

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

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INT. SEATTLE - 1900'S PUB - NIGHT

Down the old pub's rickety wooden stairs is a room of dusty old tables and chairs, a small stage at one end, a bar at the other. Looks like the perfect ghostly hang out.

BRYNDLE MOODY (26) a tall woman with spiked blue-tipped hair and one arm of tats, sways by the stage. Eyes closed, arms outstretched, a mysterious breeze swirls her Stevie Nicks dress. THIS. This is her element.

BRYNDLE

I feel you here.

CARLOS ESTEBAN (28) heart of gold tech guy who looks like he sleeps on a friend's couch, films her. Closeby is EVE PRIMROSE (23) Bryndle's cousin. She's a slang aficionado and anime cosplay lover. Hapa Haole. Hapa Asian.

You've now met the ghost hunting team of Moody Paranormal.

BRYNDLE (CONT'D)

Who are you?

HARRY MOODY (32) Bryndle's complicated husband who's matrimonially checked out stands in the doorway studying a red laser grid dissecting the room. A camera points to the grid, ready for ghosts to disrupt the lines.

A gust of wind blows Eve's long black hair around. A stack of napkins disrupts and scatters at the bar.

Eve glances at an EMF (electro magnetic field) meter on Carlos's hip, now blinking with a surge of energy.

EVE

(whisper shouting)

Crackers! It's fifteen.

Bryndle jerks violently. Her eyes fly open.

BRYNDLE

(man's deep voice)

Beware. Danger.

Eve YELPS.

Bryndle's head slumps on her chest, the wind dies. Then

Heaving for breath, Bryndle pins the camera's eye with her gaze. Hooded black eyes.