

(DEAD HOUSE)

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WAYNETOWN, INDIANA - NIGHT

A crescent moon hangs low over the sleepy town, casting long shadows on the deserted streets. The wind whispers through the leaves, carrying secrets from the past.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED MANSION - NIGHT

The silhouette of the grand, dilapidated structure looms ominously at the edge of town. Its windows are dark, its gates rusted.

ANGLE ON:

Three figures - JAMES, DAMIEN, and VICKIE - emerge from the thicket, their faces awash in moonlight, determination etched into their youthful features.

JAMES leads the way, his eyes scanning the mansion with a mix of exhilaration and caution. VICKIE follows closely, her curiosity piqued, while DAMIEN hesitates, a flicker of trepidation crossing his face.

JAMES
(calling out softly)
Come on. It's now or never.

VICKIE
(grinning)
Let's find us some ghosts.

Damien swallows hard but nods, steeling himself.

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - ENTRY HALL - CONTINUOUS

The heavy door creaks open. The trio steps inside. Dust particles dance in the beam of their flashlights, swirling like lost souls.

ANGLE ON:

Their feet tread cautiously across the groaning floorboards. The STALE AIR is thick with the must of decay.

Damien's breath catches as he hears it - a FAINT MURMUR, almost a lullaby, emanating from the shadows ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAMIEN
(whispering)
Did you guys hear that?

James pauses, listens, but the sound has faded. Vickie shrugs.

VICKIE
I don't hear anything.

They move deeper into the mansion.

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - GRAND BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is vast, the once-lavish decor now a shroud of cobwebs and peeling wallpaper. Damien's flashlight beam lands on a FIGURE by the fireplace - ELEANOR WHITMORE, ethereal, her gaze hollow.

Beside her, EMILY ("EMMY") huddles close, her small form barely more than a wisp in the gloom.

Damien's heart pounds as he takes a step back, his voice a choked gasp.

DAMIEN
(stammering)
J-James... Vickie...

But when he turns, they're not there. Panic seizes him. He rushes out of the room.

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Damien finds James and Vickie examining an old portrait. Their voices are a distant echo.

DAMIEN
(frantic)
Guys! You have to see this!

They follow him back to the ballroom, their expressions skeptical.

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - GRAND BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is EMPTY. No sign of Eleanor or Emmy. Just the haunting silence and the lingering chill of something unseen.

Vickie peers at Damien, her brow furrowed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKIE
(confused)
There's nothing here, Damien.

James puts a reassuring hand on Damien's shoulder, searching his friend's eyes for answers.

JAMES
(calming)
Maybe it was just a trick of the light?

Damien looks around, desperate, his mind racing. The truth is clear in his haunted blue eyes - they were real.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WAYNETOWN PUBLIC LIBRARY - LOCAL HISTORY SECTION - DAY

Damien, his face a pale mask of resolve, stands flanked by James and Vickie amidst the dusty tomes and creaking shelves. The ghostly images of Eleanor and Emmy cling to the edges of his vision like cobwebs.

DAMIEN
(earnest)
We can't just ignore what happened. There's something wrong in that house, and I need to know what it is.

Vickie exchanges a glance with James, her lips pressed tightly. She rubs her arms as if feeling a sudden chill.

VICKIE
(dubious)
I'm all for a good scare, but you're talking ghosts, Damien. Real, actual ghosts.

James's gaze lingers on Damien, reading the unshakeable determination etched into his friend's features.

JAMES
(resolute)
If it's important to you, we're in. Right, Vickie?

Vickie nods, her curiosity now piqued despite her skepticism.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKIE
(reluctant)
Right. But where do we even start?

Damien's eyes ignite with purpose.

DAMIEN
(decisive)
Mrs. Perkins. She knows every
story this town has buried.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. PERKINS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The door creaks open to reveal MRS. ELEANOR PERKINS,
seated behind a cluttered desk, her piercing blue eyes
peering over her glasses at the trio.

MRS. PERKINS
(stern)
What brings you three to my domain
of the dead and forgotten?

Damien steps forward, his voice steady.

DAMIEN
(pleading)
We need your help, Mrs. Perkins.
It's about the Whitmore mansion.

A flicker of unease crosses her face before she masks it
with a frown.

MRS. PERKINS
(wary)
That place has nothing but sorrow
soaked into its walls. Why stir
the ashes of old tragedies?

James leans on the edge of the desk, his green eyes
brimming with sincerity.

JAMES
(supportive)
Something's not right there, Mrs.
Perkins. We saw...

He trails off, not sure how much to reveal. Vickie jumps
in, her hazel eyes flashing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKIE

(cutting in)

Damien saw the ghosts of Eleanor Whitmore and her daughter. We have to know why they're still there.

Mrs. Perkins regards them silently, then sighs and opens a large, leather-bound book.

MRS. PERKINS

(reluctant)

Eleanor Whitmore and her young Emily died under... mysterious circumstances. Some say Eleanor dabbled in things beyond her ken, trying to protect her child.

Damien absorbs her words, the gears turning in his head.

DAMIEN

(hopeful)

Is there anything else? Anything that could help us understand?

Mrs. Perkins closes the book with a definitive thud, her expression softening slightly.

MRS. PERKINS

(resigned)

That's a path fraught with shadows, children. But if you're set on walking it, be prepared for what you might uncover.

Her warning hangs heavy in the air, but the friends' resolve only hardens. They share a determined look, knowing their journey into the heart of Waynetown's darkness has just begun.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - NIGHT

Moonlight filters through broken shutters, casting elongated shadows across the decrepit foyer. Dust particles dance in the beam of James's flashlight as he leads the way, his athletic frame moving with cautious determination.

JAMES

(whispering)

Keep your eyes peeled. Anything could be a clue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Damien trails behind, his deep blue eyes scanning every dark corner and cobwebbed crevice. Vickie's curly red hair bounces as she steps over a fallen beam, her hazel eyes wide with anticipation.

VICKIE
(jokingly)
Watch out for ghostly tripwires.

The mansion groans as if protesting their presence. Damien pauses by a faded portrait of Eleanor Whitmore; her spectral image now a haunting memory.

DAMIEN
(introspective)
What secrets are you hiding,
Eleanor?

James turns back, offering a reassuring nod. His green eyes glint with empathy, understanding Damien's personal stake in this mystery.

EXT. WAYNETOWN GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

A light burns inside. Thomas Grant is silhouetted against the shelves of his store as he locks up for the night. The chime of the bell announces the arrival of the trio. Thomas greets them with a bushy mustache twitch and a knowing look.

THOMAS GRANT
(amused)
Back for more ghost tales, are we?

Damien steps forward, his pale face serious beneath the streetlamp's glow.

DAMIEN
(resolute)
We need your help, Mr. Grant. It's
about the mansion.

Thomas ushers them inside, his eyes reflecting a lifetime of folklore.

INT. GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

Books, newspaper clippings, and photographs spill across the counter. Thomas points to an aged photo of the mansion, its past grandeur evident despite the sepia tone.

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CONTINUED:

THOMAS GRANT

(sage)

This place holds more stories than
my shop has wares.

James examines an old map of the town, tracing lines that
lead to the mansion.

JAMES

(focused)

There must be something everyone
overlooked.

Vickie sifts through a stack of records, her fingers
deftly flipping pages as she searches for connections.

VICKIE

(optimistic)

We'll find it. We have to.

Together, they delve deeper into the night, surrounded by
whispers of the past and the hope of unlocking
Waynetown's darkest mysteries.

INT. WAYNETOWN HISTORY MUSEUM - ARCHIVES - NIGHT

The flickering fluorescent lights cast eerie shadows
across the faces of James, Vickie, and Damien as they
huddle around a dusty volume laid open on a wooden table.
The book's pages are yellowed with age, the ink faded but
still legible.

INSERT - OLD DOCUMENT

A handwritten account details the trial of Eleanor
Whitmore, accused of consorting with dark forces. A
sketch beside the text depicts a woman, her expression
resolute even as angry townsfolk surround her.

BACK TO SCENE

Damien runs his fingers over the sketch, tracing the
lines that form Eleanor's stoic face.

DAMIEN

(somberly)

"Condemned by fear and
ignorance..."

James leans in closer, squinting at the text.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES

(concerned)

"Rumored to have forged a dark pact..."

VICKIE

(alarmed)

"Leading to their untimely deaths." We're talking about a mother and daughter here, not some bedtime horror story.

Damien's eyes glint with a mix of fascination and something darker.

DAMIEN

(determined)

We need to reach them. To find out what really happened.

James exchanges a worried glance with Vickie.

JAMES

(rational)

Damien, we've got enough to chew on already. Let's not add séances into the mix.

Vickie nods in agreement, her wild curls bouncing.

VICKIE

(half-joking)

Yeah, I signed up for detective work, not ghost whispering.

Damien stands abruptly, his chair scraping against the floor. His shadow looms tall and distorted on the wall behind him.

DAMIEN

(defensive)

You saw the figure too, James. We all heard the whispers! How can you dismiss that?

James rises, placing a hand on Damien's shoulder, trying to ground him back to reality.

JAMES

(calming)

We're not dismissing it, but we need to keep our heads clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Damien shrugs off James's hand, his deep blue eyes now stormy with accusation.

DAMIEN

(angry)

Clear? Or just closed off to what
you're afraid to understand?

Vickie steps between them, her small frame commanding their attention.

VICKIE

(firm)

Damien, this isn't you. You're
letting this obsession take over.

Damien shakes his head, looking past them as if he hears a call only he can perceive.

DAMIEN

(intense)

Eleanor and Emmy are reaching out.
I can feel it. And I'm not turning
my back on them.

He turns away, leaving James and Vickie in the dim light of the archives, surrounded by the silent witnesses of history.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - NIGHT

Damien's silhouette is a dark smudge against the moonlit backdrop of dilapidated walls. He pushes through the decaying grandeur of the mansion's entrance, his breath forming ghostly vapors in the cold air. The silence is oppressive, broken only by the creaking of strained wood underfoot.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway stretches before him like the gullet of some leviathan, paintings watching from the walls with faded eyes. Damien's gaze is resolute as he moves with deliberate steps, a lone figure swallowed by shadows.

CUT TO:

INT. SÉANCE ROOM - LATER

Damien stands in the center of the room where he first saw them—Eleanor and Emmy. His hands are trembling, not from the chill, but from the weight of expectation and fear. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and speaks softly into the darkness.

DAMIEN

(pensive)

Eleanor... Emmy... I've come to help you.

A beat of silence, then whispers curl around the edges of the room, barely discernable. Damien opens his eyes, and there they are: Eleanor Whitmore and her spectral daughter, Emmy, materializing in a dance of ethereal light.

EMMY

(whispering)

He's here...

Eleanor steps forward, her form clearer now, her face etched with sorrow. Her voice is a tired sigh that barely disturbs the still air.

ELEANOR

(mournful)

I made a pact to save her... to protect my child.

Damien listens, his heart racing as he connects with the ghosts, their pain palpable in the charged atmosphere.

DAMIEN

(sympathetic)

What happened? Tell me how to free you.

Eleanor's eyes, hollow with centuries of regret, meet his. She gestures to Emmy, who clings to her, shivering as if cold in her untouchable state.

ELEANOR

(anguished)

A malevolent spirit... promised salvation but ensnared us instead. We are bound to this place, our fates sealed with his lies.

Emmy looks up, her eyes brimming with tears that will never fall. She reaches out, her hand passing through Damien's arm, leaving a sensation like ice on his skin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMY
(faintly)
Can't leave...

Damien nods, a silent vow forming within him. He is the bridge between life and death, the key to their release.

DAMIEN
(resolute)
I'll find a way to break the pact.
You won't be trapped here any
longer.

Eleanor bows her head, gratitude mingling with anguish.

ELEANOR
(whisper)
Be wary, young one. The spirit
watches.

With that warning, the figures of Eleanor and Emmy fade away, leaving Damien alone in the room that echoes with the secrets of the past and the promise of redemption.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - NIGHT

Damien's breath is visible, a ghostly vapor in the cold air as he stands before Eleanor, her ethereal form barely illuminated by the moonlight spilling through the broken window.

ELEANOR
(solemn)
The object... it binds us.

Her voice is a whisper that resonates with the weight of centuries. She points towards the grand staircase, where shadows cling to each ornate spindle like dark secrets.

DAMIEN
(determined)
Where?

Emmy steps forward, her spectral hand hovering over the wooden banister, her small finger pointing upwards.

EMMY
(sadly)
Hidden... in sorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Damien nods, understanding the cryptic clue. He ascends the stairs, each step creaking under the weight of his resolve.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

James and Vickie hurry across the overgrown lawn, the mansion's imposing silhouette a stark contrast against the stars. They exchange a glance, their worry for Damien mirrored in each other's eyes.

VICKIE

(anxious)

He's been in there too long.

JAMES

(resolute)

We find him. We get out. Together.

They enter through the gaping doorway, unprepared for what awaits.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Damien enters the room, dust motes dancing in the beam of his flashlight. His gaze falls upon an antique painting, a portrait of a woman and child, their faces twisted in anguish.

He reaches out, fingers trembling as they trace the frame. With a gentle push, the painting swings forward, revealing a cavity in the wall. Inside, an amulet throbs with a sickly light, its chain corroded by time and malice.

DAMIEN

(hushed)

This is it...

With a surge of courage, he grasps the amulet, the air around him growing colder, heavier. He feels the very fabric of reality ripple as if protesting his actions.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - GRAND ENTRANCE - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

James and Vickie descend into the bowels of the mansion, the oppressive silence punctuated only by their hurried footsteps.

Suddenly, a chill sweeps through the corridor, and the faint sound of a child's laughter echoes off the walls. They freeze, hearts pounding.

VICKIE
(whispering)
Damien?

JAMES
(tense)
Keep moving.

They press on, drawn inexorably towards the master bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Damien holds the amulet, Eleanor and Emmy materialize before him, their forms clearer, more substantial than before. They reach out, imploring.

ELEANOR
(decisive)
Break the chain.

With a nod, Damien wraps the amulet chain around his fist. He pulls, the metal resisting, then snapping with a sound like thunder. A shockwave emanates from the broken chain, throwing him backward.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - GRAND ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The entire mansion trembles. James and Vickie stumble as the floor beneath them shudders, the very walls groaning in protest.

JAMES
(yelling)
Damien!

They sprint up the stairs, taking them two at a time, desperation fueling their ascent.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eleanor and Emmy stand beside Damien, who lies sprawled on the floor, dazed. The spirits of mother and daughter are aglow, their chains of bondage dissolving into motes of light that drift upwards.

ELEANOR
(relieved)
Thank you.

EMMY
(joyful)
Free...

Their forms begin to fade, the light that once held them prisoner now granting them release. Damien watches, a bittersweet triumph reflected in his deep blue eyes.

Suddenly, James and Vickie burst into the room. They rush to Damien, helping him to his feet.

VICKIE
(concerned)
Are you okay?

Damien nods, unable to tear his gaze away from the vanishing spirits.

JAMES
(awestruck)
What happened?

DAMIEN
(smiling faintly)
They're free.

The room fills with a peaceful silence as Eleanor and Emmy disappear completely, leaving behind a legacy of courage and a mystery finally laid to rest.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The tranquil aftermath is shattered as a cold gust sweeps through the room. The chandelier above swings wildly, casting erratic shadows over the walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Damien, Vickie, and James exchange a glance, a silent understanding that it's time to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - GRAND STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The trio descends the stairs hurriedly, their footsteps echoing in the vast emptiness. A haunting wail fills the air, stopping them dead in their tracks.

JAMES
(voice shaking)
What was that?

Before they can react, an inky darkness oozes from the cracks in the floorboards, spiraling upward into a monstrous form. Eyes glowing red, the malevolent spirit emerges, fury etched into its swirling visage.

SPIRIT
(in a voice like
grinding stone)
You dare defy me?

Damien steps back, his face pale, eyes wide with terror.

DAMIEN
(stammering)
We... we freed them. Your pact is
broken!

The spirit looms closer, its form towering over them.

SPIRIT
(snarling)
Your souls will replace theirs.
You shall never leave!

Vickie clutches at Damien's arm, her fiery hair a stark contrast against the dark energy pulsating around them.

VICKIE
(defiant yet
trembling)
No! We won't let you!

James places himself between his friends and the spirit, his athletic frame tense and ready.

JAMES
(determined)
We'll find a way out. Together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The spirit lashes out, tendrils of shadow snaking towards them. They dodge aside, but the fear is palpable, a thick fog smothering their courage.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

They barricade themselves inside, panting, chests heaving. Books and dust swirl around them as the spirit's anger reverberates through the mansion.

DAMIEN

(eyes haunted)

I thought... I thought breaking
the chain would end this.

His words hang heavy, laden with doubt. Vickie paces, her curls bouncing with each agitated step.

VICKIE

(muttering)

There has to be another way...

James slumps against a bookshelf, his green eyes reflecting the flickering candlelight.

JAMES

(voice barely
audible)

But what if we can't? What if it's
too powerful?

For a moment, silence reigns, save for the distant howls of the enraged spirit. Fear grips them, as tangible as the books they hide behind.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Close on Damien's face, a single tear trails down his cheek, mirroring the internal struggle between his rational mind and the supernatural terror before him.

VICKIE

(urgently)

Damien, snap out of it! We need
you!

He looks up, the deep blue of his eyes darkening with resolve, even as they shimmer with unshed tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAMIEN

(resolute)

We made it this far. We can't give
up now.

James rises, inspired by Damien's shift. He nods, his
confidence rekindled.

JAMES

(firmly)

Right. Let's stick together.
Think!

Their hands join, a united front against the darkness
that seeks to consume them. Their bond, their shared
history in Waynetown, becomes their beacon in the night.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - LIBRARY - NIGHT

A whirlwind of chaos envelops the room as the trio
regroups. Vickie clutches a tattered page, her eyes wide
with a mixture of fear and epiphany.

VICKIE

(shouting over the
din)

The object! Mrs. Perkins said it
could be destroyed!

Damien and James exchange a look of disbelief that
quickly morphs into determination.

DAMIEN

(grasping the page)

You mean... This is our chance?

James snatches a candlestick, weaponizing the mundane in
the face of the supernatural.

JAMES

(focused)

Where is it?

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXTREME CLOSE UP on the page revealing a detailed sketch of an ancient amulet, cryptic runes etched along its edges.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - HIDDEN CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The same amulet lies on a dust-covered pedestal, pulsating with an eerie light.

BACK TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - LIBRARY

Vickie's fingers dance across the page, tracing the route to the hidden chamber. Her voice takes on a commanding tone.

VICKIE
(determined)
Downstairs, behind the portrait of
Eleanor Whitmore. That's where we
find it.

Damien nods, his jaw set in steely resolve. He steps forward, taking the lead.

DAMIEN
(resolute)
Then let's end this nightmare.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - GRAND STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Their footsteps echo as they descend, each step a defiance against the malevolent force that stalks them. Shadows cling to their forms like desperate specters.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - LOWER HALLWAY

The portrait looms before them, eyes seeming to follow their every move. Damien reaches out, his hand trembling, and pushes the painting aside to reveal a hidden alcove.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - HIDDEN CHAMBER

They enter, the air thick with anticipation. The amulet rests mere feet away, its glow casting a sinister light upon their faces.

JAMES
(whispering)
There it is...

Vickie steps forward, but Damien holds her back. His eyes lock onto the amulet, reading the danger it poses.

DAMIEN
(warning)
Careful. It's not just a trinket;
it's a prison.

They circle the pedestal, the tension palpable. Vickie draws a deep breath, reaching into her pocket to produce a small hammer she had taken from Thomas Grant's collection of tools.

VICKIE
(voice steady)
Then let's set them free.

Damien nods, giving her a silent signal. With a swift motion, Vickie raises the hammer high and brings it crashing down upon the amulet.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - HIDDEN CHAMBER

The sound of shattering crystal pierces the night, reverberating through the mansion. A blinding light erupts, engulfing the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - VARIOUS ROOMS

As the light spreads, the darkness retreats. The malevolent spirit howls in fury, its form dissolving in the brilliance.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - HIDDEN CHAMBER

The friends shield their eyes, bracing against the onslaught of power. When the light fades, they lower their arms, finding the room calm, the air cleared of malice.

Damien looks to James and Vickie, their expressions mirroring the mix of exhaustion and relief that weighs upon him.

DAMIEN
(breathing heavily)
It's done.

Their gazes meet, an unspoken bond reinforcing their unity. They have faced the darkness and emerged victorious.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - GRAND HALLWAY - NIGHT

The grand hallway, once a symbol of opulence, now writhes as if alive. Walls pulsate with dark energy, shadows twist into grotesque shapes, and the air is thick with menace. This is the heart of the mansion, where the malevolent spirit's power is at its zenith.

Damien, James, and Vickie stand back-to-back in a tight circle, their breaths visible in the chill that has descended upon the room. The tension is palpable; it crackles in the charged atmosphere like static before a storm.

ANGLE ON:

James' tall silhouette rooted firmly, his eyes scanning for movement. He grips a makeshift weapon fashioned from a broken piece of banister, his muscles tensed for battle.

ANGLE ON:

Vickie beside him, her red hair a fiery contrast to the encroaching darkness. She clutches an iron candlestick, her determined stance belying the fear that flickers behind her hazel eyes.

ANGLE ON:

Damien, the strategist, his eyes fixed on the swirling vortex of shadows ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The amulet fragments lay scattered at his feet, the remnants of their desperate act to sever the spirit's anchor to this world.

SUDDENLY -

A GUST OF WIND sweeps through the hall, extinguishing the weak light from the candles. Darkness engulfs them, a palpable force intent on smothering their resolve.

JAMES

(shouting)

Stay close! It wants to divide us!

Their hands reach out, finding each other's in the pitch black. A silent vow to remain united against the unseen foe.

A LOW, MENACING GROWL rolls through the room like thunder, growing louder, closer. Then, without warning, the spirit emerges from the darkness.

Its form is nebulous, a swirling mass of shadow and malice. It lunges towards them with unnatural speed.

VICKIE

(defiant)

You won't take us!

She swings the candlestick, her movements precise and swift. The weapon passes through the spirit's form, disrupting it momentarily, but it quickly reforms.

Damien steps forward, his voice steady despite the chaos.

DAMIEN

(calmly)

We know your weakness. You're bound to this place no more!

The spirit recoils as if struck by an invisible blow, its howl echoing off the walls. It knows the truth in Damien's words.

James charges, using his size to his advantage. He thrusts the makeshift spear into the spirit's core, forcing it back, buying them precious seconds.

ANGLE ON:

Damien, kneeling, scoops up a sharp fragment of the shattered amulet. His blue eyes meet those of his friends, a silent signal passed between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stands, his figure outlined by a faint glow emanating from the broken pieces in his hand.

CLOSE UP:

Damien's face, determination etched into every feature. He takes a deep breath and steps toward the writhing darkness.

DAMIEN
(yelling)
Your reign ends now!

With a primal scream, he plunges the shard into the heart of the spirit's form. A blinding LIGHT EXPLODES from the point of impact, radiating outward in a shockwave of pure energy.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED MANSION - SAME TIME

The mansion itself seems to shudder, and then, as if a great weight has been lifted, the oppressive aura dissipates. Stars twinkle above where only clouds loomed moments before.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ABANDONED MANSION - GRAND HALLway - CONTINUOUS

The spirit's wail fades into nothingness as its form disintegrates, the malevolence that had suffused the air just moments ago now gone.

In the sudden stillness, the ghostly figures of Eleanor and Emmy appear, their expressions serene. They nod in gratitude to their liberators before ascending, their forms dissolving into motes of light that drift upward and vanish.

Damien collapses to his knees, overcome by the ordeal. James and Vickie rush to his side, their faces reflecting the mixture of relief and disbelief at the night's harrowing events.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED MANSION - NIGHT

The trio emerges, stepping from the crumbling facade of the mansion into the cool night air, a palpable sense of release following them out into the grassy clearing.

James' tall silhouette is the first to cross the threshold. He pauses, allowing Vickie and Damien to catch up. They exchange glances, a silent communication passing between them.

JAMES

(softly)

We did it.

Damien's deep blue eyes, still wide with the residue of fear and awe, meet James'.

DAMIEN

(nodding)

We really did.

Vickie, her hair wilder than ever, throws her arms around them both, pulling them into an impromptu group hug. Their laughter is shaky, but genuine—a testament to their bond.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

A bell CHIMES as the door opens. Thomas Grant looks up from behind the counter, his bushy mustache twitching with curiosity as the friends enter.

The store is cozy, lined with shelves of produce and local wares. The familiar setting contrasts sharply with the darkness they've left behind.

Thomas gestures for them to sit at a small table near the fireplace.

THOMAS

(grinning)

Well, if it isn't Waynetown's
bravest souls!

As they recount the night's events, the camera pans over stacks of dusty books and artifacts. Thomas listens intently, his expression a blend of fascination and concern.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKIE
It was like nothing we've ever
seen, Thomas. The whole place
just... changed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MRS. PERKINS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Perkins sits across from them, her hands folded in her lap, her blue eyes sharp and calculating. She's surrounded by history-books, maps, photographs.

JAMES
(earnestly)
Mrs. Perkins, the mansion's
history... you were right about it
all.

MRS. PERKINS
(solemnly)
I sensed there was more to it than
mere stories...

Her gaze lingers on each of them, taking in the depth of their experience.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAYNETOWN STREETS - EVENING

A montage shows James, Vickie, and Damien walking through the town, but somehow apart from it. People go about their business, oblivious to the weight the friends now carry.

CLOSE UP on each friend's face:

James' green eyes look beyond the townspeople, haunted by what he has seen.

Damien's thoughtful expression suggests a mind grappling with the impossible made real.

Vickie's normally mischievous gaze is tempered by a newfound gravity.

CUT TO:

INT. EACH FRIEND'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Three separate shots show each friend alone with their thoughts, attempting to find solace in the mundane. Yet the shadows cast by their bedside lamps seem to flicker with secrets only they understand.

JAMES (V.O.)
(whispering)
What now?

Damien stares at the ceiling, his breathing slow and deliberate, as if trying to calm a storm within.

VICKIE (V.O.)
(whispering)
How do we just... go back?

Vickie tosses in her bed, restless, turning away from the moonlight spilling through her window.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED MANSION - DAWN

The mansion looms in the distance, its presence less ominous now, yet still heavy with memories. The sun crests the horizon, casting long shadows over the structure that once held terror.

The camera pulls back, leaving the haunting image of the mansion behind, as life in Waynetown stirs to wakefulness.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WAYNETOWN LIBRARY - DAY

The sun filters through the leaves of old oak trees, casting dappled shadows on the library's brick facade. A sense of quiet normalcy blankets the scene.

PUSH IN:

Through the front doors where we find James, Vickie, and Damien huddled around a large wooden table strewn with newspapers, books, and maps.

CLOSE ON Vickie's hands as she spreads out an aged map, her fingers tracing the lines that mark the ley of the land.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKIE
(pointing)
Ley lines... energy paths. If the
mansion was just a starting
point...

Damien leans in, his eyes scanning the intricate web of
routes.

DAMIEN
(nodding)
...then there could be more
hotspots around Waynetown. More
stories to unearth.

James stands up, his posture one of resolve.

JAMES
Then we dig deeper. We find those
stories.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

A bell tinkles as the door swings open. The trio enters,
their presence stirring whispers among the patrons.

MATCH CUT TO:

A corkboard filled with flyers. James pins a hand-drawn
advertisement to it. It reads: "Paranormal
Investigations: Seeking the Truth Behind the Unknown."

WIDE SHOT:

As they retreat to a corner table, they're approached by
a group of locals, among them Thomas Grant, who offer
knowing nods of support.

THOMAS GRANT
You kids stirred up quite the talk
'round here. Count me in.

Others murmur their assent, eyes alight with curiosity
and a shared hunger for the hidden truths of their town.

CLOSE UP on James' encouraging smile, Vickie's eager nod,
and Damien's grateful gaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They've found new allies in their quest—a community united by the supernatural.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

A spectral mist clings to the decaying structure. Long shadows cast by the moon's glow dance across broken windows and rusted gates.

James, Vickie, and Damien approach cautiously, flashlights in hand. Their breaths visible in the chill air, they exchange determined glances.

INSERT: Vickie's hand as it pushes open the creaking metal door, a symphony of eerie groans welcoming them inside.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The trio's lights pierce through the darkness, illuminating a labyrinth of dilapidated machinery and graffiti-laden walls.

ANGLE ON James as he scans the surroundings with his sharp green eyes, a digital recorder at the ready, capturing every sound.

JAMES

(whispering)

Keep an eye out for cold spots, fluctuations. Anything out of the ordinary.

Vickie nods, her wild hair reflecting the light as she points a thermal camera around the room, searching for anomalies.

Damien flips through a worn journal, cross-referencing historical accounts with their current observations.

DAMIEN

(murmuring to himself)

This place... where past tragedies linger like echoes.

CUT TO:

EXT. CREEK SIDE - DAWN

Morning light filters through the trees as the group treks along a muddy path beside an overgrown creek rumored to be haunted.

CLOSE UP on Vickie's boots as she steps carefully, leading the way with a confidence that belies her petite frame.

REVERSE SHOT reveals James and Damien following, taking notes and photos. They stop to inspect an old wooden bridge arching over the water, its planks rotting.

JAMES

(pointing)

Look there. The markings on the side—could be signs of rituals.

Damien takes out an EMF meter, his hands steadier than before, the quiet intensity in his blue eyes replaced with focused curiosity.

VICKIE

(teasing)

Ready to face the ghosts of your fears, Damien?

Damien smiles, a genuine expression of growth that doesn't falter even as the meter begins to beep erratically.

DAMIEN

Only if they're ready to face us.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A chandelier flickers above as the team sets up cameras and sensors in the grand, yet sinister, setting.

MEDIUM SHOT of James, directing the placement of equipment with clear command, but also listening intently to his friends' input.

Over his shoulder, a shadow passes—a fleeting glimpse of the unknown.

INSERT: Damien's hand reaching for James', a silent gesture of mutual support.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIDE SHOT of the three friends forming a circle, hands joined, their unity palpable.

VICKIE
(softly)
Together, we've got this.

CUT TO:

EXT. HISTORICAL BATTLEFIELD - TWILIGHT

The trio stands atop a hill, overlooking a field where residual hauntings have been reported. The sun dips below the horizon, painting the sky in hues of deep purple and orange.

ANGLE ON Vickie, sketchbook in hand, as she draws the scene before them, her artistic expression showing a new depth, influenced by the mysteries they've encountered.

James peers through binoculars, vigilant, spotting distant shapes moving through the twilight.

JAMES
There. Movement. Or is it just the
fading light?

Damien sets up a tripod, attaching a night-vision camera. His former apprehension has given way to eager anticipation.

DAMIEN
Let's find out.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. WAYNETOWN MAIN STREET - DAY

A festive atmosphere engulfs the small town as BANNERS and DECORATIONS line the streets. The words "Waynetown Paranormal Heroes" stand out, flapping gently in the breeze.

MEDIUM SHOT of a makeshift stage where JAMES, VICKIE, and DAMIEN are being presented with the KEY TO THE TOWN by the MAYOR, a gesture of gratitude for their brave exploits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES smiles, accepting the honor with genuine humility. His eyes meet those of the townspeople, sparkling with a shared understanding of what they've all overcome.

VICKIE, ever the firebrand, pumps her fist in the air, rallying the CROWD into cheers. Her laughter is infectious, her spirit the heartbeat of celebration.

ANGLE ON Damien, who stands slightly apart, his gaze distant but content. He clutches a worn journal, filled with notes from their adventures, a testament to their journey.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED MANSION - SUNSET

The trio approaches the mansion, now peaceful in the fading sunlight. They pause at the gate, looking up at the once foreboding structure that started it all.

CLOSE UP on the faces of the friends, each reflecting a mix of nostalgia and pride.

JAMES

(softly)

Remember the first time we stood
here?

Damien nods, a faint smile tracing his lips. Vickie reaches out, placing a hand on each of their shoulders - a silent vow of enduring camaraderie.

VICKIE

We were just kids chasing shadows.

DAMIEN

(whispering)

And now...we're the ones who light
the way.

WIDE SHOT of the mansion as the last rays of sun cast long shadows across its facade. It's no longer menacing; it looks almost serene.

ANGLE ON the trio as they turn away from the mansion, their silhouettes etched against the darkening sky. Their journey home is not just a return to familiar grounds, but a walk along the path of legends they themselves have crafted.

FADE OUT.