

PECULIAR GHOST
FISHMONGERS IN LOVE



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A Screenplay by Charlie Tuna

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE, LONDON - AFTERNOON



Conniving fishmonger manager **RUSSELL WAN TROTTER** is arguing with Swarthy fishmonger **TODDY FECALE BROWNING**. **WAN** tries to hug **FECALE**, but he shakes him off.

WAN

Please Fecale, don't leave me. You are the only monger who means something to me. The rest of them are a dime a dozen – less – a nickel a dozen.

FECALE

I'm sorry Wan, but I'm looking for somebody a bit braver. Somebody who faces his fears head on, instead of running away.

WAN

I am such a person. Love me Fecale. Love me. I love you Fecale. I always will.

FECALE frowns.

FECALE

I'm sorry, Wan. I just don't feel excited by this relationship anymore.

FECALE leaves.

WAN sits down, looking defeated.

Moments later, Sucky scout **LANCE CROZIER** barges in looking flustered.

WAN

Goodness, Crozier! Is everything okay?

CROZIER

I'm afraid not. Have you seen my spy camera? A wise man once told me all I need is the desire and a pair of soft-soled shoes. I've ordered the shoes.

WAN

Jeepers Crozier, you're a what – a frayed knot? What's this about a spy camera? What do you need the shoes for? Crozier, my little cupcake, you are desirable.

WAN

Oh, you're afraid. What is it Crozier? Don't leave me in suspense...

CROZIER

Suspense, we're in London. What is it...it's...a ghost – I saw evil ghost munch down on a bunch of elderly ladies, munch, munch, munch!

WAN

Ghosts eat? Wouldn't old women be stringy, gamey?

WAN

Defenceless elderly ladies?

CROZIER

Yes, defenceless elderly ladies. Some of which were sporting fresh updos.

WAN

Bloomin' heck, Crozier! We've got to do something.

CROZIER

Bloomin' heck? What decade are you from? I agree Wan, we must do something. I have no idea where to start.

WAN

Right here, Crozier. We start here. Tell me, where is the ghost munching the old...

CROZIER

Arms. Legs. Buttocks. Let me fill you in. I was...

CROZIER fans himself and begins to wheeze.

WAN

Focus Crozier. Focus. Where did it happen?

CROZIER

A greasy diner! That's right - A greasy diner!

WAN springs up and begins to run.

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EXT. A ROAD



- CONTINUOUS

WAN skips along the street, followed by **CROZIER**, prancing. They take a short cut through some back gardens, jumping fences along the way. They come across a hungry coyote, snarling.



WAN

Eke, Crozier. Wiley looks menacing, hungry.

CROZIER

Sure does, Wan. It's too bad we don't have a couple of old ladies with us.

WAN

Don't worry, Crozier. I saw on the Nature Channel what were supposed to do. Just follow my lead. 1) Make yourself bigger.

CROZIER

Sounds stupid. I'm only as big as I am. But Arghh...

WAN

Now wave your arms in the air – like you just don't care. Babies got back. Now sing as loud as you can a Michael Bolton song.

CROZIER

Who?

WAN

Repeat after me. *Who's a good boy. Who's a good boy. Who's a good boy.*

CROZIER

Who's a good boy. Who's a good boy. Who's a good boy.

WAN

Whatever we do. Do not run. Damn it. He's still looking at us. I have one last way to save us?

CROZIER

What is it, I'm going to wet myself –

WAN

Take off your clothes...no...that's not it. We must shout out 'GO AWAY COYOTE.'

CROZIER

'GO AWAY COYOTE.' I can't believe it Wan; it's working, you saved our lives. Wiley is gone.

INT. A CALL CENTER  - AN OPERATOR ANSWERS

WILEY

Hello.

OPERATOR

How may I direct your call?

WILEY

My name is Wiley. I'd like to report some bizarre human behaviour in the park.

OPERATOR

Can you tell me what happened?

WILEY

Well, I was walking in the park. Minding my own business. Looking for small critters to feast on. I came across two men, holding their breath. Waving their arms in the air. I was at least 50-yards away from them. It was quite comical. They started singing, I think: *Tell me how am I supposed to live without you? Now that I've been loving you so long. How am I supposed to live without you? And how am I supposed to carry on? When all that I've been livin' is gone.* At least that's what I think they were singing. Of course, I can't be sure, I'm a friggen coyote and I don't understand English. What I do know is, at the end of the song, I puked.

OPERATOR

I'm sorry for your encounter, Wiley. We've been getting an abundance of calls from humans about aggressive coyotes—I know the coyotes are just going about their days, minding their own business—but you know, us humans, we be fucked. Anyway, ever since one of your coyote brethren chowed down on the small child in the park, if a human sees a branch move, they report it as an aggressive coyote. At last count, the number of calls we've had added up to plethora.

WILEY

Operator, the chow down on child story. It's a myth. Some dingbats saw my buddy, Rufus. They startled him. Their little brat started whining. Passers-by saw this. Each person they passed in the park, they warned about Rufus. The story grew with each person they saw. When they told the last person, they told them Rufus was eating a small child. The person asked the dingbats out of fear; what did you do? To which Dingbat #1 replied, *'Wasn't our child.'* That's how rumours get started.

OPERATOR

Us humans...I'm sorry for the tumult, Wiley. I'll add this call to the number: plethora + one. Jeez. Coyotes minding their business and now we have a whack of paranoid vigilantes running through parks with sticks, trying to look big + scary, singing Michael Bolton and shouting out 'GO AWAY COYOTE.' I find it hysterical. Wiley, youse be winning. Never mind the humans, they are...

EXT. A GREASY DINER - SHORTLY AFTER



EVERYMAN a peculiar ghost  terrorises two elderly ladies.

WAN, closely followed by **CROZIER**, rushes towards **EVERYMAN**, but suddenly poops his pants.

CROZIER

Ewe. Did you crap yourself? What is it Wan? What's the matter?

WAN

I think the ghost farted. Yeah. That's it. What's the matter? What's the matter? I'll tell you what's the matter. What's the matter, that's not any old ragged-tattered ghost, that's Everyman.

CROZIER

I'm feeling nauseated over here. Who's Everyman?

WAN

Who's Everyman? *Who's Everyman?* Only the most peculiar ghost in the whole world. I think I might have too much fiber in my diet.

CROZIER

Blinkin' knickers, Wan! We're going to need some help if we're going to stop the most peculiar ghost in the universe!

WAN

You can say that again.

CROZIER

Blinkin' knickers, Wan! We're going to need some help if we're going to stop the most peculiar ghost in the universe!

WAN

I'm going to need rainbows  , lots of rainbows. 

EVERYMAN turns and sees **WAN** and **CROZIER**. She grins an evil grin.



EVERYMAN

Wan Trotter, we meet again.

WAN

Do I know you? Didn't we meet at the Rainbow Tubs?

CROZIER

You two know each other?

WAN

Yes. It was a long, long time ago...

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EXT. A PARK - BACK IN TIME (A long, long time ago...)



CROZIER

Cripes Wan, that park sure looks like it is from a long, long time ago...

WAN

Yes. It was a long, long time ago...

A young **WAN** is sitting in a park listening to some trance music, when suddenly a dark shadow casts over him.

He looks up and sees **EVERYMAN**. He takes off his headphones.

EVERYMAN



Would you like some white mice?

WAN's eyes light up, but then he studies **EVERYMAN** more closely, and looks uneasy.

WAN

I don't know, you look kind of peculiar. And what kind of mo-fkng ghost carries around white mice with her?

EVERYMAN

Me? No. I'm not peculiar. I'm the least peculiar ghost in the world. You call me peculiar; I saw you in the future trying to scare off a coyote.

WAN

You can see into the future? Wait...did you say you are a ghost?

WAN scurries away, screaming. A white mouse is in hot pursuit until it accidentally enters a maze.

EXT. A GREASY DINER - PRESENT DAY



EVERYMAN

You were a coward then, and you are a coward now.

WAN

That friggen mouse was huge. And probably entitled.

CROZIER (to **WAN**)

You ran away.

WAN (to **CROZIER**)

BMM.

CROZIER (to **WAN**)

AMM.

WAN (to **CROZIER**)

You're an idiot Crozier. Don't worry, I still love you.

CROZIER (to **WAN**)

You ran away.

WAN (to **CROZIER**)

I was a young child. What was I supposed to do?

WAN turns to **EVERYMAN**.

WAN

I may have run away from you then, but I won't run away from you this time.

EVERYMAN

No offence, can you even run. I think the good life, has rendered you, fat, tubby, girthy – do you have a description you prefer, Blobby?

WAN

You're hurting my feelings. You know I'm a runner.

WAN runs away.

He turns back and shouts.

I mean, I *am* running away, but I'll be back - *with rainbows*.

EVERYMAN

I'm not scared of you.

WAN

You should be. Don't you think Everyman is a ridiculous name for a female ghost?

EVERYMAN

Shut up. Shut up. Shut up.

WAN

Have you seen my Coyote stick? Its name is Stick. Do you think they make ghost sticks? Would you like me to sing a Snow song for you – *Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame. A licky boom boom down*. I almost ran into a startled-nervous racoon today, we both jumped, the racoon scampered into the woods. I gave the racoon a name. Do you know what I named it? – I'll just tell you. Stick 2.

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON - LATER THAT DAY



WAN and CROZIER walk around searching for something.

WAN

I feel sure I left my rainbows somewhere around here.

CROZIER

'Tective man say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the lane. A licky boom boom down. I can't get that jam out of my head. Thanks, Wan. What are we looking for? Oh yeah, your deadly rainbows. Are you sure you left them around here? It seems like an odd place to leave deadly rainbows.

WAN

You know nothing Crozier. Where do bears crap? I bet you don't even know that. What if a tree falls...? Huh. Don't worry, I still love you. I always wanted it to be just the two of us. Screw all the other mongers.

CROZIER

You have.

WAN

Sure, but not in the literal sense. Try repeating this several times?

CROZIER

What?

WAN

You know, the Cherry Blossoms. They've bloomed and now *they've literally become litterers.*

CROZIER

What are you even talking about?

WAN

My undying?

CROZIER

You need help.

WAN

Help me.

CROZIER

I love your shoes. Where did you get them?

WAN

Mall.

CROZIER

We've been searching for your deadly rainbows forever. I really don't think they're here.

WAN

Is it raining out? No. I think they're just washing the roof.

Suddenly, **EVERYMAN** appears, holding a pair of rainbows.

EVERYMAN

Looking for something.

WAN

Cool rainbows. Do they come in any other colours? See, Crozier, it must have been raining...rainbows. Hey, Crozier, can you now say a word, I don't know, a word that has never been uttered aloud before, ever.

CROZIER

Crickey, Wan, she's got your rainbows.

WAN

Tell me something I don't know!

CROZIER

Eye I, eye I, yicky I owni, yappa pony, ala cala whiskey, Chinese chump. Beep, beep.

WAN

I already know that.

SNOW

Police-a them-a they come and-a they blow down me door. One ee come crawl troo-troo my window. So, they put me in de back de car at de station. From that point on me reach my destination.

CROZIER

Can you dance to that?

WAN

Seriously, Crozier, try again.

CROZIER

I pickle my earwax and keep it in a jar under my bed.

EVERYMAN

| Appalled | Dude!

While **EVERYMAN** is looking at **CROZIER** with disgust, **WAN** lunges forward and grabs his deadly rainbows. He wields them, triumphantly. **SNOW** starts munching on a white mouse.

WAN

Prepare to die...you, idiosyncratic turnip.

EVERYMAN

No please. All I'm guilty of is munching a murder of elderly ladies.

FEMALE enters, unseen by any of the others.

WAN

I cannot tolerate that kind of behaviour! Those elderly ladies were defenceless! Well now they have a defender - and that's me! Wan Trotter defender of innocent elderly ladies.

EVERYMAN

Don't hurt me! Please!

WAN

Crickey me timbers. I mean Crickey me timbers. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't use these rainbows on you right away!

EVERYMAN

Because Wan, I am your mother.

WAN looks stunned for a few moments, but then collects himself.

WAN

Do you think my eyebrows are too bushy? I think I'm growing boobs. Can you take a look? Do these look-like boobs? What, you can spot a dyke in a lineup? I'm confused. No, you're not-you are not my mother.

EVERYMAN

It was worth a shot.

EVERYMAN tries to grab the rainbows but **WAN** dodges out of the way.

WAN

Who's the mummy now? Who? Who? You got a fast car. I want a ticket to anywhere. Maybe we make a deal. Maybe together we can get somewhere.

EVERYMAN

Tracy? Never mind.

Unexpectedly, **EVERYMAN** slumps to the ground.

SNOW

Hey, Tracy, would you like some of my mouse?

CROZIER

Did she just faint?

WAN

I think so. Well, that's disappointing. I was rather hoping for a more dramatic conclusion,

involving my deadly rainbows.

WAN crouches over **EVERYMAN's** body.

CROZIER

Be careful, Wan. It could be a trick.

WAN (to **EVERYMAN**)

Can you tell me when it hurts?

EVERYMAN

Only when I masturbate. So long, friend.

EVERYMAN takes her last gasp and dies.

WAN

No, it's not a trick. It appears that... It would seem... Everyman is dead!

CROZIER

What?

WAN

Yes, it appears that I scared her to death.

CROZIER claps his hands.

CROZIER

What?

So, your rainbows did save the day, after all.

WAN

And Snow + Tracy.

FECALÉ steps forward.

FECALÉ

Is it true? Did you kill the peculiar ghost?

WAN

Fecale how long have you been...?

FECALÉ puts his arm around **WAN**.

FECALÉ

Long enough.

WAN

Then you saw it for yourself. I killed Everyman!

FECALE

Then the elderly ladies are safe.

WAN

It does seem that way!

A crowd of vulnerable elderly ladies enter, looking relieved.



FECALE

You are their hero.

The elderly ladies bow to WAN.

WAN

There is no need to bow to me. I seek no worship. The knowledge that Everyman will never munch elderly ladies ever again, is enough for me.

FECALE

You are humble as well as brave! I will love you forever, Girthy!

One of the elderly ladies passes WAN a gold talisman.

FECALE

I think they want you to have it, as a symbol of their gratitude.

WAN

I couldn't possibly.

FECALE

Wan, why are you undoing your pants?

Pause.

WAN

If you insist.

WAN takes the talisman.

WAN

| Zip | Thank You!

The elderly ladies bow their heads once more, and leave.

WAN turns to FECALE.

WAN

Does this mean you want me back?

FECALE

Oh, Wan, of course I want you back!

WAN smiles for a few seconds, but then looks defiant.

WAN

Well, you can't have me.

FECALE

WHAT???

WAN

You had no faith in me. You had to see me scare a ghost to death before you would believe in me. I don't want a lover like that.

FECALE

But...

WAN

Please leave. I want to spend time with the one person who stayed with me through thick and thin - my best friend, Crozier.

CROZIER grins.

FECALE

But...

CROZIER

You heard the bulbous gentleman. Now be off with you. Skidaddle! Shoo!

FECALE

Wan?

WAN

I'm sorry Fecale, but I think you *should* skidaddle.

FECALE leaves.

CROZIER turns to **WAN**.

CROZIER

Did you mean that? You know... that I'm your best friend?

WAN

Of course, you are! All I've ever wanted was for it to be the two of us, screw all the other mongers.

CROZIER

You have...and you do.

The two walk off arm in arm.



Suddenly **CROZIER** stops.

CROZIER

When I said I pickle my earwax and keep it in a jar under my bed, you know I was just trying to distract the ghost don't you?

And **CROZIER** bursts out in song.

CROZIER

I remember everything form hate to love. From love to lust. From lust to truth. I guess that's how I know you. So, I hold you, close, to help you give it up.

THE END