

SPECTRAL

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FADE IN:

EXT. SAN SEBASTIAN - NIGHT

Thunderclouds loom over a small Spanish-style town. RIOTS break out in the cobblestone streets. Fire and smoke everywhere.

SUPER: *San Sebastian, Florida, 1700.*

EXT. STREETS OF SAN SEBASTIAN - NIGHT

DERANGED PEOPLE attack everyone and everything in sight, babbling incoherently.

Objects float freely through the air, zeroing in on frightened TOWNSFOLK.

Strange ORBS of light EXPLODE in the air like lightning.

A MADWOMAN brandishes a giant axe, her eyes clouded with dark blood. She raises the axe high, prepared to kill a YOUNG GIRL cowering before her. Just as...

A MAILED FIST knocks the madwoman out cold. Courtesy of:

DORIAN, tall, imposing, clad head-to-toe in silvery armor, like an angel fallen to Earth.

More knights in silver armor follow him through the chaotic streets, fighting off RIOTERS. They are the ORDER OF THE TRANSIENT LIGHT.

EXT. LIGHTNER BUILDING - NIGHT

Dorian leads the Order to a Renaissance-style stone palace bathed in red light.

Like the eye of a hurricane, it is oddly free of the chaos surrounding it.

One of the knights hesitates.

SHAKING KNIGHT

That is a palace of death, my lord.

DORIAN

Death is just a word.

INT. LIGHTNER BUILDING - CEREMONIAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

A marble chamber with a ceiling that opens to the night sky.

Humans cloaked in red robes and donning masks, the CULT OF THE MALEBRANCHE, surround a giant cosmic display similar to a model of the Solar System. It's an orrery.

In the orrery, spheres of energy orbit a jet black PORTAL floating in midair.

A doorway to another world.

The Malebranche chant in an ancient and hypnotic language as two figures near the portal. They are:

ALEISTER, 25, lithe but confident. A man who could charm or kill you with a single look. He leads...

MARY, 18, fairy tale beautiful and VERY PREGNANT. Dressed as a bride. She steps toward the cosmic display as the "planets" cease their orbiting.

The Portal swirls like a black hole. Beckoning.

ALEISTER
Step through, my love.

He kisses her. Aleister's hand brushes Mary's stomach.

ALEISTER (CONT'D)
And give birth to our salvation.

Aleister looks to a giant stone statue of MOLOCH looming over the cosmic display. It is a demonic creature, half goat, half woman. Bull's horns sprout from its head.

MALEBRANCHE
MOLOCH! MOLOCH! MOLOCH!

Just as the cult members' chanting reaches a CRESCENDO...

The Chamber door flies open.

Dorian and the Order train their swords at the cult members.

DORIAN
(to Aleister)
Set her free or I *obliterate* all of
you!

Mary recognizes Dorian's voice, her face tinged with sadness. *She knows this man all too well.*

The Malebranche unleash rapiers from under their cloaks, but...

Aleister holds up his hand.

ALEISTER
(to Malebranche)
Stop.

He releases his grip on Mary.

ALEISTER (CONT'D)
Ok, Dorian. You win.
(to Mary)
Go on. Return to your father.
Perhaps he won't abandon you this time.

Mary stays where she is, next to Aleister.

Dorian's head falls in sadness.

ALEISTER (CONT'D)
(to Dorian)
Satisfied?

Aleister drops his hand and the Malebranche charge the Order of Transient Light, swords out.

Both groups engage in a torrent of flashing steel, whirling cloaks, and broken armor.

AT THE PORTAL

Aleister notices Mary's hesitation to enter. She's still watching Dorian fight his way towards her.

ALEISTER (CONT'D)
Go. Now. Before the portal closes.

Mary walks towards the Portal as...

Dorian arrives at the cosmic display.

Aleister blocks his path. Draws a glowing rapier from his robes.

Dorian wields his claymore, but Aleister is too fast.

He stabs Dorian in the side.

Aleister ruptures Dorian's breastplate with his rapier, sending LIGHTNING BOLTS from its cracked edges.

One BOLT strikes an orbiting sphere near the portal. It EXPLODES in a burst of black flame.

The FLAMES spread to tapestries on the walls, continues throughout the chamber, TRAPPING everyone inside.

DORIAN

Slams his sword down on Aleister, who blocks at the last second. SPARKS fly everywhere.

Aleister pushes him off. Swings, cuts off Dorian's shoulder plate. His rapier slices into Dorian's uncovered flesh.

Blood fills Dorian's armor. But still he swings at the cult leader with all his might.

Aleister sweats as Dorian drives him towards the fire that surrounds them.

Dorian swings once more, but Aleister ducks the blow.

AT THE PORTAL

Mary is just inches away. Inky tendrils reach out and grab her body, pulling her in.

WITH DORIAN AND ALEISTER

Dorian plunges his sword into Aleister's heart.

Aleister falls to the ground. BLEEDING OUT.

Dorian leaves him to die. Runs to his daughter.

AT THE PORTAL

Dorian grabs Mary's arm. Tries to pull her from the portal, but she pushes him away.

MARY

Let go of me.

Dorian doesn't.

DORIAN

Moloch only wants the child. Don't throw your soul away for this--

MARY

I said LET GO.

Mary hits Dorian so hard it knocks off his helmet. For the first time, we see his unshaven face, weathered, scarred, broken.

DORIAN

Mary. Please. Why are you doing this?

MARY

Because you said I deserved it.

Then she VANISHES into the Portal.

DORIAN

MARY!

Dorian falls to his knees.

MEANWHILE ALEISTER

Touches his mortal wound. Whispers an incantation.

The wound heals.

He gets to his feet. Puts a hand on Dorian's shoulder, as if comforting him.

ALEISTER

They say the lowest level of Hell is reserved for traitors.

Dorian turns to him.

DORIAN

Then I'll see you there.

He takes up his sword and JAMS it into the portal. A giant SHOCK WAVE rocks the chamber. Falling chunks of stone crush Order members and Malebranche alike.

A bright light emits from the cosmic doorway.

Then the PORTAL winks out. GONE.

Aleister's face falls. *This wasn't supposed to happen.*

ALEISTER

No... NOOOO!

Dorian lunges at Aleister as the rest of the chamber collapses on top of them in a BLAZING INFERNO.

EXT. SAN SEBASTIAN - NIGHT

The storm over the town subsides until it vanishes entirely in the coming DAWN.

We SPEED UP TIME as the Lightner and its surrounding town age and transform into...

EXT. SAN SEBASTIAN - EVENING

The town's historic buildings have withered with age, but remain standing. Now they serve as MUSEUMS and TOURIST TRAPS.

SIGNS advertising ghost tours are everywhere.

SUPER: *Today.*

EXT. LIGHTNER BUILDING - EVENING

Vines cling to its crumbling exterior. All windows and doors boarded up. A barbwire fence surrounds the property sporting "No Trespassing" signs.

In front of the building, a tour guide finishes telling the story we just saw.

This is FLIP, 30s, scrawny, but endearing, dressed in black. A quiet intensity in his eyes, echoes of Dorian.

FLIP

...and so the Order of Transient Light defeated the demonic cult known as the Malebranche and all perished in the great fire of 1700. The Lightner Building has remained abandoned ever since, though many cults have visited the site. It's said the building is the most haunted and most evil place in all of America. Some say, even the world.

REVEAL: Despite Flip's inspired tone, he is talking to just two tourists: a FATHER and SON. Neither seem impressed.

Flip sighs as the sounds of another GHOST TOUR draw his attention.

A rival tour guide, DASH, 40s (we'll meet him later) entertains a LARGE GROUP OF TOURISTS further down the street. They hang on his every booming word.

Dash sees Flip, shrugs: *"Sorry, business is business."*

Flip turns back to the father and son.

FLIP (CONT'D)

Well that concludes the tour. Hope you enjoyed it.

FATHER

It was... interesting.

The father reaches in his pocket. A couple bucks tip.

His son takes a picture of the building with a digital camera. Checks the IMAGE.

ON PHOTO: A distinct orb shows up in the upper right corner of the frame.

Excited, the son shows the picture to Flip.

SON

(re: orb)

Hey, is that a picture of a ghost?

FLIP

No. Orbs like that are usually just moisture reflected in the camera flash.

The son frowns. His father POKETS THE TIP MONEY and they leave.

EXT. FLIP'S HOME - NIGHT

A quaint house nestled in the historic district.

INT. FLIP'S HOME - NIGHT

Cramped, but cozy. Paintings and artistic photos adorn the walls.

One half of the house is an art studio, full of weird and fantastical clay sculptures: a sword-wielding knight, a monstrous demon. Eerily similar to what we saw earlier.

Flip wets his hands and rubs a clay sculpture. His most recent piece. It's of a tall BIRD rising out of flames: the PHOENIX.

In walks DIANA, mid-20s, angelic features hidden beneath a geeky facade. Shades of Mary from 300 years ago.

DIANA
 Why aren't you dressed yet? We
 leave in half an hour.

Flip stops working on the piece. Dries his hands on a cloth.

FLIP
 Sorry. Just finishing up.

Diana notices a baby crib in the corner. It's UNOPENED, the receipt still attached.

DIANA
 I thought you were going to return
 that.

Flip enters the bedroom.

FLIP (O.S.)
 They said they couldn't take it
 back. Something about a ninety day
 policy.

Diana touches the crib, holding back tears.

Flip returns from bedroom wearing a dress shirt and slacks.

FLIP (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. I'll get rid of it
 tomorrow. Promise.

DIANA
 I want you looking good tonight.
 The gallery owner will be there.

FLIP
 (re: sculpture)
 They're just a hobby, Di.

DIANA
 Only if you treat them that way.
 You can't be afraid to put your
 work out there, Flip. Even if you
 fail.

FLIP
 You're saying I would?

DIANA
 No. I just don't want you to give
 up is all.

Flip comes up behind her. Wraps his arms around her. He
 kisses the back of her neck, causing tiny hairs to raise.

INT. FANCY ART GALLERY - NIGHT

A slew of WEALTHY GUESTS wander amid paintings and sculptures, snacking on fine cheese and downing wine.

Diana chats with everyone at the party, taking photos with a series of high-end digital cameras slung over her shoulder.

She's clearly here as a professional photographer, not a guest, but the patrons regard her as a friend.

Meanwhile, Flip nurses a drink in the corner. Alone.

He digs a hunk of modeling clay from his pocket and molds it in his hands, a nervous tic.

Diana spots him. Waves him over.

DIANA

Flip, he's here and he wants to meet you.

FLIP

Di, I'm not so sure--

But she leads him across the gallery anyway. They stop at the...

BAR

Where a MAN, impeccably dressed, his back turned, fixes a drink.

Diana taps the man's shoulder. He turns to reveal:

Aleister, as young and dashing as he was 300 years ago. No burn marks. Not even a scratch.

DIANA

Philip. Meet Aleister, the new owner of the gallery. Aleister this is my husband, Philip.

Flip tries to hide his suspicion regarding the name.

FLIP

Nice to meet you.

ALEISTER

You are a very fortunate soul.

Aleister crushes Flip's hand as they shake. His eyes bore into Flip. It's unnerving.

FLIP

Excuse me?

ALEISTER

To have such a supportive and,
might I add, beautiful wife.
She is one of the best
photographers I've ever seen.

Diana blushes.

DIANA

Aleister just moved back to town.
From New York.

ALEISTER

And I'm already buying it all up,
I'm afraid. The curse of too much
wealth and time.

FLIP

Well if you ever need to rub any of
that curse off on me...

Aleister gives a fake laugh.

ALEISTER

Diana tells me she's not the only
artist in the family.

Flip gives Diana a knowing stare.

FLIP

Well, it's more of a hobby.

ALEISTER

Sculpture's a very fine art. My
favorite, in fact. Diana here has
been hounding me all night about
you. I might be interested in
giving your work a look. Who knows,
you could have an art show
yourself.

Diana cannot contain her excitement. She kisses Flip.

DIANA

Isn't that wonderful, dear.

FLIP

(to Aleister)
Thank you.

ALEISTER

We all need someone fighting for us, don't you agree, Flip?

FLIP

Yeah.

ALEISTER

Let's drink to that. What would you two like?

DIANA

I'm not really supposed to be drinking on the job.

Aleister moves behind the bar.

ALEISTER

How about a martini? I'm told I make a pretty *devilish* one.

Aleister fixes a drink. Holds it out to her.

ALEISTER (CONT'D)

To new friends.

Diana hesitates, but takes the drink.

DIANA

To new friends.

LATER...

Flip watches as Diana and Aleister continue a conversation, but he's tuned out. Lost in his own world.

More nervous, he keeps sculpting his modeling clay. His fingers form a crude-looking devil in his hands as he looks at...

ALEISTER

The enigmatic man introduces Diana to more GUESTS at the party. At one point, Aleister pulls her in close for a photo, stealing a glance at Flip as he does.

EXT. HISTORIC DISTRICT, BACK STREETS - NIGHT

Later that night, Flip and Diana walk home on a tiny cobblestone street, lit by gas lamps.

Flip is ahead of his wife, carrying her camera equipment.

DIANA

Hey. Wait up. I'm not getting left behind in a haunted back alley.

Flip stops.

FLIP

I thought you didn't believe in ghosts.

DIANA

I believe in getting accosted by ghost hunters at one in the morning. This town is full of those creeps.

FLIP

Hey. Those creeps keep me employed.

DIANA

Barely.

FLIP

Speaking of creeps, what did you and Aleister talk about for so long?

DIANA

He knew my parents. It's random chance that I ran into him tonight, but it never would have happened if I didn't get out there and *introduce* myself. Now he could really take your career to a new level.

FLIP

I'm sure that's what he wants.

DIANA

Don't tell me you're jealous.

FLIP

You didn't feel his eyes all over you?

DIANA

I deal with men like that at every event. There's no chance.

FLIP

You sure? Even if he got you a job at *National Geographic*?

Diana pulls Flip close.

DIANA

Even if he made me the most famous,
wealthy photographer in the world.

Flip mimics Aleister's accent.

FLIP

(as Aleister)

*I don't know. A few more devilish
martinis might change your mind.*

Flip kisses Diana as she playfully fights back, giggling in delight.

ALEISTER (O.S.)

That's a fairly poor imitation.

Flip and Diana pull apart. Look at..

Aleister steps out of the shadows, a lithe cigar in his hand. He lights it with the SNAP of his fingers.

FLIP

What are you--

ALEISTER

Tell me, Flip. How did you abort
the child? Was it poison?

DIANA

How dare you. I've just had a
miscarriage and you--

ALEISTER

(to Flip)

It was poison, wasn't it? A child
growing that fast inside her. It
would have killed her, but you
killed it first.

Diana looks at Flip. His eyes are wide. Full of tears.

DIANA

Flip?

FLIP

I...

ALEISTER

Look at him, too scared to admit
the truth.

FLIP
Stay away from us.

He reaches for Diana, but she pulls away.

DIANA
What is he talking about? Did
you...?

FLIP
I, I...

His face says it all.

ALEISTER
She deserves better.

Aleister walks right up to Flip. PUNCHES him. Hard.

Flip tries to counter with his own punch, but Aleister catches his fist. Crushes it in his hand. Bones CRACK.

Flip HOWLS in pain.

DIANA
What are you doing? Stop it. STOP.

Diana WHACKS Aleister as hard as she can. Pulls Aleister away from her husband.

Aleister catches her arms, stopping her. He laughs.

ALEISTER
Why are you defending him? Look at
him... Look.

Flip lies balled up on the ground, clutching his hand. It's completely broken. He CRIES.

Aleister throws Diana into the waiting arms of...

A DOZEN MEN who slide from the darkness, dressed in cloaks and masks. The modern day MALEBRANCHE. These silent figures subdue Diana and drag her away...

Leaving Flip alone with Aleister.

ALEISTER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

He grabs Flip by the shoulders and lifts him up.

ALEISTER (CONT'D)
But this is for your own good.

He grabs Flip around the neck. Flames SHOOT out of Aleister's palms and down Flip's throat.

Flip clutches his neck. Choking. Smoke issues from his mouth as fire scorches his lungs. It only lasts a second, then...

FLIP DIES.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. TRASH STREWN ALLEY - NIGHT

Flip sits up amidst slimy garbage inside a dumpster. He rubs his neck. Pauses.

His fingertips pass right into his skin. As he pulls his hand away, his neck ripples like water.

Flip touches his fingertips. Each time they make contact a syrupy liquid drips off them. *Ectoplasm*.

What's more, his skin glows a subtle blue as if he were electrified.

Flip stands up. Gasps.

He stands over his own dead body. Flip is a GHOST.

Frantic, he tries to re-enter his corpse, but his spectral presence just passes through. Useless.

FLIP
Please, God. No.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
I think we're done here.

Startled, Flip turns to see:

A small cluster of POLICE OFFICERS stand in the alley around the dumpster. A brusque DETECTIVE examines Flip's corpse.

While Flip climbs out of the dumpster. His spectral body responds to Earth's gravity as if he were still alive.

Flip reaches out and touches the Detective.

FLIP
Help! Help me! PLEASE!
(then, quietly)
Oh, God. Diana.

The Detective doesn't hear or see Flip. But he does shiver slightly when Flip passes through him. Hairs rise on the back of his neck.

POLICE OFFICER
(to Detective)
The body, sir?

DETECTIVE
Burn it.

POLICE OFFICER
Yes, sir.

FLIP
No. Please. Help. HELP ME!

The Detective and the police officers clear out...

As a GARBAGE TRUCK barrels right through Flip. Stops at the dumpster.

Two mechanical arms lift the dumpster into the truck's hold, which has been retrofitted with an incinerator.

Flip watches his body fall into the incinerator. His glow dims.

The truck backs out of the alley. Gone.

Flip follows it out, but stops...

As a shadowy FIGURE approaches him.

FLIP (CONT'D)
Hey. You can see me?

The figure steps forward and Flip's sees it is a slimy goblin-like spirit covered in chains. An imp, a slave of Hell.
GAMBIT.

GAMBIT
Ello, spec.

Gambit opens his enormous mouth, revealing needle-like teeth. Green ooze drips from each spindly incisor.

The imp grabs Flip. Bites into the his shoulder.

Flip screams in pain.

A mist of WHITE LIGHT, *energy*, flows from Flip's "ghost wound." Flip's glow dims as a result.

Gambit continues to tear into Flip's shoulder, consuming his energy.

Desperate, Flip throws the imp off of him. Runs as fast as he can in the opposite direction.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN SEBASTIAN - LATER

Flip keeps running. He lays a hand over his wound to keep him from "bleeding" out any more energy.

EXT. HISTORIC DISTRICT, OLD CEMETERY - LATER

Flip pauses before an ancient and unkempt cemetery, shielded behind a tall iron gate.

Inside other GHOSTS wander among their graves, admiring the items left on their headstones.

Intrigued, Flip passes through the gate...

INSIDE THE CEMETERY

The cemetery ghosts stare at him as if he were an intruder.

Some are the MODERN DAY DEAD. Others, early 20th century REAL ESTATE MOGULS, 16th century SPANISH MISSIONARIES and FRENCH HUGUENOTS.

FRENCH HUGUENOT

(subtitled in French)

What are you doing here, spec? Get out? Get out at once! Spec!

SPANISH MISSIONARY

(subtitled in Spanish)

You have no headstone here. No haunting rights. Leave.

Others chime in, their glows darkening. A ghost's glow darkens when it grows angry.

Frightened, Flip backs out of the cemetery, when the ghost of a 1920s SALESMAN in a pinstripe suit grabs his shoulders.

1920S SALESMAN

Don't worry about them, kid. Get kinda cranky after hundreds of years. Nice death scar though.

FLIP

Nice what?

The salesman ghost opens up his suit to reveal a stab wound in his chest, the only part of his body that does not glow.

1920S SALESMAN

It's what shows how ya died, kid.

Flip touches his throat where Aleister choked him. Two hand prints glow a faint red on his neck.

FLIP

I'm not dead.

1920S SALESMAN

Boy, if only that were true. Let me tell ya sumthin': You may be done with the past, kid, but the past ain't done with you. The sooner you accept it, the better.

Flip pushes the salesman away.

FLIP

Get away from me.

All the cemetery ghosts have surrounded him. Glaring at him. YELLING at him.

Flip runs away.

1920S SALESMAN

Have a nice afterlife, kid.

EXT. SAN SEBASTIAN - DAY

The next day...

Flip wanders the streets of his own neighborhood, unnoticed. In daylight his glow is more faint, making him appear almost normal. Alive.

Flip sees more GHOSTS wandering silent, unnoticed, among the living.

INT. FLIP'S HOUSE - DAY

Flip scans his home for Diana, but she's gone.

One of Diana's cameras sits on the coffee table. Flip reaches out and touches it. As his hand passes through the lens, it TRIGGERS the camera.

TAKES a photo of him.

Flip tries to pick the camera up, but can't. The last picture shows up on the VIEW SCREEN: An empty room, with a small ORB of light right where Flip was standing.

Seeing this, Flip smirks. *Guess it's not moisture in the air after all.*

EXT. FANCY HOTEL, GALLERY - DAY

Flip heads towards the hotel where the art show was last night. He stops.

An army of IMPS guard the entire block, invisible to the living HOTEL GUESTS who pass right through them.

Flip has no chance of getting inside. He walks away before the imps spot him.

EXT. HISTORIC DISTRICT - EVENING

Flip's glow has deteriorated as his wound grows deeper, caving in his entire left shoulder.

Lost and alone, he reaches into his pocket where he normally kept his modeling clay. It's not there.

Flip passes various tourist shops as they begin to close.

Suddenly, he stops. Notices a sign with a cheesy-looking Ghost on it scaring Tourists: *Dash's World Famous Ghost Tour.*

EXT. OLD CEMETERY - NIGHT

Dash, the popular ghost tour guide from earlier, delivers another speech about local haunts.

Only now we see the tour from a ghost's point of view.

DASH

This cemetery is the final resting place of some of San Sebastian's most infamous residents... Pirates, slave owners, one of America's first serial killers. There have been over a hundred documented sightings at this very spot in the last year alone...

Unlike the tourists, Dash can see all the ghosts in the cemetery. He WINKS at a 1940s NURSE GHOST who walks amid the crowd.

Other SPIRITS join her.

The ghosts' presence causes the living tourists to shiver.

One UNRULY GHOST walks up to a TOURIST taking a photo.

The Unruly Ghost shoots him the bird, hoping the gesture will show up on the tourist's camera.

The tourist checks the picture. It shows a glowing orb, faintly in the shape of a middle finger.

The 1920s Salesman Ghost from before juggles three glowing globes of energy, smiling a mile wide, truly enjoying this. Energized by it.

Then Dash notices Flip, standing behind the crowd of the living.

DASH (CONT'D)
 (looking at Flip, but
 addressing the crowd)
 And every now and then, the
 cemetery takes on new spirits as
 well. They've even followed me back
 to my shop, asking for *help*.

Dash grabs his shoulder, clearly referring to Flip's ghost wound.

EXT. HISTORIC DISTRICT - BLUE LANTERN - NIGHT

After the tour. Flip follows Dash to a dingy curio shop lit with blue light. Signs advertise *WORLD FAMOUS GHOST TOUR* and *SEANCES BY APPOINTMENT ONLY*.

INT. BLUE LANTERN - NIGHT

CLAIRE, 16, cheerleader type, sits behind the counter reading *Cosmo*.

Around her are all manner of paranormal oddities: divining rods, EVP recorders, books on the occult.

CLAIRE'S POV - FRONT DOOR: Dash walks in, smoking a cigarette, appearing to talk to himself.

DASH
 (to no one)
 Look, if you think I had anything
 to do with this, you're wrong.
 (MORE)

DASH (CONT'D)
 I don't kill my competition.
 Claire, honey. Hold my meetings.

BACK TO SCENE

Claire sighs, drops her magazine.

CLAIRE
 (sarcastic)
 Sure thing, Uncle Dash. I'll let
 the ghosties know.

She posts a sign on the front door: *No Spectral Solicitation.*

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 (under her breath)
 Nut.

Dash and Flip continue to the back of the shop.

FLIP
 I was never competition to you.

DASH
 Trust me. It's a curse. Ghosts
 always need help, but they don't
 need sleep.

They reach a large iron door dotted in strange runic symbols.

Flip SMACKS hard into it as if he were alive again. Dash
 laughs.

DASH (CONT'D)
 Cold iron. There's things even a
 ghost can't pass through.

Dash opens the door to let Flip inside.

INT. BLUE LANTERN, BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The room is nothing more than a stone alcove containing a
 desk and a chair.

In the corner are piles of old batteries, car batteries, AA,
 AAA, 9-volt, et cetera.

Dash takes one of the batteries from the pile and passes it
 through Flip's wound.

Energy seeps out of the battery and into Flip's ghostly body,
reforming his shoulder.

DASH
There, that should keep it closed
up for good, spec.

FLIP
Spec?

DASH
Sorry. Force of habit. Spec,
spectre. It's kinda a derogatory
term actually. No offense.

Dash sits behind a small desk piled high with old and tattered scrolls. He puffs on a long, grandiloquent ivory pipe.

A capuchin monkey, LITTLE BIT, crawls out of a little door in the wall. Climbs onto Dash's shoulders.

DASH (CONT'D)
Not now, Little Bit.

The monkey SCREECHES. Moves towards Flip.

FLIP
So I'm...

Flip looks at the batteries. He reaches inside one and pulls out a energy GLOB.

FLIP (CONT'D)
...Made up of this stuff?

DASH
Energy. All different types of it.
The life forces within us gotta go
somewhere, you know. Matter neither
created nor destroyed, yada, yada,
yada....

Flip squeezes the orb, accidentally causing it to change shape. Huh? Intrigued, he moves his fingers over the orb, molding it from a globe into a pyramid.

DASH (CONT'D)
(noticing the pyramid)
Hey. That's pretty good.

FLIP
It's like sculpting.

Flip sets the pyramid down on the desk. Little Bit approaches it cautiously. The monkey can see supernatural things.

DORIAN

You know, you could join me on the tour. I bet you could sculpt a mean orb. Show up on a lot of tourist cameras.

FLIP

I need your help. My wife is in danger. Maybe even dead. Aleister attacked us last night. He's real. He killed me. I need to--

DASH

Hold on. Hold on. Just a moment. You want to try an stop an immortal being with demonic powers?

FLIP

Uh... yeah. You can do that, right?

DASH

I know you're new to this, but that's an insane request. That man is an empire. I'm just a medium.

FLIP

Can't you do something?

Dash puffs on a his pipe for a while.

DASH

Maybe I can get you some info. Find out what happened. But a risk like this will cost ya.

FLIP

Please. I'll do anything.

DASH

I'm sure you will.

Dash flashes a big grin.

EXT. CRABTREE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Another ghost tour.

Flip, clearly unhappy, performs alongside the ghosts from earlier for another crowd of living TOURISTS.

He shifts and moves ectoplasmic energy into various shapes as the tourists snap pictures.

EXT. LIGHTNER BUILDING - DAY

Outside, the place looks totally abandoned, boarded up. Concertina wire everywhere warding off trespassers.

But as we move inside a boarded up WINDOW we see...

INT. LIGHTNER BUILDING, VARIOUS - DAY

A bustling hive of activity, full of SCIENTISTS, BUSINESSMEN, ARMED GUARDS.

Aleister walks through a series of high security rooms: offices, storage full of weapons and medical supplies, even housing, all kept secret from the public eye.

Security cameras line the ceiling of each room, while electromagnetic pulse readers register energy levels.

A screen shows Aleister's body as "Living." These are GHOST SENSORS.

Aleister opens a door made of IRON, similar to the one in the Blue Lantern, meant to keep ghosts out.

INT. LIGHTNER BUILDING, IRON ROOM - DAY

Similar to a hospital room, but with various demonic symbols etched into the walls.

Aleister approaches Diana, who strapped to a hospital bed, fighting to break free.

DIANA

What did you do to him? Where is he?

ALEISTER

He's safe, so long as you cooperate.

DIANA

I'm not cooperating with anything. Not until I see my husband.

ALEISTER

It's strange. Returning to this town after 300 years ago. I knew it would produce another though. Six months and you were already having contractions.

DIANA

Is that what this is, some kind of Satanic cult thing? I had a medical abnormality---

ALEISTER

It was NO abnormality. It was a gift. For years you tried to have a child. Praying to any god that would listen. One of them did.

DIANA

Where is Flip?

ALEISTER

Flip was weak. A scared little child.

DIANA

Was?

ALEISTER

I'm here to save you, Diana. I can bring your child back.

Tears well in Diana's eyes. She doesn't want to admit it.

DIANA

I... I don't believe you.

Aleister sighs. He really doesn't want to do this.

From inside his pocket he removes an ancient-looking syringe, covered in ornate carvings, demonic beasts writhing in ecstasy. A fat, six-inch needle protrudes from its end.

ALEISTER

I'm so sorry to hear that.

Diana stares at the syringe in horror.