

JUST HERE FOR THE BOO-ZE

by

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FADE IN

EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE LAWN - NIGHT

Intoxicated college students dressed in halloween costumes holding red solo cups litter the lawn of a mansion-esque frat house adorned with the greek letters DELTA IOTA EPSILON.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A massive party rages on with a juxtaposition of raunchy costumes grinding against each other, drinking under a cloud of smoke.

CASEY (20, a classic sorority bitch, wearing all white and a dollar store halo) breaks away from her friend SAM (20, wearing all black and animal ears) who is generously tipsy, and encouraging Casey to loosen up.

Casey is guided upstairs by AUSTIN (20, typical frat bro and Casey's soon-to-be one night stand) who's in a FOOTBALL JERSEY.

They bump into people on their way up the stairs, acting like they own the place.

INT. AUSTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The two can't keep their hands off each other as they enter the disheveled room. They continue making out on the bed as they rip each other's clothes off. Casey's bra is thrown onto a LAMP next to the bed.

In the midst of the hookup, a dark figure appears in the corner of the room. As the couple increases their intensity, the figure rapidly manifests into a humanoid GHOST (malevolent, bloody, and wearing a COWBOY HAT).

Suddenly, the Ghost lunges towards the couple, grabs the LAMP and smashes it over Austin's head. Casey's piercing screams are overpowered by the booming music coming from downstairs.

Blood trickles from Austin's head and the life drains from his eyes. The Ghost dissipates, and Casey hurriedly throws on Austin's FOOTBALL JERSEY and her underwear as she runs into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Casey runs right into Bradley (20, wouldn't have a social life if not for his frat, wearing his greek letters and a gaming headset connected to a video game controller).

Casey falls to the floor, and then yells at Bradley as she scrambles to her feet...

CASEY
Ohmygodgetoutofmyway-

BRADLEY
Woah woah wait, is that blood? Are you okay?

CASEY
This guy I was with he just - like I don't even know how - I think he's dead, and there was a fucking ghost. Holy shit I'm going insane-

BRADLEY
Wait, what?

Bradley hurries into the bedroom. Casey follows.

INT. AUSTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bradley stares at Austin's bloody body on the ground as Casey cowers behind him holding back hysterical tears.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Holy shit...

CASEY
W-we were hooking up and then this "cowboy-ghost-thing" comes at him and just bashes his head in and-

BRADLEY
Wait...A cowboy?

CASEY
Yeah he was in a big crusty cowboy hat.

Bradley pulls out his phone and starts scrolling through pictures.

BRADLEY
Did it by any chance look like this?

On Bradley's phone is a picture of group of guys all wearing halloween costumes. In the middle is a warmer, less-dead version of the cowboy.

CASEY

Fuck...yeah that's him.

BRADLEY

That's...Charlie. He used to be a brother. Last Halloween he was hooking up with someone but he was so drunk he, yunno, couldn't get it up. Everyone found out and he got so drunk that he passed out in the basement. No one found him until the next morning, and it was already too late.

Casey stares in disbelief at Austin's body.

CASEY

It was a ghost...a real fucking ghost...that's like, a real thing...

Silence. Muffled music can be heard from below.

Bradley's voice cuts through in a deadpan.

BRADLEY

Austin was murdered. We have to call the cops.

CASEY

Yeah, yeah, good idea.

Casey pulls out her phone and dials 911. A fatigued 911 OPERATOR (65) answers.

OPERATOR

911, what is your emergency?

CASEY

Yes, hi, one of our friends was just murdered and-

OPERATOR

Excuse me...?

CASEY

No, you see I was with him when something came into the room and bashed him over the head with a lamp and I think it was a ghost-

OPERATOR
 (exasperated)
 Right, you and the 12 other
 "ghosts" that were reported
 tonight. You kids need to sober
 up. Have a Happy Halloween.

Dial Tone.

CASEY
 Um, hello? (Beat) She hung up!
 What are we going to do?

BRADLEY
 I guess we're on our own now...

Casey notices Bradley staring at Austin's corpse.

CASEY
 Why don't we go figure this out
 somewhere else.

Bradley snaps out of it.

BRADLEY
 Yeah, sorry, let's go to my room.

The two leave the room and go across the hall to-

INT. BRADLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Two beds are pushed against opposite walls - one wall
 plastered with comic book hero posters, the other one
 blank. A paused video game is glowing on the TV.

Bradley walks over to the bed with the posters and sits.
 Casey sits down next to him. Bradley looks mildly
 uncomfortable, and it is clear to Casey that she is the
 first girl who has ever been on that bed.

Casey is suddenly more aware of the fact that she's only
 wearing her underwear and the football jersey.

She breaks the heavy silence.

CASEY
 I'm Casey by the way.

BRADLEY
 Oh right, hi. I'm Bradley.

CASEY
 (Laughs uncomfortably)
 Nice to meet you.

Another heavy pause.

Casey breaks it abruptly, the awkward tension is killing her.

CASEY (CONT'D)
 Maybe, we should call my friend?
 She's downstairs, she might be
 able to help.

BRADLEY
 Okay yeah, that's smart.

Casey pulls out her phone again and calls Sam who answers loudly and slurred. Casey puts Sam on speakerphone.

SAM
 Girl haaaaay, saw you going
 upstairs to get that fine di-

CASEY
 (obviously
 uncomfortable)
 Sam! Oh my god where are you? We
 need help up here. I think there's
 a ghost in this house.

SAM
 Ghost? Well yeah Case it's
 halloween there's supposed to be
 ghosts floating around, so
 spooo00000ookyyyyyy (imitating a
 ghost).

CASEY
 Sammy I'm serious! I don't think
 we're safe here!

The song "Low" by Flo Rida starts playing downstairs and can be heard over the phone.

SAM
 HOLY SHIT THIS IS MY JAM! Case I
 gotta go byeee.

Dial Tone.

CASEY
 Sammy no c'mon! (Beat) God dammit!
 Everyone's drunk off their asses
 down there. What're we gonna do?

Casey begins getting worked up again.

BRADLEY

Woah hey it's gonna be okay! We'll figure something out! C'mon let's look it up online. I'm sure someone on the internet has gotten rid of a ghost before since, you know, apparently they actually exist.

Bradley grabs his laptop off the bed and searches "How to get rid of a ghost." A wikiHow article pops up titled "How To Expel Ghosts."

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Wow, no kidding.

CASEY

What does it say?

BRADLEY

(Reading)

"In order to eradicate the spirit, you must first summon it using confident, powerful language."

CASEY

(Mockingly)

So what, like "Oh mighty spirit of Charlie, come before us now"?

BRADLEY

Yeah yeah, I guess that would work. (Continues Reading) "Next, you must cast cleansing substances upon the spirit such as sage, ginger, apples, and cedar."

CASEY

Do you guys have any of that stuff here?

BRADLEY

It's a big house, we might have some of it laying around. Okay, it says the last thing you have to do is "demand your wishes and forcefully command the ghost to begone."

CASEY

Three steps? That's not so bad.

BRADLEY

Exactly. See? We got this.

CASEY

Okay, okay. So, I guess we're gonna expel a ghost.

BRADLEY

Hell yeah we are.

The two look at each other and badass/corny/ghostbuster-y music starts to play.

MONTAGE

A) LIVING ROOM - Casey and Bradley run down the stairs into the heat of the party and give each other a smiling glance before they split up to find the "cleansing substances."

B) KITCHEN - Casey pushes through people in the kitchen and rummages through the cabinets, maneuvering past a couple making out on the counter. She makes her way to the fridge.

C) BASEMENT FRONT ROOM - Bradley walks past people to the back of a smokey basement. He sees a pile of firewood sitting next to a wood stove. He brushes some cedar sawdust into his hand.

D) KITCHEN - Casey grabs a half eaten sushi meal and snatches a packet of ginger. She finds a moldy old apple slice on the bottom shelf of the fridge.

She opens the ginger packet and empties it into a plastic CUP. Then, wincing, she mashes the juice from the apple into the cup as well.

E) BASEMENT BACK ROOM - Bradley walks into the room and is greeted by a wall of smoke. As it clears, the figures of JACK (20, is stoned more often than he is sober) and KEVIN (20, a happy drunk) appear.

KEVIN

Hey guys look it's Braddy, hi Braddy!

JACK

You come to join us my man?

BRADLEY

Yeah, no. Guys do you remember Charlie? He's kinda haunting our asses right now. Have you guys seen any cleansing herbs?

JACK
(Giggles)
I have some cleansing herbs right
here that can haunt your ass.

Jack and Kevin cackle at Jack's hilariousness as Jack
shoves a joint in Bradley's face.

BRADLEY
Wow, thanks guys.

Bradley walks out, frustrated and determined.

KEVIN
(shouting after him)
You forgot your ass-herbs!

Jack and Kevin crack up and continue with their illegal
activities.

F) BASEMENT STAIRWELL - Bradley runs up to the living room.

G) LIVING ROOM - Casey pushes past the convoluted crowd.
She and Bradley reconvene in the middle of the dance floor.

END MONTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The two scream to hear each other over the roaring music.

BRADLEY
Did you get anything?

Casey holds up the CUP with her findings.

CASEY
Yeah, you?

He nods and holds up his hand with the sawdust.

BRADLEY
Let's mix it together.

Bradley takes the CUP and carefully dumps in his handful of
sawdust into it.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Okay, we should probably go
somewhere else to do it so no one
gets hurt.

Casey's nerves start to creep back up on her.

CASEY

But...what about us? What if **we**
get hurt?

BRADLEY

We know what we're doing, we're
ready.

Casey's hysteria starts to build.

CASEY

You didn't even see it last time.
You don't know what it's capable
of.

Bradley snaps.

BRADLEY

You think I don't know what it's
fucking capable of? It killed one
of my best friends. I want this
thing to pay.

As Bradley's anger builds, once again the ghost starts to
materialize in the middle of the dance floor. No one
notices yet.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Besides, it's just Charlie. He was
an even bigger loser than I am. He
couldn't beat me up when he was
alive, who says he can kill me
when he's dead?

Charlie's ghost completes its manifestation, cowboy hat
cocked down to reveal its eyes glowing a turbulent red.

Without warning, Casey finally notices the ghost behind
Bradley. But before she can let out a horrified scream to
warn him, it swiftly lunges towards Bradley, knocking him
into the crowd.

Bradley stumbles and falls to his knees, and in the process
drops the CUP out of his hand, spilling all of its contents
onto the ground. A look of horror and defeat flashes on his
face. He looks for Casey.

The intoxicated people around them start to notice that
something is happening. The CROWD starts chanting.

CROWD

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

Casey looks at Bradley with a mixture of fear and anger in
her eyes. She desperately looks around.

The ghost lunges again towards Bradley, picks him up, and slams him back onto the ground.

It slowly lurches forward, ready for the final blow. Bradley closes his eyes, bracing for the end.

CASEY

HEY!

The ghost spins around to be confronted by Casey wielding a RED'S APPLE ALE in hand.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Rot in hell you piece of shit!

Casey smashes the RED'S APPLE ALE over the ghosts head. The booze dribbles down its head as it lets out one horrific howl. It crumples to the ground in a heap only to disappear completely in a puff of black smoke.

The music stops. The crowd has grown silent as they spectate the ghost's disappearance.

Casey walks towards Bradley and extends a hand to help him to his feet. The two soberly look at the faces that surround them.

Suddenly, an extremely drunk Sam runs up to Casey.

SAM

OHMYGODCASE! You totally wasted his ass!

Sam grabs Casey's wrist and flings their arms into the air.

SAM (CONT'D)

MY GIRL WON BITCHESSSS!

The crowd goes wild, cheering and cheersing. The music turns back on, and the party reconvenes going full force. Sam is pulled back into the pack and parties on.

Casey and Bradley look at each other, smiling.

BRADLEY

That was incredible!

CASEY

(Laughing)

Thanks, so I guess that's that.

BRADLEY

Yeah I guess so. It's finally over.

CASEY
We make a pretty good team!

BRADLEY
Yeah we do.

An idea pops into Bradley's head.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Hey, do you wanna get out of here?

CASEY
Yeah, I'd like that.

The two contently walk towards the front door. Bradley swings it open wide.

Standing in the threshold is a shirtless, ghastly, and bloodied version of Austin. A jagged piece of lamp sticks out of its forehead.

Casey and Bradley's eyes widen in shock and a look of fatigue glosses over their faces.

BRADLEY
Aw shi-

CUT TO BLACK