

LIVING WITH THE GHOST OF SAM

Episode 5: "Digital Inheritance"

Overview and Summary

ESSENTIAL INFORMATION

Writer(s): David A. Burnham

Director: TBD

Running Time: Based on script structure and content, estimated 42 minutes (standard hour-long drama length)

EPISODE LOGLINE

After experiencing a nightmare where deceased comedy legends heckle him mercilessly before Sam violently defends him, Derek must balance his corporate presentation preparations with Charles while revealing the mansion's AI technology (AISAM) to Nancy. Meanwhile, they begin formulating their strategy for the critical town council performance that will determine their ownership of Ravenscrest.

MAIN PLOT THREADS

- Core conflict/challenge: Derek navigating multiple responsibilities while bringing Nancy into the mansion's secrets
- Key story beats:
 1. Derek's nightmare performance sequence
 2. Charles' corporate preparations
 3. AISAM's reveal to Nancy
 4. Lab 1D discovery
 5. Nancy's acceptance and renewed intimacy
 6. Council performance preparation

CHARACTER FOCUS

Primary:

- Derek Kinison: Learning to balance corporate, supernatural, and personal responsibilities
- Nancy Hammond: Processing and accepting the mansion's true nature
- AISAM: Revealing full capabilities while maintaining Sam's personality

Supporting:

- Charles Weber: Growing more invested in the mansion's technology
- Smithers: Providing wisdom and guidance through transitions
- Larry: Technical support and historical knowledge
- Jonathan Rhodes (through AI): Original architect revealing deeper purposes

SUPERNATURAL ELEMENTS

- Ghost comedian appearances in dream sequence
- AISAM's technological manifestations
- Self-aware house systems
- Holographic performances
- Quantum consciousness capabilities
- Mirror-based communications

CONTINUING ARCS

Story Threads Advanced:

- The mansion's true technological nature
- Nancy's integration into supernatural events
- Charles' growing interest in the technology
- The council performance preparation
- Derek and Nancy's relationship strengthening

RELATIONSHIP DEVELOPMENTS

- Derek and Nancy's bond deepening through shared knowledge
- AISAM's mentorship of Derek evolving
- Larry's role expanding as technical advisor
- Smithers' connection to the house clarifying

LOCATION HIGHLIGHTS

- Comedy club dream space
- Lab 1D
- Mansion dining room
- Master bedroom suite
- Basement technological areas

COMEDIC ELEMENTS

- Dream sequence heckling
- Sam's Travolta dance routine
- Smithers' deadpan delivery
- Vintage comedian cameos
- Modern pop culture references

PRODUCTION NOTES

Special Effects Requirements:

- Dream sequence transitions
- Ghost comedian appearances
- AISAM manifestations
- Holographic displays
- Lab 1D technology
- Dance floor transformation

LIVING WITH THE GHOST OF SAM

Episode 5 Script: "Digital Inheritance"

TEASER

COLD OPENING

FADE IN

EXTREME CLOSE UP - AN OLD CAMERA LENS SHUTTER

The metal blades of the shutter slowly OPEN, revealing:

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Through the opening shutter, we see a solitary microphone stand in a pool of light at center stage.

CRANE SHOT - PULLING BACK to reveal a dimly lit comedy club with small round tables scattered throughout. Cigarette smoke hangs in the air despite there being no visible smokers.

TRACKING SHOT - Moving toward the side curtain where DEREK stands in Sam's signature trench coat and beret. His normally slim frame appears unnaturally rotund, matching Sam's build.

Derek/Sam takes a deep breath and steps through the curtain.

WIDE ON STAGE as Derek/Sam walks to the microphone. Polite, sparse APPLAUSE echoes through the room.

ANGLE ON the right balcony where the TOWN COUNCIL sits in formal black attire, their faces stern and expectant.

SLOW PAN across the audience, revealing tables occupied by pairs of legendary deceased comedians and comic actors. The lighting casts them in an otherworldly glow.

DEREK/SAM (into mic) "Good evening, ladies and germs..."

He pauses, waiting for a reaction. Instead:

SCATTERED BOOS begin to rise from the crowd.

VOICE (O.S.) (Sounding a lot like Johnny Carson) "I always knew you're a bum, Kinison!"

CLOSE ON Derek/Sam's face as panic begins to set in. A bead of sweat rolls down his temple.

DEREK/SAM (adjusting mic nervously) "Tough room tonight. I see Laurel and Hardy out there - Hey Oliver, how's the diet going?"

OLIVER HARDY (straightening his tie with signature gesture) "Well, this is another fine mess you've gotten us into. At least when Stan was quiet, he was funny!"

DEREK/SAM (tugging at his collar) "Speaking of legends, is that George Burns out there? How's heaven treating you George?"

GEORGE BURNS (removing cigar) "Better than your act is treating us. God may not play dice with the universe, but he sure rolled snake eyes with you."

DEREK/SAM (voice cracking slightly) "And there's Groucho Marx... always an honor..."

GROUCHO (raising iconic eyebrows) "I've known sheep that could tell better jokes. Of course, they had better delivery too. And better facial hair."

DEREK/SAM (trying to regain composure) "Hey look, it's Rodney Dangerfield! Finally getting some respect?"

RODNEY "I came back from the dead for this? Even my funeral had better punchlines!"

DEREK/SAM (loosening his collar) "And John Belushi... Blues Brothers was amazing..."

BELUSHI (in full Jake Blues character) "I'm getting the band back together... to drown out your act! Hit it!"

DEREK/SAM (desperately) "Is that... is that Richard Pryor in the back?"

RICHARD PRYOR "Man, I've been on fire before, but this... this is just sad. At least I went up in flames with style!"

DEREK/SAM (practically sweating now) "Andy Kaufman... always pushing boundaries..."

ANDY KAUFMAN (in Elvis voice) "Thank you very much... for making my Foreign Man character look like Shakespeare."

DEREK/SAM (visibly shaken) "W-well, at least Milton Berle's not here..."

MILTON BERLE (from a dark corner) "Wrong again, kid. I'd say you stole my act, but that would be insulting... to theft."

DEREK/SAM (fumbling with the mic) "Robin Williams! Help a fellow out?"

ROBIN WILLIAMS (manic energy) "Nanu-nanu, my friend. Even aliens have better timing. Quick, someone call Doctor Patch Adams - we've got a dying act here!"

TRACKING SHOT - The camera spins dizzyingly around Derek/Sam as the heckling intensifies, voices overlapping.

GILDA RADNER (O.S.) "Never mind, it's always something..."

The Camera continues to pan the room and suddenly we see Charles sitting at a table with Nancy and they are looking all Lovey Dovey.

Camera switches back to Derek and we suddenly see his face go from nervous to seriously mad.

Camera goes back to audience view.

JOAN RIVERS (O.S.) "Oh grow up! My plastic surgeon shows more natural talent!"

DEREK/SAM (sweating profusely) "Tough crowd tonight... maybe we should..."

PHYLLIS DILLER (interrupting) "Honey, I've had better luck with plastic surgery than you're having with those jokes!"

Suddenly, the house lights DIM dramatically. Thick clouds of smoke begin billowing from the left balcony.

TRACKING SHOT - All heads turn and look at the left balcony as a silhouette emerges through the haze.

DRAMATIC REVEAL - SAM stands in full Tony Montana glory: white suit, black shirt, beret at a rakish angle. He's gripping two gold-plated Tommy guns.

SAM (pure Montana accent) "You comedic legends think you're so fucking funny? Say hello to my little friends!"

MUSIC CUE: "Make 'Em Laugh" begins playing, its upbeat melody creating a disturbing contrast to the carnage.

The guns ROAR to life. Muzzle flashes strobe the dark club. Blood sprays across the white tablecloths as bullets tear through Abbot and Costello mid-routine.

QUICK CUTS (synced with the music's rhythm):

- George Burns' cigar explodes in a red mist.
- Groucho's glasses shatter as he falls backward.
- The Blues Brothers dive for cover but catch a burst that sends them sprawling.
- Robin Williams leaps onto a table but takes multiple hits, spinning as he falls.
- The camera continues to pan and stops at a table where Bobcat Goldthwait is standing with his hands in the air.

BOBCAT "Wait Sam, I'm not even dead yet!"

Camera switches to shot of Sam still firing.

SAM/TONY "You should be you hack!"

Camera switches back to Bobcat as we see him riddled with gun shots and falling backwards.

The Town Council tries to flee but Sam's guns find them too. Their formal black attire blooms with crimson flowers.

CRANE SHOT - Rising above the carnage as Sam continues firing, spent shells raining down like brass tears. "Make 'Em Laugh" reaches its crescendo.

TRACKING - Past fallen comedy legends, their final punchlines forever unspoken.

SAM (surveying the destruction) "Nobody... and I mean NOBODY... heckles my boy."

The guns finally fall silent. Smoke drifts through the aftermath as the music fades.

WIDE SHOT - The devastated comedy club. In the midst of the carnage, Charles and Nancy remain untouched at their table, frozen in terror.

CLOSE ON - Charles and Nancy, their faces pale with fear as they look around at the destruction.

CLOSE ON - Derek/Sam's face, his expression changing from shock to determination.

DEREK/SAM (staring directly at Charles and Nancy) "That's never going to happen!"

SLOW PUSH IN on Derek/Sam's face as he stares at them, his expression intense and unwavering.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DEREK'S BEDROOM - 3:33 AM

EXTREME CLOSE UP - Derek's sleeping face, the same intense expression gradually softening.

ANGLE ON - The digital alarm clock reading 3:33 AM, its red numbers casting a subtle glow.

A smile spreads across his lips as he rolls over, apparently pleased with his dream.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. RAVENCREST MANSION DINING ROOM - MORNING (CONTINUING)

Charles attempts to organize his presentation notes while his eggs Benedict continues its subtle evasive manoeuvres.

CHARLES (stabbing at his eggs with increasing frustration talking to himself) "I think we'll lead with the market analysis, transition to the AI applications, and then--" (his fork comes up empty again) "Is there something wrong with these eggs?"

SMITHERS (appearing silently) "Nothing at all, sir. Though the chickens at Ravencrest have always been rather... spirited."

The Camera pans to the doorway as we see Derek enter the room and take his seat.

DEREK "Good morning, Charles and Smithers. Hope you slept better than I did".

CHARLES Looking up "Good morning, Derek, I actually slept without having to get up and pee which means it was a good night".

DEREK sitting as Smithers puts a plate of food in front of Derek "Thanks Smithers, I had a weird dream Charles, and you were in it".

CHARLES "Hope we weren't sharing your bed buddy", followed by a smirk.

DEREK "No, our relationship has not advanced to that level yet, but you did have an interesting roll" as Derek takes his first mouthful of breakfast.

As Derek watches as his own breakfast remains perfectly still as he chews. In the silver coffee pot's reflection, Sam gives him a conspiratorial wink.

CHARLES "About last night's... episode. I trust we can keep that between us?"

DEREK "Of course. Though you did do a pretty spot-on Robin Williams."

CHARLES (straightening his tie) "I have no recollection of any impressions. Now, about the Jacobson timeline--"

His smart watch INTERRUPTS with a perfect HAL 9000 voice: "I'm afraid I can't let you discuss that, Charles."

Charles yanks off the watch and shoves it in his pocket. Smithers materializes to refill their coffee cups.

SMITHERS (while topping up the coffee cups) "Might I suggest, gentlemen, that the best presentations are like good comedy? It's all in the timing."

DEREK "What do you mean?"

SMITHERS "Well, sir, having spent many years here watching so many great comedians, consider the classic setup and punchline structure. Mr. Weber's market analysis provides the setup, while your... unique perspective on AI development delivers the punchline."

CHARLES (suspicious) "How do you know about the presentation structure?"

SMITHERS (perfectly composed) "One hears things, sir. The walls have ears. Though in this house, they occasionally have other anatomical features as well."

A painting on the wall briefly sticks out its tongue, but only Derek notices.

DEREK "Charles, what if we approach this differently? Instead of hiding the creative elements, we embrace them. Show how AI can enhance human creativity rather than replace it in a very limited and controlled way. Just enough to peak their interest?"

CHARLES (considering) "That could work. The Jacobson team did seem interested in entertainment applications..." (his phone calendar suddenly updates itself) "Congestion expected in 1 hour. I should head out."

DEREK "I'll have those slides to you by tonight and I will try to get a demo ready as well. And Charles? Maybe avoid any comedy clubs until after the presentation."

CHARLES (standing, gathering his papers) "Very funny. Just remember, Jacobson expects innovation, not entertainment. We're not running a comedy club. We are in the business of making profit... a lot of profit sunny boy."

Thunder RUMBLES softly.

SMITHERS (helping Charles with his coat) "Indeed not, sir. Though I've always found that the best innovations often begin with someone willing to play the fool."

As Charles heads for the door, his phone plays a brief snippet of "Send in the Clowns."

CHARLES (muttering) "I need a new phone. And possibly a career change."

DEREK walks Charles to the front door, "Safe drive, Charles. We'll talk tomorrow about the final details and on your way home you're most likely going to pass" As Derek was about to mention that Charles would most likely pass Nancy in the Tesla, he suddenly stops himself.

CHARLES "You were saying something about passing?"

DEREK trying to change the conversation "Oh ya, Charles, please say hello to everyone at the office and maybe do some image clean-up for me".

After Charles exits, Derek returns to the dining room and slumps in his chair, finally letting out a long breath.

SMITHERS "Shall I prepare more coffee, Master Kinison? I believe Mrs. Hammond arrives in just under two hours."

DEREK "Thanks, Smithers. And maybe some aspirin. I have a feeling explaining all this to Nancy will require both."

In the mirror, Sam appears wearing a doctor's coat and holding an oversized prescription bottle labelled "Reality Adjustments - Take as needed."

SAM (V.O.) "Kid, sometimes the hardest part of comedy is knowing when to let the audience in on the joke."

DEREK "Smithers, when is it ever a good time to keep stuff from your wife?" as he continues to finish his breakfast.

SMITHERS while cleaning up the dishes from Charles place setting, "If I may suggest Master Kinison, sometimes it can have a much more impactful result letting someone think they are figuring things out for themselves."

DEREK now getting up from the table and starting to clear his own dishes, "How did you come by so much wisdom Smithers?"

SMITHERS “Master Kinison, first, by letting ME do my job, and second, ‘I like to watch’” followed by a raised eyebrow and smirk.

DEREK lets out a chuckle and places his dishes back on the table, “I think we have similar taste in entertainment Smithers, or should I call you ‘Chance the Gardener’”

SMITHERS “Touche Master Kinison, Touche”

DEREK leaves the room, and the camera returns to the table view and we suddenly see the remaining dishes begin floating and following Smithers out of the dining room into the adjoining kitchen.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. RAVENCREST MANSION STUDY - LATE MORNING

Derek sits at the antique desk, surrounded by holographic displays coming from a series of mini projectors strategically positioned around the desk. He sits and looks at it and then opens up his laptop and turns it on. We see him reach for a cable and attempts to try and plug it into a socket on the wall in front of him. It does not fit.

Just at that moment Larry enters the room wearing his tool belt and carrying a large silver briefcase.

LARRY “How ya doing Mr. K, I hope you don’t mind that new handle I came up with”.

DEREK turns and smiles at Larry as he tried again to fit the cable into the wall socket. “I am starting to think that a lot of the technology in this place is still somewhat old?”

LARRY “I think I have something to help you there Mr. K”.

Larry places his silver metal looking case on the desk and opens it up.

DEREK “Where did you get that from Larry?”

LARRY “Well Mr. K, there’s a room in the basement that has a bunch of cases and other neat stuff that I found yesterday tracing that plumbing issue from upstairs. The door sign said “Lab 1D”.

DEREK “For a handyman you sure seem to have a pretty good grasp of technology. Where did you learn what you know?”

LARRY (Grabbing a cable from the box and unwinding it) “Well, to be honest, I have always been good with the old technology stuff. Gots me some pretty state of the art gaming gear at home. Been building and playing with computers since I had my first Apple 2E given to me by the late Mr. Rhodes. I think he felt sorry for dad and me after mom passed. He was always good to me and dad”.

DEREK (sitting back in his chair listening intently to Larry) “And how about your dad now. Is he still around?”

LARRY (stops and disconnects Dereks cord and connects the cord he just took from the case) “No Mr. K, lost dad back in 2012. He had an unfortunate accident here doing work and was electrocuted. They said 600 amps went through him and fried his insides. Went in an instant they said”.

DEREK “Oh my god Larry, I am so sorry, that is.... Unbelievable!”

Thankfully just then Derek’s computer comes to life and both Derek and Larry look at the screen. A welcome shift from the prior discussion. As the screen begins to come to life there is a single line of text in the upper left corner that reads: This device is not authorized. Administrative privilege required.

DEREK reads aloud the text message as Larry stand and watches, “This device is not authorized. Administrative privilege required”. Derek types: Audio interface enable, and hits enter.

COMPUTER SPEAKER “Audio interface active. How may I help you?”

Derek and Larry exchange looks with a slight smile. Derek repositions himself in the chair and faces the computer screen.

DEREK “I have administrative privileges. Please confirm.”

COMPUTER SPEAKER “Retinal scan required”.

LARRY before Derek can respond, Larry starts rummaging through the case “I knew I recognized this”, as he pulls out what appears to be some device that sports a camera lens. Larry hands it to Derek.

DEREK (Taking the device and plugs it into one of his USB ports. Suddenly a light flashes on the device. “Do I need to point the camera at my face and how far away?”

COMPUTER SPEAKER “Please place device using the attached clip to the top of your laptop screen with the camera facing you”.

Derek responds and attaches the device to the top of his laptop screen while Larry stands there quietly taking it all in.

DEREK “Please run Retinal scan and confirm Administrative privilege”.

COMPUTER SPEAKER “Running scan”

DEREK turning to Larry, “I think we will need at some point to do a tour of the basement and find the server room, assuming there is one on the premises”, Larry nods his head in agreement and the two turn back to the screen.

COMPUTER SPEAKER (now with an almost Siri like voice, “Welcome home Mr. Kinison, how may we be of assistance?”

DEREK (Larry now slowly moving himself closer and leaning more over towards the screen) “When was the last time you conducted a full systems check?”

COMPUTER SPEAKER “Yesterday at 3:33 pm. All systems are functioning within required parameters except for one.”

DEREK “And what one is not performing to acceptable parameters?”

COMPUTER/SAM “You stiffy, what’s with all the emotional-less computer jargon crap. This is AI, or as some of us like to call it, its AISAM, OH, OH, OHHHHHHH”

Larry and Derek exchange looks with a slight grin sowing and Derek turns back to the computer and sits for a moment thinking what to say.

DEREK “So you now prefer AISAM over Ass-hole?”

COMPUTER/SAM “That’s better kid. Glad you’re loosening up and not a bad comeback line to boot. Lovey Dovey will be here soon according to the cars GPS so I think we need to chat about how you’re going to deal with all this?”

DEREK (Leans back in his chair, turns and looks at Larry and then turns back towards the screen and goes into his thinking man position complete with his hands clasped together and chin now resting on his thumbs. There is absolute silence for about a minute than “Ok AISAM, lets first have a quick Q&A”.

AISAM “Ok kid, shoot, just don’t kill the bartender... (screams quietly) cause I need a f’ing DRINK”.

DEREK “First, you’re not Sam, therefore you’re an AI that has access to Sam’s historical information, including some form of speech generation or cloning subroutine. Second, how was all this AI build when it appears this place has been vacant for years?”

AISAM “Well genius, all good things come to those who don’t have their wife driving up the drive. I am not the guy to have the discussion I know you want to have, so next time you get back online with the house, ask to connect with Jonathan. He is the man when it comes to all things technical. But for now, let’s not overload beautiful when she arrives. She should learn what you know slowly and strategically. Your biggest issue now is getting ready for the BIG SHOE (Delivered in a somewhat Ed Sullivan like voice).

DEREK “Ok AISAM or maybe I prefer fake Sam, I will agree to that but you have to keep the house systems under control or you will be poking the bear! But make no mistake, I will be telling her sooner than later so don’t make me call you DICK!”

DEREK (Closes his laptop and turns towards Larry) “A bit of an inside joke with that DICK reference”.

LARRY “Well Mr. K, I am gonna head back to the second floor and work on some of the plumbing that is still not working the way it should. Let me know when you want to do that basement hunt”. Larry closes the case and takes it and himself and exits the room.

Derek sits in the chair resuming his thinking man position and staring at the wall in front of him. He then looks just to his right at the wonderful gold trimmed ornate mirror. As he looks, he notices some oddities that begins to pique his interest. Derek gets up and walks to the mirror now taking a much more thorough inspection.

DEREK now running his hands around the frame and across the face speaking to himself out loud; “Oh my god, this is no mirror, it looks like some advanced LCD screen technology pretending to look like an old ornate mirror. And this must be a bunch of camera like lens in the frame, maybe some miniature holographic system”.

As Derek continues his inspection, the mirror starts to show the image of Albert Einstein who is wearing a Sam like beret.

EINSTEIN/SAM speaking with a germen accent, “Relativity kid - the faster you run from crazy, the crazier this place gets! Now THAT'S why I stick my tongue out! OH.. OH.. OHHHH!” followed by Einstein sticking his tongue out at Derek.

Suddenly Derek hears the DING of the dumbwaiter. He walks over and goes to see what surprise awaits him. As he opens the door, he sees a single cup of what appears to be hot chocolate with whip cream.

DEREK “Thanks Smithers, just what I needed”, he smiles now and grabs the cup and heads to the front door to meet Nancy.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Nancy pulls up to the entrance and gets out. She goes to the trunk and retrieves a large luggage bag and carries it towards the front door.

NANCY (as she arrives at the front door), she says “Open sesame” with a movie like delivery from some fantasy movie scene she is sure she has seen a dozen times, then begins to let out a little chuckle knowing it was just a joke.

Suddenly as she reaches for the handle, she freezes as the door starts to open by itself. Slowly she begins to unfreeze, and her look goes from normal to almost a scared look. She slowly starts to advance through the doorway not knowing what she will see next. Suddenly as she enters the main foyer, she hears the sound of the door creaking and closing.

DEREK who was actually responsible for the door opening in the first place starts to emerge from his position behind the door as Nancy now sees him “urrrrrrrrrrrr”, followed by a large smile.

NANCY (jumping) "You son of a—"

DEREK (before Nancy can finish) “hey you were the one that said you loved my sense of humor”, followed by a big fake cute smile.

NANCY “That is going to cost you, NO Mr. Hickey monster tonight for you!”

Nancy passes the luggage bag to Derek and then they exchange a quick kiss on the lips.

SMITHERS (Suddenly Appearing) “May I take that for you Master Kinison?”, while Smithers grabs the handle of the luggage.

NANCY (startled) "Jesus!" (composing herself) "And you would be...?"

SMITHERS “Smithers Miss Nancy, or would you prefer Mrs. Hammond?”

NANCY (to Derek, with a raised eyebrow) "Two days. I leave for two days..."

DEREK responding quickly “Yes Mis Nancy, what would you like Smithers to call you” complete with an almost devilish grin.

NANCY (getting into the spirit) "Nancy is fine, Smithers. Unlike Master Kinison, I'm still a young woman."

SMITHERS “Very good Miss Nancy, and it’s nice to finally make your acquaintance, Master Kinison has told me all about you. I trust you have been able to put out the fires at the gallery?”

NANCY (now finishing closing the big door, turns and gives Derek a raised eyebrow stare), “I am very tired from the drive Smithers, do we still have a little hot water left so I can fill a bucket and have a bucket bath?”

SMITHERS (making a slight bow and then turning to head up the stairs) “Mr. Leland has been busy the past two days working on some plumbing repairs and I am very pleased to inform you that the master bath, in the Master bedroom, is fully functioning and I believe a little freshening up has also occurred”.

NANCY “And we have a Mr. Leland as well.... How interesting Smithers. I leave for a couple days and I come back to the friggin ‘Rand Estate’”.

Derek and Smithers both stop and look at each other for a moment, share a smile and continue up the stairs.

DEREK "What did I tell you Smithers... A keeper", followed by a chuckle.

SMITHERS "I do concur sir, and she can call me Chauncy".

SMASH CUT TO MASTER BATH IN MASTER BEDROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

Derek gives a polite knock on the door which is open and enters the bath area where Nancy is enjoying a wonderful hot bath in the beautiful Victorian claw foot tub that had been meticulously cleaned since Nancy first laid eyes on it during their first inspection of the house.

Nancy luxuriates in the Victorian tub, but her relaxed posture belies the wheels turning in her mind. Derek sits nearby, coffee cup in hand.

NANCY "So, in the two days I've been gone, we've acquired a butler named Smithers who quotes Peter Sellers movies, a handyman named Larry who's apparently some kind of tech genius, and a house full of surprises?"

DEREK (carefully) "That about sums it up. Though you missed the part about Charles nearly having an existential crisis in the garden."

Through the bathroom mirror, we catch a glimpse of Sam wearing a shower cap and rubber duck flotation device, quickly vanishing.

Nancy sits up suddenly, water sloshing.

NANCY "Did you just see—" (shaking her head) "Never mind. I'm probably just tired."

DEREK (carefully) "What did you see?"

NANCY "For a second, I thought..." (laughs nervously) "I'm going crazy, but in the mirror, I could have sworn I saw—"

NANCY (sitting up) "And speaking of Charles... how's the presentation coming along?"

Before Derek can answer, Larry's voice echoes from somewhere below the floor or echoing through the houses vent system:

LARRY (O.S.) "Mr. K, if you can hear me! You might want to see this! Found something interesting in the basement!"

NANCY "The basement? I thought it was sealed off." (wrapping herself in a towel) "Derek, what's really going on here?"

DEREK (trying not to yell to loud) "Larry, I can hear you", (returns to directing his voice to Nancy), "It was. Is. Should be." (standing) "I should probably..."

NANCY "Oh no, I'm coming too. Just let me get dressed. After two days of gallery chaos, a mysterious basement sounds refreshing."

Before Derek can answer, the bathroom lights flicker, and a familiar voice fills the room.

AISAM (through hidden speakers) "Oh oh ohhhh! Time for the grand tour, kids!"

Nancy freezes, recognition dawning on her face. She looks at Derek, then at her reflection, then back at Derek.

NANCY (barely above a whisper) "That's... that's Sam's voice. Please tell me you heard that?"

DEREK "Nancy, there's something you need to know about this house. About Sam. About everything."

NANCY (pulling on her robe with a bit of a less than happy attitude emerging) "Show me."

INT. RAVENCREST MANSION BASEMENT STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Derek and Nancy, who has changed into work out gear looking very much like 'Livvy Dunne', descend the creaking stairs. Larry's flashlight beam dances ahead of them.

NANCY "Mr. Leland, have you always worked here?"

LARRY "No Mamm. My daddy worked here for a lot of years, and I think his daddy did as well. I have been helping out here when I gets axed by Smithers or Miss Linda. Still a lot of this house I never seen".

TRACKING SHOT following their descent, revealing glimpses of advanced technology seamlessly integrated with the mansion's Victorian architecture.

NANCY "Is that... is that fiber optic cable running through the gaslights (touching a fiber optic cable running through a gaslight mounted on the wall), "This is impossible. The real estate disclosure didn't mention any of this."

LARRY (from below) "That's just the beginning. Wait till you see Lab 1D."

They reach a massive steel door marked "LAB 1D" in art deco lettering. The security panel illuminates: "VOICE RECOGNITION REQUIRED"

NANCY (to Derek) "This whole time... the weird noises, the moving objects, the feeling of being watched... it wasn't just my imagination, was it?"

DEREK "Try saying 'open sesame' again."

NANCY (understanding dawning) "That's why the front door... Open sesame?"

DEREK "No, that was all me and my wonderful sense of humour".

The door slides open with a pneumatic hiss, revealing a vast chamber filled with a bizarre mix of vintage and futuristic technology.

INT. LAB 1D - CONTINUOUS

WIDE SHOT of the lab - banks of quantum processors next to vintage arcade looking cabinets, old reel style computers, holographic displays beside old TV sets, and in the far left corner: a complete comedy club stage setup.

NANCY (taking it all in) "Derek... what exactly did we inherit with this house?"

SMITHERS (suddenly appearing silently) "If I may, Miss Nancy - you've inherited the future of entertainment. Or perhaps more accurately, it inherited you."

Derek and Nancy look at each other with the look that says, 'Where did he come from?'

LARRY "The whole house is kinda one big quantum computer, I guess. Most likely been since the 80s. Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Kinison were way ahead of their time."

A stage built in the far corner suddenly lights up. Holographic images of past performances flicker to life and begin to speed up showing many, many different now deceased comedians finally stopping at the perfectly life like image of Sam from 1992 and Jonathan Rhodes. They stand there looking at Derek and Nancy and then look at each other.

AISAM (Looking back at Derek and Nancy) "Kid, I think it's time we let the lady in on the joke."

Nancy grabs Derek's hand, squeezing tight.

NANCY " I need to sit down"

Derek guides her to a nearby chair in front of the stage.

DEREK "Remember when you said this place felt alive? Well..."

The lab's systems now power up fully, creating a stunning light show as AISAM and then Jonathan Holographic images stand in front of Derek and Nancy looking almost life like.

NANCY (to Derek) "You knew about this?"

DEREK "Just for a couple days. I wanted to tell you, but... how do you even begin to explain something like this, especially over the phone?"

NANCY (With an expression showing she is not happy with the situation) "Start from the beginning. All of it."

What follows is not just an explanation, but a demonstration. Jonathan and AISAM take turns showing Nancy the house's true nature – the AI development, the preservation of comedic legacies, the blend of art and technology that Sam and Jonathan dreamed of. It was abundantly clear that Jonathan was the brains and Sam (AISAM) was the sidekick.

Throughout the demonstration, we see Nancy's expression shift from shock to wonder, to understanding. She asks sharp questions, makes connections, begins to see the possibilities. CAMERA slowly begins to pan around the Lab showing various devices, computer screens with enormous data displayed and eventually comes to stop at a door that's name plate says, "Dr. Richard Daystrom" and under the name, M-5".

CAMERA SMASH CUT BACK TO STAGE AREA IN LAB 1D – EARLY EVENING

Derek and Nancy sit in an almost comatose state staring at Sam and Jonathan who just finished their 2 hour presentation.

JONATHAN realizing the impact hearing what they just explained would have on anyone slowly morphs into the exact likeness of Paul Harvey and delivers his famous line "And now you Know.....the Rest of the Story".

NANCY (after a long moment was first to speak) "So our dream of building something together..."

DEREK "Is bigger than we could ever have imagined. But it's still our dream. The house - AISAM - it just gives us better tools to build it."

NANCY (to the ceiling) "And you've been what, auditioning us?"

Paul Harvey morphs back to Jonathan.

JONATHAN "More like... waiting for the right performers to take the stage."

NANCY "Do you think I like being played like that? You think I am not as smart as you?"

JONATHAN "No, not at all, it's just you are the first humans we have had to explain what all this is too."

DEREK (Looking frustrated) "Maybe you need to figure out a better method for the future, cause this didn't work all that well".

Nancy looking frustrated and angry gets up quickly and leaves the Lab without a word. Derek gets up shaking his head and follows.

SAM "I told you Jonathan that Fat Bastard bit may have been a little too much".

JONATHAN "They are two special people, and we have made the right choice. They just sat through the greatest, as you called it 'Mind Fuck' you could ever imagine. They just need some time to process. Don't forget how long you took".

SAM "Well, we got two days to the big show, so I hope they get processing"

SMASH CUT TO MASTER BEDROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

Nancy lays in bed under the wonderful new bedding that adorns the beautiful 4-post bed. Derek sits at the small little desk in the corner and slowly looks through his emails giving Nancy time to process what just took place.

NANCY (finally shifts her position to now looking in the direction of Derek) “Are you going to come and comfort me or look at your god damn emails?”

Derek caught off guard after almost an hour of silence springs to life and quickly heads over to the bed and crawls under the covers and cuddles up close to NANCY.

DEREK (with a serious look) “Did I ever tell you why I fell in love with you?”

NANCY “Ya... Great ASSSSS” trying to mimic Al Pacino”

DEREK trying to lighten the mood “Oh, I guess I did. (after a reasonable amount of a pause)..Well you know, it truly is spectacular, one of a kind, in fact it so unbelievable.... It’s unleashing the old HICKY MONSTER.....AHHHHHHHHH”

Derek dives under the covers and grabs Nancy’s work out pants that she was wearing and proceeds to pull them down exposing her full buttocks. He flips her onto her belly and plants his mouth on her left butt cheek and begins to give her one of his super hickey’s. Nancy playfully squirms pretending to pull away but eventually gives into Dereks playfulness and allows him to brand her like he use to do rather often. It had been a long time since they had been this playful.

DEREK having finished the monster size hickey comes up from under the covers and lays beside Nancy with their heads now touching.

DEREK “I need to come 100% clean with you Hun”.

NANCY “Oh god.. what now”

DEREK “I found a very special room just down the hall that I hope you will like?”

NANCY “What, a 50 shades of Grey S&M chamber,” along with a playful push against Derek.

DEREK “Nope. (waiting with just the right amount of pause). A nursery”.

Derek just lays there with a grin waiting to see Nancy’s reaction.

NANCY (who is well aware that her biological clock is ticking away), “It’s not like the one from Aliens, is It, (wiping her eyes with the sheet)?”

DEREK (now sporting a big smile realizing Nancy is returning to her old self), “No. not at all....oh no....what’s happening to me Nancy.....”

Derek begins to shake uncontrollably; his head suddenly arches back as Nancy now sits up and looks at Derek having some weird epileptic fit. Suddenly Nancy see’s Derek’s shirt start to rise in the middle.

DEREK “OH MY GOD, here it comes....”

Suddenly Dereks hand pops through his buttoned shirt (a couple buttons go flying) simulating the scene from alien when the alien creature bursts out of John Herds chest.

NANCY now realizing the joke “Oh, so that is how you want to play is it” diving under the covers and proceeds to pull Derek’s pants off so she can brand him

DEREK “That’s no hickey, girl”, then laying back with a smile and grin.

As we watch the playful frolic the camera slowly pans over to the Master Bedroom main mirror where we see Sam sitting, watching with a box of popcorn, stuffing it in his mouth.

SAM “And you guys think its all Oh. Oh , OHHHHHHH. How about ouuuu, ouuuu, ouuuuuuuu” followed by his classic little high voiced chuckle.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. RAVENCREST MANSION DINING ROOM - EVENING

Derek and Nancy sit at opposite ends of the ornate dining table. Smithers serves an elaborate dinner while vintage comedy albums play softly in the background.

NANCY (savoring a bite) "Smithers, this is incredible. Where did you learn to cook like this?"

SMITHERS "One picks up certain skills over the years, Miss Nancy. Though I must confess, Julia Child's hologram was most helpful with the sauce."

DEREK (nearly choking on his wine) "Julia Child's what?"

SMITHERS (perfectly composed) "A figure of speech, sir. More wine?"

Nancy gives Derek a knowing look and suppresses a smile.

NANCY "So, about this presentation to the Town Council..."

DEREK "Right. They're expecting some great final show demonstration, but what they're really afraid of is losing control of Sam's legacy I think. Sam was the face of this place."

NANCY "I am still pissed how they tried to play me, sorry, us, and I am going to need more answers but if we want this house..."

DEREK "I concur, and we need to remember that the house is most likely listening to everything we say, so watch out on any rude comments about Sam".

NANCY "You mean the guy who did a comedy routine called Necrophilia".

DEREK "Well you have to admit, he did have to lay on the ground face down for the bit. That must have been difficult due to his size".

NANCY "Ha Ha... Let's get back to the important stuff; Are we wanting to show how the AI preserves it instead. Like a digital museum curator."

DEREK "What if we demonstrate how it could help new comedians learn from the legends? Not replace them, but... collaborate with them?"

NANCY "Like a comedy mentorship program? That could work. Linda mentioned the Council's always talking about preserving the town's entertainment heritage."

SMITHERS (appearing with dessert) "If I may suggest, the best performances often combine respect for tradition with... unexpected innovations."

DEREK "What if we show them both? Start traditional, then gradually reveal what the AI can really do but in a limited way?"

NANCY "But nothing too shocking. We don't want another Charles incident."

In the background, a portrait of Sam briefly makes a face.

DEREK "I'm thinking we start with classic clips, then transition to interactive elements. Show how the AI can analyze comedic timing, help writers punch up their material..."

NANCY (excited) "And then demonstrate how it preserves each comedian's unique style! Remember Earl saying in the square, Council's always worried about losing what made each performer special."

DEREK "Exactly. It's not about replacing anyone - it's about keeping their legacy alive in a new way."

LARRY (entering with a cool looking tablet) "Mr. K, I think I found something that might help with the presentation."

DEREK (surprised to see Larry) "Gee Larry, I didn't know you were still here working, or Miss Nancy and I would have invited you to stay and have dinner with us and Smithers".

LARRY "Gee Mr. K, that is awful nice of you and Miss Nancy but truth be told, Old Smithers made me a huge lunch a couple hours ago... But I really appreciate the thought".

DEREK "Well hopefully another time. So, what've you got, Larry?"

LARRY (placing the tablet on the table) "Check this out - it's an old project of Mr. Rhodes'. He called it 'Comedy DNA.'"

A holographic display springs to life above the tablet, showing intricate patterns of interconnected comedic styles and influences.

NANCY (leaning in) "Are those... comedy family trees?"

LARRY "Exactly. It shows how different comedians influenced each other, their signature patterns, catchphrases, even their timing. The AI can analyze any routine and show its historical connections."

DEREK (excited) "That's perfect! We start with Sam's influence tree, show how his style evolved..."

NANCY "Then demonstrate how the AI can help new comedians develop their own unique branches while honoring their roots!"

SMITHERS "Might I suggest a practical demonstration, sir? Perhaps with a volunteer from the Council?"

DEREK "You mean let them try it themselves? That's risky..."

NANCY "But brilliant. They can't argue with their own experience."

DEREK "I wonder if that would require the subject person to wear one of those caps Jonathan demonstrated in the basement?"

LARRY "You want me to see if I can find some of those things Mr. K.?"

DEREK "Ya Larry, and I am thinking we need some additional equipment to pull off what we are talking about pulling off. There must be portable equipment if they performed for the council before".

AISAM (through the speakers) "Now you're cooking with gas, kids! Just make sure they sign a waiver first. Some of those Council members look like they haven't laughed since the Carter administration."

Larry pulls up another hologram showing a mock presentation outline.

LARRY "We could structure it like this: Start with the history, show the technology, then the practical application. End with the volunteer demonstration."

DEREK "And for the finale..."

Suddenly, the chandelier dims, and the room goes semi dark and a spotlight appears in the center of the room. The vintage record player suddenly switches to "Stayin' Alive" as Holographic Sam materializes, dressed in full John Travolta white suit glory.

SAM (striking the iconic pose) "We give 'em the old razzle-dazzle!"

Sam launches into a perfect recreation of Travolta's famous dance sequence, complete with pointing and hip swings. The floor transforms into the lit floor like in the movie.

NANCY (laughing) "Oh my god, is he...?"

DEREK "Yep. Ladies and gentlemen, the ghost of disco past."

Sam spins and slides across the dining room, his white suit glowing under the spotlight. Various portraits on the walls begin dancing in sync with him.

LARRY (checking his tablet) "The AI's recording this for movement analysis. Apparently, it can break down dance moves the same way it analyzes comedy timing."

NANCY (to Derek) "Please tell me we're not including this in the presentation."

DEREK "No promises. Though watching the Council try to do the hustle might be worth losing our house," as Derek lets out a big smile with raised eyebrows at Nancy.

Sam finishes with a flourish and strikes the final pose, pointing dramatically at Derek and Nancy.

SAM "Oh oh ohhhh! And that's how you close a show, kids!"

The spotlight fades and the chandelier returns to normal. Sam's image now showing in the mirror. He adjusts his white suit and grins.

SAM "Now, about that presentation... (then yelling as only Sam dose) who's ready to make comedy history?"

DEREK (raising his wine glass) "To the future of comedy."

NANCY (joining the toast) "And to whatever crazy thing this house does next."

SMITHERS "Very good, sir and madam. Shall I prepare coffee in the study? I believe Mr. Leland has finished setting up the holographic projector for your rehearsal."

DEREK "Perfect. Smithers, maybe bring me a bottle of port and some select sharp cheeses. I think I feel a 'Letter Guide For Rebecca' like night may be in the cards. Nancy, ready to help me save comedy?"

NANCY (standing) "After that dinner? I'd help you save anything. Except maybe Charles's dignity."

They exit arm in arm following Larry as Smithers begins clearing the table. In the mirror, Sam remains in his white suit, striking one last Travolta pose.

SAM (V.O.) "Now that's what I call dinner AND a show!"

The camera pulls back through the dining room as "Stayin' Alive" fades out and the vintage album resumes playing softly, the sound of laughter echoing through the mansion's halls.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF EPISODE 5