

LIVIN' THE AFTERLIFE
"Doin' God's Dirty Work"
Pilot episode

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

There's a line-up of impatient CUSTOMERS waiting to have their order taken.

CUSTOMER #1

Hello! Is anybody gonna take our order?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

AARON ESKRA (20s), a dark-haired heavy metal stoner-type, confidently fixes his hair in the mirror. He straightens his collar and winks while pointing finger guns at himself.

AARON

Lookin' good, fella.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Aaron struts out of the bathroom toward the kitchen. His collared shirt is that of a fast food uniform. He grabs two trays, each with a meal on them, from under the heat lamps.

CUSTOMER #1 (O.S.)

Excuse me! We've been waiting here for fifteen minutes.

Aaron ignores the Customers and *WHISTLES* as he struts away with the food trays.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Behind the restaurant, there's a candle-lit dinner set up on a greasy cardboard box.

On one side of the box, sitting on a milk crate, is CRYSTAL SAXON (20s), a beautiful, tattooed punk-rocker who looks particularly displeased.

Aaron kicks open the back door and places a tray of food in front of Crystal.

He then grabs a newspaper and places it across her lap like a fine cloth napkin.

AARON

Your dinner, mon cheri.

Crystal looks down at her tray, then at Aaron.

CRYSTAL
You're kidding, right?

AARON
What do you mean?

Aaron sits on a milk crate across from Crystal.

CRYSTAL
This is your idea of an anniversary date?

AARON
(confused)
Well, yeah. I even mega-sized your fries.

Crystal stands, crumples up her newspaper napkin, and tosses it in Aaron's face.

CRYSTAL
I should have known not to expect much from you, Aaron.

Aaron stands and pleads.

AARON
Come on, baby. Please!

CRYSTAL
When we first met, you were working here as a fry cook, and you told me you were going to be somebody. But here you are, a year later, and you're still a fry cook.

AARON
Climbing the corporate ladder takes time. But I'm a shoo-in. My boss loves me!

AARON'S BOSS sticks his head out the back door.

AARON'S BOSS
Hey, shitdick! Get back to work.

CRYSTAL
Aaron, I can't be with someone who refuses to do anything with their life. All you do is sit around getting stoned all day.

(MORE)

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

I want to be with someone who's motivated and has goals.

Aaron rushes over to Crystal and drops to one knee.

AARON

I can be all those things, baby. Just give me another shot. I'll make it up to you. I promise.

Crystal's hesitant. She's heard this before.

AARON (CONT'D)

I'm off at seven. Meet me at that restaurant you like in Park Slope at nine!

CRYSTAL

(lightens up)
Are you sure?

AARON

I'll be there. Dead or alive.

Crystal hugs and kisses him before she walks away.

AARON'S BOSS (O.S.)

I don't know how a bum like you pulled off a dame like her, kid.

AARON

(watches Crystal walk away)
I don't know either.
(turns to his Boss)
Hey, boss, can I have a--

AARON'S BOSS

No.

INT. AARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Aaron enters his apartment. The walls are covered in Heavy Metal band posters, and the floor is littered with fast food wrappers. It's a downtown Brooklyn bachelor suite shithole.

He exhaustedly *SIGHS* as he looks around at his pathetic life.

Emotionlessly, he grabs a shirt off the floor. The shirt reads: "Keep Calm. Us Atheists aren't wrong!"

He looks at the clock on his microwave that reads 8pm.

AARON

I guess I got time for one quick hoot.

Aaron sits in his recliner chair, the only piece of furniture in the entire apartment, aside from his dirty mattress on the floor in the corner, and turns on the TV.

He grabs his bong and takes a hit.

He finds a bag of opened chips next to him.

AARON (CONT'D)

Score!

Cockroaches scurry out of the bag as he tosses a handful of chips in his mouth. As he chews, his eyes grow heavy, and he dozes off. Next thing you know, he's out cold.

Aaron SNORES and inhales his mouthful of chips. He shoots out of his chair and chokes.

In a panic, he grabs the TV and rams it into his stomach to give himself the Heimlich maneuver. He drops the TV on his foot, falls back, and hits his head.

His body drops, twitches, and goes limp.

INT. LA COSA MORTA OFFICE - NIGHT

The dimly lit room is decorated in a sort of gaudy motif. Marble pillars occupy each corner of the space, and a giant mural of a battle between good and evil adorns the main wall.

SIDNEY SLICKOWSKI, a.k.a., SLICK (40s), a skinny ghost with a menacing glare, sits on a love seat in a suit and fedora with a lit cigarette hanging from his lip.

CASEY TUBINSKI, a.k.a., TUBZ (50s), a fat ghost with a Brooklyn accent, a greased up hairdo, and a big heart, wears a tracksuit and gold chain as he sits behind a gaudy desk.

Slick and Tubz both have a blueish hue about them. Slick uninterestedly flips a coin while Tubz goes to town on a rather large sandwich.

SLICK

Didn't your mother ever teach you to chew with your mouth closed when you were alive?

TUBZ
 (mouthful)
 You know I got a breathin' problem.

Slick stands and floats toward Tubz.

SLICK
 More like an eatin' problem. Look
 at you. You're makin' a mess of the
 boss' desk.

DING! DING! Both Slick and Tubz pull out their ghostly
 cellphones and check their text messages.

TUBZ
 Looks like the kid's time has
 finally come.

Tubz cleans himself off.

SLICK
 I don't get why he can't go through
 the regular onboarding system like
 the rest of those flesh bags.

TUBZ
 Because he ain't a regular kid.

INT. AARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A blueish version of Aaron slowly stirs, then wakes. He
 stands to his feet and stretches. He looks at the clock that
 now reads 8:15pm.

AARON
 Shit! I better get out of here.

Groggy, Aaron reaches for the doorknob and pulls. The door
 doesn't open, but Aaron pays no mind and walks through it.

EXT. KENSINGTON - NIGHT

FREDDY FRIGHTENING (40s), a cocky, overweight Australian man
 with a broke-ass ghostbuster-looking contraption strapped to
 his back, speaks to a camera.

FREDDY
 G'day, mates. This is "The
 Frightening Files," and I'm the
 paranormal investigation, YouTube
 sensation Freddy Frightening.

(MORE)

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Today I'm broadcasting live from
 Brooklyn, New York.

Freddy jumps into the passenger seat of a white van.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Paranormal activity in New York is
 up a staggering 75% in the last
 month. But no worries, mates. I
 plan on wiping this city clean of
 these horrible haunters.

The camera is passed to Freddy. He films a screen that's
 strapped to the dash of the vehicle as the van accelerates.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Right here, we have our trusty EMF
 reader. I made a few tweaks to this
 bad boy, and now it can pick up
 paranormal activity within a one-
 mile radius.

The screen glitches. Freddy gives it a smack to fix it. The
 screen *BEEPS* vigorously.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Looks like we got us a couple orbs
 just north of here.
 (to the driver)
 Punch it, mate!

EXT. AARON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Aaron steps onto the sidewalk.

Next to the staircase is a cardboard box that's the home of
 CARL HIGGINS (50s), a clever African American homeless man
 who seems to be speaking to himself.

AARON
 What's going on, Carl?

Carl looks at Aaron in awe.

CARL
 Aaron... you're--

Aaron notices another man with a blueish hue crawl out of
 Carl's box.

AARON
 (re: Carl's friend)
 Who's your friend?

Carl's eyes widen.

CARL
You can see, William?

SIRENS sound in the distance. With flashing red lights on the roof, Freddy's white cargo van *SCREECHES* around the corner and slams on the brakes in front of Aaron's staircase.

The side of the van reads, "The Frightening Mobile" in a ghoulish font. The side door slides open, and Freddy jumps out with his broke-ass contraption in hand.

The *BEEPING* of Freddy's EMF reader gets louder as he steps towards the staircase.

FREDDY
CRIKEY! We got two deadies straight ahead!

Confused, Aaron watches as Freddy inches closer.

Freddy approaches the staircase and starts his vacuum contraption. The Cameraman records all the action.

Carl tries to hold on to William as the suction drags William toward Freddy.

CARL
(reaches out)
WILLIAM!

Carl turns to Aaron.

CARL (CONT'D)
Aaron, RUN!

Freddy turns his contraption on Aaron.

AARON
What the f--

Suddenly, a doorway appears, and Aaron is sucked into it.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MAMMA MIA'S SPAGHETTIRIA - NIGHT

Aaron wakes up at a table set for four with a cloth napkin tucked into his collar. He looks around the restaurant.

The place is busy with GHOSTS, each with a blueish hue, who enjoy their meals as SERVER GHOSTS wait on them.

LUIGI (50s), the restaurant Host, rushes over.

LUIGI

Good evening Mr. Aaron. Your guests will be right with you.

Luigi bows and rushes away.

AARON

Wait! Where the hell am I?

Aaron looks around in a panic.

AARON (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I don't have time for this.

Aaron stands and is met with what feels like a gun on the small of his back.

TUBZ (O.S.)

FREEZE, YOU MOOGATZ, OR YOU'LL BE SLEEPIN' WIT' THE FISHES!

Aaron throws his hands in the air in surrender.

AARON

Please, don't shoot. I'm too young to die.

Slick and Tubz LAUGH.

Aaron turns, eyes wide with fear, to find Tubz with his finger guns on him.

SLICK

Too late for that, ya meathead!

AARON

What?

TUBZ

He means you're already dead, kid.
Checked out. Kapeesh'd. Done. No
more. Perished. Offed. Wasted.
Departed--

SLICK

I think he gets the point, Tubz.

TUBZ

He don't look like he's gettin' the
point.

Slick glares at Tubz and shakes his head.

Aaron tosses his napkin on the table.

AARON

Ha. Ha. Real funny. This must be
some part of the Freddy Frightening
show, huh?

TUBZ

Woah. You had a run-in wit' Freddy
Frightenin'?

AARON

(suspicious)

Uh, yeah. He sucked up a man named
William with some pretty impressive
special effects.

SLICK

Ain't no special effects, kid. Your
pal, William's a goner. Ain't no
ghost returned from a run-in with
Freddy.

Tubz raids the bread basket and chows down.

AARON

This can't be right.

TUBZ

(mouthful)

It ain't right.

(chews)

It's destiny.

Aaron starts to hyperventilate as he puts it all together.

AARON

(stands)

I gotta get out of here.

Suddenly, the entire restaurant *GASPS*.

VINCENZO VONALINI, a.k.a., VINCE (50s), a short, balding Mafia Don from Brooklyn, enters the restaurant. He wears a crisp suit and smokes a cigar that's always lit.

As Vince makes his way toward Aaron's table, he holds out his hands. All the Ghosts in the restaurant stand, bow, kiss his hand and wish him a good evening.

GHOST #1 rushes over and kneels in Vince's way.

GHOST #1

Please, Mr. Vonalini, sir. May I have a moment of your time?

Vince motions for him to continue.

GHOST #1 (CONT'D)

I own a small bodega down in Bed-Stuy. The other day Kakia's men ransacked the place and demanded I start selling unsavory products for her. How am I supposed to make my own heavenly quota if I'm sellin' sinful supplies?

Vince helps the Ghost to his feet.

VINCE

Come see me in my office tomorrow.

GHOST #1

Thank you, Don!

Ghost #1 kisses Vince's hand and exits.

Vince continues toward the table. He stops in front of Aaron, who stares at him in awe.

AARON

Wait a minute. You're--

VINCE

Vincenzo Vonalini.

AARON

Ugh, yeah! The leader of the infamous Vonalini crime organization! The man who organized and executed the Easter Sunday Massacre of 82!

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY

There's an Easter Sunday mass going on.

MOB LOOKING GUYS shake hands near the podium.

At the back of the podium are three large, decorative Easter eggs that begin to crack open. Vince, Tubz, and Slick jump out of the eggs in Easter Bunny costumes holding Tommy guns.

VINCE

Hippity hop, mother fuckers!

All three open fire causing a total blood bath.

BACK TO:

INT. MAMMA MIA'S SPAGHETTIRIA - NIGHT

Aaron's jaw is practically on the ground.

TUBZ

In the spirit, kid.

AARON

But you've been dead for like--

VINCE

32 years, 253 days, 16 hours,
and...

(checks his watch)

23 minutes.

Aaron drops in his chair.

AARON

(in awe)

I can't be dead. I gotta make
things right with Crystal.

TUBZ

What's the point, kid? We've been
watchin' ya for a while now. And
you ain't no Romeo.

Slick chuckles as he lights up a cigarette.

SLICK

(to Vince)

The kid's a bit of an idiot, boss.
You sure he's got the stuff to be a
made man?

Luigi drops off a plate of spaghetti for each one of them and bows. Vince stuffs a ghostly dollar bill into Luigi's breast pocket. Luigi gracefully glides away.

Tubz already has a fork full in his mouth.

TUBZ
He's a Vonalini.
(chews)
It's in his blood.

Slick rolls his eyes.

AARON
Hold up. I'm a Vonalini?

VINCE
It's a lot to take in. Let's take a walk.

Aaron's eyes widen in fear.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Not that kind of walk, ya nincompoop.

Vince stands as a bright door appears behind him.

Tubz sadly looks at his spaghetti and shovels as much in his mouth as he can.

Vince guides a dumbfounded Aaron through the doorway.

EXT. BOROUGH PARK - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Vince, Aaron, Slick, and Tubz walk through a doorway. It disappears behind them.

VINCE
Your dad's name is Giovanni Vonalini. He loved you and your mother very much, but she never did approve of the family business.

AARON
(excited)
Really? I've never really had a family. It's always just been me and ma. Should I call you grandpa?

Vince winces.

VINCE

For professionalism's sake, call me
Vince.

Vince looks around. He's clearly on the hunt for someone.

AARON

(disappointed)

Fine... So, where are we? Hell?

Vince glares at Aaron.

VINCE

You're in the afterlife, kid. You ain't done enough good to go to Heaven, and you ain't done enough bad to go to Hell. So now, like the rest of these schmucks, you're stuck in purgatory, doing favors for an organization I created called La Cosa Morta. With every favor completed, you'll learn a lesson in the seven virtues, thus working your way into Heaven.

Aaron scans his surroundings. The street is lined with Jewish Lox and Bagel shops, kosher butcher shops, and Jewish bakeries. All types of JEWISH GHOSTS wander the streets.

AARON

I didn't expect the afterlife to be so... Jewish.

TUBZ

Nah, kid. Here in Brooklyn, Vinny's got all the major religions divided into boroughs. We're currently in the most Jewish part of the afterlife, Borough Park.

Vince spots his culprit.

VINCE

There he is, boys. Let's get 'em.

ELIJAH HOFFMAN (60s), an older, balding Jewish ghost wearing a Kippah, sits outside a Lox and Bagel shop with a fellow Jewish Ghost. They chat over a jar of pickles.

ELIJAH

This afterlife is bupkis! Would it kill these ghosts to add a little salt to the brisket around here? Just a pinch. A pinch is all I ask.

Elijah spots Vince, Tubz, and Slick sprinting toward him.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Oy Vey!

Elijah makes a run for it. As they pass, Tubz stops and grabs himself a pickle.

EXT. BOROUGH PARK - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Elijah turns into the back alley. He stops, realizing he's trapped. He backs away from Vince, Slick, and Tubz.

ELIJAH

(afraid)

Vincenzo! If it isn't my favorite gentile. I see you're ambitious nature proceeds you, even in the afterlife.

VINCE

(smirks)

Just doin' God's dirty work, Elijah. Speakin' of ambition, it seems your time here is up.

Aaron turns the corner into the back alley.

Vince draws a GAUDY-LIKE 45 CALIBER PISTOL. It's sterling silver and has an ornamental design. The clip is transparent and glows a bright blue. This gun is called The Promise Land.

A *HEAVENLY CHOIR* can be heard.

Elijah sobs tears of joy.

Aaron runs up and pulls Vince away.

AARON

Woah! What the hell are you doing?

Elijah chants the Jewish prayer of death.

VINCE

It's his time, kid.

Vince takes aim.

AARON

Come on! Whatever he's done can't be that bad.

VINCE

You're right. It was that good.

Vince pulls the trigger. *BAM!*

The Old Man is thrown back into a pile of garbage.

Aaron looks as though he's about to throw up.

Suddenly, TWO JEWISH ANGELS descend from Heaven and carry Elijah upward.

ELIJAH

Thank you, Vincenzo. I'll never forget you.

VINCE

Rest easy, my friend. Enjoy the world on high. You deserve it.

Elijah looks to one of the Jewish Angels.

ELIJAH

So, how's the brisket up there? Not to bland, I hope!

The Jewish Angels shrug their shoulders. They all disappear.

Vince approaches Aaron, who's frozen in shock.

VINCE

(tucks away his pistol)
What's the matta? You look like you've seen a ghost.

Vince smirks and does up his jacket as he walks away. Aaron chases after him.

AARON

(to Vince)
If that's how you send people to Heaven, I would hate to see how you send them to Hell!

Slick and Tubz chuckle.

VINCE

What can I say? When I was put in charge, I was allowed to do things my way.

AARON

So, there is a way out of here, then?

SLICK

None that'll get you back to the livin', if that's what you're after.

EXT. BOROUGH PARK - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Vince, Slick, Tubz, and Aaron step out of the alley and continue to stroll down the sidewalk.

VINCE

Even if there were, such actions would be detrimental to the afterlife. This place is like a delicate balancing act. Even the smallest deed, whether good or evil, could reshape the afterlife as we know it.

Tubz quivers.

TUBZ

And don't get me started on what would happen to the livin'. Fugget about it!

Aaron watches a SURLY GHOST shoulder check two passing HUMANS. The Humans blame each other for being pushed and begin fighting in the streets.

Thunder *ROLLS*. Aaron looks up and notices dark clouds form.

Aaron has a look of confusion as another doorway appears.

INT. KENSINGTON SUBWAY - PLATFORM - NIGHT

Tubz, Slick, Aaron, and Vince step out of the doorway before it vanishes.

AARON

So you're the only one who has this kind of power?

Vince has a suspicious look in his eye as if he's not telling the whole truth, but he nods anyway.

AARON (CONT'D)

Who are you to decide what's right and what's wrong? Who's good, and who's evil?

VINCE

I don't make the rules, kid. I just enforce 'em.

AARON

Says the notorious murderers.

Vince glares at Aaron and *GROWLS*.

Vince's cell phone *RINGS*. His ring tone's the theme song from God Father. He answers.

VINCE

(into the phone)

Talk to me.

Vince's face grows serious, and he steps away, revealing a large subway advertisement behind him. Aaron looks closer.

It's an image of two female ghosts straddling one another. It reads, "Allure Night Club, specializing in debauchery since the beginning of time! 666 Bed-Stuy Blvd."

Aaron grins.

TUBZ

Now that you're dead, you're gonna need to learn how to get around the afterlife.

AARON

Can't I just make a doorway appear like you?

Slick and Tubz chuckle.

SLICK

That's a luxury only associates of La Cosa Morta are privy to. You need to get familiar with the X train. It comes through here every ten minutes. It'll take you anywhere in Brooklyn.

A DRUNK HUMAN stumbles next to Tubz.

A train approaches.

The Drunk Human sways and is about to fall onto the tracks. Tubz grabs him by the collar and saves his life. The Drunk Human doesn't even notice. The train stops, and doors open.

Tubz nudges the Drunk Human onto the train.

Aaron watches as the sky clears up a little.

Just then, Crystal walks toward Aaron.

AARON

Crystal!

Aaron tries to give her a hug. She passes right through him and gets the chills. The train doors close behind her.

Aaron watches Crystal through the train windows as the train leaves the station.

AARON (CONT'D)

(to himself)

She's heading to our date.

SLICK

You ain't ready to be making contact with humans, ya nincompoop.

TUBZ

Yeah. Ain't you ever seen that movie, Ghost?

SLICK

It's surprisingly accurate.

TUBZ

And tasteful too.

Slick looks at Tubz like he's nuts.

TUBZ (CONT'D)

What? I'm a Swayze fan. Fugget about it!

SLICK

Jesus Christ, Tubz!

Suddenly, a ghostly subway train marked with an X pulls into the station. Aaron watches in wonderment as ghosts of all eras file out of the train and go about their day.

TUBZ

(to Slick)

Hey! What did Jesus say about usin' his name in vain? You know he don't like it.

Slick gets in Tubz's face.

SLICK

That's too bad for him. And you can tell him I said that the next time you see him.

Aaron looks at the Allure advertisement, then a distracted Slick and Tubz, then at Vince with his back to it all.

AARON

(to himself)

I'm gonna be at this date. Dead or alive.

Aaron creeps on the X train; the doors close, and it leaves.

Vince approaches Tubz and Slick as he hangs up his phone. He looks around.

VINCE

Where's the kid?

EXT. ALLURE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Aaron stands outside the infamous Allure Night Club in awe. The lights and sounds of ghostly good times fill the streets.

BIKER GHOSTS fight while BLACKSPLOITATION-TYPE GHOSTS smoke weed and watch Aaron enter the building.

INT. ALLURE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The place is a dive bar through and through. Ghosts of all walks of the afterlife party it up and mingle.

Aaron wanders up to the bar, all smiles.

VOICE (O.S.)

Now, you look like someone who's ready for a good time!

Aaron turns to find the Greek Goddess KAKIA (40s), a beautiful, voluptuous woman who's very done up. She slowly stirs a martini with a small flame in it.

AARON

Sorry. This just feels like my kind of place!

KAKIA

(laughs)

Welcome to my kingdom, baby.

AARON
You're the owner?

KAKIA
That's right, darling. They call me
the Queen of Debauchery. The
Temptress of Thrills. The Countess
of Corruption.
(winks at Aaron)
You get the point. If you need
anything, you come to me, baby.

Aaron thinks to himself for a moment, then looks up at Kakia.

AARON
You wouldn't happen to know how to
get back to the living, would you?

KAKIA
Baby, when I say anything, I mean
anything.

Aaron smiles from ear to ear.

KAKIA (CONT'D)
It's gonna cost ya, though.

AARON
All good! My grandpa Vince will
sort you out.

KAKIA
(grins)
Vinny's grandson?
(slides closer to Aaron)
The whole ghostly realm's talking
about you, sweetie.
(she extends her hand to
be kissed)
The name's Kakia. Drink?

AARON
I'd prefer a toke if you got that.

Kakia snaps her fingers. A joint appears in her hand.

EXT. ALLURE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Dark clouds form, and thunder *ROLLS* louder.

INT. EARTH RESTAURANT - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A human DISHWASHER carries cases of food down a staircase.

He gets to the bottom of the stairs and struggles to open the walk-in cooler.

INT. WALK-IN COOLER - NIGHT

The Dishwasher enters and looks around.

The place is trashed. Whole chickens, raw steaks, and vegetables begin to fly at his head as he *SCREAMS*, drops the cases, and runs for the door.

INT. ALLURE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Aaron takes a drag of the ghostly joint and holds it in. He passes it to Kakia, who's sprawled out on the bar top.

KAKIA

Aaron, darling. I'm going to let you in on a secret. There's so much this afterlife has to offer, but if you go running around with your grandpa and La Cosa Morta, it's gonna be nothin' but work, work, work. There'll be no partaking in the joys of death, my love.

Aaron exhales the smoke and nods.

KAKIA (CONT'D)

For centuries people have been talking about "good" and "evil," and you know what, it's all a bunch of drivel, baby. It's all the same here in the afterlife.

AARON

But what about the delicate balance my gramps was talking about?

Kakia leans closer in a sultry manner.

KAKIA

It's all bullshit, baby. Now, I'll send you back to the living whenever you want. But I need something in return.

A FLAMING CONTRACT appears in Kakia's right hand and a FLAMING PEN in her left.

KAKIA (CONT'D)

I can have you on that date with time to spare. All you need to do, my handsome prince, is sign on the dotted line.

The flame in Kakia's martini grows as she grins maniacally.

Aaron takes the contract and stares at the dotted line.

KAKIA (CONT'D)

What do ya say? An eternity of goody two-shoein' around? Or havin' some fun with me, Livin' the afterlife?!

Kakia hands Aaron the pen. Aaron puts pen to paper.

TUBZ (O.S.)

Don't do it, kid!

Aaron looks up at watches Tubz and Slick approach.

AARON

(to himself)

Dead or alive!

Aaron closes his eyes and signs the contract.

POOF! He disappears.

KAKIA

Casey Tubinski! Long time no see, darling. Still doin' Vincent's bitch work, I see.

SLICK

What'd you do with the kid?

KAKIA

I just gave him what he wanted, darling. There's no harm in that. Is there?

Kakia grins as Slick gets in her face.

Every ghost in the place stands and stares at Slick.

KAKIA (CONT'D)

Go ahead, darling. Punish me like the naughty girl I am.

The mob of angry ghosts surrounds Tubz and Slick.

A ghostly brawl breaks out.

The clock behind the bar reads 8:55pm.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. EARTH RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron wakes up at a table set for two in this very green, vegan-themed restaurant.

Confused, he scans the room and then his clothes. He's dressed in a crisp three-piece suit.

He checks his inner jacket pocket and finds a full money clip with a pentagram on the front.

A human HOSTESS hurries over.

HOSTESS

I'm so sorry, sir. I didn't see you come in.

AARON

Where am I exactly?

HOSTESS

You're at Earth, sir. Brooklyn's top-rated vegan experience.

Aaron eyes her up.

AARON

Are you alive... or dead?

HOSTESS

(hesitant)

Alive... sir.

Aaron's confused look grows into a smirk.

INT. EARTH RESTAURANT - OFFICE - NIGHT

The Dishwasher sits in front of a desk in tears.

A RESTAURANT MANAGER (50s) dials a number on her phone and turns her chair away from the Dishwasher.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

(into the phone)

Yes. There's been some paranormal activity at my restaurant in Bed-Stuy. We need you down here right away.

Behind her, you can see her computer screen is open on the Freddy Frightening webpage.

INT. EARTH RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Hostess places a beer in front of Aaron.

 HOSTESS
Will anyone be joining you this evening?

 AARON
As a matter of fact, yes...

Aaron's distracted by Crystal. She looks ravishing as she enters the restaurant with a look of shock.

 AARON (CONT'D)
There she is now.

Crystal sits down.

 AARON (CONT'D)
You look surprised to see me.

 CRYSTAL
I guess I just didn't expect you to be on time.

 AARON
Then you're really gonna be impressed when you find out what it took to get here.

The Hostess places a glass of water in front of Crystal.

 HOSTESS
Can I start you with something to drink?

 AARON
She'll have a--

 CRYSTAL
 (to the Hostess)
A minute, please.

The Hostess nods and walks into the kitchen area.

 CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Aaron, we need to talk.

AARON
 Okay. But first, let me tell you
 about the kind of night I've had.

CRYSTAL
 Aaron, I'm sorry, but I'm breaking
 up with you.

Aaron's face drops.

AARON
 (devastated)
 What do you mean you're breaking up
 with me?

CRYSTAL
 It's just--

SCREAMS emanate from the kitchen.

The kitchen doors fly open. The Hostess runs for the exit!

HOSTESS
 GHOST!

Behind her, the Dishwasher also runs for his life.

Plates, pots, and pans fly out of the kitchen entryway.

Tables begin to flip, making their way toward Aaron.

CRYSTAL
 What the hell is going on?

AARON
 I don't know. But I'm going to find
 out.

Aaron struts toward the activity.

AARON (CONT'D)
 Whoever this is. It's not worth it,
 man.

BOOM! Aaron is shoved across the room.

He slides to a halt in front of a pair of busted-up shoes.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

SIRENS ring out. The Frightening Mobile slides around a corner and speeds down the street.

EXT. THE FRIGHTENING MOBILE - NIGHT

Freddy hangs out of the passenger side window as he hums the Ghostbuster theme song.

FREDDY

If there's something strange in
your neighborhood. Who ya gonna
call? Freddy Frightening!

INT. EARTH RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron looks up and finds his homeless friend Carl Higgins. He helps Aaron to his feet.

AARON

Carl? What are you doing here?

CARL

I'm not quite sure. I'm here with a
man named... Vince?

Aaron examines Carl.

AARON

You can communicate with the dead?
I just thought you were
schizophrenic.

CARL

I get that a lot. Vince told me if
I helped him, he would help me find
my late husband, William.

Aaron scowls.

AARON

Tell him I'm not going back. I have
a purpose now. I need to save my
relationship.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

Aaron, do something!

CARL'S POV -

Carl turns to Vince.

VINCE

That little prick needs to get his
ass back here, now, in order to fix
this. He's what's causing this
outbreak.

END POV.

CARL

He is not very pleased with you,
Aaron. Something about going back.

Aaron ducks as a table flies past his head.

AARON

I don't need to be dead to fix
this.

Aaron strolls up to the nearest flipped table.

AARON (CONT'D)

(to the ghost)

Come on, man. What's your name?

Carl walks up behind Aaron.

CARL

He said his name's Finn O'Reilly.

AARON

And what seems to be the problem,
Finn?

CARL'S POV -

The ghost of an Irish mobster, FINN O'REILLY (40s), holds a
table over his head.

FINN

I hate vegans! Grass is for cattle
and frolicking, not weak breathers
like these vegan fucks.

CARL

(to Aaron)

Apparently, he's not a fan of
vegans?

VINCE

Enough is enough. I'm sendin' this
soul down to where he belongs.

Vince draws a GAUDY-LIKE 45 CALIBER PISTOL. It's sterling
silver and has an ornamental design. This clip glows an
orange lava-like glow. This gun is called The Inferno.

DEMONIC MOANS can be heard as the ground vibrates.

END POV.

Aaron feels the vibrations.

AARON
(to Carl)
Uh oh. Grandpa pulled out a gun,
didn't he?

Carl nods.

AARON (CONT'D)
Is it glowing blue?

Carl shakes his head.

CARL
Orange.

AARON
Shit. That must be the other way
out.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
Aaron, what's going on? I'm scared.

AARON
Just stay down.
(looks around)
Gramps, just let me talk to him.

Carl turns to his left and then back to Aaron.

CARL
He said to stop calling him gramps.
(listens for a beat)
And that you have ten seconds
before he sends this... Oh, I'm not
about to repeat that. You have ten
seconds before he sends Finn to
Hell.

CARL'S POV -

Vince steps closer to Finn with The Inferno pointed at him.

Finn *GROWLS* as he flexes with the table over his head.

AARON
Finn, what's really bothering you,
man? I hate vegans too, but I'm not
about to go to Hell for them.

END POV.

Carl listens for a beat.

CARL

He said he's tired of doing good things in the afterlife. That Kakia was right?

CARL'S POV -

Vince steps closer to Finn. The vibrations are stronger, and the *DEMONIC MOANS* louder.

AARON

Look, Finn. All we have to do to make our way into Heaven is be nice. It's not rocket science. Aren't you happy that, at least, there's something after death? That there's somewhere, we belong? I mean, we now know what happens when you die. Something people have been dying to figure out. Pun intended! Shouldn't we be happy that there's an answer?

Finn's shoulders slump.

Crystal stands and watches Aaron in admiration.

Vince's shocked and lowers his gun.

AARON (CONT'D)

People do good shit all the time, man. But if you're keeping track of every little good thing you do, then, of course, it's gonna take forever. If you stop thinking about it and let it come naturally, I'm sure Heaven, or whatever you believe in, will come a lot sooner.

Crystal puts her hand on Aaron's shoulder.

CRYSTAL

Baby, that was beautiful. Maybe I was wrong about you?

Aaron grabs Crystal and dips her all casa nova-like. He's about to go in for a kiss when *BOOM!*

The front doors fly open, and Freddy Frightening walks in with an electrical contraption in hand.

FREDDY

Have no fear! Freddy Frightening is here!

(MORE)

FREDDY (CONT'D)
(to Cameraman)
Ooo, write that down.

Freddy attaches his homemade electron gun to a car battery strapped to his waist.

The gun shoots an electric stream that obliterates everything in its path. It's too powerful. Freddy loses control.

The stream destroys the ceiling, tables, and walls leaving burns and small fires.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Steady, Freddy. STEADY!

Aaron notices Freddy guide the electrical stream to the floating table.

AARON
NO!

Aaron dives in front of the stream and saves Finn's soul.

Freddy cuts the power to his gun.

FREDDY
Crikey!
(to Cameraman)
We gotta get out of here.

Freddy and the Cameraman take off.

FREDDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We can edit that out in post-
production. Right?

Carl chases after them.

CARL
You animal! Where's my William?

Crystal hits the ground and cradles Aaron's burnt dead body.

CRYSTAL
My man. My poor, sweet man!

Vince walks up to Aaron, who stands behind Crystal and his dead body. Vince places his hand on Aaron's shoulder.

VINCE
You did the right thing, Aaron.

AARON
Sure doesn't feel like it.

Crystal reaches for her phone as she *CRIES*.

VINCE
It doesn't matter how it feels,
kid. It's about what's right and
what's wrong. And you did the right
thing.

Aaron doesn't seem convinced.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Look on the bright side, you set a
goal, and you went for it. That's
progress.

Aaron looks over Crystal's shoulder. She continues to *SOB* as she downloads Tinder.

AARON
Oh, come on!

She runs out of the restaurant and unknowingly passes a bruised and beaten Tubz and Slick.

TUBZ
Sorry, we're late, boss. What did
we miss?

VINCE
(proudly)
Nothing my grandson couldn't
handle.

AARON
Doesn't this grant me a free pass
into Heaven?

VINCE
(laughs)
Fugget about it!

Tubz and Slick look at Aaron like, "what a stupid question."

FADE OUT.

TAG

INT. ALLURE NIGHT CLUB - OFFICE - NIGHT

Kakia sits behind a desk in a room with walls made of fire.

She watches Vince, Aaron, Slick, and Tubz exit the restaurant on her computer screen.

Kakia's phone *RINGS*. The caller ID reads "Boss."

KAKIA
(into the phone)
Yes sir.
(smiles)
I saw the whole thing. Don't worry.
We've got it under control. He
signed the contract.

Kakia hangs up and grins maniacally.

There's a *KNOCK* at the door.

KAKIA (CONT'D)
Come in.

A SERVER GHOST (50s) enters with a bag of ghost cash.

SERVER GHOST
Here's tonight's drop. Do you need
anything else?

Kakia thinks for a moment.

KAKIA
As a matter of fact, yes. Buy a
round of drinks on the house. We've
got something to celebrate tonight.

The Server Ghost nods and exits.

Kakia *LAUGHS* maniacally.

FADE OUT.