

EDWARD CARDINALD:

"THE GHOST AT BLACK MOOR CASTLE"

Written by

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EXT. BLACK MOOR CASTLE - NIGHT (1910, SCOTLAND)

A storm rages outside the gargantuan stone mansion. Each bolt of lightning reveals the towers and gargoyles.

Inside one of its windows, two MAIDS, (20's) and (50's), carry heavy buckets with mops down the hall.

INT. BLACK MOOR CASTLE - MEDIEVAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Maids pass by the medieval knights, tapestry, and portraits. While the OLDEST MAID rushes ahead, the YOUNGEST MAID stares at each portrait with fear.

OLDEST MAID

Hurry up. I don't have all day and would like to get downstairs for dinner before George does.

YOUNGEST MAID

Sorry, but it all looks so... creepy. Don't you feel like someone is watching you?

OLDEST MAID

No and I do not care. I'm just here to clean and that's all.

The Maids put down their buckets.

The Youngest Maid peers into the dark space that is lit by candles on old black metal candelabras.

YOUNGEST MAID

Why is it so dark in here? Can't these rich folk put in electricity?

OLDEST MAID

Only in certain parts of the castle, thanks to the young Miss.

Oldest Maid picks up the mop.

OLDEST MAID (CONT'D)

Now, enough distractions. Let's get to work.

Oldest Maid examines the room to decipher which spot she should start on first.

Youngest Maid stares up at the largest portrait: DUKE, (60's) British, pompous, prideful, salt and pepper hair that match his thin mustache and full beard, adorn in dark blue military fatigues.

YOUNGEST MAID

Look at this one. Harsh eyes, stern mouth. He looks like a cruel man devoid of dreams. Probably doesn't know what a dream is.

OLDEST MAID

That is the master. Or once master. Duke Van Daborf. You came on after the poor man died.

YOUNGEST MAID

Doesn't look very poor to me. And don't you think this portrait of him is a little unnerving? His eyes just... follow you.

OLDEST MAID

Enough! We need to clean all of this.

The Youngest Maid looks at one of the knights.

OLDEST MAID (CONT'D)

I meant the floor. We have professionals clean those.

The Youngest Maid lets out a sigh in relief before they start to clean.

The Oldest Maid mops the floor. She disappears around the corner.

The Youngest Maid looks around and notices she is alone. She becomes frantic as she tries to hurry. A loud bang sound resounds against the walls. It startles the Youngest Maid. She looks around in fright.

Suddenly, the window bursts open. A loud howl rushes through the hall. It makes all the knights look ten times scarier. The strong wind even turns some of the heads.

The Youngest Maid falls to the ground and crawls backwards towards the wall with the Duke's portrait. She gazes up at the portrait that stares down at her with evil eyes. She lets out a scream.

OLDEST MAID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What is going on?

The Oldest Maid closes the window. She walks over to the Youngest Maid.

YOUNGEST MAID
Ghosts! I saw a... they blasted the window... and ...

OLDEST MAID
Hush now, child. It was only the wind. The storm is becoming furious.

YOUNGEST MAID
But I swear I saw something.

OLDEST MAID
It's your mind playing tricks. It happens sometimes in this hallway.

The Oldest Maid helps the Youngest Maid up.

OLDEST MAID (CONT'D)
See? Nothing...

A long, ominous WHINE is heard.

YOUNGEST MAID
What was...

OLDEST MAID
Just the house. It's old.

They gather their buckets. They turn when something in all black jumps out. They scream as lightning flashes.

INT. OLD HOUSE - SEANCE ROOM - NIGHT

The PSYCHIC, (50's), with heavy makeup and a bandana that reveals her long blonde hair, places her palms on the table. She looks around at the people who sit at the round table.

PSYCHIC
Come ancient spirits. Hear my voice.

The little hanging light reveals that five people occupy each seat. A sad ELDERLY COUPLE, (60's), in black, lean forward to listen closely. EDWARD CARDINALD, (late 20's), a wealthy widower, mystery writer, British gentleman, who looks very observant, and his companion, JACK STENTSON, (late 20's), a wealthy romance novelist, married, British gentleman, who doesn't want to be here, both look at the Psychic in wonder and suspicion.

PSYCHIC (CONT'D)
Wait. I hear them. Yes, I'm here.

Smoke seeps out from the velvet curtains that decorate the room.

Everyone gasps at the sight.

PSYCHIC (CONT'D)
Quiet. I hear... Annabel.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Is it her? Really her? Annabel?

ELDERLY MAN
Our daughter.

PSYCHIC
Quiet. She's trying to tell us something. Yes. Yes.

The smoke covers the room. The table begins to shake.

PSYCHIC (CONT'D)
We hear you, Annabel. What is it that you want?

A loud MOAN is heard from the walls that causes everyone to look around.

PSYCHIC (CONT'D)
It's alright. I have put a protection spell on the table so no evil spirits may harm us.

Jack gazes at the table. He sees some strange markings carved into the wood but it's hard to see due to all the candles and the crystal ball. He glances at Edward in fright.

Edward studies Psychic.

PSYCHIC (CONT'D)
Now then. Did you bring me a piece of Annabel, like I asked?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Yes, here.

Elderly Woman hands Psychic a book.

PSYCHIC
That's good. Very good. It means we will have a strong connection.

Psychic takes book from Elderly Woman. She places it on the table. She has her hands hover above it.

PSYCHIC (CONT'D)

Annabel. We have your book... Yes.
Yes. The one you've loved since you
were a child.

Another LOUD MOAN ECHOES throughout the room.

Everyone, but the Psychic, watches in horror as a strange light appears in the fog above them.

Jack screams as he pushes his chair back. He uses so much force that it gets caught on an uneven board and flips backward.

The strange light vanishes, and a THUD can be heard behind the curtain.

PSYCHIC (CONT'D)

Now look what you've done. You've
scared her off.

EDWARD

You mean scared your assistant
behind the wall.

PSYCHIC

He lies. Don't believe him. Mr.
Cardinal wants to destroy your
happiness of being with your
daughter again.

EDWARD

Oh please, no one wants this to
happen more than me, but I know how
the trick works already.

Edward stands up. He goes to the curtain and pulls it back. He reveals an ASSISTANT, (15), young male, trying to get back up with an ice bucket, fan, and a shard of glass with lantern next to him.

JACK

But how did the table move?

EDWARD

You mean the wobbly table. All she
has to do is touch the loose panel
and cause it to shake.

PSYCHIC

That is a lie.

EDWARD
Really. Let us see.

Edward moves the Psychic, who is still in the chair. He touches the panel.

The table moves.

JACK
Amazing. How did you know?

EDWARD
Simple, my friend. My grandfather used this trick in one of his shows.

ELDERLY MAN
Wait. Are you telling me you are Cardinald the Conjurer's grandson? The famous illusionist?

EDWARD
The very one. I think it's best if we get our money back. I'm sorry that you got your hopes up. Let's head out. Right, Jack?

JACK
Oh, most definitely.

Jack glares at the Assistant, who shrinks in fear.

ELDERLY WOMAN
But... but... she knew this was Annabel's favorite book.

Edward sighs. He walks back over to the table. He takes the book away from Psychic. He flips it open. He gives it to the Elderly Woman.

Elderly Woman looks at cover to read a hard to read note that says: Happy 8th Birthday. She clutches it to her chest and cries.

PSYCHIC
Get out!

EDWARD
Right away, right away. But I do think you should look into a new profession, if I were you.

Edward opens the door to a bright light.

EXT. DARK LIT ROOM - NIGHT

The candle glows brightly to reveal a large newspaper on the old wooden desk. On the front page an image of Edward and Jack along with the headlines: DUO HAS DONE IT AGAIN. Psychic turns out to be a sham!

A large pair of metallic scissors cut the article out of the paper.

A FEMININE BLACK GLOVE takes a brush. The brush is put into a bottle of glue. It paints the back of the article.

The article is put inside a large book with other ones that read:

- The mystery of Lake Falls ghost, which is a woman trying to scare the local kids.
- Psychics who scam their customers for money.
- Jack hitting a supposed ghost in the face who turns out to be a group of young teenagers trying to scare their professor out of a test.

Each case shows how the myths are nothing but fakes.

The Feminine Black Glove takes a white feather pen. It dips the pen into the black ink before it writes on a blank piece of paper.

The words: Jack and January 23, 1910 are clear.

The Feminine Black Glove finishes the letter. It puts it into a white envelope. It melts red wax onto the lip. A seal presses into it.

The Feminine Black Glove puts the letter on tray.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A MESSENGER, (30's), adorn in thick winter clothes, on the back of a horse rides through the open country. He turns down a dirt road until he sees the pub in the distance.

The Messenger stops the horse. He climbs down. He walks towards the tavern's door.

INT. TAVERN - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The Messenger walks towards an old wooden registration desk. He hands the OWNER, (60's), grey hair with an eye patch, a couple of letters and newspapers.

INT. TAVERN - BAR - NIGHT

LAUGHTER is heard from the few towns folk who stand at the large oak bar. The bartender fixes them a drink before he makes his way to the floor.

Edward and Jack sit at one of the tables. They enjoy glasses of their favorite drink, beer and scotch. Edward stares at his glass as Jack looks at his friend in worry.

JACK
Maybe this is it.

EDWARD
Why do you say that?

JACK
Because every story we happen to
come across is a fake.

Edward takes a swig of his scotch.

JACK (CONT'D)
Heck, we almost thought an all-
boy's boarding school was an
occult.

EDWARD
Really. You didn't think our school
had some secret society?

JACK
Actually, yes, I do believe we had
a secret society of the wealth and
egotistical at our lovely little
college.

Jack nurses his drink. He lets out a sigh before he leans back in his chair.

JACK (CONT'D)
And yes, the people in that society
did have a hand at a better life
because of it. But do I believe
that sacrificing a goat can conjure
spirits for vengeance?

Jack shifts forward until he's at the edge of his chair. The big arm gestures make Edward lean back in his chair.

JACK (CONT'D)

God, I hope not. I mean I should not take the Lord's name in vain, but I've made a lot of enemies in my senior year... Which would explain a lot.

Jack looks down at his beer. He drinks the rest of it before slamming it down on the table.

JACK (CONT'D)

I need another drink. And it looks like you need one, as well.

Before Edward can answer, Jack has already taken his glass. He watches Jack head to the bar.

He slouches back into the chair with a SIGH. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a small notebook. He opens it up to reveal illustrations and notes about the different cases they were on.

He turns the page to see a black and white photo of RACHEL, (20's), long curly blonde hair, adorn in an elegant white dress that makes her look like an angel. He rubs his finger along the picture's border as he looks down lovingly.

EDWARD

Rachel, tell me what I should do.

A beat.

BARMAID

Jack Stentson? Jack Stentson?

Edward looks up at BARMAID, (20's), raspy voice, low cut white blouse that shows her ample bosom, has a letter in her hand.

BARMAID (CONT'D)

Hey, you. You Jack Stentson?

EDWARD

I know of him. We're on a journey together.

BARMAID

Close enough. Give this to him, will you?

Edward takes the letter. He watches Barmaid leave.

Jack reveals himself with new glasses of scotch and beer.

JACK
What was that all about?

EDWARD
Apparently, you got a letter.

JACK
A letter. From who?

EDWARD
She didn't say. Looked almost glad to give it to some random person.

JACK
Well, this is an awful establishment.

Jack sips his beer.

JACK (CONT'D)
But makes a mighty damn good beer.

Jack puts his glass down and takes the letter.

JACK (CONT'D)
Please don't be from the wife. She's already angry with me for discovering that the school she wanted our boys to go to has these secret societies.

EDWARD
I don't think that is the only thing she's upset about.

JACK
Hey. I'm seeing this through. You helped me out when we were in college so many times. Heck, you even helped me romance my wife.

EDWARD
Says the one who's the romance writer.

JACK
I can come up with thousands of ways to woo a lady on paper but as you said, separating fact from fiction can be a tricky business. Especially, when I tried to go overboard with the hot air balloon.

EDWARD

And the over-the-top display of flowers and the puppy, who she happened to be allergic to.

JACK

And thank you for all that. Including the dog part. But now I am here to help you with your strange mourning process of wanting to travel all across the world to find dead people.

Edward tries to rebuke.

JACK (CONT'D)

I know, I know. It's not about the people, it's about saying goodbye to your wife.

EDWARD

I just feel awful.

JACK

Hey, you didn't know this would happen. We all thought she was getting better.

A beat.

Jack, awkwardly, looks down at the letter. He opens it and scans it.

JACK (CONT'D)

Holy moly, it's from Harry.

EDWARD

Who's Harry?

JACK

An old friend of mine. Man, I haven't seen Harry since that Christmas bash with Doug and Lucy.

EDWARD

What does Harry want?

JACK

Hmmm. Looks like Harry is in a bit of trouble.

EDWARD

Money?

JACK
No, more like ghost related.

EDWARD
Really?

JACK
Oh, yeah. Harry heard all about our debunking ghost and myth cases from the newspapers and wants us to come to the family house to solve this little problem of theirs.

EDWARD
Where is it?

JACK
Up in the mountains. By the Black Moors.

EDWARD
Black Moors, huh. It doesn't seem to be out of our way.

JACK
You'll love Harry. Smartest person I know and great at cards. By the way, don't play cards with Harry. I almost lost my house.

EDWARD
I'll keep that in mind.

They look at the wall next to them that holds a map from the 1900s of the United Kingdom. Their eyes zoom in on Scotland.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
To the Black Moor.

JACK
To the Black Moor!

They toast their glasses and drink.

EXT. BLACK MOOR CASTLE - GROUNDS - DAY

Edward and Jack ride their horses up the stone path. They gaze around at the statues of different knights and mythological creatures that line both sides of them.

JACK
Well, this is nice. I knew Harry came from money, but wow.

EDWARD
What is Harry's last name?

JACK
Van Dimark... Dinborf? Something
with a D, I know it.

They reach the front door and climb down their horses.

EDWARD
Your memory has always been very
interesting.

JACK
What can I say? It's part of my
charm.

They tie up their horses to the posts. They walk towards the
large wooden doors.

Jack takes the large knocker. As he swings it, a loud KNOCK
echoes from the door. He steps back in surprise.

EDWARD
Are you afraid of a door now?

JACK
With the amount of stuff we've
seen... Yes and yes, I am afraid of
doors that makes loud sounds.

The door CREEKS open to reveal MISS BRUMSBY, (50's),
housekeeper, grouchy, pompous, grey-haired lady. She glares
at both of them.

MISS BRUMSBY
We don't want any insurance.

JACK
What?

EDWARD
I think she thinks we're salesmen.

JACK
No, no. We're here because my
friend, Harry, asked us to come.

Miss Brumsby glares.

JACK (CONT'D)
To help with your problem.

Miss Brumsby squints her eyes harshly.

JACK (CONT'D)
That is, a ghost.

MISS BRUMSBY
There's no Harry and never has
been. Now get off these grounds or
I'll call the constable.

HARRIET (O.S.)
Wait!

Before Miss Brumsby can close the door, HARRIET, (20's),
Harry for short, red-ish, long curly hair with a tomboyish
charm in a long dress, stops it from closing.

JACK
Harry!

HARRIET
Jack!

They hug as Edward looks at the two in confusion.

EDWARD
Harry's a girl?

HARRIET
Did Jack forget to mention that?
He's always forgetting the most
important of details.

JACK
Well, sometimes I forget you're a
girl when you fight like a man.

HARRIET
That's right and don't you forget
it. Harriet Van Daborf.

Edward shakes her hand and looks at Jack.

EDWARD
Van Daborf. The prestigious family
who's mostly known for their
military background.

HARRIET
That's the one. Unfortunately, the
last of the militia died with my
grandfather, Duke Ellington Van
Daborf.

JACK
Oh, I've heard he died recently.
Bad ticker, right?

Harriet gazes around outside, afraid.

HARRIET
I think it would be better if we
talk inside on the matter further.
(To Miss Brumsby)
Please take care of their horses
and bags.

MISS BRUMSBY
Right away, ma'am.

Harriet invites Edward and Jack inside.

HARRIET
Welcome, gentlemen, to Black Moor
Castle.

INT. WEST HALLWAY - DAY

Harriet walks with Jack and Edward down the well-lit hallway from the open curtains. Jack and Edward admire the strange decor of not only English lore, but other artifacts from Africa to South America.

HARRIET
My family has been a part of the
English expansion for the longest
time.

Jack stops to look at a strange African idol.

EDWARD
Be careful there. I heard some of
those artifacts are cursed.

Jack moves slowly away from the idol.

HARRIET
I wish. That would explain all the
weird occurrences that has been
happening, but, unfortunately, my
grandfather got that at a sale in
London. You can see the price tag
on the bottom.

Jack picks it up to see the price tag.

JACK
That's disappointing.

EDWARD
Not everything is going to be easy.

Edward follows after Harriet.

Jack groans before he heads down the hall, as well.

They walk for a bit before coming to a hallway with large, dark, oak doors. On one door are carvings of a medieval knight that fights a dragon along with a lady who sits under a tree.

HARRIET
This is your room, Edward.

Harriet opens the door for him with a special key.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, most of my family
has taken the rooms that are
currently available.

JACK
Why? Because the ghost has wrecked
all the others.

Both Jack and Harriet LAUGH.

HARRIET
No silly. Because when we put in
wiring to the rest of the house,
the structure gave way.

JACK
Wait, what?

HARRIET
But don't you worry. These room are
completely safe.

INT. EDWARD'S ROOM - DAY

The door opens to reveal a nice comfy, mostly wooden and stone room, with a lavish canopy bed all adorn in white. A very feminine room.

HARRIET
You get the Tree Maiden suite.

Edward walks inside and gazes at the room.

Harriet continues on her way to the next room, while Jack pops his head in.

JACK
Ha, it's so fitting.

Edward exasperates in annoyance.

HARRIET (O.S.)
And this is your room, Jack.

Jack turns. He walks towards Harriet's voice.

JACK (O.S.)
Oh, how lovely.

HARRIET (O.S.)
I thought you would be into
adventure, so I prepared the
African room for you.

JACK (O.S.)
(discomfort but tries to
be nice)
Great.

Edward looks for his suitcases by the bed. He opens one of them up to see the clothes inside. He walks over to the large dark and carved oak dresser with a mirror.

Jack pops his head back in.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey. There's a lion in my room.

Edward ignores him while he opens the drawer.

JACK (CONT'D)
They have it in that pounce
position that looks like it's going
to eat you.

Edward pulls out a suit. He dusts it off and hangs it on the bed post.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm thinking of using it in one of
my stories. Lone hunter falls in
love with beautiful enchantress who
turns into a lion and eats people.

EDWARD
I think that's an actual story.

JACK
Probably, but like my teacher
always said, "It's what you do with
it that counts."

EDWARD
He would be so proud.

JACK
I know, right?

Jack looks at the suit that Edward has hung.

JACK (CONT'D)
So, you're going to wear that?

EDWARD
What's wrong with it?

JACK
Nothing. It's just you wore that
while we were in the dark tunnels
under the school, remember?

EDWARD
It's still good.

JACK
I'm saying that it needs to be
washed, Edward.

LILA, (24), brunette, innocent, pretty, adorn in a maid's
uniform, walks in.

LILA
Sirs, dinner will be ready soon. If
you need anything, please don't
hesitate to ask.

Jack grabs Edward's suit. He tosses it to Lila.

JACK
You can wash this.

Lila stumbles to grab it.

EDWARD
Jack!

Edward glares at his friend before he turns his attention to
Lila.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
If you wouldn't mind. That would be most helpful.

LILA
It's not a problem, sir.

Lila walks away.

JACK
Thank you so much.

Jack waves. He looks at Edward, who is unhappy with him.

EDWARD
And what am I supposed to wear?

JACK
That nice suit your wife bought you. The one you refuse to wear on this trip.

Jack goes over to the suitcase and pulls out a nice blue suede jacket.

EDWARD
Jack... I can't.

JACK
Yes, you can. Rachel would have wanted this. It's why she bought it.

In front of mirror, Jack holds the jacket up to Edward's chest.

JACK (CONT'D)
Don't you want to make her happy by wearing it?

Edward takes a real good look at himself in the mirror. He smiles at his reflection.

Jack begins to walk to the door.

EDWARD
So, when were you going to tell me Harry was a girl?

Jack halts.

JACK
Why?

EDWARD
You're married.

JACK
And?

EDWARD
What would your wife say about
Harriet?

JACK
You do realize she was the one who
introduced us.

Edward raises an eyebrow in surprise.

Jack turns back to the doorway.

JACK (CONT'D)
Besides, it's not like I'm going to
bet the house, again. Especially,
since my wife threatened me with
the family jewels.

Jack cups his crotch then shudders. He goes to leave but
stops. He turns to Edward with a smile.

JACK (CONT'D)
But... she is single.

EDWARD
Jack. Stop.

JACK
What? I'm just *saying*.

Jack leaves.

Edward glares at the doorway. He looks at the suit.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lila brings to the large rectangular table, with lavish red
décor, a tray of food. The room is lit with electric lights
in tree-like candelabras that allow the eight people at the
table to be seen.

Jack and Edward walk sheepishly. They notice that everyone is
already in their seats.

JACK
Sorry about being so late. I had a
tough time finding my tie.

EDWARD
And tieing it.

Jack elbows Edward in the chest.

Harriet gets up from her chair, which is closest to the head of the table.

HARRIET
That's all right. You two must be
tired from your long journey.

Harriet walks over to Jack. She links her arm around his.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
Let me introduce you both to the
family.

Harriet points to the head of the table. DUCHESS IRIS, (60's), a feisty, haughty, upper-class woman in a fancy dress and expensive jewelry, sits pridefully. Her black cane sits beside her.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
This is my grandmother, Duchess
Iris. She has been my guardian
since I was a small child.

EDWARD
A pleasure, madam.

JACK
Thank you for inviting us to your
home, my lady.

DUCHESS IRIS
My, aren't you a pair of smooth-
talking gentlemen.

Edward and Jack awkwardly CHUCKLE to themselves.

HARRIET
And this is my Uncle Thomas and his
son, my cousin, Milton.

UNCLE THOMAS, (40's), in an opulent suit fit for a royal with greased back hair, looks at the two with distaste.

COUSIN MILTON, (20's), boyish features, shy, tries to bow his head, politely, towards Edward and Jack.

COUSIN MILTON
It's nice to meet you.

HARRIET

And last, but not least, my Aunt
Luella.

AUNT LUELLA, (40's), wears thick make-up to make herself look younger, adorn in ruby jewels that match the black choker with a crystal pendant, in an expensive dress with a red fox stole, looks at the duo in seduction.

AUNT LUELLA

Charmed, I'm sure.

Jack leans back to whisper into Edward's ear.

JACK

Wow, what a lovely family.

Harriet leans into both Edward and Jack.

HARRIET

I know.

(to everyone at table)

This is Edward Cardinald and Jack
Stentson.

AUNT LUELLA

Stentson and Cardinald? The
authors?

Jack bows with a smile.

JACK

Oh, you have heard of us. I write
the romance while Edward here
supplies the mystery to his own
books.

AUNT LUELLA

Ah, Mr. Stentson. Yes, I believe I
read one of your adolescent novels.
Adorable, but they didn't have
enough spice for me.

Jack stumbles a little.

JACK

Adolescent? I -

Edward elbows Jack in the chest.

DUCHESS IRIS

Come, sit.

Edward and Jack take the available seats. Edward sits next to Duchess Iris and Aunt Luella while Jack takes the seat next to Harriet and Uncle Thomas.

AUNT LUELLA

So, tell us about yourselves. Have you found any ghosts?

DUCHESS IRIS

Posh, there are no such things as ghosts.

AUNT LUELLA

Then explain, dear mother, why do people claim to see our dear Daddy's ghost?

UNCLE THOMAS

You can't be serious, sister. This is just a bunch of nonsense. These two... writers probably just got lucky with their... supposed cases.

AUNT LUELLA

Says the one who's chasing a royal's tail.

DUCHESS IRIS

ENOUGH! I've had it with your arguing.

Jack mouths to Edward the word: wow.

DUCHESS IRIS (CONT'D)

We have guests. And we shall show them proper decorum.

Duchess turns her attention to Harriet.

DUCHESS IRIS (CONT'D)

I'm sure Harriet plans to discredit this... nonsense, may be of use to us. Isn't that right, Harriet?

Harriet wipes her mouth after she takes a bite of her food.

HARRIET

That's right. As I have showed Grandmother, these two have been the most successful ghost debunkers since The Conjuror.

UNCLE THOMAS

Ugh, that old man. Isn't he just a
hack magician?

EDWARD

That would be my grandfather.

DUCHESS IRIS

And he is a magnificent
illusionist.

Edward looks at Duchess Iris in surprise.

EDWARD

You know of him?

DUCHESS IRIS

But of course. My husband and I
loved to visit his shows. Ellie had
such a love for the arts.

AUNT LUELLA

Maybe he shouldn't have dabbled in
the dark ones.

UNCLE THOMAS

That was only a rumor and you know
it, you spineless harpy.

Aunt Luella and Uncle Thomas get up from their seats.

DUCHESS IRIS

Enough! If you can't act like
adults, then maybe you should be
sent to your rooms without supper.

Aunt Luella and Uncle Thomas sit down in a huff.

Jack leans over to Harriet.

JACK

I'm guessing this happens often?

HARRIET

You have no idea. Might as well eat
while the food is warm. We'll be
here for days with these two.

DUCHESS IRIS

It's because there has been an
offer on the house.

UNCLE THOMAS

A sizable amount, too. You can live happily in a house in London like you wanted, Mother.

DUCHESS IRIS

I'm perfectly happy right here. This house has been here for generations, and I want it to stay within the family.

UNCLE THOMAS

I still think you should take it.

AUNT LUELLA

Why? So you can use it to make your way to the court?

UNCLE THOMAS

Better than you spending it all.

Duchess Iris thumps her black metal cane into the ground which causes everyone to go silent. She turns her attention back to Edward.

DUCHESS IRIS

Now, my dear boy. Do you think you can solve this... little problem for us?

EDWARD

I'll do my best.

Duchess Iris nods her head before she raises her glass.

DUCHESS IRIS

Then, let us hope that you are similar to your detective in your mystery novels, Mr. Cardinald.

INT. MEDIEVAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

A few hours later, the sun sets from outside the many large windows. Miss Brumsby and Lila start to light the candles in the medieval hallway.

JACK (O.S.)

Wow, someone is stuck in the Middle Ages.

Miss Brumsby lights the last candle. She blows the long match out and continues with her duties.

She reveals behind her Jack, Edward, and Harriet, who wander down the large red carpet.

MISS BRUMSBY
Will that be all, ma'am?

HARRIET
Yes. Thank you, Miss Brumsby.

Miss Brumsby bows her head to Harriet. Both Lila and her leave the trio to their investigation.

JACK
Lovely staff you have here, Harry.
It kind of feels like they are the only ones, though.

Jack looks to see Harriet's eyes cast down. She is obviously hiding something.

EDWARD
They are the only staff here,
aren't they?

HARRIET
That and George. Our grounds
keeper.

Harriet lets out a long breath of air. She walks over to the large portrait of the Duke.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
He, too, has refused to step into
this house. Like all the others,
they all claim to have seen my
grandfather's ghost.

EDWARD
And the ghost is scaring away the
staff.

HARRIET
Yes. Even though I do not believe
in this... ghost. I still worry for
my family's reputation. And my
grandmother's well-being.

JACK
It can't be that bad.

HARRIET
My family was seen as a hero in the
old world. But now, those thoughts
are... evolving...

(MORE)

HARRIET (CONT'D)
with the next generation. My
family's history of western
expansion has driven people to hate
us.

EDWARD
True, ever since the founding of
America, people haven't been happy
with the British empire.

JACK
Yeah, a couple times we had to
claim we were from Australia.

HARRIET
And now this. When will it end.

JACK
Don't worry, Harry. Us brave
adventurers will stop this ghost.

Harriet wipes a tear from her eye. She hugs Jack in
happiness.

No one notices the portrait's eyes move.

EDWARD
Look at you being all brave.

JACK
I can be when I want to be.

HARRIET
Thanks guys.

Harriet blows her nose on Jack's tie.

HARRIET (CONT'D)
I can be such a girl sometimes.

Jack looks at his tie.

JACK
Right now, I kind of wish you were
all the time.

They LAUGH at Jack's distress. They continue down the hall.

HARRIET
Anyway, this is where it happens
the most.

JACK
Well, it is creepy.

EDWARD
Actually, I find it quite
fascinating.

JACK
You would.

A HOWL of wind blows through the hall. The lights on the
candles extinguish one by one.

JACK (CONT'D)
Uhhhh. Edward. Explanation, please!

They watch the last candle go out.

The room is dark and creepy. The only light is the reflection
of the moon through the large windows.

Jack screams.

Edward and Harriet turn to see a large golden mirror with an
ugly face on the top. They all let out a SIGH in relief.

EDWARD
It's only our reflection.

JACK
Oh, good. It's just the...

They look into the mirror.

JACK (CONT'D)
Four... of us.

They all turn around to see no one behind them. They turn
back at the mirror to see that the tall, BLACK FIGURE, who
looks like the Duke, stand behind their reflected selves.

EDWARD
Oh.

HARRIET
My.

JACK
God!

The Black Figure stalks closer to their mirrored selves. It
jumps at the group's reflection.

Harriet and Jack scream.

The mirror breaks.

Jack faints on the ground.

Harriet backs away, on the floor, in fright.

Edward is frozen in shock at what he just saw.

UNCLE THOMAS (O.S.)
What's going on?!

Edward and Harriet turn to see Uncle Thomas, Cousin Milton, and Miss Brumsby come towards them.

Miss Brumsby LIGHTS a lantern.

UNCLE THOMAS (CONT'D)
Dear girl, what's happened? Why are you on the floor?

HARRIET
It was... It was...

MISS BRUMSBY
Calm yourself, child. Now, tell us what happened.

Harriet shakes with so much fright that she can only try and point to the broken mirror.

Everyone turns to look at the shattered mirror. They jump when something BANGS. They turn to see a tree branch hit a window not far off from them.

Uncle Thomas let's out a SIGH of relief. He gazes at a terrified Harriet in Miss Brumsby's arms.

UNCLE THOMAS
Let's get her somewhere warm and safe.

COUSIN MILTON
What about those two, father?

Uncle Thomas glances over at an out-as-a-light Jack before he turns to Edward. He walks over to Edward. He places a hand on his shoulder which startles him out of his stupor.

UNCLE THOMAS
Come on, boy. Help me with your friend.

Edward refuses to move. He continues to stare at the mirror.

Uncle Thomas grumbles. He is about to grab Edward but Cousin Milton steps in.

COUSIN MILTON

I can understand why you want to
stay but there's no point in
staying here when you can't even
see two feet in front of your nose.

Edward turns to Cousin Milton. He can see the fear in his eyes as they dart around the room. He nods. He heads over to Jack with Uncle Thomas and picks him up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Uncle Thomas places Jack on chair with a puff. He walks over to the other family members that have gather around Harriet, who sits on the large, red velvet, lounge chair in front of the fireplace. The large flames light up the room more than the electric lights.

Aunt Luella tries to comfort Harriet.

AUNT LUELLA

You poor thing.

Edward stands next to fireplace in thought.

Uncle Thomas turns towards Edward in anger.

UNCLE THOMAS

You said you could handle this!

Miss Brumsby and Lila come into the room. They hand out drinks to the tense family.

Uncle Thomas roughly takes the one with Scotch in it.

UNCLE THOMAS (CONT'D)

I guess that was a lie. You idiots
almost got my niece killed.

Aunt Luella hands Harriet some of her drink, a Whiskey Sour.

AUNT LUELLA

Here, sweetie. Drink some of this.
It always calms my nerves.

Harriet cups the drink gently. She takes a small sip, but she quickly winces on how strong it is.

HARRIET

Thanks... Auntie.

JACK (O.S.)

Ugh... what happened?

Everyone looks over at the large, comfortable, armchair to see that Jack is awake.

UNCLE THOMAS
You fainted, you plonker.

JACK
I did?...
(whispers to himself)
Huh, that's embarrassing.

Jack rises from the chair. He is a little shaky but makes his way over to Edward.

Lila hands Jack a glass of whiskey.

JACK (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Jack takes a swig.

JACK (CONT'D)
That goes down quite nicely.

Jack looks at everyone, who glares harshly at him.

JACK (CONT'D)
What did I miss?

AUNT LUELLA
Poor Harriet here is just stone cold with fright.

HARRIET
I'm alright. I just didn't expect...

AUNT LUELLA
To see dear old Daddy.

Aunt Luella stares furiously at Uncle Thomas.

AUNT LUELLA (CONT'D)
I told you something was going on, but you choose not to believe me.

UNCLE THOMAS
Just because a few pieces of your jewelry have gone missing does not mean it's a ghost.

AUNT LUELLA
Then what should we do, then?

UNCLE THOMAS

Simple. Snuff out the fool who has been trying to scare us off. Then sell the damn place. It's much too big for two people to live here anyway.

HARRIET

No! I am not giving up Grandfather's treasured memories. He loved this place.

UNCLE THOMAS

Harriet.

HARRIET

It's our home. It's been our home for generations. Isn't that what you've been telling us, Uncle?

Uncle Thomas turns to Duchess Iris, who sits on the other armchair with her cane grasped in her hands.

UNCLE THOMAS

Mother, do something.

Duchess Iris silently gazes at Edward.

JACK

Everyone, everyone. Please calm down. I'm sure there is a reasonable explanation for all of this.

UNCLE THOMAS

Like what, exactly.

JACK

I'm not sure but I know my friend here has an idea as to what is going on. Right?

Edward is still lost in thought.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's a trick. One that your grandfather probably used in one of his acts.

A beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

Any day now, Edward. You're going to say-

Edward walks by Jack and out the door.

Everyone watches him go.

Duchess Iris shakes her head. She lets out a depressing sigh.

DUCHESS IRIS

Maybe this wasn't such a great idea.

JACK

No, no. We will solve this case. Don't you worry.

Jack heads, backwards, to the door.

JACK (CONT'D)

At the moment, all I can say is that this is just a trick someone is playing.

INT. EDWARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

JACK

What do you mean this isn't a trick?

Jack watches Edward go through his many books.

EDWARD

I'm saying that I cannot explain what has occurred in front of us.

JACK

You're kidding me.

Edward turns a page.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're not kidding me? Oh Lord, we ended up in the Devil's house, didn't we.

EDWARD

Or a portal. A ghost portal. Maybe because of the Duke's experiments with the Underworld.

JACK

I thought that was a lie.

EDWARD

There may be truth in that lie,
though.

JACK

Okay, stop.

Jack takes the book out of Edward's hand.

Edward looks at Jack in confusion.

JACK (CONT'D)

I am supposed to be the one who
jumps to conclusions. You're the
serious one who acts all scientific
and logical. I need the logical one
now.

Edward tries to speak but is unable due to Jack's finger.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now, I know you want this to be
real so you can talk to Rachel, but
we are here to help Harry and her
family.

Edward reflects on Jack's words. He nods his head.

EDWARD

You're right.

JACK

I know I'm right. So let's take the
logical route before we call the
priest. Agreed?

Jack holds out his hand to Edward.

EDWARD

Agreed.

Edward reciprocates.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

It's funny that you're the one
talking about logic.

JACK

Yeah, let's never do that again.

EDWARD

Fine by me.

INT. EDWARD'S ROOM - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Edward tosses and turns under the white sheets. His mind races with images and thoughts of the evening: people at dinner table arguing, hallway to mirror, Black Figure, mirror breaking, living room with drinks, Jack in Edward's room.

A feminine hand caresses Edward's face.

RACHEL (O.S.)

It's going to be okay. There is no reason to be afraid.

Edward slowly opens his eyes to see Rachel over him. She looks just like her photo.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

It's all right, my love.

Edward opens his mouth again, but no words come out.

Rachel smiles kindly down at him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Shhh. You had quite the evening.
Reminds me of the time with my family.

Edward looks at her in confusion.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Everyone at each other's throats.
Jealously reigned with anguish for one another. Even though we loved each other we always had our dark secrets.

Rachel gets up from the bed. She turns to look at Edward with only her head as she cups her hands behind her back.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

There's a story behind everyone...
and I mean everyone. This may be a lot bigger than you and I thought.

Edward reaches out his hand for her. He watches her come over and take it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I know you can do this, Edward. You just need to look. Listen. Like this.

Rachel moves to the side to allow light to hit him.

Edward tries to shield his eyes. He sees Rachel fade. He reaches out again.

INT. EDWARD'S ROOM - DAY

Edward wakes to see the sun shines on his face. His hand is out like it was in his dream. He brings it back to his forehead in a deep exhale.

EDWARD

Rachel.

A loud KNOCK is heard from outside the door.

JACK (O.S.)

(Sings)

Wakey, wakey! We've got a mystery
to solve.

Edward groans before he pulls the covers back over his head.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's not going to work. I've
already tried it.

Edward throws the covers off. He gets off the bed and walks over to the red curtains. He pulls them back to reveal the bright light on the other side.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Lila opens the last of the red curtains. She pulls it back to reveal the morning sun outside.

With all the windows now open, they show that they're the only source of light. They make the room look more open and pleasant than last night.

Miss Brumsby makes her way past Lila with a cart full of food. She walks towards Aunt Luella and places a plate of porridge with sausages on the side in front of her.

AUNT LUELLA

Ugh. Is this all there is to eat?

Uncle Thomas looks up from his paper. He looks at the plate in front of Aunt Luella with a smirk.

UNCLE THOMAS

Why? Is it too dull for your taste
buds?

AUNT LUELLA

Haha, very amusing. But I was hoping for some variety. On my travels, we would have hard boiled eggs with toast on the side and fresh fruit.

UNCLE THOMAS

Talk to your niece about that. Ever since Father kicked the bucket, she's been on this healthy eating spree.

Aunt Luella looks to her side to glare at Harriet, who has no problem eating, next to Duchess Iris.

HARRIET

What? It helps you be regular.

Everyone balks at Harriet.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

I'm just saying.

Harriet spots Edward and Jack as they enter.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Hello boys. Glad you could make it.

AUNT LUELLA

Yes, it is good that you got to join us right after Harriet's appalling display.

Edward and Jack sit. They notice Harriet stick out her tongue at Aunt Luella.

DUCHESS IRIS

Lulu. Enough. Harriet, no more of that kind of talk. Do we understand each other.

HARRIET

Yes, Grandma.

DUCHESS IRIS

Good. I'm sure our guests would rather enjoy their breakfast in peace before they get right back to work.

Duchess Iris picks up her cup. Before she takes her SIP, she glances at Edward and Jack, who are just receiving food or drink.

DUCHESS IRIS (CONT'D)
Right, Detectives?

Jack and Edward sputter their food or drink.

UNCLE THOMAS
Oh, please. They're just a bunch of
writers who are in over their
heads. We saw that last night.

Jack blushes.

Edward glares. He notices the bandages wrapped around Uncle Thomas' wrist that are just peeking out of his sleeve. He tilts his head just as Uncle Thomas pulls down his sleeve to cover them.

UNCLE THOMAS (CONT'D)
Besides, if they were real
detectives then they would have
asked us some questions.

JACK
Fine. Then can we ask you where all
of you were when the ghost
appeared.

AUNT LUELLA
In the living room, still
squabbling over the nonsense at the
dinner table.

UNCLE THOMAS
I was not squabbling. I was trying
to be reasonable.

Aunt Luella huffs. She looks over at Miss Brumsby and Lila.

AUNT LUELLA
What about those two? Maybe they
were ones running around pretending
to be ghosts.

Lila shrinks back in fear from Aunt Luella's harsh gaze. She eases up when Miss Brumsby steps in front of her.

MISS BRUMSBY
We were in the kitchen, madam.
Taking care of the dishes since we
are the only two servants here.

DUCHESS IRIS

Enough. Miss Brumsby has been with us for years and she vouches for her niece. My word, be happy they are here at all.

(to Harriet)

Harriet.

Harriet turns her attention to Duchess Iris.

DUCHESS IRIS (CONT'D)

When you and your guests are done, can you please help them with their case.

AUNT LUELLA

Mother!

EDWARD

I don't think that will be necessary-

JACK

Hogwash. This will be terrific. Right, Harry?

HARRIET

Right.

Edward places his hand on his head. He shakes it in disbelief.

Uncle Thomas sneers.

UNCLE THOMAS

Really, a young girl running around a castle with two grown men.

JACK

We're kind of the same age.

UNCLE THOMAS

It's poppy cock. And what if the maids talk.

Uncle Thomas looks over at Miss Brumsby and Lila.

COUSIN MILTON

If it suits you, Father, I can go with them.

DUCHESS IRIS

Splendid. That should suffice. Right, Thomas?

Uncle Thomas gtumbles.

Jack gazes at Edward, annoyed.

JACK
You just couldn't be happy with
Harry, could you.

Edward glares at Jack.

INT. MEDIEVAL HALLWAY - DAY

Edward, Jack and Harriet, with Cousin Milton right behind them, walk past the knights that line the hallway. Similar to the dining room, the light makes it look less scary, but-

JACK
You know, Edward. I thought it
would be better in here during the
day.

Jack looks up at the portrait of Duke. He moves back and forth as the eyes follow him.

JACK (CONT'D)
Apparently, I was wrong.

Harriet comes up next to Jack.

HARRIET
Unfortunately, this is the most
unflattering of portraits done for
my grandfather. I think that's why
he hung it in here in the first
place.

JACK
To scare people away?

HARRIET
I believe so.

Jack and Harriet tilt the other way. They shudder when the eyes still follow them.

Edward exasperates in disbelief. He looks behind him at Cousin Milton.

EDWARD
What about you, Milton?

COUSIN MILTON
What?

JACK
Do you think this room is scary?

HARRIET
Keep up, cousin.

COUSIN MILTON
Well, I... uh... I think...

JACK
Come on, boy. Is it scary or not?

Cousin Milton goes to open his mouth, but a LOUD BANG STOPS him.

Everyone looks around the room for the source.

JACK (CONT'D)
What was that? Was it the ghost?

EDWARD
Or a tree branch. But then again,
the castle is really old. So maybe
something might have fallen.

HARRIET
Hehe. Right. Fallen.

Jack stares at Harriet in question. He looks back and forth at Harriet and Edward. He smiles.

JACK
Well, whatever it is. Cousin Milton
and I should go see for ourselves.

EDWARD & HARRIET & COUSIN MILTON
What?

Jack walks over to Cousin Milton. He places a hand on his shoulder.

JACK
You said you want to check out that
mirror, correct? So, this is the
next best step.

EDWARD
But-

JACK
Don't worry. Milton and I got this.
Right, my boy?

Cousin Milton trips over words.

Jack grabs Cousin Milton. He drags him down the hall.

JACK (CONT'D)
Come along, Milty. We got a ghost
to catch.

COUSIN MILTON
But... but- ah!

Edward and Harriet watch Jack and Cousin Milton round a corner. They finally notice that they are alone. They groan.

EDWARD
I'm so sorry about this.

HARRIET
It's quite alright. You know how
Jack is. Especially when he gets an
idea in his head.

Harriet walks down the hall with Edward right behind her.

EDWARD
True. But I wish I got to thank
your cousin before they dashed off.
He really did help me get out of my
head last night.

HARRIET
My cousin can be full of surprises.
One minute he's quiet as a mouse,
the next he's taking the blame for
something I did.

EDWARD
Oh.... By the way... Is your
uncle...

HARRIET
No. He's just... well, he's just
very strict. I mean, he does have a
lot riding on his shoulders. Being
the first born and all. Taking care
of the house and proving he's
better than his father by showing
how put together he is.

EDWARD
That makes sense.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Edward glares at Jack. He notices that bandages wrapped around Uncle Thomas' wrist that are just peeking out of his sleeve. He tilts his head just as Uncle Thomas pulls down his sleeve to cover them.

EDWARD (V.O.)

But I did notice he had some
bandages wrapped around his wrist
during breakfast.

INT. MEDIEVAL HALLWAY - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Harriet glances over at the row of knights. She spots the one that looks like it was poorly put back together.

HARRIET

My uncle... came here last night.
He wanted to justify that it was
all rubbish and...

EDWARD

Got hurt. Is this what you're
afraid of? That the ghost may go
beyond scaring?

Harriet and Edward stop just in front of the broken mirror.
She looks down into its broken cracks.

HARRIET

It wasn't always about ghosts. In
fact, I thought it was my doing
with making the castle more modern.

EDWARD

The cave in after putting in wire,
you mean.

HARRIET

Things go missing or fall from the
ceiling. And now, a ghost in the
mirror.

Edward kneels down in front of the broken mirror. He traces
his hand along the edging.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Maybe it's because I'm plagued with
thoughts that maybe I released
something or someone.

(MORE)

HARRIET (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm sorry for trying to make my already decent enough home perfect, ghost grandfather.

EDWARD

Well, don't worry, Harriet. Like Jack said, we're here to prove that notion wrong.

HARRIET

Thanks. Jack was right about you being a gentle soul. Your wife must have loved you.

Edward pauses.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

I'm sorry if I spoke out of turn. My parents died when I was little and now my grandfather. So, I, too, know what it's like clinging to the dead.

Edward continues his search. He tips the broken mirror slightly to notice a strange marking, it somewhat looks similar to the one on the Psychic's table.

EDWARD

This is interesting?

Harriet leans in closer.

HARRIET

Looks like a horrible child's drawing to me.

EDWARD

I know I've seen this somewhere before.

Edward STEPS closer but STOPS when his shoe lands on something. He moves his shoes and notices something on the ground. He picks up the object. He tries to take a closer look when a SCREAM RINGS OUT. He pockets it before he and Harriet rush towards the CRIES.

INT. PORTRAIT HALLWAY - DAY

Edward and Harriet turn a corner to see Jack on the floor, holding his wrist. They watch Cousin Milton try to help the over dramatic Jack but fail.

JACK

It's broken. My wrist. Why did it have to be the one I write with.

COUSIN MILTON

I told you to let me see. Maybe I can-

JACK

What are you a doctor or something? I need medical treatment!

EDWARD

What happened?

JACK

What do you think? We were checking for clues, because *someone* thought it would be a brilliant idea to head down this hallway, and this stupid piece of rock fell and almost hit me.

Edward notices the large slab of rock. He looks up to see cracks and a hole in the ceiling.

HARRIET

Oh my goodness. Let me see.

COUSIN MILTON

It narrowly missed him. He's lucky he tripped.

JACK

That's it. I'm done. No ghost is worth having my beautiful penmanship ruined.

EDWARD

Jack... That's your left wrist that's hurt.

JACK

Oh... Well then, how am I supposed to hold a piece of paper now, hmmm? Are you going to hold it for me, Edward?

Edward places his fingers on his forehead on the upcoming headache from Jack's bellyaching.

COUSIN MILTON

Umm... I think we should get a doctor, anyway. It could actually be broken.

EDWARD

(whispers)

And get his head examined as well.

JACK

What was that?

EDWARD

I said check you for other injuries.

Harriet nods. She assists Cousin Milton in helping Jack to his feet.

Edward notices something fall out of Harriet's pocket. He picks it up and sees it's a letter. He goes to hand it back to her, but-

Harriet and Cousin Milton rush Jack down the corridor. They try to be gentle with his injury.

Edward pockets the letter. He goes to follow but takes one last glance at the ceiling. He notices a few more tiny pieces fall.

EXT. GROUNDS - DAY

Harriet helps Jack into the carriage. She gets him comfortable before turning to grab the door.

HARRIET

We'll be back as soon as we can.

Harriet closes the door.

Carriage hurries off with Edward, Cousin Milton, Uncle Thomas, and Aunt Luella watching them go.

UNCLE THOMAS

Too bad that old coot is too scared to come here.

COUSIN MILTON

Father.

AUNT LUELLA

Really, Tom.

UNCLE THOMAS

What? In my day, a doctor came to us, not us to them. And it's all because of some fool causing a tizzy.

EDWARD

I don't think that was just to scare us. Jack and you were injured.

UNCLE THOMAS

Ugh. That girl. I told her I just ran into that daft armor. It wasn't any ghost.

AUNT LUELLA

Oh, is that what you're saying? I heard your screaming in the middle of the night. And it was not of surprise, dear brother.

UNCLE THOMAS

And what were you doing up? Hmmm? Looking for more money, you gold digger.

Aunt Luella glares. She plays with her necklace.

UNCLE THOMAS (CONT'D)

In fact, I did notice how some of the accounts were a mess. Did you go into my drawers, sister. I told you to stay away from there.

AUNT LUELLA

Horse feathers. I was getting a drink to settle my nerves. Besides...

Aunt Luella stops and pulls on the pendant.

AUNT LUELLA (CONT'D)

I don't need your money. I have come into an investment that will keep me off your back for a long, long time.

UNCLE THOMAS

I'll believe it when I see it. Lulu.

AUNT LUELLA

Oh believe me, brother. I can't wait and maybe you'll be the one crawling on your hands and knees asking me for money. Ha!

Aunt Luella huffs. She turns and walks away.

UNCLE THOMAS

Bleeding harpy. Can't stand her sometimes.

Uncle Thomas crosses his arms. He turns to Cousin Milton.

UNCLE THOMAS (CONT'D)

But I shouldn't worry about her. I have more important things to attend to with my prat of a son here.

COUSIN MILTON

I thought that was supposed to be canceled since...

UNCLE THOMAS

Nonsense. Once this ghost business is put to rest, we can put the family back on track.

Cousin Milton exasperates in disbelief. He jolts when Uncle Thomas PATS him HARD on the back.

UNCLE THOMAS (CONT'D)

Don't you worry, my boy. Just like with your mother, I was timid just like you. But I showed her parents that we were just as good as them and look where we are now.

COUSIN MILTON

I thought you married for love?

Edward smiles.

UNCLE THOMAS

Hogwash, no one marries just for love. You and your cousin have your head stuck in a romance novel.

Edward frowns.

UNCLE THOMAS (CONT'D)

Trust me, son. When your livelihood is secure, nothing will go wrong.

Cousin Milton slumps. He trudges back towards the castle.

UNCLE THOMAS (CONT'D)

(whispers)

That boy. Just like his mother with his head in the cloud? I'm glad she's away on a trip to visit her parents.

EDWARD

Interesting. If what you're saying is correct, wouldn't the boy have no need to prove anything to you since you're so *secured*?

UNCLE THOMAS

Says the man who runs around the countryside hunting ghosts. Hehe. But then again, there is a reason, isn't there.

EDWARD

Excuse me?

UNCLE THOMAS

Let me put it simply. Find out who's doing this, quickly and quietly, and I'll pay you a heavy sum. No one trusts a man who can't get over his past and look to the future.

Edward goes to retort but Uncle Thomas has already left for the house. He grumbles. He stuffs his hand in his pocket. He perks up when he feels something. He takes it out to see it's the object from the broken mirror and the letter.

He opens the already opened letter first. He sees it is a love letter with initials GT at the top. He puts it away. He holds up the object to get a better look at it. He sees it's a pebble.

He looks down at his feet. He checks the stones on the ground to the one in his hand. They don't match. He glances over to another path that leads to the back of the house. He walks towards it.

EXT. GARDENS - DAY

Edward wanders through the lush greenery of tall bushes and large potted plants. He notices how the ground has marble pebbles on the walkway. He kneels down and picks up a piece. He compares it to the one in hand. They match.

He notices a base of a statue in front of him. He looks up to see statue of Duke riding a horse, in buck position. He glances back down to see something off by the base. He goes to touch it when-

GEORGE (O.S.)
Stop right there.

Edward stands up in surprise. He looks to see GEORGE, (40's), short, scruffy beard, a dirty black cap and worker clothes, stares at him in anger.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You almost messed up my harebells.

George goes around Edward to inspect the flowers around base of statue.

EDWARD
Um... who are you?

GEORGE
George Tooman. The grounds keeper.

George studies Edward warily.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Who are ye? One of the Miss's friends?

EDWARD
No... well, yes... In a way, I am.

GEORGE
Okay, you're a little bit of a...
mad as a bag of ferrets, aren't ya.

Edward calms himself.

EDWARD
I am Edward Cardinald and I am here
about the ghost of the late Duke.

GEORGE
Oh, you're a detective.

EDWARD
No no. I'm a ghost specialist.

GEORGE
A ghost hunter.

Edward takes another long breath.

EDWARD

Yes.

GEORGE

Why didn't you say so? About time someone got rid of that nuisance.

EDWARD

Harriet said you heard about the ghost. Won't even step one foot in the house.

GEORGE

Are you daft boy? Granny raised no fool about messing about with the spirits. They can curse you, ya know.

EDWARD

You really do believe there's a ghost?

GEORGE

I didn't at first. But, like you, I thought it was a bunch a folly. But then the screaming and the shadowy figure in the window. No sire, you won't see me in that house.

George looks upon the house. He smirks when he sees Uncle Thomas look frantic in one of the windows.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Then again... it doesn't surprise me that this house would be cursed.

Edward looks at George in question.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Don't tell me you been in this house this long and haven't come by it's nutty occupants. With the young miss and her modern tech, and uncle who's trying to get his son into court when he doesn't want it...

EDWARD

And the Aunt?

GEORGE

Well, if you just take one glance at her.

Edward watches George turns away from him. He glances to see another window, not far from them, with Aunt Luella in it. He spots her fanning herself in an over the top beaded dress with thick jewelry.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Big spender. I mean a lady's got to look pretty but even I know that you need top dollar to snare that one.

Edward notices a lot of new gardening equipment and pots all around.

EDWARD

And that's why you think the Duke has come back. To seek revenge on their spending habits.

GEORGE

Oh boy. How much do you know of this family?

EDWARD

I thought they were just a military family.

George LAUGHS. He turns to look up at a statue of Duke on a horse as it bucks.

GEORGE

Alrighty then, I can, now, understand why you don't call yourself a detective. You see boy, the Duke was a general but have you noticed how long he lasted or the fact the he never came home injured.

EDWARD

No, I knew he lasted long into his elder years but you're saying he didn't receive a scratch.

GEORGE

Terrifying, right? Some say he made a deal with the devil.

Edward stares at the statue. He shudders as it feels like the eyes bore into him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

They say his workplace is close by.
No one's found it but I bet you
it's full of strange elixirs and
witchcraft. Haha!

DUCHESS IRIS (O.S.)

That is quite enough.

Everyone turns to look at an angry Duchess Iris with Miss Brumsby in tow.

DUCHESS IRIS (CONT'D)

My word. I've come out here for a
bit of air and find two men talking
codswallop.

GEORGE

Sorry, my lady. Wanted to make sure
he was the real deal and not some
con man.

MISS BRUMSBY

He is the real deal, George, we've
made sure. Now get back to work.

George tips his hat.

GEORGE

Yes, ma'am. I'll go get those
rabbits that have been eating my
flowers.

Everyone watches George makes his way down the path.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Maybe you can make a good old
fashion rabbit stew out of him.
Haha!

MISS BRUMSBY

If it's got poison in it, we don't
want it, you git.

GEORGE

I know, I know. I'm not completely
daft.

Miss Brumsby shakes her head.

DUCHESS IRIS

That boy. If he didn't get along
with my husband, I would have
sacked him long ago.

EDWARD

I'm surprised by that. Usually classes don't mix, as they say.

DUCHESS IRIS

Very true. But when our children grew and Harriet was away at school, Ellie, my husband, found solemn in that man, if can you believe.

Duchess Iris sighs. She cups her hand over her eyes to get a better look at Edward.

DUCHESS IRIS (CONT'D)

My dear boy, if you want to know more then come with me. It's too cold out here for these old bones.

Edward nods. He follows Duchess Iris towards the house.

INT. SOLARIUM- DAY

The large metal handle on the door jiggles open. It swings open to reveal Edward.

Edward steps aside to allow Duchess Iris in first. She thanks him and makes her way to a large wicker chair.

DUCHESS IRIS

Have a seat. I'll have Miss Brumsby make us a pot of tea while we talk.

Edward nods. He sits in the other wicker chair. He glances around the room and notices the abundance of interesting flowers.

EDWARD

Quite a collection. Lavender, foxglove, yarrow, and vervain. All used in-

DUCHESS IRIS

Medicine. Yes, my grandmother was a medicine woman before she met my father. She taught me the trade.

EDWARD

And thus, you have your own herbal garden. I do wonder, do any of the other family members know how to use these?

Miss Brumsby brings in a cart with a full tea set. She takes one of the cups and hands it to Duchess Iris first.

Duchess Iris thanks Miss Brumsby before she takes it.

DUCHESS IRIS

I tried but my children thought it was rubbish. Harriet attempted but failed. I don't know about Milton. He seemed the most promising... until his father stole him away for whatever crazy scheme.

Edward looks over at Miss Brumsby. He watches her pluck a few herbs.

DUCHESS IRIS (CONT'D)

Miss Brumsby, on the other hand, does know some things about herbs. But mostly for spice and drink.

EDWARD

And her niece? If you pardon my words, I'm quite surprised someone so young would want to work here.

MISS BRUMSBY

It's either here or the sweatshops in the big city. I keep an eye on her and teach her all I know.

EDWARD

That's unfortunate. And I'm guessing George takes care of this place then.

DUCHESS IRIS

It's the only place in the house he will enter. Which is rather amusing since he would stalk my sweet little Lulu in the past. That is until he left.

Edward takes cup and thanks Miss Brumsby.

EDWARD

Is there a reason he left?

DUCHESS IRIS

No. Ellie was heartbroken. But even more when the boy came back. He even gave him his old job and they have been thick as thieves ever since.

Edward nods. He SIPS. He jolts back from the taste.

EDWARD

This is-

DUCHESS IRIS

I told you I knew my herbs. I felt this would calm both our nerves over what happened to your little friend.

EDWARD

I'm sure he's fine. But I do have to wonder.

DUCHESS IRIS

If what George said is true, my husband made a deal with the devil. Or maybe I did.

EDWARD

When someone fears they may lose their loved one they do drastic things.

DUCHESS IRIS

Or when they've lost their loved one they go into ghost hunting even when their grandfather is a famous illusionist.

Edward sputters his tea. He POUNDS his chest as he COUGHS.

DUCHESS IRIS (CONT'D)

My son looked you up. Didn't trust you, he said. It was quite interesting to find out this all happened after your wife died.

EDWARD

She died of an unfortunate illness.

DUCHESS IRIS

Doesn't explain why a man such as yourself needs to find her spirit. Even I know such things can be dire.

Edward sighs. He puts down his cup on a nearby table. He takes out his locket with Rachel in it.

The sounds of a hospital, doctors, and nurse echo throughout.

EDWARD

As you said, being the grandson of a famous illusionist... I know all the tricks. But a few days after my beloved Rachel died, I met with one ghost... The only ghost that I could not explain...

Edward recalls the evil chuckle of the FEMALE GHOST. His hand begins to shake.

SILENCE.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Edward.

Door bursts open to see Harriet and Jack with his arm in a sling.

HARRIET

We're back!

JACK

And it turns out it was just a sprain.

Edward shuts the locket. He stands up.

EDWARD

Thank you for the lovely evening, my lady. But I need to get back to work.

He marches to the doorway. He grabs Jack on the way out.

JACK

Edward? I'm injured, remember?

INT. MEDIEVAL HALLWAY - DAY

Edward drags reluctant Jack along with him. He stops in front of broken mirror. He lets go of him to examine it by pulling it to the side, back, and off the wall.

Jack rubs his shoulder.

JACK

What was that all about?

Edward continues to look.

JACK (CONT'D)
Really, you're going to ignore me.
While we are in the room where I
just got injured.

EDWARD
You weren't injured here. It was in
another room.

Edward feels around the mirror. He notices that it is
completely shattered.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Interesting.

JACK
What that the ghost probably has
seven years bad luck?

Edward glares at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
Wait. Do we have seven years bad
luck?

HARRIET (O.S.)
Who has seven years bad luck?

Jack and Edward turn around to see Harriet and Duchess Iris.

JACK
Ladies, what are you doing here?

DUCHESS IRIS
I felt horrible about what I said
earlier and wanted to apologize.

JACK
Why? What happened? Edward what did
you do?

DUCHESS IRIS
I asked him about his dear wife.

JACK
Oh. Um. That's sort of a touchy
subject for Edward. Heck, he even
bites off my head.

Edward stands which startles everyone.

EDWARD
As I was saying. This mirror is
completely shattered.

JACK

Um, don't we already know that? We were there. And here it is. Smashed.

EDWARD

I mean, it's completely shattered which makes me unable to find the trick behind it.

Edward notices how everyone continues to stare at him.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

It means, that they're hiding how it was done. Why would a ghost want us not to find a reasonable explanation for this?

JACK

Because it's a ghost.

Duchess Iris takes her arm away from Harriet. She walks closer to the mirror.

DUCHESS IRIS

Then how do you think it was done?

EDWARD

My grandfather would use a phantoscope with his magic trick. Or a two-way mirror.

Edward pulls back the mirror to show the strange symbol.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

And this. I swear I've seen it before on our travels.

DUCHESS IRIS

Hmmm. I, too, have seen this symbol. It looks like Ellie's work. He was a terrible artist.

JACK

Wait, I heard about this as well. It's supposed to be a way to entrap one's soul in an object. Maybe the Duke's soul was trapped in this mirror and now it can run free.

Everyone looks at Jack like he's nuts.

JACK (CONT'D)

I know it sounds crazy, but that psychic did the same thing with that elderly couple. Remember the table?

Edward ponders. He turns back to examine the broken mirror. He feels around it.

EDWARD

Jack might not be far off. Maybe it's a protection spell. Then why put it behind a mirror? Ugh. There has to be more. We're just not seeing it. Maybe... if I just... Aha!

He HIT something behind the broken mirror. He watches the wall swing open to reveal a hidden passageway.

JACK

What the?

Edward and Jack poke their heads inside. They see nothing but the inner wooden bone structure.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's kind of dusty, don't you think?

EDWARD

Jack, this could be how the ghost has been getting around. The stone falling on your head. The knight hitting Uncle Thomas.

Duchess Iris peers inside.

DUCHESS IRIS

My word, I never knew this was here.

EDWARD

Really, Duchess. You didn't know that your home had secret passages.

DUCHESS IRIS

No. Ellie rebuilt this house twenty years ago. I mostly went to London or France when I was younger. And I had my hands full with this one, so I never had time to explore.

They look at Harriet with curiosity.

HARRIET

Don't look at me. I was at boarding school, then University for most of my life.

JACK

Doesn't mean you're not going to frolic now.

HARRIET

Oh, I'm so going to frolic.

DUCHESS IRIS

Focus, you two.

Jack and Harriet stand at attention.

JACK & HARRIET

Yes, ma'am.

Duchess Iris turns to Edward. She points her cane.

DUCHESS IRIS

Lead on. I would like to know these secrets, too.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

They head down the tight and narrow space. It is covered in dust and cobwebs.

JACK

Ack. I think I got a web in my mouth.

EDWARD

Then maybe you should keep your mouth closed.

Jack makes rude gesture at Edward. He stops to look through two small lights coming from the wall. He looks through the holes. He sees Uncle Thomas sleep with his mouth hung open on the large armchair.

JACK

Whoa.

Jack watches Uncle Thomas awaken.

Uncle Thomas looks around in surprise.

HARRIET

What are you doing?

JACK

Look.

Jack moves out of the way.

Harriet looks through the eye holes.

HARRIET

So, that's why I felt someone
always watching.

Harriet ponders. She looks hatefully at her grandmother.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Wait a tick, is that how
Grandfather knew I ate his special
candy before dinner when I was a
child?

DUCHESS IRIS

You're not the only one who is
upset, darling. Remember, I gave
you the candy in the first place.

JACK

I like this family.

Uncle Thomas and Aunt Luella argue.

JACK (CONT'D)

Most of this family.

Edward exasperates in annoyance. He sees something up a head.
He tries to see what it is, but the DARK FIGURE moves very
quickly down the corridor. Edward gasps. He rushes after it.

JACK (CONT'D)

Edward? What is it? Where are you
going?

Jack, Duchess Iris, and Harriet run after Edward. They bump
into him when he stops. They look around him to see he's in
front of a door. They watch him place a hand on the knob.

INT. DUKE'S SECRET OFFICE - DAY

The door swings open to reveal a larger version of the study.
It is filled with all types of trinkets from all parts of the
world. Maps and weapons litter the wall along with a few
potion bottles and some pentagrams.

Everyone gawks at all the wonders in the room. They carefully
admire the books, papers, and desk.

JACK
I did not expect this.

HARRIET
Did you know about this,
Grandmother?

DUCHESS IRIS
No. If I did, I would have surely
made him bring me here.

JACK
I think he wanted some privacy-
Duchess Iris and Harriet glare, harshly, at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'll be quiet now.

Jack scans the room. He spots something in the corner. He walks over to it to see it is an open book with a drawing of a phantoscope.

JACK (CONT'D)
Edward. It's that thing you were
talking about. Look.

He picks up the book. He notices the wooden object that was used to prop it up, sink down.

MECHANICAL SOUNDS echo throughout the room.

EDWARD
Jack, what did you do?

Jack put the book back.

The room begins to shake. Loud CREAKS from gears moving
RESOUNDS.

JACK
It's back, I swear! C'mon, Duke,
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to intrude
on your sanctuary!

EDWARD
It's not the Duke. Well, it is but
it must be some kind of trap he set
in case someone came in here
without his permission.

HARRIET
Great! Now, how do we get out of
this.

EDWARD

There must be a switch. Or a lever.

Everyone searches the room.

Edward goes by the desk and feels around. He finds switch under the desk by where the person would sit. He presses it.

The room stops.

Everyone sighs in relief.

JACK

Thank Good—

A large brick falls from the ceiling. It narrowly misses Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

What was that?!

EDWARD

The Duke's trap. I'm pretty sure there is more up there.

JACK

Why? Was he that paranoid? All I did was grab a book.

DUCHESS IRIS

He did seem out of sorts in his last days.

JACK

Wait. Are you pulling my leg? He really did set up all of these traps. To hide this secret room.

EDWARD

Or maybe because there was something in this room he wanted to keep secret. Show me that book, Jack.

Jack hands book to Edward.

Edward flips through it. He marvels at all the images of how to perform tricks and make traps. It even shows how the mirror was done.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Interesting, it explains everything. Even the layout of the house.

JACK

Nice handwriting, too. Almost as good as mine except for weird color smudges.

Jack reaches over Edward shoulder. He rubs his fingers along one of the letters that has purple smudging on it. He makes it worse which results in Edward glaring at him.

HARRIET

Well, let's hop to it. If we keep searching, we might find more clues.

Everyone searches, again.

Jack and Harriet go by the stack of books. They rip out book after book and check its contents before tossing it over their shoulders.

JACK

Interesting. Almost all of them are about protection charms. Even this one about warding off bad omens.

Duchess Iris gazes at all the potion bottles and weapons. She picks up a bottle. Her eyes widen in horror as she reads.

EDWARD

Look at this.

Duchess Iris clutches the bottle to her chest.

Everyone turns to see Edward with a book in hand.

Edward opens it up. He sees faint dates and passages. He holds it up to the lamp's light to get a better look. To his surprise, the words on the page begin to darken.

DUCHESS IRIS

What does it say, my boy?

EDWARD

It talks about his travels and places he's been. His family. His friends. And...

HARRIET

And?

EDWARD

"My Dear Friend..."

INT. STUDY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Duke sits at his desk. His journal is open in front of him. He writes.

DUKE (V.O.)

"I have been through a lot with you. I fear this may be the last time I talk to you. For I fear someone is after my life."

Duke pauses. He stands up. He walks to window.

DUKE (V.O.)

"I have sent my lovely wife and Harry to London. I hope they are far away from me as possible."

Duke looks out window to see Harriet climb into coach. He sees Duchess Iris stop on the step of carriage.

Duchess Iris looks at Duke. She smiles sadly.

Duke waves goodbye, unhappily. He steps away from the window. He takes out bottle, that looks similar to the one Duchess Iris had in her hand, and DRINKS.

INT. DUKE'S SECRET OFFICE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Edward looks up from the journal.

Duchess Iris slams her cane into the floor.

DUCHESS IRIS

I knew there was a reason he sent us away. I knew there was something bothering him.

EDWARD

"Ever since I got back from the Congo I had a feeling someone is watching me. My family and George think I'm just guilt ridden."

INT. DUKE'S SECRET OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Duke sits at his desk in the dark. His face is aglow by the candle next to him. He continues to write in his journal.

DUKE (V.O.)

But I believe they are after my family, my fortune, and me.

(MORE)

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I hid everything. Although I do
fear that will not stop them...
Stop the demons.

Wind blows out candle. Everything grows dark and gloomy.

Duke stops. He stands, quickly, when he hears the loud HOWL.

Duke rapidly writes.

DUKE (V.O.)
I have to go. I fear they are
here."

Duke closes his journal with a SLAM.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Uncle Thomas paces. He checks the clock to see that it reads:
6:20 pm. He looks over at the couch where Aunt Luella and
Cousin Milton sit.

UNCLE THOMAS
Where are they? They can't have
just disappeared.

AUNT LUELLA
Maybe Daddy got them. Ha!

UNCLE THOMAS
This isn't funny! Someone could be
hurt. Our mother could be hurt.

Everyone jumps when wall swings open. They see Edward, Jack,
Duchess Iris, and Harriet exit from it.

AUNT LUELLA
My word.

UNCLE THOMAS
What is the meaning of all of this?
Why is the wall opening? Why were
you in the wall to begin with?

JACK
All good questions. But before
that, I like to personally tell you
that there is no ghost. Just a
murderer who may or may not have
killed the Duke.

EDWARD & HARRIET
Jack!

JACK
What? Is that not what's happening?

UNCLE THOMAS
Mother? What is this buffoon
talking about?

Duchess Iris comes towards Uncle Thomas with journal in hand.

DUCHESS IRIS
My son. I fear it may be worse than
we realize.
(to Aunt Luella)
Lulu. Call for some drinks. We need
to have a long talk.

LATER:

Miss Brimsby and Lila enter the room with drinks. They walk up to everyone, who either sit on the couch, armchair or just stand, and hand them a glass.

Uncle Thomas takes glass from Lila. He mumbles a thanks. He stares in horror at Duchess Iris.

UNCLE THOMAS
So, you're telling me... it's not a
ghost of my dead father... But
someone who could have murdered
him. For what, money?

AUNT LUELLA
You did say it makes the world go
round.

UNCLE THOMAS
This is serious, Lulu. Our family
is in danger.

AUNT LUELLA
And you think I don't know that.

DUCHESS IRIS
Quiet you two. We shall call the
police immediately.

Duchess Iris nods her head to Miss Brumsby.

Miss Brumsby nods back. She leaves.

EDWARD
That does seem the best option.
Jack and I are only here on the
case of the supernatural.

HARRIET

And now that there is none, you'll
be leaving.

Jack holds Harriet's hand. He looks up at Edward with
pleading eyes.

EDWARD

We are not the police, Jack. We're-

JACK

Writers. I know. But...

UNCLE THOMAS

We should all probably leave.
Especially when there is a murderer
running around.

AUNT LUELLA

You would like that. Just get up
and go.

UNCLE THOMAS

You were thinking the exact same
thing and you know it, Luella.

Jack gazes at Harriet, who slumps. He jolts and scans the
room.

JACK

Okay, tell me I'm not the only one
who felt that.

Everyone turns to Jack. They search the room to see nothing
out of the ordinary.

UNCLE THOMAS

That's not funny, boy.

JACK

I'm not trying to be. I'm serious.
It felt like someone was watching
me.

Everyone becomes unsettled. They either cower close to each
other or stand in defense.

JACK (CONT'D)

Alright, maybe we should-

MISS BRUMSBY (O.S.)

My lady.

Everyone jolts. They turn to see Miss Brumsby enter through the door.

MISS BRUMSBY (CONT'D)
It seems the police will not be
able to make it until the morning.

UNCLE THOMAS
Are they daft? We're got a murderer
on the loose.

MISS BRUMSBY
They said without any proof or
immediate danger there is no reason
to hurry.

DUCHESS IRIS
And since it's night, the roads are
treacherous. No wonder no one will
come.

JACK
But we do have proof. The journal
and my wrist.

EDWARD
All could be explained with by
saying you're clumsy or those are
the words of a crazy man.

HARRIET
And we're in the country. It's very
different out here compared to the
busy streets of London.

Uncle Thomas smirks. He turns to Duchess Iris.

DUCHESS IRIS
Don't. Not now, Thomas.
(stands)
We have no choice but head to bed
and wait until tomorrow.

UNCLE THOMAS
But... but... Mother.

DUCHESS IRIS
We have survived the day. We can
survive the night.

Everyone watches as Duchess Iris heads to door.

INT. WEST WING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jack hovers close to Edward as they walk down the corridor. He glances all around in fear.

JACK

Edward. Do you mind if I sleep with you? Safety in numbers my father would say.

EDWARD

Jack, calm down. The police will be here before you know it.

JACK

In the morning. For all we know, we could be dead by then.

INT. EDWARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Edward opens door and walks in with a Jack right behind him.

EDWARD

Well, if you feel that way, then stay. You can sleep on the floor.

JACK

Why can't I have the bed? I'm injured, remember?

EDWARD

Because it's my room and it's a sprain, not broken.

JACK

Fine, I'll stay with Harry. At least she has a shotgun.

EDWARD

Do you think that's wise?

JACK

What, the shotgun or Harry? I told you, I'm not in love with her. Heck, I was trying to get you alone together.

Edward shakes his head. He heads over to his suitcase to open it.

JACK (CONT'D)

I mean, maybe I shouldn't have stayed with Harry.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Her cousin almost got me killed!
Maybe he's the ghost.

EDWARD
Cousin Milton saved you and I don't
think he's very capable of such a
ruse.

Edward pauses.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
But then again... He does hate the
idea of his father marrying him
off. And knows his herbs.

JACK
See? It was all an act. He was
trying to kill me.

EDWARD
Maybe... or it could as well be his
father or aunt.

Jack stares in confusion.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I found out the family might not be
as... secure as we thought. Which
is why Uncle Thomas must be in a
hurry to marry off his son.

JACK
And if that doesn't work, he could
always sell the house.

EDWARD
Exactly. And Aunt Luella loves to
spend. Maybe she has been sneaking
money out and doesn't want to get
caught.

Jack ponders.

JACK
But what about the maids? That girl
seems like she is afraid of her own
shadow.

EDWARD
But some money could give her and
her aunt very comfortable lives.
But then again, without the house
it would be off to the sweatshops.

JACK

Ugh, horrible places. No one should be treated like filth to make a fat cat rich.

Edward and Jack sigh. They look at the time that reads: 11:00. They either yawn or stretch.

EDWARD

We should probably sleep on it. We are of no use if we are tired in the morning.

Edward grabs a pillow. He tosses it at Jack, who catches it with one hand.

JACK

True. But I just feel so useless. I mean, I know I'm not a detective, but I thought I could at least put Harry's mind at ease.

Edward nods.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now, I feel as though I'm marking her for death by leaving.

Edward pauses.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Edward.

Edward shakes his head. He throws a blanket at Jack.

JACK

Alright. Alright. I get it. But let me tell you, I'm not gonna get a wink of sleep.

LATER:

Jack snores loudly on the floor with a bunch of pillows and blankets around him.

On the bed, Edward pulls the covers close to himself. He rustles in agitation. He groans.

INT. HOSPITAL - SICK ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Edward sits on the uncomfortable metal chair in the bleach white room. He writes down in his little journal with different expressions on his face.

Edward jolts out of his writer's world when he hears a feminine chuckle. He reaches his hand to Rachel, who lays on the bed next to him. He gently smiles in hope and fear.

Rachel confidently smiles back. She coughs roughly.

Edward quickly stands. He rushes to the pitcher that is empty. He holds it up with a shrug.

Rachel laughs at his antics.

RACHEL
Go get more.

Edward walks towards the door.

EDWARD
I'll be right back.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - LATER

Edward takes the full pitcher from ELDERLY NURSE. He goes to thank her but stops when three NURSES pass him in a hurry. He watches them head off in the direction of Rachel's room.

The pitcher slips through Edward's hands. It falls to the ground. It SHATTERS.

Edward walks before he shifts into a run. He runs towards the open door that every MEDICAL PERSONNEL seem to be in. He looks inside to see them all over Rachel.

YOUNG NURSE pushes Edward away from the room.

Edward tries to push past her.

HEAVY NURSE helps the Young Nurse push Edward out. They try to calm him, but their words sound more like rings.

Edward stumbles backwards into the long pew-like bench. He gazes in shock at the closed door.

The door opens to reveal a DOCTOR, (50s), wearing glasses and a white coat. He trudges out with his head hung low.

Edward slowly gets up. He walks carefully to Doctor.

Doctor puts a hand on Edward's shoulder. He shakes his head in sadness.

Edward stares into the room to see Rachel covered by a white sheet.

INT. DESOLATE STONE TAVERN - DUSK

Edward sits in the small corner neatly tucked to the left of the enormous, oak bar. He observes the one room, its maximum capacity is around twenty people.

The bar has scratches of names that seem to be carved into it. Its sinister dark, burnt-sienna surface has putrid stains from its blatant overuse of liquid spilled on it.

BARTENDER, (50s), an uncaring man grudgingly, clumsily spills more than one drink on the dilapidated bar. He STOPS. He watches the other FOLKS drink themselves drunk.

Folks turn to the door when they hear a loud THUD.

TALL CABBIE, (40's), more experienced horse driver, black suit with a white collared shirt with a wool cape over it, quickly closes the door. He ducks his head as he makes his way over to a booth.

Edward glances behind him to watch Tall Cabbie scoot into the booth across from SHORT CABBIE, (20's) young, city-boy, identical uniform but with a wet wool cape over it.

TALL CABBIE
What happened?

Short Cabbie, visibly shaken, nurses the iron mug in his hands. He looks up at his friend.

SHORT CABBIE
The White Lady.

Tall Cabbie gapes at Short Cabbie in shock.

TALL CABBIE
No!

Edward turns back. He looks down at his iron mug. He stares at the amber liquid inside.

EXT. AVERY FOREST - NIGHT

Horse, slowly, walks through woods. His hooves click against the icy dirt.

Edward scans the area. He sees nothing.

Horse jumps in surprise from loud CAW.

Edward settles horse. He hears the sound of sobs. He looks in front of him to see a large, white, frozen lake.

He leans farther on Horse to see, in the distance, a WHITE LADY, (20's) light hair and white dress in the middle.

Edward climbs off Horse. He ties Horse to fallen tree. He walks towards frozen lake.

Horse neighs. He moves around, skittish.

Edward stops just at the brim of the frozen lake. He tests the ice. He notices it's fine. He slowly walks towards White Lady.

Ice lightly CRACKLES. It does not break.

Water WHOOSHES underneath ice.

Edward reaches White Lady who is on her knees, head bowed down. He looks down at her. He holds out his hand.

White Lady looks up at Edward through her messy hair.

Beat.

White Lady lunges at Edward.

EXT. UNDER ICE - LAKE - NIGHT

Edward and White Lady HIT the water. Ice and BUBBLES shift around them. He looks at her as she holds him down. His vision blurs from cold.

White light shines from above through water.

White Lady lets go of Edward.

EXT. AVERY FOREST - NIGHT

Edward shivers rapidly. He flops down onto his back. Shaken, he looks upwards.

Rachel, blurry because of the cold, rubs Edward's body.

RACHEL
(muffle)
Don't give up on me... Edward.
Edward!

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Edward lays, bent over, on the white bed. He jolts awake. He looks around to see he is on a hospital bed.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Edward?

Edward glances up to see Rachel in the bed. He smiles at her as he reaches a hand to her. He opens his mouth to speak but she places a finger on top of it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Shh. It alright, my love. You're safe now.

Rachel stares out the window not far from her. She smiles and closes her eyes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

One day, we'll be together. But right now, someone very close will need your help.

Edward takes Rachel's hand. He shakes his head.

Rachel looks at Edward.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Yes. You must for only you can stop this. Put an end to all this folly or else you will never be able to live with yourself.

Edward's hand falls to his side. He looks at her in question.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Be my detective, Edward. Be the hero I know you can be. You are not the bystander you think you are.

BANG!

Edward looks at the door across from them.

Rachel turns Edward's head towards her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Just like I know you would do anything for me.

BANG!

Rachel places a hand on Edward's chest.

Edward shudders. He tears up. He grasps Rachel's hands. He GASPS as he tries to speak.

Rachel looks up at Edward's face with a dark expression.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Please, Edward. Promise me you will
be careful.

BANG!

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. EDWARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Edward startles awake on the third BANG. He frantically looks around the room.

Jack jolts awake. He looks out the window to see it's still dark.

JACK
It's not even morning!

Suddenly, there is a loud BANG from the walls.

JACK (CONT'D)
The heck-

More BANGS RING from the walls.

They look around the room trying to figure out where the SOUND is originating from. They listen as they grow LOUDER as if SOMEONE is RUNNING AROUND in the walls.

JACK (CONT'D)
Edward.

The BANGS slowly die.

They gaze at each other in bated breath. They turn back to the wall. They hear a THUD and look up.

A CREAK RINGS out as the one bed leg breaks.

Edward tumbles out of the bed. He LANDS on the floor just in time as a piece of the ceiling HITS the bed.

JACK (CONT'D)
That was close.

Jack spots something moving on bed. He jumps to his feet when he sees it's a RAT.

They look at each other, then the rat. They let out a SIGH.

LOUD FEMALE SCREAM ECHOES from outside the bedroom.

They rush to the door. They open it and see Miss Brumsby, in her robe and night gown, rush by.

Edward quickly grabs his robe and rushes out with Jack in tow.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Edward and Jack HALT when they see everyone, but Aunt Luella, in front of the bedroom door. They watch Uncle Thomas try to open it but it's stuck.

DUCHESS IRIS
Hurry, Thomas!

UNCLE THOMAS
I'm trying but the door is jammed.

HARRIET
Move! I'll-

Female SCREAMS rings from other side of the door. It is Aunt Luella.

DUCHESS IRIS
Quit squabbling and do something!

Uncle Thomas and Harriet look at each other. She steps back as Uncle Thomas rams the door.

After a COUPLE of BANGS, the doors SWINGS OPEN.

Everyone jumps back as something black comes towards them.

Edward slams his back into Jack. They tumble to the floor.

JACK
Why is it always me?

Jack looks up. He gapes at what he sees above him.

Edward gazes over to Jack to see him shakingly point to the ceiling. He glances up to see the same Shadowy Figure from the mirror.

Everyone gasps.

Shadowy Figure LAUGHS EVILLY. It disappears into the ceiling.

INT. AUNT LUELLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone turns and look into the doorway. Duchess Iris rushes in first, then everyone else. They look around the disheveled room with some rats roaming about. Aunt Luella is gone.

DUCHESS IRIS

Lulu?

UNCLE THOMAS

Luella, this isn't funny. Come out.

Everyone searches and calls out.

Edward turns over some blankets that have fallen to the floor. He spots a stack of letters. He looks through each one to see they're love letters with the word GT at the end of each. Most of them are lovey-dovey and about taking Aunt Luella away.

Jack leans into Edward.

JACK

Do you think the ghost got her?

UNCLE THOMAS

But there is no ghost. You two said it was a murderer.

COUSIN MILTON

Then how do you count for what we just saw, father?

JACK

And the banging!

Everyone turns to Jack in question.

JACK (CONT'D)

Wait. Were we the only ones who heard it before the rat fell from the ceiling?

Everyone gasps and looks at each other in fear.

EDWARD

Everyone, calm down. It's not a ghost.

JACK

What are you saying? We all just saw it.

EDWARD

Remember the book, Jack. It's all just a trick. There is probably some kind of mechanism.

UNCLE THOMAS

That still doesn't explain where my sister went!

Duchess Iris SLAMS her cane into the ground. It causes everyone to turn to her.

DUCHESS IRIS

Enough, all of you. We need to search for her and call the police. Maybe a missing person will get them here faster.

EDWARD

She's right. Aunt Luella could still be in danger. Jack. You and I will look outside.

JACK

Us? Outside? In the dark?

HARRIET

Jack, this is not the time to be a scaredy cat. My Aunt is missing.

Jack turns to look at a petrified Harriet. He can see the tears forming in her eyes.

JACK

Alright, alright. Let's go before I change my mind.

Harriet hugs Jack.

HARRIET

Thank you, Jack. Now let's go.

JACK

Wait. Why am I going if you're going- ah!

Harriet drags Jack out the doorway.

Edward shakes his head. He hurries after them.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Edward, Jack, and Harriet hold up lanterns as they call out Aunt Luella. They search behind every flowerbed, stone, statue, and bush. They find nothing.

HARRIET

Aunt Luella! It's me. Harriet. Your favorite niece.

JACK

I don't think after today you're going to be her favorite niece.

Harriet punches Jack in the shoulder.

JACK (CONT'D)

Okay. Ow. I'm sorry. I'm just freaking out a little.

HARRIET

And I'm not. My family is being hunted. And now, one of them could be dead for all we know!

JACK

Well... she might not be.

Edward and Harriet STOP in their tracks. They turn to Jack in question and anger.

HARRIET

What is that supposed to mean? My Aunt just got up and walked away? You heard her scream!

JACK

It's just a thought... well... Edward you read those letters. They talked about getting away and having lots of money to do it, too.

Harriet gets in Jack's face. She stalks closer to him as he tries to back away from her.

HARRIET

Why were you reading letters at a time like this?

JACK

I'm a quick reader and love letters calm me down for some reason. I don't know, I'm odd.

HARRIET

Jack!

Jack TRIPS. He falls forwards next to the statue of the Duke on a horse. He moans.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Jack, are you okay?

JACK

I'm cursed, aren't I.

EDWARD

You're not cursed. You're just clumsy.

JACK

Then help me up. I'm still injured, remembered?

Edward exasperates in disbelief. He holds out a hand for Jack to take.

Jack takes Edward's hand. He rises to his feet but stumbles. He tries to steady himself and let's go. He grabs something near by and it's the statue. He stops.

Everyone jumps in surprise at the low creak. Everyone jumps back when a secret door slides open.

HARRIET

What the-

JACK

Heck?

Edward makes his way over to Jack. He sees that Jack's hand has landed on some letters that must have open the door.

EDWARD

Interesting. The Duke must have built this as a way to get out of the castle safely.

JACK

Harriet. I think your grandfather may have been too paranoid.

HARRIET

Jack, my grandfather thought someone was trying to kill him and did. I don't think having an exit strategy just in case is a bad thing.

JACK

Too bad he thought of it too late.

Harriet punches Jack, who yelps.

Edward holds up the lantern above the doorway. He sees there is a wooden stairwell that leads down into some kind of passageway.

EDWARD

But it is a perfect place for our ghost to escape to.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Edward leads Jack, and Harriet, through the narrow, stone, cold corridor.

JACK

This is insanity. Why are we going after someone who can kill us?

EDWARD

Come on, Jack. Just think of this as those tunnels back at that all-boy's school.

JACK

That was not fun then and this is not fun now.

Jack spots something moving. He jumps and grabs a hold of the closest person next to him. He closes his eyes and shakes.

HARRIET

Jack... It's a rat.

Jack peaks an eye open. He peers all around to see that it is indeed a rat. He lets out a SIGH of relief. He looks up at Harriet.

JACK

We don't tell anyone about this.

HARRIET

O-kay.

JACK

Including my wife.

HARRIET

Understood.

Jack points to Edward accusingly.

JACK
Especially you!

Edward smirks in irritation. He jolts when he hears a SOUND of SOMEONE RUNNING. He shines lantern in the other direction. He sees and hears someone RUN down it.

EDWARD
Stop. We see you.

Everyone watches Edward rush off. They chase after him.

JACK
Edward. Wait!

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Jack steps out of the large gaping hole last. He stares, like everyone, at the large square room with a work bench, bookcases, and lots of drawings of different machinal wonders.

Everyone gawks at all the wonder.

JACK
Whoa. What is this place?

EDWARD
George told me about this workshop.
I thought he was lying but this
must be where the Duke built all
his traps.

Everyone jumps when they hear a THUMP. They scan the room. They spot in the corner a piece of a night gown peeking out.

JACK
I told you. Aunt Luella is behind
all of this after all.

Edward walks over to the piece of night gown. He holds up lantern to reveal Aunt Luella tied up and out.

HARRIET
You were saying, Jack?

JACK
I'm confused.

EDWARD
I'm not. Am I...
(turns to entrance)
George.

George steps out of the shadows. He evilly smirks. He holds a rifle in hand.

Jack and Harriet immediately put their hands up.

GEORGE
Fascinating. How did you figure it out?

EDWARD
To tell you the truth I had my suspicion. I did fall for your country bumpkin routine. The poor gardener who doesn't go in the house.

INT. GARDENS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Edward and George stand on pebble walkway next to statue of Duke.

GEORGE
A ghost hunter.

Edward takes another long breath.

EDWARD
Yes.

GEORGE
Why didn't you say so? About time someone got rid of that nuisance.

EDWARD
So you've heard about the ghost as well.

GEORGE
Are you daft boy? Granny raised no fool about messing about with the spirits. They can curse you, ya know.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Edward crosses his arms.

EDWARD
But then I remembered what the
Duchess said...

INT. SOLARIUM- DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Edward and Duchess Iris sit in large wicker chairs. They
drink tea.

EDWARD
That's unfortunate. And I'm
guessing George takes care of this
place then.

DUCHESS IRIS
It's the only place in the house he
will enter. Which is quite amusing
since he would stalk my sweet
little Lulu in the past. I guess
this ghost does have its ups.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Edward glares at George.

EDWARD
You probably lived here all your
life and know all places to hide.
Or better yet... stalk.

GEORGE
Interesting. But I can't be the
only one you suspected. Your friend
here thought Lulu did it.

Jack looks away ashamed.

EDWARD
Ah yes. Point the finger at the
others to keep us off your scent.

Edward looks at Harriet.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
The granddaughter who was trying to
modernize.
(to Aunt Luella)
The Aunt who wants money.

GEORGE
And the uncle who wants to prove
he's better than his father.

EDWARD

All perfect covers. Except... just now. When we entered through the door.

EXT. GARDENS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Edward EXASPERATES in disbelief. He holds out a hand for Jack to take.

Jack takes Edward's hand. He rises to his feet but stumbles. He tries to steady himself and let's go. He grabs something nearby and it's the statue. He stops.

Everyone jumps in surprise at the low CREAK. Everyone jumps back when a secret door SLIDE OPEN.

HARRIET

What the-

JACK

Heck?

Edward makes his way over to Jack. He sees that Jack's hand has landed on some letters that must have opened the door.

EDWARD (V.O.)

I knew that looked familiar.

EXT. GARDENS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Edward wanders through the lush greenery of tall bushes and large potted plants. He notices how the ground has marble pebbles on the walkway. He kneels down and picks up a piece. He compares it to the one in hand. They match.

He notice a base of a statue in front of him. He looks up to see statue of Duke riding a horse, in buck position. He glances back down to see something off by the base. He goes to touch it when-

GEORGE (O.S.)

Stop right there.

EDWARD (V.O.)

It was the same place you stopped me from investigating.

Edward stands up in surprise. He looks to see GEORGE, (40's), short, scruffy beard, a dirty black cap and worker clothes, stare at him in anger.

GEORGE

You almost messed up my harebells.

George goes around Edward to inspect the flowers. He secretly checks the statue to make sure it's secure.

EDWARD (V.O.)

You wanted to make sure I didn't get too close to open the secret passageway.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Jack glances back and forth from Edward to George.

JACK

Hold up. I'm confused. You made this man sound like an evil genius.

EDWARD

He is, Jack. This is his workshop. Am I correct?

GEORGE

That's right. Always had a good ticker. But my grandpappy never liked me using it since we were nothing but a bunch of gardeners.

EXT. GARDENS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

YOUNG GEORGE, (20's), covered in dirt, draws in old, ratty book. He jolts when a shadow blocks his light. He gazes up to see YOUNG DUKE, (40s) peering over his shoulder. He quickly hides the book behind his back.

Young Duke smiles. He gestures to the book behind Young George's back.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I thought he would scold me. But instead, he was fascinated with my work.

George, slowly, takes it out. He shows Young Duke. He watches him read it.

GEORGE (V.O.)

It was the start of something great. I thought I would be heading for better things.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Edward glances over at the worktable. He sees some papers full of pictures of plants and strange devices.

EDWARD

I'm guessing they didn't agree with your ideas.

GEORGE

I may have gotten in a little tizzy at a few rich boys. And a few of them may have gotten very sick for some reason.

EDWARD

I'm surprised the Duke didn't know.

GEORGE

He had no clue. Guess the daft wanted to keep it quiet or better yet shoot off how they let a commoner in.

JACK

Oh. I can definitely see how some wires got crossed.

Harriet nods.

HARRIET

But why hurt him then? He helped you so much.

George growls. He points the gun at Harriet.

GEORGE

Helped. Your family didn't like mixing blood. I was a charity case for your father. Something he could do good for, for all the bad things he's done.

JACK

And that's why you had to kill him?

George ponders.

GEORGE

Funny thing about that one. Didn't really mean to. Just wanted to scare him.

EDWARD

You mean make him regret and steal
some money from under his own nose.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Wind blows harshly outside the window. The flicker of one
candle on desk lights room.

Duke reads through his journal on the desk. He flips the
pages. He takes a pen to write. He coughs a little. He looks
up to see Duchess Iris with the same bottle she picked up in
the secret office.

GEORGE (V.O.)

And it was perfect, too. His wife
supplied the tonic.

Duke thanks Duchess Iris and takes it. He sips. He stops. He
looks at the bottle. He looks up at her like he's saying not
to let him drink any more.

GEORGE (V.O.)

All I had to do was just tweak it a
bit. Just enough to make him a
little stir crazy.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

George peers through two eye holes in portrait behind the
wall. He watches Duchess Iris shake her head. He can't help
but chuckle as she guides the bottle to his lips.

GEORGE (V.O.)

It was funny watching the old hag
day in and day out help me poison
her own husband. Ha!

NEXT DAY:

George sits down on the floor and counts the money. He marks
down in his book how much he has. He looks at the letter he's
writing to Luella on top of the other pages. He jumps when he
hears a THUD. He peers through eyes holes to see-

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Duke rises from his chair at the desk. He drops the bottle.

Both chair and bottle fall to the floor in a loud THUD.

EDWARD (V.O.)
But it did not turn out that way.

Duke breathes heavily. He gazes around the room in fright.

THUMPS grow LOUDER.

Duke grabs his chest. He falls to the ground.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Harriet cups her mouth. She tries not to cry.

JACK
You poisoned him... By accident?

EDWARD
That is correct.

INT. PORTRAIT HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

George stands up in fear. He ponders.

EDWARD (V.O.)
You probably didn't realize how
much the Duke was drinking and
miscalculated.

George looks down at his book. He picks it up. He smiles.

EDWARD (V.O.)
But that does not mean a notion
didn't present itself.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

George, adorn in a black cloak and general's outfit, watches from behind the picture as the Oldest Maid closes the window. She walks over to the Youngest Maid.

YOUNGEST MAID
Ghosts! I saw a... they blasted the
window... and ...

OLDEST MAID
Hush now, child. It was only the
wind. The storm is becoming
furious.

YOUNGEST MAID
But I swear I saw something.

George silently laughs. He throws up the hood to cover his face.

OLDEST MAID
It's your mind playing tricks. It happens sometimes in this hallway.

OLDEST MAID (CONT'D)
See? Nothing...

George creaks open the door to make a long, ominous whine.

YOUNGEST MAID
What was...

OLDEST MAID
Just the house. It's old.

George jumps out when the lightning hits just right.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Aunt Luella stirs. She blinks her eyes a couple times.

JACK
But what about the ghost we saw?
The mirror?

EDWARD
I told you, all parlor tricks. He used... no built a phantoscope. He probably has one set up all over the place.

GEORGE
You two can both thank your grandfathers for that.
(to Edward)
Yours for doing it in his shows.
(to Harriet)
And yours for trying to figure it out.

Jack leans into Harriet and Edward.

JACK
Yeah, thanks.

EDWARD & HARRIET
Not the time, Jack.

George cocks his gun.

GEORGE

Now, this has been a very long chat
and I for one need to head out with
my lovely lady.

HARRIET

Why would my aunt come with you
willingly?

EDWARD

Because he's GT.

HARRIET

What?

JACK

But... but... those letters said
they were from some rich guy. When
she sees you, she's going to-

GEORGE

See nothing but a fine gentleman.
With a little tuck and pluck, I'll
be the bell of the ball.

Aunt Luella growls. She quickly closes her eyes when George
looks back at her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

All I need to do is keep her under
until then and she won't think
twice. Rich folk can be easily
persuaded with money.

JACK

Tell me about it.

Harriet elbows Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm just telling you how it is,
Harry.

GEORGE

Shut it.

(points gun)

Now, who am I shooting first before
I set this place ablaze.

Jack and Harriet point to one another.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Eh, I'll shoot the girl. Lulu did
always hate her for disrupting the
peace between her and the family.

George goes to shoot but Aunt Luella knocks him off his feet.

Gun GOES OFF.

Edward and Jack jump on George. They push him to the ground.

George lets go of gun and it skids across the floor.

Harriet runs for the gun. She grabs it.

HARRIET
Ah-ha!

GEORGE
You think you can handle that
thing, little tomboy?

Harriet cocks the gun.

HARRIET
You want to see?

JACK
I am so naming one of my characters
after you.

AUNT LUELLA
Enough!

Everyone turns to see Aunt Luella, still in binds but without
the gag.

AUNT LUELLA (CONT'D)
I would like to be untied now. And
put this madman behind bars where
he belongs.

Harriet hurries over to Aunt Luella. She quickly undoes the
bonds.

AUNT LUELLA (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Harriet helps Aunt Luella up.

POLICE (O.S.)
Hello? Is there anyone down here?

HARRIET

Yes, we're in here. And we caught the ghost.

Everyone watches two POLICE OFFICERS enter.

POLICE

My word. Let's get you all out of here and somewhere safe.

EXT. GARDENS - DAY

Uncle Thomas helps Aunt Luella out of the secret passageway.

Jack follows after.

JACK

Fresh air. Birds. The Constables. Thank God!

Harriet pushes Jack out. She watches him flop to the ground while Cousin Milton guides her out.

Edward exits as well. He shakes his head when he sees Jack, still, on the ground. He sits on ground next to him. He pats him on the back.

EDWARD

See? That wasn't so bad. It's a beautiful morning, too.

Jack coughs. He glares at the sunrise.

JACK

Speak for yourself.

Edward laughs. He and Jack turn to see George being put in the back of the police cart with GUARD, (50s), bulky.

JACK (CONT'D)

All's well that ends well. So sad when people are greedy... Or think they're clever than most.

Edward and Jack look at Aunt Luella, who's looking at the letters. She rips and throws them away.

JACK (CONT'D)

I know I didn't like her very much, but I do feel sorry for her.

EDWARD

Well, I hope she finds happiness in that. Even if it means finding another rich bloke to spend on her.

An oxford shoe steps in front of Jack and Edward. They look up to see it belongs to Uncle Thomas.

UNCLE THOMAS

I would like to personally thank you boys for a job well done.

(reaches in chest pocket)

And a little something for your troubles.

EDWARD

No thanks. We don't do that sort of business.

Jack leans into Edward.

JACK

Yeah, we said we were doing this for Harry. Not because we're not... secured.

Uncle Thomas growls.

COUSIN MILTON (O.S.)

Father. I would like a word with you.

Uncle Thomas turns to see Cousin Milton.

UNCLE THOMAS

Come to your senses, son. I knew seeing these-

COUSIN MILTON

Seeing these men save my aunt has made me realize life is too short.

Edward smiles while Jack looks puzzled.

COUSIN MILTON (CONT'D)

I have talked to mother and grandmother about this and would like to go into medicine.

UNCLE THOMAS

But you faint at the sight of blood.

COUSIN MILTON

I mean, actual medicine. The one grandmother has been teaching me. The one that makes me look pitiful for picking flowers, wasn't it?

Uncle Thomas trips over words. He watches Cousin Milton leave in a huff. He goes over to him and tries convince him to change his mind.

Jack and Edward watch from the sidelines with a smile on their faces.

JACK

You know? Good for him. He deserves to be his own man.

EDWARD

Unlike his father.

HARRIET (O.S.)

We can't all be winners.

Edward and Jack look up to see Harriet and Duchess Iris. They rise to their feet to stand next to them.

DUCHESS IRIS

I am very sorry for my son. I do hope he finds some clarity in all of this.

EDWARD

Not to worry. Jack and I are tougher than he gives us credit for. If we weren't, you wouldn't have hired us.

Jack looks at Duchess Iris in shock.

JACK

What? What does he mean, Harry?

HARRIET

Oh... well... Did I forget to mention that it was my grandma who put that notion into my head and then sent you a letter before I could. Hehe.

EDWARD

When I saw this... I knew it wasn't Harriet who wrote to us.

Edward hands Harriet the folded letter.

HARRIET

Where did you find that? I thought I lost it.

EDWARD

Was trying to find the time to give it to you. It's interesting how it was in my pocket all this time.

JACK & DUCHESS IRIS

What letter?

Harriet opens the letter.

JACK

Wait. GT. Oh no. Not you, too.

HARRIET

It's not what you think.

JACK

Seriously. And to think, I was trying to set you up with this hopeless case.

HARRIET

Really? You thought were being so subtle with that?

She shakes her head and waves her hand.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Besides... He's not my type. I like them kind-hearted but can go a bit too over the top. Maybe even a little bit of a jokester but sweet when he wants to be.

Jack gawks.

JACK

Who wants a man like that?

Edward facepalms.

DUCHESS IRIS

You sure he's a writer?

JACK

I mean, who wants a total goof, cracks every joke and probably goes overboard with every gesture...

Edward opens his mouth but is halted by Jack hand.

JACK (CONT'D)
Shut it. I know where this is going.

HARRIET
Jack... I will always see you as my brother. But I'm with Godfrey Taylby, now.

JACK
The heck kind of name is that? And should I have a word with this man? He can't be good for you if he hasn't come here and taken care of that ghost for you, himself.

INT. STUDY - DAY

INVISIBLE GHOST watches through the window as Harriet, Duchess Iris, and Edward LAUGH at Jack. It backs away from window. It turns around. It stops in front of bust of Duke.

INT. TRAIN STATION - FIRST CLASS - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A loud WHISTLE blows from outside the red velvet carriage window.

Edward looks through his book on one side of the two seated cart. He fixes one of his notes with a fountain pen.

RACHEL (O.S.)
That looks rather interesting.

Edward jumps. He turns to see Rachel in front of him.

EDWARD
Rachel.

Edward grabs his throat in surprise.

RACHEL
Are you going to put that in your next book?

Edward grabs Rachel's hands.

EDWARD
Rachel, I'm so happy to see you. To talk to you.

RACHEL
Oh, Edward. I'm always here with you.

EDWARD
I know that... but still. I need to tell you something.

Rachel tilts her head in curiosity. She waits patiently for Edward to get comfortable.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Rachel, I want to tell you that-

A loud WHISTLE blares.

Train Conductor (O.S.)
All aboard!

RACHEL
Edward. Edward.

Rachel's voice becomes more manly.

INT. TRAIN STATION - FIRST CLASS - DAY

JACK (O.S.)
Edward!

Edward startles awake to see Jack inches away from him. He jumps back.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey, I don't like being in your face either but... do you have the tickets?

Jack's eyes trail up to TICKET COLLECTOR, (65), grumpy, impatient, who holds out his hand.

Edward checks his pocket. He pulls out two first class tickets. He gives them to Ticket Collector.

Ticket Collector looks at tickets. He punches holes in them. He hands them back before he moves on.

JACK (CONT'D)
That was close. I thought he was going to throw us off.

Edward looks out the window in irritation.

JACK (CONT'D)
Oh, now you're mad at me for waking
you from whatever dream you were
having.
(whispers to himself)
Probably going over his notes for a
book or something.

Jack takes out a newspaper. He reads it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey, look at this. It says here
there's a ghost haunting at a
theater in London. What is he, the
phantom of the opera?

Jack makes a short laugh.

Edward continues to look out the window at the wide-open
moving scenery with a smile of determination on his face.

END CREDITS

INT. LONDON THEATER - DAY

STAGEHANDS move different magical props across empty stage.

CARDINALD THE CONJURER, (late 60's), British, grey hair,
overly confident, dignified, looks over his notes. He stops
when he hears a LOUD THUD. He looks over to see THIN
STAGEHAND on ground with box of props on floor.

CARDINALD THE CONJURER
Be careful with that!

Cardinald the Conjurer rushes over. He quickly picks up the
fallen props.

THIN STAGEHAND
Sorry, sir.

Thin Stagehand looks down at his feet. He sees a rope wrapped
around it.

THIN STAGEHAND (CONT'D)
I tripped.

CARDINALD THE CONJURER
I'm not paying you to break my
things.

Cardinald the Conjurer puts the last prop in box. He stomps away in anger.

BULKY STAGEHAND helps Thin Stagehand up.

BULKY STAGEHAND
It's all right, mate. These people
are just full of it.

Thin Stagehand thanks Bulky Stagehand. He looks back at rope.

THIN STAGEHAND
I swear I put this away.

Bulky Stagehand claps hand onto Thin Stagehand's back.

BULKY STAGEHAND
Sure you did.

Bulky Stagehand picks up another box.

BULKY STAGEHAND (CONT'D)
Help me with these, will ya?

INT. LONDON THEATER - RAFTER - DAY

WHITE GLOVES tighten on rail. It watches Thin Stagehand pick up smaller box.

Thin Stagehand quickly runs after Bulky Stagehand.

White Gloves pound one hand onto rail.

THE END... FOR NOW