

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1996

Basked only in the purple glow of his nightlight, HARVEY TAYLOR, 6, cowers in bed and holds a blanket up to his face with trembling hands. His eyes are wide with fear, staring straight ahead at his CLOSET DOOR.

It starts to shake, like someone's on the other side trying to get in. Then it gets harder. Louder. Like banging.

HARVEY

DAD!

Nothing.

The doorknob turns slowly from the inside of the closet; the door creaks open, letting in MURKY SWAMP WATER. It begins to flood Harvey's room, forming a shallow little pool. Toys float on the surface.

A GREEN, SCALY HAND with long, sharp nails grips the closet door and scratches down its side, leaving marks.

Harvey SCREAMS. He's still unable to look away.

A SWAMP MONSTER shows its head in the slightly open door. It looks like a cross between the Creature of the Black Lagoon and a WWE wrestler, with the reptilian aspects of the former and the buff, roided out physique of the latter.

It looks Harvey dead in the eyes with yellow eyes and smiles, showing off a jagged set of fangs. The water still rises.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

DAD!!!!

His father, CARTER TAYLOR, 32, barges into the room, half-awake and fully-annoyed. He rubs his eyes.

CARTER

Jesus, Harvey, what's wrong?

Harvey points to the closet door -- but nothing's there.

Carter groans.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Again with this?

HARVEY
(stammers)
There's --

CARTER
A monster in your closet?

Harvey nods. He looks at the floor. The water's gone.

Carter sighs and walks over to the closet door, still slightly ajar, opening it all the way.

CARTER (CONT'D)
See? Nothing but clothes.

Carter leaves the closet wide open and makes his way over to the door, annoyed at being waken up in the first place.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Get to bed, Harv. It's late.

He closes the door behind him, the room and Harvey again only lit by the purple of his nightlight. He eyes the closet door, the seemingly endless black inside staring back at him.

Harvey gets up from his bed and touches his toes on the floor as if to check that it's dry. He slowly creeps over to the closet to close it, but steps on something with a wet SQUISH.

Harvey grimaces with disgust and bends down to inspect what he stepped in. He picks up a CLUSTER OF SEAWEED.

Harvey looks back at the empty closet door with fear. He closes it shut, his hands brushing the CLAW MARKS left on the side, until the only thing that's left is the deep darkness of inside the closet.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK:

A phone RINGS.

INT. HARVEY AND BRANDO'S APARTMENT - 2022

Harvey, now 32, picks it up. He's surrounded by stacks of books on the paranormal on one side and a separate stack of law textbooks on the other.

Also on that side is his best friend, roommate, and colleague, BRANDO COOK, 30, who lounges with his laptop on a ripped up armchair.

HARVEY

Peculiar Inc., how can we inspect you?

BRANDO

Dude, we gotta come up with a better slogan than that.

HARVEY

Ghosts, ghouls, goblins, we got you -- sorry, what was that?

Harvey stops. Looks at Brando.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

It's for you.

He hands Brando the phone. He puts the phone to his ear and immediately stands up.

BRANDO

Hi! No worries, I actually completely forgot too. I'm sorry, but now that I have you, could we actually do this at a different time? Right now isn't...

(glances at Harvey)

Later this week would work way better for me. That sounds perfect, thank you.

Brando hangs up. Harvey eyes him with suspicion.

HARVEY

Who was that and why did you give them the office number?

BRANDO

First, it's actually our home number, so. And it was nothing. Plus, it's not my fault. I'm pretty sure I lost my cell phone on our last gig.

HARVEY

How?

CUT TO:

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOME - FLASHBACK

An OLD WOMAN who looks almost like a fairytale witch ATTACKS Harvey in a fit of rabid rage. She tackles him to the ground and he collapses under her, screaming. Loud.

Harvey flicks RED PEPPER FLAKES into the old woman's eyes.

She hisses -- covers her eyes and retreats slightly from him.

HARVEY

BRANDO, GET THE SALT!

Brando watches from the sidelines in abject fear, minding his own business and documenting it all on his phone.

BRANDO

EW! SHE'S SO UGLY!

The old woman snaps her head in his direction immediately and makes eye contact with the phone camera. She LUNGES for him --

CUT BACK:

INT. HARVEY AND BRANDO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BRANDO

You called her a witch.

HARVEY

And you were busy vlogging, so. Besides, she looked like one. How were we supposed to know we went to the wrong house?

Harvey huffs and goes back to reading his book.

BRANDO

What are you reading?

HARVEY

Important research. Business is booming, you know.

He shows Brando the cover: *Goosebumps, How to Kill a Monster.*

BRANDO
(laughing)
Business is *not* --

The phone rings again. Harvey raises his eyebrows at Brando with a sly grin.

HARVEY
You were saying?

He picks up the phone.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Peculiar Inc., uh -- what's your
problem?

EXT. VICTORIAN ENGLAND - OTHERWORLD - EVENING

Purple skies glow with fog. The city bustles with a number of GHOSTS and other creatures who go about their daily routines, gliding past each other. A ghost horse pulls a carriage over cobblestone streets. The ghost inside gives directions --

GHOST
Take a right down Whitechapel Road,
please.

The horse whinnies confirmation and turns right at the end of the street, but COLLIDES with another carriage horse.

HORSE #2
Watch it, ratbag.

HORSE #1
I'm sorry!

HORSE #2
Use yer damned turn signals.

The second horse turns left down Whitechapel and trots past with a huff, a BLUE LIGHT blinking from its left eye.

EXT. COSTA HOUSE - PHYSICAL REALM - AFTERNOON

A large, unsightly VAN with "PECULIAR INC." poorly painted on the side pulls up in front of a small, pale blue COTTAGE with old wood doors.

A FOR SALE sign is posted out in front -- "SOLD."

Harvey and Brando step out, donned in heavy ghost-hunting gear: bulky backpacks that look just as much like machines, with little vacuums hanging off the side.

They both approach the front door and Harvey whips out what looks like a clunky little sensor. It beeps. Harvey smiles.

HARVEY

This is it, Brando. Something's here.

He knocks on the door.

INT. ORPHANAGE BATHROOM - OTHERWORLD - CONTINUOUS

BANG BANG BANG.

MAURICE, 6, a flamboyant ghost in a baby blue nightgown and a matching night cap, hides from his BULLIES in a toilet stall.

They rattle the door again.

MAURICE

Leave me alone, Eadweard!

The boy retorts from the other side in GHOST COCKNEY--

EADWEARD

Wha', Maurice? We're just trying t'
'ave some fun. Come on out.

Another boy chimes in --

RUPERT

Didn't fancy supper tonight, eh, you
little niminy-piminy?

MAURICE

Stop calling me that!

EADWEARD

Yeah, special t'night was bags o'
mystery! Ye missed it!

RUPERT

Oh! Oh! I got this one. Like yer dad,
huh, Maurice? A bag o' mystery!

MAURICE

We're *all* orphans, Rupert.

They quiet on the other end. A moment of realization. Then --

RUPERT

At least we know who our dad *is*.

EADWEARD

Yeah! Git out from there! I'm bored!

The door bangs even harder.

Suddenly, a woman's voice pierces the air.

MOTHER ETHEL (O.S.)

BOYS! What are you doing still awake?
It's four past noon.

Inside the bathroom stall, Maurice takes a sigh of relief.

MOTHER ETHEL, like 300, headmistress of the orphanage, walks into the bathroom. She's tall, regal, and stern, but in many ways the only person who's stood up for Maurice.

EADWEARD

Nothing, Mother Ethel.

RUPERT

Yeah, nothing.

MOTHER ETHEL

Is Maurice in there?

EADWEARD

No.

MAURICE

YES!

MOTHER ETHEL

Sleeping quarters. Now.

Eadweard and Rupert look like they're about to protest, but Mother Ethel stops them with a look. They groan dejectedly. Before they can leave, Maurice calls out from the stall.

MAURICE

And bags o' mystery is just sausages!

RUPERT

(under his breath)
What's a sausage?

They leave. Mother Ethel knocks on the stall door lightly.

MOTHER ETHEL

They're gone, Maurice.

Maurice opens the door and flies out to hug Mother Ethel.

Tears fall from Maurice's face. Mother Ethel wipes them away.

MOTHER ETHEL (CONT'D)
Don't be so sensitive, boy.

Maurice looks up at her. Betrayed.

MOTHER ETHEL (CONT'D)
Get back to bed. I'll see to it that
those boys don't bother ye anymore.

Maurice nods and floats sadly out of the bathroom.

INT. ORPHANAGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He glides in the direction of the dormitories.

MAURICE
Don't be so sensitive, Maurice. Don't
be so --

He stops, looks towards the opposite direction of the hall.
He checks his surroundings, left and right, then, when he
sees the coast is clear, sneaks down there instead.

EXT. COSTA HOUSE - NEW ORLEANS

MICHELLE COSTA, 30, opens the front door to the house, dried
tears on her face. She stops and looks Harvey and Brando up
and down, completely confused by the gear.

MICHELLE
Uh, come on in...

INT. COSTA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Harvey and Brando step inside and survey their surroundings --
there's not much, mostly boxes and bare walls of what was
likely a cute home in its heyday.

BRANDO
Beautiful home.

MICHELLE
Thanks. It's not really mine anymore
but...

She trails off, wipes away the dried tears.

Harvey checks his sensor again, pointing it at various
corners of the house like a radar. It doesn't beep.

Michelle still surveys the two of them with bafflement and
concern, but pushes through.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for being so quick on the phone. It's just --

She rubs her face. Her eyes are red.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

It's been a long day. And I could really use your help. You guys do...
(she searches for the right words)
Y'all do removals, right?

HARVEY

Removals, investigations, prevention, and everything in between. Anything you need us to do, we can do for you.

Michelle doesn't understand the answer, but --

MICHELLE

That sounds great.

BRANDO

So. What're we here for?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The three of them stand in front of a large armchair. Brando covers his nose, Harvey's jaw slacks open, and Michelle makes an effort to look only at the two of them.

Sitting in the armchair is DONOVAN COSTA, 84, dead.

MICHELLE

My grandfather.

EXT. VICTORIAN ENGLAND

Maurice bursts out from the orphanage and sneakily skirts past the slim crowd of ghosts, trying to draw as little attention as possible.

He fails: a stone gargoyle mounted in front of the orphanage, FLOYD, notices Maurice.

FLOYD

'Ey chap, where ya going?

MAURICE

Sorry Floyd, I can't talk right now. How's the wife?

FLOYD

Dead.

Floyd looks over to the stone gargoyle across from him, destroyed by weather.

Maurice keeps going, stopping before a dark ALLEY with a female ghost busker playing pop music on the lute in front.

Maurice drops a half-penny into her change cup. He fangirls.

MAURICE

I love you, Dame Gaga!

DAME GAGA

Thank you, little monster.

A POSTER on the wall of the alley shows a man in a top hat whose face is obscured. Over it, the words: "NEVER FORGET! IN MEMORY OF THOSE SLAIN BY THE RIPPER."

INT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Maurice stops about halfway through the alley and waits.

Suddenly, his nightcap glows blue and the grimy brick wall ripples to create a PORTAL. Maurice smiles and goes in without looking back.

The portal immediately snaps closed behind him.

INT. COSTA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maurice jumps in through the portal. He navigates the bare hallways almost ritualistically. But now there's a twinge of confusion. The house is different. Packed up in boxes.

Maurice overhears something... and cautiously edges closer until he's in earshot. He spots Harvey and Brando, trying and failing to pick up Donovan's corpse from the armchair.

Maurice hides behind a corner at the top of the staircase and observes, his curiosity piqued.

BRANDO

Did you know she meant a *corpse* removal?

HARVEY

No. Grab his head. I claim the feet.

BRANDO

Do we have to do this?

HARVEY

You wanna turn down her money?

BRANDO

Her *corpse removal* money?

HARVEY

Everything in between, Brando. That's the motto. Now grab. His. Head. On three.

Brando bunches up his sleeves over his hands so he doesn't actually have to touch Donovan's head.

Meanwhile, Donovan's head rolls back, his tongue hangs out.

BRANDO

Gross.

HARVEY AND BRANDO

One... two... three!

They pick him up in one swift motion and stagger towards the front door, trying and mostly failing to do it effectively.

Harvey, Brando, and Donovan finally make it super close to the front door. Brando approaches it first, backwards and holding Donovan by the head and shoulders.

Harvey holds Donovan's legs open around his waist. It looks like they're straddling each other.

Brando eases his way closer and closer, when he hears a BEEP come from the side pocket of his machine backpack.

It beeps again. He stops. Another beep.

BRANDO

Hold on, is that my phone?

He leans Donovan's head onto his knee and uses his now free left arm to reach into the side compartment of the backpack.

BRANDO (CONT'D)

I could've sworn that old hag nabbed it...

Donovan's legs SHOOT up from Brando's movement and kick Harvey square in the face. On their way down, they manage to kick-activate a SWITCH on the side of the backpack.

The vacuum immediately turns on. Harvey drops Donovan's legs, covering up his face. The body DROPS to the floor with a hollow THUMP. Brando's phone keeps going off.

HARVEY

OW.

BRANDO

Sorry! I think I'm going viral.

MAURICE

Oh no.

The vacuum basically has a life of its own, flailing back and forth in the air with unbelievable power, like one of those waving inflatable man in front of a gas station.

It starts to suck Maurice in, pulling him in more and more.

HARVEY

I think my nose is broken.

BRANDO

Dude, it's not broken. Lemme see.

HARVEY

How would you know if it's broken?

BRANDO

Let me see it and I can tell you.

HARVEY

Oh so now you're a doctor too?

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Forget it. I'm fine. Pick him up.

The vacuum faces Maurice HEAD-ON. He gulps, his eyes grow wide, and he's SUCKED into the backpack.

Harvey turns off the switch. He's over this.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Pick up his head. Let's go.

They each grab their own respective part of Donovan, Brando somehow managing to do so while still on his phone.

BRANDO

Ugh, never mind. It's just Lingo Learner telling me not to give up on French. Très annoying, right?

He chuckles. They finally head out the door, Maurice in tow.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BACKPACK

Darkness.

MAURICE

Hello?

Then, a light blue buzzing glow. It starts off weak, barely a glimmer, before it gets brighter, illuminating the backpack.

It's coming from Maurice, whose eyes bulge in concentration. He looks around at the backpack and takes a sigh of relief.

With him is a DEAD RAT.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Fank God, another Englander.

INT. HARVEY AND BRANDO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Harvey and Brando are mid-fight.

Harvey's nose is wrapped up, bloody toilet paper in each nostril. The yelling maybe isn't helping --

HARVEY

Admit it! You don't care as much about this business as I do!

BRANDO

You're right! I don't! We touched a body today, dude. That was the job. A dead body. He licked me.

(a beat)

I love you, but I didn't sign up for dead bodies.

HARVEY

You knew what you were signing up for. You *knew* there would be some missteps.

BRANDO

This whole thing has been a misstep! When's the last time we saw a ghost, Harvey? Huh? An actual one.

Harvey looks down. He doesn't want to have this fight. He doesn't want to lose it.

BRANDO (CONT'D)

I believe that you saw something when you were a kid.

(MORE)

BRANDO (CONT'D)

But I still haven't had that moment.
And I don't know if I can keep blindly
following it.

Tears swell in Harvey's eyes. He desperately diverts his gaze from Brando, anything to keep from breaking.

His eyes lock on the BACKPACK across the room, noticeably glowing from the inside and shuffling around the floor.

HARVEY

Brando...

The backpack moves even more. Brando notices. His eyes widen.

BRANDO

What the hell's that?

Harvey edges closer, cautious but excited. Optimistic.

He crouches down to the floor, the backpack buzzing at this point, and looks up at Brando. He unzips the bag --

Maurice FLIES out. Harvey falls on his ass and looks up at Maurice with shock and awe. The tears fall from his eyes.

INT. ORPHANAGE SLEEPING QUARTERS - OTHERWORLD

Mother Ethel checks on the ghost orphans, fast asleep in their little cots. All the beds are filled... except one.

INT. POST OFFICE - OTHERWORLD

Mother Ethel enters in a huff, pushing past the line all the way to the man in front, a ghost with a big, bushy beard who fumbles with the printing press. This is JOHANNES GUTENBERG, the man who invented it.

The machine is a entire ordeal, antiquated and with a bunch of sections, levers, and wheels. It's a three-person job.

He's struggling.

JOHANNES

It's okay! I've got it!

MOTHER ETHEL

Joha --

(clears her throat)

Mr. Gutenberg.

He doesn't notice her, still trying to man the press.

Finally, he holds up a single piece of paper. It's the same poster of Jack the Ripper that was on the alley wall. "NEVER FORGET: IN MEMORY OF THOSE SLAIN BY THE RIPPER."

JOHANNES

Er, one poster for Ripper Day of Remembrance, ma'am?

He looks up to hand the poster to a GHOST in line, but locks eyes with Mother Ethel instead. These two have history.

GHOST CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Actually, I asked for ten --

JOHANNES

Miss Ethel. What are you...

MOTHER ETHEL

Please, don't be so formal. You know my given name is Mother.

JOHANNES

What's wrong?

MOTHER ETHEL

One of my boys. He's gone.

INT. HARVEY AND BRANDO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brando's mouth drops.

HARVEY

(stuttering)

I-

MAURICE

That rat is *mean!*

Maurice notices the two men.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Hello!

Brando LUNGES for the nearest ghost-hunting backpack on the couch and gets a grip on its flimsy vacuum. He holds it out towards Maurice like a gun.

Maurice makes an alarmed little EEP and immediately DIVES right back into Harvey's backpack.

Harvey glares at Brando.

HARVEY

PUT IT DOWN.

BRANDO
That was a ghost!

HARVEY
Exactly.

Brando lowers the vacuum. It flops sadly at his side, but he doesn't let it go completely.

Harvey leans into the backpack, almost coddling it.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Hey, little guy. Come on out. We won't hurt you. Ain't that right, Brando?

BRANDO
Y-yes.

A moment. Waiting. Then --

MAURICE
Awright!

Maurice leaps out of the backpack again. He smiles at Harvey brightly. Harvey smiles right back.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
My name's Maurice.

HARVEY
I'm Harvey. This is my friend Brando.

Brando waves sheepishly from the sidelines.

Maurice looks around at the apartment. Is that confusion, judgment, or both? Probably both.

MAURICE
Where am I?

HARVEY
You're in America. New Orleans, to be exact. This is where we live. Where...

He looks to Brando for approval. Brando shrugs helplessly.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Where do *you* live?

MAURICE
(super patriotic)
England! Forever ruled by Queen Victoria, long may she not live.

Brando faints.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Is your friend not feeling up to dick?

HARVEY

How'd you get here?

MAURICE

Well, I remember coming through the portal at that old man's house and then I was stuck in some dark room.

HARVEY

Portal? What was that about a portal?

Maurice looks at him very matter-of-factly.

MAURICE

Every house's got one.

Harvey takes in this information. He gets up, walks over to Brando, and kicks him. **HARD.** Brando wakes with a groan, spots Maurice, and it's like he's reliving it all over again.

BRANDO

(in disbelief)

HOW IS THIS HAPPENING?

Harvey looks back to Maurice. Determination in his eyes.

HARVEY

Can you find ours?

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Harvey, Brando, and Maurice stand altogether, crammed in a small and dirty bathroom. They stare at the shower wall.

BRANDO

Are you *sure* --

He's cut off by the slow flicker of Maurice's nightcap, which grows into a bright buzz. Then, the ripple of a PORTAL in the shower walls. Brando's jaw drops.

Maurice jumps in eagerly. Harvey goes in after him.

EXT. PARISIAN CARNIVAL - OTHERWORLD - CONTINUOUS

Brando joins them through the portal last. The three of them stare out at the new world before them in shock, but for different reasons each.

MAURICE

I've always dreamt of going to Paris!

Surrounding them are undead contortionists who can twist themselves as far as inhumanly possible, ghost families with their small children, and dozens of other creatures.

They all navigate through a BUSTLING OUTDOOR CARNIVAL with the classic red and white circus tents everywhere. Is that a stilt-walker? Nope, just something with really long legs.

Maurice bounces into the crowd, giggling.

Brando looks back towards the portal, but it's gone. He turns straight ahead and gulps. Harvey wanders off a bit.

BRANDO

Harvey, stop! Get back here! What the hell are you doing?

HARVEY

What are you talking about? Don't you see what this means? Everything I've been studying and dreaming and working towards... everything we've worked towards... it's real! Ghosts are real!

BRANDO

Fine! They're real! Ghosts are real! We said it! Isn't that enough?

HARVEY

Enough? No, Brando. I need to see how the other side lives.

Harvey follows Maurice, determined. Optimistic. Brando trails behind reluctantly with a huff in his step.

EXT. STREET VENDER - CONTINUOUS

Maurice takes off his nightcap and sets it down on a counter. He picks the hugest, most pageant-like beret from a display and tries it on, posing in the mirror.

MAURICE

I'm Jon Beret Ramsey! I don't know who that is.

Maurice notices a MIME in the mirror, approaching him. He spins around and faces the mime, who acts like he's in a box.

Maurice laughs hysterically.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

This is incredible!

Harvey and Brando finally join and watch. Harvey has a sense of humor about it. Brando does not.

The mime picks up Maurice's nightcap from the counter. Maurice, too invested in his own glee, hardly notices.

The mime holds out Maurice's nightcap, shields it with his creepy mime gloves... and makes it disappear.

Maurice's face drops. Just like that, his mood has flipped completely. Fire glows in his eyes. Literally.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Give that back.

The mime pulls an invisible rope, not listening.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

I SAID. GIVE IT BACK.

The mime goes back in the box.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

I want me nightcap!

And just like that, the mime vanishes too. Poof.

Maurice's eyes well. He sobs, drawing the attention of many other carnival-goers. Their eyes then dart to Harvey and Brando, too -- whom they eye with suspicion, some immediately dragging their monstrous kids in the other direction.

Harvey freezes -- he doesn't know how to comfort a crying child. He's good at many things, but not this.

HARVEY

Go take care of him.

BRANDO

What? He's your ghost.

HARVEY

He's *our* ghost now.

Brando scowls and begrudgingly walks over to Maurice. He pats Maurice on the back, who startles and wipes his tears away.

MAURICE

(muttering to himself)

Don't be so sensitive, Maurice.

BRANDO
What was that?

MAURICE
Nothing.

BRANDO
Nah, tell me.

MAURICE
Mother Ethel tells me boys don't cry.

BRANDO
I don't know who that is, but she's wrong. It's okay to be sad and cry sometimes. And it's okay to be mad, too.

MAURICE
Really?

BRANDO
Really. I'm not exactly the happiest right now either.

Maurice smiles, goes in for a hug. Brando is caught off guard at first, but warms up to it, eventually hugging him back.

MAURICE
Fank you, Buford.

BRANDO
It's Brando.
(a beat)
We'll get your hat back, okay?

INT. DESI'S PSYCHIC TENT

Harvey, Brando, and Maurice stand in formation, with Maurice in the middle. It looks like they're about to give a pitch.

HARVEY
Have you by any chance seen a blue nightcap?

MAURICE
It looks like this!

Maurice grabs a piece of his nightgown and does a completely unnecessary twirl for dramatic effect.

They're talking to DESI, a giant magenta BLOB with one huge eye, a mouth, and some tentacles swaying back and forth.

DESI

Can't say I have, dear. I'm a psychic,
not a tracker.

HARVEY

Then can you tell us *if* we find it?

Desi looks at Maurice, who pouts at her.

DESI

Yes.

HARVEY

Then can you tell us *where* we find it?

DESI

I cannot.

BRANDO

What kind of psychic are you?

DESI

I'm an EYE!

HARVEY

Forget it. Maurice, let's go ask for
help somewhere else.

Harvey and Brando start to leave. But Maurice stays.

MAURICE

Please, miss. I can't fall asleep
without me cap.

Desi looks at him. Granted, it's kind of all she can do, but
she really studies Maurice.

DESI

I can see you wearing it, boy. It
looks good on you. Try and see
yourself wearing it.

Maurice nods... waiting for more.

DESI (CONT'D)

That's all.

Brando groans and drags Maurice out of the tent, but not
before Maurice can get one last look at her. She winks.

MAURICE

Wait, was that a blink or a wink?

INT. ART HOUSE MOVIE THEATER - PURGATORY

A shrouded figure in a TOP HAT sits in the balcony of a large and empty movie theater playing only *The Godfather Part III*.

The figure is JACK THE RIPPER, looking skeleton-gaunt but still vaguely human, like Christopher Walken as Jack Frost.

He watches the movie, eyes glued to the screen. He's dressed in full black tux, Godfather attire.

He says the lines with DON CORLEONE in a hackneyed Italian mobster accent, like he's been preparing this for years.

DON CORLEONE (O.S.)	JACK THE RIPPER
The only wealth in this world	"The only wealth in this
is children; more than all	world is children; more than
the money, power on Earth,	all the money, power on
you are my treasure.	Earth, you are my treasure."

It's still not the most convincing performance.

EXT. PARISIAN CARNIVAL

Brando and Maurice wait outside a MOVIE THEATER whose marquis says they're only screening *Amélie*.

There's a sign that says "SALLE DE BAINS PUBLIQUE" above the box office, which is manned by a FROG CREATURE employee.

BRANDO

It's a good thing I'm fluent in
French, huh?

MAURICE

(uncaring)
Sure.

Maurice looks around at the movie theater.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Mother Ethel used t' tell me how all
the bad ghosts go to places like this
and have to watch the same thing over
and over again as punishment.

BRANDO

So you're telling me, like, Hitler
could be stuck in there watching
Amélie?

MAURICE

Hitler?

INT. MOVIE THEATER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harvey zips up his pants and walks out of the bathroom stall, over to the sink. He turns the faucet. Sludge drips out.

HARVEY

Ugh.

He wipes the black slime on his pants. Then he notices --

THREE MIMES coming out from that one big stall all the way at the end of every bathroom, all hunched over. They're snapping silently like a mime gang from *West Side Story*.

Harvey backs up, but not fast enough for the mime gang. They surround him. He screams.

EXT. PARISIAN CARNIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Brando hears the scream and runs in the bathroom. Maurice stays put -- his eyes locked on something. Someone.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brando bursts into the bathroom -- nobody's there. No mimes, no Harvey... nothing.

EXT. PARISIAN CARNIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Brando runs back out, breathless.

BRANDO

Maurice, I think there's something really wrong.

But Maurice isn't there either. He looks up in a panic and sees Maurice CHASING another mime into a FUN HOUSE.

BRANDO (CONT'D)

You've got to be kidding me...

Brando chases after him.

INT. DARK ROOM

Two mimes finish tying Harvey to a nonexistent chair with invisible ropes. He struggles to break free.

One of the mimes "spits" on him.

HARVEY

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

The two mimes spread out, making room for the other mime -- their leader. He holds out a hand about two feet off the ground, as if gesturing someone who's very small.

INT. FUN HOUSE

Maurice looks around but can't find the mime who stole his nightcap. He sighs, stopping in front of a fun house mirror that makes him look tall. Strong.

Maurice smiles at this version of himself, then concentrates.

Brando comes in behind him still out of breath.

BRANDO

Hey. You can't run off like that.

MAURICE

See yourself wearing it.

BRANDO

What was that?

Maurice looks at himself in the fun house mirror deeply. In his reflection, the blue nightcap starts to flicker back onto his head. Maurice reaches towards his head to check if it's real and YELPS with joy at the touch of it.

He turns to Brando.

MAURICE

Look! I found it!

Brando looks at his own reflection now with hope. He stares at himself, but nothing.

BRANDO

Maurice, we need to find --

But Maurice is distracted, staring at his reflection intently one more time. The mime suddenly APPEARS and, noticing Maurice, tries to run away just as fast.

Maurice ATTACKS the mime, beating him senselessly.

MAURICE

NO! MORE! BULLIES!

The mime completely overacts, extremely dramatic, and with one more KICK from Maurice, the mime lays still on the floor.

BRANDO

Is he dead?

MAURICE
No, he's feigning it.

Brando kicks the mime to see if it'll budge, but his foot BUMPS into something a few inches away from the body with a hollow thud. He groans and brings his foot up in pain.

BRANDO
AGH!

Maurice rolls his eyes at the mime.

MAURICE
A casket? Really?

Maurice looks at Brando, only just now truly realizing Harvey's absence.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Where's Harvey?

BRANDO
Oh so you remember his name?

MAURICE
I remember your *name*, Bruno.

Then -- Maurice's nightcap BUZZES and glows bright blue for a quick second. Maurice looks up at it and smiles.

BRANDO
Uh, what does that mean?

Maurice ignores him and takes a last glance back at himself in the funhouse mirror, where he's a big, strong ghost.

MAURICE
Let's find our friend.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. PARISIAN CARNIVAL

Brando limps through the crowd. Maurice hops at his side.

BRANDO
What is that thing?

A LUMP OF HAIR with long legs walks past them in stilettos.

MAURICE
Pretty sure she's called a ladied
beard.

Ladied Beard overhears them and shoots Brando a hairy look.

BRANDO
What? No, not --
(to the ladied beard)
Sorry miss, I wasn't -- we don't mean
anything. He's just a child.

Ladied Beard nods and keeps it moving.

BRANDO (CONT'D)
(back to Maurice)
Not *her*. That *thing* on your head that
keeps glowing!

MAURICE
Me nightcap?

BRANDO
Yes, your nightcap.

MAURICE
It's how I get meself places. And how
I got you here!

BRANDO
Do you know why the mimes wanted it?

MAURICE
I dunnor. Because it's cute?

He struts forward, leaving Brando behind.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Follow me! I have an idea on Harvey's
whereabouts!

Maurice runs over towards the entrance of the MOVIE THEATER
that plays only *Amélie*. Brando trudges over.

INT. MOVIE THEATER BATHROOM

Brando barges through the door right as Maurice's nightcap starts to glow yet again.

MAURICE

This was the last spot we had him at,
right?

BRANDO

Right.

MAURICE

Then let's hope --

A BLACK PORTAL abruptly opens up and SUCKS them in.

INT. DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brando SLAMS onto the ground. Maurice just hovers. Darkness.

BRANDO

Where are we?

MAURICE

Why, it looks like the mimes made a
little room wif my hat!

BRANDO

They *made* a room?

MAURICE

(calls out)
Hullo?

It echoes back at him.

HARVEY (O.S.)

Hello??? Who's there??

Brando perks up. He stands up immediately and heads in the direction of the voice.

HARVEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Somebody help!!

BRANDO

Harvey! We're coming!

He runs until he finds Harvey, who's still squatting like he's tied to a chair.

HARVEY
(whimpering)
Please help. It's hurting my knees.

Brando unties the imaginary rope around Harvey's chest. He springs out of the chair and hugs Brando.

BRANDO
What happened?

HARVEY
The mimes... They attacked me. Dragged me down here, tied me up, spit on me, made me --

BRANDO
Where are they?

HARVEY
I don't know. They disappeared a few minutes ago. Why? How'd you get here?

He notices Maurice.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Maurice! You found your nightcap!

BRANDO
How do you think we got here?

HARVEY
The hat? Are you serious?

Maurice giggles.

MAURICE
It's how we'll get out too!

EXT. VICTORIAN ENGLAND - OTHERWORLD

Mother Ethel puts up MISSING POSTERS with a picture of Maurice throwing up a peace sign and giving fierce duck face.

Dame Gaga sings a sad ballad in his honor.

DAME GAGA
(à la Joanne by Lady Gaga)
Ghost, where do you think you're going?

EXT. PARISIAN CARNIVAL - MOMENTS LATER

Harvey, Brando, and Maurice make it back to the carnival. They hit the ground running.

The lead mime from before spots Maurice and POINTS to him, signaling the two other mimes to charge.

Harvey sees this and panics.

HARVEY
Faster, run faster!

Maurice ZOOMS forward; Harvey and Brando sprint, both of them panting. The mimes aren't too far behind...

They finally make it back to the front of the carnival, where the portal first appeared.

BRANDO
Open it, open it!

MAURICE
I'm trying!

The mimes approach quicker by the second. Only a few feet away...

The nightcap glows and a portal OPENS up. They all jump in --

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- and collapse into shower tub with a thud. But the portal doesn't close. From the other side, the mimes run towards the open portal, about to lunge...

Harvey grabs Maurice and Brando, yanking them out of the bathroom and into the hall. He slams the door behind him right as TWO MIMES break through and enter the real world.

The portal CLOSES, trapping the mimes in the bathroom.

The lead mime wipes away his face and replaces it with a threatening scowl. He pulls out a little mime pistol.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Harvey, Brando, and Maurice press themselves against the wall across from the bathroom door.

BRANDO
Are they in here?

Harvey nods, stoic.

BRANDO (CONT'D)
Well how do we get em out?

HARVEY

I got an idea. Stay here with Maurice and keep an eye out on the door. Those mimes are tricky.

BRANDO

What the hell did they do to you?

HARVEY

They hardened me up a bit. I'll be right back.

INT. HARVEY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harvey swipes past the clothes in his dresser and takes out a long, strange looking PLASMA GUN from behind it.

HARVEY

Come on. Prove to me that you work.

He closes the dresser.

INT. APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Brando and Maurice hide behind a corner, their eyes still anxiously locked on the bathroom door, which is marked up with bullet holes.

Harvey approaches Brando and Maurice right as the mimes try a new escape plan: sawing an exit through the door.

HARVEY

You good?

BRANDO

They were just shooting at us! Maurice got hit!

MAURICE

(giggling)
I can't feel anything.

A mime bullet shoots through the bathroom door at such an angle that it just barely grazes Brando's head. He shrieks.

BRANDO

THAT WAS TARGETED!

Harvey stalks past them, edging closer and closer to the bathroom door. Gun at his side.

MAURICE

What shall we do?

HARVEY

We're gonna let them open it.

He aims the plasma gun at the door until an opening POPS out, enough for Harvey to make eye contact with the mimes --

BANG. BANG.

Orange rays SHOOT out from Harvey's plasma gun like a taser, rippling until they latch on and attach to both of the mimes.

Both of them convulse on the floor; one bursts into glittery nothingness, but the other resists the taser effects of the plasma gun. He starts to get up from the floor, crawling --

Harvey drops the plasma gun and helplessly watches the mime wobble onto his feet like Benjamin Button.

Then, he raises his hands together like a gun and aims it at the mime, who stares back at it point blank and gulps.

Harvey pulls the fake trigger, and the mime staggers back, then poofs into glitter like his friend.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

(still holding out his hand
guns, trying to be badass)

Imagine that.

Brando scoffs at him in the background. Maurice rushes up to Harvey, beaming.

MAURICE

You did it! You beat the baddies!

Maurice hugs Harvey, who makes eye contact with Brando from behind the corner. They smile at each other.

INT. ART HOUSE MOVIE THEATER

The Godfather Part III still plays, but Jack the Ripper isn't watching it. Instead, he's on the phone. Angry.

JACK THE RIPPER

What do you mean they *failed in
procuring the subject?*

INT. HAZY INTERROGATION ROOM - INTERCUT

A GOON trembles on the other side of the phone. A few others anxiously eavesdrop from across the table, several pictures of MONSTERS scattered over it. A red "X" crosses out mimes.

GOON

(in mafioso accent)
I'm sorry, boss. They couldn't get the kid.

JACK THE RIPPER

Useless creatures. I should've known better than to send a mime to do a clown's job.

GOON

So sorry, boss. What should we do?

JACK THE RIPPER

Quiet! Let me think.

Jack looks back to the screen.

JACK THE RIPPER (CONT'D)

Help me, Don Corleone.

MICHAEL CORLEONE (V.O.)

"Your enemies always get strong on what you leave behind."

Jack the Ripper nods, then repeats to himself.

JACK THE RIPPER

Your enemies always get strong on what you leave behind.

(to his goons)

Did you hear that? I just came up with that.

GOON

But you've said that before, sir.

JACK THE RIPPER

I want you go to back and this time, you'll leave nothing behind. I want you to go bigger, go harder, go deadlier. Do anything you need to do to lure them and get my boy.

The goon walks over to the table, where one of them taps a picture of a VAMPIRE eagerly. The goon on the phone nods.

GOON

Yes, sir, on it, sir.

JACK THE RIPPER

What do you call me?

GOON
(stuttering)
Don Jack Corleone, the Ripper. Sir?

JACK THE RIPPER
Good.

Jack hangs up. He looks down at his lap and picks up a piece of paper, staring at it and smiling menacingly.

It's Maurice's missing photo. Peace sign and duck face.

JACK THE RIPPER (CONT'D)
Time for this Godfather to be a good father.

INT. HARVEY AND BRANDO'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Harvey and Brando sit on the couch next to Maurice, who's finally fallen asleep with the help of his nightcap, nuzzled in the crook of Brando's old armchair.

Harvey can't stop looking at the ghost in the room.

HARVEY
I still can't believe this happened to us. Do you know how lucky we are?

BRANDO
Lucky? You were tortured by mimes today dude.

HARVEY
If that's the price I have to pay for finding out ghosts exist...
(a beat)
You can't quit on me now, Brando.

BRANDO
I wasn't ever going to --

HARVEY
I'm not stupid.
(off his look)
Your phone interview this morning? Or how about the one yesterday? And last week?

BRANDO
You were eavesdropping?

HARVEY
Come on, man, I was right. All this time I've been right!
(MORE)

HARVEY (CONT'D)

They're out there. Isn't that exactly what we signed up for?

BRANDO

And what about him?

He nods in the direction of Maurice.

HARVEY

"What about him?" None of this would be *possible* without him!

BRANDO

So what, you're suggesting we look after the kid?

HARVEY

For now, yeah, I think we should. Come on, you can't say you like him even a little?

Brando looks back at Maurice sleeping and reluctantly smiles.

BRANDO

Yeah. I do actually.

(whispers)

Besides, think of all the money we'll make with a ghost as our personal interdimensional tour guide. Next step is changing our slogan and we're off.

HARVEY

Fine. How about next time we get a client, you answer the phone. It's harder than it looks.

He walks into the kitchen to grab a beer from the fridge.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Hey, what do you think of that catchphrase I tried out back there?

BRANDO

What do you mean? "Imagine that?"

HARVEY

Yeah. Do you like it?

BRANDO

It worked for the *mimes*, yeah. But when do you think that zinger will ever be relevant again?

HARVEY

I knew I heard you scoff.

BRANDO

No I didn't, that was a cough.

Brando looks like he's about to argue, but he's interrupted by a loud RINGING. Harvey and Brando stare at the phone, shocked and confused but more curious than ever.

HARVEY

Pick it up!

BRANDO

(fumbling with the phone)

Uh, we're Peculiar Inc., we've got a magic nightcap, how can we help you?

INTERCUT - YOUNG GIRL'S BEDROOM

A young mother, CLAUDIA, sits on her daughter's bed in tears.

CLAUDIA

Please. You have to help me. My daughter is missing. She's was crying about monsters but of course I didn't believe her at first. But she kept screaming so I went into her room and I saw... this horrible *thing* pull her through her vanity and now she's... I found your number and I don't know who else to call. I don't know who else will believe me. You have to help me find her please.

BRANDO

We believe you. And we'll help you. You said this *thing*. What do you mean?

CLAUDIA

I mean that it looked like a vampire. Please don't hang up I don't know how else to --

BRANDO

What's the address?

Brando writes something down while Harvey watches on, pride in his eyes. Maurice yawns himself awake.

MAURICE

(groggy)

Wha's going on?

BRANDO

We'll be there soon. Don't worry.

Brando hangs up and meets Harvey's gaze.

BRANDO (CONT'D)

It looks like we've got another job.

MAURICE

May I join?

HARVEY

Hell, you better!

Maurice smiles and lights up -- literally.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Harvey and Brando walk out of their apartment in full monster-hunting gear with Maurice peeking out of Brando's backpack.

They approach the company van and get inside.

MAURICE

What's this?

BRANDO

It's a car, Maurice.

MAURICE

Wow!

Brando closes the car door, "PECULIAR INC." on the side.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

END OF EPISODE