

GHOST-BRO!

Written by

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1 EXT. DOCK - SUNRISE - ESTABLISHING 1

A single figure walks along the dock. It's way early. No-one is around. Alone.

This is HARRY - late twenties. Unshaven. Looks like he's been up all night. Shock.

2 EXT. OUTSIDE LIGHTHOUSE -- MORNING 2

Harry sits looking out to sea. SAM - again, late twenties, wearing a suit you could be buried in - sits behind him. Drinking a beer.

SAM
Hey kid, what's up with that?

Harry is surprised.

HARRY
Huh?

SAM
What's up with that?

HARRY
(confused)
What's up with what?

SAM
People come here all the time.
How come they never jump in?

Harry turns around to face Sam. Clocks a six pack on the ground under the bench.

Beat.

Sam sees that Harry is looking at the beer.

SAM (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Oh right, yeah sorry. Where are my manners?

Sam throws a can at Harry, who doesn't catch it, instead he lets it fly past him into the water. Sam shrugs this off, slightly amused.

SAM (CONT'D)
Suit your self!

HARRY
(quick)
Do I know you?

SAM
Don't reckon so, why?

Sam goes back to the beer.

HARRY
Oh. It just seems odd that someone
I don't know would throw a beer at
me, that's all.
(anger)
Maybe that's just me.

SAM
Your friends throw beers at you a
lot then, Harry?

Harry is caught off guard.

HARRY
That wasn't really what I meant.

Harry calms down some. Gestures to the can.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Erm. Are you okay?

Sam laughs.

SAM
I'll tell you what, I'm just fine.

Sam takes another sip.

SAM (CONT'D)
Seems like I should be asking you
that anyway, kid.

Harry looks away out across the bay. Denial.

HARRY
Nothing wrong with me.

SAM
Hey! Come on, it's no fun if you
don't play along!

HARRY
No offence, I'm sure you're quite
fun.

He glances at the cans on the floor once more.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I'm just not in the mood to play.

A can hits Harry in the back of the head. He turns round
angrily to see Sam laughing at him.

SAM

I got a couple more here, I'll get
one in your mouth!

Sam picks up another can to throw at Harry but he begins to
walk back to the mainland.

HARRY

Screw this, I didn't come here to
get pelted with booze.

Sam holds up the can as Harry walks past him.

SAM

Hey, come on! You want one for the
road?

Harry doesn't reply. Sam sees that he has to be serious.

SAM (CONT'D)

Okay. Fine so what did you come
here for Harry?

Harry slows to a halt, then turns to face Sam.

HARRY

If I tell you, will you stop
attacking me?

SAM

You could always try?

Sam cracks open another can, smiling. Harry sighs, then
checks his watch.

SAM (CONT'D)

Got somewhere to be?

HARRY

Uh.

Harry shrugs. He has nothing to gain from lying to this
bro'.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(Reluctantly)
Not particularly, no. I see you
don't.

Sam ignores him. Harry joins him on the bench. Sam offers
him a third can and Harry flinches.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm good, thanks. I guess I'm up
here because I - I need to think.
(beat)
I think.

Sam doesn't look at Harry.

SAM

What ya' thinking about?

HARRY

I told you what I was doing, isn't that good enough? Please, I don't really wanna' talk about it.

Still not looking.

SAM

You know what Harry? You want to come here all "oh woe is me, I'm poor Harry and all the world hates me" that's fine, really it is. But if you're not going to share what's really on your mind then you might as well leave. You're just going to depress me, with your silent whining and worrying. Now, are you going to tell us all what's really on your mind or not?

HARRY

Okay.

(defensive)

First of all, it's not "the world hating me" that's the problem, it's... Well, it's kind of a long story.

Harry turns to Sam, who has just taken a long swig from his can and sighed in satisfaction.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You sure you won't get bored?

SAM

No don't worry about me. I've got all the time in the world.

Sam takes a small bag of nuts from his jacket at starts to eat on them. He turns to Harry to continue the story.

SAM (CONT'D)

(mouthful of nuts)

Go for it.

Harry smiles weakly.

HARRY

I got this friend.

SAM

Right.

HARRY

And I mean friend. You can depend on this guy for everything. Every little thing, he was always there. You know when you just need someone to be there sometimes?

SAM

To talk and stuff?

HARRY

Yeah, well this is it. He would always be there. I remember this one time when I'd had this shit time.

SAM

At work?

HARRY

Yeah right, at work and I got home and he was there. Just waiting in the hall when I opened the door. Like he knew that I would need someone to talk to, like magic or something. I don't know. He pointed at me and said, "Harry, come on, we're going up to the lake".

Sam turns to Harry for some explanation.

HARRY (CONT'D)

We used to go up to this lake on holiday, every year, it was like some stupid family tradition.

Harry is getting more and more emotional as he carries on.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I used to hate it. We stopped going when I was like seventeen but every now and then I find myself thinking about it. But we went, I packed my things and we got in his car and just went. I mean it was only for the weekend but it was nice just to leave everything behind. Like everything that was normal, the office and traffic and TV and, you know, everything. It sounds dumb but it was just nice to go away from everything. People always talk about going away for holiday but they never really do. They still send postcards or go to English pubs.

Sam takes a drink.

SAM
I never understood that.

HARRY
They never get away. It's like they pack their whole lives with them and just move for a bit, and that's not a proper holiday.

Beat.

HARRY (CONT'D)
And when that weekend was over, we left. I got back to work and carried on. It was a break, he had taken it all away for a weekend and it was just what I needed.

Harry stops to think. Guilt.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I haven't thought about that place for ages since but it was great, it was just perfect. I never really told him that.

Sam sees that this isn't really the reason.

SAM
So?

HARRY
Right, yeah. So this guy.

SAM
He's your brother?

Harry smiles at Sam.

HARRY
How did you know that?

SAM
We all have brothers Harry.

Harry doesn't get it.

HARRY
Right. Anyway, I got a call this morning, about four.

Harry starts to cry.

HARRY (CONT'D)
He'd been in some car accident near his house coming home or something.

Sam straightens up.

SAM
Shit Harry. I'm sorry...

Sam puts his arm around Harry.

HARRY
He had two kids. Two little kids.
What the hell is up with that?

Sam doesn't quite know what to say.

HARRY (CONT'D)
He was my brother. He was only two
years older than me. Why did it
have to be him? It could have been
me.
(bargaining)
There must be a more deserving
person than Sam.

SAM
I'm sorry Harry.

After a short while Harry starts to pull himself back together.

SAM (CONT'D)
You have any other brothers or
sisters Harry?

Sam cracks open another can and gives it to Harry, who takes a swig.

HARRY
No, that's it. I don't know what
I'm doing. I couldn't sleep and I
just figured I should get out of
the house or something.

SAM
Shit. That's one messed up story,
I'll give you that. You got a
friend or someone you can go see?

Harry looks at his watch.

HARRY
Yeah I guess so. No one is going
to be awake at the moment though!

They both laugh. Empty laughter.

SAM
So. How do you feel?

HARRY

I don't really know. It feels sort of like there's an empty part, right here. Like everything is muffled. Depressed.

Harry slowly points to his chest. He is no longer crying but there are still tears on his face, so he begins to wipe them off.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I never- We- I just wish I could've spoken to him, one last time before he-

He laughs, but it is hollow.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You know what? If it was me instead of him. He'd know what to do. He wouldn't be sat here, aimlessly staring at the sea. He'd know what to do.

Sam takes another drink.

SAM

(smiling)

I wouldn't count on that Harry.

Sam looks around.

SAM (CONT'D)

You know there is one thing we could do.

HARRY

You're kidding.

SAM

Afraid not.

HARRY

What? How will that help?

Sam springs up, and peers over the edge near to where Harry was stood earlier.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Sam?

SAM

Hey come look at this!

Harry reluctantly gets up and joins him. Harry is now stood in the spot he was to start in.

HARRY
What are we doing? What are you
looking at?

SAM
(matter of fact)
You're gonna' jump in.

HARRY
What?

SAM
Come on! I'll go first.

HARRY
What! This is stupid!

SAM
Why is it?

Sam starts to walk off to get a running jump.

HARRY
Because it's like six AM and it's
cold and- I don't want to jump
into the sea!

SAM (O.S.)
Yes you do!

Sam runs past Harry and jumps into the sea. Harry stands in
shock. He's alone again on the quay.

HARRY
What the hell?

Harry looks around for a second. No one is about. He takes
a second and finally mans-up. He jumps.

We ZOOM out to SEE Harry emerge from the water alone in the
sea. Sam is no-where to be seen.

Harry is smiling. Hope.

THE END