

SPOOKED

Episode Three: Brotherly Departed

Written by

Michael Gene Conti
and
Felicia Day

SHOOTING DRAFT - 11.19.2013

Bad Hat Harry Productions
10201 W. Pico Blvd, Bldg 50
Los Angeles, CA 90035
310-369-2080

Geek & Sundry Inc.
6565 Sunset Blvd, Suite 422
Hollywood, CA 90028
323-380-3024

EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

A dark condo complex, a pool in the back, quiet and empty.

INT. WATSON CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MATT WATSON (30s), well-groomed yet tired-looking, sits alone in his sheet-covered living room. The materials of what appear to be an ongoing renovation litter the room around him. The light from the TV dances on the sheet-wrapped furniture as an episode of FRIGHT FORCE comes on.

ON TV

*On this episode of Fright Force,
can the team dig up the truth
surrounding West Haven Cemetery? Or
will they find themselves in...
Grave danger?*

Matt loudly SCOFFS at the TV as he watches the show with annoyance.

MATT

What a joke.

The lights in the room flicker when a door angrily SLAMS closed in the distance. Matt turns to look. He exits the room and moves down the long hallway.

INT. WATSON CONDO - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Matt continues through the dark, unsettling condo, avoiding slabs of drywall, two-by-fours, and a folded ladder just as a shadowed FIGURE moves past him in the darkness.

MATT

... Hello?

A pregnant moment lingers as he waits. The shadows seem to move then become still.

MATT (CONT'D)

Are you in here? If you are, answer
me. Right now. This isn't funny.
(with bravado)
If you're trying to scare me, you
know it won't work!

Matt uncomfortably moves down the shadowy hallway when we hear another door SLAM shut.

MATT (CONT'D)
THIS IS NOT FUNNY!

INT. WATSON CONDO - ANDREW'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt slowly enters the inky bedroom. The shadows appear to make shapes and figures around the seemingly unoccupied room. Swimming TROPHIES and MEDALS adorn all visible space of the messy room.

MATT
You can't keep doing this. It's not helping anyone.

A NOISE turns Matt back around, spinning him around in the ominous and haunting bedroom.

MATT (CONT'D)
STOP IT! JUST STOP!!
(then)
I can't take this anymore...

As Matt dejectedly leaves the frame, he reveals a MAN about 26, too skinny, with pale skin and ragged dark hair behind him. The Man stares through sunken eyes as his body SHAKES ever so slightly. He turns to the retreating Matt before creepily lowering himself out of frame...

OPENING CREDITS

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - DAY

The mobile base is parked in front of the condo complex.

INT. MOBILE BASE - MAIN CABIN - DAY

Lindsey and Piper play a game with each other on an iPad. Lindsey throws his hands up.

LINDSEY
This is unfair. Your finger diameter is forty-seven percent smaller than mine. There's no way I can win. How does Elliot always beat you and I can't?

He looks over at Elliot, who is holding a COMIC BOOK upside down and glares angrily over it towards the RV COCKPIT. Lindsey follows his eye line to see Morgan and Connor in the cockpit. Together.

INT. MOBILE BASE - COCKPIT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Morgan stares at Connor, arms folded. He avoids her gaze, buried in his phone.

MORGAN
You've been avoiding me.

CONNOR
(doesn't look up)
No, I haven't.

MORGAN
Yes, you have. Ever since we
kissed. Gimme your hand.

Morgan grabs the reluctant Connor's palm and examines it.

CONNOR
That's my texting hand...

MORGAN
Oh. Great. Just as I thought.

CONNOR
(concerned)
What? What do you see?

MORGAN
Your love line. It's very choppy.

Connor looks uncomfortable under Morgan's pointed gaze as Lindsey walks over.

LINDSEY
Word of caution: I'd keep any PDA
to a minimum for the time being.
Observations indicate that Elliot
may try to punch you again.

Connor withdraws his hand.

MORGAN
Screw him.

LINDSEY
That was kind of the point.

CONNOR
I'll take care of it.

He exits to the main cabin. Morgan and Lindsey follow.

INT. MOBILE BASE - MAIN CABIN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Connor tries to rally the group.

CONNOR

Okay, listen up guys. As we've arrived at the location of our next case, I want to remind you that we're a team. *More* than a team, we're a *family*. And families have their disagreements, but they work through them. So let's put our personal problems aside and focus on being the best semi-professional Paranormal Investigative Team that we can be!

ELLIOT

Great, thanks, *Coach Taylor*. Can we get on with the briefing already?

Connor holds up his phone.

CONNOR

This morning I got a weird text. All it had was an address with the words "Help. Ghost."
(enticing Elliot)
And it's in apartment unit 13...

ELLIOT

(excited)
Unit 13?

He remembers he's mad at Connor.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Lindsey, can you tell Connor I'm excited it's Unit 13?

LINDSEY

No. I'm not doing that.
(to Connor)
So who are the clients? There wasn't a name or anything?

CONNOR

(checks phone)
00000012345. Oh -- huh. Uh...
Sounds like we have everything we need!

MORGAN

We should use caution. Some spirits have the ability to use modern technology to contact the living. Could be a trap.

ELLIOT

Are you referencing "*Pulse*"? I didn't know your coven had a Netflix subscription. How progressive.

Elliot does a slow clap. Morgan rolls her eyes, grabs Piper's hand, exiting the RV. Lindsey follows with his equipment. Connor holds Elliot back.

CONNOR

Elliot, I've already said I'm sorry like a thousand times! How long do I have to stay in the doghouse?

ELLIOT

Until Lindsey invents a time machine and you go back ten days ago to not kiss Morgan.

CONNOR

It was an impulse move in the heat of the moment. Besides, *she* kissed *me* first.

ELLIOT

Erroneous. Two people kiss, Connor! Two! And I didn't even get to see the dead E.T. go home! That's on you!

Elliot storms out. Connor, alone in the RV, sighs.

CONNOR

It's gonna be a long case.

INT. WATSON CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Matt enthusiastically greets the team as they enter the living room of his condo. More two-by-fours, paint cans, and power tools clutter the floor.

MATT

Come in! Come in! I can't tell you how relieved I am that you're here. Please make yourselves at home.

He turns to Piper, the last one to enter.

MATT (CONT'D)

Would you mind shutting the door,
Piper?

Piper looks at him curiously then shuts the door.

CONNOR

You've done your research. And you
are...?

MATT

Oh! Sorry. My name is Matt Watson.
And you must be The PITS?

ELLIOT

Now we are.

MORGAN

We've got to change that name.

CONNOR

Are you the one who contacted us?

Connor holds up his phone.

MATT

Yes. The Fright Force wasn't
available. Please watch where you
step.

LINDSEY

(re: tools)

Doing a little remodeling, huh?

MATT

Yeah, you know how it is. First
it's a leaky faucet, then next
thing you know you're special
ordering Italian marble for your
whole home. Sorry for the mess.

MORGAN

Renovations tend to stir restless
spirits and can often lead to
hauntings.

MATT

I've noticed. There's been some
activity... of the paranormal kind.

(then)

It's my brother Andrew. He died
last month.

LINDSEY

What were the parameters around his death? Murder? Suicide? Erotic asphyxiation?

Connor glares at Lindsey.

CONNOR

What he's *trying* to say is... we're very sorry for your loss.

MATT

He drowned in the pool of our complex here and ever since the incident, he's been here... haunting.

MORGAN

Paranormally speaking, it tends to bode well for the case if the hauntee personally knows the hunter.

CONNOR

Perhaps some unresolved issue between the two of you is keeping him here? Elliot do you think --

ELLIOT

Do you hear something, Lindsey?

CONNOR

This cold shoulder thing is getting old.

ELLIOT

Shoulders get *ice* cold when "friends" decide to --

A door SLAMS down the hallway, startling the team.

MORGAN

Did... Did a door just slam?

MATT

Yeah, he does that. Cliché, am I right?

The team heads towards the bedroom. Piper tugs at a distracted Connor's hand.

CONNOR

In a minute, bug.

INT. WATSON CONDO - ANDREW'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Connor cautiously opens the door to the dark room, leading the team in before turning on the light, illuminating the many trophies and medals. Matt and the team enter behind him.

MORGAN

This was Andrew's room?

Matt nods. We see the wall of trophies and hold on a picture of a man holding a large swimming trophy. We recognize Andrew, the emaciated Man from the Cold Open, looking happy and healthy in the photograph. Matt tenderly smiles at the photo.

MATT

Since we were little, his dream was to compete in the Olympics. I was always terrified of the pool. Hated water more than the Wicked Witch of the West.

ELLIOT

Elphaba? Am I right?

Elliot goes to high-five Matt, who leaves him hanging.

LINDSEY

I can't swim either. Evolution brought us to land for a reason.

CONNOR

Obviously, your brother was a good swimmer. How is it that he drowned?

MATT

For some reason or another, he hit his head on a flip-turn. I did what I could but...

The memory is beginning to make Matt emotional.

MATT (CONT'D)

I just want to resolve this, for the sake of my brother.

CONNOR

We're going to do everything we can to help your brother.

MORGAN

And then the healing can begin.

Morgan moves to Connor and puts her hand on his back supportively. Elliot observes and cringes.

ELLIOT

Some things can never be healed.

Elliot exits, upset. Connor watches him leave.

INT. WATSON CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lindsey sets up his EMF equipment with the help of Piper. Piper looks over at Matt, who sits in a wing-back chair watching them, and gives her a cheesy thumbs up. She frowns, leans towards Lindsey.

PIPER

(whispers)

He's funny.

LINDSEY

What do you mean?

MATT

This is so exciting! What's that thingie do?

LINDSEY

This is an EMF detector. Electro Magnetic Fields are generated by currents going through wires. All wires have a pulse running through them, and that creates an EMF, which, in concentrated volume, can induce anxiety, nervousness, even hallucinations. Hence, the need to detect them.

MATT

Cute! And Morgan's playing with bones! This is just fabulous!

Across the room, Morgan has set up a little area where she is scrying tiny marked BONES. She tosses them and frowns.

MORGAN

Something's off about my reading here. The bones are indicating the presence of a spirit, but I'm getting signs of life and death colliding? It's confusing.

Lindsey's EMF detector begins FLASHING blue.

LINDSEY
I'm getting all sorts of spikes on
the EMF right now. Something
seriously weird is going on.

Off Matt's anxious look...

INT. WATSON CONDO - HALLWAY - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Connor knocks on the bathroom door.

CONNOR
Elliot, come on, man. I know you're
not playing Candy Crush.

He puts his ear to the door.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Are you... Are you crying?

ELLIOT
(sobbing)
No.

CONNOR
I'm coming in.

Connor turns the handle and pushes his way in.

INT. WATSON CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Elliot sits on the closed toilet seat, looks up to see
Connor.

ELLIOT
Oh, it's you.

CONNOR
We need you focused, Elliot. If you
can't get it together, you can sit
this case out in the Mobile Base.

ELLIOT
(bitterly)
You would love that, wouldn't you?
Get me out of the way so you can
mack on Morgan's mouth some more?

They stare at one another as Elliot's accusing words sink in.

CONNOR

I hate the fact that you're mad at me. You're my best friend. When I told people that Piper could talk to ghosts, you were the only one who stuck by me. What can I do to make this right?

ELLIOT

You needed help with Piper and I helped you. I needed help with Morgan and you helped yourself. I'm just confused. You were still in Amanda-ville and told me to go after Morgan. So I did, and next thing I know, you're all changing your zip code to Morgantropolis.

CONNOR

I'm not changing my zip code. I mean, was I thinking about moving... maybe, but it's really a renters market you know, so I had --

ELLIOT

Poop or get off the pot!

(looks down)

And I realize the irony of saying that right now but... Do you even like her?

CONNOR

Yes. I dunno. I'm sorry, man, I'm just as confused as you are.

ELLIOT

That's not good enough.

CONNOR

I know, but... you're right. I knew you liked her and it was wrong. I shouldn't have done it like that.

A quiet beat between them, both finally understanding each other, and moving towards forgiveness. A KNOCK hits the door.

LINDSEY (O.S.)

Guys! Attention please!

Elliot and Connor hurry out of the bathroom.

INT. WATSON CONDO - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Elliot and Connor exit to find Lindsey in the hallway, holding his flashing EMF detector with Morgan.

The walls are all covered with WRITING in what appears to be dripping BLOOD. The words: "LEAVE", "GET OUT", and "DEAD" are repeated over and over. They look upon the words in shocked horror.

CONNOR

Oh my God...

ELLIOT

Who ordered the *Red Rum*?

MORGAN

I think the spirit is trying to communicate with us.

LINDSEY

You don't say?

STING! Andrew steps out in front of the bleeding words. The team freezes in complete shock and terror.

CONNOR

Uh... are you all seeing this?

Andrew's gaze darts around the group like a caged animal, frantic. Suddenly, he rushes towards the team, causing them to scatter and flatten against the walls. Elliot, frozen in fear, doesn't move quickly enough. Andrew runs into him, KNOCKING him to the ground, then disappears into the condo.

Everyone looks down at Elliot, who's rubbing the back of his head.

ELLIOT

Please tell me I just got slimed...

LINDSEY

How does a so-called "incorporeal being" knock someone down?

MORGAN

I've read incidents where a strong enough emotional tie can manifest an ectoplasmic being who -- I can't talk about this right now! I'm freaking out!

Connor looks at his shoulder that brushed against the writing on the wall. He touches it with his finger, sniffs it and frowns.

CONNOR

Uh, guys? This isn't blood... It's paint.

Lindsey's EMF starts going crazy flashing BLUE.

LINDSEY

This thing's going wild again!

Matt shows up with Piper by his side, notices the paint.

MATT

Damnit, Andrew! We needed that color for the foyer!

MORGAN

What's going on here?

MATT

(beat)

I may have exaggerated a little.
Andrew... isn't technically dead.

The team simply stares, lost for words as Piper sighs and drops her head.

INT. WATSON CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The whole team faces Matt. They do not look happy. Piper tugs at Connor's sleeve and whispers to him.

PIPER

He's dead.

CONNOR

No, no, that's the problem, bug.
Andrew's not dead. That's why --

MATT

He *did* die. But only for three minutes.

ELLIOT

(dramatically)

Dun dun dun.

Elliot rubs the back of his head, feeling uneasy.

MATT

My brother thinks he's a ghost.

(quickly)

He drowned and I tried to help him, but I couldn't... The paramedics arrived just in time and were able to revive him.

(then)

He just... disagrees.

CONNOR

With the paramedics?

LINDSEY

And his heartbeat?

MATT

I'm sorry for the Machiavellian ruse, but I knew you wouldn't come if I told you the truth.

An uncomfortable silence overtakes the room.

MORGAN

(angry)

This is an insult. There are other people we could be helping right now.

MATT

But he does need help. He's never once, in almost a month, acknowledged that he's alive. Or left this condo.

ELLIOT

This is like *The Sixth Sense*. But upside down? Or is it backwards?

MATT

I was hoping that if you entertain Andrew's delusion by treating him like a real ghost and listening to what he's trying to tell us, then maybe we can get him to snap out of it.

CONNOR

So you want us to pretend to investigate a delusional haunting by a living person?

MATT

In a manner of speaking, yes.

MORGAN

I don't know if I'm ethically comfortable with this.

LINDSEY

I don't know if I'm even following this. It's absurd.

CONNOR

Matt, where would we even begin?

Matt kneels down to Piper's level -- it becomes a plea.

MATT

Andrew won't talk to anyone because he thinks he's a ghost. Piper, you can talk to ghosts. He'll talk to you because of your ability, I know it. Will you help my brother?

Piper looks at Matt for a beat, then nods 'yes'.

INT. WATSON CONDO - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Elliot lights CANDLES around the room, Lindsey sets up his CAMERA in the corner, and Connor talks to Morgan as she burns some SAGE.

CONNOR

Matt and Andrew are in really bad emotional states right now.

MORGAN

We're not qualified to help them with this!

LINDSEY

Why don't we use this seance to conjure Freud.

CONNOR

All he needs is for someone to believe in him, to listen to him. Like with Piper. And look at how much better she's gotten!

They look over to find Piper attempting to play JACKS with the scrying bones from earlier.

LINDSEY

That's not better, that's creepy.

CONNOR

Matt just wants to talk to his little brother again... We need to help them.

LINDSEY

How is it possible the truth never gets through to Andrew? I mean, he eats and sleeps, right? Ghosts don't poop.

MORGAN

For the record, I am not a fan of this plan. Mocking spirits by faking an investigation puts out some seriously very bad juju.

ELLIOT

Yeah like that killer dog.
(confused)
Wait, no. That's Cujo...

CONNOR

Dude, I think you hit your head when Andrew knocked you down. Why don't you go lay down a bit? We got this.

ELLIOT

Yeah, good idea. Thanks bro.

He stumbles off. Morgan notices the exchange, crosses to Connor.

MORGAN

That seemed cordial. Did you guys make up?

CONNOR

Elliot and I have a really long history together. This was just a bump in the road.

MORGAN

Oh, really? I'm a bump in the road?

CONNOR

I definitely did not say that! I meant the whole thing with the team. I mean, it has something to do with you, but not your bumps, specifically... whoa.

(beat)

(MORE)

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I really do like you, I just think we should take a step back. For the sake of the team. For now.

MORGAN

Alright. That makes sense... I certainly don't want to be a problem. For the team.

They look at each other. It's a tender, awkward moment.

LINDSEY (O.S.)

You two are adorable.

From across the room Lindsey has been filming their discussion.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

I'm definitely going to play that at your wedding.

INT. WATSON CONDO - MATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Elliot rests on the bed, singing softly to himself.

ELLIOT

One, two, Barney's comin' for you.

A HAND slowly creeps out from beneath the pillow.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Three, four, purple dinosaur.

The hand moves closer towards Elliot's face.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Five, six...

The hand grabs Elliot's face, causing him to SCREAM at a justified, yet incredibly high volume and flail for help.

INT. WATSON CONDO - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Elliot runs screaming into the room. The team and Matt turn.

ELLIOT

Your brother just came up from under the pillow and grabbed my face like *Drop Dead Fred*!

Matt speaks loudly and obviously, aiming down the hall.

MATT

Well I just hope that whoever did that knows he's loved and appreciated.

ELLIOT

I feel violated.

LINDSEY

Trade you for that Me-Maw ass grabber on the alien farm.

CONNOR

We should begin.

Everyone sits down at the "seance" table, one of Andrew's trophies is in the center.

LINDSEY

Just so you know, nothing in the DSM-5 backs this up.

MATT

Oh, my God! You guys look perfect. Start, start! I'll make sure Andrew's paying attention.

Matt gives another thumbs up and moves for the hall.

MATT (CONT'D)

(cheesy)

Wow! A real live seance! This is AMAZING! I sure hope there're some ghosts around!

He exits.

MORGAN

Gaia, forgive me...

(trying to hide her irritation)

This seance is being held to communicate with whatever entities might already be on the property. We are not inviting anything else into this home.

CONNOR

We're here to speak with the spirit of Andrew Watson. Please come forth and make yourself known.

They wait. Nothing.

ELLIOT
Stop hiding! Reveal yourself,
spectre!

CONNOR
Do you sense anything, Piper the...
(loud so Andrew can hear)
...Medium?

Piper grins, playing along.

PIPER
Andrew?

As if on command, Andrew "floats" into the room, now draped in a used -- and dirty -- white protective paint SHEET, complete with two eye holes cut into it. The "ghost" moves into the shadows behind Morgan. Matt sneaks in behind him.

ANDREW
Ooooooooo..... Booooo.....

ELLIOT
I don't think we're alone anymore!

CONNOR
Lindsey, get out your... thermal
readers.

Lindsey grabs some random equipment and pretends to read.

LINDSEY
(bad acting)
Omigod! My Equipment. Is doing
things.

MORGAN
(bad acting)
I feel the presence of someone
behind me!

Morgan picks up a PEN.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
I'm now going to try to communicate
with the spirit of Andrew Watson
using a technique called *Automatic
Writing*.
(calling out)
In my right hand, I'm holding a
pen. Spirit, from the other world.
Convey to us why you remain here
and did not pass through to the
realm of the dead?

Andrew takes Morgan's hand and starts WRITING.

CONNOR
(prompts the group)
Gasp. Gasp!

Everyone else reacts, gasping woodenly as well.

ELLIOT
What could be doing that?

MORGAN
I swear... it's not me.

LINDSEY
(re: everything)
This is fascinating.

Morgan speaks out the words as Andrew writes them:

MORGAN
*I lost everything. Why live, when I
can't do what I live for?*

CONNOR
What can't you do?

MORGAN
*Sing -- no, swun. Swun? Oh, swim!
It says swim.*

MATT
But you can! You can swim!
(to Piper)
Piper, tell him he can swim!

MORGAN
*I lite rally -- literally, did --
no, deed - deed? Bad handwriting...*

Andrew, frustrated, takes the pen from Morgan's hand and begins to write the messages out himself.

ELLIOT
*Ghost of Swayze! The pen is moving
on its own! Look!*

Andrew finishes writing and theatrically slides the finished note to Connor who reads:

CONNOR
*I literally died doing the one
thing that I love most and I lost
what was most important to me.*

Matt looks at his brother helplessly, tears in his eyes.

MATT

Please, Andrew. Let me help you.
Talk to me!

Andrew getting upset himself, begins to slowly "float" back out of the room. MOANING as he goes.

MATT (CONT'D)

Don't you float away from me when
I'm talking to you! Enough of this!

And with Matt's final words, Andrew is gone. His ghostly MOANS fade down the hallway as his bedroom door SLAMS shut.

MORGAN

(reading the room)

I think we... Yeah. We lost him.

Another distant and muffled MOAN. Then silence.

INT. WATSON CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The team discusses what they have just learned.

CONNOR

Well, at least now we know that
Andrew's been acting out because of
his inability to get back into the
water.

LINDSEY

Yay for progress?

ELLIOT

Let's do it Crystal Lake-style like
in *Friday the 13th*. Take him out in
a row-boat and push him into the
water. Well, that actually did kill
him, but there's some debate about
the mythology.

(then)

I'm still a little woozy.

MORGAN

Think! How can we get him out of
the condo and down to the pool?

LINDSEY

Why don't we just throw Morgan in
the water? Witches float, right?

MORGAN

For the last time, I'm not a witch!

CONNOR

There's an idea there though...

(off Morgan's look)

No, I meant your idea. We gotta get Andrew back in the water somehow.

MATT

I can get him to do it. I know it.

ELLIOT

All right! Let's raise the dead!

Elliot does the "raise the roof" motion -- uh huh.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - POOL AREA - NIGHT - LATER

Matt stands at the pool's edge, nervously pacing, fixated on the water.

Morgan and Elliot are setting candles around the pool in awkward silence. After a few beats, Elliot says...

ELLIOT

You know, you guys could've just waited until I was dead. I think my love deserved a more iconic ending.

MORGAN

Listen, I talked to Connor, and nothing is going to happen between us. We want to preserve the sanctity of the team.

ELLIOT

Oh, really?

(beat)

That's... cool. That you care about the team so much.

MORGAN

I'm part of P.I.T. because one day at my shop I saw Connor standing there between the sandalwood key chains and the Tibetan prayer wheels, reading a book on spirits. I could see he was a soul in desperate need, looking for answers. And when I met Piper, I knew she was very special.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Seeing what he would do for her,
how far he would go... I quit on
the spot to be with them. To be
with him.

ELLIOT

Wow. I had no idea you were so
Jerry Maguire. I thought he just
picked you up off of Craigslist.

MORGAN

No. Anyway, if you could find it in
yourself to forgive me, I'd like to
move past this. Can we do that?

ELLIOT

You know, Connor's been through a
lot. And he does seem to like you.

MORGAN

Really?

ELLIOT

Yeah, and honestly, he's way better
with neurotic women than I am.
Especially after Amanda. So, I
dunno, maybe you two... could be
OK.

MORGAN

You're a good guy, Elliot.

ELLIOT

Pros before hoes.

MORGAN

Did... Did you just call me a hoe?

ELLIOT

Uh, what? No... No, I -- What's
taking them so long?

INT. WATSON CONDO - ANDREW'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Piper approaches the closet door and opens it to find Andrew
inside, holding the hem of his sheet up enough to allow
himself to eat a bowl of colorful CEREAL.

ANDREW

(Frozen, mouth full)
Ooooo... Booooo...

PIPER
Matt's at the pool.

Andrew's face drops as he turns even whiter than normal.

PIPER (CONT'D)
Hurry. He's leaving.

EXT. WATSON CONDO - WALKWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lindsey runs down a narrow walkway between condo units with a gate at the end. He calls out towards the pool area.

LINDSEY
They're on their way!

He opens the gate and pulls it back, holding it open as Connor and Piper RUN through followed closely by Andrew, still wearing his ghost sheet. Lindsey chases after them all towards the pool.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - POOL AREA - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

As Andrew, Lindsey, Connor, and Piper run across the yard, Morgan steps forward to greet them.

MORGAN
Spirit! I sense the presence of a
spirit! We have drawn you to the
source of your turmoil!

Matt moves over to Piper, leans down, and WHISPERS to her. She nods, walking over to Lindsey, and very calmly PUSHES him into the pool.

LINDSEY
I don't know how to swim!

Connor pulls Piper away from the pool's edge as Andrew struggles with what to do about the sinking Lindsey.

CONNOR
Piper, why'd you do that?!

She points towards Andrew, who tears off his ghost sheet and instinctively JUMPS into the pool to save Lindsey. He gets an arm around Lindsey and swims him to the side, where Elliot and Morgan help lift him, gasping out of the water.

Andrew swims to where Matt stands, pool-side. He treads the water with ease and relief, looking up at his brother.

MATT

You did it! You're swimming!

ANDREW

Thanks, Matty. Am I gonna see you again?

MATT

(smiles)

Good-bye, Andy.

The team looks over to where Matt had been standing. He's mysteriously GONE -- as if he never were there.

The team exchange looks of confusion and fear.

ELLIOT

I think I have a concussion or something... What just happened?

INT. WATSON CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Lindsey and Andrew, wrapped in towels, face the group.

CONNOR

Matt was a ghost the whole time?

ANDREW

I was doing laps, training too hard after eating, and I hit my head on a flip-turn. Matt jumped in to save me even though he couldn't swim. I woke up in a hospital room and found out my brother had died. He drowned saving me.

CONNOR

(to Piper)

You knew all along. But you played along to help them. I'm proud of you, bug.

ELLIOT

I can see dead people...? *I SEE DEAD PEOPLE?!?!*

MORGAN

I think this was a one-time thing. Some ghosts can manifest themselves as corporeal. It's rare, but if the emotional bond is strong enough...

ANDREW

I couldn't get over it. I stopped going out, stopped swimming, I could barely sleep... I felt dead. And then one day Matt appeared. I knew he was here to help me and I didn't want to risk losing him a second time. So I became a ghost, like him.

MORGAN

He really cared about you. Now you can both be at peace.

She puts her hand on Connor's knee. Connor looks nervous until he sees Elliot give him a thumbs up ala Matt. He relaxes.

CONNOR

So, Andrew. How do you feel?

ANDREW

I don't know... I feel better.

MORGAN

Do you have any more ghost-like tendencies?

ANDREW

(amused)

No. I'm a real boy now. Thanks to all of you.

CONNOR

Lindsey, you're being awful quiet.

Lindsey tries to speak. Nothing comes out -- he shakes his head, still in shock of what they experienced here. Piper pipes up from the corner where she slurps her juice box.

PIPER

It's creepy when he doesn't talk.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE 3