

Don't Let Them In

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Final Draft

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COLD OPEN

INT. WOODSTONE KITCHEN - MORNING

JAY is cooking a large continental breakfast for the guests. His cell phone RINGS. It's MARK, their contractor. Jay answers it.

JAY

Hey, Mark! How's it going, man? Hey, can you give me a second? Service is spotty in my kitchen.

He leaves the kitchen. Several of the ghosts hover over the food, breathing in the variety of aromas.

PETE

(smiling)

I love the smell of breakfast a la Jay in the morning.

THOR

Yes, Jay's sausage. One of Thor's favorite smells. Not as delicious as lamb testicles but Jay does what Jay can.

ISAAC

Oh my, oh my, Jay's going to have to spend a lot of time on his knees, if he wants Mark to come back. Poor man has been through the ringer with these amateur proprietors.

ALBERTA

You're the one that's been dickering Mark around, Isaac! Remember not too long ago, it was you who couldn't decide the restaurant's tile color? Kinda reminds me of a club owner I once worked for in Scranton. He couldn't settle on what type of liquor to serve. Fortunately, he just used some moonshine he and his mama made that day. It only blinded two men, thankfully.

ISAAC

Well, some of us are actually concerned with proper aesthetics, Alberta.

(MORE)

ISAAC (cont'd)

I can't have someone, like Samantha, whose poor choice in apparel having the final say on how *my* restaurant appears, now can I?

The food on the stove top begins to burn. Smoke rises up to the range hood.

HETTY

Good god, man! Is he *that* inept to leave a hot stove unattended? If he had been part of my household, he would have been out in the cold after a day.

ISAAC

Oh! That foul odor is worse than cannon gunpowder in the middle of July.

TREVOR

Eh. A little smoke never hurt anybody. At least we get to enjoy this smorgasbord while we can, and how we can.

JAY (O.S.)

Again, thank you so much, man. See you then!

JAY

Oh, crap!

All ghosts INHALE sharply through their noses, trying to get as much scent as possible before they lose their chance. Jay runs back into the kitchen to clear the smoke, passing through Isaac, inducing his dysenteric odor to fill the kitchen. The ghosts react to the stench.

ALL

UGH!

JAY

Now, I know which ghost is in here...  
Damn it, Isaac!

HETTY

Talk about foul odor.

THOR

Thor rather breathe in July cannon gunpowder than this.

ISAAC  
Goodness, me! Jay's flatulence are  
getting worse by the day.

All ghosts stare at Isaac, unamused.

TREVOR  
Dude, you're never gonna fool us.  
Just like you'll never get a  
different ghost power.

Isaac gives Trevor a "thanks a lot" look.

PETE  
(grinning)  
Wow, Isaac. You're sure giving him  
the *stink* eye.

Pete CHUCKLES. The ghosts stare at Pete. His grin changes to  
a frown and he pivots to Isaac.

PETE (cont'd)  
But seriously, Isaac, it is pretty  
foul. You should be more careful  
about where you stand from now on so  
our nose-feasting doesn't get  
interrupted.

Isaac's face falls, his hand dropping to his side in  
annoyance. Meanwhile, in the background, Jay frantically  
attempts to put out the kitchen fire.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Mark's truck is parked in the driveway. A blue sedan pulls  
up beside it. The passenger door opens. Mark's wife CINDY  
drops off their son DAVID after handing him a drill bit set.

CINDY  
He said you could leave it on the  
kitchen counter, honey.

David apprehensively takes the drill bit case and  
begrudgingly exits the car.

DAVID  
'Kay.

David jogs to the front door of Woodstone mansion.

INT. FOYER - DAY

David quietly closes the front door behind him as he cautiously enters the mansion. He takes a few seconds to look around before proceeding to the kitchen. Nobody else in sight.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David gently nudges the drill bit case onto the kitchen table and quickly turns around, heading for the front door.

INT. FOYER - DAY

As David makes a beeline for the front door, Hetty descends the stairs, along with Sasappis and Flower. They notice David.

FLOWER

Oh, look, guys! A boy. Do you think he's come to stay with us?

David stops in his tracks and faces them, looking concerned.

HETTY

Oh, good! Samantha has finally heeded my shrewd advice, and employed a child to tend to the menial Bed and Breakfast chores.

SASAPPIS

Hetty, again, this is a new age, and I don't think Samantha and Jay want to be incarcerated for breaking child labor laws.

Hetty humphs indignantly.

HETTY

They *should* have laws requiring children to labor.

David is slightly startled, but stops to address them.

DAVID

Why are you guys all dressed up?

Hetty, Sasappis, and Flower all GASP.

FLOWER

Whoa! He can see us!

HETTY

Young man, can you see us?

David nods, timidly. Hetty, Sasappis, and Flower all rejoice.

SASAPPIS

This is incredible!

HETTY

Yes, yes! We have to find Samantha this instant, and inform her of another person who can see spirits... Samantha! Samantha!

David stares at them.

DAVID

You guys are...ghosts?

SASAPPIS

(trying to cheer  
David up)

Yeah, but don't worry, kid, we're not scary ones. We're a lot like regular people, just not alive...Sadly, everyone dies at some point, buddy. And we don't all go to heaven, at least not right away. Some of us stay around the spot where we died...and just hang around.

HETTY

Don't be afraid, young man. We can't hurt you.

FLOWER

Yeah, man, after that bear mauled me, I can't hurt anyone, or get hurt, myself anymore. See--look!

Flower shows the bear gashes on her body to David. He takes a step back.

HETTY

Flower, don't be insensitive. This boy doesn't want to see your grizzly grizzly bear death marks.

David is speechless. Pete pops into the foyer. David GASPS at the sight of him.

PETE

(MORE)

PETE (cont'd)  
Hi, Hetty were you just calling for  
Samantha? Good thing I have the ears  
of a Barn Owl... and you its syrinx  
(chortles)  
Sam's in the bathroom, she might be a  
while, Jay's chicken vindaloos  
smelled extra spicy last night- oh!  
Who's this little scout?

The arrow lodged in Pete's neck causes David's eyes to widen  
and his jaw drop. He's in shock for a moment but begins to  
back away towards the front door.

HETTY  
This young man can see us, Pete.

PETE  
Holy Toledo! You're kidding! Oh,  
don't worry about the arrow, little  
guy. What's your n-

DAVID  
MOM!

David makes a break for the door. As he turns around Thor  
enters, holding Crash's head in one hand, and his axe in the  
other.

THOR  
Guess where Thor find Crash head?

David screams.

DAVID  
AHHHHHHH!

David books it out the front door.

SASAPPIS  
Damn it, Thor! Your timing is  
terrible. You scared him away!

THOR  
What difference it make? He cannot  
see us.

HETTY  
We just found out that he can, and  
you frightened him so.

SASAPPIS  
Why are you holding Crash's head?

FLOWER

Yeah, Thor. And what were you using your axe for?

THOR

Thor was out for a walk and see crows pecking at Crash head by fountain. Crows must have been also dead, since axe chop them, but then they glue back together again.

The ghosts are disgusted.

SASAPPIS

Can you at least return Crash's head back to his body? It's starting to gross *me* out.

THOR

Thor know not where Crash be?

CRASH

I told ya, cool cat. My pad's the ballroom now.

FLOWER

We have a ballroom?! I wanna see it! Come on, Thor, let's go see it together.

THOR

Thor like the way Flower think.

Pete, Hetty, and Sasappis eye each other.

HETTY

(condescendingly)

You two are clearly meant for each other.

Thor sheathes his axe. Flower grabs Thor's arm opposite of Crash's head. They exit the foyer.

PETE

You kids have fun, now! Spend as much time in there as you want!

Hetty leans over to Sasappis as Thor and Flower leave.

HETTY

If all three of those dolts were sucked off tomorrow, it wouldn't be soon enough.



Sasappis nods and exhales. Pete turns to face Sasappis and Hetty.

PETE

Well, someone is a grumpy Gus. We wouldn't want to lose Flower and Thor! Hmm, you know, you two look like you could use a vacation. If you could go anywhere in the world, where would it be?

HETTY

Why? So, you could go visit in our stead, and report back to us about how marvelous it is?

PETE

(remorsefully)

Uh, well...

Hetty SCOFFS and begins to walk away up the stairs.

HETTY

I'm afraid that won't suffice, Peter.

Pete looks to Sasappis.

PETE

(whispering)

Do you think she's still jealous about my roaming-the-world thing?

SASAPPIS

Yeah, and I think she's just a little bummed out she can only use her ghost power one day a year.

PETE

(shouting)

Don't worry, Hetty. St. Patrick's Day will be here before you can say Sinead O'Connor.

Hetty flips Pete off while ascending the stairs. Pete cringes.

PETE (cont'd)

Yeesh.

Sasappis turns back around at Pete, shaking his head.

PETE (cont'd)  
She really needs to slow down on that  
*Sex and the City* show. It's making  
her a little crass, if you know what  
I mean.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sam is sitting on the couch, with her laptop in front of  
her. Jay walks in.

JAY  
Hey, Babe. How's Isaac's novel coming  
along?

SAM  
Oh, hey, honey! Good, we're just  
wrapping up the part where Isaac  
slurps Alexander Hamilton dry.

Jay raises one eyebrow while sitting down, next to Sam.

SAM (cont'd)  
His blood. He's sucking his blood.

JAY  
Oh, right! It's a vampire story now,  
I almost forgot. He's going to like  
that part.

ISAAC  
Scratch that, I'm elated! Finally, I  
can exact revenge on that hack, even  
if it's in death. I can just imagine  
his spirit reading my book when it's  
done.

(giggling)  
He's going to be exceedingly wroth.

TREVOR  
I don't know, Isaac. He could have  
been sucked off by now.

Trevor turns his head and sniggers at his private joke.

ISAAC  
(snippily)  
Well, who's to say that sucked off  
souls can't view what livings create  
in this world? Give me a little hope  
here!

HETTY

Yes, and I'm sure they're all  
champing at the bit to read a  
fictionalized biography of a blood-  
sucking Revolutionary War officer.

FLOWER

Yeah, Isaac, and even if he hasn't  
been sucked off yet, he probably will  
be soon. Wasn't he a lot more famous  
than you? And a Broadway star?

Isaac's eyes widen as he looks at Flower, seething.

ISAAC

You know what, Flower?

FLOWER

(obliviously)

No, what, Isaac?

Isaac quickly restrains himself and pats her on the  
shoulder, realizing there's no point in correcting her.

ISAAC

Never mind.

SAM

So, how's Mark doing? We're pretty  
lucky to have him on call to help us  
out so much, what with getting the  
Bed and Breakfast up and running, and  
now your restaurant.

JAY

Amen to that, babe. He's probably the  
most reliable contractor in the area,  
been with us through thick or thin.  
And now we need to install a restroom  
in the restaurant. After all, we  
can't have customers walking through  
the ghosts on their way to the  
house's bathroom. They'd get high or  
pass out, and sue us for food  
poisoning, or something.

Flower looks to the company of ghosts.

FLOWER

He's talking about me.

Pete places an arm around Flower.

PETE

Yes, Flower Power. We know.

Thor and Pete lock eyes while he does this. Thor sends him a flirtatious expression. Pete yanks his arm back down to his side.

Sam glances at the ghosts, then looks back at Jay.

SAM

How much was the restroom quote again?

JAY

(shrugging)

What's another few thousand?

Sam purses her lips in concern.

SAM

Hmm.

JAY

I'm not worried. I'm hoping we've finally made it to the friends and family discount stage in our relationship.

Mark emerges into the living room from the foyer.

SAM

Oh! Hey, Mark! We were just talking about you. I just wanted to say how much we appreciate you sticking with us, and helping get our restaurant business up and rolling.

JAY

Yeah, man. You've been a big help.

MARK

Of course. You guys are my buds... Um, hey, I wanted to ask you guys something. I know this is a strange question, but I'll explain, just hear me out. Have you seen anything paranormal while you've been living here?

Jay and Sam look at each other and then turn to Mark. They both act aloof, shrugging and awkwardly LAUGHING.

SAM  
You mean, like ghosts, or something?

JAY  
(smirking)  
Yeah, Mark, are you saying Woodstone  
Mansion is haunted?

SAM  
(scoffing)  
That's absurd.

MARK  
I know, it sounds odd, but this  
afternoon my son David came by to  
drop off a tool for me. He said he  
saw some people weirdly dressed up  
from different eras....but at that  
point all the guests had checked out,  
right?

Jay and Sam freeze but before they can respond, Mark  
continues.

MARK (cont'd)  
It freaked him out because he said he  
saw what looked like a viking man  
holding a severed human head...

Jay is still frozen, but Sam begins to speak up.

SAM  
Oh gosh, that's terrible! I'm so  
sorry, Mark. No, we haven't  
experienced anything unnatural in  
this house, other than the lights  
flickering on and off, but we chalk  
that up to old wiring.  
(chuckles)

JAY  
Yeah, I'm sorry about that Mark. Poor  
David. Is he alright?

MARK  
Yeah, he's a little shook, but he'll  
be okay. Honestly, he's talked about  
having many invisible friends over  
the years. I thought it was just a  
development thing, but now I'm  
starting to wonder if he can actually  
see ghosts.

SAM  
Hmm. Well, you're probably right,  
it's likely just a phase.

JAY  
(nodding)  
Yeah.

MARK  
Yeah, most likely, but anyway, I was  
doing some research online about this  
place. It turns out a lot of people  
have died here.

All the ghosts in the room freeze.

PETE  
Oh boy.

SAM  
Really?

MARK  
Yeah, supposedly the woman who owned  
the place took her own life in the  
late 1800s here. It was also the  
burial site for many cholera victims.  
Oh, what about that poor guy that got  
killed without his pants on and the  
one who got shot in the neck with an  
arrow by one of his own girl scouts  
in the '80s? You know, the story that  
commercial was based off of that they  
filmed here?

PETE  
(sarcastically,  
scratching his neck)  
Gotta love being reminded of that.  
Thanks, Mark.

JAY  
Oh yeah, the arrow guy. Darn.

Jay shakes his head in respect to Pete.

SAM  
No kidding? I mean, I know at least a  
viking died on the property, after  
you discovered his remains near the  
fountain around the time we moved in,  
but...

THOR

(to Sam)

And Thor appreciate you not selling bones, and giving Thor 1,000-year-old body a righteous viking funeral, instead.

MARK

Yeah, and so, it got me thinking. My brother-in-law knows a guy named Darren, who has his own ghost hunting team. They're based out of Albany. He has his own YouTube channel, and from what my brother-in-law tells me, they're pretty popular.

ISAAC

Oh, I don't like the sound of this.

Jay and Sam look at Mark apprehensively.

MARK

Anyway, I already reached out to Darren and these guys. He said he would love to explore the mansion this weekend, if that's cool with you two, of course.

All the ghosts in the room GASP.

TREVOR

No! Tell him no, Sam!

Jay and Sam quickly glance at each other, and then back at Mark, with their mouths ajar.

SAM

Oh, that's a cool idea, but I don't think we're interested, Mark. Thank you, though.

JAY

Yeah, what with the restaurant responsibilities, and guests checking in and out...

ISSAC

Just tell him the B and B is fully booked this weekend!

SAM

And unfortunately, we have all our rooms booked this entire weekend, so...

All the ghosts nod their heads.

PETE

Nice lie-- I mean save, Isaac! I  
fully endorse fibbing when it  
protects our ghostly privacy.

Mark raises his hands and lowers his head in defeat.

MARK

Okay, it's your place. But just so  
you know, they would pay a handsome  
fee...and you could look at it as  
free advertising for your Bed and  
Breakfast.

Jay and Sam check each others' faces, before snapping back  
to Mark.

JAY

How handsome is this fee?

MARK

Enough to cover the costs of all the  
bathroom fixtures in the restaurant.  
(grinning)  
Maybe some left over for a bidet.

JAY

Will it cover your labor costs?

Mark rocks his hand left to right, making a noncommittal  
gesture.

MARK

Mmm.

TREVOR

Oh, crap!

Trevor leaps right behind Sam.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Please don't let them do this, Sam.

THOR

Yes, Thor don't want people knowing  
Thor's shipmates leave him behind.

ISAAC

And I can't have the world knowing I  
was killed by tiny, evil men living  
inside my body.

(MORE)



ISAAC (cont'd)  
It would certainly ruin the sales of  
my unpublished masterpiece!

All the ghosts, except for Thor and Flower, PFFFT.

TREVOR  
(goes into business-  
minded mode)  
Well, Isaac...if anything, getting  
paranormal publicity would help your  
book sell. But we're not doing it!

ISAAC  
(sarcastically)  
Oh, a stockbroker *and* a marketeer.  
Thank you, T-Money.

TREVOR  
Look, the point here is that *I'm* the  
one that died with more humiliation  
attached to my death than anyone else  
here, okay?

SAM  
Well, we'll have to think about it.

JAY  
Yeah.

MARK  
No problem. Just let me know. I'm  
gonna take off now. Oh, and by the  
way, there are a few more issues with  
the roof repair we did after that  
stripper crashed through...

Jay and Sam stare blankly at Mark. The ghosts hold their  
breath.

MARK (cont'd)  
I can patch it for now, but you're  
going to have to look in to putting  
in a new one at some point...anyway,  
see ya!

JAY  
See ya!

SAM  
Bye, Mark!

The front door SLAMS. There is silence for a few seconds  
before--

JAY  
Hon, I know the ghosts  
aren't going to like--

TREVOR  
Please don't let them come  
here, Sam--

SAM

Guys, guys. One person at a time,  
please... starting with my husband.

Sam motions to Jay, while the ghosts SIGH, Trevor throws up  
his hands.

JAY

Thanks, babe. Look, I know the ghosts  
may not want the world knowing how  
they died--

TREVOR

Would *you*, if you died from a drug  
overdose, pant-less?

JAY

--But the restaurant has just been a  
money pit lately... and Mark's right.  
It would be free advertising which  
could boost our hotel business.

SAM

That's true, I just don't want to do  
it without all the ghosts' consent.

TREVOR

(growls in  
frustration)

Okay, fine. Let them come. But, Sam,  
Hetty will probably not be on board,  
since she killed herself here.

FLOWER

Yeah, poor Hetty.

ISAAC

He has a point, Sam, as much as I  
hate to admit it. I, for one, can  
muster the courage and allow these  
phantasm investigators to probe  
around me, but I don't know how well  
Hetty will take to it.

THOR

Thor fine with idea, since it mean  
you get money for lodging and food  
business. Besides lightning killing  
Thor, very awesome.

Trevor, Isaac, and Pete roll their eyes.

FLOWER

It's all hunky-dory with me, too, Sam. My bear attack story is already out for all the world to see, thanks to that short movie they filmed here.

JAY

What are they saying?

SAM

Well, all the ghosts in the room are okay with the ghost hunters coming to investigate, they just worry if Hetty will agree to the idea. I have to run it by Sasappis and Alberta, as well.

ISAAC

Don't forget the basement dwellers.

JAY

Hmm. Understandable. So, you're going to talk to them?

SAM

Yeah.

JAY

Today?

SAM

(sighing)

Yes, Jay. I'll go find them right now.

JAY

Thanks, honey. We really need this!

Sam shuts her laptop and leaves the room. Jay remains behind.

JAY (cont'd)

Love you!

PETE

For the record, no one asked me if I was okay with this whole "ghost hunter" thing, but...

ISAAC

Oh, sorry, Pete. I guess we're all just used to you not being here and instead, gallivanting across the world... whenever you desire.

All the ghosts, except for Pete walk away.

PETE  
And I'm two for two today.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

Hetty saunters down the hallway alone. She stops at the SOUND of the clothes dryer spinning, and leers into the laundry room doorway.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hetty enters the laundry room, quietly assessing the new-style washer and dryer. She touches the top of of the dryer.

HETTY  
Humph. A damn shame.

She looks around, then sits on top of the dryer as it spins.

HETTY (cont'd)  
Hmm. Not bad.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam walks down the hallway and passes the laundry room door. She stops and walks backwards. She looks in at Hetty on the dryer.

SAM  
Um, Hetty?

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hetty is caught off guard, hops down off the clothes dryer, and pats down her dress awkwardly.

HETTY  
Oh! Samantha! I didn't see you there.

Samantha enters the laundry room.

SAM  
Sorry, I didn't mean to... disturb you.

HETTY  
No matter. What can I do for you?

SAM

Well, I was wondering... how would you feel if we allowed some ghost hunters into our mansion this weekend?

HETTY

Ghost hunters?! You can't be serious.

SAM

Yeah, sorry. I should have clarified. There are people that like to look for signs of ghosts on properties they suspect are haunted. They don't actually hunt them.

Hetty's eyes widen.

SAM (cont'd)

It's a hobby, and many people are into.

HETTY

Mm-hmm.

SAM

Anyway, Mark got us in touch with a group of people who look for ghosts, and supposedly, they have been wanting to check out this property for years. Bottom line is they are willing to compensate us for their spirit investigation, and right now we could use the money, and it's free advertising. So,--

HETTY

--and you want me to permit this?

SAM

Well...

HETTY

Ugh, Sam. My death is a sensitive topic for me, and I--

SAM

--I know, and that's why I wanted to get your approval before we give them the go ahead. But I can make sure they don't find out about how you died... in fact, let me check something.

Sam pulls out her cell phone, and begins to search "Hetty Woodstone". Hetty looks at her curiously.

SAM (cont'd)

Hmm.

HETTY

What? What is it?

SAM

Well, online it doesn't indicate a cause of death for you. It just says 1895, UNDISCLOSED.

HETTY

Yes, well. As long as it says "opulent robber baron".

SAM

I guess they never concluded how you... anyway. Look, Hetty, I can promise you they won't find out.

Hetty looks at Sam incredulously.

HETTY

What say the other ghosts?

SAM

After speaking with Alberta and Sass, all the ghosts are in agreement. Only, I have yet to ask the basement ghosts.

HETTY

Well, if you and Jay are that destitute, maybe it's time to reconsider investing in opium products... such as heroin, or laudanum. I hear that business is booming nowadays.

Sam shakes her head.

HETTY (cont'd)

Alright, Samantha. You must know I'd back any business venture that could procure my great-great-great--

Hetty hesitates.

HETTY (cont'd)  
 Granddaughter financial reprieve. And  
 seeing how you're a long way to  
 reaching millionaire status... I  
 suppose, it's all right to let them  
 come.

Sam CLAPS her hands together.

SAM  
 (beaming)  
 Thank you, Hetty!

Sam begins to embrace Hetty.

HETTY  
 Oh! Careful, child! I'm still  
 untouchable.

SAM  
 Oh, that's right, sorry!

Hetty SIGHS.

HETTY  
 By the way, how are you going make  
 sure they don't find out about my--

Hetty CLEARS her throat.

HETTY (cont'd)  
 (whispering)  
 Self-murder?

SAM  
 Well, I have a plan, but need to run  
 it by all the ghosts first.

Hetty slowly raises her eyebrows.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

Sam holds up her phone screen to the basement ghosts. A  
 YouTube video clip called "Inside Bushy Mountain State  
 Penitentiary", plays. DARREN BOOCOOCK(40s), the head ghost  
 hunter records himself walking the halls of a dilapidated  
 prison, talking to the camera.

DARREN  
 Aha! This must be the mess hall. They  
 say three inmates were stabbed to  
 death after a fight broke out during  
 their mealtime.  
 (MORE)

DARREN (cont'd)  
Supposedly the brawl started after  
one angry inmate belched into the  
face of a fellow prisoner, who was a  
rival gang member. Other explorers  
have claimed you can smell burps in--

Sam abruptly pauses the video. The basement ghosts appear  
indifferent.

SAM  
Okay, so, that's all they're coming  
here to do.

STUART  
Smell burps?

SAM  
No. They are going to explore the  
mansion this weekend, overnight,  
looking for ghost activity.

CREEPY DIRK  
Why?

SAM  
It's fun for them, and they are  
willing to pay Jay and I to explore  
our house.

NANCY  
Whoa, whoa! Time out, Samantha. You  
guys are getting paid to let some  
stranger livings "hunt" us?

SAM  
Well, yes, but they'll just be here  
in the mansion for a few hours, and  
then they'll leave. They probably  
will only spend a few moments down  
here.

NANCY  
Cool, but what do we get out of it?

STUART  
I don't want to smell their burps.

CREEPY DIRK  
Yeah! Me neither.

All of the cholera ghosts protest.

CHOLERA GHOSTS  
Yeah!



Sam puts her palms up to quiet them.

SAM  
Alright, alright. What do you guys  
want in return?

NANCY  
Hmm. How about borrowing your body  
again? And going to town on some  
guacamole?

SAM  
Hard no.

CREEPY DIRK  
Can *I* use your body?

SAM  
Even harder no.

Creepy Dirk MOANS.

SAM (cont'd)  
How about I bring you guys down some  
plug-in air fresheners? That way, you  
can breathe in fresh fragrances 24/7,  
even when I'm not here.

Creepy Dirk leans into Stuart.

CREEPY DIRK  
(whispering)  
She doesn't smell that fresh anymore.

Sam furrows her eyebrows.

NANCY  
Yeah, okay. You got yourself a deal,  
Samantha!

Nancy extends her grimy hand. Sam retains hers with a  
discreet grimace.

SAM  
(smiling)  
Great! Ahem. Well, I have to get back  
upstairs. But I'll bring down those  
air fresheners after our spirit-  
hunting visitors leave. Bye!

All the ghosts wave like zombies would. Sam returns  
upstairs.

## CHOLERA GHOSTS

Bye!

Beat.

## CHOLERA VICTIM STUART

Why are we now just asking for air fresheners?

## NANCY

Because you're an airhead, Stuart!  
God!

## CHOLERA VICTIM NIGEL

(to Cholera Victim  
Cody)

Their sexual tension keeps rising.

## CHOLERA VICTIM CODY

(nodding)

Those burp-seekers are going to love  
it.

Cholera Victim Nigel looks at him perplexed.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The main eight ghosts are in the living room. Half are sitting, while the other half stand across Sam and Jay, who are also erect.

## SAM

Okay, everybody. Once again, thank  
you for allowing us to have these  
strangers in our house--

## ALBERTA

Oh, please, Sam. It's not like we're  
unaccustomed to strangers. This is a  
damn Bed and Breakfast after all.

## SASAPPIS

It's only a B & B when they actually  
have guests booked.

## PETE

True, you guys seem to have more  
restaurant customers than hotel  
guests. Which is not a dig at you  
guys, Sam. I'm glad Jay's business is  
thriving!

SAM

And that's why we need a financial pick-me-up. Look, I know this may rattle your cages, but it's only for half a day, if that. Darren and his team will come late tonight. They'll bring in their equipment, and--

HETTY

Equipment?

SAM

Yes, don't worry. I'll make sure they don't use that ghost trap thing, but they'll likely use electronic devices, like we watched on their YouTube channel.

JAY

That's right, everyone. We promise none of you will get caught in a ghost trap... just so long as they don't cross the streams.

Beat.

PETE

(chuckling)

Ah, *Ghostbusters*. Nice one, Spengler!

JAY

Did anyone else get that reference, besides Pete?

SAM

(to Jay)

What do you think?

JAY

Come on, guys. Would it hurt you to soak in some '80's pop culture now and then?

All the ghosts, except for Pete are annoyed.

SAM

Babe?

Jay waves off his comment.

JAY

Sorry, honey.

SAM

Anyway, look, I wanted us all to meet before they come, to make sure we're all on the same page. I don't want them to discover anything too private about your deaths. Odds are they already know about Alberta, Pete, Trevor, Hetty, and Flower. Sorry to the rest of you.

ISAAC

Oh, it doesn't make any difference to me. I'm sure no one knows if I even died here at all. My Commanding Officer was averse to record-keeping, anyway.

TREVOR

Where *did* you die, Isaac?

ISAAC

I'm sorry, Trevor. I'm not at the "Liberty Bell" to say.  
(chuckles)

Isaac grins holds for a reaction from the group, but no luck.

ISAAC (cont'd)

On that note, are these specter enthusiasts going to explore the whole grounds, or just the house?

SAM

Good question. No, I made it clear to Darren, they can only investigate inside the house. I also spoke to the redcoat ghosts, and they have agreed to remain in the shed until it's all over.

THOR

Too bad, Thor certain Pete will be sad his ex-wife Carol not here.

PETE

Thanks, Thorfinn. Your viking brethren would be proud of you taking a shot at a man already shot in the neck.

THOR

Thor just joking. Thor trying to keep up with everyone else, but sarcasm not Thor's strong suit.

SAM

Look, we need to show this ghost-hunting team, that this mansion is haunted, but not too haunted, as not to scare potential guests away. Remember, we're trying to get our name out there.

TREVOR

We're with you, Sam. What do you want us to do?

SAM

Well, for starters, don't anyone of you walk through them.

HETTY

(sarcastically)

Oh, really? Tell us why, Samantha.

ISAAC

(irritated)

Yes, yes, we all know about me and my useless ghost powers. Do you think I seek out reminders? Normally, I avoid being walked through at all costs. Ugh, the humiliation!

SAM

We can't let anybody get high either, Flower. So, please steer clear.

FLOWER

It's all hunky dory, Sam. I understand the dangers of getting high. I realized being baked contributed to my death.

Sasappis quickly interjects and sarcastically cross his fingers in a hopeful gesture.

SASAPPIS

I really hope we're going to hear another bear story.

FLOWER

Whoa! How did you know about that, Sass? Can you read minds?

(MORE)

FLOWER (cont'd)  
Oh! Wait! You can only read the minds  
of sleeping people.

All the ghosts GUFFAW.

HETTY  
Ooh, she got you there, Sass!

PETE  
Well, look who's moving up in the  
world!

THOR  
Thor very proud of Flower.

Thor gives Flower a side hug.

TREVOR  
(to Alberta)  
These ghost hunters will be done in  
10 minutes, if they pick up any of  
Flower's new, shining wit.

ALBERTA  
Mm-hmm.

SAM  
Guys, guys! Get your game faces on.  
Those of you with "Tier 1" powers can  
use them to entertain the team a  
little. Just don't scare them too  
badly.

Alberta turns to Pete.

PETE  
I never used that phrase around her,  
Alberta. Someone must have put it in  
her head,...Sass!

SASAPPIS  
I only enter their dreams for *my*  
benefit. Why would I remind her who  
has the cooler ghost powers among us?

Sasappis clears his throat.

SAM  
And don't worry, Hetty. I'm going to  
forbid them from "hunting" on the  
main floor. The rest of the house  
will be free game, though.

Hetty grins.

HETTY  
Thank you, Samantha.

Sam smiles.

HETTY (cont'd)  
(whispers  
sarcastically to  
herself)  
That will really protect me.

SAM  
Remember, they'll only be here for a  
short while. Just don't get in their  
way and have fun!

All the ghosts look at each other without enthusiasm.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A black van parks near the front door to the mansion. Its  
break lights darken. The driver and passenger door swing  
open. The side door slides open. DARREN BABCOCK steps out,  
along with his two team member siblings: JAKE (28) and  
JESSICA (26) DEAN. All three wear black t-shirts imprinted  
with "Ghoul Hunters".

Sam exits the front door to greet them, accompanied by  
Isaac, Alberta, Hetty, and Sasappis, who remain on the  
porch.

SAM  
Why, hello! Hi, Darren. How are you?  
How was your trip?

DARREN  
Aside from rush hour, not too bad.  
Although, this place turned out to be  
more off the beaten path than I was  
expecting.

SAM  
Oh! Sorry.

DARREN  
Eh, what can you do?... this is my  
team: Jake and Jessica.

JAKE  
Hi!

JESSICA  
Hi.

SAM

Oh, hi guys!... do you need any help bringing anything in?

DARREN

Actually, we do. Could you grab that?

Darren points to a heavy, black, hardened case, about the size of nightstand. Jake and Jessica begin to pull out lighter pieces of equipment and set them down on the gravel. Darren only carries a backpack and brushes past Sam as she struggles to handle the bulky case.

DARREN (cont'd)

(gazing at the estate)

Woodstone... Manor. Hmm!

Darren proceeds through the front door after the ghosts get out of his way.

HETTY

Who does this arrogant bastard think he is?

SASAPPIS

Sounds like he's related to you, Hetty.

ISAAC

I admire a man who asserts his leadership over his underlings.

ALBERTA

I'm afraid we're in for a long night. What a blowhard.

ISAAC

I like him.

INT. ENTRANCE FOYER - NIGHT

Darren and his team emerge into the foyer. Sam schlepps the case behind them.

DARREN

I take it that's the living room? You can put that in there, Samantha.

He points to the living room.

DARREN (cont'd)

Or do you prefer Sam?



Sam attempts to gently drop the equipment case down on the foyer floor. The ghosts trickle inside.

SAM  
Oh, either one.

DARREN  
Hmm. Sam it is.

SAM  
And about that. I forgot to tell you we're going to be having an event here tomorrow morning and we need this place free of any equipment until then. But you're welcome to place all of your stuff upstairs in the hallway.

DARREN  
I suppose that's fine. Do you mind bringing that up there?

Darren and his team begin to head up the stairs. Sam seethes.

SAM  
Sure.

SASAPPIS  
What a dick.

SAM  
(under her breath)  
I know.

With one free hand gliding over the railing, Darren turns back.

DARREN  
I'm sorry?

SAM  
Oh, I said, "I'm slow".

DARREN  
No worries. We have all night.

The paranormal team continue to head up the stairs with their equipment.

HETTY  
Perhaps in my day this man's behavior would be well-tolerated. But what a discourteous jackass!

ALBERTA

Boy, if I were alive I'd give him a Mississippi Whoopin'.

(to Isaac)

That's code for breaking one's legs with a whiskey barrel hoop.

ISAAC

Is your back going to be alright, Samantha? Remember, my replacement mattress for my dinosaur bed is coming in two days.

Isaac holds up two fingers.

SAM

Where the hell is Jay anyway?

SASAPPIS

He's in the ballroom...remember? You told him to set up tables to make it look like we're actually busy this weekend.

SAM

Oh, jeez.

HETTY

So sorry, Samantha. We would help you, but--

Hetty raises her palms. Sam bends over to pick up the equipment.

SASAPPIS

But we're happy to spy on them, like you asked us.

SAM

(sarcastically)

How could I manage to live without any of you?

Sam proceeds to drag the case to the second floor hallway, one step at a time.

ISAAC

I'm grateful she finally acknowledges this relationship being mutually beneficial.

Hetty nods, while Alberta and Sasappis give Issac a side-look.

INT. ALBERTA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Darren and his team fan out in Alberta's room, wielding EMF meters and EVP recorders. Alberta, Trevor, Sasappis, and Thor stand against the walls, keeping their distance from the ghost-hunters. Sam quietly observes from the doorway.

Jay enters the room and stands next to Sam.

JAY

So, how's everything going in here?

The team's concentration is broken. They whip around to Jay.

DARREN

Shh!

Darren holds an EVP recorder in his hand, and a selfie stick connected to his camera in the other. He is recording a video for his YouTube channel.

DARREN (cont'd)

Like I was saying, this is where a female jazz singer by the name of Alberta Haynes was murdered.

A beat.

DARREN (cont'd)

Allegedly, she was poisoned by a jealous love rival.

Alberta rolls her eyes. Jessica brushes past Sam and Jay, holding her ghost box and EMF meter. Sam taps her shoulder.

SAM

(whispering)

Hey, what is that you guys are holding?

JESSICA

It's called an EVP recorder, or ghost box. It uses radio frequencies to record voices from the other side. And this detects electromagnetic fields, which ghosts give off.

SAM

Oh.

Jessica walks away. Sam nods her head at Alberta. Alberta walks into the center of the room. She begins to HUM a few ghostly notes.

ALBERTA  
Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm-mm.

The paranormal team stops. They glance at each other.

JAKE  
Whoa! You guys hear that?

JESSICA  
Sounded like humming.

Darren beams.

SAM  
Wow, cool. I've never heard singing  
in this room before.

JAY  
That is crazy.

JESSICA  
The EMF meter just spiked.

Sam nods to Trevor this time. Trevor pushes over a six-inch tall, bronze bust that sits on the fireplace mantle. It falls to the ground making a CLASH, startling everyone except for Sam and the ghosts.

DARREN  
Holy!

JAKE  
What the?! Dude, that brown statue  
just fell to the ground!

SAM  
Oh my gosh!

JAY  
No way! That's incredible!

Darren looks annoyed by Jay and Sam's loud commentary. He quickly returns to his YouTube video.

DARREN  
(to his camera)  
That bronze statue was just knocked  
over by something!

Darren points while aiming the camera towards the fireplace mantle.

DARREN (cont'd)  
I think I got that on camera. I hope  
I did.

JESSICA

The EMF spiked again! I got it on camera, too.

Sam and Jay continue to put on the facade of looking surprised.

SAM

That's great! Boy, there's a lot of activity in here, huh?

DARREN

(sighing)

Indeed... Let's, uh, move on, shall we?

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

Darren and his team change out the batteries in their equipment. Jake opens the black, hardened case and pulls what looks like a jewelry box wrapped in black cloth.

Sam, Jay, and a few of the ghosts stand there and observe. Sam eyes the ghosts and gives them a thumbs-up. She's careful not to speak to them in front of the ghost team.

DARREN

(to his camera)

Alright, so next we're gearing up to check out the attic. Supposedly, the original owner of this mansion, Hetty Woodstone, hung herself up there.

Sam's eyes widened.

DARREN (cont'd)

Let's go check it out.

SAM

Darren, uh.

Darren pauses his recording.

DARREN

(agitated)

I think we'll go up to the attic alone, thank you. Spirits sometimes get overwhelmed if there are too many people in the room.

Darren proceed to the attic stairs, before Sam can respond.

SAM  
Uh...but.

Darren turns around to face Sam, while Jake and Jessica ascend the attic stairs.

DARREN  
I almost forgot. Here. Compensation  
for letting us investigate.

Darren hands her an enveloped stuffed with cash.

DARREN (cont'd)  
I assumed this fee would allow us to  
search your home uninterrupted.  
Correct?

SAM  
Oh, sure. Of course.

DARREN  
Excellent.

Darren proceeds up the attic stairs.

A beat.

SAM  
Guys, please go up there and see what  
they say about Hetty's death... and  
anything else they do.

TREVOR  
You got it, Sam.

INT. ATTIC - LATER

STEPHANIE is woken up by the SHUFFLING of the ghost team.  
Jake puts the jewelry box-sized object on the floor and  
begins to unwrap the cloth.

STEPHANIE  
Hey, what the hell?! Who are you  
guys?!

SASAPPIS  
Crap! Sam forgot to warn Stephanie  
about these people.

Trevor walks over to Stephanie, who lies in her prom dress  
on her bed.

TREVOR  
Shh, it's alright, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE  
(smiling  
flirtatiously)  
Oh, hi, Trevor.

TREVOR  
These are livings who hunt ghosts. I  
know it's weird, but they do it for  
fun and are paying Sam and Jay to do  
it.

Stephanie's eyes shift to the object on the floor. It's  
sealed in red candle wax, which resembles the color of  
blood.

DARREN  
Go ahead, open it.

Jake pulls out a pocket knife and cuts through the wax to  
the seam. He tucks his pocket knife away and opens the box.

All the ghosts look puzzled.

ALBERTA  
Uh, what the hell is that?

TREVOR  
Uh oh... it can't be a... Everyone  
get out of here! Now!

All the ghosts except for Stephanie rush out. Shocked, she  
remains on her bed. All of a sudden, a loud HISSING noise  
emanates from the object, along with a billowing black cloud  
of smoke that begins to fill the attic. The ghost team  
neither see, nor hear any of this. Stephanie is frozen and  
stares in shock.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam, Jay, Thor, and Flower stand waiting for the ghost team  
to return. Trevor, Alberta, and Sasappis run to them.

SAM  
What's going on? What happened?

TREVOR  
Sam, they didn't bring a Quija board,  
but they did bring a-a Dybbuk box!

SAM  
Wait, what?! What's a Dybbuk box?!

JAY  
Tee-book?

TREVOR  
It's something from Jewish mythology!  
Supposedly, it contains an evil  
spirit!

SAM  
Evil spirit?!

JAY  
Huh?

Stephanie SCREAMS. Pete emerges from another bedroom, and walks towards the group.

PETE  
Hey, guys. I heard someone scream. Is  
everything all good in here?

The upstairs hallway floor and bedroom doors begin to tremble violently.

PETE (cont'd)  
(smiling)  
Sounds like someone is getting sucked  
off up there! Do you think it's  
Stephanie?

Everyone turns to Pete with frightened, concerned looks. The black, ominous cloud of smoke sinks down the attic stairs into the hallway.

ALBERTA  
Oh, Lord.

A menacing, low-pitched GROWL emanates from the attic. A grimace of fear replaces Pete's grin.

PETE  
OH, SHH--!

CUT TO BLACK.

**TO BE CONTINUED**