FADE IN:

EXT. POMEROY HOUSE - NIGHT

Frequent lightning flashes illuminate an old abandoned castle-like structure. It stands alone on a craggy outcropping of rock, surrounded by dense woods.

A white VAN, with the words "DESTINATION TRUTH", sits in the driveway.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

JOSH, 30's, goofy good looks, zips up his pants. Next to him, JAEL, 20's, smoking hot south of the border babe, wipes her mouth.

JAEL
Damn, that was a big one. You feel better now?

Jael pounds down a fifth of Popov vodka in a single swig.

JOSH
I do. I do. How about you? You ready for this?

JAEL
Almost. Hold on a sec.

Jael lights a large bong, tokes a monster hit, blows out an entire atmosphere of smoke.

JAEL (CONT'D)
I am now officially ready. Do we have an umbrella? It's dumping sheep and goats out there.

Josh takes off his toupee, tosses it over to her.

JOSH
Nope, just use my toup. Let's do this, damnit!

INT. POMEROY HOUSE - WHALE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The interior is a frickin' mess. The light from a roaring fire reveals nothing but a gigantic sperm whale skeleton in the middle of the room.

Jael sits next to the fire mixing up martinis and doing bong hits.

Josh brings in the last of the equipment, slams the front door shut.
JOSH
OK, that's the last of it. Kinda sucks not having our full crew here, huh? I'm really not cut out for heavy lifting.

Jael tosses a martini into the air. The liquid pours directly down his mouth.

JAEL
You like that? Huh, you like it, don't you? Don't you, you big, bad, bald, goofy stud, you?

JOSH
Yeah, I do, but you need to quit fucking around. Let's investigate. If I wanted a bartender, a drug dealer, and a hooker, I could just as easily hire Lindsey Lohan.

JAEL
She's not Columbian, though.

Josh begins filming, as Jael does a Latin dance, complete with castanets.

JOSH
You're right. You're job is safe. C'mon, lets find the ghoul and capture him on film for the first time in the history of the free world...then we party like the deviants we are.

INT. POMEROY HOUSE - BAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Josh and Jael passionately make out on top of a mahogany bar. Two brightly colored cocktails with tiny umbrellas sit next to them.

A creepy ROLLING SOUND breaks the sloppy kissing. Josh jumps into the air, does a flip, lands on one foot, arms above his head, like a professional dancer.

JOSH
You hear that rolling sound?

Jael rolls a blunt, a seductive look in her Columbian eyes.

JAEL
It's never made a sound before. You should be a sound technician. Your hearing is unbelievable.
Josh bitch slaps her. She goes flying off the bar, rolls to a stop in a very alluring pose.

    JOSH
    No, not that rolling...upstairs. It sounds like a wheel chair or some other device that would make a creepy rolling sound.

    JAEL
    You think it's Old Man Pomeroy's ghost?

CREEEEEK...ROLLLLLLLLLLL.

    JOSH
    Either that or something else like it, I reckon. C'mon, let's go.

Josh adjusts a toupee cam to his head, while Jael grabs a recording dish and a pad of paper and a #2 pencil.

INT. POMEROY HOUSE - STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Josh and Jael stumble along the long, rickety stairway.

    JAEL
    Tell me the story again, big boy.

Josh reaches out and gooses her from behind.

    JOSH
    Well, we're both butt-ass naked, sipping hot toddies in an abandoned ski chalet, when the Swedish Bikini Team wanders in from a blizzard...

She turns around, winks.

    JAEL
    No, not that one, you horndog. The one about Old Man Pomeroy.

He winks back, flutters his tongue at her, as they continue up the never ending stairway.

    JOSH
    Oh, sorry...I like that chalet story though.
    (beat)
    (beat)
    (beat)
    Yeah, so Old Man Pomeroy's great, great, great grand daddy...
JAEL
I bet you'd be a great, great, great daddy. You wanna be my daddy? I'll be your little school girl cheerleader.

They wildly wrap their arms around each other, start Frenching like sex crazed minxes.

LATER

Jael passes a cigarette to Josh. He inhales deeply, flicks the butt down the stairs

JAEL
Damn you. I can't get enough of you. So what about Old Man Pomeroy?

They begin walking up the stairs again.

JOSH
Yeah, so as I was saying...his great, great, great grand daddy was a whaling captain back in the late 1800's, and he lost his legs to a great big, old sperm whale...the same one that's downstairs.

JAEL
Ooooh, creepy! Did he ever find them?

Josh rolls his eyes, plays with her butt as they continue walking.

JOSH
Of course, although the whale ate his legs, the bones were just discovered last week.

Josh pulls out the leg bones from his back pack.

JOSH (CONT'D)
If we can give them back to the spook, he'll haunt this wretched house no more.

JAEL
Ooooh, that's really scary!

She stops, turns, and they start making out again.

JOSH'S TOUP CAM POV

Blurry, impossible to make out anything at all.
BACK TO SCENE

Josh pulls away.

JOSH
You know what's really, really scary?

Jael makes sexy faces while she rubs up and down on her body.

JAEL
Tell me, you rebel. Scare me.

JOSH
It's scary how horny you make me.
If we weren't on assignment right
now, I'd...

CREEEEEEEK...ROLLLLLLLLLLL.

JOSH (CONT'D)
There it is again. It's coming from
the room on the very top floor in
this very turret!

JAEL
You're amazing, Josh!

JOSH
So are you. Let's get up there, and
make ourselves even more famous than
we are. Follow me.

Josh tries to get in front of Jael, but the stairway's too
narrow. They kiss as they try and squirm past each other.

JOSH (CONT'D)
The stairway's too narrow. Get on
all fours, so I can climb over you.

Jael gets down on all fours, turns around with an intoxicating
sly grin.

JAEL
I love it when you climb over me...all
over me. Take your time. If he's
in a wheelchair, he's not going to
be going anywhere too soon. We've
got time.

JOSH
I wish we did. Seriously, I wish we
had hours on this narrow stairway,
but we don't.
JAEL
Why? Why don't we have hours? Are you telling me you could ravish me for hours on this narrow stairway?

JOSH
No, I probably couldn't. We'd both get cramps, I'm quite sure.

(beat)
When the clock strikes midnight, Old Man Pomeroy's legless ghost disappears until next year. We must be strong, now, Jael. America and the SyFy channel are counting on us.

Josh climbs over Jael...slowly...very, very slowly.

JAEL
Climb over me like the dog that you are. RUFF! RUFF! RUFF!

Behind them, the sperm whale skeleton slowly slithers after them, several flights of stairs behind.

EXT. POMEROY HOUSE - NIGHT
A ghostly glow illuminates the upper most tower window.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS
The clock on the dashboard reads 11:55.

The October issue of Spook Me magazine sits on the floor. A grinning David Hasselhof, dressed like a devil, thrusts a pitchfork against a scantily clad Angelina Jolie.

A phantom cool breeze kicks up out of nowhere, blows the magazine open to the centerfold, revealing The Hoff and Angelina, nude on a zebra.

INT. POMEROY HOUSE - VERY TOP FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER
Josh and Jael approach a closed door...the only closed door on the floor...actually, it's the only door on the floor.

JOSH
Get the recording ready. I'll shoot the film.

Jael unzips her blouse.

JAEL
You wanna film me, lover?
JOSH
You know I do...and you know I will.
But not now. We have to be strong.
It's almost Hallowee...

CREEEEEEK...ROLLLLLLLLLLL.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Hurry!

INT. POMEROY HOUSE - GHOST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Josh and Jael burst through the door into the large circular room. A fire burns ravenously in an old hearth.

Seated in a rusty old wheelchair, in front of the fire, with his back turned, is OLD MAN POMEROY.

JOSH
Start the recording!

Jael pulls out a cassette player, hits a button.

"Let's Get It On", by Marvin Gaye starts up. Jael rocks back and forth, looks seductively to Josh.

Pomeroy turns towards them in his chair. His face is absolutely hideous, bloated, a whiter shade of pale, horribly distorted. Purple stumps protrude where his legs once were.

Jael's eyes go wide.

JOSH (CONT'D)
No, damnit! Not that recording...start the recorder...we need everything we've got.

JAEL
Sorry...wasn't sure.

She whips out a mini receiving dish and flips a switch.

JOSH'S TOUP CAM POV

Pomeroy slowly wheels forward. A dead fish jumps out of his mouth, flops on the floor. Rancid seaweed streams from his mouth in a torrent, splattering Jael in the face.

BACK TO SCENE

Jael wipes her mouth.

JAEL (CONT'D)
Damn, that was a really big one! I need your toupee again.
JOSH
Are you the ghost of Old Man Pomeroy?

Pomeroy opens his mouth, but only sea water spills out.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Will you stop your haunting ways if we give you back your legs?

Pomeroy smiles, spins his chair around in circles.

JAEL
I think that would be a yes. Throw him a bone!

Josh pulls out the legs from his backpack, dangles them in front of him.

Pomeroy advances.

Jael looks frightened, backs away toward the door.

JOSH
Stay with me, Jael. I need you to be strong.

Jael hugs him tight, smothers him in wet kisses.

JAEL
Always. Forever, baby. You will always be my endless love!

Pomeroy suddenly pulls out a huge harpoon, rears back, ready to attack.

JAEL (CONT'D)
My God...no!

She turns to run, but is intercepted by the skeletal remains of the sperm whale at the door.

JAEL (CONT'D)
My God...no!

JOSH
Get down on all fours. Quick...do it.

JAEL
My God...yes!

She drops into the position, as Pomeroy lets the mighty harpoon loose.
It flies over Jael, and misses her by less than 1/8 of an inch. The flue skims along her back, slicing her shirt in two. It falls to the ground.

The harpoon continues directly into the whale's massive head, where it embeds itself.

The whale stops moving and all the bones drop to the floor.

Josh looks to the topless Jael, still on all fours.

JOSH
Jael, are you alright?

She looks up, runs her fingers through her hair.

JAEL
Take me, damn you! Take me!

Pomeroy stops in his tracks, as Jael rises, revealing a more than ample bosom.

A grotesque smile forms on his lips. He reaches out bloated, dead hands towards her.

Josh shakes the legs in front of Pomeroy.

Pomeroy looks away from Jael to his legs...back to Jael...back to the bones.

Josh scowls down to Jael.

JOSH
Cover up those breasts! We're almost out of time!

Jael grabs her torn shirt and covers herself up.

Pomeroy looks back to his legs, smiles, and reaches out for them.

Josh tosses them to him.

The bones spin through the air in SLOW MOTION, then attach themselves to the purple stubs.

Somewhere a clock strikes midnight.

POOF!

Pomeroy vanishes out of his chair.

Josh and Jael share a passionate look.
JOSH (CONT'D)
You thinking what I'm thinking?

Jael whips off her shirt, exposing herself.

JAEL
Does it involve these?

JOSH
No...well, yeah...I mean kind of.

JAEL
Huh?

INT. VAN - LATER
Josh and Jael take turns toking off the bong.

A chicken spins on a rotisserie grill in the back of the van. Smoke wafts up, intermingling with all the pot smoke.

Josh passes the Spook Me magazine to Jael.

JOSH
I think this one is my personal favorite. You think that's a real zebra or just a painted horse?

Jael turns the page, smiles. She shoots Josh a seductive smile.

JAEL
The Hoff’s dreamy. The way he's riding that zebra just gets me going inside. Is the chicken almost ready?

JOSH
Start the recording, gorgeous love o'mine.

Let's Get It On, by Marvin Gaye starts up again.

JAEL
The chicken can wait. C'mere big daddy. Make me your schoolgirl all over again!

FADE OUT: