

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

FADE IN:

The sound of a smashing plate can be heard. GARY is slowly shutting a door as SAL walks by.

SAL

Thought you were washing up?

GARY

Oh, hi Sal. Um, I can't.

SAL

Why not?

GARY

Hmm? Oh, there's a ghost in the room.

SAL

A ghost?

GARY

Yeah.

SAL

In our kitchen?

GARY

Yeah.

SAL

Riight. *(beat)* Look Gary, I'm pretty sure there isn't any ghost.

GARY

There is!

SAL

Well let's check then.

SAL moves GARY out of the way despite his efforts.

GARY

No don't..

SAL walks into the room, followed by GARY. They both look around, but see nothing.

SAL
Okay so where is it?

GARY
(patronisingly)
I don't know, it's a ghost.

SAL
Right.

GARY
Look it smashed the plate.

SAL
(sighs)
Anyone could have done that, it could
have just fallen off the side.

GARY
Oh okay, um, well listen.. oooooh.

SAL
That's you.

GARY
You can't prove it.

SAL
Okay, drink water as we're listening.

GARY tries to drink and make 'ooh' sounds. He fails.

GARY
Well that doesn't prove its not real,
um, look it stole the telly.

SAL
It's right there.

SAL points to the sofa, half a telly is clearly seen behind
it.

GARY
Well what about your bike?

SAL
Gary, it's behind your back.

GARY
No it isn't.

SAL
Yes it is I can obviously see it.

GARY sighs and puts it down.

(cont.)
There is no ghost is there? *(beat)*
Gary, what's going on?

GARY awkwardly shuffles and doesn't answer.

(cont.)
Are you trying to get out of doing the
washing up?

GARY
No..

SAL
Do the washing up Gary.

GARY
Dammit.

TITLE: GHOST

CUT TO:

The ghost appears and smashes a mug.

GARY
I bloody told you!

CREDITS.