No, thanks.

KRISTI

What's the matter? You're fond of chocolate. Never say no to it.

MASON

Just got a job. I need to fight against phobia.

Kristi is bewildered.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A car pulls up. Mason gets out and walks towards it. He takes out a key and puts it into the keyhole. He opens.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mason enters. It is so dark that he can't see anything. He moves cautiously.

MASON

(to himself)

Where's the...?

The lights are on suddenly, which gets Mason's attention. The door closes itself. Mason turns round to watch it. He swallows hard and moves to stand in the middle, scanning. There are a couch, coffee table and an end table with a lamp on it.

He notices a fireplace and a wall mirror. He looks up at the ceiling, seeing a chandelier. He walks up to the wall mirror. Suddenly, the lights are off. He feels someone standing behind him. His hands are shivering.

MASON

Who're you? Why doing this to me?

No response.

MASON

(loud)

Answer the questions.

The lights are on. Mason looks in the mirror.

MASON

(to himself)

Something moving. What's it?

He takes out his cell phone from his trouser pocket and takes a photo of it. He checks the photo which shows a knife and a fork.

MASON

(to himself)

Ray's right.

He goes up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

The door is opened. Mason walks into. There are a bed, a night table and a wardrobe.

MASON

(to himself)

Clean and tidy.

He lies in bed.

MASON

(to himself)

Comfortable.

Suddenly, his cell phone RINGS.

MASON

(to himself)

It scared me.

He pulls out his cell phone.

MASON

(into phone)

Hello.

RAY'S VOICE

Are you all right, Mason?

MASON
(into phone)
I regret taking this job.

RAY'S VOICE
If you're timid, you can leave. I'm
still willing to pay you.

MASON
(into phone)
What're you talking about? I'm not
afraid of anything in my life.

RAY'S VOICE
You said you regret...

MASON
(into phone)
Just joking.

RAY'S VOICE
Thrilled to hear.

MASON
(into phone)
Feel a bit tired. Need to get a rest.
Bye.

He puts his cell phone on the night table.

MASON
(to himself)
I regret taking this job. Can't give up
or Ray'll laugh at me. He's an old fox.
Tricked me into doing this job.

He sits up.

MASON
(to himself)
I'm here to figure it out.

He gets out of the bed and walks out of the bedroom. He goes
down the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mason sits down on the couch. He looks around.

MASON

Why doing those things to me and other tenants? I don't get it.

All of a sudden, the fireplace catches fire. He eyes it.

MASON

I'm not scared of you. Come out.

The fire is off. Silent.

SUPER: FOUR HOURS LATER

Mason still sits on the couch. He yawns and stretches and glances at his watch that reads: 9:00 pm.

MASON

(to himself)

Time for bed.

He rises and goes up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

The door is opened. He enters and lies in bed.

SUPER: ONE HOUR LATER

Mason wakes up. He hears the sound of something moving. He sits up and scans.

MASON

(to himself)

What's it?

He looks down at the floor. He gets out of the bed. The sound is heard clearly on the floor. It is so dark that he can't see it. He kneels down and picks it up.

MASON

(to himself)

Cup and saucer.

He puts them down on the night table.

MASON

(to himself)

Why cup and saucer? Why knife and fork?
What's going on?

A moment later, he lies in bed again. All of a sudden, he hears the sound coming from the wardrobe. Mason opens his eyes and sees it shaking. His eyes are wide.

MASON
(to himself)
Why shaking?

The sound gets louder and louder. His whole body is shaking.

MASON
(to himself)
I've no alternative but to give up.
He gets out of the bed and runs up to the door. He stops.

MASON
(to himself)
I can't give up.
The sound gets louder and louder.

MASON
(to himself)
What's it inside? I've a feeling a person in it trying to get out.
He moves closer to the wardrobe.

MASON
(to himself)
It's dangerous to be so close to it.
What if he comes at me? I've decided to give up. Sorry, Ray.
He takes out his cell phone from his trouser pocket. The cell phone turns out to be a hand. Mason drops it on the floor quickly.

MASON
(to himself)
I'm scared. I've to leave.
He walks towards the door. He hesitates.

MASON
(to himself)
I can't leave. I need to fight against phobia.

He turns round to move to the wardrobe. He swallows hard. He opens it slowly, revealing a men shoe and a high heel shoe. Mason looks confused.

MASON
(to himself)
I don't understand what they stand for.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Mason paces, meditating. He stops to takes out his cell phone and checks the picture of the knife and fork. Then he looks at the cup and saucer on the coffee table. He shakes his head.

MASON
(to himself)
Too complicated to understand.

He sits down on the couch. He dials.

MASON
(into phone)
Ray, do you know if anyone was killed or committed suicide in this house.

RAY'S VOICE
I've no idea.

MASON
(into phone)
You didn't ask the owner.

RAY'S VOICE
I didn't.

MASON
(into phone)
How can I reach him?

RAY'S VOICE
I'll arrange it because he lives in Italy.

Mason gets up and paces. A moment later, his cell phone RINGS.

MASON
(into phone)
Hello.

MAN'S VOICE
This is Laurence Brown. Ray told me you
wanted to...

MASON
(into phone)
Yes, something horrible happening in
Ray's house.

LAURENCE'S VOICE
Ray told me about it. It didn't happen
to me while living in it.

MASON
(into phone)
Was anyone killed or committed suicide
in the house?

LAURENCE'S VOICE
No.

MASON
(into phone)
Thanks.

LAURENCE'S VOICE
You're welcome. Wait, Mason. I remember
my brother Charles was killed in a car
accident just outside of the house two
years ago.

MASON
(into phone)
Was he single?

LAURENCE'S VOICE
Married.

MASON
(into phone)
Where's his wife?

LAURENCE'S VOICE
She passed away three years ago.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mason stands in the middle, nervous

MASON

Are you Charles Brown?

The lights blink. They stop.

MASON

You want me to help you?

The lights blink.

MASON

How?

A loud sound comes from the bedroom. Mason runs up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Mason enters, seeing the wardrobe shaking. He opens it revealing the men shoe and the high heel shoe. He is deep in thought. He takes out his cell phone and dials.

MASON

(into phone)

Laurence, where're Charles and his wife buried?

LAURENCE'S VOICE

Charles's buried in Eastern Cemetery and his wife Olivia in Long Time Cemetery.

MASON

(into phone)

Can you try to bury them together? What Charle doing's to show me the message.

Suddenly, the lights are on. Mason looks up at it.

LAURENCE'S VOICE

I'll try my best.

INT. MASON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mason is seated at a desk. Ray sits across from him.

RAY

Thanks again, Mason.

MASON

We've been pals for years.

RAY

You're not only a good private
detective but a good ghost detective.

MASON

Thanks, most importantly, Charles rests
in peace.

