

(NIGHTMARE AT BLACKWOOD MANOR)

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - DAY

The sun beats down mercilessly on the once-grand Blackwood Manor, its shadow stretching across the overgrown lawn like a dark stain. Ivy consumes the dilapidated facade, and broken shutters hang askew. The air is thick with the scent of decay.

ETHAN CALDWELL (17), lean and brimming with untamed energy, leads the way, his BRIGHT BLUE EYES reflecting both the sky above and the mischief within.

ETHAN

(to his friends)

This is it, guys! The legendary Blackwood Manor. Can you feel the history just... seeping out of this place?

NATALIE CLEMENTE (16), practical clothing hugging her slender frame, follows close behind. She eyes the manor with a mix of skepticism and intrigue.

NATALIE

"Seeping" is one word for it.

"Oozing" might be more accurate.

Her brother, TIM CLEMENTE (17), tall and solid, scans the surroundings with a measured gaze, as if already calculating an exit strategy.

TIM

We should be quick about this.
Places like these are best left to
local lore and daylight.

MARVIN LOTT (15), nervous energy palpable, pushes his glasses up his nose. He stares at the manor, visibly trembling.

MARVIN

Guys, maybe we shouldn't... I
mean, they say it's cursed, right?

Ethan claps a reassuring hand on Marvin's shoulder, grinning broadly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ETHAN

That's what makes it an adventure,
Marv! Besides, we're not
superstitious... are we?

Marvin offers a weak smile, bolstered by Ethan's
confidence.

MARVIN

No, no superstition here. Just,
uh, respect for the unknown.

NATALIE

"Respect" is good. Let's keep it
at that and not do anything...
stupid.

ETHAN

When have I ever done anything
stupid?

Tim rolls his eyes but can't suppress his own smile.

TIM

Where should we even start? This
place is huge.

Ethan surveys the manor with an appraising eye.

ETHAN

Front door seems too easy. There's
got to be a side entrance or
something. More secretive, you
know?

They circle around to the side where a partially hidden
service door beckons. Ethan steps forward, testing the
handle—it's unlocked.

NATALIE

(under her breath)

"Too easy" he says...

Ethan flashes Natalie a mischievous grin before pushing
the door open. A haunting groan echoes as they step
inside.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - CONTINUOUS

The interior is shrouded in darkness, the only light
filtering through cracks in the boarded-up windows. Dust
motes dance in the beams, and the air is stale, heavy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARVIN

(coughs)

It's like breathing in a century.

Natalie pulls out a flashlight, its beam cutting through the gloom. Tim follows suit.

NATALIE

Let's stick together. No wandering off.

ETHAN

Lead the way, Nat. You've got the light.

They move cautiously through the corridor, their footsteps muffled by layers of dust. Every creak and whisper seems amplified in the silence.

TIM

You hear that?

ETHAN

Just the house settling... or ghosts complaining about uninvited guests.

Marvin gulps audibly.

MARVIN

Not funny, Ethan.

ETHAN

(laughs)

Come on, you don't really believe in that stuff, do ya?

As they delve deeper into Blackwood Manor, the sense of history—and something far less tangible—clings to them like cobwebs.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. BRISBY TOWN - DAY

A group of teenagers cycle down the sun-drenched streets, laughter trailing behind them like a kite on a string.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They ditch their bikes by the riverbank, where the water glimmers invitingly.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS

The friends splash and dive into the cool depths, the heat of the day forgotten as they play and swim with abandon. Ethan emerges from the water, pushing his wet hair back with a grin.

ETHAN
(besting the others)
Beat that dive, Tim!

TIM
(grinning back)
Only in your dreams, Caldwell.

Marvin sits on the bank, dipping his toes in the water, watching the others with a small smile.

NATALIE
(calling out)
Marvin, come on in! The water's perfect!

MARVIN
(shaking his head)
I'm good here, thanks.

Ethan swims over to the edge, water dripping from his lean frame.

ETHAN
(sincere)
We're not complete without you, Marv.

Marvin hesitates but then gives in, slipping into the water with a small splash. Ethan gives him an encouraging nod.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - SUNSET

The dying light casts long shadows across the facade of Blackwood Manor. The teens sit in a circle on the grassy hill overlooking the house, passing around a can of soda.

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CONTINUED:

Their voices are hushed, almost respectful of the silence surrounding the manor.

ETHAN
(enthusiastic)
So, who's up for a real adventure?

MARVIN
(wary)
What kind of adventure?

ETHAN
(eyes alight)
Blackwood Manor. We sneak in tonight.

NATALIE
(excited)
Are you serious? After all the stories?

TIM
(nods)
It's just an old house. What's the worst that could happen?

Marvin bites his lip, looking from the eager faces of his friends to the ominous outline of Blackwood Manor.

MARVIN
(voice quivering)
But what if the stories are true? What about... the disappearances?

ETHAN
(dismissive)
Old wives' tales meant to scare kids. We're not kids anymore.

Marvin looks unconvinced, fidgeting with the hem of his shirt.

ETHAN
(persuasive)
Come on, Marv. When have I ever let anything bad happen to us?

There's a long pause. Marvin looks at the manor, then at his friends. Finally, he nods, albeit reluctantly.

MARVIN
(resigned)
Fine. But we stick together. All for one, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ETHAN
(grinning)
Right. All for one.

They stand, silhouetted against the sky, the manor
looming ominously behind them. A pact made in the shadow
of Blackwood Manor.

FADE OUT.

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INT. ETHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is a chaos of maps and flashlights, first aid
kits strewn on the bed. The glow of a single desk lamp
casts long shadows as the teens huddle around an old
newspaper article.

NATALIE
(pointing at the
paper)
"Tragic fire claims lives of
Blackwood heirs."

Ethan, holding a flashlight like a scepter of authority,
nods solemnly.

ETHAN
This explains the whispers in
town, the way people avoid talking
about it.

TIM
(skeptical)
It's just history, Ethan. Tragic,
yeah, but it doesn't mean the
place is haunted.

MARVIN
(voice barely
audible)
But what if it is?

The friends exchange uneasy glances as Marvin's words
hang in the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A flashlight beam cuts through the darkness, illuminating the gnarled front door of the manor. The friends stand at the threshold, their breath visible in the cold night air.

ETHAN
(confidently)
Let's do this.

They push the door open; it groans in protest. The group steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Their flashlights sweep across peeling wallpaper and portraits with eyes that follow. Dust particles dance in the beams, and every footstep echoes.

MARVIN
(trembling)
Did you guys hear that?

NATALIE
(teasing)
Marvin, it's just the house settling.

Suddenly, a whisper tickles their ears, too faint to discern words. They freeze. Tim's flashlight flickers, and he smacks it against his palm.

TIM
(frustrated)
Stupid batteries.

They venture deeper, their lights revealing more decay and despair.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - LOWER CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The corridor narrows, the air grows colder. Marvin's breaths come out in short gasps, his glasses fogging up with each exhale.

NATALIE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(concerned)

You okay, Marv?

MARVIN

(nods, unconvincing)

Yeah... just cold.

A sudden CRACK underfoot. Ethan lowers his flashlight to reveal the shattered remains of a doll. Its empty eye sockets stare back at them.

ETHAN

(grimly)

Looks like we're not alone.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The stairs creak ominously as they descend. As they reach the bottom, Marvin's flashlight lands on something horrific - three small, mummified bodies huddled together.

MARVIN

(screams)

Oh God!

NATALIE

(gasping)

What the hell happened here?

ETHAN

(angry)

This can't be real. It's got to be a sick joke!

Tim's hand covers his mouth, his face pale. The whispers grow louder, insistent now, as if crying out from the walls themselves.

MARVIN

(pleading)

We need to leave. Now!

The flashlights flicker erratically as the friends huddle together, the terror palpable. The manor seems to close in around them, the weight of its dark history pressing down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ETHAN
(determined)
No. We have to find out what this
is all about.

The teens steel themselves, ready to confront the secrets of Blackwood Manor. But the shadows seem to move just beyond the light's reach, and the whispers crescendo into a silent scream.

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FADE IN:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - GRAND HALL - NIGHT

The friends stand in the grand hall, their faces ghostly pale under the beams of their flashlights. The portraits on the walls seem to watch them, their eyes following every move.

MARVIN
(voice trembling)
We shouldn't be here. This place
is wrong.

ETHAN
(frustrated)
And just leave? What about those
kids?

NATALIE
(rationalizing)
Ethan's right. We can't pretend we
didn't see this. We need answers.

TIM
(voice barely a
whisper)
But what if we're next?

A LOUD THUD echoes through the manor. They jump, flashlights darting toward the source of the sound. Another WHISPER, closer now, unintelligible.

MARVIN
(clutching his first
aid kit)
I can't do this!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ETHAN
(grabbing Marvin's
shoulder)
We stick together. We can handle
this.

They exchange uncertain glances but nod in agreement, the
resolve hardening on their young faces.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stumbling through a false panel in the wall, they enter a
small, dust-choked room. Bookshelves line the walls,
filled with ancient tomes. In the center stands JASPER
BLACKWOOD, still as a statue, his cold gray eyes locked
onto the intruders.

JASPER
(calm, authoritative)
You should not have come here.

MARVIN
(backing away)
Who are you?

JASPER
(ominously)
Jasper Blackwood. Guardian of
secrets.

NATALIE
(nervous)
We found bodies... children...

JASPER
(sighing)
A tragedy from a time long past.

He moves forward, each step measured and deliberate.

ETHAN
(demanding)
What happened in this place?

JASPER
(a cryptic edge to
his tone)
Some truths are best left buried.
You must leave before it's too
late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The teens look to each other, fear mixing with curiosity. Jasper's presence looms over them, his warning hanging heavy in the air.

TIM

(pleading)

Tell us how to get out safely.

JASPER

(his voice a low
growl)

The manor never relinquishes its
guests without a price. Go, while
you still can.

They hesitate, grappling with the decision to stay or flee. Jasper's gaze pierces through them, a silent urging to heed his words.

FADE OUT.

9

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9

FADE IN:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - GRAND FOYER - NIGHT

The once lavish foyer looms dark and forbidding, the moon casting ghostly light through the broken windows. Shadows cling to the corners like cobwebs. The group moves cautiously, their flashlights cutting swathes of light through the thick air.

ETHAN

(squinting at a
portrait)

Look at this... It's one of the
Blackwood ancestors. You can see
the family resemblance.

Natalie brushes her fingers over a dusty surface, revealing an ornate silver frame encasing a yellowed photograph of three solemn children.

NATALIE

(shuddering)

These must be the kids Jasper
mentioned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM
(studying the photo)
There's something off about their
eyes... It's like they're looking
right through you.

They turn as a LOW THUD echoes from deeper within the
manor. Marvin jumps, almost dropping his flashlight.

MARVIN
(voice quivering)
What was that?

ETHAN
(trying to sound
confident)
Probably just the house settling.
Let's keep moving.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Rows of bookshelves stretch to the ceiling, their
contents spilling onto the floor in a cascade of
forgotten knowledge.

NATALIE
(picking up a leather-
bound tome)
"Rituals of the Ancients"...

Ethan pulls a book from the shelf only for a hidden latch
to CLICK, the bookcase slowly swinging open to reveal a
narrow passage beyond.

ETHAN
(excited)
Secret passages? This place just
keeps getting better.

Marvin hesitates, peering into the darkness with wide,
fearful eyes.

MARVIN
(anxiously)
We shouldn't...

TIM
(gently coaxing)
Come on, Marv. We've got your
back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The four friends enter the passage, the walls closing in around them as they venture deeper into the heart of the manor.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - NARROW PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Their footsteps ECHO hollowly. Suddenly, the floor CREAKS ominously beneath them, and Marvin slips, his scream muffled by the thick dust.

MARVIN
(falling behind)
Guys, wait up!

The others don't hear him, their figures disappearing around a bend. Marvin tries to catch up but finds himself in a dimly lit room filled with strange artifacts and bones.

MARVIN
(panicked)
Ethan? Natalie? Tim?

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ethan leads the way, his flashlight beam glinting off metallic instruments on a table.

ETHAN
(fascinated)
What do you think these were used for?

NATALIE
(disgusted)
I don't want to know.

A SUDDEN CRASH reverberates through the manor. They snap their heads around, flashlights darting frantically.

TIM
(worried)
That sounded like Marvin!

ETHAN
(determined)
We have to find him. Now.

They retrace their steps, calling out for Marvin as they navigate the labyrinthine corridors.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The mansion seems to twist around them, each door leading further from their friend. Panic rises like bile.

NATALIE
(breathless)
This place is a maze!

ETHAN
(checking rooms)
Marvin! Can you hear us?

Tim stops, listening to a DISTANT WHIMPERING that seems to call his name.

TIM
(squinting down a
corridor)
Over here. I think it's coming
from this way.

They run towards the sound, their urgency mounting with each echoing step.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - STRANGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open with an eerie CREAK. The room is empty except for the scattered relics and Marvin's dropped flashlight, its light spinning lazily across the floor.

ETHAN
(clenching his fists)
Damn it! Where are you, Marvin?

Natalie picks up the flashlight, gripping it tightly.

NATALIE
(tearful)
He's alone... We have to find him
before—

She cuts off, the terror evident in her voice. Tim places a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

TIM
(resolute)
We'll find him. Together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They steel themselves, determination etched onto their faces as they prepare to delve back into the shadows of Blackwood Manor.

FADE OUT.

11 - 12

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FADE IN:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - GRAND HALLWAY - NIGHT

The trio stands at the threshold, their silhouettes stark against the flickering light from their flashlights.

ETHAN
(whispering)
This time we stick together, no
matter what.

Natalie nods, her green eyes scanning the darkness as Tim checks his flashlight for battery life.

TIM
(angrily)
We should've never split up.

The grand hallway stretches before them, its walls lined with portraits that seem to watch with silent judgment. The air is heavy with an inexplicable chill that seeps through their clothes.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - WEST WING CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

They move cautiously, testing each door they pass. Most are locked, their handles cold and unyielding.

ETHAN
(frustrated)
Everything's sealed tight!

NATALIE
Determined, checking a map)

There has to be another way around.

A SUDDEN LOUD BANG echoes from behind a door at the end of the corridor. Tim moves ahead with purpose, his broad frame tense with anticipation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM
(hushed)
This one's open.

They enter a dimly lit room filled with strange symbols scrawled on the walls.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - OCCULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NATALIE
(disgusted)
What is this place?

ETHAN
(shining his
flashlight on
symbols)
Some sort of ritual chamber...

The tension between them is palpable as they realize the full extent of Blackwood Manor's secrets.

TIM
(anxiously)
Marvin could be anywhere. We need help.

ETHAN
(determined)
Jasper. He knows this place better than any of us.

NATALIE
(nodding)
He's our best shot.

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Jasper stands in the moonlight, his gaunt figure almost blending into the night.

ETHAN
(approaching)
Jasper, we need your help to find Marvin.

JASPER
(warily)
The manor is not kind to intruders. You shouldn't have returned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE

(pleading)

Please, he's our friend. We can't
leave him here.

Jasper's cold gaze lingers on each of them, a storm of
conflicted emotions playing across his sharp features.

JASPER

(sighing)

I will aid you. But heed my
warning: the manor will try to
break you.

TIM

(resolute)

Lead the way then.

Jasper nods solemnly and steps forward, leading them back
into the heart of Blackwood Manor.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - GRAND HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They follow Jasper, his presence somehow both reassuring
and unnerving. The whispers seem louder now, the shadows
more menacing.

ETHAN

(to Jasper)

How do we navigate this place?

JASPER

(grimly)

You must listen and watch. The
manor speaks... it breathes.

As they cross beneath a grand archway, the chandelier
above sways without wind, its crystals clinking softly
like a warning bell.

NATALIE

(tightening her grip
on the flashlight)

What does it say?

JASPER

(stopping)

That the darkness is hungry
tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tim glances at Ethan and Natalie, their shared resolve clear. They push onward, the weight of the unknown pressing down upon them.

FADE OUT.

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- 14

13

FADE IN:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - NIGHT

The camera follows the group as they descend into darkness, their footsteps echoing on ancient stone steps. Jasper leads, holding an old lantern that casts eerie shadows on the walls.

NATALIE

(whispering)

How did you know about this place?

JASPER

(evasive)

The manor has its secrets. Some are revealed only to those who belong to it.

Ethan eyes Jasper suspiciously but remains silent. The air grows colder as they reach the bottom, stepping into a long-forgotten chamber.

TIM

(shivering)

Feels like we're walking over someone's grave.

Jasper scans the room, his expression unreadable. They see faded drawings on the walls, depicting children playing under a sinister-looking tree.

ETHAN

(pointing)

Look, those must be the missing kids from the stories.

JASPER

(busying himself with
a satchel)

Yes. Their fate is forever entwined with Blackwood Manor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Natalie reaches out to touch one of the drawings, her fingers trembling.

NATALIE

(saddened)

They look so... happy. What happened here?

Suddenly, Ethan stumbles upon a pile of old documents and journals, covered in dust. He wipes them clean to reveal intricate symbols and equations.

ETHAN

(confused)

What's all this stuff? Jasper?

Jasper turns sharply, his calm demeanor slipping for a moment.

JASPER

(hastily)

Research. Nothing you need concern yourselves with.

Tim picks up a journal, flicking through the pages.

TIM

(dawning realization)

These are experiments, aren't they? You've been trying to do something with the power of the house!

JASPER

(defensive)

You cannot possibly understand the forces at play here.

ETHAN

(accusingly)

You said the manor was dangerous. Have you been using us to get what you want?

NATALIE

(desperate)

Marvin could be hurt because of your games!

JASPER

(firmly)

I have my reasons. We must find the boy before it's too late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jasper strides away, leaving the teens to exchange looks of betrayal and fear.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDORS -
CONTINUOUS

They follow Jasper deeper into the labyrinthine passages, the tension palpable. Whispers echo around them, as if the very stones are speaking.

TIM

(voice quivering)

Do you think he's telling the truth? Can we trust him?

NATALIE

(determined)

We don't have a choice. But we keep our eyes open.

ETHAN

(grim)

For Marvin's sake, we go on. But Jasper...

He trails off, glancing back at the shadowy figure of Jasper Blackwood leading them into the unknown.

FADE OUT.

15

- 16

15

FADE IN:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDORS - NIGHT

The flicker of flashlights paints the damp walls with an eerie glow as ETHAN, NATALIE, and TIM huddle together, their breaths audible in the silence.

NATALIE

(whispering)

We can't keep following him blindly.

ETHAN

(frustrated)

I know, Nat, but we need to find Marvin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM
(his voice a mix of
fear and reason)
Maybe Jasper's just...
misunderstood.

A sudden CREAK overhead stops them in their tracks. Dust falls from the ceiling as they look up, their lights trembling in their hands.

ETHAN
(muttering under his
breath)
"Understood" doesn't set traps or
lie to our faces.

JASPER (O.S.)
(from ahead)
Time is not our ally. We must move
on.

Tim looks at Natalie and Ethan, conflict evident in his gaze.

TIM
(reluctantly)
He's right, though. Marvin...

NATALIE
(cutting in sharply)
Fine. But we watch him. Every
step.

They nod in agreement, continuing forward while keeping a wary distance from JASPER, who leads the way with an unchanging pace.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - GRAND HALLWAY - NIGHT

They emerge into a grand hallway, its once-opulent features now shadows under the pale beam of moonlight filtering through broken windows. The air is heavy, charged with a sense of waiting.

Suddenly, a LOUD BANG echoes through the hall. The teens whirl around, their flashlights darting across the room. A portrait crashes to the floor, its glass shattering.

ETHAN
(jumping)
What the hell was that?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE
(scanning the room)
This place... it's like it's
alive.

Jasper remains unfazed, his eyes scanning the shadows. He motions for them to follow him toward a staircase covered in rubble.

TIM
(voice barely above a
whisper)
Ethan, this is getting worse.

ETHAN
(nods)
We stick together. Find Marvin,
get out.

The STAIRS GROAN underneath their weight as they ascend. Figures seem to flicker in the periphery of their vision—silhouettes that vanish when looked upon directly.

NATALIE
(voice trembling)
Ethan, I saw—

ETHAN
(cutting her off)
I know. Just don't lose focus.

Their voices are drowned out by a rising WHISPER, like wind through dead leaves. The temperature drops suddenly, their breath visible in the cold air.

TIM
(his calm facade
cracking)
Guys, I don't think we're alone
here.

Jasper pauses at the top of the stairs, turning to them. His face is a mask of indifference.

JASPER
(curtly)
Fear will only make it stronger.

ETHAN
(defiant)
And what about deceit?

Jasper locks eyes with Ethan, a battle of wills in the dim light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JASPER

(coolly)

Do you wish to lead, Mr. Caldwell?

ETHAN

(meeting his gaze)

If it means getting my friend
back, yeah.

Natalie grabs Ethan's arm, pulling him back slightly.

NATALIE

(pleading)

Ethan, please. Let's just find
Marvin.

ETHAN

(sighing, then to
Jasper)

Lead the way... for now.

Jasper nods once and turns, leading them down a narrow
corridor lined with doors. Each one seems to promise
untold horrors behind its surface.

As they pass a particularly ominous door, a SCREAM
pierces the silence—Marvin's voice, filled with terror.

ETHAN, NATALIE, and TIM rush forward, their unity
temporarily restored by the urgency of their mission.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - MYSTERIOUS DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ethan reaches for the doorknob, his hand shaking. Tim and
Natalie stand ready, their expressions a mix of fear and
resolve.

ETHAN

(bracing himself)

Marvin, we're coming!

He turns the knob, the door slowly creaking open to
reveal...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - FORBIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open to a room shrouded in darkness. Ethan, Natalie, and Tim enter cautiously, their flashlights cutting through the blackness like beacons.

ETHAN

Marvin? Can you hear us?

No answer comes, only the echoes of their own voices against the stone walls.

NATALIE

(voice trembling)

This isn't right. This place—it's alive.

Tim peers into the abyss, his flashlight flickering.

TIM

Just keep moving. We've got to find—

A SHADOW darts across the wall, disappearing as quickly as it appeared. They freeze, hearts pounding, breaths held.

ETHAN

(sternly)

We stay together, no matter what.

They press on, deeper into the bowels of Blackwood Manor. The air grows colder; each step forward seems to fight against an unseen force.

Suddenly, WHISPERS fill the room, growing louder, more insistent.

WHISPERS (V.O.)

(ethereal,
overlapping)

...leave now... too late... they
never left...

Ethan clenches his jaw, fighting the urge to run.

ETHAN

(under his breath)

Not today. We're not leaving
Marvin behind.

They come upon a vast chamber. In the center, a GLOWING PORTAL pulsates, its otherworldly light casting twisted shadows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASPER
(calm but urgent)
There is the source of our
troubles.

Natalie steps closer, her curiosity overcoming her fear.

NATALIE
What is this, Jasper?

JASPER
(a reluctant
confession)
An experiment... gone wrong. It
opened a door to another
realm—unleashing the spirits that
haunt this place.

ETHAN
(angry)
You did this? You put Marvin in
danger!

JASPER
(regretful)
It was not my intention... but
yes.

TIM
(determined)
Then tell us how to close it.

JASPER
(hesitant)
It's not simple. But it must be
done to save your friend and rid
the manor of this evil.

The WHISPERS crescendo as MALEVOLENT SPIRITS emerge from
the portal, swirling around them menacingly.

NATALIE
(fearful)
How do we close it, Jasper? How?

JASPER
(resolute)
We must reverse the ritual.
Together.

The friends gather their courage, standing shoulder-to-
shoulder against the encroaching darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ETHAN

(fierce
determination)

Let's do it then. For Marvin.

The spirits hiss and wail as if sensing their intent. The friends steel themselves for the challenge ahead.

CUT TO BLACK.

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INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - VAST CHAMBER - NIGHT

The chamber, lit by the eerie glow from the portal, is filled with a heavy silence that belies the chaos of the preceding moments. Tim, Natalie, and Ethan stand alongside Jasper, their shadows dancing on the walls like specters in the flickering light.

NATALIE

(whispering)

What was the pact, Jasper?

Jasper's eyes reflect the portal's glow as he gazes into the past, his voice a low murmur that seems to echo from the very walls of the manor.

JASPER

Long ago, my ancestor sought power
beyond mortal means... he made an
unholy pact with a force he
believed he could control.

Ethan paces, frustration simmering beneath each step, while Natalie absorbs Jasper's words with rapt attention.

ETHAN

(pacing, agitated)

And instead, he cursed your
family... and now us.

JASPER

(nodding, solemn)

Yes. The children... they
disappeared because of it. My
family has been tormented ever
since, trying to contain what
cannot be contained.

Tim examines the ancient symbols etched around the portal, his hand tracing the cold stone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM
(sarcastically)
Great job containing it.

A GUST OF WIND sweeps through the chamber, the WHISPERS escalating into SHRIEKS. The friends FLINCH as the air crackles with malevolent energy, and the spirits from the portal surge towards them.

JASPER
(steady himself
against the
onslaught)
We must face it together. Show no
fear.

Ethan, Natalie, and Tim join hands, forming a barrier between themselves and the encroaching darkness. The temperature drops, their breaths visible in the frigid air.

ETHAN
(defiantly)
We're not afraid of you!

A SPIRIT, more corporeal than the rest, lunges at the group, its face a twisted mirror of Ethan's own deepest insecurities.

SPIRIT ETHAN
(taunting)
Not even of failing? Of losing
another friend?

Ethan staggers back, but regains his footing, clenching his fists.

ETHAN
(shouting)
You're not real!

Natalie's gaze is drawn to another figure, this one resembling her mother, who looks at her with disappointment.

SPIRIT NATALIE'S MOTHER
(soft, cutting)
Always chasing fantasies... when
will you grow up, Natalie?

NATALIE
(tearful but
resolute)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I am grown up! And I'm saving our friend!

Tim faces his own apparition, a DARKER VERSION OF HIMSELF, whispering lies about his worth.

SPIRIT TIM

(poisonous)

You'll never be brave enough.
You're weak.

TIM

(shaking his head)

No, I'm here, aren't I? I'm fighting!

JASPER

(firmly)

Ignore them! Focus on the symbols.
We need to reverse the ritual.

Their hands still joined, the friends begin to chant the counter-ritual, led by Jasper. The incantation grows louder, the words resonating with power that seems to shake the very foundation of the manor.

Together, they push back against the spectral assault, the figures dissolving into mist as their fears are confronted with unyielding courage.

CUT TO:

The glowing portal begins to FLICKER and SHRINK as the ritual nears completion, the screams of the spirits reaching a fever pitch before being silenced altogether.

The room is plunged into darkness for a moment before the faint, natural light of the moon filters through the broken windows. They look around; the portal is gone.

They collapse to the floor, exhausted but victorious, the bond between them stronger than ever. The manor is silent now, save for their heavy breathing.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - NIGHT

The manor groans under an unseen weight, the walls pulsating with a life of their own. The moonlight casts grotesque shadows on the floor where ETHAN, NATALIE, and TIM stand, panting, faces etched with fear.

ETHAN
(voice trembling)
It's over... We did it, right?

NATALIE nods, her eyes scanning the dark corners of the room. The silence is oppressive, filling the void left by the now-closed portal.

Suddenly, a CRASH echoes through the halls, followed by a low, guttural GROWL that reverberates off the stone walls.

TIM
(his voice quivering)
We... we didn't close it. It's still here.

Natalie grabs Tim's hand, trying to steady him, but he jerks away, panic rising in his green eyes.

TIM
(pleading)
We need to leave, Natalie! We can't do this!

Ethan steps forward, his face hardening with resolve.

ETHAN
And what? Leave Marvin behind? We can't!

The GROWLING intensifies, closer now. Shadows dance along the walls, shapes twisting into nightmarish figures.

TIM
(screaming)
I can't! I'm sorry!

Tim bolts, his footsteps pounding on the wooden floor as he disappears into the labyrinthine corridors.

ETHAN
(shouting after Tim)
Tim, no!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE
(tears streaming)
He's gone... What do we do, Ethan?

Ethan slumps against a wall, the weight of their situation pressing down on him.

ETHAN
(defeated)
I don't know, Nat. I don't know if we can do this without him.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tim races down the hallway, his breath coming in ragged gasps. He skids to a stop, his back pressed against the cold stone as he tries to collect himself.

TIM
(to himself)
Think, Tim, think! There has to be a way out.

But the manor seems to respond to his fear, the walls closing in around him. Whispers fill the air, each one a taunt, a reminder of his failure to stay brave.

TIM
(closing his eyes,
whispering)
I am brave... I am...

FLASHBACK TO:

A younger Tim playing sports, his face determined. He falls, gets up, never giving up despite the odds. His teammates cheer him on, relying on his strength.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Tim opens his eyes, a newfound determination settling in.

TIM
(resolute)
No more running.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Natalie and Ethan sit in darkness, the sound of their quiet sobs barely audible over the creaks of the house.

NATALIE
(voice shaking)
How do we save Marvin? How do we
save ourselves?

Ethan looks at her, his eyes reflecting the moonlight, a flicker of something unbreakable within them.

ETHAN
(determined)
We find Tim, we find Marvin, and
we finish this. Together.

Natalie nods, wiping away her tears. They rise, steadying each other, their bond unshaken despite the darkness that surrounds them.

NATALIE
(firmly)
Let's find our friend.

They move towards the ominous hallway, ready to face whatever horrors await.

FADE OUT.

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FADE IN:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - ABANDONED NURSERY - NIGHT

The moonlight casts an eerie glow through the broken window, illuminating dust particles that dance in the air. The walls are adorned with faded wallpaper depicting cheerful scenes that now seem sinister. Natalie and Ethan inch forward, their flashlights cutting through the darkness.

ETHAN
(whispering)
Do you hear that?

NATALIE
(shivering)
It's like... children laughing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, three transparent figures emerge from the shadows—two boys and a girl, no older than ten, dressed in tattered clothing from a bygone era. They hover above the ground, their expressions somber yet kind.

SPIRIT GIRL
(sympathetic)
You're scared. We were too.

Ethan and Natalie exchange a glance, fear mingling with awe.

NATALIE
(voice trembling)
Who are you?

SPIRIT BOY 1

We're the ones who never left this place... but we mean no harm.

ETHAN
(defensive)
Why should we trust you?

SPIRIT BOY 2
(pained)
Because we've been trying to help you since you arrived.

The spirits move closer, their forms flickering like candle flames.

SPIRIT GIRL
(gently)
There's a portal... created by Jasper's greed and desperation.

NATALIE

(intense)

How do we close it?

The spirits float around each other, forming a circle. An ethereal light emanates from their joined hands.

SPIRIT BOY 1
(solemn)
Three objects of power keep it open: a locket, a dagger, and a book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIRIT BOY 2

(passionate)

They're hidden within the manor.
Find them and bring them here.

SPIRIT GIRL

(encouraging)

Together, you can end this curse.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - GRAND FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Tim rejoins Ethan and Natalie, his face etched with determination. They share a quick, purposeful nod before splitting up, each searching for one of the mentioned objects.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - JASPER'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Jasper stands before a massive bookshelf, muttering incantations. His eyes, wild with madness, scan the ancient tomes. He senses the presence of the friends and turns, his gaze piercing the darkness.

JASPER

(menacing)

You cannot stop what has already
begun!

Ethan bursts into the room, brandishing the locket he found clasped in the skeletal hand of a long-dead servant.

ETHAN

(defiant)

We'll see about that, Jasper!

Jasper lunges towards him, but Ethan dodges, clutching the locket tightly.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Natalie rummages through piles of papers on a heavy oak desk, her hands shaking as she uncovers the ancient dagger, its blade tarnished but still sharp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIE
(breathing heavily)
Got it!

She hears Jasper's enraged shouts echoing through the halls and grips the dagger, preparing to reunite with the others.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - SECRET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tim discovers the dusty tome, hidden behind a false panel. As he pulls it out, eldritch energy crackles around the edges, and he feels the weight of its power.

TIM
(resolute)
This ends tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - ABANDONED NURSERY - MOMENTS LATER

The friends converge, each holding one of the powerful artifacts. Jasper appears at the doorway, his form surrounded by a dark aura.

JASPER
(seething)
Fools! You think you can defy me?
This power is mine!

ETHAN
(stepping forward)
Not anymore!

They place the objects in the center of the nursery, where the spirits of the children gather, their hands still united.

SPIRIT GIRL
(softly)
Now, together!

Ethan, Natalie, and Tim join hands, closing their eyes as they focus all their energy. The artifacts begin to glow, pulsating with light, and the portal materializes—a swirling vortex of darkness.

JASPER
(screaming)

NOOO!

The spirits of the children chant in an ancient tongue, their voices harmonizing with the friends'. The portal quakes, the objects shatter, and a blinding light fills the room.

JASPER
(agonized)
What have you done?!

As the light subsides, the portal closes with a resonant boom. The oppressive atmosphere lifts, and the manor falls silent. Jasper collapses to the floor, his power drained, his obsession shattered.

NATALIE
(exhausted but
triumphant)
It's over.

Tim puts a comforting arm around her, while Ethan looks around, ensuring that the darkness has truly dissipated.

ETHAN
(relieved)
Let's get Marvin and get out of
here.

The spirits of the children smile, their forms fading away, finally at peace.

SPIRIT BOY 1
(thankful)
Thank you.

FADE OUT.

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INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - COLLAPSING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dust billows through the dimly lit corridor as the walls of Blackwood Manor groan and buckle. The friends, ETHAN, NATALIE, and TIM, sprint towards MARVIN, who is trapped under a fallen beam.

ETHAN
(grunting)
Marvin! Hang on!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ethan, muscles straining, lifts the beam as Natalie and Tim pull Marvin free. The manor trembles violently, plaster raining down upon them.

NATALIE

(shouting)

The whole place is coming down!

TIM

(coughing)

This way!

They stagger through the debris-littered hall, the once-grand staircase now a treacherous maze of splintered wood and shattered balustrades.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - GRAND FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The chandelier sways precariously overhead as they enter the foyer. Cracks snake across the marble floor like spiderwebs, growing wider with each tremor.

MARVIN

(terrified)

We're not going to make it!

ETHAN

(determined)

Yes, we are! Keep moving!

A deafening CRASH echoes as part of the ceiling collapses behind them, blocking their retreat. The group dives forward, narrowly avoiding being buried alive.

NATALIE

(urgently)

The front door! It's our only way out!

They rush towards the entrance, the ornate doors barely visible through the thick cloud of dust.

INT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Tim reaches the doors first, throwing his weight against them. They groan but do not budge.

TIM

(struggling)

They're stuck!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ETHAN
(joining him)
On three! One... Two... THREE!

Together, Ethan and Tim force the doors open, a gust of fresh air rushing in to meet them.

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR - CONTINUOUS

The friends spill out onto the porch just as the manor gives one final, resentful shudder. With a ROAR like thunder, the structure implodes, sending a cloud of dust and debris into the sky.

They huddle together, gasping for breath, watching in horror and relief as Blackwood Manor crumbles into nothing more than a memory and a pile of rubble.

NATALIE
(panting)
Is everyone okay?

MARVIN
(nodding weakly)
I think so...

ETHAN
(looking at the ruins)
It's over. We did it.

Tim puts an arm around Natalie and Marvin, pulling them close. They stand there for a moment, battered and covered in grime, but alive.

TIM
(voice cracking)
Let's go home.

The friends turn their backs on the ruins of Blackwood Manor, the dawn's early light beginning to break the darkness as they walk away from the nightmare that had ensnared their summer.

FADE OUT.

INT. BRISBY CEMETERY - JASPER BLACKWOOD'S GRAVE - DAY

The sun hangs low in the sky, casting long shadows over the gravestones. Four friends stand in a close circle around a freshly dug grave, their faces somber.

NATALIE

He was alone... all that time.

Marvin adjusts his glasses, which slip down his nose as he looks at the grave of Jasper Blackwood.

MARVIN

(softly)

Maybe... maybe he's not alone anymore.

Tim places a hand on Marvin's shoulder, giving it a reassuring squeeze.

TIM

He tried to stop us, but I think he knew this day was coming.

Ethan stares at the grave, his expression unreadable.

ETHAN

(solemnly)

He was part of this place, just like we are now.

The friends share a moment of silence, each lost in thought as the wind whispers through the trees, carrying with it the faintest echo of memories from Blackwood Manor.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR RUINS - DUSK

Sixty years have passed, and nature has reclaimed the land where Blackwood Manor once stood. The ruins are shrouded in twilight, creating an eerie tableau.

SUPER: Sixty Years Later

The camera moves slowly through the overgrown brush, revealing fragments of the once imposing structure. A faded sign warns trespassers to stay away from the dangerous remains.

A ghostly figure appears among the ruins, translucent and barely visible in the fading light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is Marvin, his ethereal form watching over the manor's grounds with a melancholy gaze.

MARVIN'S SPIRIT

(to himself)

They're gone now... all of them.

The spirit of Marvin drifts through the remnants of the manor, passing the threshold where they had escaped decades ago.

MARVIN'S SPIRIT (CONT'D)

(whispering)

But our story remains...

A gentle breeze stirs the air, carrying with it the sound of distant laughter—echoes of the past. Marvin's specter fades into the encroaching night, becoming one with the legend of Blackwood Manor.

FADE OUT.

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FADE IN:

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR RUINS - NIGHT

A group of TEENAGERS, flashlights in hand, emerge from the thicket of trees at the edge of the Manor's grounds. The light from their torches flickers across the collapsed stone and wood, casting long, ominous shadows.

TEEN #1

(shivering)

You sure this is it, Mike?

MIKE, the de facto leader, checks his phone, referencing an old map he's saved to his photos.

MIKE

(confidently)

This is it. Blackwood Manor. Or what's left of it, anyway.

The teens spread out, exploring the skeletal remains of the once great house with a mix of reverence and trepidation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEEN #2

(whispers)

They say you can still hear the
screams of Jasper Blackwood on
nights like this.

TEEN #3

(scoffing)

That's just stories, dude. Ghost
tales to keep us away.

A sudden CRACK echoes through the air as one of the teens
steps on a fallen beam. Everyone freezes.

MIKE

(curtly)

Watch your step. This place
doesn't play around.

The ruins seem to breathe around them, the air heavy with
secrets and whispers from the past.

TEEN #4

(voice trembling)

If the stories are true, then
where's Marvin's ghost?

As if on cue, a soft GUST OF WIND sweeps through the
area, and for a moment, there's a faint outline of a
figure standing in the upper window frame. They all look
up.

MIKE

(jokingly)

Maybe that's him now, checking out
the new visitors.

The figure vanishes as quickly as it appeared, leaving
behind only the moonlit void of the manor's hollow eyes.

TEEN #1

(clutching her arms)

I've got a bad feeling about this,
guys...

MIKE

(smirking)

Come on, we're part of the legend
now. Let's see what Blackwood
Manor has hidden for all these
years.

The teenagers, driven by adrenaline and curiosity, delve
deeper into the ruins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Their FLASHLIGHT BEAMS dance over crumbling frescoes and mossy floor tiles, the remnants of grandeur that once was.

TEEN #2
(excitedly)
Over here! I found something!

They converge around TEEN #2 who has discovered a small, partly intact music box amidst the debris. As they huddle together, he winds it up, and a delicate, eerie MELODY fills the silence.

TEEN #3
(awestruck)
Man, think about it... this thing
hasn't played in over sixty years.

MIKE
(reverently)
It's like waking up history.

The music plays on as the teenagers listen, enraptured by the sound that bridges time. Suddenly, the MELODY slows, and the box comes to a stop. Silence falls upon the group once more.

TEEN #1
(breathless)
Did you hear that? It sounded
like... whispering.

They stand still, holding their breath, but the sound doesn't return. Instead, the wind WHISTLES through broken windows, as if the manor itself were sighing.

MIKE
(grinning)
This is our story now. Hey Marvin,
thanks for the music.

The teenagers laugh nervously, trying to shake off the chill that has settled in their bones.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR RUINS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The teenagers move toward the exit, the thrill of the night fading into an unspoken mutual respect for the place and its lingering spirits. As they leave, the CAMERA PANS UP to the surrounding forest, enveloped in darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The WHISPERING returns, clearer now, a gentle reminder that some mysteries remain unsolved, bound forever to the legends of Brisby.

SUPER: The Legend Lives On

The screen fades to black as the whispers echo into silence, leaving Blackwood Manor alone once again.

FADE OUT.