Jon's Clambake (Formerly Jon Somers, P.I.)

by

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EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING

A neglected cemetery on the outskirts of town.

The trees stand cold and barren around a small pond.

Dry leaves blow against forgotten headstones.

A figure appears out of the fog.

JON SOMERS, early 20's, shivers wearing a hooded Patriot sweatshirt underneath an unbuttoned flannel work shirt. His jeans are ripped, with holes in the knees.

He carries a tripod and camera bag.

Jon stops next to a small tombstone, covered with tall ragweed. Jon takes a folded note out of his pocket.

INSERT: Nov. 7, 12:45 by turtle pond. Ashley

A small heart is doodled next to her signature.

Carefully, Jon sets his equipment on the damp grass and looks at his cell phone. It's 1 am.

He sets up his tripod and attaches a consumer grade digital camera.

Jon unzips a side pocket of the camera bag and removes a small bottle of cheap whiskey.

He takes a quick swig and wipes his mouth on his sleeve.

Jon replaces the cap and puts it back in the bag.

Anxiously, he checks his cell once again.

JON

Five more minutes and I'm blowin' this clambake!

He leans against the tombstone and sighs.

JON.

Always waiting on a woman, huh?

The name on the stone is obscured by a large ragweed.

Jon pulls it up by the roots and tosses it aside.

He reads the engraving aloud.

JON

Patrick McKenny. 1898 to 1918. Eternal Love Awaits. Nice. Could use a little regular love right about now.

Jon reaches down to get another drink. He sips.

JON

Sorry, Pat. Didn't mean to be a hog...Here you go. To friends who never met...

Jon pours some whiskey on the headstone.

JON

Oh wait. You're Irish.

Jon pours some more and smiles.

JON

1918. So you know, we won it again in '04. Lookin' good this year too, depending how Manny holds up. Damn Yankees.

He raises his bottle to heaven along with an obscene gesture.

JON

Here's to ya, Babe.

He takes drink after the toast.

Jon doesn't notice as small orbs of light form behind him.

He checks his phone. It is dead.

JON

That's odd.

Jon checks the camera. That is dead, too.

JON

I thought I just changed these.

Jon drops the batteries out of the camera and tucks them in the camera bag. He opens a fresh pack.

JON

Some ghost hunter I am, huh? I don't think she's coming.

Jon puts fresh batteries in the camera. It powers up.

JON

Pat, I bet in your day, a girl says, I'll meet you somewhere, she'd do it right? That's how it was back then, right? Honor, apple pie and leaving your back door unlocked...Better times. Girl would show up when she said she would.

He takes yet another drink.

JON

I mean, I don't just don't want what's in her pants-although I do want that. Nice Catholic girl from West Peabody. You'd like her. Long black hair, bright green eyes and legs that just go on forever...

Jon sits down and leans against Patrick's stone.

JON

(Air quotes)

She says I have a "cloudy aura" and I can't be a "legitimate" paranormal investigator with a cloudy aura.

Jon picks up a colorful leaf and studies it.

JON

I didn't even know I had an aura, especially not a cloudy one. Christ, how do you fix that?

Behind him the fog swirls into spirit-like shapes. Orbs continue to circle around him like a swarm of insects.

He does not see them and releases the leaf to the breeze.

JON

I guess it's because, no offense to you, that I really don't believe in ghosts, orbs, E.V.T.'s, E.M.T.'s and whatever all else.

An orb passes by his nose. He brushes it away like a mosquito.

JON

I mean, I suppose you could come down from heaven and do whatever you want, but I don't know.

Jon takes one last drink.

JON

It's all a bit hard to swallow, you know?

A roll of thunder echoes in the distance.

JON

So maybe that's my aura problem. Motivation. Sincerity. I mean, I'm in it for Ashley, not some noble quest for truth...Or maybe I drink too much. I do drink too much.

Jon pours the remaining whiskey onto the grave.

JON

Oh well. No girl. No ghosts. And I'm done with freezin' my butt off.

Jon stands and brushes off his jeans. He leaves the empty bottle on the ground.

Jon looks up to the stormy sky.

JON

Could I ask one favor from ya, Patrick? Could you come on down for a minute so I can get a quick snapshot? Me and you? Maybe she'll be really impressed...

Jon sets the automatic ten second delay and stands behind the stone. He smiles.

JON

Hell, I might even get laid.

Behind him orbs and fog continue to whirl around madly in a spectral frenzy.

The camera snaps.

FADE OUT