

GHOSTED – Motion Picture

Based on the timeless Dickens classic *A Christmas Carol*, **GHOSTED** is a contemporary Christmas film that blends wit, emotional bite and supernatural invention with a deeply humane moral core. What begins as the story of a brilliant, corrosive media mogul being forced to confront the wreckage of his own life gradually reveals itself as something richer and more resonant: a story about complicity, loneliness, queer inheritance, and the possibility of grace for a man who has spent years mistaking control for strength.

Felix Thorn is the kind of man modern culture rewards until it no longer can. Rich, exacting, and immaculately composed, he has built a world in which taste replaces feeling and power excuses cruelty. As the founder of a sleek content empire built on the monetisation of sentiment, Felix has learned to see warmth as weakness, vulnerability as manipulation, and other people's needs as inconvenient interruptions to the brand of himself. He is not a cackling villain, but something more recognisable and unsettling: a man who has hollowed himself out in the name of survival, and who has come to mistake that hollowness for sophistication.

The screenplay takes that brittleness and subjects it to the oldest dramatic machinery in the book: a Christmas haunting. Yet **GHOSTED** is no mere exercise in homage. Each spirit is refracted through Felix's own world and experience, so that the film's supernatural structure feels both playful and piercingly specific. Marley is not simply a wronged predecessor but the formidable former architect of Felix's empire: a brilliant, ruthless older woman who taught him everything he knows and was then manoeuvred out of the very world she built. The Ghost of Christmas Past is not a dusty relic but a figure of glamour, taste and aspirational queer adulthood — the kind of man Felix once longed to become. The Ghost of Christmas Present is a fleeting, ecstatic being of heat, appetite and fellowship, whose brightness carries within it the sadness of impermanence. And the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come arrives not as a monstrous reaper but as a silent young doctor whose kindness is somehow more frightening than menace.

Through these encounters, the film steadily dismantles the emotional logic by which Felix has lived. His past reveals not a simple story of exclusion, but something more insidious and contemporary: the wound of conditional belonging, the discovery that being useful is safer than being loved, and the seductive lesson that desire will often be offered only in secret. His present confronts him with forms of queer life and care that cannot be curated or monetised — community, bad singing, fellowship, tenderness, mutual aid, domestic chaos, and the fragile labour of holding a family together. And his future forces him to see, with devastating clarity, the human cost of his indifference: not only his own loveless death, but the suffering of those around him whom he had the power to help and chose not to see.

That is what gives **GHOSTED** its emotional and thematic force. Beneath its comic sharpness and festive surface, it is a story about moral blindness in an age of polish and performance. It asks what happens when a person becomes so adept at managing appearances that he loses sight of reality itself. It asks what wealth is for, what responsibility means, and whether redemption is still possible once one has understood the scale of one's failure. Crucially, the film does not treat redemption as self-forgiveness or sentimentality. Felix is not saved by feeling bad. He is saved by accepting responsibility — by recognising that his talents, money, influence and taste mean nothing unless they are finally placed in the service of other people.

The result is a film that retains all the pleasures of a Christmas fable — ghosts, transformation, comedy, tears, festivity and catharsis — while speaking to urgent contemporary anxieties about loneliness, image, class, healthcare, queer memory and the ethics of care. It is funny without evasion, moving without piety, and sharp enough to feel modern while still honouring the timeless emotional machinery of Dickens. In that sense, Felix's journey is not only from cruelty to kindness, but from spectatorship to participation, from abstraction to intimacy, from self-protection to love. The screenplay's great strength is its insistence that redemption is not a mood but an act — and that the true miracle of Christmas is not simply being forgiven, but finally learning how to show up for other people before it is too late.