

Me, Myself and High

By

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INT. LIVINGROOM NIGHT

MASON, standard issue mid-twenties male pothead, sits in his darkened standard issue mid-twenties male pot head apartment, flipping channels. The only source of light is a lava lamp on the coffee table and the glow of the TV screen.

He settles on the news. A meteorologist mumbles on about the 5 day future cast.

METEOROLOGIST (V.O.)
... and a high of 95 throughout the
week with a chance of clouds...

Mason grabs his bong and takes a hit. He exhales and relaxes, watching the screen.

MASON (V.O.)
Change the channel.

Mason's eyes become alert.

MASON (V.O.)
No leave it.

His eyes dart around nervously.

MASON (V.O.)
The news is boring.

MASON (V.O.)
What do you want to watch?

Slowly the camera drifts out, revealing two new identical Masons flanking the original. (Henceforth referred to as "Left Mason" and "Right Mason")

RIGHT MASON
I don't know, what about a
documentary on space or something.
Black holes and shit, ya know?

LEFT MASON
You want to cure your boredom by
watching a documentary? That's
brilliant.

RIGHT MASON
Why do you have to be a dick all
the time?

LEFT MASON

I'm being realistic. We'll make it two science words into this doc before we flip it over to the same dumb 60s anime we've seen a thousand times.

The new Masons lean in close to the original, who stares nervously ahead tugging at his hair.

RIGHT MASON

What's your problem? Every time I want to broaden my horizons, you're here standing on my neck.

LEFT MASON

How many times do I have to explain it to you? There is no me, there is no you, this asshole (pointing to original Mason) smoked too much, now he thinks his thoughts are real.

RIGHT MASON

Alright, if you think you know everything and we're not real or whatever, what would happen right now if I kicked your ass?

LEFT MASON

My ass is your ass is his ass. It's one ass.

RIGHT MASON

You read that in your 'Gita, Ram Dass? Let's go. Right now.

Right Mason stands up, ready to fight.

MASON

Stop it.

Left Mason stands up.

LEFT MASON

Go ahead and hit me. It'll be your bruise, too.

RIGHT MASON

I've had enough of your hippie bullshit!

Right Mason grabs Left Mason by the collar and cocks his fist back.

Original Mason screams.

MASON
BOTH OF YOU, SHUT THE HELL UP!

Right and Left Mason stop and turn to Mason.

RIGHT MASON
Wow...

LEFT MASON
Chill out, bro.

RIGHT MASON
Now we know where my aggression
comes from.

Right Mason straightens Left Mason's collar.

LEFT MASON
Hey, hey, it's not your
aggression...

LEFT AND RIGHT MASONS
(in unison)
It's our aggression.

MASON
I'm going to bed.

Original Mason clicks off the TV.

LEFT MASON
Hey I was watching that.

The flanking Masons sit back down in a huff.

RIGHT MASON
Douche bag.

The floor creaks.

All Masons jump.

RIGHT MASON
What was that?

LEFT MASON
Relax, it was just the pipes or
something.

RIGHT MASON
Something like a ghost?

LEFT MASON
Don't be stupid.

RIGHT MASON
Oh shit, we're gonna be eaten by a ghost.

LEFT MASON
First of all, ghosts aren't real. Even if they were, ghosts don't eat people. Just chill out man, turn on the TV, ignore it.

Right Mason snatches the remote away and turns on the TV. He catches his breath. The news anchor speaks.

NEWS ANCHOR
And now our top story, an area man has been brutally murdered by a ghost.

We punch in on Mason sitting up shocked.

His picture is in the top corner of the news broadcast.

LEFT AND RIGHT MASONS
(in unison)
Oh fuck this.

They evaporate in a puff of smoke.

Mason looks around at the now empty seats surrounding him.

NEWS ANCHOR
We caught up with an officer at the gruesome crime scene.

She smiles for a beat.

Mason looks back at the screen.

She continues to smile uncomfortably.

Mason is puzzled.

She points her finger towards Mason.

NEWS ANCHOR
(whispers)
Behind you.

Mason peeks over the back of the couch.

He sees a full forensic team dusting for prints and taking pictures. A body is being wheeled out on a gurney, two men in rubber gloves and surgical masks try to stuff a severed head in an evidence bag. They drop it.

A police officer steps in.

POLICE OFFICER
Be careful with that thing.

A reporter steps in with microphone.

REPORTER
Can you describe the scene for us?

POLICE OFFICER
It was a real mess, the blood and ectoplasm was an inch deep in some places. Luckily we showed up before the ghost had a chance to eat him.

Mason quickly spins around and sits tensely on the couch.

NEWS ANCHOR
The chief of police has ordered an autopsy to ascertain whether the victim was sexually assaulted by the ghost before or after he was decapitated.

Mason recoils in horror. He shuts off the TV.

The floor creaks.

Camera drifts through dark corner of the room.

GHOST
ooo... 000ooo000...

Mason looks around the room.

Fast, frenetic whip pans of the darkened room.

Close up on Mason's terrified eyes. Tilt down to his mouth.

MASON
000ooo000....

Mason slaps his hand over his mouth. The ghost noises stop.

Another creak sends Mason into a panic.

MASON

So dark... ghosts like the dark.

Quick cuts of Mason turning on lights.

Exterior shots of windows lighting up.

Mason digs in the closet.

He plugs in a string of Xmas lights and unravels them across the floor.

Flash lights switched on and left on the table.

A mess of candles lit with shaking hands.

He stares fiendishly across the room.

The room is completely lit up.

Satisfied, Mason walks over to the couch.

He sits down and turns on the TV. He changes the channel.

STUFFY HOST

Tonight on Our Universe, black
holes. Invisible to the naked eye,
these regions of space exhibit such
strong gravitational effects not
even electromagnetic--

He exhales a deep breath and changes the channel.

TRAINER

(frantic English dub)
Ace. You mustn't enter this race.
These monsters are superior pilots.

ACE

(just as frantic)
But I want to be the greatest
pilot. I want to be the top
champion, I want that more than
anything in the world.

SKIM SHUM

(indecipherable animal sounds)

Mason reaches for bong with a satisfied, sleepy smile on his face.

TRAINER

Hmm. That's a strong point, Skim Shum, Ghost 11 is still damaged from your last monster race. It won't be ready in time.

He takes a hit and sets the bong down.

ACE

These are the same monsters that were racing my father the night he mysteriously disappeared for good when I was just a child. I must honor his memory.

Exhaling, his eyelids flutter shut.