

Department of Unseen Affairs

PILOT

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Version 2

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PILOT EPISODE

FADE IN:

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS - LOBBY - MORNING

Fluorescent lights buzz overhead, struggling to stay alive. Dust drifts through the stale air and dried up plants. The "Employee of the Month" wall glints faintly - every plaque bears the same name: Claude the Vampire, 1896.

A reception desk sits like a relic from another century. GAIL, mid-40s, exhausted but unflappable, types with one hand while nudging a witch's hat aside with the other. A faint shimmer moves across the lobby - ghosts clocking in.

VOICE (O.S.)

In accordance with Paranormal
Integration Policy 52-B, all
spectral and corporeal employees
must check in before their shift.

Gail sighs, sprinkles a pinch of herbs into her coffee without looking up.

The doors bang open. GARY, mid-30s, a werewolf in human form - tie too tight, eyes bloodshot - stomps in with a stack of paperwork. His ID badge dangles: Head of Field Investigations.

GARY

(into camera)

Every month, same nightmare. Full
Moon Leave Request Forms denied
because "I'm not a morning person."

He exhales, tugging at the tie digging into his neck.

GARY (CONT'D)

I used to hunt monsters.

(beat)

Now I file their HR complaints.
Circle of life, I guess.

He gives the camera a weary smirk - part snarl, part survival instinct - before trudging deeper into the flickering maze of bureaucracy.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

The office hums with a strange rhythm - chaos disguised as order.

Stacks of paper teeter on desks beside flickering lanterns. Filing cabinets line the walls: "Ghost Complaints." "Werewolf Disputes." "Poltergeist Permissions." A coffee machine labeled "MAGIC BEANS ONLY" wheezes steam like an old dragon.

ALEX, early 30s, human, fresh suit, frayed nerves, steps inside clutching a new employee badge. He takes in the absurdity – floating memos, glowing phones, a broom sweeping itself.

ALEX
(into camera)
So, when they said "Department of
Unseen Affairs," I figured national
security. Not... supernatural HR.

He glances around, lowering his voice.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(into camera, quieter)
Honestly, I just needed a steady
job. After my last government job,
getting haunted haunted feels like
an upgrade.

He straightens his tie – crooked anyway – and forces a weak grin.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Three agencies in five years.
Apparently "asking too many
questions" isn't a valued skill in
the Department of Motor Vehicles.

He shrugs, trying to look confident.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Maybe here they won't notice.

He turns – and nearly walks into LILA, 30s, the department's HR witch with charm and caffeine dependence, stirring a potion in her mug. The brew glows faintly purple.

LILA
Oh hey, new blood! Welcome aboard.
(smiles sweetly)
If you ever need a protective charm
or, you know, an emergency
exorcism, my office is the one that
smells like lavender and despair.

She studies him – just long enough for sincerity to slip through the sarcasm.

LILA (CONT'D)
Don't worry. First days are always
weird here. Some of us are still on
ours.

Alex chuckles nervously, the sound a little too high-pitched.

ALEX
So... who do I report to?

Lila gestures across the room. CLAUDE, the vampire – sharp
suit, century-old poise – stands reviewing case files like a
man still pretending eternity comes with dental benefits.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS – BRIEFING ROOM – DAY

The lights flicker, the walls whisper faintly. Specters drift
through as the team gathers. Claude stands at the head of the
table, flipping through worn leather folders.

CLAUDE
(into camera)
We're public servants. Just for...
a different demographic.

He gestures at the whiteboard: CASE #345 – GHOSTLY TAX FRAUD.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
Mr. Archibald. Deceased since 1783.
Still filing deductions. The IRS
can't stop him, so naturally – they
sent us.

He adjusts his antique cufflinks, sighs – elegance tinged
with exhaustion.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
(into camera, dry)
Two centuries of service, and I'm
still auditing the dead.
Immortality's overrated.

Alex raises a tentative hand.

ALEX
Wait, so... what's the plan?

Gary, the werewolf investigator, leans close – grin wolfish,
voice low.

GARY

Quiet entry. Keep him calm. Last tax collection went sideways – still can't get the fifth floor to stop rattling.

Claude snaps the folder shut.

CLAUDE

You all know the drill.

His gaze lands on Alex – who freezes mid-blink.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

You. Rookie. You're with us.

Before Alex can protest, Gary claps a heavy hand on his shoulder and steers him toward the door. The team grabs their gadgets, papers, and courage – just another day collecting debts from the dead.

INT. HAUNTED VICTORIAN HOUSE – DAY

The air hums with residual energy. Cobwebs shimmer faintly as Alex, Gary, and Claude step through the door. Dust motes float like ghosts of old secrets.

A grandfather clock ticks backward. The wallpaper sighs.

At the far end of the parlor, MR. ARCHIBALD, translucent and offended by existence, sits hunched over an ancient abacus. His powdered wig flickers in and out of reality.

ALEX

(into camera)

Yeah, so I thought this job would be dead easy.

He eyes the walls, which pulse with faint whispers.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(into camera, lower)

Now I'm thinking this is a government hazing ritual. Area 51 meets HR orientation.

A nervous laugh. Even the walls seem to chuckle back.

MR. ARCHIBALD

Who trespasses in my domicile? I am mid-calculation!

Gary leans toward Alex, keeping his voice low.

GARY
Just play along, or he'll start
throwing furniture. Classic
Archibald.

Claude sets a neat stack of aged tax forms on a dusty table,
his composure unshakable – almost.

GARY (CONT'D)
Mr. Archibald, we're here regarding
unpaid taxes. Form 13B, spectral
income...

MR. ARCHIBALD
(interrupting, grand)
I claim exemptions! Coffin upkeep,
and ectoplasmic containment!

Alex squints, incredulous.

ALEX
Did he just try to write off his
coffin?

MR. ARCHIBALD
A perfectly legitimate business
expense! Death is terribly high-
maintenance!

Claude rolls his eyes, exhales, unimpressed, flipping through
parchment. His hand pauses on a page – a wax seal glows faint
red.

CLAUDE
Let's just finalize the audit
before he starts claiming
deductions for hauntings again.

Alex leans in, curious.

ALEX
What's with the glowing one?

Claude looks up sharply, tone ice.

CLAUDE
Do not touch the seal. It binds his
record to our archives. Break it,
and the link breaks with it.

Alex freezes, hand midair.

ALEX
Got it. No touching.

He fidgets, straightening the papers – and his finger grazes the edge of the seal. A faint HUM. The wax flares bright, then fades.

Alex blinks, uneasy.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You guys hear that?

GARY

Probably the pipes. Haunted plumbing's the worst.

Claude eyes the seal – suspicion flickers, then he smooths his jacket.

CLAUDE

Let's finish before he itemizes ectoplasm again.

The clock TICKS louder. The seal's faint glow lingers – unseen.

INT. HAUNTED VICTORIAN HOUSE – UPSTAIRS HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

Claude, Gary, and Alex inch through a corridor thick with dust and old secrets. The portraits on the walls seem to breathe – eyes subtly tracking every move.

GARY

(whispering)

Rule number one – never make eye contact with anything painted before 1900.

ALEX

Why?

GARY

They hold grudges.

Alex nods, swallowing hard. He grips a bulky, blinking device marked Specter Scanner 3000 – part ghost detector, part malfunctioning toaster.

ALEX

So... how does this thing work again?

CLAUDE

It detects residual ectoplasmic energy. Do not–

Alex presses the biggest button. The device SHRIEKS, lights strobing violently. Every portrait on the wall SCREAMS in unison – a chorus of tortured oil paint.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
(covering ears)
–or do that.

GARY
Fantastic. You just woke up the
wallpaper.

The floral pattern ripples, whispering in a thousand faint voices.

ALEX
It's talking!

CLAUDE
That's 19th-century gossip. Ignore
it.

Claude calmly flicks the switch off. The whispers die, leaving only the hum of old air.

ALEX
Sorry. First-day nerves.

GARY
You're doing great. Only five
ghosts and one lawsuit so far.

Claude adjusts his tie, composure returning.

CLAUDE
Gentlemen, let's wrap up before the
drapes start negotiating for
overtime.

They continue down the corridor – shadows stretching long behind them.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS – MAIN OFFICE – LATER

The team drags themselves back into the office – jackets wrinkled, nerves frayed. The air feels heavier than when they left. Lights flicker, papers rustle. Archibald's presence lingers like a bureaucratic hangover.

A cabinet drawer rattles, then bursts open, scattering files.

LILA
Should've just given him the
deduction.

Claude shoots her a look, jaw tight. Gary follows with a low growl of frustration.

CLAUDE
Stupid ghostly audits.

As he says it, a single file slides out from the shelf behind him and lands on the floor – neatly, deliberately.

Everyone freezes. Alex stares at it, then back at Claude.

ALEX
That's... not supposed to happen,
right?

Gary crouches beside the file, sniffing. His brow furrows.

GARY
Smells like cold ink and
bureaucracy.

Lila folds her arms, scanning the air as if tasting its magic.

LILA
Residual audit energy. Seen it
before – usually when someone
breaks a departmental seal.

Claude's head snaps toward her.

CLAUDE
Who would be reckless enough to—

He stops. His gaze locks on Alex, who suddenly finds the ceiling very interesting.

ALEX
...maybe the ghost sneezed?

Claude exhales sharply, pinching the bridge of his nose.

CLAUDE
Wonderful. A paperwork haunting.
Those never resolve quickly.

He straightens his tie – the gesture of a man holding onto the last thread of dignity.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
Alright. No one panic. We'll handle
this quietly... before the files
start unionizing again.

The overhead lights flicker once more – as if the office
itself heard him.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS – BRIEFING ROOM – DAY

The team assembles around a table littered with half-empty
coffee cups and floating paperwork. A low hum of ghostly
energy lingers in the air.

CLAUDE
(into camera)
See, we're not just fighting the
undead. We're fighting bureaucracy.

ALEX
I'm still fighting the urge to quit
before lunch. Does that count as a
win?

A coffee mug drifts lazily by. A file floats open midair, its
pages turning themselves.

LILA
Okay, so we've set off Mr.
Archibald again.

CLAUDE
Hey! Unpaid tax is unpaid tax.

LILA
And yet somehow, we're the ones
getting haunted.

A fly lands in Alex's coffee. He watches it drown, sighs.

ALEX
Great.

He stares at the cup, resigned. Gary casually reaches over,
takes the mug, and downs it without hesitation.

Alex blinks, horrified, as Gary wipes his mouth.

GARY
What? Extra protein.

Before Alex can respond, a crash sounds from the main office. Papers scatter like startled birds. The team exchanges weary looks.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

The office is chaos – files spinning through the air, desks rattling, lights flickering wildly. The old wall clock ticks louder, off-rhythm, almost alive.

Gail sits at her desk, calmly filing her nails as a stapler floats past her head.

Alex, Claude, Gary, and Lila stand amid the pandemonium.

ALEX

So, hauntings can follow us back to the office?

CLAUDE

Unfortunately, yes.

(into camera)

Not ideal for productivity. Or for...

(waves hand)

My blood pressure.

LILA

Maybe we need a haunting buffer zone around the cubicles.

Suddenly, the chaos stops. Files stack themselves neatly on a desk. The lights steady. The air settles.

The team breathes out – cautious relief – until the phone RINGS on Gail's desk. Unbothered, she answers.

GAIL

Department of Unseen Affairs... No, sorry, we don't remove curses... That's Sanitation. They only work weekends. Uh-huh... full moon surcharge applies.

She nods toward Claude, holding out the receiver.

GAIL (CONT'D)

It's for you.

Claude rolls his eyes, crosses to his desk, and takes the call. Lila glances at the others, voice dry.

LILA

Suppose we'd better get back to the cases.

Gary groans. Alex just stares at the ceiling, as a single paperclip floats by like it's mocking him.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The team gathers around a creaky old conference table, the surface scarred by centuries of claw marks and coffee rings. A holographic case file flickers in the air above it, revealing a shadowy outline of a poltergeist surrounded by floating case notes.

The door slams open. Claude strides in, coat flaring, frustration barely concealed. He eyes the hologram, sighs like a man who's seen too many afterlives.

CLAUDE

Next case: Poltergeist disturbance.
Resident claims her house is being
overrun by sentient furniture.

Gary leans in, flipping through the shimmering data. His brows knit together.

GARY

Wait—look at the origin tag. "Filed
under Ghostly Tax Fraud Addendum."

Lila tilts her head, intrigued, and gestures. A ribbon of spectral data materializes, connecting the new case to Archibald's file.

LILA

Same energy signature. Definitely
residual audit magic.

Alex fidgets in his chair.

ALEX

That's... weird. Pure coincidence,
right?

Claude shoots him a pointed look.

CLAUDE

Coincidences are for amateurs.
Bureaucracy loves patterns.

Gary groans, rubbing his temples.

GARY

Great. We've got a cross-contaminated haunting.

Claude shuts the hologram with a sharp motion, the light collapsing into a brief spark.

CLAUDE

Then let's clean up the paperwork before the furniture files an appeal.

Alex blinks, uncertain.

ALEX

Like... chairs and sofas?

GARY

More like chairs and sofas with anger issues. Last one threw itself out a third-story window.

Lila grins, leaning closer to Alex.

LILA

Apparently, the couch said it just needed "fresh air."

The team laughs, the tension briefly easing – until Claude glances at the camera, deadpan.

CLAUDE

(into camera)

These cases might sound funny, but angry furniture is no joke. Last time, a beanbag chair led a full-scale revolt.

Alex's eyes widen.

ALEX

What happened to the beanbag?

Claude's expression hardens.

CLAUDE

Classified.

A flicker of ghostly static ripples through the hologram – as if the file itself doesn't appreciate being reminded.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A Victorian living room sits in eerie stillness — until a chair slides two inches on its own. The team steps inside cautiously, their gear humming with low supernatural feedback. Each carries a blend of sacred relics and hacked-together tech that looks half genius, half liability.

Alex brushes past a sofa. It lets out a low, guttural grumble. Alex jumps back with a startled yelp.

Claude turns, hands on his hips, every bit the weary diplomat.

CLAUDE

Alright, Mr. Chesterfield. We're here to negotiate.

The couch responds with a deep, resonant groan that sends a vase crashing to the floor.

Alex looks to Gary, wide-eyed. Gary's grin says he's enjoying this far too much.

ALEX

Shouldn't we... sit? You know, show goodwill?

GARY

With him, sitting's an act of war.

The couch creaks again — louder, offended. Claude raises his hands slowly, voice calm but firm.

CLAUDE

Look, Mr. Chesterfield, we can work this out. But we need you to stop assaulting the ottoman and—
(pauses)
Release the cat.

A tense silence. Then — a faint hiss. A ghostly cat shoots out from beneath the sofa, phasing halfway through the wall before vanishing.

Claude exhales, adjusting his cuffs.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

Progress.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS - MAIN OFFICE - LATER

The team trudges back into the office, covered in dust and cat scratches. Each desk has a fresh stack of paperwork waiting – glowing faintly with bureaucratic vengeance.

Gary drops into his chair, sighing into the camera.

GARY

We deal with real issues.

(pauses)

But the worst monsters are always
the forms we file afterward.

CLAUDE

(into camera, annoyed)

We're not equipped for sentient
furniture protocol. Next time,
we'll need an Exorcist... and a
licensed couch whisperer.

(to Alex)

Add that to the request list.

Confused, Alex opens random drawers, searching. A soft throat-clearing draws his attention – Lila stands beside him, holding a parchment labeled REQUEST LIST in elegant script.

She hands it over, smirking. Alex takes it with a weak smile, already exhausted by the weight of his new career.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS - BREAK ROOM - DAY

The break room hums with exhaustion. A flickering fluorescent light battles the smell of burnt coffee and old spells.

Alex slumps at the table, eyes glazed – the thousand-yard stare of a man who's seen too much paranormal paperwork.

Gary unwraps a snack labeled "Wolf-Free Beef Jerky." He bites in, muttering something about false advertising.

Across the room, Lila stirs a potion inside the office microwave. Purple smoke curls out, fragrant and suspicious.

The smoke wafts toward Alex. He sneezes violently.

ALEX

What is that?

LILA

Homemade calming draught. Helps
with, well, hauntings, ghostly
scratches, and exorcism jitters.

The microwave PINGS cheerfully. Lila pulls out the bubbling, violet concoction and offers it to Alex.

ALEX

Thanks, but I'll stick with coffee.

LILA

You'll regret that decision.

The door bursts open. Gail storms in, clutching a pink slip like it's radioactive.

GAIL

We've got a formal complaint from
Ghoul Relations.

CLAUDE

Let me guess. Chesterfield?

GAIL

No, apparently the couch was
offended by the color of our filing
system.

Everyone freezes, trying to process that sentence. Gary nods solemnly.

GARY

Yeah, beige is a hostile color.

Lila rolls her eyes, already planning an enchantment for
"emotional neutrality."

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS - LILA'S OFFICE - DAY

Lila's office is equal parts apothecary and HR nightmare -
shelves of potions, stacks of policy binders, a cauldron
doubling as a filing cabinet.

Claude and Alex sit across from her. Claude's patience is
thinning; Alex looks like he's questioning all his life
choices.

Lila reaches for a pink, glittering crystal.

ALEX

You put that in the microwave too.

Lila chuckles.

LILA

LILA (CONT'D)
No no, this one's my Employee
Satisfaction Crystal. It senses
stress.

The crystal immediately glows bright pink. Lila winces.

LILA (CONT'D)
Oh dear. That's... a lot of stress.
Maybe some meditation? Deep
breathing?

Claude folds his arms.

CLAUDE
I don't think that'll be necessary.
I need solutions, Lila – not yoga.

Lila studies the crystal, then looks up thoughtfully.

LILA
We could try a redecoration spell.
Might calm Chesterfield down.

ALEX
So... we're redecorating to appease
angry furniture?

CLAUDE
(into camera)
Appeasing vengeful décor is
surprisingly standard here.

Lila waves her hands. The room's décor subtly shifts – harsh
colors melting into soothing neutrals. The crystal's glow
fades. The faint rattling of files stops.

Alex blinks, looking around.

ALEX
Did... did that actually work?

Lila tilts her head, appraising him.

LILA
Tell me – how do you feel?

Alex hesitates, halfway between relief and disbelief.

ALEX
Errr... slightly less haunted?

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS - MAIN OFFICE - EVENING

As the day winds down, the lights stabilize, casting a rare calm over the room. Desks sit in fragile order. The team gathers around Claude's desk as Gail appears with a towering stack of files that could qualify as a haunting on their own.

Gary leans back in his chair, deadpan to camera.

GARY

We've been here long enough to know
if it's supernatural, it's probably
gonna be a paperwork nightmare.

Gail drops the files onto Claude's desk.

GAIL

Right. New cases for everyone.

She distributes them with the efficiency of someone long past caring. Titles flash across the covers: "Phantom Noise Complaints," "Witch Market Zoning Violations," and one marked in glowing red ink - "URGENT: Unidentified Haunting in Break Room."

Claude sighs, already defeated.

CLAUDE

(sotto)

Another phantom audit.

Gary grins, like a kid on Halloween. Alex takes his file - it pulses faintly in his hands, green light seeping through the folder seams.

ALEX

(into camera)

So... this is just day one?

Gary claps him on the shoulder.

GARY

Get ready for full-moon Mondays.

(pauses)

Filed the forms. Still got denied.

A long CREAK echoes through the office. Everyone freezes. Claude tilts his head, fangs barely visible as he listens.

LILA

Everyone else heard that, right?

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

The team creeps inside, cautious. The room glows an eerie green from the vending machine in the corner. The light pulses in rhythm with the glow from Alex's file. He quickly hides it behind his back.

Gail pokes her head in, unimpressed.

GAIL

Oh, that's probably nothing. Old ectoplasm filter acts up every quarter.

A ghostly breeze sweeps through, knocking a mug off the counter. The team exchanges looks - that wasn't the air conditioning.

Claude steps forward, eyes narrowing.

CLAUDE

Who forgot to file the Unidentified Haunting Report?

Before anyone can answer, a WHOOSH fills the room. Papers explode into the air as a spectral figure rises above the vending machine, its form shimmering and angry. It glares at a bag of Wolf-Free Beef Jerky inside the glass.

SPECTRAL FIGURE

Who dares interfere with my snack preference?

Gary leans toward Alex, whispering.

GARY

Uh... pretty sure we missed the spectral snack tax deduction.

The ghost ROARS, surging downward. The team bolts in every direction - Alex flings his glowing case file across the room as they scramble for cover.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is a battlefield of bureaucracy - overturned chairs, stacked filing cabinets, flickering lights, and one very angry ghost circling the ceiling. Papers swirl like spectral snow.

Alex crouches behind a desk beside Claude, Gary, and Lila.

ALEX
Is this typical?
(beat)
Because my last office never
exploded twice before lunch.

Claude peers over the barricade, utterly composed despite the chaos.

CLAUDE
It's what happens when Ghoul
Relations meddles.

Gary grins, half amused, half panicked.

GARY
Classic rookie mistake – never deny
the undead a snack.

Lila stands calm amid the storm, scanning the room like a witch running inventory.

LILA
(calmly)
I can banish it, but I need three
teaspoons of crushed sage and...
(looks around)
An unopened pack of gum.

Claude narrows his eyes at the ghost's pulsing energy trail.

CLAUDE
Hold on. Look at that signature.

Gary leans forward, squinting through the haze.

GARY
That's not a snack ghost. That's
paperwork energy.

Lila's eyes widen.

LILA
Residual audit magic. Same pulse as
the furniture and Archibald's file.

Alex's stomach drops.

ALEX
Wait— you don't think this is all
because I—

Claude cuts him off, dry but controlled.

CLAUDE
Touched the seal? Yes, I do.
Congratulations, you've just
triggered an interdepartmental
haunting.

He pauses, the irritation fading to something softer – almost understanding.

The bite in his tone softens a touch.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
First week on the job, I did the
same thing. Only my ghost didn't
stop at paperwork.

Alex stares at him, surprised. Claude gives the camera a knowing glance.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
(into camera, wry)
Some lessons come with eternal
filing fees.

He straightens, snapping back into command.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
Alright. Let's fix this before it
escalates.

Gary smirks, shaking his head.

GARY
Rookie of the year.

Lila steps forward, focused.

LILA
If it's all connected, one clean
banishment should reset the audit
energy.

Claude adjusts his tie with grim determination.

CLAUDE
Then make it clean. I refuse to
file ghost paperwork twice.

Lila nods, already moving. She turns toward Alex, sniffing faintly.

LILA
Hmm. Peppermint?

ALEX
Spearmint, actually—

LILA
Your desk. Gum. Now.

ALEX
Oh. Right.

LILA
Everyone else — sage.

The team scrambles for ingredients. The ghost growls, drifting closer, hunger radiating through the room. Alex dives for his desk. The bag on his chair dangles just out of reach.

SPECTRAL FIGURE
I — AM — HUNGRY!

Nothing. Then — triumph. He yanks out a pack of spearmint gum, holding it up like a holy relic.

The ghost locks onto him. A heartbeat — then it lunges.

Alex rolls away, diving behind the barricade as the ghost barrels through his desk, roaring. He slaps the gum into Lila's palm. Gary tosses her sage.

Lila chants under her breath, voice low and rhythmic.

LILA
By herb and chew, we send you
through, leave the snacks and bid
us adieu!

A burst of green smoke floods the air. The ghost lets out a petulant groan before vanishing into nothing.

Silence. Then — collective exhale. Gary looks at the camera, deadpan.

GARY
Another day, another exorcism.
(beat)
At least we didn't run out of sage
this time.

Claude offers Alex a hand, pulling him up.

CLAUDE
I think it's time for your new
employee review.

Alex just nods, dazed – like a man reconsidering every career decision he's ever made.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS – HR OFFICE – MOMENTS LATER

Lila sits behind her desk, a fortress of folders labeled "WEREWOLF INCIDENTS – URGENT." The faint scent of lavender and burnt sage lingers in the air.

Gary slumps in the chair across from her, arms crossed, shirt singed from the last exorcism. His tailcoat is torn – again.

LILA
So, Gary... this is the third
complaint this week.

GARY
That's not fair. Two were
misunderstandings, and one was a
full moon.

LILA
The janitor said you tried to bite
the photocopier.

GARY
It jammed first.

Lila jots a note with a sigh that sounds like it's been practiced for years

LILA
And you howled during staff
meditation. Again.

GARY
That's cultural expression.

She raises an eyebrow, unimpressed, and holds up a form like it's a weapon.

LILA
You need to sign this – "Aggressive
Lunar Conduct Acknowledgement."

She slides the form across the desk but hesitates before letting go.

LILA (CONT'D)
I get it, you know.
(off his look)
Losing control of what you are.
(MORE)

LILA (CONT'D)
Magic, moonlight – it's all just
different flavors of the same
curse.

She finally releases the paper. The moment hangs, fragile,
before she forces a bright tone.

LILA (CONT'D)
Anyway! Sign there, bite here,
initial the full moon clause.

Gary stares at the form. The bravado drains a little.

GARY
You know, it's not the full moon
that's the problem.
(pauses)
It's the day after – pretending I
didn't want it to happen.

Lila's expression softens, but only for a heartbeat.

LILA
No promises. Paperwork.
Bureaucracy's the only silver
bullet we've got.

Gary smirks, signs the form, and slides it back.

GARY
Anyway. See you next cycle.

Lila opens a drawer, pulling out a small enchanted stress
ball shaped like a glowing moon.

LILA
Here. It lights up when you're
about to lose your temper.

He gives it a squeeze. The ball flares bright red
immediately.

GARY
Yeah, seems accurate.

They share a quiet, knowing look – two overworked souls in a
place that runs on caffeine and chaos.

LILA
Honestly, Gary... you're doing
better.
(pauses)
You didn't bite anyone this week.
That's progress.

He grins, standing to leave. As the door closes behind him, Lila scribbles in her notebook: "Recommend more lunar leave days."

She leans back, rubbing her temples.

LILA (CONT'D)
(into camera)
Human Resources is harder when half
the staff isn't human.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Claude sits across from Alex at the old conference table. A few loose papers still float lazily through the air. Gail and Lila linger nearby, watching like proud, exhausted parents.

CLAUDE
(into camera)
In our line of work, it's not about
solving cases. It's about surviving
them.
(to Alex)
And today, you survived. So
congratulations - you're officially
hired.

ALEX
Oh good. Does this mean I get ghost
insurance?

GAIL
Only if you make it through
probation.

He and Lila exchange a knowing smile - the kind only people with hazard pay understand.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS - BRIEFING ROOM - LATER
THAT NIGHT

The office has gone mostly dark, the overhead lights flickering like old film. The hum of the fluorescent bulbs is the only sound. Gail and Lila are gone.

Claude stands by the file cabinets, aligning folders with the precision of a man clinging to order. Alex hovers nearby, his case folder clutched tight.

ALEX

So... does every day end with near possession, or just the special ones?

Claude doesn't look up, a faint smirk ghosting across his face.

CLAUDE

We don't measure time by days here, Alex. Only by the number of hauntings survived.

A quiet beat.

ALEX

Do you ever get used to it?

Claude looks up finally – his gaze tired but wry, an echo of centuries behind it.

CLAUDE

No. But you learn to appreciate the chaos. It reminds you you're still... something.

ALEX

Alive?

CLAUDE

I was going to say employed. But that too.

Alex laughs, tension breaking. For the first time, Claude actually chuckles with him – a low, genuine sound that almost feels human.

ALEX

Guess I'll take that as approval.

Claude closes the last file, his face shifting back to business.

CLAUDE

Just one thing, Alex.

(beat)

When the Department calls something classified... it's not a suggestion.

Alex blinks, the gravity of it cutting through the humor. Claude's expression softens, a trace of regret in his smile.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
You did well today. Try not to die
before your benefits kick in.

Claude heads for the door. Alex watches him go, realizing he might actually like this job – despite everything. Then he exhales, staring into the flickering light.

ALEX
(into camera)
Yeah... totally normal first day.

He surveys the empty office – stacks of files glowing faintly, ghostly green reflections dancing across the walls.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You know, I used to think
government work was soul-sucking.
(beat)
Now I just hope it doesn't
literally happen.

He looks down at the case folder in his hands – singed at the edges, pulsing with faint light.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(into camera)
Guess I finally found a place where
being haunted's just... part of the
benefits package.

He gives a small, real smile – the kind that knows the worst is still ahead – and the lights flicker one last time.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS – MAIN OFFICE – LATER

The office is quiet now – that rare, uneasy calm before the next crisis. Desks are half-packed, coffee cups abandoned. The hum of the old fluorescent lights is almost soothing.

Claude settles behind his desk, adjusting a stack of reports. Alex slings his bag over his shoulder, clearly ready to escape.

Then Claude notices it – a new file sitting dead center on his desk. Thick, sealed with red wax, and stamped in bold letters: "CLASSIFIED: DO NOT OPEN."

He frowns, scanning the room.

CLAUDE
Anyone see who left this here?

Lila glances over, her expression tightening.

LILA

No one should touch the Classified files. Last time someone did, half the department spent a week as toads.

Claude gives her a sharp look.

LILA (CONT'D)

It was a stressful quarter.

Gary smirks, leaning against a cabinet.

GARY

Except... maybe a ghost.

The joke lands with the subtle weight of possibility. The team exchanges wary glances.

Alex steps closer, curiosity getting the better of him. He peers at the label on the folder.

ALEX

"The First Case of Unseen Affairs."

He looks up at Claude.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What's The First Case?

Claude's expression shifts – a flicker of something between caution and memory. He exhales, meeting the camera with quiet gravity.

CLAUDE

Let's just say... mistakes have a way of keeping us employed around here. It's why most of us ended up here.

(beat)

And why one of us didn't.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS – OFFICE HALLWAY – NIGHT

The team walks down the dim corridor, their tired banter echoing off the walls. Lila mutters a ward under her breath. Gary hums something that might be a werewolf lullaby. Alex trails behind, glancing back toward the office.

Inside, the lights flicker.

On Claude's desk, the Classified file glows faintly – a pulse of red light that spills across the papers.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS – LOBBY – NIGHT

The lobby is silent except for the faint buzz of the overhead lights. The team disperses – Lila and Gary bickering softly as they head for the exit.

Alex lingers, taking in the strange beauty of it all – the dusty plants, the flickering lights, the faint whisper of something unseen.

He lets out a tired breath, half grin, half grimace.

ALEX
(into camera)
Not exactly what I expected, but
guess that's just another day in
Unseen Affairs.

He steps out. The door CLICKS shut behind him.

For a long moment, the lobby sits still.

Then – in the reflection of the glass door – a spectral figure materializes. Watching. Waiting.

And just as suddenly, it's gone.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS – MAIN OFFICE – LATER THAT NIGHT

The office sits in eerie stillness. Fluorescent lights hum overhead, casting a sterile glow across the empty desks. Only one lamp burns – Claude's – throwing long, stretched shadows across the room.

The Classified file lies at the center of his desk. The red stamp on its cover pulses faintly, like a heartbeat trapped in paper.

The temperature drops. The air trembles. Papers rustle as if exhaling. The file flips open on its own.

Inside, faded sepia photographs spill across the desk – early portraits of the Department. In one, Claude stands among the staff, looking exactly the same as he does now. The date reads 1896. The faces around him are blurred, scratched, or burned away.

Whispered voices drift from the photos – low, layered, and trembling with age.

VOICES (WHISPERING)

You shouldn't have come back...
It's still here... It's not
finished...

A heavy thump echoes from beneath the floorboards – rhythmic, almost biological. The red glow from the file brightens, washing over the walls like blood through water.

From the far corner, Gail's witch hat lifts into the air, floats across the room, and settles itself neatly on her empty chair.

A sharp CLICK from the clock on the wall. Its hands begin to spin backward.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS – ARCHIVE ROOM – SAME TIME

Rows of ancient cabinets stretch into shadow. Dust swirls in the air, catching the faint red shimmer from somewhere unseen.

A drawer labeled "THE FIRST CASE" shudders and slides open. Inside, a single parchment glows – a sigil burned into its surface, identical to the one on Claude's file.

Something stirs in the dark between the shelves – a shape barely human, edges flickering with spectral light.

UNKNOWN FIGURE

Welcome back... Director.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS – MAIN OFFICE

The red light fades, almost as if it's hiding. The file slams shut with a violent crack.

Moments later, the office door opens. Claude steps in quietly, coat over his arm.

He pauses when he sees the file.

CLAUDE

No one requested archival access...

He sets his coat down. The hum of the lights deepens – steady, then syncopated – like a heartbeat echoing through the air vents.

Claude approaches the desk. The wax seal on the file is melted, curling in on itself.

He hesitates, then flips the folder open.

Inside: the same old staff portraits. The same faces erased by time.

Only now, one has changed. A woman's face has sharpened into focus – gentle eyes, the faint trace of a smile.

Her image moves.

VOICE (WHISPERING)
You shouldn't have sealed me,
Claude.

Claude goes rigid.

CLAUDE
You were supposed to stay gone.

Her gaze shifts – slowly, deliberately – meeting his. Every portrait on the walls turns its painted eyes toward him.

VOICE (SOFTER)
The Department remembers. It always
does.

The red stamp on the file ignites, flaring white-hot. Claude slams it shut. The light dies instantly.

He looks down – his reflection is gone from the glossy surface of the desk.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD: "DEPARTMENT OF UNSEEN AFFAIRS"

END OF PILOT