

LIVING WITH THE GHOST OF SAM

Episode 1: "Leap of Faith" –

Overview and Summary

ESSENTIAL INFORMATION Writer(s): David A. Burnham Director: TBD Running Time: Based on the script structure and content, estimated 42 minutes (standard hour-long drama length)

EPISODE LOGLINE After a dramatic corporate meltdown channeling his late cousin Sam Kinison, Derek Kinison and his wife Nancy Hammond discover a mysterious Victorian mansion with supernatural connections to Sam's final days, leading to a high-stakes overnight challenge for ownership against social media influencers.

MAIN PLOT THREADS

- Core conflict/challenge: Derek's sudden life change and the mansion competition
- Key story beats:
 1. Derek's corporate breakdown
 2. Mansion discovery
 3. Meeting Linda Rhodes
 4. Competition setup
 5. Overnight challenge

CHARACTER FOCUS Primary:

- Derek Kinison: Corporate executive experiencing spiritual awakening
- Nancy Hammond: Art gallery owner balancing support with skepticism
- Sam Kinison's Ghost: Manifesting through reflections and supernatural occurrences

Supporting:

- Linda Rhodes: Mysterious realtor with hidden knowledge
- Charles Weber: Corporate CEO and mentor figure
- Chad Wellington & Marina St. Clair: Social media influencers/competitors
- Earl: Gas station owner with cryptic knowledge

SUPERNATURAL ELEMENTS

- Ghost appearances in mirrors and reflections
- Self-activating pipe organ
- Thunder during clear skies
- Mysterious dumb waiter service
- The mansion's apparent consciousness

LIVING WITH THE GHOST OF SAM

Episode 1 Script: "Leap of Faith"

TEASER

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

AERIAL SHOT - THE COSMOS

We begin in the infinite expanse of space, stars glittering like scattered diamonds against velvet darkness. The camera PANS across celestial objects - the rings of Saturn, the red storms of Jupiter, before focusing on the blue marble of Earth.

TRACKING SHOT - Moving closer to Earth, we pass the International Space Station. Through its cupola window, TWO ASTRONAUTS float, their faces lit by Earth's glow. One points toward something below.

DESCENDING SHOT - Breaking through clouds, San Francisco materializes beneath us. Iconic bridges span the bay like silver threads. The camera continues its descent toward a neighborhood of tightly packed townhouses.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (Sam Kinison-like voice, barely audible through atmospheric wind)
"You never know when life's gonna hit you with the punch line..."

The camera passes through the roof of one particular townhouse, stopping at the bedroom ceiling as thunder CRASHES and lightning FLASHES.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

A beat of silence, then...

INT. KINISON BEDROOM - DAWN

The harsh BEEP-BEEP-BEEP of an alarm clock pierces the silence. Red LED numbers read 5:45 AM.

The radio kicks in mid-broadcast:

RADIO DJ (O.S.) "...and on this day in 1992, we lost comedy legend Sam Kinison..."

DEREK KINISON's hand SLAMS the alarm off. He sits up, disoriented, while his wife NANCY HAMMOND stirs beside him. Derek (37, corporate polish hiding creative restlessness) catches his reflection in the dresser mirror. For a split second, his face contorts into a Sam-like expression - wild eyes, manic energy. He blinks hard, shaking it off.

DEREK now staring at the ceiling gives Nancy a gentle elbow, “Hey cute stuff, time to move that awesome ass”.

NANCY who lets out her cute morning grunt, something she will deny she does till her grave, “5 minutes more pleaseeeee....” As she rolls onto her stomach and pulls the covers over her head.

DEREK “Did you hear some thunder a few seconds ago?”

NANCY muffled voice under the covers “probably your stomach... I told you those extra hot ‘Brassie wings’ would come back to haunt you”.

INT. KINISON BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Derek stands before the mirror in his perfectly pressed suit, practicing his presentation smile. The smile keeps slipping into something more manic, more Sam-like. In the mirror's reflection, a beret briefly appears on his head, then vanishes.

DEREK (muttering) "Quarterly projections... vertical integration... synergy optimization..."

NANCY (36, art gallery owner, grounded but adventurous) appears in the doorway, already dressed in gallery-chic attire.

NANCY "You're talking to yourself again."

DEREK (distracted) "Big presentation today."

NANCY "You said that yesterday. And the day before." (beat) "And the day before that..."

QUICK CUTS:

- Derek adjusts his tie with mechanical precision, each movement betraying growing irritation with his corporate uniform
- Nancy applies lipstick while checking her phone's gallery notifications
- Coffee maker GURGLES to life, steam rising like morning fog
- Derek checks his traffic app, grimacing at red lines across the map
- Nancy reviews email about tonight's gallery opening

INT. KINISON KITCHEN - MORNING

Sunlight streams through modern windows, highlighting the contrast between Nancy's artsy decorating touches and Derek's meticulously organized workspace. Nancy's phone RINGS while she pours coffee.

NANCY "Sophie? What do you mean the Rothschild piece is delayed?... No, we need it for tonight's opening..." (massaging her temple) "The artist is where?"

Behind her, the toaster suddenly SHOOTS toast high into the air - oddly like Sam's explosive energy. Derek catches both pieces without looking up from his tablet, an unconscious grace that makes Nancy pause mid-conversation.

NANCY (covering phone) "Since when are you David Copperfield?"

DEREK (still absorbed in his tablet) "Magic's all about timing, baby." (beat) "Speaking of which, can you grab dinner tonight? The board wants to review the Q3 projections again."

NANCY (returning to phone) "No, Sophie, not you... Yes, I know it's the centerpiece... Just... handle it." (hangs up) "Actually, I might be late too. Gallery crisis."

DEREK "Ah, the classic 'my art will be ready when it's ready' crisis?"

NANCY "More like 'my art is currently in a Tahitian jail' crisis."

They grab their briefcases and travel mugs, moving toward the Tesla with practiced synchronization. Through the kitchen window's reflection, a ghostly apparition of Sam briefly appears, adjusting his beret and grinning.

Through the early morning light, a large, framed photograph dominates one wall of their living room - young Derek, maybe five or six, sitting on Sam's lap backstage at the Comedy Store. Both are caught mid-laugh, Sam's beret slightly askew, his arm protectively around his young cousin. It's the same photo Derek keeps in miniature on his office desk, though this oversized version makes the connection between them feel more immediate, more present. Derek passes it daily without really seeing it anymore, but this morning, his eyes linger on Sam's face a moment longer than usual.

INT./EXT. TESLA - MORNING

Heavy traffic crawls along the bay. A BMW cuts Derek off without signaling.

DEREK (under breath) "Thanks for the signal, pal." His voice carries an eerily Sam-like edge.

NANCY (looking up from her phone) "What was that?"

DEREK "What was what?"

NANCY "That laugh... it sounded just like..." (trails off, shaking her head)

Derek's knuckles whiten on the steering wheel. His phone RINGS. The Tesla's display shows "CHARLES WEBER - CEO". He ignores it. RINGS again. "OFFICE - VP SALES". Ignored.

GPS VOICE "Rerouting due to traffic..."

The new route takes them past the OLD COMIC STRIP CLUB - now boarded up, its faded marquee still visible: "COMING SOON - SAM KINISON - April 1992". Derek's eyes linger on it longer than they should.

The radio crackles with static. Through it, very faintly, we hear SAM'S LEGENDARY LAUGH.

NANCY (scrolling through gallery photos) "That new piece I mentioned? It's a painting of this incredible 1900s mansion in Cape Cod. Reminds me of that inn we were looking at up the coast."

DEREK remains lost in thought, his reflection in the rearview mirror briefly showing Sam's face, complete with beret.

NANCY (noticing his distraction) "Earth to Derek? You've been somewhere else all morning."

DEREK "Just... thinking about changes."

NANCY "Changes?" (studying him) "Derek Kinison, are you having an early midlife crisis?"

DEREK (with a hint of Sam's timing) "Crisis implies I don't know what I'm doing."

Thunder RUMBLES despite clear skies.

EXT. LA PIERRE GALLERY - MORNING

The Tesla pulls up to a sleek glass and steel structure that stands in stark contrast to the surrounding Victorian architecture. Morning sunlight reflects off the windows, creating sharp geometric patterns on the sidewalk. A crate being wheeled inside catches the light - glimpses of an ornate golden frame visible through the slats.

TRACKING SHOT following Nancy as she gathers her things, checking her tablet one final time. Through the gallery windows, we see art handlers carefully uncrating the mansion painting that will become significant later.

She leans over and kisses Derek's cheek, lingering for a moment as she studies his distant expression in the rearview mirror.

NANCY "Remember, dinner at seven? I should be done with the new installation by then."

DEREK continues staring forward, his hands gripping the steering wheel with unnecessary force. Through his window reflection, Sam briefly appears, adjusting his beret.

DEREK (distracted, almost whispering) "Sure. Yeah. Seven."

Nancy exits the car, her heels clicking decisively on concrete. She turns back once, concern crossing her face as she watches Derek's car pull away.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - MORNING

CRANE SHOT follows Derek through revolving doors into a sterile corporate lobby. A security guard gives a practiced nod, which Derek barely acknowledges. The lobby bustles with people in suits, all moving with purposeful steps, creating a choreographed dance of corporate routine.

TRACKING SHOT past:

- Young executives practicing presentations in reflective windows
- A massive corporate logo: "GLOBAL DYNAMICS MARKETING"
- Wall of photos showing company history
- Motivational poster reading: "SYNERGY IS SUCCESS"

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

CLOSE ON Derek's face as he stares at his reflection in the polished elevator doors. For a split second, his reflection distorts - Sam staring back at him - but it's gone so quickly he can't be sure. Derek blinks hard, shaking his head.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

CRANE SHOT as elevator doors open, revealing a vast open office landscape. Derek walks through rows of cubicles, the camera floating above, showing the maze-like pattern. Workers offer quick greetings, which Derek returns with increasingly forced smiles.

The Company CEO, CHARLES WEBER (50s, polished, perpetually caffeinated) appears, tablet in hand.

CHARLES "Big day, Derek. Board's expecting something revolutionary."

DEREK (Sam-like head tilt) "Revolutionary? Is that what we're calling PowerPoint these days?"

CHARLES (laughing nervously) "There's the Kinison humor. Just like your cousin, right?"

Derek's smile falters. Thunder RUMBLES despite being indoors.

TRACKING SHOT follows Derek to his office door. **CLOSE UP** on nameplate: "DEREK KINISON - VP SENIOR MARKETING DIRECTOR"

SECRETARY (O.S.) "Board room in five, Mr. Kinison!"

Through a nearby window's reflection, Sam appears wearing a business suit with a large metal looking button attached to the left breast area that reads 'Welcome to the Laugh Asylum' and signature beret, mockingly straightening his tie.

INT. DEREK'S OFFICE - MORNING

SLOW PAN across Derek's office, revealing the trappings of corporate success - awards, certifications, family photos. The camera settles on a small, framed photograph of a young Derek (around 5) with Sam Kinison, both laughing at something off-camera.

Derek stands at his window, looking out at the city below. His reflection shows him adjusting his tie, which suddenly feels too tight. He loosens it slightly, then tightens it again, a nervous gesture.

INT. CORPORATE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

TRACKING SHOT following Derek as he walks toward the board room. The sound of his footsteps echoes in the hallway, growing louder with each step. Other ambient sounds fade away until only the footsteps and Derek's increasingly heavy breathing remain.

INT. BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A sleek, modern room dominated by a massive mahogany table. Floor-to-ceiling windows offer a panoramic view of San Francisco. PowerPoint slides project onto a screen, filled with graphs and corporate jargon.

CRANE SHOT sweeps across the room, showing a collection of executives in expensive suits. The room is lit by harsh fluorescent lights and the glow of laptop screens. Derek sits rigidly, his laptop open before him.

SLOW PUSH IN on Derek's face as various executives drone on, their voices becoming increasingly muffled as we focus on his growing discomfort. Sweat begins to form on his forehead.

CHARLES "And as you can see from the quarterly projections, our vertical integration strategy..."

EXTREME CLOSE UP on Derek's face as his expression shifts from discomfort to something approaching revelation. His hands begin to tremble slightly.

DEREK (voice quiet at first) "Does anyone here know who my uncle Sam was?"

The room falls silent. **PAN ACROSS** confused faces of young executives who likely weren't born when Sam died.

YOUNG EXEC (whispers to colleague) "Who's Uncle Sam?"

COLLEAGUE (shrugging) "Some old comedian, I think?"

DEREK (spinning towards them, full Sam energy) "SOME OLD COMEDIAN? OH! OH! OHHHH!"

Thunder **RUMBLES** despite being fifty floors up. The lights **FLICKER** momentarily.

LUKAS MATTSON (VP SALES) (clearing throat) "As you can see from slide 47, our vertical integration strategy..."

YOUNG EXEC "If we leverage our synergistic opportunities..."

With each corporate buzzword, Derek's expression grows darker. His hand begins to shake. He loosens his tie...

DEREK (standing, voice growing stronger) "My cousin - we all called him Uncle Sam - he used to SCREAM his comedy. Everyone thought he was crazy." (laughs softly) "But he wasn't crazy. He just saw through all the..." (gestures wildly at the PowerPoint) "THIS!"

The camera captures the uncomfortable shifting of the other executives. Someone coughs nervously.

CHARLES (attempting to regain control) "Derek, maybe you should take a moment to--"

DEREK (perfect Kinison impression, making several executives jump) Walks over to Charles and slowly leans down with his head tilted to the side: "You ever wonder why we do all this crap? Why we act like uppity important executives while hard-working people went over to Vietnam up to their necks in rice paddies, shooting those North Korean gooks, giving their lives so we can make some PowerPoint presentation? OH! OH! OHHHHHHH!"

The lights FLICKER again. Through the windows, storm clouds seem to gather despite clear skies moments ago.

DEREK (building to a crescendo) "Twenty years! Twenty years of PowerPoints and synergy and vertical integration! For what?!" (throws his tie onto the table) "To sit here pretending any of this matters?"

MAUREEN HAMLIN (Beautiful VP of Client Relations, standing nervously) "Derek, let's just take a breath and--"

DEREK (eerily calm now) "No Maureen. No more breaths. No more meetings. No more... whatever this is." (gestures to the room) "I'm done."

Derek walks to the door, then turns back one last time and gives a classic Sam Kinison bow.

DEREK (with a hint of his cousin's famous delivery) "And by the way... your projections are wrong. They're ALWAYS wrong."

He exits. Through the glass walls, we see him walking quickly toward his office, leaving stunned silence behind him. Thunder CRASHES outside, and for a moment, his reflection in the glass shows Sam's face, complete with beret.

INT. CORPORATE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Derek strides purposefully down the hallway, his footsteps echoing with newfound confidence. Workers peek over cubicle walls, whispering as he passes. Through each window he passes, his reflection alternates between himself and Sam.

INT. DEREK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Derek grabs a banker's box and begins filling it haphazardly - awards, personal items, the photo of young Derek with Sam. His phone BUZZES continuously on the desk, notifications flooding in:

CLOSE ON PHONE SCREEN showing messages cascade:

- "Meeting in chaos!"
- "Did you just quit?"
- "HR needs to speak with you immediately"
- LinkedIn: "25 people viewed your profile"

TRACKING SHOT follows Derek to his office door. His secretary stands there, defensive and nervous.

SECRETARY "What do you want me to do, Mr. Kinison?"

DEREK (In almost slow motion, turns with a Sam-like smile) "You can take the rest of the day off. Get yourself a manicure, maybe grab some lunch at Jake's Boathouse Bar and Grill. After lunch, catch an afternoon matinee at the cinema - I hear they're showing an old classic, 'Savage Dawn.'" He lets out that strange laugh from earlier.

The elevator doors open. As Derek enters, he turns and with a creepy Sam-like smile says: "Daddy's on sabbatical!"

INT. CORPORATE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Security personnel speak urgently into radios as Derek approaches the exit.

SECURITY GUARD (into radio) "He's here... Sir, we need you to exit the building..."

DEREK walks past, giving a perfect Sam Kinison LAUGH that echoes through the lobby.

EXT. CORPORATE BUILDING PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Derek practically runs to his Tesla, fumbling with his keys. He throws the box in the trunk, then sits in the driver's seat, gripping the steering wheel. Through the rearview mirror, Sam's face appears briefly, grinning with approval.

DEREK (to himself) "What the hell did I just do?" (laughs) "What the hell did I just do?"

His phone shows a real estate listing that seems to glow unnaturally bright: A majestic Victorian mansion perched on a coastal cliff.

INT./EXT. TESLA - DAY

The Tesla weaves through San Francisco traffic. Derek's face shows a mix of terror and elation. He keeps glancing at his phone, the real estate listing seeming to pulse with possibility.

EXT. LA PIERRE GALLERY - DAY

The Tesla screeches to a halt in a no-parking zone. Derek jumps out, leaving the hazard lights blinking. Through the gallery windows, we see Nancy speaking with a CLIENT about the mansion painting - which now seems to show a figure in the widow's walk, wearing what looks

like a beret.....The space is elegant, with high ceilings and white walls displaying various artworks. Nancy stands with a CLIENT, discussing a large painting of a coastal mansion.

NANCY (professional tone) "The artist captured the Victorian architecture's..." (sees Derek)
"Derek? What are you doing here?"

DEREK (breathless, interrupting) "Remember that inn?"

NANCY (confused) "What inn?"

DEREK pulls out his phone, hands shaking with excitement. The camera zooms in on the screen showing a listing for a majestic but weathered Victorian mansion on a clifftop.

DEREK "The one in Northern California. The one we talked about maybe a year ago. I found it. It's still for sale. It's perfect, Nancy. It's absolutely perfect."

NANCY (to client) "Would you excuse me for a moment?" (pulling Derek aside, concerned)
"Derek, are you okay? Why aren't you at work?"

DEREK (pulling up listing on phone, speaking rapidly) "Twenty-five rooms. Ocean view. History. It needs work, sure, but Nancy... Nancy, look at it."

The camera moves in close as Nancy takes the phone, her eyes widening as she scrolls through the photos. The CLIENT awkwardly pretends to study the painting behind them.

NANCY (realization dawning) "Derek... did you just quit your job? are you having some midlife crisis or something?"

DEREK (manic grin) "Oh yeah. Big time. Like, nuclear explosion big time." (laughs) "I may have channelled a bit of my uncle Sam."

NANCY "Sam? Your cousin Sam? Derek, you haven't talked about him in years."

DEREK "I know, for some reason, I started thinking about him when I got up this morning. About us, about our dream of getting out of this rat-race, superficial life we are living...."

NANCY "Derek, you are scaring me babe. This is so not you. I am sure Charles will overlook this, and you can go back to work after a couple days off to reset yourself".

DEREK "Nancy, look at me. I am not nuts, I am not hysterical, in fact I think I am seeing things clearer than I have in a long time".

Nancy studies Derek's face and grabs his hand and leads him into her office and closes the door.

NANCY (holding Derek's hand) "Our savings... the mortgage... Derek, this is insane."

DEREK "Maybe insane is exactly what we need. When was the last time either of us felt truly alive?"

The camera pulls in tight on Derek's face as his expression flickers briefly with confusion.

DEREK (quieter now) "I know. I know, it's weird. But seeing this place again, thinking about Uncle Sam... it all just clicked. We've been talking about leaving the city for years. Maybe starting a family. About doing something different."

NANCY studies Derek's face, then looks back at the phone. The camera pans across the listing photos: sweeping ocean views, ornate Victorian architecture, weathered but elegant rooms.

NANCY "It's beautiful, but--"

DEREK (interrupting, passionate) "But what if we did it? What if we just... did it? No more corporate meetings, no more god damn power point presentations, no more gallery politics. Just us, making something ours. We're not getting any younger!"

The camera circles them slowly as Nancy looks from the phone to Derek and back again. A smile begins to creep across her face.

NANCY (Gets up and exits her office and walks to the Client who still standing awkwardly nearby looking at the picture) "I'm so sorry, but we're going to need to reschedule. Family emergency." (to her assistant across the room) "Sophie, can you clear my schedule for the rest of the day?"

DEREK (who followed Nancy out of the office and is standing a few feet away) "Does that mean...?"

NANCY (laughing) "It means you're driving me home so I can change, and then we're driving up the coast to look at this place before I come to my senses. BUT just to look. LOOK, only LOOK!"

As they drive away from the gallery Derek lets out another little laugh similar to the one in the car earlier:

NANCY "Derek, that laugh again..."

DEREK "What laugh?"

Through the rearview mirror, we see Sam's face instead of Derek's, just for a moment.

Thunder RUMBLES in the distance.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA COAST -- EARLY AFTERNOON

Aerial shot following the Tesla as it winds along the coastal highway. The sun is high over the Pacific, casting long shadows across the cliffs.

The camera swoops ahead of the car, cresting a hill to reveal a magnificent Victorian mansion perched on a cliff edge. Despite its weathered appearance, it commands attention against the darkening sky.

DEREK (V.O.) "They say it used to be a psychiatric hospital in the fifties. The realtor mentioned something about the last owner dying under mysterious circumstances."

EXT. MANSION -- MID AFTERNOON

As the Tesla approaches, the camera pans past a weathered sign: "RAVENCREST PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CLOSED 1975"

Thunder CRASHES.

NANCY (V.O.) "Mysterious circumstances? And don't forget, we are only looking, right!"

DEREK (V.O.) "Sure. Don't worry about it. Place this old, bound to have some stories."

The camera continues up to the widow's walk at the very top of the mansion. Thunder rumbles in the distance as storm clouds gather over the ocean.

As the camera pulls up to the widow's walk:

SAM (O.S.) "About time you showed up, cousin. We've got work to do..."

Thunder CRASHES louder than before, and through a lightning flash, we see a silhouette in the window - beret, wild hair, familiar stance...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

The Tesla crunches up a weed-choked gravel drive. Ahead, RAVENCREST MANSION looms against darkening clouds. Victorian architecture weathered but majestic - paint peeling, shutters hanging askew. The main house sprawls outward with two large two-story wings, their facades covered in creeping vines that seem to pulse with hidden life.

A "FOR SALE" sign creaks in the rising wind. Below it, a smaller sign: "LINDA RHODES - COASTAL DREAMS REALTY"

NANCY "You said the realtor's meeting us here?"

DEREK "Should be. Though I may have been a bit... impulsive with the timing."

A sleek Mercedes suddenly materializes behind them, headlights reflecting in their rearview mirror like predatory eyes. LINDA RHODES (50s, perfectly coiffed, expensive suit) emerges, checking her watch with barely concealed annoyance. Derek and Nancy exit their Tesla.

LINDA (overly bright) "Mr. and Mrs. Kinison! I wasn't expecting you quite so... soon."

DEREK "Actually, it's Hammond. She kept her name."

LINDA (recovering smoothly) "Of course, of course. Shall we?"

As they walk toward the mansion, Nancy notices Linda's hands shaking slightly as she sorts through her keys.

INT. MANSION FOYER - CONTINUOUS

They enter a grand foyer. Dust motes dance in shafts of light from tall windows. A massive crystal chandelier hangs precariously, casting prismatic patterns through the dust. The wallpaper, though faded, shows an intricate pattern of ravens in flight.

A massive portrait dominates the wall - a stern Victorian gentleman beside an ornate chair, his eyes following visitors with unsettling precision.

LINDA "That's Doctor Harrison Blackwood, founded the sanatorium in 1952."

NANCY (studying the portrait) "Something familiar about him..."

DEREK "Vincent Price. He looks like Vincent Price."

LINDA (impressed) "Good eye. Doctor Blackwood actually consulted on 'House on Haunted Hill.' They modeled the asylum owner after him."

Derek's phone BUZZES. Screen shows "CHARLES WEBER - CEO". He silences it.

LINDA "The previous owner, Mr. Rhodes - no relation - was quite the collector."

NANCY (art dealer instincts kicking in) "Collector of what, exactly?"

LINDA (too quickly) "Oh, this and that. Shall we see the kitchen first?"

But Nancy has already wandered toward a display case. Inside: a ventriloquist dummy that looks eerily like Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy, wearing a tiny beret. Next to it, a worn straitjacket, an ancient ECT machine, and bizarrely, a stuffed raven perched on a human skull.

NANCY "Is this... original?"

LINDA "The dummy's from a lost episode of The Twilight Zone. The skull's plastic... I think."

Derek examines an umbrella stand containing a single black umbrella with a carved raven handle.

DEREK "Mary Poppins gone gothic?"

LINDA "'The Penguin's' umbrella. Danny DeVito used it in 'Batman Returns.'"

Derek pauses at an old black and white photo. It shows the mansion in its heyday - "RAVENCREST PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - 1955." In an upper window, a figure seems to be wearing a familiar beret...

As Derek studies the old photograph, Nancy's attention is drawn to something on the floor. Her trained eye catches the edge of what appears to be a large area rug covering most of the foyer's hardwood. The corner has shifted slightly, revealing a glimpse of dark red paint beneath.

NANCY (using subtle eye contact to direct Derek's attention downward)

Derek follows her gaze. Together, they notice how the rug's placement seems deliberate, centered precisely in the foyer.

LINDA (noticing their interest) "Oh, please excuse the covering. We've had some... maintenance issues with the floor."

Nancy steps closer to where the rug has shifted, her art curator instincts taking over. The edge reveals more of what lies beneath - precise geometric lines in deep crimson, forming part of what appears to be a much larger symbol. Nancy bends down and grabs the rug and moves it a few more inches revealing what appears to be a red painted pentagram.

NANCY (professional interest overtaking caution) "These markings... the precision of the line work suggests this isn't random vandalism. See how the geometric patterns align with the mansion's architectural features?" (catching herself) "Sorry, occupational habit."

LINDA (quickly moving between Nancy and the rug) "Just some YouTube ghost hunters playing pranks. I've called Mr. Larry Leland, the property maintenance man to clean it up." (forcing brightness) "The kitchen has original fixtures..."

Nancy and Derek exchange looks, noting how Linda carefully steps around the covered symbol rather than across it, though her movement appears almost unconscious.

DEREK (from his angle, noticing something) "The crown moulding... the patterns seem to repeat up there too."

Indeed, similar geometric lines appear subtly worked into the mansion's architectural details, creating an intricate network throughout the structure - all seeming to radiate from whatever lies beneath the rug.

Thunder CRASHES from within the house itself. The chandelier crystals TINKLE ominously, and for a moment, the dust motes in the air seem to arrange themselves into familiar patterns before dispersing.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A massive space that somehow manages to feel both industrial and homey. Copper pots hang from ceiling racks like stalactites, their polished surfaces catching light from tall windows. An ancient AGA stove dominates one wall, its multiple ovens suggesting past dinner parties of considerable scale.

A peculiar mechanical coffee maker sits on a counter - all brass and glass tubes, looking more like something from a Victorian laboratory than a kitchen appliance.

DEREK (noting the professional layout) "Was Mr. Rhodes a chef?"

LINDA (glancing nervously at the stove) "He... entertained. The kitchen was used for various... performances."

A copper pot suddenly CLANGS to the floor between them. Everyone jumps. The coffee maker GURGLES to life unprompted, steam rising through its brass tubes in rhythmic puffs.

LINDA (checking her phone with increasing urgency) "Oh dear, I'm getting another call about the LA buyers..."

NANCY "LA buyers?"

LINDA "Just some interested parties. Nothing to worry about. Though they are offering cash..."

Nancy wanders to the massive refrigerator, its Art Deco chrome finish reflecting their distorted images. She opens it, more out of curiosity than purpose.

NANCY (pulling out a milk carton) "Like this milk being fresh after six months?"

All three stare at the full carton. Date clearly visible: TODAY'S DATE.

LINDA "I... showed the place yesterday. Someone must have..."

DEREK "To who?"

LINDA "Whom."

They all turn. Nobody spoke.

The kitchen falls into uncomfortable silence, broken only by the coffee maker's continued gurgling. Through the window's reflection, we catch a glimpse of Sam adjusting his beret, but when Derek turns to look, there's nothing there but storm clouds gathering over the ocean.

LINDA (too brightly) "Shall we see the upper floor?"

As they exit, the coffee maker produces one perfect cup of coffee, steam rising in a shape that, for just a moment, looks like a familiar beret.

INT. MANSION SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Linda leads them down a hallway lined with vintage movie posters - "Psycho," "The Haunting," "House on Haunted Hill," "The Pit and the Pendulum," "Goonies." Each seems to glow slightly in the grey light filtering through rain-streaked windows.

Derek's phone BUZZES again:

VOICEMAIL (V.O.) "Derek, it's Charles. The board wants to discuss--" (DELETE) "Derek, about this morning--" (DELETE) "This is completely unlike you--" (DELETE)

Last message begins playing:

SAM'S VOICE (V.O.) "OH! OH! OHHHHHH! Remember what I always said, cousin? Life's too short for corporate BS!"

Derek drops the phone. They pass a door with a brass plate: "Hydrotherapy." Through the partially open door, an ancient bathtub with restraints is visible, its copper surface gleaming dully.

INT. MANSION LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. Rolling ladder. A desk that could have belonged to Hemingway. Outside, the storm clouds continue gathering, though the sun still shines.

NANCY (examining titles) "These are first editions..."

She pulls a leather-bound volume from the shelf, dust cascading from its spine like ancient memories breaking free. "Comedy in the Raw - By Sam Kinison," she reads aloud, her art dealer's eye immediately noting the book's pristine condition despite its apparent age. The publication date reads April 1992 - the month Sam died.

DEREK "That's impossible," Derek whispers, taking the book with trembling hands. "Sam never wrote a book. Everyone knew that. He always said his words weren't meant for paper - they needed air and sound and fury."

Before he could open it, Linda appears seemingly from nowhere, snatching the volume away with surprising force.

LINDA "Most of these will be going to auction, of course," she says quickly, her perfectly manicured nails digging into the book's cover. But Derek had already seen enough - the author photo on the back showed Sam in his signature beret, but the background was unmistakably Ravenscrest's widow's walk.

Derek notices a door behind the desk.

DEREK "Where does that lead?"

LINDA "Oh, that's just storage. Nothing interesting. Now, about the asking price..."

Linda turns and leaves the room like a tour guide, but Derek and Nancy remain. Through the windows, storm clouds gather.

Nancy grabs from the shelf again the Sam Kinison book while Derek explores the room. The pipe organ's distant notes echo faintly through the walls.

NANCY (reading from book) "Comedy isn't just about making people laugh. It's about making them feel something real."

She looks up at Derek, who's examining an old comedy club poster.

NANCY "You know, I never told you this, but my parents once saw Sam perform. Right before he died."

Derek turns, surprised.

DEREK "You never mentioned that."

NANCY "It was at the Comic Strip. I was like 4. They told me that story later when I was, I think just starting to date you. They told me he was... raw. Scary almost. But authentic. (beat) Like you were today."

DEREK "Nancy, if this is too much..."

NANCY (closing book) "When we met, you had that same fire. Then somewhere between mortgages and meetings, we both lost something. (looks around) Maybe this place... maybe it's not just about Sam finding you today."

Thunder RUMBLES outside. Through the window, a figure in a beret can be seen on the widow's walk.

NANCY "Maybe it's about us finding ourselves again."

INT. MANSION MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

A massive four-poster bed dominates the space, its dark wood gleaming despite years of neglect. Bay windows overlook the ocean, waves growing larger as the storm approaches. A vanity mirror reflects the room - but for a moment, the reflection shows the room as it was in the 1950s, with hospital beds and medical equipment.

NANCY (looking out the huge window) "Derek, look at this view..."

DEREK (distracted by the mirror) "Did you see...?"

NANCY "We need to talk about the gallery..."

Linda's phone RINGS again. She steps out to answer it.

LINDA (hushed, in hallway) "Yes, yes, they're here now... I know the deadline... I'm handling it..."

Thunder CRASHES closer now. The lights flicker.

NANCY "Derek, I can't just abandon the gallery. We have the Warhol exhibition next month..."

DEREK "Take three months. If it doesn't work..."

NANCY "You said you channeled your dead cousin in a board meeting! You screamed at the CEO about Vietnam!"

Thunder RUMBLES. A door SLAMS somewhere in the mansion.

Linda returns composed but slightly flustered.

INT. MANSION PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

They sit in dusty Victorian chairs. Linda rifles through papers.

LINDA "Now, full disclosure: the property has had several... interesting chapters. The psychiatric hospital, of course. Then a brief period as a comedy club in the late 80s..."

DEREK "A comedy club?"

LINDA "The Laugh Asylum. Rather tasteless, really. It closed after..."

Another thunder CRASH. The lights go out completely.

Through a lightning flash, Derek sees a figure in the corner - wild hair, beret - but it's gone in an instant. Behind where he stood, a poster for "Back to School" is now visible, with Rodney Dangerfield on the diving board about to do his famous Triple Lindy.

LINDA (standing abruptly) "Perhaps we should continue this tomorrow. The storm..."

NANCY "But we drove all the way from San Francisco..."

LINDA "I insist. The roads can be treacherous after dark. And I have a strict policy about showing the property after sunset. It's purely a safety issue; you understand I'm sure."

As if on cue, the sun dips below the horizon making the room appear almost black except for a little remaining dusk-type light coming through the windows.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Linda practically rushes them to their car. Behind them, a light comes on in the widow's walk - though all power is supposedly out.

LINDA "I'll have the paperwork ready first thing tomorrow. Though the LA buyers are supposed to be here tomorrow morning some time... Why don't you stay in town overnight. We can finish everything tomorrow morning."

NANCY "We didn't really bring anything with us. We thought it was only a day trip."

LINDA (now seeming very anxious) "Well then, the local motel will have everything you need and the local diner is open for another hour. Should work out perfectly for you."

DEREK (Suddenly without thinking) "We'll take it."

NANCY "Derek!"

DEREK "We'll take it. We will pay the asking price."

NANCY (with a shocked look) "Linda, what Derek means is, we will discuss it tonight and assuming there are no issues, why don't you do up the offer papers for us to sign in the morning, and have the offer subject to financing, but we really need to discuss this tonight ourselves, assuming that works for you?"

LINDA (smile not reaching her eyes) "Wonderful. Just... don't come back after dark. Not until the paperwork is final."

They drive away. In the rearview mirror, Linda stands watching. Above her, the light in the widow's walk goes dark.

NANCY (Seeming a bit perturbed with Derek) "We'll take it? What about my 2 cents Derek?..." (there are a few moments of uncomfortable silence then Nancy says) "Three months. That's the deal, but you need to call Charles back, and I am going to need the odd day at the gallery."

Thunder CRASHES. Lightning illuminates the mansion behind them. The "Back to School" poster in an upstairs window has been replaced by one for "Young Frankenstein," with Marty Feldman looking at Teri Garr's chest with the caption, "Nice Knockers."

DEREK "Did you see the comedy book? Sam's book? He never wrote a book."

NANCY "What are you saying?"

DEREK "I'm saying... I think we're supposed to be here."

In the widow's walk, a figure raises its arms to the sky...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A sleepy CLERK (70s) looks up from a dog-eared paperback: "The Shining"

CLERK "Just passing through?"

DEREK (Looking at the name tag) “Actually, we're buying the old Ravenscrest place Mr. Crane”

NANCY (quickly inserting herself into the conversation) “Actually, WE MAY be buying the old Ravenscrest place.”

The clerk drops his book.

Derek fills out the information card and the clerk quickly notices the last name and his face goes white and his look changes to scared.

MR. CRANE (recovering) “Please call me Norman; Oh... oh my. Haven't had anyone stay there since... well. (beat) Room 237 okay?” (Both immediately connecting the room number with the Shining)

Nancy and Derek exchange looks at the room number and at Mr. Norman crane. They couldn't shake that feeling there was something familiar about him.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 237 - NIGHT

Standard motel room. Two queen beds. Vintage wallpaper. Derek gives Nancy a flirtatious pat on her bum. A coin operated vibrating bed that Derek sits on. Nancy sits cross-legged on the other bed, laptop open, phone to ear.

DEREK “Look hun, you won't even need me tonight” as he points to the metal box that accepts coins that reads ‘Vibrator – 5 minutes for 25 cents.’

NANCY (into phone while ignoring Derek's joke) “Sophie, I need you to reschedule the Rothschild opening... (pause) Yes, I know it's been planned for months...”

Derek now stands at the window, watching the storm. Lightning illuminates the distant silhouette of Ravenscrest Mansion on its cliff.

A sleek black SUV with tinted windows and a black van cruise slowly through the parking lot.

DEREK “Nancy...”

But she's engrossed in her call. The SUV parks. Two figures emerge - expensive suits, Hollywood swagger. They head to the office.

Derek's phone BUZZES. Text from Linda: ‘LA buyers in town. Meeting tomorrow 9AM. Don't be late.’

NANCY (hanging up) “The gallery can survive three months. But Derek, this has to work.”

Thunder CRASHES. The lights flicker.

DEREK “It will. It's like... it's like Sam is telling me this is right.”

NANCY (gentle) “Sam's been gone thirty years, Derek.”

DEREK “Then why was his book in that library?”

Through the rain-streaked window, the Hollywood types exit the office with a key that reads ‘Cabin 1’.

Derek's phone RINGS again: "CHARLES WEBER - CEO"

DEREK (answering finally) “Charles, I—”

CHARLES (V.O.) (interrupting) “Board meeting. Tomorrow morning. Your job still exists if you want it. Don't make me regret this.”

DEREK (in a normal voice) “But Charles, I quit.”

CHARLES (V.O.) (His voice now sounding less authoritative and more sympathetic) “Nobody quits Derek. They take leaves of absence. Mental health sabbaticals. We can spin this. Work with me buddy”

Thunder CRASHES. The lights go out completely.

Through lightning flashes, we see:

- The Hollywood types entering their room
- Linda's Mercedes pulling into the parking lot
- A figure in a beret standing in the rain, face hidden
- The distant mansion, a single light burning in the widow's walk

DEREK (into phone) “Ok Charles. You have always been both a great boss and a good friend. I need a bit of time, but I will call you in a day or two to chat. I am sorry if I may have been a bit over the top with my speech....” Suddenly the phone's battery goes dead.

Derek looks at the blank screen and puts the phone down. Nancy's laptop shows property documents, including something labelled "PREVIOUS OWNER DEATH CERTIFICATE"

NANCY (squinting at screen) “Derek, it says here the last owner died on April 10th, 1992.”

DEREK (frozen) “That's... that's the day Sam died.”

Lightning FLASHES. Thunder CRASHES. In the mirror, Sam's face appears clearly for a moment, grinning.

SAM'S VOICE (V.O.) (barely audible) “Time to come home, cousin...”

END OF ACT 2

ACT THREE

INT. OCEANVIEW MOTEL OFFICE - MORNING

Early morning light filters through rain-streaked windows. Derek and Nancy are checking out. The clerk counts their change with arthritic fingers. Clock on wall reads 8:22.

The door CHIMES. CHAD WELLINGTON III (40s, designer suit, perfect hair) and MARINA ST. CLAIR (30s, former actress, current producer) enter, designer luggage in tow.

MARINA (on phone) "Darling, you simply must see the TikTok metrics on haunted properties. They're insane."

CHAD (to clerk) "Cabin 1 checkout. Put it on the Black Card."

Derek and Nancy gather their things. As they pass:

NANCY (polite smile) "Lovely morning."

MARINA (distracted by phone) "Oh yes, perfect for ghost hunting."

Thunder RUMBLES in the distance.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - MORNING

The Tesla and a sleek black Range Rover head in the same direction. Storm clouds gather over the ocean.

INT. TESLA - CONTINUOUS

Nancy studies property documents on her tablet.

NANCY "If we liquidate most of my tech stocks and use the gallery as collateral..."

Derek's eyes keep drifting to the rearview mirror, where the Range Rover follows.

DEREK "Did that woman say something about ghost hunting?"

NANCY (not looking up) "Derek, focus. We need to figure out a solid offer before---"

Thunder CRASHES. Derek's reflection in the rearview briefly shows Sam's face.

EXT. RAVENCREST MANSION - MORNING

Linda stands on the front steps, checking her watch nervously. Her Mercedes is parked at an odd angle, as if she arrived in a hurry.

The Tesla and Range Rover arrive simultaneously, crunching up the gravel drive.

LINDA (muttering) "No, no, no..."

Derek and Nancy emerge from their Tesla just as Chad and Marina exit their Range Rover.

CHAD (spotting the mansion) "Marina, baby, it's even better in daylight! Major 'Crimson Peak' energy."

MARINA (removing designer sunglasses with practiced grace) "The TikTok possibilities are literally endless."

LINDA (forced smile) "Mr. Wellington, Ms. St. Clair... you're early."

NANCY (realization dawning) "Wait... you're the LA buyers?"

Thunder CRASHES. The mansion's windows seem to darken of their own accord, like pupils dilating.

INT. MANSION FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Linda tries to maintain control as both parties enter. The massive chandelier sways slightly, though there's no breeze. Their footsteps echo on ancient hardwood.

As they entered, Nancy noticed the large area rug was now covering the spot where the red painted pentagram used to be visible. Once again, she used her eye gesture to get Derek to look down and see what she saw.

CHAD "Exclusive private club. Very 'American Horror Story' meets Soho House."

DEREK (edge of Sam's rasp in his voice) "Actually, we've already made an offer."

Marina's laugh rings artificial against the mansion's silence.

MARINA "Oh honey, that's adorable. (to Chad) Show them the number."

Chad produces a check with flourish. Linda's eyes widen as she reads it.

The pipe organ emits a single, resonant NOTE.

NANCY "Derek, we can't compete with---"

DEREK (perfect Kinison impression, sudden and shocking) "OH! OH! OHHHHHH!"

Everyone freezes. Derek looks as surprised as they are.

MARINA (excited despite herself) "Was that... a Sam Kinison impression?"

Thunder BOOMS. The crystal chandelier TINKLES ominously. The lights FLICKER.

CHAD "Perfect! We'll turn the asylum wing into a comedy club museum. Very meta."

DARKNESS engulfs the foyer. Lightning FLASHES, illuminating Sam's spectral figure in the corner, adjusting his signature beret. The light fades as quickly as it came.

LINDA (backing toward the door) "Perhaps we should reschedule..."

MARINA "No! This is exactly what we need. (to Chad) Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

CHAD "Overnight auction. Whoever lasts till morning gets the property."

NANCY "That's insane. The mansion isn't ready... I mean, safe to stay here with the Mansion in this kind of shape....."

Lightning FLASHES again. In an ornate mirror, Derek's reflection wears Sam's beret, though his actual head remains bare.

DEREK (Sam's voice, perfect and chilling) "We'll take that bet."

Linda retreats toward the study, her heels clicking rapidly on hardwood.

LINDA "I really can't allow---"

THUNDER CRASHES. The massive front door SLAMS shut by itself, the sound echoing through the foyer like a gunshot.

MARINA (delighted) "Did everyone see that? Tell me someone was filming!"

LINDA (already moving and looking very frustrated grabs her phone from her pocket) "I am sure it was just the wind.... I... need to make a call."

INT. MANSION STUDY - MORNING

Linda paces before floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, phone pressed to her ear. Storm clouds gather outside the window.

LINDA (agitated) "They're both here. Both want it... (listening) Yes, I know we didn't plan... But maybe this is--- (pause) Are you sure? The energy tonight will be--- (longer pause) I understand. Yes. I'll set it up."

She turns to watch the storm clouds darken over the Pacific.

INT. MANSION FOYER - LATER

Linda returns; her demeanor shifted from anxious to resigned. The chandelier casts strange shadows across her face.

LINDA "The owner... has agreed to your proposal. You'll have until sunset to prepare. After that, no one leaves until dawn. If you do leave, you will forfeit your offer and lose any hope of buying this place!"

The pipe organ begins playing "Another One Bites the Dust," the notes echoing through empty corridors.

DEREK (perfect Burt Ward as Robin delivery) "Holy House on Haunted Hill, Batman!"

CHAD (forced smile) "May the best buyers win. (to Marina) I'll grab our equipment bags, babe."

Sam's LAUGH echoes through the mansion's bones. Only Derek seems to hear it, his head tilting slightly.

NANCY (to Derek, quietly) "What are we going to do?"

DEREK (normal voice) "Find out who this place really belongs to."

NANCY looking at the area rug again notices that the pentagram painted on the floor, paint, appears to be soaking through the carpet. She can now make out a faint outline of the entire symbol. She immediately does the eye thing again getting Derek to look down at the carpet.

Lightning FLASHES one final time. In every mirror and window, Sam's reflection grins back at them, a promise of chaos to come.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

SMASH TO BLACK.

The organ theme from Ghost and Mr. Chicken now plays in background as credits begin. Then after a few credit screens show, the screen goes back to the mansion view and just like the old Batman series, there are bold questions showing on screen that teases next week's show with a Vincent price style narrator voice, "Will Derek and Nancy win the Bet?", Will Chad and Marina outlast the evenings mysteries?", Will Sam take action?", Is Linda also trapped at the Mansion....." We will soon find out next week, same ghostly channel, same crazy story..... OH... OHHHHHHHHHHHH (ends with a Sam scream).

END OF ACT THREE

TO BE CONTINUED...

END OF EPISODE ONE