

SPOOKED

Episode One: Paranormal Professionals

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EXT. PALLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

A suburban single-story home, painted in the soft yellow glow of a towering streetlight.

INT. PALLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CAROL PALLEY, late thirties, sits on a well-worn sofa, sipping WINE next to her wife, DONNA JOHNSON, or DJ, thirties. Carol snuggles; DJ looks uncomfortable.

CAROL
Home-cooked meal, a little wine...
Isn't this better than going out?

DJ
Dinner was great, but it is nice to
get out of the house every once in
a while.

CAROL
I thought a romantic fire would
change your mind.

DJ grabs Carol's retreating hand. Desperate.

DJ
Baby, why don't we go out to a
movie? Or crazy idea: mini golf!

CAROL
Yes, that *is* crazy. Can we spend
one night at home, please?

A florally painted VASE begins to TREMBLE on a shelf. They turn to look, a sense of dread spreading across DJ's face.

DJ
It's him again.

Carol turns to her wife with a look of clear annoyance.

CAROL
Please don't start. I grew up in
this house. It's not haunted.

DJ
Everything that we've been
experiencing here since we moved in
is evidence of --

CAROL
-Oh, DJ come on!

DJ
It was on Wikipedia! The pottery,
the banging on the walls! You said
I was imagining it, right? LOOK!

CAROL
(stands)
Okay, that's enough.

DJ
Your father is haunting this house!
The sooner you accept that, the
sooner we can do something about
it!

CAROL
Oh, is that how *ghosts* work? Why
didn't you just say so?

The florally painted vase starts to SHAKE more violently.

DJ
This stuff's been happening since
the day we moved in!

CAROL
I'm going to bed. Thank you for
such a lovely evening.

Carol stalks off down the hall, clearly getting emotional, as
the floral vase suddenly STOPS moving.

DJ
Ignoring the problem isn't gonna
make him go away!

The lights FLICKER before going completely OUT, leaving DJ in
the darkness of the room. Alone.

DJ (CONT'D)
Gene? Is that you? I'm not going
anywhere! I love your daughter and--

A dragging MOAN moves through the room as the many framed
PICTURES of DJ and Carol simultaneously fly from the shelves
with a shattering CRASH.

DJ (CONT'D)
Carol!!!

OPENING CREDITS

INT. MOBILE BASE - BEDROOM - DAY

CONNOR MALONE, mid-twenties, our charming yet spastic "leader" paces in a bedroom as he talks on his CELL PHONE.

CONNOR

Hey, it's me. Again. Uh... got a missed call, was it you? No? OK.

(urgently)

Don't hit delete, it's about Piper. I know you still care about her and all and... I really think these cases might be good for her. Good for us, you know?

(then)

Not sure if you're getting any of these messages. This is number twenty-three! So... yeah...

ELLIOT PATSWILDER, mid-twenties, a reckless paranormal enthusiast with a POLAROID CAMERA around his neck - always ready for the unexpected - pops his head into the bedroom.

ELLIOT

Connor -- ugh, is that Amanda again? Give it up, already! Brief us on the case!

CONNOR

No, it's not -- it's... the client!

(whispers into phone)

Alright, Amanda, I gotta run. Team's waiting.

He hangs up the phone with a passive smile and follows Elliot to reveal that we're inside an old RV.

INT. MOBILE BASE - MAIN CABIN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Connor exits the bedroom and steps into the main cabin of the RV. He addresses two guys and a girl who are crammed inside this "Mobile Base" where various odd paranormal paraphernalia decorate the walls.

CONNOR

Alright team, listen up!

(then)

We have our first poltergeist.

ELLIOT

YES! I'm gonna need some tennis balls and a rope.

LINDSEY
Is it going to be real this time?

We meet LINDSEY F. BUCKLER, early thirties, the brash and tenacious "tech guy" who sits with HEADPHONES around his neck.

MORGAN
Perfect. Negative energy already.
Thanks, Lindsey.

Chiming in is MORGAN PLUH, mid-twenties, an occult specialist, strangely attractive, and somewhat sardonic.

CONNOR
The client is claiming multiple encounters with the spirit of her recently deceased father-in-law. Morgan, what sort of happenings should we expect going into this case?

Connor turns to Morgan. She excitedly closes a BOOK on the paranormal and turns to him with flirtacious interest.

MORGAN
Well, a poltergeist lets itself be known by moving and influencing objects in the affected home --

LINDSEY
-Sounds more like schizophrenia, delusions, and a dash of paranoia to me.

CONNOR
Let's focus. We have a couple in distress --

ELLIOT
Ooo! Maybe this'll be like *American Horror Story*! Season one of course.

MORGAN
How would this be like that?

ELLIOT
Wishful thinking.

MORGAN
They all *died* in the end!

LINDSEY
Whoa, spoiler alert.

CONNOR
(getting heated)
Guys, cmon!! We started P.I.T. to
find answers, right?

MORGAN
I thought we were helping people in
need of paranormal solace...

CONNOR
Yes, right. So we need to act like
professionals and work together.
All of us... we make a great team!
Elliot with your ghost hunting
skills, Lindsey with all of your
gear, Morgan with your knowledge of
the unknown.

LINDSEY
That's contradictory.

ELLIOT
And Piper. Our glorious secret
weapon.

The team looks over to find Connor's little sister PIPER
MALONE, eleven, a reclusive and imaginative child, staring at
them as she slurps the last of a JUICE BOX.

LINDSEY
It's creepy that she never talks.

CONNOR
Please don't use the "C" word.
(then)
Now let's march into this lady's
house and film the shit out of her
ghost like the semi-aspiring-pros
that we are!

Elliot reaches his hand out into the middle of the group.

ELLIOT
Let's do this! "Paranormal
Professionals" on three. One, two --

No one joins in.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
-No? Okay.

EXT. MOBILE BASE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Lindsey leads the team out of the Mobile Base, FILMING them as they exit.

CONNOR
Lindsey, you rolling?

LINDSEY
Don't insult me.

ELLIOT
How come you get all the good gear?

LINDSEY
Cause I paid for it.

Dejected but not deterred, Elliot cozies up next to Morgan.

ELLIOT
Morgan, the flame to my Goblet of Fire. I was thinking after the case we could go out for a Butterbeer? Do some *bewitching*?

Elliot affectionately takes Morgan's hand.

MORGAN
For the last time, I'm an occult specialist, not a witch. Is that your "A" game?

Elliot goes white. She's way too much woman for him.

ELLIOT
Pretty much, yeah. That's the "A" game.

Morgan yanks her hand away and turns to help Piper down from RV steps. Piper still sips from the juice box as Morgan takes the young girl's free hand in hers.

MORGAN
Watch your step, sweetie.

Elliot notes the hand-holding.

ELLIOT
If only I were an eleven year old girl...

LINDSEY
(camera pointed)
Coulda fooled me.

EXT. PALLEY HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Connor KNOCKS on the door which quickly opens, prompting Elliot to SNAP a Polaroid picture of the couple. DJ smiles for the picture all too late while Carol stares, not happy. Elliot punches the photo and hangs it with many more pictures on a ring hanging from his vest. Piper takes Connor's hand.

CONNOR

Hello, hi, I'm Connor, Director of the Paranormal Investigation Team.

LINDSEY

AKA "the P.I.T.s."

DJ

Hi! Thank you all for coming on such short notice. I'm DJ, this is my wife Carol-Anne.

ELLIOT

Carol-Anne?! Really?

CAROL

You can just call me Carol.

ELLIOT

I will not be doing that.

Connor shoots him a look, turns back to DJ and Carol.

CONNOR

Why don't we get started, shall we?

INT. PALLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lindsey films the couple as Elliot snaps Polaroids of random objects in the room and Morgan sets out her candles.

DJ and Carol sit on the long couch opposite Piper and Connor.

DJ

Well, at first it was just little things, you know? Random stuff going missing or moving around the house... But it's been getting worse. Doors slam shut, lights keep going out, and the pottery won't stay still.

Our attention is brought to the many sculpted POTS, VASES, and BOWLS scattered about the room. It's tacky.

DJ (CONT'D)
And it's a lot of pottery...

Elliot snaps some pictures of the assorted pots.

ELLIOT
Did you make all these?

CAROL
My dad did. He used to throw clay.

She indicates a small POTTERY WHEEL in the corner and Connor quickly shoots his hand up to COVER Elliot's mouth.

ELLIOT
(muffled through his hand)
Oh, come on! It's just like Ghost!

MORGAN
In traditional mysticism, clay is considered to be a direct bond to the body of Mother Earth. Your father must have been very spiritual.

CAROL
Uh, it was good for his arthritis?

Connor lifts one of the hand-crafted VASES from the mantle to lighten the moment.

CONNOR
This one's really nice. Heavy.

CAROL
That's his urn.

Connor quickly and uncomfortably replaces the urn.

LINDSEY
He made his own urn? How... economical.

DJ
I believe the word you're looking for is "*bizzare*".

CAROL
It's not bizarre!

DJ
So, which one of you is the clairvoyant?

CAROL
I'm sorry, the *what*?

CONNOR
That would be Piper. She can
communicate with spirits.

Carol turns to DJ with a look of complete hostility.

CAROL
A clairvoyant? You gotta be kidding
me.
(to Connor and Morgan)
You know, I don't mean to question
your parenting skills, but...
bringing your little girl along on
ghost hunts?

Embarrassed, Morgan and Connor move quickly move apart.

MORGAN
Oh no! She's not *ours*.

CONNOR
No. We're not... I mean, we're
colleagues but... she's my little
sister. Piper is. Not Morgan. I'm
her legal guardian. Piper's. Not --

A series of rapid BANGS echo down the hall causing the group
to turn their attention towards the chilling sound.

DJ
See that?! He loves banging on the
walls, *poltergeisting* us.

Elliot SNAPS a photo in Carol's face, breaking the tension.

ELLIOT
Cool.

INT. PALLEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The team moves about the small bedroom, surveying the area.

LINDSEY
... This could simply be the
effects of old pipes, faulty
wiring, or some form of
schizophrenic delusions that may be
disturbing --

DJ looks unsure.

CONNOR

-The, uh, paranormal realm... of connectional... activity. And we're more than capable of helping you deal with these disturbances.

ELLIOT

Then exploit footage of it all on the internet. Because that's what ghost hunters do!

CAROL

I don't understand. You're going to capture the ghost or something? Do you have *laser backpacks* to suck it into another dimension?

MORGAN

Well, no. "Capturing" a spirit would run counter to my deeply held beliefs as a Wiccan Priestess, voodoo spiritualist and occult specialist.

CAROL

You're a *witch* --

FLASH -- Elliot snaps another Polaroid picture of Carol.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Why do you keep doing that?!

ELLIOT

Well, *Carol-Anne* I'm glad you asked. You see, I'm trying to photograph any paranormal stuff. Us pros refer to it as "para-graphing".

LINDSEY

That's already a word. You can't just use it as a portmanteau.

DJ

When I'm in here, I just feel this overwhelming presence. Like he's watching me. I can almost hear him again. "*You're not good enough for my little girl... This is just a phase! You're a lousy doctor...*" We didn't get along.

CONNOR

You're a doctor? I used to be a nurse. Well, until my parents died. Which was around the time Piper... uh, stopped talking.

CAROL

I'm sorry about your parents.

CONNOR

Thanks. Yeah, after that I kind of went off the deep end for a hot second. Then got fired. But you know, bright-side alert! Piper started to talk again!

ELLIOT

Yeah, to my dead Grandpa Frank! We have video.

LINDSEY

We have video of a little girl talking to a taxidermied coyote.

ELLIOT

But she said stuff only Grandpa Frank knew! Like, how'd she know he called that thing Chubs?

MORGAN

Connor formed the team to help Piper master her gift and navigate between the two plains of existence.

Connor smiles at Morgan, genuinely touched by her conviction when Elliot plops down between them all.

ELLIOT

Right! Like how Bruce Willis helped that kid get Mischa Barton out of his room in *The Sixth Sense*.

(then)

The OC still gives me nightmares.

CONNOR

I just figured, if speaking to ghosts is the only way she'll talk... it's a start towards healing. Right, Piper?

He looks around for her.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Piper?

She's gone.

LINDSEY

It's creepy how she always disappears like that.

INT. PALLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Everyone rushes in only to find Piper standing at the table holding a large KNIFE. It's a jarring and creepy sight.

CONNOR

Piper, what're you doing?

Piper timidly puts the knife down next to a few open cans of TUNA FISH, a jar of PEANUT BUTTER, and scattered slices of BREAD laid out for many sandwiches. Carol turns to Connor.

CAROL

What are you people trying to pull?

CONNOR

What do you mean?

DJ

Peanut butter and tuna was her dad's favorite sandwich...

(to Piper)

Piper, did Gene ask you to make those for him?

Piper nods her head to say 'yes'.

ELLIOT

You're so real.

CAROL

Okay, that's it. We're done here.

CONNOR

Mrs. Palley, there is definitely something happening here and Piper's just trying to help. Now, I think we should just --

CAROL

-No, I want you all to leave. Now. Right now!

CONNOR
Let's not do anything
drastic...

LINDSEY
Are you firing us??

DJ
We already gave them a
deposit!

ELLIOT
We just need more time!

A loud and unearthly NOISE turns everyone back to find all of the cabinets FLUNG OPEN with various CANS, BOXES, and JARS teetering in towered stacks all surrounding the motionless Piper.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Shit just got real...

CAROL
This isn't normal!

She storms out. DJ follows.

DJ (O.S.)
Carol, wait!

The team stands in awe of the striking grocery towers.

ELLIOT
She's right you know.

CONNOR
About what?

ELLIOT
This isn't normal.

CONNOR
Don't...

ELLIOT
It's *para*-normal.

Connor lets out a sigh as Elliot SNAPS a photo of the scene.

INT. PALLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Carol lays on the couch with a pillow behind her head as DJ tenderly holds her hand. Connor turns to the team.

CONNOR
On the plus side, we're not fired.
But can anyone tell me what the
hell happened in the kitchen?

LINDSEY

Clearly he's hungry. Piper
shouldn't have been teasing him
with peanut butter.

Lindsey smirks to himself as Elliot excitedly moves to Connor
with his many developed Polaroid pictures in hand.

ELLIOT

Hey, check this out. There's
something really weird with these
para-graphs...

Morgan curiously approaches as Connor takes the photos.
There's a strangely illuminated "ORB" floating between DJ and
Carol in each picture.

CONNOR

He's right... There's a light
anomaly between them in each photo!

Lindsey SNATCHES a picture, inspecting it skeptically.

LINDSEY

This film's probably fifteen years
old. I'm surprised it even
developed.

ELLIOT

Para-graphing never lies, Lindsey.
Ever see *Beetlejuice*?

Morgan removes four small MEDALLIONS from a cloth bag.

MORGAN

I'd like to bury these emblems at
the four corners of the house
before we begin. Do you have a
shovel that I can use?

ELLIOT

I've got a shovel -- with your name
on it.

MORGAN

What the hell, Elliot?

ELLIOT

You know, cuz I *dig* you.

Morgan moves away from him, goes to light more candles.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

What'd I say? That was a good line!

CONNOR
It sounded like you want to kill
her with a shovel.

ELLIOT
Oh.

Carol sits up.

CAROL
Are you sure this is going to work?

CONNOR
That all depends on your dad.

CAROL
Please don't. I'm still not
convinced this... *thing* is my
father.

DJ
Who else would have asked Piper to
make a peanut butter and tuna fish
sandwich!

CAROL
What reason could my father
possibly have for haunting us?!

DJ
For one, the man *never* liked me. Or
even the *idea* of us. He wouldn't
even walk you down the aisle on our
wedding day!

MORGAN
We're putting out a lot of negative
energy right now --

CAROL
(to DJ)
-He had sciatica. And apologized
right up to his death!

DJ
Not to me, he didn't!

The lights FLICKER as Gene's pottery wheel begins to SPIN
madly. The lights go OUT leaving the room to be only lit by
candlelight and the fireplace. Carol and DJ cling to each
other tightly as the team glances around to one another.

INT. PALLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

All of the power is now OFF as everyone sits in a circle on the floor around Gene's homemade URN. Morgan's candles eerily light the scene as she turns to everyone, holding a cat skull with a long, crooked candle in it.

MORGAN

The night is ready for us.

CONNOR

Okay, Morgan. Do your thing.

MORGAN

In the name of the most holy Goddess Gaia, Mother of Earth and its Protector, we call forth the spirit of Gene Dwyer, whom we wish to advise and counsel on the journey to his final resting place.

They wait... Nothing.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Give us a sign. Our souls are open to you.

LINDSEY

(under his breath)

Maybe the majority.

Connor shoots Lindsey an annoyed look.

CONNOR

Piper, tell us where the spirit is. Can you hear him?

ELLIOT

Or smell him?

They anxiously stare at Piper, hoping for anything... yet she remains silent.

DJ

Gene, I know you're here... Listen, this is my home now and Carol is my wife. I'm not going anywhere!

CAROL

Don't yell at him! He hates... hated that.

MORGAN

We aren't powerful enough. I need a stronger focal point.

LINDSEY

Stronger than his ashes?

ELLIOT

Whoa, that's some hard core torment.

CAROL

Oh God, stop. I can't do this.

CONNOR

Everyone, let's settle. Carol, I know this is scary but --

CAROL

-Having a ghost in my house doesn't scare me. It's just the thought that...

CONNOR

That it might be your dad?

CAROL

Yes. That's the unbearable thing. That he might be in pain or --

CONNOR

-I totally get it. Me and Piper went through the same thing, losing our parents. We're going to do everything we can do help your father rest.

Elliot rummages through a nearby backpack and pulls out a OUIJA BOARD.

ELLIOT

Time for the big guns! I've got just the thing to help Piper *and us* communicate with Gene.

(places the board)

BOOM. YOLO, son!

MORGAN

Why in the *name of Cernunnos*, do you have a devil board? That is the fastest way to get someone possessed by a demon!

LINDSEY
(indicates Morgan)
Looks like the angry spirit is
channeling through this one.

MORGAN
This is my area of expertise!

LINDSEY
Oh are you accredited? Is that a
B.A. or a B.S.?

DJ
(arm around Carol)
Maybe this isn't going to work out
after all.

CONNOR
One second. Lindsey, in my office.

Connor pulls Lindsey aside.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Look, it would help if you took
this a little bit more seriously.

LINDSEY
We've been in this *plausibly*
haunted house for almost six hours
now and we've resorted to playing
with spooky children's toys. It's
ridiculous.

CONNOR
We haven't given Piper the chance --

LINDSEY
-Six hours. All she's done is try
to make a weird, stinky sandwich.
I'm sorry, but I think she might be
better suited with a doctor than
chasing so-called ghosts.

CONNOR
Okay, we've been to doctors and
they all said the same thing! They
said I should put her on meds, and
in therapy, or lock her away in a
special school! So let me *apologize*
for considering an alternative
before having her committed for
being a freak!

Connor realizes the blunt severity of his words all too late and turns to Piper who just stares, clearly hurt.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Piper, I didn't mean it like that.
I --

Piper RUNS off through the living room and down the dark hallway. Alone.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
-Crap.

A door SLAMS. Everyone runs after her.

INT. PALLEY HOUSE - OUTSIDE MASTER BEDROOM DOOR - NIGHT

Everyone cautiously approaches the door as Connor tries the knob - LOCKED.

CONNOR
Piper, open the door, please. Pip--

DJ
- Wait... Do you hear that?

They lean in close, hearing Piper inside... TALKING. Her lonely voice is faint and unclear but it sounds as if she may actually be carrying a conversation.

CONNOR
Oh my god... She's talking. Guys,
Piper's *talking*!

CAROL
To who? My father?
(calling out)
Dad?!

Connor begins frantically trying to open the door. It won't give. Connor turns to DJ. Panicked.

CONNOR
Do you have a key or something?!

DJ
That door doesn't even have a lock.

CONNOR
What??

Connor shoulders the door. It doesn't budge.

ELLIOT
I'm sure she's fine. Gene's
probably more *Casper* than *The Woman*
in Black.

As Connor moves to retort, the door suddenly CREAKS OPEN.
Everyone remains still.

LINDSEY
So should we all go in? Or...

CONNOR
No. She's my sister.

LINDSEY
Ok, cool. Good idea.

MORGAN
You weren't gonna go in anyway.

Connor timidly steps into the darkness of the room.

INT. PALLEY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Once inside, Connor looks around cautiously, finding Piper
sitting on the edge of the bed. Alone.

CONNOR
Hey there, bug. You okay?

Piper remains silent as Connor closes the door behind him and
takes a seat next to her.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Look, I'm sorry about what I
said... You know I didn't mean it.
I just got upset. It's fine for you
to deal with losing mom and dad in
your own way, just know I'm here
for you no matter what. And if you
don't wanna do this stuff anymore,
that's totally fine too. I only
want you to be happy, 'kay?

Piper lingers for a moment.

PIPER
(softly)
It's fun.

Connor smiles like we've never seen before - Progress.

CONNOR
So, who were you talking... is Gene
still here?

PIPER
Behind you.

Connor turns to find a small area of compression suddenly
RISE as if someone just stood from the bed next to him.

CONNOR
(terrified)
...What were you two talking about?

PIPER
A secret.

Piper whispers in Connor's ear, his eyes grow wide.

INT. PALLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone crowds around Connor and Piper.

MORGAN
Piper, what happened in there?

CONNOR
(to Piper)
Go ahead, show them. It's okay.

They turn to Piper who, instead of speaking, climbs up and
grabs the FLORAL VASE. She walks over to Carol, stands in
front of her, and as Carol starts to reach for it, Piper
purposefully THROWS it down, shattering it.

CAROL
What the hell?!

Carol angrily moves towards the mess finding something odd
amongst the shards of broken pottery... A RING. Carol holds
it up, stunned.

ELLIOT
One ring to rule them all...

CAROL
How did you...

PIPER
He's sorry.

DJ
Baby?

Carol grows visibly more emotional. Fighting back tears.

CAROL

My Mom's wedding ring. I wanted it
after we got engaged, but he said
"no" because of... Broke my heart.

During Morgan's dialogue, Carol gives DJ the ring, slipping it on her finger.

MORGAN

Some spirits act out in any way
they can, trying to resolve
unfinished business or right their
wrongs. He obviously --

FLASH -- Elliot obnoxiously snaps another picture of Carol and DJ, interrupting Morgan's speech. She shoots him an annoyed look and continues.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

-He's finally giving your marriage
his blessing.

DJ

We appreciate the apology, Gene.
(under her breath)
Finally.

CAROL

So does that mean... Is he gone?

Elliot shows the developed Polaroid to the group, the ORB that once hung between the couple is gone.

ELLIOT

(ala *The Poltergeist*)
This house is clean!

LINDSEY

(to Piper)
That was pretty impressive, kid.

Piper smiles, turning to her big brother with a sense of belonging.

DJ

If it's okay, I don't really want
any of this posted online anywhere.

CONNOR

Well, I think we should --

Connor looks to Lindsey who turns to his camera only to find the LENS CAP still on... He sheepishly takes the cap off.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

-I think we can accommodate that.

INT. MOBILE BASE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Connor's on the phone again in the bedroom of the RV, leaving another voice mail.

CONNOR

Hey, Amanda, it's Connor. I guess you know that from the... uh, anyway. We finished a case today, and guess what? Piper talked! It's awesome, it's really just... I knew the cases would be good for her.

(then)

Just thought you'd want to know.

Okay. Twenty-four and out.

Connor hangs up and exits the bedroom.

INT. MOBILE BASE - MAIN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Elliot, on the way to the bathroom, slaps Connor on the back as he passes.

ELLIOT

Dude, giving up my professional gaming career for this was the best decision ever. Can't wait for the next case!

(points to phone)

Til then... Candy Swipe!

Elliot ducks into the bathroom and closes the door behind him. Connor continues into the main cabin and sits down next to Lindsey.

LINDSEY

I still have my doubts.

CONNOR

I would expect nothing less.

LINDSEY

When I was a little kid, I believed in the Easter Bunny, Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy.

(MORE)

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

And like *all* little kids, I
believed in them with all my heart.

CONNOR

Yeah, rabbits laying eggs... that
one was always a bit of a stretch.

LINDSEY

Then one day you catch your parents
putting presents under the tree.
You run out of baby teeth and after
a while it all seems so ridiculous.
To believe in anything magical
or... paranormal.
(then, pointed)
You *grow up*.

CONNOR

So... grown-ups can't believe in
the paranormal? Then why'd you
agree to bankroll us?

LINDSEY

Well, if there's going to be some
kind of discovery, I want to be the
guy who documents it.

CONNOR

Got it. Then next time, make sure
you take the lens cap off.

INT. MOBILE BASE - COCKPIT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan and Piper sit together in the passenger and driver's
seat.

MORGAN

Not everybody sees the spiritual
side of the world the way you and I
do. It's a blessing and a curse.

Connor comes up and hands Piper a new JUICE BOX. Morgan gets
up to leave. Connor lifts up Piper and puts her in the
passenger seat.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You're really good with her. Your
parents would be proud.
(off Connor's look)
What?

CONNOR

You just surprise me, is all.

Connor seems somewhat timid as he smiles at her. A genuine moment that she seems to relish, smiling back as she moves into the RV.

Connor looks back to his sister.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Ready for the next case?

Piper excitedly nods, punching her straw through another juice box as Connor starts the RV.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

The Mobile Base pulls out, driving into the night.

END OF EPISODE 1