

# THE MASTER ACTOR

## AUGUST

### WEEK 2

LYDIA

Are you a spirit too?

BETELGEUSE

Sort of. High spirit. Heh heh.  
Listen, cookie, I've been trapped  
in this burg for hundreds of  
years. All I want is to get out.

LYDIA

I want to get in.

BETELGEUSE

You do? Over here? On my side?

LYDIA

I think so.

BETELGEUSE

(scheming quickly)

Well, yes, of course. It's great  
over here. You'll meet all the  
greats. James Dean. Sid  
Vicious...

LYDIA

Well, it can't be any worse than  
my life here.

BETELGEUSE

(sinister, encouraging  
her)

That's right. They treat you like

scum, I bet?

LYDIA

Yeah.

BETELGEUSE

I can't help you from this side,  
but here's how we do it. So  
simple. Say my name three  
times. That's all. I'll be all  
yours. Then I'll bring you over  
here in style.

LYDIA

I... I don't know what your name is.

BETELGEUSE

Minor problem. The rules. I  
can't tell it to you. But.. do  
you know how to play charades?

LYDIA

Yes.

BETELGEUSE

Of course you do.

He holds up two fingers in a V.

LYDIA

Two words.

Betelgeuse holds up one finger.

LYDIA

(continuing)

First word.

Betelgeuse puts two fingers on his arm.

LYDIA

(continuing)

Three syllables.

BETELGEUSE

No, dummy. Two.

LYDIA  
Your fingers are so small I can't  
see them. First word -- two  
syllables.

He points behind her.

LYDIA  
(continuing)  
I don't know what that signal  
means.

BETELGEUSE  
It means look behind you, bimbo.

ANGLE

Lydia looks behind her. A great beetle the size of a Volkswagen is crouching. Its feathery antennae reach out toward her menacingly. Lydia yelps.

LYDIA  
Beetle!

BETELGEUSE  
Good girrrrl!

POP! The beetle disappears. Betelgeuse holds up two fingers.

LYDIA  
(still shaken)  
Second word. Be careful.

ANGLE

Apprehensive, she jumps when a simple carton of orange juice materializes. Orange juice pours out into a ghostly glass.

LYDIA  
Breakfast? Orange?

The orange juice disappears. He shakes his head.

LYDIA

Breakfast beetle? Beetle? Beetle  
fruit? Fruit bat? Fruit Battle?  
Volkswagen? Fruit wagon?

BETELGEUSE

Good thing you are a beautiful  
kid. You are dumb!

Betelgeuse does the signal for "Now Put Them Together."

LYDIA

I am not! Beetle... Juice?

BETELGEUSE

(jumping with delight)  
That's it!

LYDIA

Your name is Beetle Juice? Yecch!  
That's as bad as Deeelia Deeetz.

BETELGEUSE

It's spelled different, but  
basically... Now you said it  
twice, just one more time. And  
I'll be free.

(sinister)

And then you'll be free.

Lydia, puzzled, gets the magnifying glass and peers at  
him.

ON HIS UGLY FACE BIG IN THE GLASS

Betelgeuse jumps in the air, his robe parts -- we don't  
see anything, but maybe Lydia does.

LYDIA

God, you're anatomically correct!

BETELGEUSE

Just say it.

LYDIA  
(recognizing something  
about him)  
You were the snake! Right? I  
know. It was you.

BETELGEUSE  
You've got to say it!

LYDIA  
No I don't. I don't take orders  
from Smurfs.

BETELGEUSE  
How'd you like to be married to...  
the King...?

Lydia doesn't get it.

BETELGEUSE  
(continuing)  
... Elvis?...  
(boasting)  
You know, ever since he came over  
he and I have been just like this.  
(crosses his fingers)  
I can arrange it. Just say my  
name one more time.

She thinks about that one. Shakes her head.