

GHOST HOUSE

By Blake Troupe

FADE IN:

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE – NIGHT

The boys stand outside the haunted house. It's a gloomy evening, with the moon hiding behind the clouds, leaving the neighborhood in a muted grayish light. The house is a towering two-story Victorian-style structure with ivy climbing its sides, giving it an eerie vibe that the local kids love to gossip about.

JACOB: (smirks, pushes glasses up his nose) C'mon Gary. You don't really believe in ghosts, do you?

Gary stands at the edge of the property, staring up at the house. A chilly breeze rustles through the dead leaves scattered on the lawn, making him shiver.

GARY: I dunno, Jake. But we're gonna find out.

JACOB: (rolling his eyes) Look, if we go in there and come out without getting scared, it'll be proof that it's all just a bunch of old wives' tales.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE – FOYER – NIGHT

The rickety door creaks open, revealing a dimly lit foyer with dusty portraits lining the walls and a staircase ascending into darkness. A chilly draft sweeps in, carrying with it the faint scent of decay. The boys step inside, the floorboards groaning underfoot. The door slams shut behind them, the echo reverberating through the house.

Jacob pulls out a flashlight from his backpack and flicks it on, the beam cutting through the darkness.

JACOB: Alright, let's check this place out.

Gary follows closely behind him, clutching onto his shirt for comfort.

Gary shivers, not from the fear, but the cold. The air in the house is frigid, and it feels like it's thick with something unseen.

GARY: (shivering) Why is it so cold in here?

JACOB: It's probably just old. These places never keep in the heat.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

They enter the living room and see a fireplace, the mantel adorned with dusty knick-knacks. There's a sofa with a moth-eaten throw and a rocking chair that seems to sway gently on its own.

JACOB: (eyeing the fireplace) Did you bring any matches? Maybe some warmth would help.

Gary digs into his pockets and pulls out a matchbook—the one he stole from his dad's toolbox last week. He strikes it against the hearthstone. A weak flame flickers to life. He tosses it into the fireplace, where a few brittle logs sit. Grabbing a rusty old bellows, he squeezes—air wheezes out in a dusty puff. The flame gutters, then leaps higher. Shadows dance wildly up the walls.

JACOB: (rubbing his hands) Much better. Nice job with the bellows, little bro.

Gary nods, feeling a bit braver with the fire crackling in the background. The warmth does make the house feel less eerie. They look around the room, spotting a dust-covered bookshelf filled with aged tomes and a small wooden table with a drawer.

GARY: What do you supposed happened to the people who lived here?

JACOB: (shrugging) Probably just moved out or passed away. The house has been empty for as long as I can remember. Let's keep exploring.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE – HALLWAY – NIGHT

They head towards the hallway, the light from his flashlight bobbing in the gloom. An organ plays nearby.

GARY: (shaky) Do you hear that?

Jacob points his flashlight to a door with peeling paint. They walk closer, the eerie melody growing louder.

JACOB: It must be coming from that room up ahead.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE – LIBRARY – NIGHT

They enter the room where the organ is located and find it to be a dusty library, the walls lined with books and the floor with a faded red carpet. The library is vast, filled with shelves

that seem to stretch into the shadows. The organ is massive, its pipes reaching up to the ceiling, covered in a thick layer of dust. The organ is no longer playing.

JACOB: (swallowing hard) It... it stopped. It must have just been the wind or something.

GARY: Or maybe it's one of those self-playing types.

Gary approaches the organ, the dust on the pipes and keys seems to shiver slightly in the flickering firelight. The music room is eerily silent now, with only the distant creaks and groans of the old house to keep us company. A dusty book titled *The Haunting Melodies of Old* catches his eye on a nearby shelf, and the door they entered from slowly swings shut with a mournful sigh.

Gary sits down at the organ. Jacob notices his little brother's fingers hovering over the yellowed keys. His eyes widen slightly.

JACOB: (whispering) What are you doing?

GARY: I want to try playing a tune on here. Maybe it'll summon some ghosts.

JACOB: (nervously) I don't think that's a good idea little bro.

GARY: It's just a organ. What could possibly go wrong?

The Haunting Melodies of Old book falls open to a page titled *The Ghostly Serenade.* As Gary plays the notes indicated, the dusty organ comes to life with a deep, resonant sound that echoes through the library. At first nothing seems to happen... until suddenly, the floor beneath Jacob's feet slowly transforms into quicksand!

Jacob lets out a panicked yelp as he starts to sink.

JACOB: GARY! HELP ME!

He flails his arms, trying to grab onto anything within reach. The books on the shelves around him begin to wobble, as if disturbed by an unseen presence.

GARY: (shouting) JACOB, HOLD ON!

Gary drops the book and rushes to his side. He grabs his wrists and pulls with all his might, but the quicksand is relentless. His legs are already submerged to his knees, and the sand is rising rapidly.

JACOB: It's no use, I'm stuck! (his eyes dart to the book on the floor) The music! Maybe the book has an incantation to reverse it!

Gary races back to the organ and, with trembling hands, leafs through the pages of *The Haunting Melodies of Old.* In the dim light, he finds an incantation titled *The Ghostly Serenade's Reversal.* The book seems to hum in my grasp, as if eager to be read. The quicksand around Jacob's legs is rising swiftly.

Jacob's eyes are wide with fear as he watches Gary flip through the pages. His voice is strained, and the panic is palpable in the air.

JACOB: Hurry, Gary! I can feel it pulling me down!

Gary plays *The Ghostly Serenade's Reversal* on the organ. The notes resonate through the library, and the quicksand around Jacob's legs begins to recede. With a final, sucking sound, it's gone, leaving the floor solid beneath him. Jacob, visibly relieved, pulls himself

out of the spot with a grunt. The bookshelves stop wobbling, and the tension in the air dissipates. The door to the library, which had swung shut earlier, now stands open again.

GARY: (apologetically) Are you okay Jake? I'm so sorry, I didn't know that would happen.

Jacob nods, brushing the dust off his pants, trying to regain his composure. His eyes dart to the book still in Gary's hand.

JACOB: It's okay, we're both okay. What kind of book was that?

GARY: Some kind of spellbook, I think.

Gary flips through the pages with a newfound sense of caution. The incantations and musical notations seem to dance in the moonlight, hinting at secrets best left untouched.

GARY: It must've had something to do with the organ.

Jacob swallows hard, his earlier bravado replaced by a solemn expression.

JACOB: We should put it back and leave this room. I'd hate what to see what other 'tricks' that thing can do.

Gary nods in agreement, placing the book back onto the shelf with care, as if it might jump out at them again. The air feels charged with an energy that wasn't there before, and the house seems more... alive.

GARY: Okay, let's keep moving. Maybe we'll find some cool stuff or something that proves these ghost stories are just a bunch of nonsense.

JACOB: (nods, taking a deep breath) Yeah, you're right. We're here to explore, not to get spooked by a dusty old organ. Let's keep going.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE – HALLWAY – NIGHT

Jacob picks up the flashlight and shines it into the hallway. Portraits and animal trophies are hung on the walls, their eyes seeming to follow them as they pass. The floorboards creak beneath their feet, and Gary can't shake the feeling that they're not alone.

JACOB: Be careful, little bro. Those animal heads are giving me the creeps.

Gary laughs nervously, trying to shrug off the eerie feeling that's been building up inside him.

GARY: They're just dead animals, Jake. They can't do anything to us.

But the way they seem to stare at them as they move down the hallway is unsettling. Suddenly, one of the animal trophies, an alligator, jumps out from the wall and lands directly in front of them! Jacob jumps back with a yelp, dropping his flashlight. The light bounces off the walls, creating a chaotic dance of shadows that only seems to make the situation more terrifying. The alligator's eyes gleam with a strange, otherworldly light, and its mouth opens, revealing a set of very sharp teeth.

JACOB: What the...? How is this possible?

The alligator let's out a deep bellow, as if answering Jacob's question with a sinister chuckle. Its tail thumps against the floor, sending vibrations through the house. Then it begins to walk towards them, its movements unnaturally fluid for a taxidermy animal.

JACOB: (yelling) Gary, do something!

Gary looks back in the opposite direction, the living room just a few feet away.

GARY: Quick! Follow me!

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Gary's heart races as he and Jacob sprint towards the safety of the fireplace. The alligator's steps are surprisingly quick, the thumping of its tail growing louder.

Gary snatches the bellows from beside the fireplace, adrenaline pumping through his veins. The alligator is closing in, its unblinking eyes fixed on them. The warmth from the fire feels like a beacon of safety compared to the cold, unyielding stare of the creature.

JACOB: What're you gonna do with that?

Jacob's voice is high-pitched with fear as he shines the flashlight back and forth, trying to keep the alligator at bay.

GARY: I've got an idea!

Taking a deep breath. Gary held the bellows like a weapon, ready to strike. As the alligator lunges at them, he thrusts the nozzle into its gaping mouth and squeeze the bellows with all his might. A powerful blast of air shoots into the creature's throat, causing it to cough and sputter. The force of the air propels it backward, giving them a moment of respite.

Jacob's eyes widen in surprise, then fill with hope as he sees the creature stumble.

JACOB: What did you do?

GARY: I just gave it a taste of its own medicine.

The alligator is momentarily dazed but not defeated, glaring at them with a mix of anger and confusion. Jacob quickly aims the flashlight at the malevolent alligator. The creature's eyes squint in the sudden beam, and it hisses, recoiling from the light. The glow from the fireplace flickers, casting grotesque shadows on the walls as the creature retreats into the hallway. They watch in amazement as it slithers away, its movements growing more erratic.

JACOB: (patting Gary on the back with a relieved smile) You're a genius, little bro! Who knew bellows could be so useful?

GARY: Yeah, just like how we used ours to blow up balloons.

Gary giggles, trying to shake off the fear that had gripped him only moments ago.

JACOB: (chuckling) Or that silly game we once played, remember?

GARY: (laughs nervously) Right, that face-pumping game.

The alligator is now out of sight, but the sound of its retreating tail thumps fade away down the hallway, leaving us in an uneasy silence. Jacob picks up the flashlight, his hand shaking slightly.

JACOB: We should keep moving. But maybe we should stick closer together from now on.

Gary puts the bellows back by the fireplace and nods in agreement.

GARY: Definitely.

Gary takes a deep breath to steady himself. The warmth of the fire feels good on his back, but the chilly air from the hallway is a stark reminder of what lurks beyond.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE – HALLWAY – NIGHT

Jacob cautiously shines the flashlight into the hallway, the beam revealing the alligator has disappeared around the corner.

JACOB: Let's stick together. And maybe don't touch anything else for a bit, okay?

Gary nods, feeling the weight of their shared experience settle on his shoulders. They move through the house more carefully now, the shadows seeming to shift and twist as they pass. Each room they enter feels like a new chapter in a horror story they didn't choose to read.

They come to a door and slowly open it, revealing a study with a large, antique desk and a globe that seems to follow their movements with a knowing gaze. A chilly breeze sweeps in, causing the pages of an open book to flutter.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE – STUDY – NIGHT

JACOB: (whispers) Let's check it out.

They step inside, and they both jump when the door slams shut behind them.

The room feels colder than the rest of the house, and the globe on the desk seems to spin of its own accord, the pages of the book rustling as if being turned by invisible hands.

JACOB: It looks like a diary. Maybe it belonged to the original owner of the house.

Gary tentatively steps forward, the floorboards groaning beneath their feet, and approaches the desk with the open diary. The globe seems to slow its rotation as he came closer, as if it's watching them with the same curiosity he's had for the book. The diary is old, the pages yellowed and brittle, but the handwriting is surprisingly clear. He can make out dates from the late 1800s, recounting strange occurrences and whispers of a malevolent presence within the house.

JACOB: What does it say Gary?

GARY: It's about the original owner, a man named Edward Margrave. He talks about practicing dark arts and summoning spirits for his own amusement.

JACOB: (eyes widening) Dark arts?

GARY: Yeah, he wrote about how he used to perform these rituals to entertain himself, like bringing inanimate objects to life or using a supernatural book to warp the fabric of reality.

JACOB: Like the quicksand made by that organ or the alligator that nearly got us?

GARY: Exactly. It seems like he had quite the collection of eerie artifacts and spells.

JACOB: Dude...this is crazy. What if all the stories are true?

GARY: I know, right? It says here that he had a younger brother, William, who was terrified of his experiments. He tried to stop Edward, but... well, things didn't end well for William.

JACOB: What do you mean?

GARY: It says William disappeared one night, and Edward claimed he'd been consumed by the very spirits he'd been trying to banish.

JACOB: Consumed? You mean he was... eaten?

GARY: No, I don't think it's literal. It's more like... absorbed or something. The diary is pretty cryptic.

JACOB: That's messed up. Did he ever stop?

GARY: No. Edward got more obsessed, and eventually the house got a reputation for being haunted. People started avoiding it.

JACOB: Whoa... this is just like Edgar Allen Poe. But worse, because it's real.

GARY: Or so it seems. We should probably find a way to put everything back to how it was.

JACOB: How are we going to do that? We don't even know what we're dealing with here.

GARY: I suggest we attempt to find William's room, hoping to uncover the truth behind his disappearance.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE – HALLWAY – NIGHT

The hallway outside the study has more doors and a staircase leading to the upper floor. The house seems to be watching them with a sense of anticipation. Jacob points to a door at the end of the hallway.

JACOB: Maybe that's his room?

The air is thick with tension as they make their way down the corridor, the dusty carpet muffling their footsteps.

GARY: One way to find out.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Jacob shines the flashlight around the room, and their hearts stop as they spot a figure sitting in the rocking chair beside the bed. It's a small, ghostly boy, with a sad expression etched onto his transparent features. He's dressed in clothes from another era, holding a stuffed animal tightly to his chest.

GARY: William?

The ghostly figure looks up, his eyes locking onto us with an intensity that sends a shiver down Gary's spine. For a moment, he just stares, as if surprised to have visitors. Then, slowly, he stands up, the rocking chair continuing to rock behind him. He's so transparent that the flashlight's beam passes right through him, casting strange patterns on the wall.

GARY: Don't be afraid. We're not here to hurt you. I'm Gary and this my older brother Jacob.

The ghostly boy, William, looks at them with curiosity. His translucent form shimmers in the flashlight's beam, and the sadness in his eyes seems to deepen.

WILLIAM: Why have you come to my house?

JACOB: We're here to learn the truth about what happened to you and your brother.

WILLIAM: You've read my brother's diary.

GARY: We just want to help you William.

WILLIAM: My brother's experiments... they're what did this to me. He didn't mean to, but his curiosity... his power... it was too much.

Jacob and Gary exchange a terrified glance. This wasn't just a ghost story; it was a tragic tale of a family torn apart by the pursuit of the supernatural.

GARY: We're so sorry, William.

JACOB: But if you could help us end all of this. We could put everything back to how it was before.

WILLIAM: (hopefully) You truly wish to help?

GARY: (smiles) Yes, of course we do.

JACOB: It's okay if you don't trust us. But we promise we want to help. We don't want anyone else to get hurt.

WILLIAM: I believe you. My brother's spirit is still trapped here, his dark magic keeping me bound to this place. If you wish to help, you must find the source of his power and destroy it. Only then can I be free and this house find peace.

GARY: Any idea what it could be?

WILLIAM: It's hidden. He didn't want anyone to find it, not even me. But I know it's here somewhere. You must look for something... ancient, something that feels wrong to touch.

Jacob and Gary exchange glances. This was a task they've never expected to take on when they set out to prove ghosts didn't exist. Yet here they were, in the heart of a real-life haunting, promising a ghost they'd help him find peace.

GARY: Okay, William. We'll do our best to find it.

JACOB: Where do you suggest we look first?

WILLIAM: The attic. It's where he conducted his most secretive rituals. But beware, my brother's spirit is restless. He will not be happy with your intrusion. Take the magic blower from the fireplace. It's the only thing that might protect you from his wrath.

GARY: (confused) Magic blower? Are you talking about the bellows?

WILLIAM: Yes. It has a special power to dispel the darker spirits. Take it with you.

GARY: (snapping finger) Of course! Just like how we used it on that alligator! It must've been part of his experiments.

WILLIAM: But you will also need The Haunting Melodies of Old. The book holds the key to reversing his spells.

JACOB: (face palms) Oh great! That's the book we triggered the quicksand trap with.

WILLIAM: Find the correct incantation and play it on the organ. It's the only way to free me and the house from this curse.

GARY: Bellows, spooky songbook. Got it. Let's go, Jake.

WILLIAM: Good luck my friends.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Jacob and Gary make our way back to the living room to retrieve the bellows, their hearts heavy with the gravity of their new mission. The fireplace is still crackling, casting an eerie glow over the room. The portrait eyes seem to follow them more intently now that they have a purpose. Gary grab the bellows, feeling the weight of their history in his small hands.

JACOB: Are you sure this is what William said to do? I know it worked on that alligator, but I don't see how it'll work on a ghost.

GARY: I know it's sounds kinda silly Jake. But let's just take William's advice, okay?

JACOB: Okay. But promise me you won't accidentally screw up with that supernatural book again! If it can summon quicksand, who knows what else it could unleash!

GARY: I promise. Let's head into the attic first before we go back for The Haunting Melodies of Old.

JACOB: Yeah, we should stick to the plan. (gestures to the bellows) Just watch where you point that blower.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE – ATTIC – NIGHT

They ascend the creaking staircase, each step echoing through the house like a ghostly whisper. The attic door is heavy, but it opens with a shriek of protest, revealing a room cluttered with dusty furniture, cobwebs, and forgotten trunks. The air is thick with the scent of age and something... else. Something that feels almost tangible, a residue of the dark magic that has seeped into the very fabric of the house.

JACOB: (whispering) Now what?

GARY: William said to look for something ancient. Something that feels wrong to touch.

Gary's eyes scan the room. The attic is a treasure trove of antiques and forgotten relics, each casting eerie shadows that seem to shift and twist as they move. The floorboards groan beneath them as if the house itself is sighing in protest at their presence.

JACOB: Everything here feels wrong to touch. This place is giving me the creeps. Besides how are we going to find what we need in here?

GARY: Let's start by searching the trunks. Maybe there's a clue in there.

JACOB: Okay. Just try not to blow any dust near me. You know what happens when I sneeze.

GARY: I'll keep that in mind.

They begin to cautiously explore the attic. The room is a maze of old furniture and knickknacks, each item seemingly placed to hide secrets behind it. Cobwebs stretch from the ceiling to the floor, and every step they take sends dust clouds into the air. The silence is only broken by their soft footsteps and the occasional squeak of a floorboard.

They approach the first trunk, and Gary carefully blows away the dust with the bellows.

GARY: Here goes nothing.

He lifts the lid. Inside is a collection of dusty clothes, books, and a few small, unidentifiable objects. Jacob shines the flashlight into the corners, illuminating the contents.

JACOB: Think these are it?

GARY: I'm not sure. But let's check the other ones, just to be thorough.

Jacob places the flashlight and bellows on an old dresser, creating a pool of light in the center of the attic. The room remains mostly shadowy, with the flickering beam highlighting dust motes dancing in the air. The attic stretches out before them, filled with various objects that could potentially hide the source of Edward's power. Cobwebs glisten in the dim light, and the air feels colder and heavier. The dusty trunks and forgotten furniture seem to watch them as they split up to search.

Jacob takes the left side, and Gary takes the right. They move cautiously, disturbing the cobwebs and sending clouds of dust into the air. Each creak of a floorboard feels like a shout in the quiet, and their breathing is the loudest sound in the room. Gary's heart races as he pulls open the lid of another trunk, revealing a jumble of items that seem to have been shoved inside hastily. A chill runs down his spine, and he can't shake the feeling that they're being watched.

JACOB: Gary, check this out.

Gary makes his way over to him, his eyes adjusting to the gloom. He's found a dusty chest that looks like it hasn't been opened in decades. It's bound with rusted chains, and a thick padlock holds it shut.

JACOB: I doubt this could be it, but it looks ancient enough. It's not budging.

Gary looks around the room for something to break the lock, spotting an old candlestick on the floor. He grabs it with ease.

GARY: Here. Maybe this will do the trick.

Jacob takes the candlestick and carefully wedges it into the padlock. With a grunt, he applies some force, and the ancient metal gives way with a satisfying crack. The chest's lid creaks open, revealing a treasure trove of artifacts, books, and scrolls, all coated in a thick layer of dust.

GARY: Jackpot!

Jacob shines the flashlight into the chest, revealing a collection of eerie artifacts and ancient tomes. The air around the chest seems to crackle with energy, and a sudden gust of cold wind sends a shiver down their spines. Among the dusty treasures, their eyes are

drawn to an ornate box, adorned with symbols that make them feel queasy just looking at them.

GARY: I think this is it. It's gotta be important if it's locked up like that.

JACOB: Let's be careful.

Jacob reached into the chest. He pulls out the box, and the moment his fingers touch it, the room seems to darken. The candle flame flickers, and the dust motes swirl into an eerie pattern.

They gasp as the box feels unusually heavy for its size, and the air grows colder. The house creaks around them, and the distant sound of the grandfather clock downstairs seems to echo through the attic, marking the passage of time with a mournful toll.

JACOB: (nervously) That doesn't sound good bro!

GARY: Maybe it's just the house settling or something.

The box feels like it's vibrating slightly in Jacob's hand, and the cold seems to emanate from it, seeping into their very bones.

Jacob carefully opens the box, and they both lean in to inspect its contents. Inside, nestled on a velvet lining, lies a crystal orb the size of a grapefruit. It glows faintly with an eerie light, casting a sickly green tint across their faces. The moment the box is open, the room seems to hold its breath, the silence pressing in on them like a physical force.

GARY: This has to be it. The source of the hauntings.

JACOB: A crystal orb? What's it supposed to do?

GARY: I don't know. But it feels... wrong.

JACOB: Wrong to touch...

Jacob then gently picks up the orb with trembling hands. The moment it's out of the box, the room seems to come alive with whispers, the shadows dancing in a way that makes their skin crawl. The glow from the crystal intensifies, casting a malevolent light across the room.

A ghastly laugh echoes through the attic, and they both jump, dropping the orb back into the box. The laughter is unlike anything they've heard before—deep, resonant, and filled with an otherworldly malice. It's Edward's spirit, mocking them for disturbing his sanctum. The room plunges into darkness as the candle flame is snuffed out.

JACOB: (trembling, whispers) What was that?

GARY: Edward! We've got to get out of here!

Jacob recovers the orb as Gary grabbed the bellows, ready to face whatever comes next. The whispers in the shadows grow louder, and the air turns frigid as they feel Edward's presence growing stronger. The glow from the crystal box lights the way through the now pitch-black attic. They make their way back to the staircase, the laughter echoing through the rafters above them, seemingly closer with every step.

GARY: Okay. Now we just need to get *The Haunting Melodies of Old* from the library. We can use the bellows to protect ourselves and the book to reverse the spell.

Jacob nods, his eyes wide with excitement and fear.

JACOB: But we have to be quick, Edward's spirit is definitely aware of us now!

He clutches the box tightly, the crystal orb's glow casting an eerie light on the staircase as they make their descent.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE – LIBRARY – NIGHT

They finally reach the library. Jacob slams the door behind them, and they lean against it, panting. The laughter fades, and they're left with the deafening silence of the room, only broken by the occasional tick of the grandfather clock. The organ sits in the corner, seemingly unchanged from when they first saw it.

GARY: (whispering) Jake. Do you think we can do this?

JACOB: We have to. For William.

GARY: (handing the bellows to Jacob) You keep this ready. I'll get the book.

The library feels colder than before, as if the very air has turned against them. The flashlight beam pierces the gloom, illuminating the dusty shelves where *The Haunting Melodies of Old* rests. Gary makes his way over to it, feeling the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. The organ seems to watch him with its silent pipes as I approach, the memory of the quicksand trap fresh in his mind. The door violently jolts as if something is trying to get in.

JACOB: Hurry up, Gary!

The book in Gary's hands is heavier than it should be, filled with the weight of its dark history. He flips through the pages, his heart racing as he tries to find the incantation that will free William and rid the house of Edward's malevolent spirit.

The whispers grow more insistent, turning into a cacophony of voices that seem to be all around them. The pages flutter wildly, as if the book itself is fighting against our intentions. Gary struggles to keep his focus, his hands shaking.

GARY: I've got it!

JACOB: Are you sure?!

GARY: It's the only way! We need to play this on the organ and then destroy the crystal with the bellows.

JACOB: Okay. But we do this together, okay? No more accidents.

Gary makes the sign of the cross, something their mom taught them for comfort, and nod.

GARY: Together.

Gary holds the book open to the incantation page. They approach the organ, its grandeur seemingly mocking their tiny forms. The room feels alive with Edward's anger, the shadows twisting and contorting around them. The organ's pipes seem to groan in protest as Gary sits down on the bench.

GARY: Keep the bellows ready Jake! I gonna start the incantation.

Jacob raises the bellows just as Edward's spirit bursts into the room! The specter is a writhing mass of shadow and malice, the very essence of darkness made manifest. He looms over them, his eyes burning like embers in the void.

JACOB: Gary! Now!

With trembling hands, Gary begins to play the incantation from the book. The organ's notes resonate through the library, filling the air with a haunting melody that seems to resonate with the very fabric of the house. The whispers around them fade away, replaced by the solemn tune that feels ancient and powerful. Edward's spirit writhes in fury, his shadowy form pulsing with anger. The door shakes violently as he tries to break through, but the music holds him at bay.

Jacob stands beside Gary, his grip on the bellows firm. He's visibly scared, but his eyes are determined as he watches the specter.

JACOB: Keep playing, I've got this.

Gary nods, his fingers trembling on the organ keys as he played the incantation with all the focus I can muster. The music swells, filling the room with a power that seems to push back Edward's shadow. The organ's pipes resonate with the tune, vibrating with each note as if the very soul of the house is supporting their efforts. The crystal in the box glows brighter with every chord, the room seemingly shrinking around them as the spell takes hold.

GARY: Okay Jacob, now!

Jacob takes a deep breath and brings the bellows to the crystal orb. The moment the air from the bellows touches the crystal, it reacts violently, sending a shockwave of energy through the room. The organ's music distorts, the notes warping and crackling as the crystal's power fights against the incantation. Edward's spirit recoils, his shadowy form

contorting in pain and anger. The book's pages flutter wildly in the gust from the bellows, and Gary struggled to keep playing as the very air feels charged with dark magic.

GARY: Keep pumping Jake!

Sweat beads on Gary's forehead as his hands ache, but he pushes through the fear. The crystal's light fluctuates, pulsing in time with the organ's music. The shadows cast by the flickering candles dance in a macabre ballet around them, giving the illusion of a hundred angry spirits closing in.

Jacob's arms are shaking now, the effort of keeping the bellows steady and pumping them taking its toll. His eyes are squeezed shut, and his teeth are clenched in a grimace of concentration. The organ's music reaches a crescendo, and with a final, desperate push, the crystal in the box shatters, the sound echoing through the house like a mournful wail. The room is bathed in a sudden silence, and the shadowy form of Edward Margrave dissipates like smoke in the wind.

Jacob and Gary exchange a terrified look. The door to the library, which had been straining on its hinges, slams shut with a finality that seems to shake the very walls. The house feels... different. The oppressive air has lifted, and a sense of peace begins to seep back into the room. They both let out a sigh of relief, the weight of what they've just done hitting them like a ton of bricks.

JACOB: (whispering, shaky) We did it. We actually did it.

The silence in the library feels like a living presence, as if the house itself is taking a deep, relieved breath after centuries of torment. The candles on the shelves flicker back to life, casting a warm glow that seems to chase away the lingering shadows. Gary looks over at Jacob, his eyes still wide with shock, and they share a look of disbelief and accomplishment.

GARY: Jacob, we really did it. We found the source of the hauntings and... and we beat it.

William's spirit appears before them, his eyes filled with a mix of amazement and gratitude. The room feels lighter, as if a heavy burden has been lifted from the very walls themselves.

WILLIAM: Thank you. You've restored peace to this house.

GARY: What happens now?

WILLIAM: With Edward's power broken, I can finally move on. But first, I must say goodbye to what remains of my family.

JACOB: We're sorry for what happened to you. Is there anything we can do before you go?

WILLIAM: There's one last thing. Please, destroy the remaining pieces of the artifact. It's the final tie to this world for Edward's spirit. Once it's gone, he'll have no way to return.

Gary nods in understanding, and Jacob carefully collects the shards of the crystal with the bellows, placing them on the floor. Gary takes a heavy book and smashes the remaining crystal into dust, each impact echoing through the silent library like a tolling bell. With each shard destroyed, the air feels cleaner, as if a stain has been lifted from the room.

The dust from the crystal shimmers in the candlelight, swirling into the air as if caught in an unseen current, and as the boys watch, the dust begins to coalesce into a swirling vortex above the floor. William's ghostly form seems to be drawn to it, his translucent hand reaching out to the shimmering maelstrom.

WILLIAM: Thank you, you've given me peace.

JACOB: How old were you when this... happened?

WILLIAM: I was your age, Jacob. It's been a century since I've felt the warmth of the sun or heard the laughter of the living. Your bravery has not only freed me, but it has also given me the chance to rest. And for that, I am eternally grateful.

GARY: It's too bad there isn't a spell that could... you know, make you human again. We would've been such great friends. Of course, you'll have a lot to learn about living in the year of '97.

JACOB: (sniffing) Yeah, I bet you would've liked video games.

WILLIAM: (chuckling) I'm not entirely unfamiliar with the concept. My spirit has watched over the house for a very long time. I've seen many changes, but none as significant as the kindness and courage you two have brought here.

GARY: Maybe there's something we could do for you in return. Perhaps we can gather a few friends of ours and help get this place renovated?

JACOB: (wiping his eyes) Yeah. We'll get this place cleaned up and send all of Edward's artifacts to the local museum.

WILLIAM: That would be a fitting tribute. But now, it's time for me to leave. Farewell, Gary and Jacob.

The boys watch in silence as William's ghostly form is drawn into the vortex of dust, his figure growing fainter and fainter until he's nothing more than a shimmer in the candlelight. And with a final sigh, he's gone. The dust settles, leaving both boys alone in the library with the soft glow of the candles and the quiet ticking of the grandfather clock.

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE – MORNING

Jacob and Gary exit the house just as the sun starts to rise, the light casting long shadows across the lawn. The air feels cleaner, the weight of the haunting lifted from the very fabric of the world around them. The house seems to stand taller, as if it's been released from a century of torment.

JACOB: You know Gary, this may have been the scariest night of our lives. But it was also pretty awesome.

They give each other a fist bump.

GARY: Yep. We totally nailed it. Ghost busters of the century right here.

JACOB: There's just one thing I still don't understand though. How could anyone use a bellows to fight ghosts or cast magical spells? It's like using a fly swatter to fight a tornado.

GARY: Well, it's not everyday a household tool comes in handy against the supernatural. But the way it worked on that alligator trophy and the crystal orb... was pretty cool.

JACOB: I still can't believe William was a kid when he got trapped here. It's sad that he had to spend so much time in the dark, but at least now he's free.

Gary starts to sniffle, but tries to hold back the tears.

GARY: Yeah, it is. But it feels good to do something so... heroic.

JACOB: It does, but what's next?

GARY: Now, we go home and try getting in touch with the local historical society. They need to know about this house and its history. And maybe, once we're out of school for summer vacation, we'll talk with Uncle Bob. He's got connections, right? Maybe he can help us get a team to renovate the place.

JACOB: (nodding) Yeah, and we can tell our friends all about it. But maybe leave out the part where we almost got killed by a ghost. And the part about the quicksand.

GARY: (smirks) Even the part where we had to use a bellows as a weapon?

JACOB: Yeah, maybe just stick to the heroic parts. But maybe the bellows we have at home might come in handy for something else. Maybe our face pumping game again?

GARY: (laughing) Nah, I think we've had enough of turning our faces into balloons for a while. Even though I have to admit that was pretty fun before all this started.

The boys make their way back to their bikes, the early morning dew glistening on the grass and the air feeling fresher than it has all night. The sun is just starting to peek over the horizon, casting a warm glow on the once eerie mansion. It's as if the house is bidding them farewell, showing them a different side of itself now that the dark magic is gone.

FADE OUT: