

Don't Let Them In

Written by

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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 dicking 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, PFFT.

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 at 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 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 BOOCOCK(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